

## POISONERS AT WORK.

AN INDIANA FAMILY MARKED FOR EXTERMINATION.

## POISON IN THE BREAD AND WATER.

The Family of William Crawley Stricken by Arsenical Poisoning—One Child Already Dead and the Father Not Expected to Live—Other Members of the Family Ill—Much Excitement.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 30.—There is much excitement at Liberty, Ind., over a poisoning case that has already resulted in one death and will probably result in at least one more. Some weeks ago William Crawley, with his wife and 6-year-old son, was taken suddenly ill. Two weeks later the child died.

The sickness of the family was diagnosed by attendant physicians as due to arsenical poisoning. Two weeks ago Crawley and his wife were again stricken and Crawley is now lying at the point of death. The first poisoning came from the drinking water, the second from bread eaten by Crawley and his wife. Others who ate of the bread were also taken sick but not dangerously. A portion of this bread has been analyzed and was found to contain a large amount of arsenic. The body of the child will be examined for further investigation.

### Held Up a Policeman.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Details of police are scouring the country and suburbs southwest of the city for two masked highwaymen who are making the residents of Riverside, Berwin, Hawthorne, Lyons and Clyde feel very uncomfortable. The boldest piece of work charged to this gang is the holding up and robbing of Policeman Keefe, of Cicero. He was relieved of all his small change and his pistol.

William Dalton Kills a Deputy Marshal. MUSKOGEE, Ok., Nov. 30.—Word comes that William Dalton, a brother of the notorious bandits, shot and killed Deputy Marshal Chapman in a quarrel yesterday. The shooting occurred about forty miles west of here. The trouble grew out of a dispute over a horse Emmet Dalton had bought, or claimed to have bought, from Chapman before the Coffeyville raid.

### Arrested on the Strength of a Dream.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 30.—The police have arrested George Demand, suspected of being the murderer of Josie Simmons on October 11 last. A peculiar feature of the arrest is that Demand was arrested at the instance of August Wossman, the lover of the murdered girl, who told the police he had dreamed Demand was the murderer.

### Shot Two Negroes.

MARSHALL, Mo., Nov. 30.—At Arrow Rock, Saturday night, Elias Shannon, a young man, shot two negroes, Will and Harvey Parker, with a shotgun, seriously and probably fatally wounding the former. The cause of the trouble is not known.

### CHEROKEE STRIP.

Senators Perkins and Higgins Not in Favor of Ousting the Intruders.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Nov. 30.—Senators Perkins of Kansas, and Higgins of Delaware, spent yesterday in Guthrie. They are members of a special senate committee to investigate the Cherokee intruder question and come from the Cherokee capital here.

They feel that it would be unwise for congress to comply with the demands of the Cherokees for the removal of the 7,000 intruders, many of whom have been there for twenty years, from that nation, and think the stipulation to that effect in the Cherokee strip treaty will be stricken out.

This will necessitate the referring of the treaty back to the Cherokee council. Senator Perkins says, however, that both houses of congress will undoubtedly ratify the treaty very early in the coming session, with this single exception, and the Cherokees will then act in time for the land to be opened early in the spring.

### Wreck on the Missouri Pacific.

RICH HILL, Mo., Nov. 30.—At 7 o'clock yesterday morning a serious freight wreck occurred on the Missouri Pacific railway, ten miles south of here. A freight train was running south in two sections. The first section broke in two and the second section, which was running at a high rate of speed, crashed into it, telescoping five cars and completely wrecking them as well as the engine of the second section. The men who were in the caboose of the first section jumped and escaped serious injuries, but Fireman Turner, of the second section, was badly hurt.

### Ghastly Find at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Kan., Nov. 30.—The body of a dead and badly decomposed man was accidentally found by some boys who were out on a hunting trip about three miles from this city. The man was about 70 years of age and rather neatly dressed. There was blood on his shirt and overcoat. By his side were found an empty bottle, two knives and several other things. On searching the pockets nothing was discovered to lead to his identity. It is a very mysterious affair. The coroner is investigating.

### Killed by Poisonous Berries.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Nov. 30.—The three children of a farmer named Landés, living twenty miles north of here, went hunting blackhaws on Saturday, and ate a number of other strange berries which they found on vines. All were taken very sick and two of them died yesterday. The third child is very low, but may recover.

### Wants to Be Labor Commissioner.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 30.—Hon Albert W. Florea, of Nodaway county, is in the city. He has announced to his friends that he will be an applicant for commissioner of labor statistics under Governor-elect Stone.

## A CLOCK ON A STRIKE.

IT WAS WORSE THAN AN INFERNAL MACHINE IN EFFECT.

A Devoted Brother Has an Interesting and Exasperating Experience with a Queer Going Timepiece—What Was the Matter with the Clock.

This is a story about a clock which made a great deal of trouble for two people and gave the same two people very poor opinions of each other. The brother says that no woman in the world save his sister could have had such amazing ignorance about clocks in general, and this one in particular, while his sister declares that only her brother, of all men on earth, would have allowed a little bit of a clock to make a fool of him before a carload of strangers.

The trouble with the clock was that it wouldn't keep time. There was no reason in the world why it wouldn't; it just wouldn't, and that was all there was to it. This was painful to the young woman for several reasons. It is only necessary to mention one; the timepiece had been given to her by her betrothed. He thought it was a little gem of a clock, and that it would please her. She agreed with him as to the beauty of the delicate little affair, and was pleased for a time. Then she began to get worried; then she got nervous, and lastly alarmed. This was all of course because the thing would not go, and because she feared he might think she had broken it, or, worse still, as she herself confessed between time, that she hadn't sense enough to make a clock go, while her irreverent and impertinent brother suggested sweetly that he was more likely to think that it was her "face which had stopped a clock."

The family were in the country when the clock was received, and when the time drew near for the arrival of the betrothed clock giver affairs began to be desperate. The young woman declared that that clock had to go. The clock simply wouldn't. She would wind it up—it would always wind without the slightest resistance—but it would not go. She shook it, she turned it upside down, she coaxed it, she laid it on its face and then on its back, and the hands were still froze to the face of the clock.

"Albert," she said to her brother, "you must take this clock over to town and get it repaired. It must be repaired; it must go."

Now town was ten miles away, and Albert did not see why any one should make so much fuss over a clock, and such a little clock, too, as that was. But when arguments and pleadings could not move him he yielded to tears, and, chucking the timepiece under his arm, he boarded the train and started for town. In the car he placed the clock on the seat beside him and rested his hand on it. Then more trouble began. That clock began to strike. It went into the striking business in a calm, determined way.

It struck right along, up grade and down grade, around curves and on straight tracks. The brother felt a fainting around his heart. The people in the car who had first been amused began to be annoyed. The young man's face got red; it got warm; his hair became bathed with dampness, but he clung to the clock like a Trojan. He had an idea that he might be able to hide it or smother it or close it, he didn't know which, and so he kept his hand tightly pressed on it.

And all the time that infernal machine just "sawed wood." It had struck a gait which it liked, and it kept it up without a break. It showed no signs of getting tired or of running down. It was striking along at a 2:20 gait when the train reached the town. It continued to strike when the brother made his escape from the car. It went on striking up the street until the brother wanted to throw it over a fence and then commit suicide. No burglar alarm was ever more persevering than that clock. No clanging fire engine ever made more noise and caused more excitement. The clock was striking away industriously and cheerfully when the brother ran into a jeweler's shop and threw the thing down on a counter.

"For heaven's sake stop it!" he cried. But it had stopped. There it lay on the counter as dumb as an oyster and as silent as a tomb.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the brother breathlessly. "What's the matter with it anyway?" he asked, looking at it as if it were a dynamite cartridge.

The jeweler picked it up.

"Look out!" cried the brother. "That thing will start up again if you touch it."

But it didn't. It never made a sound, only in a minute came a gentle and rhythmic ticking.

"There's nothing the trouble with it," said the jeweler, setting the hands and then examining the little infernal machine. "You see," he added with a sympathetic smile, "this is a repeating clock. You can make it restrike the last hour by touching this spring. You have been winding up the repeating sonder, but not the clock. And you must have held your hand on the spring when you kept it striking. It's all right now. All you want to do is to wind the clock more and the repeater less."

"Oh!" said the brother with a gasp—and that was all.

Now the brother says that any woman who doesn't know enough to wind a clock doesn't know enough to live. And the sister says—well, every brother knows what sisters can say.—New York Tribune.

### A New Rope.

The outside bearing surface of ordinary steel wire rope is often confined to a single wire in each strand, causing excessive wear of the exposed wires. A Birmingham firm has produced an improved form of rope in which the strands are flattened. This shape considerably increases the wearing surface, making it possible to use much smaller wire, and giving greater flexibility to the rope with diminished brittleness of the wires while in use.—Ohio State Journal.

### The Fate of Famous Hulks.

The outcry which has been raised against the destruction of Nelson's old flagship, the Foudroyant, makes it interesting to trace the end of other famous vessels.

The Shannon, which fought and captured the Chesapeake, was broken up at Chatham, parts of her hull being sold at a fancy price. Sir Francis Drake's Golden Hind came to a similar end at Deptford, a chair made out of her timbers being one of the treasures of Oxford university. The Resolute, which went in search of Sir John Franklin, and after being abandoned in an ice waste was picked up by an American whaler and returned refitted by the United States government to this country, was moored in the Medway for some years afterward, but ultimately taken in dock and pulled to pieces, a suit of furniture fashioned from her oaken timbers being sent as a memento to the American president. The Sovereign of the Seas, the first British three-decker, built in the time of Charles I., "to the great glory of the English nation, and not to be paralleled in the whole Christian world," was accidentally destroyed by fire at Chatham after seeing much and long service.

Of Captain Cook's Endeavor not a trace is left, though several of his scientific instruments have been preserved, nor is there any trace of the Victoria, which made the first voyage round the world. The Betsy Cairns, which brought William of Orange to this country in 1688, was cast away 133 years later.—London Standard.

### A Lively Bridegroom.

I smile as I call to mind the day when I married a well known jockey to an equally popular baronet's daughter. How he did make the money fly! He gave me a diamond pin, my clerk got a five pound note, and the two witnesses, both sporting men, a "tenner" each. Some of the terms he used were decidedly horsey. For instance, he referred affectionately to his love as a "smart little filly; little bit skittish; wants careful jockeyship, but a demon when she gets the bit in her mouth, and yet the smartest in the field!"

"Look at the rare style she comes to the post!" he joyfully cried, as the lady walked up the room; and "now were under starter's orders!" as I commenced the ceremony.

When I asked the lady if she would "take this man," etc., and she answered in a clear voice "I will," he remarked, "Takes the fence like a daisy," and on putting the same question to him the answer was, "It's 20 to 1 on I Will."

When all was over and they were hitched into double harness, he flung his arms around her and kissed her impulsively; then turning to us all as we stood smiling he sententiously remarked, "Rattling good finish." As my jockey friend left the room and entered the carriage he whispered, "Back my mount for the Chester cup next week." I did—it won.—A Register in London Tit-Bits.

### History of an African Boat.

A little vessel having a remarkable history has plied for years on Lake Tanganyika. Her story illustrates the progress in that region from slavery toward civilization. The boat, known as the Calabash, was originally a huge tree trunk, cut down by the axes of the natives with enormous labor, and then with ax and adz and fire molded into shape. Boats like the Calabash are excellent sea vessels, though in their lines they suggest rather a clumsy hippopotamus than a swan.

On one of her voyages, after she had served as a trading canoe for two years, she entered the port of Ujiji, where she was bought by an Mswahili slave trader. For three years she plied back and forth across the lake, bringing cargoes of wretched men, women and children to the Ujiji slave market. One day a load of slaves had just been landed on the shore when Mr. Hore, who had recently come to Ujiji as an agent of the London Missionary society, saw the little craft and decided that she was just about what he needed for exploratory voyages around the lake.

He succeeded in purchasing her, and the little boat was once more launched upon Tanganyika as the first missionary vessel on the lake. Consecrated to the cause of peace she became known in time to every tribe as the harbinger of good will.—Chicago Post.

### Paving with Rubber Blocks.

Some new ideas have lately attracted attention in the matter of pavements. Among these is the paving of a bridge by a German engineer with india rubber, the result having been so satisfactory as to induce its application on a much larger scale, a point in its favor being that it is more durable than asphalt and not slippery.

In London a section of roadway under the gate leading to the departure platform of the St. Pancras terminus has for some time past been paved with this material, with the effect of deadening the sound made when being passed over on wheels, besides the comfortable elasticity afforded to foot passengers.—New York Sun.

### Value of the Shilling in 1600.

We know that in Shakespeare's day, say A. D. 1600, sixpence a day was a fortune for any workingman, say the equivalent of ten pounds per annum. A century earlier, before the access to America was open to English explorers, one of the Ardens of Warwickshire left an annuity of forty shillings per annum to a younger son, probably the poet's great-grandfather. Then if sixpence a day would now be the equivalent to twenty shillings a week, then forty shillings per annum would equate to £120 of present values.—Notes and Queries.

### The Rainiest Day of the Moon.

A celebrated aeronaut asserts, after patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy day of the whole twenty-eight, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rainiest hour of the day.—Chambers' Journal.

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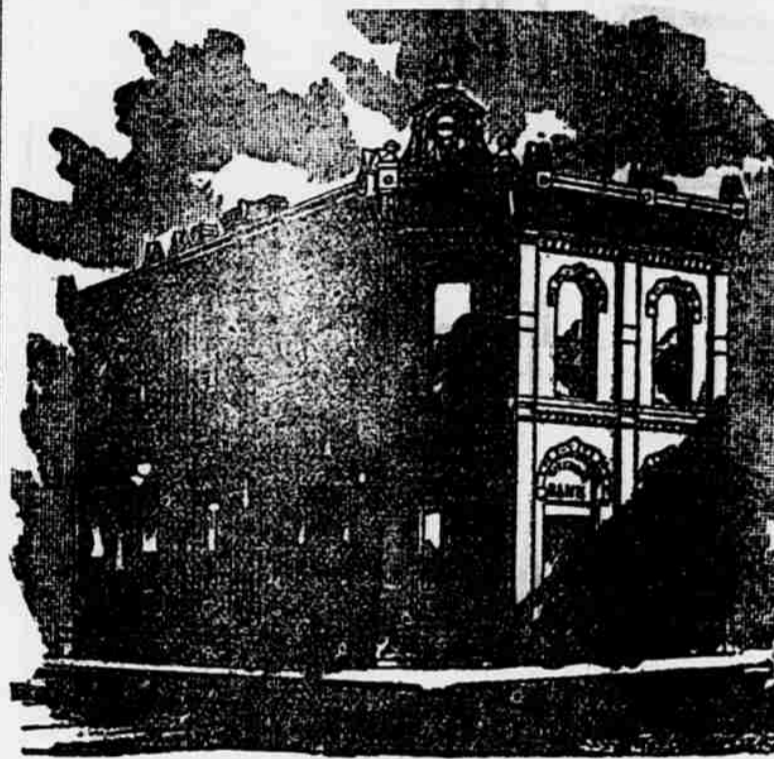
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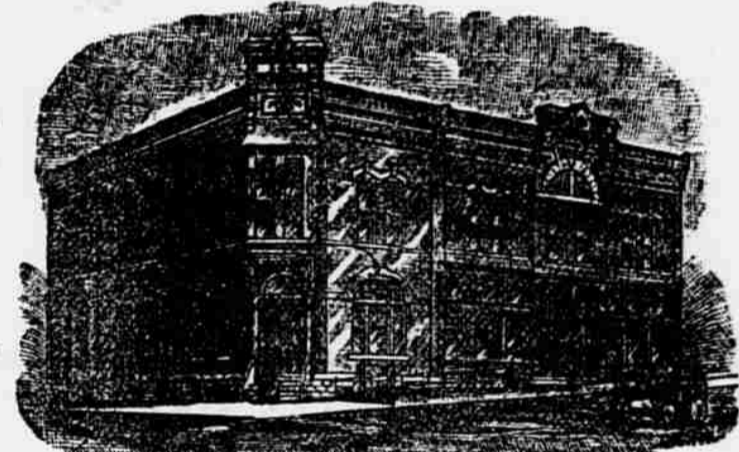
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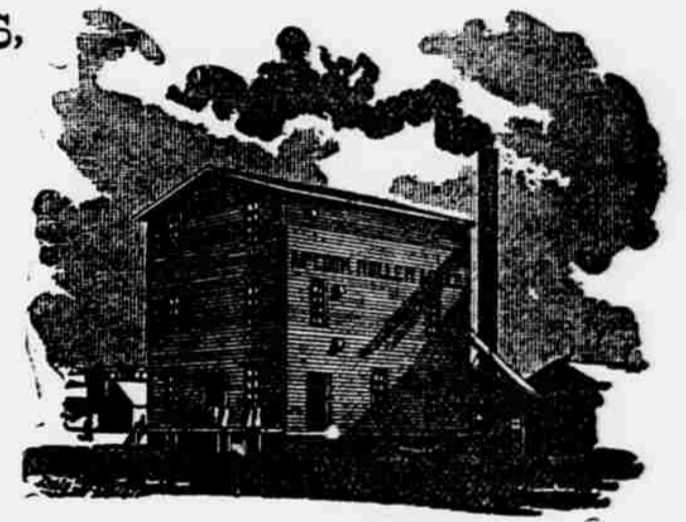
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The laws of health are taught in our schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases could easily be done. If some scholar, who had contracted a cold was brought before the school, so that all could hear the dry loud cough, and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later, as the cold develops, see the profuse watery expectation and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold were. The scholar should be given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. For sale by G. M. Cheney.

In a history of the theater it is said that the first woman on the English stage was Mrs. Coleman as Tante, in the "Siege of Rhodes," 1666. Modern actresses ought to build her a monument.

An honest Swede tells his story in plain but unmistakable language for the benefit of the public. One of my children took a severe cold and got the croup. I gave her a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and in five minutes later I gave her one more. By this time she had to cough up the gathering in her throat. Then she went to sleep and slept good for fifteen minutes. Then she got up and vomited; then she went back to bed and slept good for the remainder of the night. She got the croup the second night and I gave the same remedy with the same good results. I write this because I thought there might be some one in the same need and not know the true merits of this wonderful medicine.—CHAS. A. THOMPSON, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by G. M. Cheney.

Ye who live in the land of the oaks and pines know not the manifold uses of the palm. The population of many South sea islands manufacture their entire suits from the products of palm trees.

For pity's sake, don't growl and grumble because you are troubled with indigestion. No good was ever effected by snarling and fretting. Be a man (unless you happen to be a woman), and take Ayer's Sarsaparilla which will relieve you, whether man or woman.

It is estimated over fifty miles of pneumatic tubes are now used in London.

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