

Buck Bronson's "Blowout."

"Buck Bronson," the wealthy Nebraskan cattleman who died recently, is said to have owned twelve hundred horses, but he provided in his will for none of them except his old bronco, "Blowout." To secure comfort and long life to this favorite horse, Mr. Bronson left one thousand dollars a year, the money to be paid monthly to Peter Lannon only so long as the horse shall be alive. As Blowout is believed to be twenty years old now, it is not likely that Mr. Lannon can draw the allowance much longer.

The explanation of Bronson's devotion to Blowout was given to me some years by the cattle-killing himself. As began with quite a long account of how he happened to be trapping alone on the Dismal River, near the forks in 1884 when he was still a poor cowboy, although an educated man; and how one or more of "Doc" Middleton's notorious gang of horse-thieves stole his saddle-horse and packhorse and all his furs and provisions, while he himself was on foot following a wounded antelope through timber. Then Bronson was left in a very wild country with nothing but his rifle, a few cartridges, his camp kit, knife, pipe, tobacco and some matches. The rest of the story I give in his own words, which I wrote down soon after hearing them:

"After trying to trail the thieves I went back to camp, broiled some antelope and took a good night's sleep. The next day I decided to cross over to the Middle Loup, and make my way down the river to some settlement. So I set off to the northward, but before I had gone a mile I found Blowout—my first acquaintance with him, you understand. I had seen a herd of wild horses there, and tried to creep up to 'crease' one, but they got scent of me, and fled. As I started on again I came to the edge of a big blowout and saw at the bottom a wild horse. He had somehow got into the blowout and couldn't get out.

"You don't know what I mean by a blowout? Well, it is a hollow scooped out of the top or side of a sand hill by the wind. They are of all sizes from ten feet to ten rods across, and from one foot to fifty feet deep. Most of them have one or two places where a horse can walk out, but some are too steep all around. I never saw but one that a man couldn't get out of without help.

"That one is known all over these parts as 'Dead-Man's Blowout,' because one of the boys at the 'H. W.' or the 'Box-bar'—I forget which—found a man in it—starved to death, or more likely perished from thirst. He got two others to go back with him and take ropes along to try to get the body out. But he'd been dead so long that they just buried him where he lay. There was nothing about him to tell who he was, and no one knows yet.

"Well, as I was telling you, the wild horse was down in a big blowout. I could see where he had torn up the sand in trying to climb out; but he had stopped trying and stood looking up at me in despair. He seemed to have no life left. His eyes were bloodshot and fiery, his tongue hanging out, dry and parched, his whole appearance showing the greatest distress. I pulled up some grass and threw it down to him; he seized it ravenously, but his mouth and throat seemed too dry to swallow it.

"Stranger, maybe you wouldn't believe it, but I forgot all about my own troubles, and set to work to do something for that horse. I got my camp kettle and carried water from the river, nearly a mile. It took me all one day and part of the next before I could get enough to satisfy him. I kept pulling grass for him, too, although at first he seemed in mortal fear of me, yet by the third night he and I were good friends. Well, to cut it short, I fed him there for nearly a week, and then managed to dig a path and help him out; and after a few days more I saddled him and rode him across to the settlements, and went to work to raise a crowd to go after Middleton and his gang. But everybody seemed to be afraid.

"At last I got about a dozen together, and we were about to start when the news came of Middleton's capture by Major Llewellyn.

"And that's how I got my pony, and that's why he is so fond of me. But still I have to tell you what he did for me. It is the most curious case of one good turn deserving another that ever I heard of.

"Two years after that fall, four of us went up on the Dismal on a hunt, near the same place I have been telling you of, and I took Blowout along, for he is a first class hunting horse, all but one thing, and that is this: he will not go into a blowout. He'll go through fire or water if I tell him to go, but a blowout—never.

"Well, we had been in camp nearly a week, when I started off alone one morning, away back north from the river, to see if I could have any better success, as I had not as yet shot anything bigger than a jack rabbit. I rode eight or ten miles before I saw anything, and then I caught sight of a big buck antelope about a half mile away.

"He hadn't seen me, and as the wind was in my favor and blowing hard, I felt pretty sure of a good shot. So I rode quietly forward, keeping on low ground until I got near the place where I had seen him. Then I dismounted and crept up to the top of a ridge and peeped over. There stood the antelope about fifteen rods away, broadside to me, his head up, as fine a mark as you could wish.

"I fired, and the antelope fell, kicking and struggling. I started toward him on the run, calling to my horse as I went. Just as I got within a few feet of the antelope, he gave a great kick, throwing himself into a big blowout—he had been standing just on the edge of it. I was considerably excited by this time, it was the first antelope I had seen for two years or more, so I jumped down after him. He went

sliding, down, down, clear to the bottom, and then I got hold of him, used my knife, and stepped back to let him bleed.

"Just then something in the sand at my feet caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up; it was a bone, partly buried in the sand. I pulled, at it, then dug away the sand from around it. It was a human skull. Instantly the awful truth flashed across my mind: I was in the Dead Man's Blowout."

"For a moment I was stunned by the terror of my situation. Then I fairly screamed, and flew at the steep slopes of sand, trying to escape. But it was no use—the sand came down as I clawed into it. Still I kept trying until I was completely exhausted. I lay down at last, quite calm with despair. I wondered how long I should live; wondered whether my body would be found, as the other poor fellow's was; and the thought came to me that my friends at camp might be alarmed at my long absence, and follow my trail to find me. But as I listened to the wind and remembered how the sand was drifting, I felt how useless any such attempt would be, as none of them could guess the direction in which I might have gone from my first course. I remembered, too, with a terrible sinking at my heart, that I had come much farther than we usually did. I recalled, too, that I had spoken the day before of returning home alone, because of my poor luck. It seemed clear that I could expect no help from my hunting mates and, I resolved to make one more effort to get out.

"With my knife in hand I climbed up as far as I could, that is, to within about twelve feet of the top. There I began digging, but still the loose sand from above kept sliding down as fast as I dug. Again and again I tried, but to no purpose. At length I slid back to the bottom, where I lay again in a stupor of despair, how long I cannot tell.

"I was aroused by a low whinny from my horse. I looked up and saw him standing just at the edge of the blowout, looking down at me, although his eyes seemed fairly to bulge out with fear of the place. I have no doubt that he understood my case well, and was wishing to help me. My lariat was on my saddle, but as much out of reach as the moon was. What could I do? As I glanced around, my eyes fell on the antelope—the cause of all my trouble. An idea flashed into my mind, and I quickly began skinning the animal, all the time talking to my terrified horse, coaxing him to stand still.

"I soon had the hide off, and cut into a long strip. Making a noose at one end, I climbed up toward the horse as far as possible, and throwing the noose upward, I got it around his neck. Now I felt safe, for I knew nothing on earth could induce him to take another step forward. He stood fast, and in a moment I was out, and after a few minutes of trembling, I was able to mount and ride back to camp."

Glad Spring Tidings

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Sick People Well.

The Great Banisher of all Troubles Brought on by Careless Living.

The cities and towns of Canada in spring time are full of people who are in a thoroughly worn-out, "unstrung" nervous condition, brought on by careless and heedless living. Sleeplessness, irritability and despondency help to make the cup of wretchedness more complete.

This army of broken-down men and women should know that new and vigorous health depends on purified blood, regulated nerves, sound sleep and perfect digestion. These happy conditions come only by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

If any have thus far failed to get rid of nervous diseases, impure blood, kidney and liver troubles and dyspepsia, it is because they have not used Paine's Celery Compound.

The past testimony of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants and people of responsible positions who have been made well by Paine's Celery Compound, should induce every ailing man and woman to carry home a bottle of nature's life-giver so that they may test it to their own satisfaction.

Do not allow any dealer to offer you a substitute. Insist upon getting "Paine's" the kind that "makes sick people well."

"Oh, I do love to go shopping," said the maid of some thirty-seven summers—more or less—"especially when there is a bargain sale."

"Huh!" growled the old bachelor, "I fail to see any fun in getting in a crowd and being squeezed nearly to death."

"That's just what I enjoy most," replied the romantic maiden, as she coyly hid her glowing face behind her fan.

"Now," said Mr. Meekton, as he got into his overcoat and pulled on his mittens. "I must go home and explain to Henrietta."

"Is she demanding an explanation?"

"Certainly."

"What about?"

"My dear sir, how do I know? I haven't been home yet."

McJigger—How was that pretty brunette when you saw her last?

Thingumbob—She wasn't.

McJigger—Wasn't what?

Thingumbob—A brunette.

Rosa Sandrini's Easter.

It was a poor enough little shrine, with its tinsel paper, gaudy artificial flowers and calico rags, but to little Rosa Sandrini it represented all the beauty and idealism of life.

The doll-like china figure of Our Lady, with the glittering yellow paper crown on her head and the tiny infant Jesus in her arms, was poetry and religion to the small maid. She said her prayers before it, and was never so happy as when her mother permitted her to deck it with a ribbon or a bit of green or a cascade of flowers picked up in a gutter.

In the Mulberry street back tenement where the little Italian girl lived there were only fighting, cursing, brawls and blows to be heard. Pietro, her father, was one of the worst brawlers in the neighborhood. He was always coming home with his naturally fiendish disposition intensified by drink, to pound and bruise Margarita, his comely, black-eyed mother, into insensibility.

Ever since she could remember anything little Rosa Sandrini had seen her mother kicked and cuffed and knocked about. Sobbing and trembling, the frightened child could only raise her hands in mute appeal to bedizen little shrine on the wall and wait until her father drunken fury had passed and she could creep fearfully to her battered mother's side.

So all the joy and gladness of that dark tenement home clustered around the tinsel little grotto between the windows. There the poor mother, stupefied by years of cruelty, and the poor child starved for beauty and gladness, brought their faith and love and what little hope they had.

So when Rosa came from the mission school, in Doyers street, bringing with her a long spray of great white fragrant lilies—lilies of the Annunciation—her little face was transfigured. She could scarcely speak from ecstasy. With difficulty she explained to Margarita that a beautiful lady came in a carriage to the mission, a carriage filled with flowers, and gave to each child in the school a spray of lilies for Easter.

Margarita's hopeless face brightened. She inhaled the delicate perfume of the pure white blossoms. She smiled at the radiant face of her child. Who knows what dreams of long ago, what scenes of far away sunny life, were summoned to that brutalized mind by the influence of so much beauty and fragrance? With one accord mother and child decided that next morning—the lilies should be dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows, and Rosa should have the joy of decorating the shrine.

Pietro did not come home that night. He was away in some evil place fortifying himself for the devil's work he had in hand. But he came in the morning—came just as the child had climbed upon a ramshead chair and with joyous hands, was about to break the lilies from their stems to deck the tawdry shrine—came with curses on his lips, with hell in his heart and black under looking out of his eyes.

He flung one outrageous word at Margarita as she stood watching the pleasure of her little girl. She shrank back before the look in his eyes. Then something glittered wickedly again and again before the child's fascinated gaze.

Margarita lay quite still where she had fallen—and something—a little stream of something red crept slowly over the bare floor.

Pietro flung himself upon the wretched bed and snored the snore of the besotted. White and cold, the frightened child slid down from her chair, and timidly touched her mother. Then, shivering and moaning, she crept from the strangely silent room.

The street was packed with a gesticulating, jabbering mob. From every window heads were thrust and eyes were strained to watch this grim Easter morning procession. First came four sturdy, red faced, contemptuous eyed policemen, holding a miserable, pallid wretch, protesting, moaning, shrieking and cursing. He was hurried into the patrol wagon. The crowd gave a snarl like an angry animal.

Next came four men bringing something on a stretcher—something over which a tattered shawl had been hurriedly thrown. It was lifted carefully into the ambulance.

Through the crowd ran a smothered groan. And then came a big, brawny officer, resplendent in gold and blue, carrying a little, pathetic, drooping figure in his arms. As if to shut out some hideous sight the face of the child was hidden on the broad shoulder of the policeman. One thin little arm, showing through the ragged sleeve, clung round the neck of her protector. The other hand hung down, still grasping a lovely spray of great white lilies. One of the blossoms was splashed with scarlet.

The crowd did not snarl now. It did not groan. It was suddenly hushed. And down the cheeks of the onlookers ran silent tears.

Her Motto.

The members of a Bible-class in a New England parish were studying St. Paul's rules for Christian living, set forth in the twelfth chapter of Romans.

Among the questions asked by the leader of the class was, "What motto should be adopted when strangers are to be entertained?"

The proper answer of course, and the one given by all the members of the class with one exception, was: "Given to hospitality."

In the class, however, there was one young person who held a different idea: this was the minister's daughter who, since she was fifteen years old, had been the

head of his house, and the manager of many a difficult meal.

"I don't agree with the others," she said, firmly, "I think very often the motto should be: Patient in tribulation."

"Is this new play immoral?" asked the friend.

"No, sir," answered the theatrical manager.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. The demand for tickets has been the smallest of any week since the house was opened."

"Have you an eye for business?" inquired the foreman of Slug Six.

"Cert," was the jocular reply. "I've got an 'i' for business. Didn't think I spelt it with a 'y' did you?"

And he indicated the proper character on the keyboard of the linotype.

BORN.

Truro, Mar. 6, to the wife of George Livingstone, a son.
Lakeland, Mar. 4, to the wife of Geo. H. Jeffers, a son.
Springhill, March 27, to the wife of A. A. McKinnon, a son.
Truro, April 2, to the wife of Oran McLaughlin, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Mar. 6, to the wife of Wm. Williger, a daughter.
Wolville, Mar. 6, to the wife of Mr. J. Herbin, a daughter.
Hortonville, April 1, to the wife of Mr. Lewis, a daughter.
Annapolis, March 25, to the wife of Louis Whitman, a daughter.
Truro, March 30, to the wife of Mr. T. Walker, a daughter.
Quoddy, Halifax, March 28, to the wife of John D. Watt, a son.
Nicholsville, Mar. 2, to the wife of Archibald L. Byers, a son.
Tidish Bridge, N. B., April 6, to the wife of C. C. Stranges, a son.
South Unisack, March 25, to the wife of Ambrose Harting, a son.
Parrsboro, Mar. 7, to the wife of Capt. Patrick McLaughlin, a son.
Paradise West, March 30, to the wife of Mr. Frank Poole, a daughter.
Charlestown, Mass., March 19 to the wife of A. H. Hunt, a daughter.
Harmony, Queens, March 26, to the wife of Byron Kempton, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Mar. 19, to the wife of Mr. Allan Nickerson, a daughter.
Jamaica Plain, Mass., to the wife of Charles A. McCallan, a daughter.
Port Dufferin, Halifax, March 29, to the wife of Mr. Adam Harting, a son.
Moser's River, Halifax, March 28, to the wife of Capt. C. H. Anderson, a son.

MARRIED.

Tryon, Mar. 28, by Rev. D. Price, William Howatt to Janice Kobbler.
Halifax, Mar. 31, by Rev. N. LeMoine, R. T. Murray to Annie Down.
Eastport, Mar. 20, by Rev. S. R. Byram, Ira D. Ross to Dolly Tharber.
Covehead, Mar. 27, by Rev. J. Layton, Louis E. Shaw to May Macmillan.
North River, Mar. 21 by Rev. A. F. Browne, John Cook to Sarah Cummings.
Yarmouth, Mar. 26, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, James E. Baker to Jessie Potter.
Marshalltown, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Andrew J. Burke to Mrs. Laura B. Barker.
Yarmouth, Mar. 27, by Rev. F. G. Mode, John G. Hayes to Anetta Hamilton.
Lynn, Mass., Mar. 21, by Rev. Albion Ross, Henry Stinson to Nellie May Fox.
Whatcom, Wash., Mar. 18, by Rev. A. Roger, I. M. Norris to Mattie Dickie.
Hamilton, Mar. 25, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Frank Simpson to Lizzie Mountain.
Murray Harbor, Mar. 28, by Rev. E. Gillis, Joseph Macleod to Laura M. Dunn.
Quincy, Mass., Mar. 14, by Rev. Geo. H. Watt, John Mathieson to Mary McKay.
Charlottetown, Mar. 29, by Ven. Archdeacon Reagh, John Whalley to Jeanie Hooper.
Brackley Point, Mar. 28, by Rev. J. Layton, Duncan McNaughton to Annie Johnstone.
St. Stephen, Mar. 27, by Rev. Thos. Marshall, Daniel W. Campbell to Ada M. Groves.

DIED.

Pownall, Mar. 31, John Visay 86.
Chelburne, Mar. 27, Mrs. Bell, 93.
Calais, Mar. 24, Joseph Steele, 19.
St. John, April 4, John Murray, 82.
Stanley, Mar. 18, Elizabeth, 10.
New York, April 1, Mary Berrigan.
Winlow, Mar. 27, Albert Smith, 45.
St. Andrews, Mar. 13, Julia Rolins, 9.
Boston, Mar. 29, Margaret Aitken, 60.
Greenwich, Mar. 24, George Leale, 76.
Halifax, Mar. 26, John R. Ambrose, 40.
Milford, Mar. 25, Barbara McLeod, 74.
New Orleans, Mar. 25, Wm. Aymar, 67.
Halifax, April 2, Harriett E. Rolf, 19.
St. John, Mar. 30, Joseph Flemming, 82.
Annandale, Mar. 16 David Howlett, 17.
Portland, Me., Mar. 18, George Lord, 37.
East Boston, Mar. 19, Annie O'Brien, 86.
Greenvale, Mar. 28, Jas. MacDonald, 66.
St. John, Mar. 30, Mrs. Thomas Treen, 29.
St. John, April 5, Mrs. Wm. F. Smith, 74.
St. Stephen, Mar. 31, Warren H. Barter, 8.
White Pine, Col., Mar. 4, Daniel Johnston.
Bay Fortune, Mar. 22, Mrs. Geo. Aitken, 87.
Bellevue, April 3, Mrs. Charlotte Young, 78.
Bridgetown, Mar. 27, Daniel E. Jordan, 95.
St. John, April 4, Mary Theresa McCarthy.
Springhill, April 1, Mrs. Priscilla Phalen, 89.
Milltown, Me., Mar. 29, Mrs. Daniel Ryan, 79.
Bear River, Mar. 27, Mrs. Robt. Turnbull, 65.
Charlottetown, Mar. 30, Mrs. David Blake, 22.
Mayfield, Mar. 20, Margaret J. Wyand, 3 mos.
Cambridgeport, Mass. Mar. 31, Ralph Cove, 4.
North Sydney, Mar. 31, Mrs. H. E. Moore, 33.
Dartmouth, April 2, Mrs. Mary Bettenson, 71.
Campobello, Mar. 18, Mrs. Ida C. Mitchell, 37.
Albert, N. B., Mar. 30, Mrs. Robt. Tingley, 66.
Upper Kennetcook, Mar. 12, John Brennan, 80.
Charlottetown, Mar. 26, Mrs. Pius MacDonald.
Charlottetown, Mar. 26, Mrs. Joseph Clark, 42.
New Glasgow, Mar. 9, Mrs. Ivo MacDonald, 37.
Leitch's Creek, C. B., Mar. 29, John Beaton, 24.
summerside, April 3, Mrs. Capt. A. E. Kennedy, 46.
Upper Canard, N. S., Mar. 25, Mrs. C. B. Dickey, 64.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 25, Mrs. P. Donovan, 77.
St. Andrews, N. B., Mar. 15, Mrs. Thomas Mahar, 77.
George, Mar. 22, Mattie infant of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevens.
Alma, A. Co., Mar. 29, infant son of Herman and Della Dixon.
Omaha, Nebraska, Mar. 20, M. Martin Hopps, 79.
Halifax, Mar. 31, infant of John and Annie Redmond, 25 dys.
Shelbourne, Mar. 26, infant of Mr. and Mrs. T. Howland White, 26 dys.

MR. J. D. ROBINSON, DUNDAS, ONT.,

Gives His Honest Opinion of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. J. D. Robinson, a resident of Dundas, Ont., has found these pills to do all that is claimed for them and made the following statement of his case:

"Some time ago I obtained a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can now without hesitation say that they have been beneficial in relieving me of an obstinate and long standing complaint affecting my heart and nerves.

"I was troubled with sleeplessness, dizziness, palpitation and neuralgia for such a long time that I had really given up hope of a cure. Now, that others may learn of the virtues of this remedy, I give my unsolicited testimony.

"My honest opinion is that there is no cure so good for heart and nerve troubles as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Easter Holidays

Excursion Tickets will be sold for the Public

At one way lowest first-class fare for April 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, good for return until April 17th, 1900.

For School Vacations

To pupils and teachers of schools and colleges, on surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate signed by the principal, sell round trip tickets as under:

To stations on the Atlantic Division and on the Ontario and Quebec Division as far as and including Montreal, at one way lowest first-class fare from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900.

To Stations west of Montreal at one way lowest first-class fare to Montreal, added to one way lowest first-class fare and one third from Montreal, from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900.

A. J. HEATH,
D. F. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m. arr. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr Digby 11.43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Parser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

F. GIFFKINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax..... 7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.05
Express for Sussex..... 12.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.30
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 7.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.05
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 17.30
Accommodation from Moncton..... 22.10
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.