

BUD BLUNT IN UGLY MOOD.

Story of a Conductor Who Had Him for a Passenger.

A man with a thermometer in his neck ought to prove a drawing card in a dime museum; but it is not at all probable that the only living curiosity of the kind can ever be induced to pose before the public in any such attitude. He achieves all the notoriety he cares for when he gets the thermometer, and he is entirely content to earn his livelihood in the service of the Frisco railroad; and the fame he has as one of the brightest specimens in this section of the world and a shining light as an officer in the grand commandery, Knights Templar, satisfies his modest ambition. His name is John Gillies. He has been in St. Louis during the past week attending the session of the Grand Masonic bodies, and quite a conspicuous figure he has been about the hotels, at Masonic hall and other places where Masons most have congregated. But it was not as a Masonic dignitary that he acquired the unique distinction of being the only man in the world with a thermometer in his neck, but as a conductor on the Frisco railroad; and the man who put that thermometer in his neck is now serving a life term in the Missouri penitentiary, the death penalty imposed upon him by the court in McDonald county having been commuted by the governor. His name is Bud Blunt, and in his time he was as notorious a character as Bill Cook or any of his confreres in outlawry. Bud Blunt wound up his criminal career by brutally and wantonly murdering Jack Majors, a brakeman on John Gillies' train, and then trying to kill Conductor Gillies. In the latter effort he failed, was disarmed by Gillies, knocked out in a hand-to-hand combat, and finally landed where he now languishes. The desperate fight for life between John Gillies and Bud Blunt took place at night on the steps and platform between two coaches of a passenger train traveling at a speed of 30 miles an hour. John Gillies is not fond of talking of it, hero though it made of him. But he was prevailed upon by a few friends to tell the story the other day, and it was the writer's privilege to be of the listening party.

"It was the day after Christmas, four years ago," said Mr. Gillies. "I was then as I am now, running a passenger train from Monett, Mo., westward. I thought I knew most of the characters of that section of Missouri and the Indian territory. The Daltons, Jim French, the Dudleys, and others equally known to fame, had traveled with me. But there was one man who had an ugly reputation whom I had never seen. That was Bud Blunt. We used to have to handle some pretty rough customers in that section, but I always managed to keep out of serious trouble. I attended to my business, took care of my train, was attentive to my passengers, and pleased the company. Well, as I was saying, it was the day after Christmas. Travel was pretty heavy—people visiting home for the holidays and returning. I was coming east and had several passengers for Granby City. As we slowed up at the platform I noticed there was a man waiting to board the train, and was thinking of scattering them through the cars, so all could find seats. When we came to a stop I noticed a rough-looking fellow, accompanied by two or three negro women, make a rush to get aboard and heard the brakeman, Jack Majors, ask him to wait a minute, until those on the train got off. The fellow replied, with an oath, that he would wait for no body. Jack, however, took up a position at the steps, so as to block the fellow's progress, and the disembarking passengers were enabled to get off before those on the platform rushed aboard. I heard the fellow swearing before he boarded the train, and went toward him, stepping up on the coach platform just behind him. He hailed me and demanded the name of the man who had prevented his getting on the train. Jack, meantime, had gone about his business.

"We pulled out, and I proceeded to take tickets. When I reached the seat in the coach occupied by the angry passenger he again demanded that I tell him where the man was who had stopped him, and announced his purpose of killing the brakeman. I remonstrated with him and tried to soothe his ruffled temper, telling him that everything was all right; that no insult was meant; that I would apologize for any wrong done either by myself or any of the train crew. Just then he pulled a bottle of whiskey from his pocket and started to drink. I firmly but politely told him that he ought not to curse and swear and drink whiskey in the coach where there were ladies and children; that in the forward car, the smoker, there were a number of good fellows like himself, and he ought to go in there with them. He put up the bottle and quieted down. As I came back through the train one of my passengers said:

"Do you know who that noisy fellow is?"

"I answered that I thought he was just some country boy who had too much Christmas drink."

"Don't fool yourself," was the reply. "That's Bud Blunt. He's not drunk, and he's got a big knife and means to kill somebody."

"This made me think I had better get something with which to protect myself, and I thought I would get the expressman's revolver. As I passed Blunt he again stopped me. The light was not very good in the car, and I flashed my lantern around so as to get a good look at him. I did not think he was at all drunk. He repeated his demand for the brakeman, coupled with a declaration of intent to kill, and I again tried to quiet him with kind words and passed on. As I walked away I noticed there was a great ducking of heads, women putting their children under seats, and men endeavoring to get down behind the backs of seats. I wheeled round and Bud Blunt had his gun pointed

at my head. I don't know why he didn't shoot. He put up his gun, and after a few moments I went on."

Just then Jack Majors, all unconscious of the threats of the bloody-minded outlaw, came through the train calling the name of the next station. Blunt followed me out on the platform. I heard Jack's voice, and, fearing the killer would recognize him and execute his threat, I tried to hold his attention. We were on the platform in the dark, save for the glimmer of my lantern. Blunt had his gun in his hand, and was crowding up against me. I feared he meant to crowd me or throw me from the train, and regretting greatly my carelessness in not arming myself when he first became troublesome, my brain worked with marvellous rapidity. I thought of a thousand ways to deliver myself from the fellow. I might smash his head with my lantern, but it was on my left arm, and before I could make use of it he would blow my brains out. I might possibly reach the bell cord, but that would only cause him to shoot quicker. I thought of my ticket punch and wished it weighed ten times as much as it did; then it might serve me for a weapon. All this time, revolver in hand, he was cursing and crowding me, and I was trying to reason with him. I was forced to step down from the platform on to the steps. The train was going completely at his mercy. He meant to push me from the train and shoot me as I fell. I thought of all these things, and then thought of a possible escape. Grasping the iron hand rail on the side of the step I was standing on, I suddenly swung myself out as if to drop from the train. I had grasped the railing of the steps of the other car. For the fraction of a second my body hung seemingly over a great abyss, and then I landed on the steps of the other car, out of range of the revolver. And then relief came, but it meant the saving of my life at the cost of another. Jack Majors threw open the car door, and finding his progress barred, asked me to pass. Blunt recognized his voice, and whirling with the exclamation, "There's the blank! blank! blank!" shot him.

"I saw Jack's danger and sprang forward to save him. I seemed to see the bullet hit him squarely in the chin. Then a perfect Niagara of blood spouted out, and so close was I to him that the red current struck me squarely in the face. All this, you must know, took place in far less time than is required to tell in the space of time that it took Blunt to crook his finger twice. After shooting Jack he aimed at me and pulled the trigger. I remember distinctly that he had a very large, very bright, hammerless, self-cocking revolver. He was close to me that I imagined the muzzle of the weapon touched me. A lurch of the train saved my life. The bullet struck me here in the left side of the neck, plowing a great furrow in the flesh. The powder burned the entire left side of my neck and face, and I thought I was blinded.

"I thought I was killed, and, queer as it may seem, my next thought was that I would get him before I died. I was blind with rage, and the murderer's not fear of death. I remember distinctly hearing poor Jack say, 'Oh, Mr. Gillies, he's killed me!' It was this that seemed to make me fiendish. I sprang at the fellow and seized him by the collar. He tried to pull the trigger again. We struggled here on the platform in the night, with the dead body of Jack Majors between us, for what seemed to be a long time, but of course he was very brief. Strange how the mind will work under such trying circumstances. I noticed that the platform was slippery from Jack's blood. I had a desire to put my finger in the wound in my neck to trace the bullet, but the fellow, but I did not know my hold on the murderer. Then I thought that the lurching of the car might throw us both off, and wondered if I would fall on top, or if both would be killed by the fall, and who would find our bodies, and how the tragedy would be explained. Then I thought I was getting weaker, and I determined, if I fell from the train, to take him with me.

"I thought all this while I was making a desperate effort to wrench the revolver from his cold, crisp fingers. His hold broke, and the next second I struck him with the weapon, and as he staggered I planted my right foot in his abdomen, and the kick sent him flying from the steps and into the darkness and the train sped on.

"During all this bloody work we were alone on the platform of that rushing train. The rattle of the wheels had prevented the shot from being heard, and no one knew there had been a tragedy until it was reported through the coach calling for somebody to 'stop the train! Jack Majors is killed and I'm shot!' I must have presented a horrible spectacle, indeed, literally bathed in gore—Jack's blood, and my own—as I ran through the crowded passenger car. I thought I had received a mortal wound and expected to drop. Someone pulled the bell cord, someone else found a physician among the passengers, and there was a wild uproar. Examination showed that Jack was dead and that my wound was not a dangerous one. We were then only a few miles from the town of Ritchey, and I gave orders to run the train on to that station. There I told my story and a posse started after Blunt. They found him lying unconscious beside the track and brought him in.

"I went out on my run next day, and the next, although the wound was very painful. I did so because I had been warned that some of Blunt's friends had said they would avenge his capture. I knew if I let them frighten me off I would not be fit to run a train on that end of the road, and would soon be useless to the company. For that reason I stuck to my train for three days; then my wound laid me up for a while.

"Bud Blunt had friends, and there seemed to be money at his service. The law's resources were exhausted in his behalf. I was determined to avenge Jack Majors' death. Efforts were then made to buy me off. Then intimidation was tried, and finally an attempt

was made to assassinate me. I was shot at in my house, but escaped. For a long time I never went from the station to my house without carrying a revolver in my hand. A desperado named Mike Donohue came all the way from California, where Blunt had made a bloody record, for the purpose of killing me. A brother Mason, with whom I had no acquaintance, sent me a warning. He said Mike had shipped his Winchester by express and would get it at Monett. He gave me such an accurate description that a few days after I recognized the fellow standing by the steps of a car of my train at Vinita. I hesitated a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, I said:

"Hello, Mike! What brought you here?"

"He said that I had the best of him; that his name was not Mike, and that he didn't know me."

"Oh, you're all right," I said, "you are Mike Donohue. I've all know about you here. You're a long ways from home, aren't you? How's everything in California? When are you going back?"

"He looked dismayed, and then disgusted, and said he guessed he would go back again tonight, and I guess he did, for we never saw anything more of him, but we traced the Winchester through the express office."

"In the course of time, all the law's delays being exhausted, Blunt was tried at Pineville, in McDonald county, and sentenced to be hanged. Executive clemency, however, saved his neck, and he is now in the penitentiary. It took a long while to get the powder out of my face, but the wound in my neck healed up nicely. The little scar left, though, is as good a thermometer as I need. It tells me with perfect accuracy just when we are to have a frost, and I would rather regulate my habits as to weather by it than by Uncle Sam's signal service."

"After Blunt was convicted there was something of a howl among his friends, and the company thought I would be better off out of that country until the trouble blew over. Accordingly, a conductor was sent to relieve me, and I was given a choice of several runs eastward. I refused to obey the order and demanded my time. I did not propose to be driven out of the country. My home is at Monett, my interests are all in that section, and—well, I'm still running my train on that division, and I believe I have more friends there than ever before. It's a beautiful country, and with Bill Cook in the Albany penitentiary, the reign of outlawry is at an end. The people said the ruffians must go, and they have gone."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

The July sitting of the full court commenced this morning with all the supreme court judges on the bench, except Mr. Justice Wainwright, who was out of town. The bar was very fully represented, and included several counsel from Vancouver and New Westminster.

McCull v. Scoullar and Drysdale was the first called. Mr. Bowdler for the defendant Drysdale moved for leave to introduce further evidence, and have a witness named Chisholm examined as to certain books of account bearing on the matters in question. The court refused the application, as the defendant did not show that they could not have obtained Chisholm at the trial. The appeal then went on before Chief Justice Davie and Justices Crease and Drake. The plaintiff, A. J. McCull, Q. C., and he sued to recover \$1,200 on a note made by James Leamy, and alternatively the defendants, Scoullar and Drysdale, to recover \$1,200 alleged to be due under an assignment made by one Lee Coy to the plaintiff and the defendants. The court held that the note was valid, and that the assignment was valid, and that the defendants were liable to the plaintiff. The court also held that the defendants were liable to the plaintiff for the amount of the note, and that the plaintiff was entitled to recover the same. The court also held that the defendants were liable to the plaintiff for the amount of the note, and that the plaintiff was entitled to recover the same.

Mr. Justice McCreight this morning made an order quashing the conviction against Yun Chun by Magistrate Simpson, Nanaimo. On the 26th day of April last Yun Chun was convicted and fined \$350 and costs for selling opium without a license in Nanaimo. Yun Chun had been charged once before with the same offence in the same court and the prosecution neglected to prove the offence and the case was dismissed, but was brought on again with the result that the Chinaman was fined \$350. The motion to quash the conviction was made on the grounds that the subject matter of the conviction was res judicata, that the penalty was excessive and that there was a conviction for more than one offence. His lordship held that the matter was res judicata after the first trial and granted the rule absolute quashing the conviction without costs. Mr. C. H. Beevor Potts appeared in support of the motion and Mr. H. A. Simpson for the convicting magistrate.

—Thomas Carter, a boy, was the victim of a rather unfortunate incident yesterday. He was walking on Government street and when near Fisguard street a couple of dogs started after him and he threw a rock at one of them. The rock struck the sidewalk, bounded in the air and struck a Chinaman over the eye, inflicting a rather severe cut. The Chinaman detained Carter and had him arrested. An attempt was made by the police to show that an aggravated assault had been committed, but after Magistrate Macrae heard the case explained in the police court this morning he ordered his charge dismissed, taxing the costs of court against the accused. Carter was released on \$50 bail within a short time after his arrest yesterday afternoon.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

The Unfortunate Position of the Government on the Manitoba School Question.

The Views of Bishop Lafleche, who Avers That He is Not a Politician.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, June 30.—If no further legislation than that which is now before parliament be presented to the house then there is no reason in the world why prorogation should not be reached within a week's notice. There are no bills of any consequence standing in the name of the government. And those which are on their way through the house are well advanced. The estimates for the coming fiscal year are pretty well through, and a few days will suffice to clear up the whole order paper. If the session were an ordinary one prorogation would be reached next Saturday, but the present is not by any means an ordinary time with the administration, and no body can tell what will appear next. The government are hopeless of divided on many important issues, but more especially in regard to the school question. The session was called for the purpose of carrying out legislation, which was demanded in view of the passing of this remedial order, if Premier Greenway refused to establish the old separate schools in the province of Manitoba. Mr. Greenway has sent a courteous answer to the federal authorities telling them that he cannot obey the mandate. That answer arrived here to-day and by Tuesday next the government ought to have its legislation ready if it intends to legislate on the matter this session.

Premier Bowell and other members of the government were very pronounced in the early part of the session as to the determination of the government to do "its duty" should the province refuse to obey the remedial order. But a great change has come over the cabinet since then, and we hear no more of the government's anxiety to coerce Manitoba. It was through the workings of the government that Lord Aberdeen called Premier Greenway to Ottawa. Mr. Foster stated in the house that the interviews which took place between Mr. Greenway and Lord Aberdeen were not, properly speaking, negotiations, and they were not conducted on the advice of the government. At any rate they were carried out without the knowledge of the government. This was the start of the back-down by the government. Since that time the government has been advised by a large number of its Ontario followers that they cannot support the remedial order. All the leading Conservative papers of the province are against interference. In the face of these protests the government cannot well move. Then if it does not carry out its arrangement with the French minority, the latter will resign from the cabinet. So that this being the condition of affairs here no one can tell what to expect, far less to suggest that prorogation is as near at hand as the order paper would indicate.

When the government started out with its remedial order to politically destroy Mr. Laurier, that being the avowed object of Premier Bowell and his following, they did not altogether calculate what they were doing in hand of the school alliance that existed between Bowell and the hierarchy it is only necessary to read Bishop Lafleche. Then, again, we have heard from Bishop Lafleche.

The views of Mgr. Lafleche, Bishop of the River, are given by L. C. de Louville, in a report of a meeting of the churchwardens of the parish of Louisville, Maskinonge county. In addressing those present, Mgr. Lafleche spoke of the persecution of the Manitoba Catholics by the Liberals, when Mr. Leask, Liberal M. P. for the county, put the following question to his lordship: "Was the Federal government to blame for not having exercised its power of veto?" To this question Mgr. Lafleche replied in substance as follows: "Mr. Laurier, I am not a politician, and I do not intend meddling in politics; but since you ask me for my opinion on the grave question of the Manitoba schools, I will give it to you immediately. If the government had exercised its right of veto this most important question would never have been settled. The Conservative party took the only means which the law offered to render full and entire justice to the Catholics. Far from blaming the government, we ought to thank it. Mr. Laurier, the leader of the Liberal party, declared to me personally that he preferred neutral schools to free schools. This is a grave error. Neutral schools are worse than free schools. I have seen Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and he is altogether in favor of separate schools. The leader of the Conservative party has revealed himself the friend of justice and equity. The Liberals were greatly in the wrong in making a political question out of the school question."

This, then, is how the school question is being used by the government. The Liberals have never desired to make any political issue of this matter. On the contrary they regret that it should be dragged into the political arena so as to prevent a strong fight on the trade issue. What the Liberals want is to meet their opponents before the electors on the merits of a tariff for revenue only as against protection. To create this the government is willing to throw the whole Dominion into a religious squabble over the question of separate schools in Manitoba.

SLABTOWN.

Conceded Dude—"I am looking for F. H. Huckleberry's. Have you sense enough to tell me where he lives?" "I don't know," said the man who has sense enough to tell yes; but it's mighty doubtful I be whether you have sense enough to understand."

Debtors (apologetic).—The payment of that account is a source of constant anxiety to me. I assure you. Creditor—Very likely. You're afraid you might forget yourself and pay it.

INFERNAL MACHINE AGAIN.

Addressed to a Woman in Centralia—No Damage.

Tacoma, Wash., July 8.—Mrs. Mattie Chambers, of Centralia, has received an infernal machine. Her father says a box containing the machine was addressed to her by a Christian Church minister who was killed by Mrs. Chambers about a year ago and was last heard from at Raleigh, N. C. A year ago the minister promised to go away and not press his suit longer, but hearing a rumor coupling Mrs. Chambers' name with that of William Hale of Centralia, he wrote her several letters objecting to Hale's attention. No attention was paid to his missives; then the infernal machine arrived. It consisted of a box made to hold a physician's thermometer with a piece of sand paper under the lid. A fulminating cap, parlor match and a bit of rubber band were arranged to ignite the match and cap, and cause a large dynamite bomb, just beneath the cover, to explode when the lid was withdrawn. The county postmaster's curiosity probably saved the woman's life, as he pried open the box when he saw the end of the sand paper projecting through a break in the package.

Unguarded—"I had a singular experience last Tuesday. You remember it looked like rain and the weather prophets predicted rain?"

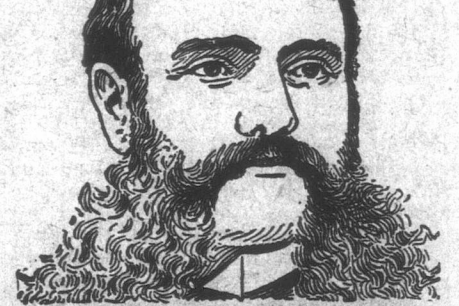
Atom—"Yes."

"Well, I brought my umbrella, rain coat, and rubber shoes down town that morning."

"Yes."

"Well, it rained."

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