

## Broncho Buster Fools Cowboys

Pettus, Tex.—A law was passed by the Texas legislature two years ago prohibiting cattle roping contests. This was not done because there was anything objectionable in the roping act itself, but was in response to a demand from cattlemen all over the state who said that expert roping had become such a fad with many of their cowboys that cattle upon the ranges were damaged and often seriously injured by being chased around by cowboys who were practicing to get in try for future public roping contests. Since the passage of that law public exhibitions of cattle roping have not been given in this state.

The champion cayuse rider and roper of the world is George Young of Pettus. While there are others who lay claim to being his equal in handling the rope, there are none who set up claim to being his equal when it comes to "busting" bronchos. Mr. Young has traveled with Buffalo Bill's wild west shows for several years, but he has now retired from the show business and is at home here, looking around for a suitable ranch to settle down in the cattle-raising business. He was born on a ranch in western Texas and was practically raised on a horse. There is no man living who can outride him.

Mr. Young takes much pleasure in going unannounced into a western community and, posing as a tenderfoot, get the interest of the cowboys and people of the locality aroused by boasting how he could ride any "darned horse that every pulled a plow back in Podunk township, Indiana." If there is any one thing that the average cowpuncher takes delight in, it is to get a tenderfoot upon the back of an outlaw horse. When Mr. Young makes these unannounced appearances in the western ranch towns he is soon the object of much attention and he has no difficulty in placing all of his money at good odds in bets that he can ride some particular horse that the cowboys are sure to bring forth to carry on their fun with. Mr. Young says that he feels like a

### NOTICE OF EXECUTOR'S SALE

In the district court of Lancaster County, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Peter S. Schamp, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a license of Hon. Lincoln Frost, Judge of the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, made and issued on the 28th day of November A. D., 1906, for the sale of the real estate described as north eighty-two feet of lots one (1), two (2) and three (3), and all of lot four (4) in block four (4) of the village of Malcolm, Lancaster County, Nebraska, the undersigned, executor of the will of Peter S. Schamp will sell at the east door of the court house in Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, on the 14th day of January, 1907, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day at public vendue the real estate above described, such sale to be on the following terms, the highest bidder for cash, subject to all liens and incumbrances.

Said sale will remain open for one hour.

Dated December 19, 1906.

ASA P. SCHAMP,

Executor of the will of Peter Schamp, deceased.

"ringer" in a horse race on such occasions, but that he likes to take the conceit out of the cowboys. He went from Texas to Montana a number of years ago, and he says that he "picked up a lot of good money" from overconfident cowboys and ranchmen who thought he could not do much when it came to riding a horse. One day he landed in the little town of Medora, Mont. He was dressed like a typical Arkansas backwoods youth. He wore a "dinky" little hat; his trousers came to the tops of his plow brogans and in his hand he carried one of those slick, black traveling grips which were in use a great many years ago. He drifted around town and finally entered a saloon where he saw a crowd of cowboys gathered. He got into conversation, and soon the question came up of riding outlaw horses came up.

Young ventured to remark that he knew of an old mule on his father's place in Arkansas which was about the hardest thing to ride that he ever tackled. The cowboys roared. It was amusing to them to think that this tenderfoot thought a mule was hard to ride. Young apparently got mad at the taunts of the cowboys, and he vowed that he was a right smart of a rider and that he didn't believe there was any horse in Montana that he couldn't ride. This statement made the cowboys laugh louder than ever. Young then offered to bet all the money he had that he could ride any horse they would trot out. His bets were taken quickly, and arrangements were made to bring into Medora the famous "Arrowhead" outlaw horse, which no man in all of Montana had ever been able to ride. The cowpunchers decided to take the bombast out of the stranger at one fell swoop, as it were. No one in Medora thought that he would ever much more than touch the back of the animal.

When "Arrowhead" was brought into Medora from the neighboring ranch Young acted the part of the tenderfoot to perfection. He went about saddling the animal in the clumsy, bunglesome way that any man who is just off of a farm might be supposed to act. It was so plain to the crowd of onlookers that Young was inviting serious injury to himself that two or three business men of the town tried to put a stop to the sport. They called Young aside and told him that "Arrowhead" was a notorious outlaw horse, and had never been ridden.

"I don't reckon he is much worse than that old mule back in Arkansas," Young replied. "I'm a-going to ride him, and don't you fellows be uneasy about me."

Young kept up his tenderfoot pretenses until he got ready to mount, when he suddenly straightened up, gave himself a shake, and with the agility of a range rider he jumped upon the hurricane deck of the famous old outlaw, reached over and pulled off the bridle, and with his hands perfectly free he quirted the horse for every time he hit the ground. "Arrowhead" bucked and plunged, and did everything that a horse could do to unseat the rider. Young kept his position with seeming ease. It seem-

ed no trouble whatever for him to remain upon the back of the animal during the various gyrations which it went through.

The cowboys and other spectators of the performance instantly saw that the supposed tenderfoot was a professional "bronco buster," and that they had been deceived by him. They took it all in good spirit, however, and when Young dismounted, after subduing "Arrowhead," for the first time that animal had ever been conquered, he was given an ovation by the admiring throng.

Another notable feat which Young accomplished in Montana was the riding of "Gray Eagle" a notorious unconquered outlaw horse of eastern Montana. This animal was taken to the county fair at Glendive, Mont., and exhibited as a horse which had never been rode. A number of cowboys who had records as riders tried to ride the animal at the fair, and were unhorsed. Young came into Glendive while the fair was in progress. He was a stranger and when he offered to wager that he could ride the outlaw he found plenty of takers for his bets. He rode the animal without any apparent difficulty.

Mr. Young attended the fair which was held at San Antonio recently and while there he rode the famous outlaw horse, "Badlands," which has the record of having killed four men who had attempted to ride him. A standing reward of \$500 to any one who would ride the animal induced Young to take his life in his hands and do so. He not only rode the unconquered horse, but he did so with both of his spurs upon his shoulders. The animal made every effort to get rid of his rider. Whenever he fell back Young would save himself by catching the animal by the mane, hanging on until the horse got in position so that he would get upon his back again. A number of outlaw horses were brought into San Antonio for Young to ride while he was there on his recent visit. He rode them all.

"The worst outlaw of the lot," Mr. Young said, "was a big white animal. I could tell by its eyes that it was going to be a hard job riding it. The moment I got on the horse it started bucking as high as it could. It bucked so high that it missed the ground with its front feet when it came down, and it turned over upon its side. I missed getting caught under its body by a narrow chance. The horse then rolled upon its belly, and I got on it again. It again fell back, and this time it caught me with the horn of my saddle, injuring my shoulder. I finally managed to ride the animal, however, which was something that its owner thought no one could do."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### His Sudden Inspiration

"I know you are a busy man," began the caller, "and I want to occupy your time only a few minutes. I am handling an edition of the complete works of Bawlsack, which is so cheap that the poorest man on earth can afford to—"

"It's just the thing I am looking for," interrupted Ardup, "only I want an edition deluxe, printed on vellum, illuminated by hand, bound in Turkey morocco and gold, and selling for \$500 a volume. Have you got that? No?"

Then we can't do any business. I'm awfully sorry. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Mother-in-Law Again

Smith—I never could understand all these mother-in-law jokes. I've always considered Mrs. Smith's mother a heaven-sent blessing.

Jones—You don't mean it!

Smith—Surely. She died when my wife was a baby.—New York Times.

Lady—I want some collars for my husband, but I'm afraid I've forgotten the size.

Shopman—Thirteen and a half, mum?

Lady—That's it. How did you guess?

Shopman—Gentlemen who let their wives buy their haberdashery for them are always about that size, mum.—Ally Sloper.

He—Well, if you're never going to speak to me again, what are you waiting here for?

She (tearfully)—I-I didn't know but what you might want to speak to me.—Pick-Me-Up.

### HIS ENEMY FIGHTS FAIR

According to officials of the Carnegie hero fund, the most remarkable case that has been investigated by the commission was that of Rufus K. Combs of Midway, Ky., who was granted a silver medal and \$1,500 in cash by the commission recently. Combs saved the life of his bitter enemy and political rival, Richard Godson, a lawyer and inventor.

Godson, had entered a vault to test a gas-making apparatus, and was overcome by the fumes.

Friends and relatives were afraid to enter the vault. When he declared his intention of going in Combs was pulled back and told that Godson was dead, and that he would surely lose his own life if he attempted to recover the body.

"There may be some life in him," declared Combs as he pulled away and entered the vault. He carried his enemy to the door of the vault, and then fell unconscious. Both men recovered, and are now the staunchest friends.

Asked why he risked his life for his most bitter enemy, Combs replied: "Because I love a fighter who fights fair, and Godson always did that."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

### A TIP ON BOTANY

William C. Whitney, jr., who has spent a year in Indian Territory learning practical mining at Quapaw, described at a dinner party in New York a Quapaw restaurant.

"At this restaurant one evening," he said at his description's end, "two miners near me got into a botanical argument about the pineapple, one claiming that it was a fruit and the other that it was a vegetable.

In the midst of their argument the waiter entered in his shirtsleeves and looked about to see what was the cause of the loud talking.

"The miners decided to let the waiter settle their argument, and accordingly one of them said:

"Pete, what is a pineapple? Is it a fruit or a vegetable?"

"The waiter, flicking the ash from his cigar, smiled at the two men with pity.

"It's neither, gents," he said. "It's an extra."—New York Tribune.

### Same Over Here

Church—Women and young girls in Java carry heavy loads on their heads, balancing them with great skill. From the time a Javanese girl is able to walk she is taught the art of carrying things on her head.

Gotham—Same way here, old man; The millinery store will eloquently testify to that fact.—Yonkers Statesman.