

Yellowstone Monitor

WIBAUX PAGE

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THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1903.

TERSE TALES OF THE TOWN.

J. W. Jones spent a few days in Forsyth on business.

Mrs. Pickering was in Glendive on business this week.

G. N. Burdick of Glendive was a business visitor in Wibaux Wednesday.

Sam Wills is busily engaged in digging a well to be used by the fire department.

Rev. English will hold services at 11 and 7:30 next Sunday at the Episcopal Church. All cordially invited.

Mrs. E. D. Baker spent a few days in Dickinson last week having some dental work done.

Forrest Gertenson had the misfortune to fall and break his collar bone last week, but is doing nicely at this writing.

P. A. Fischer, the genial cashier of the First National Bank, is expected home Saturday night after a months vacation.

C. C. Stockstill has been confined to his bed the past ten days with a severe case of grippe, but is now able to hobble around.

The Ladies' Aid Society is contemplating putting a new organ in the Congregational Church in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Latham left for the ranch Wednesday morning to finish moving in the balance of their furniture.

We have had a sheep buyer in our midst the last few days, calling just a little early. The sheep men may not have to give their flocks away for another year.

When you have some insurance to be written call at the Dawson County Bank. We can give you a good policy at the same price you might pay for a poor one.

S. M. Wills will soon have some more fancy trotting stock. He does not believe in doing things by halves, but means to show the goods at the next race meeting.

We may have an electric light plant installed in Wibaux, which will be greatly appreciated by all. It will greatly add to the appearance of our streets at night, and be a great convenience to all who may use same.

There will be a hard time dance at the Wibaux hall the 14th, given by the Wibaux "ORKERSTRA" and a "PRISE" will be given to the couple "havin' the best hord toime sute on."

The dance given last Friday night by Messrs. Baker, Chapman and Bell was a thorough success, about sixteen couples being in attendance. The boys are royal entertainers and we trust they will try it again, supper being served by the Graham Hotel.

Next summer I will run a hand shearing plant close to Wibaux. Good shearers and good work guaranteed. Will also run a public buck herd. Dan Sutherland, Wibaux, Mont. 48tf

Little Maude Barker was badly scalded last week at the Calvin ranch where she has been attending school. It seems that she had been in the habit of taking a jug of hot water in the buggy, as she drove some little distance, and when the jug was heated at the school house they failed to remove the cork, the steam in the jug causing it to blow up and burning her badly.

It is not clear whether the French courts intended that one franco should be a salve to Count Helle's black eye, his injured feelings or his damaged reputation.

The German courts were willing to admit that Editor Harden came within four months of telling the truth about Gen. Von Moltke.

Mr. Cleveland ought to understand that there have not been many ex-presidents who have had to worry over being ex-presidents as long as he has.

There might be less objection to acquitting Caleb Powers if there were any guarantee that he would not run amuck on the Chataqua Circuit.

Additional Local.

Joe Kiichli of Tokna had business here this week.

Old Puritan Rye on sale at the Jordan bar. 44tf.

John Kennedy left Tuesday evening for a visit to Thermopolis Hot Springs, Wyo.

For prompt service and low prices go to the Riverside Restaurant. 15tf

Major Geo. E. Doll visited Glendive on one of his regular trips, the latter part of the week.

Order a case of Schlitz beer from tf. Shelton & Ryan.

Mrs. Schuster will entertain the Catholic Sewing Circle at her home this afternoon from 2 to 5 p. m.

Old papers for sale at the Monitor Office.

The Goodridge-Call Lumber Company is among the several local firms which is remembering its customers with handsome calendars bearing the famous Russell pictures.

WANTED.—Girl for general housework. Apply at residence of Dr. D. J. Donohue. 50tf.

See Hill & Miller over the First National Bank for bargains in city real estate. Phone 185. 43 tf

Geo. Darling has taken charge of the Jordan Hotel amusement rooms, and will be pleased to see any of his old friends at this popular stand.

One of the best meals in the city can be secured at the Riverside Restaurant. 15tf

Don't pass up those Morris pictures. Get yours before they are all picked over at Burk's. 43tf.

FOR RENT.—A barn in good location. Call at Monitor office or phone No. 120. 49tf

WOLF POINT ITEMS

Mrs. Purdy is on the sick list this week.

The Messrs. Hazzer from Minnesota are in this vicinity looking up a location.

Mrs. Wm. Sibbets is not expected to live at this writing.

Mrs. Grosse returned from her visit with relatives in Poplar, her brother, Sig Cusker, returning with her.

Charley Hubbard has gone to his home on Red Water, where he expects to spend the rest of the winter.

Emil Olson and Claud Clark were in town Saturday.

Miss Leona Kronkright has been visiting for almost a month.

James Stewart spent two or three days at the Kronkright ranch the last of the week.

Ed. Brown made a flying trip into Wolf Point Saturday evening. He seemed to have some attraction back on the south side.

Sig Cusker returned home today after a few days visit with his brother, Hank Cusker.

Charley Wambrod was in town one day last week.

Clive Bixby is hauling logs from our vicinity.

John Randall was doing business in this city the last of the week.

Wm. Biggs was in town last Tuesday.

Herman Pipal is visiting at the U. P. ranch this week.

O. H. Kronkright and James Stewart took a flying trip to the county seat the last of the week. Do you hear the jingle of any bells?

H. J. Cusker drove to Poplar Monday, returning Wednesday.

The Misses Rosa and Minnie Sibbets were taken from school and brought to their home in Wolf Point on account of the illness of their mother.

Mrs. M. Cusker's mother and sister-in-law returned to their home in Walla Walla, Washington Thursday.

Two young people were buggy riding in our streets Sunday evening. We know they must have been from the country from the way they were gazing around at one thing and another, especially at the electric lights.

John Bowden's niece has come on from Indiana to keep house for him this coming summer.

John Pipal has finished the carpenter work on the new school house at Wolf Point and has returned to his ranch on the south side of the Missouri river.

Cactus.

CLASS STRUGGLES.

Fight Will Continue Until All Men Have Free and Equal Bread.

Whatever terms the struggle may appear in, it is none the less true that the history of the world has pivoted itself upon the struggle for bread. Up to the present time economic conditions have been the compelling motives of great historic changes or of the lack of changes. All real revolts in their analysis have been motivated by intolerable economic conditions, and wars of conquest, however disguised, have been wars of theft, the predatory expeditions of economic might.

History has been the struggle on the part of those who made bread, but did not have it, against those who had bread, but did not make it, the word "bread" here symbolizing all the things that go to make up opportunity and privilege. Bread to eat means opportunity to live and means power in one's hand. To be certain of one's bread is to have the ground of liberty beneath one's feet, and to have power over another's bread, power to give it or take it away as may serve one's interest, is to have the power of life and death over another.

And this is the one and only blasphemy, the supreme and desecrating sacrilege, from which all blasphemies and sacrileges and human wrongs spring, that some people should control the lives of other people, their thoughts and deeds and aspirations, their judgments of right and wrong, the labor of their hands, the uplifting or the prostrating of their souls. And the basis of this ancient and universal wrongdoing, making history seem but a flood for the destroying of the human spawn, is the ownership of bread.

This is why history is the struggle of those who produce bread against those who possess it—the struggle of the breadmakers against the bread owners for increasing scraps of power which the ownership of bread puts into the hands of the world's masters. The struggle for bread is the struggle for life in all its expression, the struggle for equality of power and opportunity to be and to blossom. Until bread and all that bread means are communalized and equalized and made as certain and free as the air we breathe liberty cannot be said to have begun its real work. This is not to say that man lives by bread alone; it is to say that until all men have free and equal bread no man may freely and completely live. This economic motive lies deep in religion and politics, even where it is least apparent.—Herron.

SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

Amazing Spread of Democracy Among the Masses of the People.

Charles Edward Russell, the sociologist, has been making a tour of Europe and studying the conditions of society in the various countries. Mr. Russell was interviewed before sailing for the United States. He said:

"Europe is full of the most hopeful signs for every person that believes in democracy. The peaceful revolution that began about five years ago is reaching a very remarkable development. You can see it most plainly in the great spread of co-operation and public ownership.

"Nobody can go observingly about the continent and fail to see that gradually the masses of the people are beginning to see where their interest lies and to be weary of being exploited by corporations and combinations of the fortunate.

"The most amazing thing I encountered was the evidence of the growing Socialism in Austria. At the present rate of Socialistic development the Socialist will have in six or seven years absolute control of the Austrian government; but, of course, Socialism makes headway everywhere in Europe. I don't know anything more remarkable than that two Socialists should have been elected as such this summer to the British parliament.

"There is no getting away from the significance of such a fact in a country like England.

"I made my customary tour through the east end of London and got some amazing photographs of conditions there.

"The situation grows steadily worse from year to year. Unless it is dealt with it will submerge England. The slum is the heart of the whole human problem. So long as we have that evil it is nonsense to talk about progress."

The Capitalist System.

There are too much privation, too much poverty, too much immodesty, too much nakedness, too many convict prisons, too many tatters, too many defilements, too many crimes, too much darkness, not enough schools, too many little innocents growing up for evil! The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with silk and lace, and in that is the worst misery. By the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other. Such a society requires our prompt succor.—Victor Hugo.

A Bad System's Fruit.

The Bowery mission has made an appeal for money to maintain its "bread line," which, it says, will be more needed this winter than ever before. Every night from Thanksgiving to Easter the missionaries give out rolls and coffee to hungry, workless, homeless men and boys, who stand in line for hours to get a chance for a bite and a sup. The line is often several blocks long, comprising 1,000 or more persons, even in times of prosperity.—Worker, New York.

Farewell, but not forever farewell! They cannot kill the spirit. We will rise on the field where we fell more boldly to fight on another.—Karl Marx and Frederick Engels.

Bob Hampton of Placer

Continued from page 4.

groping their way between as in a pocket, yet ever advancing north.

Finally they attained to the steep bank of a considerable stream, found the water of sufficient depth to compel swimming, and crept up the opposite shore dripping and miserable, yet with ammunition dry. Murphy stood swearing disjointedly, wiping the blood from a wound in his forehead where the jagged edge of a rock had broken the skin, but suddenly stopped with a quick intake of breath that left him panting. The other man crept toward him, leading his horse.

"What is it now?" he asked, gruffly. "Hev' ye got 'em agin'?"

"The dazed old scout stared, pointing directly across the other's shoulder, his arm shaking desperately.

"It's thar!—an' it's his face! Oh, God!—I know it—15 year."

The man glanced backward into the pitch darkness, but without moving his body.

"There's nuthin' out there, 'less it's a firefly," he insisted, in a tone of contempt. "You're plum crazy, Murphy; the night's got on yer nerves. What is it ye think ye see?"

"His face, I tell ye! Don't I know? It's all green and ghastly, with snaky flames playin' about it! But I know; 15 years, an' I ain't fergot."

He sank down feebly—sank until he was on his knees, his head craned forward. The man watching touched the miserable, hunched-up figure compassionately, and it shook beneath his hand, endeavoring to shrink away.

"My God! was that you? I thought it was him a-reachin' fer me. Here, let me take yer hand. Oh, Lord! An' can't ye see? It's just there beyond them horses—all green, crawlin', devilish—but it's him."

"Who?"

"Brant! Brant—15 year!"

"Brant? Fifteen years? Do you mean Maj. Brant, the one Nolan killed over at Bethune?"

"He—he didn't."

The old man heaved forward, his head rocking from side to side; then suddenly he toppled over on his face, gasping for breath. His companion caught him and ripped open the heavy flannel shirt. Then he strode savagely across in front of his shrinking horse, tore down the flaring picture, and hastily thrust it into his pocket, the light of the phosphorous with which it had been rubbed being reflected for a moment on his features.

"A dirty, miserable, low-down trick," he muttered. "Poor old devil! Yet I've got to do it for the little girl."

He stumbled back through the darkness, his hat filled with water, and dashed it into Murphy's face. "Come on, Murphy! There's one good thing 'bout spooks; they don't hang 'round fer long at a time. Likely es not this 'un is gone by now. Brack up, man, for you an' I have got ter get out o' here afore mornin'."

Then Murphy grasped his arm and drew himself slowly to his feet.

"Don't see nuthin' now, do ye?"

"No. Where's my—horse?"

The other silently reached him the loose rein, marking as he did so the quick, nervous peering this way and that, the starting at the slightest sound.

"Did ye say, Murphy, as how it wasn't Nolan after all who plugged the major?"

"I'm damned—if I did. Who—else was it?"

"Why, I dunno. Sorter blamed odd though, that ghost should be a-hauntin' ye. Darn if it ain't creepy 'nough ter make a feller believe most anything."

Murphy drew himself up heavily into his saddle. Then all at once he shoved the muzzle of a "45" into the other's face. "Ye say nuther word—'bout that, an' I'll make—a ghost outer ye—blame lively. Now, ye shet up—if ye ride with me."

They moved forward at a walk and reached a higher level, across which the night wind swept, bearing a touch of cold in its breath as though coming from the snow-capped mountains to the west. There was renewed life in this invigorating air and Murphy spurred forward, his companion pressing steadily after.

When the first signs of returning day appeared in the east, the two left their horses in a narrow canyon, and crept to the summit of a ridge. Below lay the broad valley of the Powder. Then Murphy turned his head and looked back into the other's face.

TO BE CONTINUED

The January water wagon again is accorded the honor of being the most lonesome place on earth.

"Shoots Himself before the Mirror," announces a headline in the Pittsburg Chronicle—Telegraph. Foolish man! Had he shot the mirror first he might have concluded to let it go at that.

An exchange says that the Hon. Peter Porter is going to turn his committee room in the new House building into a museum of agricultural curiosities. He must contemplate calling a Democratic caucus.

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Mr. Batonyi's valuation of his wife's love at \$1,500,000 is going to make women a little more uppish than they ever were before, if that is possible.

Booz & Drinkwater is the name of a Chicago firm, and according to an exchange Drinkwater is the hustler of the firm. The chaser, as it were.

SOCIALIST SHOTS.

Socialism is not a theory, but a logical sequence. It is not a guess, but a further development of a well tested principle.

If half the capitalist papers report of crime, poverty and oppression under capitalism is true the system is already damned out of its own mouth.

The only kind of religion that Socialism opposes is the political kind that apologizes for the evils of capitalism and goes out of its way to antagonize and misrepresent Socialism.

There is absolutely no regulation and punishment of the trusts proposed that does not have as its primary object the perpetuation of the system that robs the laborer and creates a class of idle rich.

Our forefathers rebelled against paying tribute to the king of England, yet we are paying tribute of profits to the king of England and the emperor of Russia, both of whom have financial interests in this country.

Private ownership of the sources and means of existence has reduced one class to living merchandise and another to heartless hawkers of such merchandise. Social ownership will elevate both to the dignity of equal freedom and noble manhood.—Appeal to Reason.

The editor of the Memphis "Times" writes: "In my opinion Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and lung trouble, and to my own personal knowledge Foley's Honey and Tar has accomplished many permanent cures that have been little short of marvellous." Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. Glendive Drug Co.

Estray Notice
Ten dollars reward for the return of one light bay mare, five years old, large white star on face, branded on left jaw and on right shoulder, and on white hind foot.
James LeParr, Fairview, Mont. 36tf

The Dawson County Bank of Wibaux, Mont. has made arrangements whereby it can draw drafts direct on all the large cities of Europe and the British Islands and solicits the patronage of persons desiring to send money to foreign countries. Rates reasonable.

H. A. WOOD,
General Blacksmith.
All kinds of repair work given prompt attention. I solicit your business.
TERRY, MONTANA