

THE LAND OF THE GENUINE COWBOY

The Pesos County of Texas, of which little is known, where the cowboy is real. By M. J. Brown, Editor Little Valley Hub.

There is a sort of a magnet in the wild west and a romance around the cowboy that reach out to us, and as the barbed wire fence each year pushes them back, the more we want to see them and know them. Years ago the Indian had a halo a yard wide around him—to my eyes—and I peered days and days in and around the Rose Bud reservation, seeing the Sioux from a distance—from the enchanted and romantic view-point. But one day I caught a bunch of them strayed from their dignity. They sat around an iron stew pot. The pot had a three day old calf. The carcass was half dressed and half cooked. A big Indian would go down into that mess with a pointed stick, bring the little parboiled carcass out of the dirty water, and then the bucks and squaws would fight for it, each cutting and pulling off a piece of the slippery commodity until the carcass would work loose from the prong and fall back into the stew.

And my Indian romance went on a vacation, and it never came back. And in a measure is the cowboy a creature of romance, made to order by imagination, assisted by mushy stories and hero footlight stunts. In introducing this series of articles from the southwest, I want to take a photo of the real wild west "waddle" for you, for the articles will have much to do with him, and you don't want any goods under false pretenses.

A few weeks ago I attended a wild west show in a New York town, an aggregation billed as the real classic article from where cowboys grow.

The boss hero had his hair cut the latest N. Y. fad; his neck and face cleanly shaved; he stood as straight as General Barnes reviewing his troops; he had a big white Stetson with never a fly speck on it; a flannel shirt open low at the throat; a four-in-hand tie tucked under his belt; some patent leather stuff for boots; beautiful white buckskin pants; a tan belt full of six shooters and cartridges, and some gloves with fringe around the wrist. This fellow had a voice trained for high low Jack and the game, and the way he did hero doings would make any 18-year-old hopeful want to leave his happy home and hot foot it to the "Bar L" ranch.

In Western Kansas and Nebraska, in Colorado and Wyoming, I have seen the cowboy at home and have known him at his best and worst. In this country of Southwest Texas I have lived with them and camped with them for nearly two years, and I want to spoil a little of your romance and show you the cowboy as he is, or as he looks, rather.

Off a horse he is about as far away from romance as a hog is from a humming bird. From constant bending over a saddle he leans forward when he walks; and from constant sitting in a saddle he walks stiffened in the hips, and his carriage is like a rheumatic old farmer.

This cowboy is always a bundle of bones, no doubt from the sun-heat. His hat—once a costly frame of Stetson felt—is dirty and out of shape and pulled low down over the eyes to protect from the sun. The length of his hair and beard depends on how long he has been out, but they have an average growth of about three weeks, and filled with sand and alkali dust, his face is anything but a stage picture. His lips are, invariably covered by great white blisters, caused by constantly wetting with the tongue and sun heat. His pants are \$5 corduroys and his necktie is a red bandanna. His boots and his gloves are over the real goods, the latter costing from \$10 to \$20 a pair—Rodeman's hand made.

And such is the real cowboy when on duty. Take his boots and hat off and put him on a New York farm and you would take him for Verd-

ant Green, the last boy of the Green family.

Is he green? Well just come down here and start something, and see.

This lazy-looking, lazy-talking indolent easy-going puncher can change to steel in just about three Texas seconds, and then there is "sure something doing."

This western part of Texas—the extreme western part, out between the Pesos and the Rio Grande—is no doubt as genuine a real wild west corner as there is in the United States to-day, and the cowboys who have been born here and have grown up in the saddle, are the real product, without a bit of tinsel or stage make-up. Far out beyond the railroads, way back from the towns, they live weeks at a time scarcely meeting a human being. Sometimes singly and sometimes in pairs they ride the range; cooking, eating and sleeping in the open—healthy, dirty, happy, good-natured sons of nature.

Where he gets his wild name is in his cow town riots, and I want to say to the readers of this article if you would follow a waddle in his work for about six weeks you would rob a bank just to break the awful monotony of the life—you would cut loose on something desperate to break up the terrible sameness and silence.

You know when a 12-year-old kid has sat for three straight hours at a desk in school, sat there with the brake hard down on impulses until it seems he must yell, that when the bell finally releases him, why he will spit in his comrade's face for the sheer delight of action.

And so with these fellows of the saddle. With pockets full of silver they come into the cow towns, fill up on booze, and the news dispatches tell us the casualties.

This letter is but an introduction of the stories to follow. After five years' absence from this country I have had time only to shake a few cowboy hands and get my bearings—just time enough to hike out to a cow camp and have the boys load up a plate of frijole beans and see if I could stow it under my belt with anything like the oldtime record.

Just time enough to go over the divide and find the hole where I once dug for ten hours to find the bones of a Ranger who was said to have been buried there in the early wild days, but whose bones I never found. They yet tell the story here.

Just time enough to hunt up an old camping place by a windmill tank, where I once washed my pants and hanged them to dry over night on the corral. I haven't time to hunt the cow who chewed them up in the night.

And I note that the old order of things is ticking away, out in this far west corner, as well as anywhere else. Five years ago the trip from San Angelo to Sonora—a 70 mile overland trip—was made by the old fashioned four-in-hand stage of the pioneer days, with stage stations and relays 18 miles apart. Now the passenger to these back cow towns gets in a 1910 model auto and makes the trip in five hours including the time of changing mails, eating dinner and opening and closing of ranch gates.

But yet there remains a lot of the free life out here. It is a corner of this great country, all to its self, and it is filled with interesting events and people of which we know little. As I will have quite a little to write of this country I want you to locate it. Get your map, start at Fort Worth and follow the Frisco to Brownwood and the Santa Fe from there west as far as railroads go—to San Angelo. From there trace direct south to Sonora and then make a circle of a hundred miles, and you have a locality that not one man in ten thousand knows of, and a people wonderfully interesting and a country

WOMEN MEET IN COUNTY RALLY

ENTHUSIASTIC SUFFRAGISTS HOLD MASS MEETING AT COURT HOUSE IN BELMONT—THURSDAY.

Despite the inclemency of the weather, Thursday of last week, a large delegation of women met at Belmont at the County Rally of Women Suffragists and proved their loyalty to the cause by an enthusiastic mass-meeting held in Allegany County Court House. Mrs. Anna Etz of Hornell, gave the address.

The exceptional disagreeable day seemed to have little effect on the suffrage workers of Allegany County or the meeting, which was called to order at 2:30 by Mrs. R. B. Burrows of this village, president of the County Woman's Suffrage Association, who opened the meeting with an account of the work accomplished and plans for the future of the State Legislative Committee of which she is a member.

Mrs. E. B. Fries of Friendship, spoke on the Petition work which is being carried on through New York State.

Mrs. Annie Etz of Hornell was introduced and held the attention of the audience for nearly an hour. Her subject, "The Tie That Binds," was handled by the speaker in such a convincing way as to leave no doubt in the minds of her audience, that conditions affecting women in any one station of life must of necessity reach out to others in the way of good or evil. The address was based on facts and not sentiment.

A letter was read from Mrs. Crosset of Warsaw, State President and Resolutions adopted.

almost every rod of which is filled with practically unwritten history—thrilling incidents of real wild west life, too new to be really history and too new to be stale. Within an hour I have shaken the hand of the man who shot "Bud" Taylor to death in a feed store in Sonora, and a hundred men living in the cow town personally knew Sam Bass, and "Black Jack" Ketchum, leaders of the gang who only a few years ago disputed the right of the Southern Pacific to run its trains along the Rio Grande, without paying tribute, and who levied and collected that toll until so recent a date that every incoming sheriff deems it his duty to make a bluff of hunting some of the gang's members never rounded up, and which report says are yet living on these Texas ranges.

Goes to Galeton.

Wm. Yoeman has secured a position in the office of the B. & S. Railway at Galeton, Pa. His family left Andover yesterday for a few months. Later they expect to move to Galeton.

Ladies call see my Spring Suits, also all colors of Silks, Linens and Cottons by yrd. The Lindreer Wringer, Proof Buttons. Guaranteed. Corsets. Ella Bundy.

FOUND DEAD NEAR HUME

MRS. HANNAH LANNING OF TOWN OF CANEADEA WAS FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH SATURDAY MORNING.

Caneadea, Feb. 8.—Mrs. Hannah Lanning of Caneadea was found frozen to death near her home Saturday morning. Mrs. Lanning lived alone and was said to be a woman of miserly habits. Friday morning she went to the home of her brother, some miles from Caneadea and left there at two o'clock to return home. This was the last seen of her until she was found frozen, by a man named Willis Fox, who went to her home Saturday morning to take her some milk.

It is alleged that Mrs. Lanning would not wear clothing enough to be comfortable even when it was given her and when found had on nothing but an old skirt and waist and shawl over her head.

Mrs. Hester Austin.

Mrs. Hester Austin died suddenly at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. H. Jones in Whitesville, Sunday morning, Feb. 6th. Mrs. Austin in company with her sister, who was her guest, had gone to the home of Mrs. Jones to pass the day. They had been in the house but a few moments when she suddenly raised her hands, asked for the camphor and expired, without speaking again.

Mrs. Austin was eighty-one years of age, and the mother of Mrs. Jesse Snyder of this village, where she was well known and has many friends who will sympathize with her family at this time. Funeral service was held on Tuesday, at Independence, her old home, Rev. H. D. Bacon, pastor of the Andover Presbyterian Church, officiating.

Odd Fellows At Church.

The members of Odd Fellow and Rebekah lodges attended service in a body at the Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening and listened to one of Brother Bacon's excellent sermons upon "Friendship." Music was furnished by the boy's choir, Raymond Hardy rendering the solo, "Face to Face," very acceptably.

Sleighride and Birthday Surprise.

A party of about twenty young people enjoyed a fine sleighride to the home of Leon Cook in East Valley, last week Thursday evening, giving that gentleman a genuine birthday surprise. All report a Jolly good time.

WOMEN MAY VOTE ONCE

Albany, Feb. 8.—Senator Brackett today introduced a bill providing for the special election on the day preceding the general election next fall, at which all women over 21 may vote on the question whether they shall have full right of suffrage.

THE NEWS for \$1.00 the year. In our job department.

IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Tomorrow is the Anniversary of the Birth of Our National Hero, "Honest Abe" Lincoln—A Tribute to His Memory by Rev. H. D. Bacon.

To shed any new light on the character of Abraham Lincoln, or add any luster to the glory of his memory is beyond the power of our poor pen, and yet on this anniversary of his birth we would pay our humble tribute to this Prince of Americans who holds a place in the heart of our nation which no other man has ever held.

The biography of the man is familiar to every school boy, and in his own words, in its early part, is well portrayed by the short brief line from Gray's Elegy—"The short and simple annals of the poor." His life, from

pandering ways and pleasing personality; only an honest Abraham Lincoln could have won such a "Thirty-third degree of popular confidence" as that, from a sorrowing, war-tortured people. And his honest manhood won not only America, but all of the world. He was ridiculed by all of Europe at one time; but when the hand of an assassin drew his life blood, and his ungainly form lay down to rise no more, all of Europe honored him. Kings and Queens wrote with their own hands tribute to his character. The English press, whose jesters and



the poverty stricken log cabin in Hardin County Ky., where he was born and lived eight years, to that night when in a little room in Ford's Theater, in Washington, his spirit took its flight, and the heart of a nation bled, is one of God's miracles.

For there was a man sent from God, and his name was Abraham Lincoln. To analyze the man is impossible. His life and character are unique; they defy human analysis, even as did those of the profits of old. According to all human precedents and external appearances he was as unfit for the place of a nation's ruler as could be; and yet he fitted the place better than any man since the immortal Washington. War was as foreign to his nature as to that of an innocent babe, and his heart was as tender as that of a woman; and yet he guided a great nation through one of the worst civil wars of human history, and saved the nation's flag with the union unsevered. Untrained in the schools of learning, yet he pronounced a classic at Gettysburg which will live in America's immortal literature, and from the platform he swayed the most cultured and intelligent American audiences, as the wind sways the trees of the forest. In his life all laws of human precedent were set aside, and therefore we say he was one of God's great miracles. But the miracle of Abraham Lincoln

artists had used him for their sport, lauded him as "The best man of the race," "The best and ablest man ruling over any country of the civilized world." Tom Taylor of the London Punch, a paper which had used him as a subject of caricature and ridicule, voiced the humility of all of the old world, in a touching poem from the heart, beginning with these significant words:—"You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,

You, who with mocking pencil went to trace, Broad for self complacent British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,"

And so at last there came to him that fame for which he was willing in life to bide his time and wait. When the last breath fluttered out of the great gaunt body of Lincoln, on that fatal night in Washington, Mr. Stanton standing by the bedside, said, "Now he belongs to the ages." And the ages will claim him for their own. His fame will grow with the going of years. His spirit will live and move in all that is best in the life of our land. His manhood will be the ideal of our children's children through all future years. And we, as a nation will love and honor the name and memory of Abraham Lincoln.

"Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the judgement day unfold,"

Golden Seal Public Pay-Off.

The Golden Seal will hold a Public Pay-Off at Odd Fellows' Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 11, at 8 o'clock.

\$4,252.53 in dividends will be paid to members whose certificates matured Jan. 1st 1910.

Chas. Hanbury, Supreme Guide of Roxbury, N. Y., will be present and explain the plans and objects of the order. As much comment has recently taken place concerning the People's Mutual and N. P. L., Mr. Hanbury will have much to say that will be of interest.

All persons interested are cordially invited to be present.

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