

TAKEN UP
On August 8th, one bay horse about eight years old, branded on left shoulder, and weighed about 1,000. Also one light colored sorrel, with stripe in face and hind legs white, branded on left shoulder. Age about 12 or 13 and weight about 900 or 1,000. If not called for in 30 days they will be turned loose.
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L. R. Barnett,
Jeweler
Glendive, Montana



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BOB HAMPTON of PLACER
By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "THE LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC."
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CHAPTER XXXIV.
The Last Stand.
It was shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon when that compact column of cavalymen moved silently forward down the concealing coulee toward the more open ground beyond. Custer's plan was surprise, the sudden smiting of that village in the valley from the rear by the quick charge of his horsemen. From man to man the whispered purpose travelled down the ranks, the eager troopers greeting the welcome message with kindling eyes. It was the old way of the Seventh, and they knew it well.
With Custer riding at the head of the column, and only a little to the rear of the advance scouts, his adjutant Cook, together with a volunteer aide, beside him, the five depleted troops filed resolutely forward, dreaming not of possible defeat. Suddenly distant shots were heard far off to their left and rear, and deepening into a rumble, evidencing a warm engagement. The interested troopers lifted their heads, listening intently, while eager whispers ran from man to man along the closed files.
"Reno is going in, boys; it will be our turn next."
"Close up! Quiet there, lads, quiet," officer after officer passed the word of command.
Yet there were those among them who felt a strange dread—that firing sounded so far up the stream from where Reno should have been by that time. Still it might be that those overhanging bluffs would muffle and deflect the reports. All about them hovered death in dreadful guise. None among them saw those cruel, spying eyes watching from distant ridges, peering at them from concealed ravines; none marked the rapidly massing hordes, hideous in war-paint, crowded into near-by coulees and behind protecting hills.
It burst upon them with wild yells. The gloomy ridges blazed into their startled faces, the dark ravines hurled at them skurrying horsemen, while, wherever their eyes turned, they beheld savage forms leaping forth from hill and coulee, gulch and rock shadow. Horses fell, or ran about neighing; men flung up their hands and died in that first awful minute of consternation, and the little column seemed to shrivel away as if consumed by the flame which struck it, front and flank and rear. It was as if those men had ridden into the mouth of hell.

Yet it was scarcely for more than a minute. Men trained, strong, clear of brain, were in those stricken lines—men who had seen Indian battle before. The recoil came, swift as had been the surprise. Voice after voice rang out old familiar orders, steadying instantly the startled nerves; discipline conquered disorder, and the shattered column rolled out, as if by magic, into the semblance of a battle line.
It was magnificently done. Custer and his troop commanders brought their sorely smitten men into a position of defense, even hurled them cheering forward in short, swift charges, so as to clear the front and gain room in which to deploy. Out of confusion emerged discipline, confidence, esprit de corps.
Safe beyond the range of the troopers' light carbines, the Indians, with their heavier rifles, kept hurling a constant storm of lead, hugging the gullies, and spreading out until there was no rear toward which the harassed cavalymen could turn for safety. One by one, continually under a heavy fire, the scattered troops were formed into something more nearly resembling a battle line—Calhoun on the left, then Keogh, Smith and Yates, with Tom Custer holding the extreme right. Thus they waited grimly for the next assault.
Nor was it long delayed. Scarcely had the troopers recovered, refilled their depleted cartridge belts from those of their dead comrades, when the onslaught came. The soldiers waited their coming. The short, brown-barrelled carbines gleamed at the level in the sunlight, and then belched forth their message of flame into the very faces of those reckless horsemen. It was not in flesh and blood to bear such a blow. With screams of rage, the red braves swerved to left and right, leaving many a dark, war-bedecked figure lying dead behind them, and many a riderless pony skurrying over the prairie. Exultant over their seemingly successful repulse, the men flung themselves again upon the earth, their cheers ringing out above the thud of retreating hoofs.
"We can hold them here, boys, until Reno comes," they shouted to each other.
The skulking red riflemen crept ever closer behind the ridges, driving their deadly missiles into those ranks exposed in the open. To the command of the bugle they discharged two roaring volleys from their carbines, hopeful that the combined sound might reach the ears of the lurking

reno. They were hopeful yet, although one troop had only a sergeant left in command, and the dead bodies of their comrades strewed the plain.
It was four o'clock. For two long hours they had been engaged in ceaseless struggle, and now barely a hundred men, smoke begrimed, thirsty, bleeding, half their carbines empty, they still formed an impenetrable ring around their chief. The struggle was over, and they realized the fact. When that wave of savage horsemen swept forth again it would be to ride them down, to crush them under their horses' pounding hoofs.
Like a whirlwind those red demons came—howling wolves, now certain of their prey. On both flanks of the short, slender line struck Gall and Crazy Horse, while like a thunderbolt Crow-King and Rain-in-the-Face attacked the center. These three storms converged at the foot of the hill, crushing the little band of troopers. With ammunition gone, the helpless victims could meet that mighty onrushing torrent only with clubbed guns, for one instant of desperate struggle. Shoulder to shoulder, in ever-contracting circle, officers and men stood shielding their commander to the last. Twenty or 30 made a despairing dash, in a vain endeavor to burst through the red enveloping lines, only to be tomahawked or shot; but the most remained, a thin struggling ring, with Custer in its center. Then came the inevitable end. The red waves surged completely across the crest, no white man left alive upon the field. They had fought a good fight; they had kept the faith.
Two days later, having relieved Reno from his unpleasant predicament in the valley, Terry's and Gibbons's infantry tramped up the ravine, and emerged upon the stricken field. In lines of motionless dead they read the fearful story; and there they found that man we know. Lying upon a bed of emptied cartridge shells, his body riddled with shot and mutilated with knives, his clothing torn to rags, his hands grasped a smashed and twisted carbine, his lips smiling even in death, was that soldier whom the Seventh had disowned and cast out, but who had come back to defend its chief and to die for its honor—Robert Hampton Nolan.
BE TO CONTINUED
STARTING ORCHARDS.

SOCIALISM DEFINED.
Its Promises and Possibilities—A Guarantee of Peace.
Definition 1.—Socialism contemplates a more advanced civilization, social order and government under which distributive justice shall satisfy the inalienable rights of man by securing equally to all the natural means, developed resources and chances essential to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.
Definition 2.—Socialism is a theory or system of social reform which contemplates a complete reconstruction of society and a more just and equitable distribution of property and labor.—Webster.
After years of careful thought and study I have become convinced that the ideals of Socialism are founded in justice and are decidedly humane and practical and are therefore destined to win ultimately and give us more advanced and better civilization. The promises and possibilities of Socialism appear to me as follows:
First.—Socialism would give us a government of, by and for the people, in which Horace Greeley and Abraham Lincoln alike believed and for which all enlightened Socialists contend and argue in the interests of humanity everywhere.
Second.—Socialism would give universal prosperity and happiness by allowing and securing to all those "certain inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," along with nature's provided means thereto, in perfect agreement with the plain announcement of the American Declaration of Independence.
Third.—Socialism would declare and sustain the brotherhood of man by unifying interests and by destroying the evil of money and the profit system and establishing co-operation in fraternal government and dominion throughout the civilized world.
Fourth.—Socialism would give universal prosperity and peace rather than war and materially lessen crime by removing temptation and destroying the incentive thereto and by making the ways of justice and virtue so plain, attractive and easy as to be seen and respected by all, so that the world would be given a happy riddance of crime, lawyers, courts, prisons and gallows, to a very great extent at least, through the removal of causes that now instigate all manner of wrongdoing.
Fifth.—Socialism would establish by politic and equitable transition the public ownership of all utilities that serve and are essential to the welfare of all the people and secure the individual in the possession of those things which especially serve individual welfare, the people thus becoming proprietors and managers collectively of all public utilities, as the brotherhood of man most certainly requires.
Sixth.—Socialism would give us the most advanced civilization and, unlike anarchy, would secure both individual and national welfare by the wisest legislation and laws possible for an intelligent people, guided by experience, to make.
Seventh.—Socialism is full of life and salvation and would sustain and satisfy the Golden Rule with the best of government and perpetuate a golden age.
Eighth.—Socialism, finally, by mutual understanding and agreement among nations, would abandon the destructive art of war entirely, thus turning the energies now used to destroy and kill into channels of peaceful, productive industry for the greater prosperity and happiness of mankind in the ways of peace and unity.
War necessities are costly. Under Socialism no outlay for killing people would be sanctioned or required. Socialism rises above savagery and contemplates only peace and prosperity and would indeed "beat swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks."—Dr. William J. Hill, Michigan.

Socialism Coming.
I am myself convinced that the society of the future will be some form of Socialism—labor organized for the good of all, like the postoffice, organized for the equal benefit of all.—Alfred Russel Wallace, Greatest Living Scientist.
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One sorrel mare, branded J-O on left jaw. Also one black mare branded on left shoulder and on left hip. A reward of five dollars will be paid for the recovery of each animal, or information leading to recovery. Address Josef Wegesser, Box 4, Glendive, Mont. 4t52

THIS LAND WILL SUCCEED FROM overwatering than the raw land. The amount of moisture already in the subsoil retards the recovery from overwatering.
There is one precaution to be taken in the preparation of all land for planting to young trees. The earlier it can be done the better. The land plowed in the late spring takes water too freely and the young trees often suffer from overwatering. The upper part of the soil becomes saturated with water and drives out the air and smothers the roots of the young trees. To avoid this difficulty the land should be prepared early and thoroughly worked down or settled with frequent winter and early spring cultivations. This is especially necessary in the case of alfalfa land which is to be planted to young trees. The disc harrow and smoothing harrow are satisfactory tools for this work.—O. B. Whipple.

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