

## The Successful Farmer

of today who does not possess a bank account is an exception.

To no one is a checking account more of a luxury. It solves the problem of always having his money at hand, of making exact change, and receiving a receipt in return for the money paid.

Some men, even to this day, persist in carrying a roll of currency on their persons—they are the ones we usually read of in the papers as having been "held up" and robbed.

A bank account is the best burglary insurance you can have.

This bank wants your business—we will appreciate it—we prove it.

## The First National Bank of McCook

**The McCook Tribune.**  
By F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.

Subscription, \$1 a Year in Advance

THE Arapahoe Pioneer has been leased by our esteemed Gaelic friend Mooney to Messrs. W. O. Butler and Lawrence Butler, and the Pioneer promises to "blaze the way" more brilliantly than ever.

For every supposed violation of congressional prerogative and senatorial dignity it seems to be the utmost ambition of the present congress to make Teddy smart—now that the president's term is rapidly coming to a close. What a terrifying cage of lions those senators and congressmen have become, who erstwhile were for the most part the veriest bunch of patronage-seeking whelps.

CONGRESS—both branches—seems to be devoting more of the people's time and money just now in an effort to embarrass and discredit President Roosevelt than they are improving in an honest effort to secure just and needed legislation. Here's confusion to the congressional bunch and power to the "big stick." Congressman Norris, Kincaid and Pollard are credited with voting against the resolution aimed against the president and THE TRIBUNE gives a large, bright credit mark accordingly.

### Death of Caleb Clothier.

A telegram from Holdrege, Nebraska, announces the death, last week, of Caleb Clothier, well known to many readers of this paper. Mr. Clothier has for years lived on a ranch near Carrico, Hayes county, coming to this section of Nebraska, more than 25 years ago from New Jersey. Formerly very wealthy, his closing days were in anything but affluence, the last two years being spent in Wallace, the ward of a friend.

He recently went to Holdrege for medical treatment, and died at the home of J. M. Harbaugh in that city, cancer of the liver and old age being the stated cause of death. He was 78 years of age. He had no relatives in this part of the country, an only sister being the sole survivor. She is over 80 years old and lives in Mt. Holly, N. J., where the remains were shipped for burial.

### Rev. Carmichael Kills Himself.

Rev. John Havelin Carmichael, charged with killing Gideon Browning at Battle Creek, Mich., last week, committed suicide at Carthage, Ill., Monday. In a letter he acknowledged the commission of the deed, which he attributed to an over-mastering desire on his part to escape the hypnotic influence of Browning.

Carmichael preached in Nebraska several years ago. Benkelman, Donovan and Grant being among his charges. His conduct at Benkelman brought charges against and resulted in his removal from this conference.

### Taylor Gives Himself Up.

Bert M. Taylor of Minden, charged with rape, arson, assault and murder, and for whose apprehension \$1,000 reward has been offered, recently surrendered himself to a Union Pacific brakeman and is now in jail at San Bernardino, California.

The story of his crime is familiar to all Nebraskans—one of the most dastardly in the annals of the state.

Engines 2020 and 1182 are over drop pits 1 and 2, respectively, this week.

The boys expect to turn out four No. 3 and one No. 5, this month,—which will keep them going some.

## OLD TIME FORCEPS.

When the Thing Was Turned Something Had to Give Way.

And speaking of teeth reminds me that the country doctor had to draw them when they ached. The dentist's artistry had not attained the elevated plane it occupies today, when every body's mouth shines like the inside of a communion cup. I honestly believe the modern dentist has more different kinds of tools than even a sanitary plumber, and that's a whole lot when you come to count them up. The modern dentist hates the worst way to draw a tooth. Nevertheless if the modern dentist must draw the tooth he has a particular forceps for a particular tooth, and a cruel hearted and cold looking thing it is too. It puts you so in mind of a successful financier. When you brace yourself in the iron chair and take a tight grip on the arms of it and make up your mind you'll try to stand it and he gets that forceps well under the gum and—wait a minute; I feel so kind o' faint! Laws! Why didn't I mind my mother when she told me not to crack black-oxy nuts with my teeth? Well, anyway, you know he'll get the tooth out without doing more than take the whole top of your head off, and that only in a figurative sense.

Uncle Doc had one implement that did for every tooth, big and little, front and back. It wasn't a forceps; it was a turnkey. The real old folks know what that is and will say so with the cold chills running over them. But you've never seen one, and many a man that you would call old has never seen one. It's something like a canhook. The loosely riveted piece that curves slips over the tooth and catches on the inside; the solid cam bears on the outside gum; the operator turns the handle. Let's not talk about it. Something has got to give. Maybe the tooth will come out; maybe it will break off; maybe the jaw will fracture. All those are details. The main point is that if the operator twists the handle something has got to give, and that's all there is about it.—Eugene Wood in Success Magazine.

## A GENTLE REPROACH.

Telling Retort of the Lamblike, Violet Eyed Beauty.

There is a certain young woman who is beautiful, with that childish, wistful, innocent looking, violet eyed beauty which reduces one-half the feminine world to tears, the other half to utter helplessness rage. We all know the type, but it is seldom given us to see it in such perfection. We usually associate it with a lamblike, appealing mentality that permits itself to be ridden upon—as soon expect a wood violet to turn and rend you.

A short time ago she was asked to a woman's luncheon and got herself up for the occasion in a way that made the result of her efforts a thing not easily forgotten. She arrived looking so lovely that there was little said among the guests for a few moments after her entry into the room. Perhaps she felt the silence. At all events, she turned to the woman standing nearest her and said in a childish voice, with ever such a little lisp and pretty southern accent:

"How well yo' are lookin' today!"

It was a well meant civility from a young woman to an older one, who seemingly was unable to accept it as such and put up her lorgnette, sweeping the speaker from top to toe. What she saw was enough to disconcert a younger and prettier woman than herself, but even so one finds it difficult to justify her next move.

"Wish I could say the same for you," she returned, closing her lorgnette with a snap.

One or two of the guests were friends of the pretty woman and almost stopped breathing in order not to miss what they felt sure would come—and it came. The pretty one raised her eyebrows slightly, then said, with an air of gentle reproach:

"Why don't yo' lie like a lady, like I do?"—Rehebe Sunday Herald.

### What He Needed.

A sovereign would tempt many men, and when Plinius, making a few purchases at the stores, saw one lying on the floor just by the counter he quivered with excitement.

Glancing around to reassure himself that none was looking, he quite accidentally dropped one of his kid gloves neatly on the coin and then died. He got the glove all right, but still the sovereign remained.

A shopwalker approached him. "Good morning, sir," said the man, rubbing his hands together in the approved style, "and may I show you a bottle of our celebrated liquid glue, which sticks?"

—London Mail.

### The Cellar Stairs.

A man who once had a bad fall when going down his cellar stairs now has a broad strip of white painted on the floor at the end of the last step. This is easily seen, even if the cellar be dark, and many a nasty accident is avoided. If the house is rented and you do not like to paint the boards a piece of white oilcloth can be tacked to the floor at the foot of the stairs. See that the tacking is securely done or a worse fall may follow than from a misgauged step.—Philadelphia Press.

### Dodged.

"I got my wife through advertising." "Then you'll admit that advertising pays?" "I'll admit that it brings results," was the cautious reply.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

## LAND OF THE CROSSBOW.

The Deadly Poisoned Arrows of the Lissoo Sharpshooters.

On the wild frontier between China and British Burma is a barbarous tribe which has no civilized supervision. George Forrest, an English traveler, thus describes the chief weapon of these people: "If I had to suggest a title for a book on the upper Salween I should call it 'The Land of the Crossbow,' which is the characteristic weapon of the country and the Lissoo tribe. Every Lissoo with any pretensions to chic possesses at least two of these weapons—one for everyday use in hunting, the other for war. The little children play with miniature crossbows. The men never leave their huts for any purpose whatever without their crossbows. When they go to sleep the 'nukung' is hung over their heads, and when they die it is hung over their graves. The largest crossbows have a span of fully five feet and require a pull of fully thirty-five pounds to string them. The bow is made of a species of wild mulberry of great toughness and flexibility. The stock, some four feet long in the war bows, is usually of wild plum wood. The string is of plaited hemp and the trigger of bone. The arrow, of sixteen to eighteen inches, is of split bamboo about four times the thickness of an ordinary knitting needle, hardened and pointed. The actual point is bare for a quarter to one-third of an inch, then for fully an inch the arrow is stripped to half its thickness, and on this portion poison is placed.

"The poison is invariably a decoction expressed from the tubers of a species of aconitum which grows on those ranges at an altitude of 8,000 to 10,000 feet. The poison is mixed with resin or some vegetable gum to the consistency of putty and is then smeared on the notched point. The 'feather' is supplied by a strip of bamboo leaf folded into a triangular form and tied in a notch at the end of the arrow, with the point of the angle outward. The reduction in thickness of the arrow where the poison is placed causes the point to break off in the body of any one whom it strikes, and, as each carries enough poison to kill a cart horse, a wound is invariably fatal. Free and immediate incision is the usual remedy when wounded on a limb or fleshy part of the body, but at Chengka the uncle of the Laowo chief showed us a preparation which resembled opium dross and which he said was an effective antidote.

"With few exceptions the Lissoo seemed to us to be arrant cowards, but the crossbow and poisoned arrow are certainly most diabolical weapons. An arrow from a war bow will pierce a deal board an inch thick at seventy or eighty yards. Some of the Tsekou natives were so expert that they could hit a mark four inches in diameter repeatedly at sixty to eighty yards. As no one goes anywhere without his crossbow and his bearskin quiver full of poisoned arrows and as every village is at feud with every other village mutual suspicion is inevitable. In open fight the Lissoo are usually careful to keep at a respectful distance from each other and behind oxhide shields which protect the whole of the body. But if battle is rare, murder and sudden death by ambush in the jungle are common."

### Drank and Remembered.

A porter in a big New York warehouse in Greenwich street was recently discharged for getting drunk and losing a valuable parcel. The discharge sobered him instantly, coming as a sudden hard shock. He said he would take the oath never to touch liquor again, but his pleadings for reinstatement were unheeded. He searched everywhere for the parcel, but could not recollect what disposition he had made of it. Of his honesty there had never been a question in twenty years. Overcome by the loss of his place, he got violently drunk and while in this condition recollected where he had left the parcel and went and recovered it.—New York Times.

### Where Willie Was.

The professor (at the dinner table)—Oh, by the way, Mrs. Chopsticks, have you seen your little boy Willie lately? Mrs. Chopsticks—No, professor, I have not seen him since 10 o'clock, and I can't imagine what has become of him. In fact, I am very much worried about him. Professor—Well, seeing Martha pour me out that glass of water just now reminded me of something that I had on my mind to tell you some time ago, but which unfortunately escaped my memory. It was just about 10 o'clock, I think, that I saw little Willie fall down the well.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Sympathy For the Orphans.

An elephant while stamping through the jungle one day quite unintentionally stepped upon a mother bird, crushing it to death. Hearing the cries of the little brood in the bushes near by, she sought out the nest and with a sympathetic sigh said: "Poor little things! I've been a mother myself. I'll keep you warm." And she then proceeded to sit upon the nest.—From George T. Lanigan's Fable, "The Kind Hearted She Elephant."

### Modern Version.

"Then you will be ever at my beck and call?" inquired Aladdin. "With the exception of Tuesday and Friday afternoons, Monday and Saturday evenings and every other Sunday," firmly replied the genie.—Washington Herald.

### The Knocking.

"De successful man," said Uncle Eben, "keeps quiet so's he kin hear opportunity knockin' at de do." De failure tries to do all de knockin' hisself.—Washington Star.

## A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW

Fearless "Billy the Kid," Who Reveled in Carnage.

ONLY A BOY, YET A TERROR.

This Youthful Desperado of the Southwestern Territories Was but Twenty-one When He Met Death at the Hands of Sheriff Pat Garrett.

When General Lew Wallace was governor of New Mexico and the war that raged for several years between the rival cattle companies was at its height "Billy the Kid" had reached the flood of his murderous career. He arrived in Lincoln county to take sides in the cattle warfare, known and feared in every range town and mining camp in the southwestern territories.

Pure wanton love of carnage was all that attracted him to Lincoln county. With the band of desperadoes he led he raided ranches, "shot up" towns, killed, burned houses and committed outrage after outrage with the blind recklessness of a maniac. Fear was extinct within him. He cared no more for detachments of cavalry than he did for cowering sheriffs.

Affairs in New Mexico finally came to such a pass that half the cattlemen paid the youthful desperado tribute. It was only after Pat F. Garrett was made sheriff of Lincoln county and the author of "Ben-Hur" (General Wallace) urged that fearless gun fighter and gambler to capture Billy the Kid that a determined effort was made to end his reign of terror.

The obstacles that Garrett had to encounter called for all his headlong energy and nerve. Billy had the entire countryside in a state of abject terror; friends were ready to give him timely warning of pursuit; ranchmen dared not deny him lodgment or concealment.

Pat Garrett undertook the capture in October, 1880, and on Dec. 20 he surrounded the Kid and his band in a deserted house near Stinking Springs. After a siege lasting most of the day the outlaws' ammunition was exhausted. Billy the Kid surrendered. He and his four followers, surrounded by a great force of armed men, were taken to Las Vegas and thence to Santa Fe for safe keeping.

An array of indictments charging murder confronted him. He was tried on one indictment and acquitted, then tried on another and convicted. He carried himself throughout with sneering defiance. After he had been sentenced to hang Garrett took him to Fort Stanton, near Lincoln. Two deputies armed with Winchesters were assigned to guard him in the temporary jail in the Murphy & Dolan store building.

In some mysterious fashion the Kid possessed himself of a revolver, shot down his guards, seized their weapons and appeared at the window. When another guard appeared the prisoner riddled his body with buckshot. Then he called to an old man on the plaza to bring him a file. Filing off one of his shackles, he called for a horse. One was brought, and he escaped.

For nearly three months after that Billy the Kid led a fugitive life. Garrett dogged him patiently and finally got wind of his hiding place—the ranch of Peter Maxwell, near Fort Sumner. It was nearly midnight when Garrett and two deputies quietly approached the Maxwell hacienda. Garrett crept into the room where Maxwell was sleeping. Softly awakening the sleeper, he questioned him concerning the whereabouts of the Kid.

At that moment the hunted youth sprang into the room, calling out in Spanish, "Quien va?" ("Who comes there?") It was Billy. He was unarmed, and as he reached for his rifle Garrett shot him. The body of William Bonney (Billy the Kid) was buried in the military cemetery at Fort Stanton July 15, 1881. His age at the time of his death was twenty-one years seven months. There his body is today, though in later years a corpse was exhibited throughout the west as that of the famous young outlaw.—Harper's Weekly.

### None Left Alive.

"An orator," said one of our statesmen, "was addressing an assemblage of the people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

"Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defense? In the face of our manifold wrongs why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?"

"Because they're all cast in bronze!" shouted a cynic in the rear."

### Bucolic Humor.

"Hiram, why don't you speak to that city gal out there a-sittin' on the grass with her back up agin your 'No Trespassing' sign?"

"Mandy, that young woman is beneath my notice."—Boston Transcript.

### But Not the "One."

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband had \$100,000 when I married him. Mrs. Doyle—How much has he now? Mrs. Hoyle—Oh, he has most of the ciphers left!—Bohemian.

### The Whale's Blow.

Porpoise—What is the whale blowing about? Dogfish—Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing Jonah he's been blowing ever since.—Exchange.

Progress is the real cure for an over-estimate of ourselves.—Macdonald.

## For the Benefit of My Customers

My creditors being at all times satisfied and not being "forced" to raise for them any imaginary sum of money. I am in a position to give to my many customers

The Highest Class Merchandise

at the Very Lowest Figures

## Listen to My Saving Proposition!

In order to protect and hold my much appreciated trade, I will furnish you all

Winter Underwear--Wool and Fleeced--

Lined Hosiery, Outing Gowns, Knit

Skirts, Flannelettes, Outing Flannels,

Yarns, Battings, Cloaks, and Furs, at

20 to 30 per cent Discount, during the

Months of January and February.

I do this to enable you to buy what you need when you need it, from a stock which you know to be up-to-date and from a firm which is here to stay and to guarantee you now and at all times

Perfect Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

Examine what you are buying. Don't be caught by showy price cards as a "bait" and find yourself "stung" by shop, worn, shelf worn and old time merchandise, out of date and worthless, with only creditors and receivers to go to for satisfaction (and, then not get it).

### In Underwear

I furnish you

25c garments for ..... 19c  
50c garments for ..... 39c  
75c garments for ..... 58c  
1.00 garments for ..... 79c  
1.25 garments for ..... 95c  
1.50 garments for ..... 1.15  
2.00 garments for ..... 1.50  
2.50 garments for ..... 1.95  
3.00 garments for ..... 2.25  
and so on up.

### In Hosiery

I furnish you

15c hose for ..... 11c  
25c hose for ..... 19c  
35c hose for ..... 29c  
50c hose for ..... 39c

### In Outing Flannels

12½c values go for ..... 9c  
10c values go for ..... 8c

All Battings Reduced

### Cloaks and Furs Discounted 30 per cent

This allows you any

\$25.00 coat for ..... \$17.50  
20.00 coat for ..... 14.00  
18.00 coat for ..... 12.60  
15.00 coat for ..... 10.50  
12.50 coat for ..... 7.75  
10.00 coat for ..... 7.00  
8.00 coat for ..... 5.60  
5.75 coat for ..... 4.03  
5.00 coat for ..... 3.50  
4.00 coat for ..... 2.80  
3.00 coat for ..... 2.10  
\$12.50 fur for ..... \$ 7.75  
10.50 fur for ..... 7.00  
7.50 fur for ..... 5.25  
5.00 fur for ..... 3.50  
4.00 fur for ..... 2.80  
3.00 fur for ..... 2.10  
1.50 fur for ..... 1.05  
1.00 fur for ..... .70  
And all new stock with regular prices to figure from.

## Muslin Underwear Sale

Ends Saturday Night, January 16th

This has been the most phenomenal sale of under muslins ever put on in McCook and the crowds in our store every day prove that the ladies in McCook appreciate genuine bargains. Come in tomorrow—the last day.

**H. C. Clapp**

Phone 56

222 Main Ave.

McCook

Exclusive Dry Goods, Millinery and Ladies Furnishings

### Real Estate Filings.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since last report:

Lincoln Land Co to S R Mesner, wd to lots 16, 18, blk 2, Danbury ..... 200 00  
William J Parrott et ux to David Parrott, wd to se qr 11 & 27 ..... 4800 00  
Robert A Morrison et ux to Farmers Mtg & Loan Co wd to e hf 15, w hf sw qr 14, nw qr nw qr, lot 3, blk 23, lots 1, 2, 3, blk 22, all in 328 ..... 27000 00  
L D Vanderhoof et ux to Fred Stevens, wd to w hf ne qr 26-328 ..... 2000 00  
United States to heirs of Arkansas Downs pat to se qr ne qr 19-228 ..... 1 00  
Francis Day et al to William N Downs qd to same ..... 1 00  
Joseph Downs et al to William N Downs qd to same ..... 1 00  
James M Downs et ux to Wm N Downs qd to same ..... 1 00  
Allen E Pennington et ux to Francis M Pennington wd to part sw qr se qr 17-126 ..... 50 00

### RED WILLOW.

E. A. Saxon was quite sick for a while, but is going about again.

Holton Longnecker and family left on Sunday for McCook, where they will remain for a while, so Mrs. Longnecker can receive medical treatment.

Dora Sawyer is staying at Louis Longnecker's and attending school, driving with little Blossom.

There was quite a hilarious charivari at Mr. Critchfield's, one night last week, when Mr. Owen Critchfield brought his bride home.

### R. H. Gatewood DENTIST

Office over McMillen's drug store.

Phone 163. McCook, Nebraska.