

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1907.

SEVEN

A COWBOY'S LOVE

By Abner Johnson.

(Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKean.)

Jim Traskon, cowboy, was riding slowly round a bend of a thousand steers on a grazing ground in Montana. As he rode he was occupied with pleasant thoughts. For years past he had had no other thoughts than for steers. Now he had got on to a new line and his head was confused and there was a new feeling in his heart. His attitude had been observed from afar off by Tom Matthews, a fellow-cowboy. As the new arrival came within speaking distance, he checked his pinto and exclaimed:

"Durn my hide, Jim Traskon, if you ain't home sick!"

"You're way off," was the reply. "Then you are thinking of suicide." "Wrong again."

"You can't be—no, dog-gone me—you can't be in love!"

Jim made no reply, but the hopelessness of his look increased. The other dismounted, came nearer, reached up and laid the palm of his hand on the suffering man's forehead, where the heart is supposed to be. He held it there for twenty seconds. Then he stepped back and whispered:

"Jim, she's a palpitating as sure as your horn! It's a case of love, and don't try to fool your Uncle Tom. Just pour out your confidence and I'll advise to the best of my ability. I've been right there three or four times and know something about it."

"You—you won't give me away?" "Not a give."

"Not make fun of me?" "Not on your life. When a man's in love and got it bad, Tom Matthews is not a man to jump on him. Who's the maiden, Jim?"

"You know that girl from New York over on the Horseshoe Ranch?" "You don't say! That Miss Walters who is visiting Kitty Williams? Say, Jim, you are flying high! That girl's father is worth three or four million dollars, and she wouldn't stoop to such as you and me if we were up to the neck in quicksand. You can't mean that you are stricken on her?"

Jim nodded and sighed and looked far away over the grazing herd.

"Well, by gosh! And now the question is, is she stricken on you?" "I can't say she is, but, Tom, I'm loving that girl! I'll die if I don't get her. Why, I haven't eaten enough for the last week to keep a jackrabbit alive, and there are times when it seems as if wheels were going around in my head."

"Um! Took me the very same way the first time, and I had chills and fever besides. In love with Miss Walters, eh? It's a cheery thing, Jim—mighty cheery. I'm afraid you'll have to take it out in palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite. If she was some half-breed, now, or even the schoolma'am over on Dog River, there might be a show, but bracing up to a millionaire's daughter is flying high, Jim—flying high."

"But Jim, a desperate man, Tom," replied Jim. "This 'ere' him they call love has got a rope around both my legs. It's either matrimony or death."

with me. What I want of you is to tell me how to work it. You've made two trips to Chicago with cattle and ought to know all about it."

"So I do—so I do. You have just seen her at a distance and fallen in love her. Maybe it's the same way with her, but it won't do to bank on it. It's safer to argue that she's only seen you at a distance and don't know you from one of our herd. You can't go over to the ranch and call on her, because you haven't got a boiled shirt to put on. You can't get an introduction in the regular way, because Kitty Williams is stuck up and would give you the cold snare. Her mother is down on you because one of her cats got hold of some of your wolf poison. Jim, old man, you are up against it."

"Then I'll hang myself within a week!"

"Um! Just the way I felt the first time. Let me see? There ought to be a way—there surely ought. It mustn't be any common way. It's got to be a hair-raiser or it won't go. If you don't impress a millionaire's daughter like a house falling on her you can't hold her thoughts for five minutes. Jim Traskon, are you ready for a desperate venture?"

"Then when you come in tonight we'll have a talk. I've got a plan, and I'm quite sure she's bound to work. Say nothing but come and see me."

It was true that Miss Nettie Walters was visiting Miss Kitty Williams, daughter of Major Williams, of the Horseshoe ranch. It was also true that she was the daughter of a wealthy resident of New York. Both girls rode out on their ponies almost every day, and as a matter of fact they had several times passed within a few rods of the cowboy—this particular cowboy.

They had given him no more notice, however, than they had given his herd. There was a talk that evening between Jim Traskon and Tom Matthews, and when it was concluded the hopeless lover was no longer hopeless. In fact, he had been brought around to realize that life was worth the living. He even executed a shuffie and indulged in suppressed whoops of exultation.

Two days later fortune favored him with a broad smile. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, he caught sight of the New York girl riding alone. Not quite alone, either, as she had three dogs with her, and the animals were doing their best to scare up a rabbit to be run down. When she was half a mile away a big jack broke cover, and away went girl and pony and dogs. It took Jim Traskon just two minutes to adorn himself in the Indian trappings which he had brought along for the occasion by the advice of Tom Matthews. Then he started the chase. His get-up was good and his war-whoops had the true ring. Of course, he depended on Miss Williams having told her girl friend that some of the Sioux Indians had left their reservation and were committing outrages along the skirts of the valley. As a matter of fact, this information had been imparted, but it hadn't deterred the New Yorker from riding out alone. She

heard the whoops and looked back to see the redskin coming after her. Then she gave her pony the switch. In her go-off she rode straight away from home, and at the end of a three-mile chase her pony was winded and she was being overhauled.

Then was the psychological moment for Jim Traskon to strip off his disguise and begin to whoop and shout, and convey the idea to the girl that he had come up in time to run the redskin off and save her from being carried into captivity. According to Tom Matthews, she must feel grateful; she must smile on her rescuer; she must extend the glad hand, and if she didn't want in his arms, she must at least invite him to call on her at the ranch and sooner or later fall in love with and marry him.

All that ought to have taken place as easy as two and two make four, but, alas, it didn't. In the first place, carried away by his hopes and fears, the cowboy got too close. Also he forgot to throw away his disguise. Then the girl pulled her tired horse in, wheeled him around and suddenly came riding back with a six-shooter in her hand. She had never shot at a man before, burglar, cowboy or Indian chief, and for a novice she did remarkably well. Out of six shots she sent three bullets into Jim at points calculated to give him pain, and before she had ceased firing he was on the run for cover.

When he had got a gait on him the girl headed for the ranch at alope and her part of the adventure was over. Not so with Jim Traskon. He had to get into the brush and send for Tom Matthews, and Tom had to ride eight miles for a surgeon to pick the lead out and dress the wounds, and after Jim had told about forty lies about the affair, the foreman said he was too ripe for him and had better go. Tom shook his fist under the poor fellow's nose and roared: "When I was telling you how to get that girl, I didn't know that I was talking to a blame fool! Jim, you've mixed and muddled the case worse than an idiot, and now you go and suspend yourself from the limb of a weeping willow tree and be hanged to you! You had a mighty handsome girl and untold millions within your grasp and then you went like a durand kyote and forest that you was a white man, instead of an Injun. Get along out of Montana with you!"

met Bedell and Miss Smith driving up. He turned and followed them down street. Mrs. Wiley drove around the public driveway in front of the court house to turn her team. Bedell handed the reins to Miss Smith, who stopped the team, practically blocking the passage. Mrs. Wiley turned her horse out into the snow to pass them. Bedell jumped from his team into her sleigh. He grabbed the reins of her horse and turned it into the snow. Afterwards he threw the reins out under the horse's feet. Mrs. Wiley called on her sister to whip the horse to escape. Her sister did so, and Bedell called on Miller to hold the horse. Miller took the horse by the head and held it until Bedell went away. Then he let go of the horse and told Mrs. Wiley to take care of it herself. Miss Smith came to the house by the head and held it until Bedell's assistance and Bedell managed to drag Mrs. Wiley and the child away from the sleigh. He got the child away from Mrs. Wiley. Then he struck her, pushing her down in the snow, saying at the same time "Take that."

Miss McGill corroborated this story, and Dr. G. B. Pease said he called in to attend Mrs. Wiley that evening and found her suffering from severe nervous shock and had to care for her nearly the whole night.

Court adjourned at 5 p. m. until 2 tomorrow. The prosecution will call several other witnesses.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I., Feb. 25.—The body of a man believed to be from the wreck of the Joy Line steamer Larchmont was washed ashore at the northern end of the island late today. It was in a bad state of decomposition but was evidently that of a white man.

ANDOVER, Feb. 25.—The preliminary examination of B. R. Bedell, William Miller, and Miss Annie Smith, charged with aggravated assault on the widow of the late Dr. Wiley, began today before Magistrate McQuarrie. The complainant swore that she and her sister, Miss Annie McGill, with the three-year-old child of her late sister, Bedell's former wife, were driving down street on the 15th inst., when they

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TWO DEAD AND ONE IS DYING; COLLISION ON THE I. C. R. NEAR TRURO

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 25.—The night express, No. 9, for St. John, N. B., Bangor and Portland, Me., which left here at 2:55 tonight, and the east-bound C. P. R. express, No. 28, from Montreal, due here at 10:50, collided read on at Brookfield, N. S., tonight. The baggage master, Samuel Keith, and Fireman Luther Hill of the C. P. R. train were killed, and John J. Flavin of Halifax, driver of train No. 28, fatally injured. He cannot recover. Several others were more or less seriously injured, including Charles O'Reilly of St. John, mail clerk, who will recover. There were a large number of passengers on both trains, and all escaped serious injury, though some of them were badly shaken up. Harry de Forest of St. John was a passenger on No. 9 train. He was not hurt.

No. 9 was proceeding slowly for a siding when No. 28 travelling at a high rate of speed loomed up out of

the darkness and in an instant the engines crashed. The impact was terrific, the big engines plunging into each other until their smokestacks almost touched. The baggage and postal cars on both trains were telescoped and the road is completely blocked. A special train with doctors was sent out from Truro and a wrecking train is now clearing the road.

It is said that the accident was caused by Driver Flavin running by his orders.

No. 28 which left St. John at 12:20 p. m. yesterday was in charge of Conductor Guinan who is said to belong to Dartmouth, N. S. Conductor Edward Thompson, of Moncton, was in charge of No. 9, Samuel Keith, the dead baggage master belonged to Sussex, where he has a wife and family and is well known in St. John. He was about 60 years of age. Fireman Deane, of No. 9, belongs to Truro.

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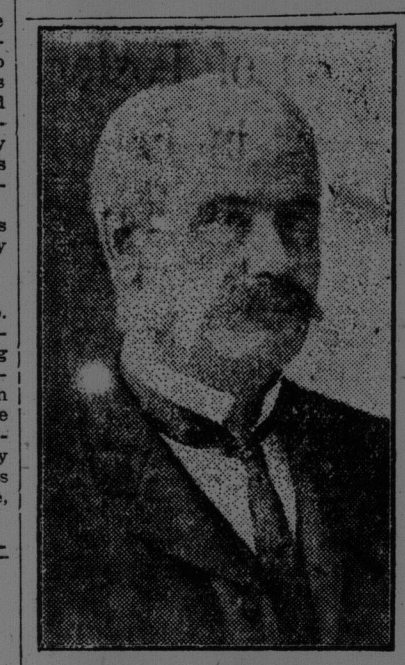
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J. J. STEWART EDITOR OF HALIFAX HERALD DEAD

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 25.—J. J. Stewart, editor of the Halifax Herald, died at 3:30 o'clock this morning, at



J. J. STEWART.

his residence on Inglis street. He was about 58 years of age and his death was hastened as the result of burns received by upsetting of a lamp quite recently. He leaves a widow.

FOUR CHILDREN SUFFER TERRIBLY

DALTON, N. H., Feb. 25.—Four children of Alvin White, their ages ranging from 15 to 3 years, who had been left alone by their parents, were driven from their home by fire today and suffered intensely from cold while trying to reach the nearest house, over a mile away. A six-year-old girl lost her stockings and shoes in the drifts and had both legs frozen to the knees. The other three were almost insensible when they were discovered, but revived later.

The parents of the children left home yesterday morning and expected to return at night, but during the day a severe storm set in and they were unable to get back. The children were alone in the house all night, and this forenoon the eldest started a fire. After it had been going a little while

the children discovered that the house had caught from the stovepipe. Without clothing they rushed out of the house and started for the home of a neighbor, a mile and a quarter distant. The snow drifts from the storm during the night were far above their heads, yet they bravely struggled through them until they became utterly exhausted. The little girl lost first her shoes and then her stockings and was almost insensible, as were her brothers and sisters, when some men, who were breaking up the roads discovered them. They were removed to the nearest house and Dr. John M. Page, of Littleton was summoned. They all revived later, but it is feared that the little girl may suffer the loss of her legs below the knees. The house was destroyed.

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Read carefully the advertisement, and note prices. It will repay you. In every department great bargains will be offered, as our stock must be reduced.

Household Requisites at Clearance Prices.

Homeuse Toilet Paper, small size package, 4c package.
Homeuse Toilet Paper, large package, 2 for 15c
"Imperial" large package, extra quality, 3 for 25c
Homeuse Toilet Paper, large roll, extra value, 2 for 25c
Cando Silver Polish, excellent article, strongly recommended by us as a good silver polish, large pot, regular 25c, sale 15c
"Easy Bright," instantaneous cleaner of brass and tin, 7c
Flood's Piano and Furniture Polish, 40 years the standard, regular 25c, 15c
Our Favorite Gold Enamel, for decorative and gilding purposes, can be washed, regular 25c, 15c
Carter's Indelible Ink, regular 25c, 15c. Thoroughly reliable, requires no preparation and no heat after use.
Japanese Gold Paint—Ready mixed. It decorates anything and everything. Nothing better in the world, 18c
"Secocotine," for sticking everything—glass, china, wood, etc. Regular 15c and 10c tube for 10c, smaller 7c, do. 7c
Army and Navy Liquid Glue—Always ready; the world's strongest glue. In tube at 4c and 7c tube to clear.
Carter's Mucilage—The great stickiest, small bottle, 4c
Carter's and Stafford's Black Letter Ink, excellent ink, 4c
Underwood's Celebrated Black Letter Ink, good ink, 3c
Carter's Paste, in two size tubes, best article on the market, regular 5c and 10c size at 3c and 7c
Picture Wire. We have all the sizes containing 25 yards in package. Small size, No. 0, 5c; No 1, 6c; No 2, 8c; No 3, 10c, which is less than half price.
Corkscrews—Self-opening Corkscrews, nickel finish, regular 25c, sale 15c
Twine—Sea Island in the different colors, regular 10c ball, sale price 6c
Tumblers—We have about 10 dozen we bought to sell for 80c dozen, to clear at 55c doz.
Nutmeg Night Lamp—To clear at 10c each.

Hair Brushes.

Best French make, at 33¢ to 50¢ p. c. less than reg. price.
108 Hair Brushes, Loonen make. Sold everywhere at 25c, sale price 15c
84 Hair Brushes, French make, good bristles, reg. 35c, 23c
108 Hair Brushes, Loonen make, very superior bristles, regular 50c, 35c
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48 Extra Fine Hair Brushes, very choice bristles, regular 75c brush, 48c
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336 boxes of French make of Toilet Soap.
Violettes de Parme, Crab Apple Blossom, Hyacinthe, etc. French Toilet Soap, 3 cakes in box, to clear at 7c
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Cucumber Complexion Soap, a thoroughly reliable soap, only 16 boxes left, to clear at 12c box.
"Grey Oatmeal," Toilet Soap, a very popular and good soap, only 60 boxes offered, at 12c box.

Clematis Toilet Soap, a pure soap, delicately perfumed, only 12 boxes offered, at 15c box.
Verona Violets, June Roses and Beauty Rose Toilet Soap, 300 boxes to clear at 15c. Great value.
Trilby Toilet Soap, very popular soap, 3 cakes 18c
Heliotrope Toilet Soap, very choice pure soap, delicately perfumed, 3 cakes in box, 18c
"Queen Alexandra" Toilet Soap, exquisite pure soap, daintily perfumed—Calla Lilies, Rose Leaves, Crushed Violets, 21c box
"Cameo" French Toilet Soap, pure and very choice, exquisitely perfumed—Violette, Lilac, Heliotrope odors, 3 cakes, 21 cents
"Valley Violet," a very popular high grade pure toilet soap, daintily perfumed, 48 boxes only, offered at 21c
Infants' Delight, for toilet or nursery, made from the purest and best material, delicately perfumed, 3 cakes for 25c
Shaving Soaps at 3c, 5c and 10c

Writing Tablets.

Writing Tablets—At unheard of prices. We have an exceptionally fine stock, and offer them at unheard of prices during the clearance sale.
Tally-Ho—Our leader, ruled tablets, good paper, during sale 4 cents.
"Sedwick" Linen Tablet, unruled, great value, 6c
"Newport"—Ruled writing tablet. Good paper, 7c
"Regal Bond"—Plain paper. Extra quality—a bargain, 7 cts
Silver Flax—Unruled. Good tablet, great value, 7 cents.
Crown Victoria Writing Tablet. Ruled, very choice paper, 8 cts
Liberty Writing Tablet—Ruled. A very attractive tablet, 8 cts
Kennore Linen—Note size. Unruled writing tablet, very choice and popular, 8 cents.
Empire Tablet—Tablet ruled. Extra quality paper, 8 cents.
"The Society" Writing Tablet. White paper, good quality, 8c