

## TAMED BY A WOMAN.

Arizona's most noted buckner was reared on Jack Mitchell's ranch in Lonesome valley, not many miles from Prescott.

In the main he was a handsome beast, stood sixteen hands flush, and weighed 1,400 pounds. But his head was bowed like a barrell stave, and set with small, misshapen eyes, that glared with a devilish light.

The colt took a great fancy to Mitchell's daughter Nell. It soon learned to follow her about as a dog, and would come on a run for a lump of sugar or a bit of bread when she whistled. Nell broke him in so gradually and by such gentle means that by the end of his third year she could saddle and ride Black Wolf anywhere.

But on her going away to school Mitchell thought it about time to reap the profits of his money and care. There were any number of standing officers ranging up as high as \$300. Matters stood undecided until one day a Prescott swell chanced to stop at the ranch. He offered \$400 spot cash, and the deal was closed, with the understanding that the horse was to be delivered as soon as properly tamed.

So next morning Mitchell told one of his stock hands to "throw a saddle upon Black Wolf and finish him up." Not dreaming of any trouble with a pet colt, the young fellow went about his task with whistle and song. But hardly had he touched the saddle before Black Wolf sent him sprawling through the air, to the astonishment of everybody.

Then the regular "broncho buster" mounted, but after a short struggle he was thrown and nearly killed. No one else on the place dared make the trial.

Jack Mitchell was as mad as a hornet and sent around for the best riders in the country, and promised to give \$50 to any man that would conquer the horse. But one and all they were thrown.

Finally Bill Zant, a Jerome teamster, came along and bought Black Wolf for a "wheeler." He said he guessed the locoed fool could not do much damage in a twenty-mile team.

And to the surprise of everybody, Black Wolf took willingly to harness. In six months he was the stoutest puller in Yavapai County. But no one beside Bill could do a thing with him. It was worth any other man's life to go into his stall.

Some time during the following summer "Broncho Charley" came over from California. He had conceived the idea of going on the road with a wild west show. His plan was to form his troupe and give the first performance in Prescott.

About over the ranges he skirmished, picking up riders, ropers and rifle shots, besides a dozen or so of spoiled horses that the owners were glad to be rid of at any price. Then, engaging a few wild steers, and striking a bargain with some Hualapai braves, Broncho Charley rented a flat on the edge of the town and set the day.

Moreover, he placed \$100 in the bank, and advertised far and wide that it was to be paid to anyone bringing in a horse which could not be ridden by either himself or his men.

But hardly had the mountain breezes begun to flutter the handbills along Montezuma street before a friend came and whispered something in the showman's ear. Without stopping for anything else Charley mounted a horse and spurred nor quirt until he drew rein at Bill Zant's camp. With little ceremony Charley said that he had heard of Black Wolf, and that he wanted him for the wild west show.

"Well," said Bill, seeing as how I ain't a using him just now, guess it's all right. But you don't want to let him kill anybody." Black Wolf was led forth ready for the trial.

"Now, fork him and I'll jerk off the blind," said Bill.

Charley did manage to catch both stirrups, but that is all he remembered until Bill picked him up bruised and bleeding from a corner of the corral.

"Think he'll do," asked Bill, with a grim smile.

"Yes; guess so. But for heaven's sake don't say a word about this; it would spoil everything."

And Broncho Charley, with fallen crest, led the horse to Prescott by a roundabout trail.

First thing next morning Charley had another lot of handbills printed saying that aside from his first offer, he would give \$250 to any person who would successfully ride a certain horse belonging to his outfit.

Finally the time rolled round for the opening of the great fete. The third and last day was set for the broncho riding. By an hour past noon the grandstand was packed to suffocation; even the roof lent its puny aid in seating the crowds, while the fence for 100 yards each side budded with boys.

At last, in all the glory of buckskin, long hair and six-shooters, Broncho Charley rode into the inclosure and announced that the first contest would be for the \$100 prize. "Now," he said, "bring on your buckners."

They were led in one at a time. Coyote Dan, Buckskin Hellion and Black Canyon Paint, that showed five feet of daylight under his feet every time he left the ground, and a dozen others—all big, ugly brutes. Not a horse among them that was not old at the business, and onto all the tricks of the range. Baker's Terror was brought at last. He stood like a lamb—as easy to saddle as an old gentle horse. Broncho Charley was eager to show his skill. Now was his time to gain cheap glory.

He mounted. Terror stood without moving a muscle until all was ready, when suddenly he sprang high into the air. Then he followed with three tremendous jumps to the right, and at the left turn flung Charley, long hair, buckskin and six-shooters in one confused head over the five bar fence.

And it looked for a while as if this horse would win the prize for his owner, but he

gave up after flinging two of the best men in the outfit.

And now, after an intermission, the humble showman rode out and pronounced the second contest:

"Anybody that can ride the horse I'm about to bring into the ring will be given a check for \$250, which is on deposit in the Cactus bank. Mind you, he must be ridden with a free saddle—rolls and bucking straps are barred. Now, come on, you crack riders, and try your skill; here comes the horse."

At this everybody looked toward the entrance to see Bill Zant leading Black Wolf into the ring. Up went a wild shout. At once fell the hopes of all the local riders, while those from distant parts of the territory groaned and turned pale when the crowd began shouting, "hurrah for Bill Zant's Black Wolf!" Too well they knew what that name meant.

For a while it seemed as if no contestants were going to appear. Finally three came forward—a Californian, a Mexican and Doc Bright, the self-styled king of Southern Arizona cow boys.

At the drawing of straws for turns the Mexican drew first mount, the Californian second and Doc Bright last.

Black Wolf suspected something when the cinches were tightened, but he merely smelled of his master's hand and went to nibbling grass.

The Mexican felt of his spurs. Then, catching the horn in both hands, he sprang lightly into the saddle. Bill jerked off the blind and jumped out of the way.

Just a moment the horse glanced about him—just a moment quivered from head to foot; then, dropping his head between his forefeet, he shot upward like a rocket and with marvelous agility, wheeled end for end in midair.

Hardly had he landed before he was off again, this time wheeling in the opposite direction and shaking himself like a wet dog to loosen the hold of the raking spurs. One more jump, and the Mexican was flung whirling to the ground, where he lay until some of his companions carried him unconscious out of the ring.

Catching the horse again, Bill called to the Californian to take his medicine. The young fellow hesitated. Then remembering that the honor of his State must be upheld he drew up his belt a hole, tossed his hat to a friend and bounded into the saddle like a cat.

But, alas! Two of those fearful side sweeps pitched California's honor headlong into a heap of sand. And California's honor narrowly escaped a broken neck.

Wildly the Arizona faction cheered over this defeat. Their man only was left, and he might possibly win the day. He was fresh, while the horse must certainly be the worse after bucking two rounds.

And now, as the territory's pride walked into the ring, the assembled hundreds went beside themselves with joy. But Doc was not overconfident. The easy defeat of the other contestants unnerved him, for he knew them to be no ordinary riders. Worse than all, he was handicapped by a wide reputation. In his heart he wished he had stayed at home.

But it was too late to back out now. So taking a swallow of water, he flung away his hat and went to the middle of the ring, where Black Wolf, though blindfolded, was pawing the earth and snorting fiercely.

Taking a running start, he bounced into the saddle. "Let him go," and Doc dug the spurs deep.

With a loud bellow, Black Wolf jumped once forward to get a good start, then left the ground a full six feet and whirled before he came down. Now he plunged to the right, now to the left; then forward, then backward, up and down, around and around, until Doc's nose and ears were running blood. Another jump and the grip of his spurs was shaken loose. Desperately he clung to the horn, but in vain. He lost both stirrups.

At last Doc could stand it no longer. Calling to mind an old trick, he caught the horn with both hands and jumped clear of everything. He struck on his feet, but fell from exhaustion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Broncho Charley, when the uproar had somewhat abated, "the money is yet my own. Is there any other person that would like to make a trial for it?"

A hush fell upon the audience. Would anyone be so foolhardy as to back that devil after the best riders had failed?

Presently there was a stir at the far end of the grand stand, a moving aside to let someone pass. All eyes turned eagerly that way to see a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl step down from the tiers of seats. She was attended by a middle-aged man.

"Who is it? Who is it?" whispered hundreds at once, and hundreds more answered, "Why, that's Nellie Mitchell and her father. They live in Lonesome valley."

Broncho Charley dismounted quickly and came forward. "Good evening," he said, raising his hat politely to Nell and her father. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why," answered Nell, with many blushes "I have come to ride that horse."

"What?" exclaimed Charley, starting back in astonishment. "Ride that horse? I could not think of letting you do such a thing; why, you would be killed."

"No, I don't think I would. Just let me try him."

"Yes, give her a trial," spoke up Mitchell. "She knows what she is about."

By this time the crowd was crazy with curiosity to know what was up. But when they saw Bill coming with the side-saddle exclamations of indignation, wonder, protest and approval swept over the vast throng.

Again Broncho Charley urged the danger, protested and pleaded. But when he saw that Mitchell remained firm he gave in and walked away, concluding that both the man and his daughter must be locoed.

With a deal of coaxing and whistling Black Wolf was caught again. But his anger was thoroughly roused. He looked wildly about him, pawed the ground and reared.



It was at least a quarter of an hour before Bill could pacify him sufficiently to get Nell's saddle cinched in place. And now, as the horse was led, snorting and plunging, to the center of the ring Nell and her father came forward.

Scarcely a person in the audience moved a muscle as Nell began talking in soothing tones to the horse; everyone feared to draw a long breath when she took a lump of sugar from her pocket and called, "Come, now, Wolly, poor boy; come and get your sugar."

The horse stood a moment watching her intently. His ears moved uneasily. He recognized that voice—knew his young mistress. With a glad neigh, he walked up and whinnied his thanks as he took the lump from her hand.

"Poor old horse," she said, patting his muzzle, while he rubbed his head against her; "did they treat you mean? Now, come! let's take a walk."

So saying, Nell threw the reins over his neck and went over to the fence, while the great brute came trotting along, first on one side and then on the other, as though he were a little dog. Mounting to the top rail, Nell called: "Come, Wolly; come up here like a good horse and let me take a ride."

Up pranced Black Wolf, but with the wrong side to the fence. "Ah, now," she said, slapping him, "have you forgotten?" Instantly the obedient animal wheeled about and Nell quickly seated herself in the saddle.

Then with a "Go on, old fellow," the horse bowed his neck and cantered gayly in front of the grand stand amid the wildest enthusiasm and the cries of "Arizona is ahead yet! Hurrah for Lonesome Valley!" and everybody took up the cry. "Three cheers for Lonesome Valley!"

Promptly Broncho Charley rode to the front. His head was uncovered and he had a white envelope in his hand.

The confusion ceased. Then, turning to Nell, he said, simply: "Miss Mitchell, let me congratulate you on doing what the best horsemen in the West have failed to do. Please accept this check; you have won it fairly and you richly deserve it."

"And now, Miss Nellie," spoke up Bill Zant, coming forward, I have a word I want to say just here. I ain't much on making pretty speeches or anything of that sort, but I want to tell you that when Jack Mitchell sold this horse to me he made a big mistake. And I'm just naturally going to undo the mistake right here. Miss Nellie I make you a present of the horse—Black Wolf is yours."

And as Nell rode out through the gate the Mexican waved his hand feebly from the blanket where he lay—"Bravo, Senorita! Bravo!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## DESPERADO LUKE SHORT.

A Bad Man With a Gun, He Had Some Redeeming Qualities.

"In a recently published list of noted bad men with guns who have passed in their chips in the last five years I saw the name of Luke Short," said A. G. Arkwright, formerly of Kansas and Texas. "By a singular train of events I became, you may say, intimately acquainted with him ten or twelve years ago. It was during a vacation I was taking at the Arkansas Hot Springs, and Luke short came there, to the hotel where I was staying, with his wife, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of an Emporia banker, whom he had married under romantic circumstances. He was a short, well-built young man with a round, smooth face, very black eyes, and muscles like steel springs, and caught. He dressed well and plainly, habitually wearing a suit of dark blue clothes and a black sombrero. His man-

ner toward those persons whom he liked was pleasing.

"At Fort Worth, Tex., his home, he was identified with various incongruous private and public undertakings. He owned the largest saloon and variety hall in the city, was director in a bank, a board member of the gas and of the water company, and a founder and trustee of a young ladies' seminary at one and the same time. He was at the Hot Springs for his health. As he walked out of his saloon at Fort worth one day, a short time previous, the City Marshal, standing on the other side of the street, let drive at him with both barrels of a shotgun, missing him. Short returned the attention by killing the Marshal with his revolver and wounding two of his deputies. The Marshal had friends likely to attempt to avenge his death, and, although legally exonerated for his act, Short had thought it advisable to leave Fort Worth for a while, and so had come to the Springs. He was always on his guard and equipped for trouble, but except to pin to the table with an oyster fork the finger of a man whom he caught trying to palm a card in a poker game, and to 'call down' one or two persons for being too inquisitive about him, his life at the Springs was a peaceful one. He was a devoted husband and passed much of his time with his wife. When I said good-by to him there it was with the pleasantest impressions of our acquaintance.

"It was four years before I saw Luke Short again. I was in the Texas Panhandle buying cattle on commission, and had stopped over night at a so-called hotel at a little cross-trail settlement known at that time as Perrot's. The hotel office was also the bar, and as I sat at a table reading a week-old St. Louis paper by the light of a kerosene lamp three tough looking fellows in country garb, with spurs on came in and ordered drinks. They gave me no notice except a stare, until after they had turned down two or three rounds of drinks. Then, as the whiskey began to work in them, they picked me out as a subject to have fun with. As they ordered the fourth round one of them, a big ugly looking brute, whom the others called Mike, sung out to me roughly:

"Come up and have a drink with us!"

"I was unarmed, in a strange crowd, and I thought it best to accept his invitation. I drank with them—such whiskey it was; ugh—and then, to make matters pleasant, ordered another round. I tried to get off with that and go back to my paper, but they wouldn't have it so. I had to drink with each of Mike's two companions, and then Mike ordered the glasses set out again.

"O, drink more! That isn't half a drink! he roared as I turned out a small portion into my glass; then seizing the bottle he filled the tumbler to the brim. 'That's something like a drink. Down it, and don't make faces over it!'

"Things had gone as far as I cared to endure, whatever might happen. I took a sip from the glass as the others drank, and set it down nearly full.

"Ain't you going to drink it?" said Mike. "You shall, and out of a tin cup, too!"

"He stepped round the end of the bar, took a tin pint cup from a shelf, and, setting it on the counter, turned the whiskey from my tumbler into it. Then he poured whiskey from the bottle until the cup was half full. He had been working up to this point from the time he called me to the bar to drink, and he had his ugliest look on as he said:

"Turn that into you, and don't make two swallows of it! You won't? You'll take the bottle then!"

"He raised the bottle as if to bring it down on my head, and then—the report of a heavy pistol set the glass dancing on the shelves and the bottle flew into a thousand pieces while the whiskey it had contained was distributed pretty evenly over Mike. The shot had come from a revolver in the hands of a small man who, unobserved by me, had come into the barroom and taken his seat in a corner.

"Mike turned, still holding in his hand the neck of the shattered bottle, and saw who had fired the shot. His jaw fell, all the bullying look left his face, and he stood perfectly still. His companions likewise seemed afraid to move. The small man let them stand for a full minute and then spoke.

"Drink up that cup of whiskey," he said to Mike, and without a word the rufian drank it, though he coughed and strangled at the end.

"Landlord, fill him up another," came the command from the corner. No, not a tumbler—the tin cup! And fill it full!"

The landlord obeyed, and Mike turning

white about the gills, began to beg off. "It'll kill me," he pleaded. "I didn't mean no harm to the tenderfoot. I wouldn't a hit him. I was only tryin' to do him a kindness."

"Drink the whiskey, and no more talk! I shan't ask you twice," and there came from the corner the little click from a self-cocking hammer to emphasize the words.

"It was revenge enough for me to see the trouble Mike had to get outside that whiskey. A dozen times during the operation he stopped, as if it was impossible to swallow another drop; but at the stern order, 'Drink! from the man with the revolver he lifted it again to his lips. By the time the cup was empty he was scarcely able to stand. But there came the order:

"Now git, all three of you. 'Twon't be well for you if I see any of you round here again."

"Mike's two companions helped him out of the hotel, got him upon his horse and they rode away, one on each side of the drunken man. A cowboy can sit his horse when he is too drunk to stand, and I presume they got him safe to their camp, unless he fell dead on the way from the effects of the whiskey he had drunk. I never saw him again or heard what became of him.

"The small man watched them out of sight from the door, and then turned to shake my hand.

"I know you, Luke, with the first words you spoke," I said to him. "You got me out of a fix, and I'm very grateful. But what on earth brought you up here just in time to come to my rescue?"

"Luke Short laughed and changed the subject without answering my question.

"I'm glad I happened along as I did," was the only response he ever made to the barroom episode. We travelled together on horseback as far as Fort Dodge. There he took the train for the West, while I went East. I never saw him again."

## Ten Millions Died.

Within recorded history there has occurred no calamity like the famine in Bengal in 1770. From starvation and the disease to which it gave rise ten millions (10,000,000) of people perished in six months. And from the political and social conditions that followed the famine the province was disorganized and depressed for forty years afterwards. In the middle of that memorable summer the famishing living actually ate the bodies of the dead! Ghastly! horrible! Indeed, yes. Such a famine happening (which God forbid) in England, would, in eighteen months' continuance, leave this fair island untenanted by a single human being.

Why allude to it? I'll tell you. Because it illustrates on a scale great enough for all to see it, the wonderful and vital relations between man and a mouthful of rice, of bread, of meat. To-day the food may fail, to-morrow the man may fail. It is no matter which fails; the result (continued) is the same—death by starvation. If the food fails through blight or drought, heaven only can help us to a new crop. If the man fails, what can we do? Let one man tell what he did.

"In May, 1884," he says, I fell into a low weak state. I felt heavy, tired, and languid and couldn't imagine what had come over me. My appetite left me, my mouth tasted badly, and after eating the simplest thing I had a frightful pain at the pit of the stomach. Cold clammy sweats used to break out all over me until I thought I was in a consumption."

Many who are attacked in the manner described draw the same conclusion; they think they have consumption, and naturally enough, they seek treatment for consumption. They are misled by the sweats and the cough and other signs that seem to be those of that dread malady. Yet, after a course of treatment on that theory has done no good whatever, but has left them worse off than before, they draw another conclusion; not only that they really have consumption, but are fast dying of it. And all the while their tongues are sound as new bellows. How is this?

"I was frequently sick," continues Mr. Shore, "sometimes as often as four or five times a day. I lost a deal of sleep, and got weaker and weaker until I could hardly walk. After a while I got so bad I that I had to give up my situation as foreman at the Chemical Works, Weston."

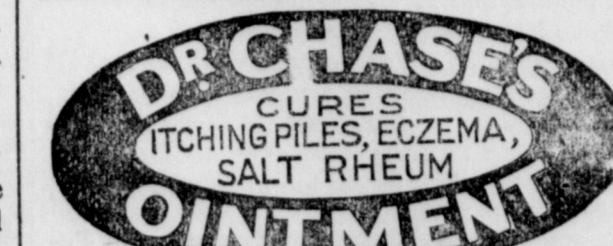
"Off and on I was like this for years. I saw doctor after doctor and spent pounds in physic, but was none the better for it. My strength was gone, and I despaired of ever getting it back again; and how can a man earn his living without strength?"

Ah, friend Shore, nobody knows what a fearful, heart-shaking question that is unless he is at once a poor man and without power to do a turn for himself and for those who look to him for support. Then he knows, and trembles at what he knows, God help him.

"In March, 1890," he adds, "I first read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle, and after taking it a few days, I felt better than I had in half a dozen years. You will believe me when I say I kept on taking it. The result was surprising; I was soon well and strong as ever. No illness has come near me since then. The Syrup also cured my daughter of an obstinate dyspepsia. (Signed) William Edward Shore, Frodsham Bridge, near Warrington, May 3rd, 1893."

Father and daughter both suffered from the same thing—indigestion and dyspepsia. It all the people of England had it at once, and profoundly, the result might not perhaps be so terrible as followed the crop failure in Bengal, but it would be bad enough. As it is, millions do have this crushing malady, and what evils come of it this single case illustrates. But Mother Seigel's Syrup is curing them as fast as they hear of it and use it.

As to the symptoms that make people fear they have consumption, nine times in ten they are signs of the digestive trouble only—sweats from weakness and a "stomach cough." But consumption might set in later. The safe course is to expel the poison by resorting to the Syrup at the very start.



D. S. Doan, of Clinton, says: "Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure Salt Rheum when all else has failed; believe what I say and try it. Don't go on suffering for years as I did."



Mrs. F. Pearson, Inglewood, Ont., says: "My baby, five months old, had eczema very badly on his face and head. I procured two boxes of the Ointment and when they had been used all signs of the disease had disappeared."

