

Rosebud County News,

BY.....
Vernie H. Beeman.

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The Eagle Will Scream--



Forsyth, July 4, 1902.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Tomorrow the "glorious Fourth" will be with us and the cannons will be booming, the horns tooting, the rockets shooting and the small boy "touching off" his crackers or trying his toy pistol from Maine to California and from our northern boundary to the Gulf. And in all probability the usual train of accidents and disaster will follow.

Isn't it a queer way that we have of showing our joy on Independence Day? It is about the only holiday on which the child's idea of a good time is not something to eat. On this day it is to make a noise and create danger. Careless use of firearms and fire crackers, reckless sports and foolhardy contests bring many a mishap. The small boy owns the day and throws off all restraints with an utter disregard of consequences. To sleep in the barn, arise on the stroke of the midnight bell, creep out silently and assault the slumbering air with any kind of firearms he can secure, to shoot off his gun under all unprotected windows, to keep the poor woman with nerves "on the jump" is the ambition of every small boy.

To throw aside responsibility so brings about a sort of chaos, which the individual who is inclined to take drawing a sigh of relief if he passes through the day unharmed. Seriously there is danger everywhere on this national birthday of ours. The rush of people on excursions, where the capacity of car and steamboat is stretched to the utmost and the usual force is insufficient to stand the extra work put upon them is apt to create accident. The worn-out employe, equal to the strain, misunderstands the order; the brake of overloaded car does not work; in the rush of business some switch is turned wrong; the mechanism of toy pistol or old gun is faulty; the cracker that "would not go off" suddenly explodes in the boy's face; and the "fun" causes casualties all over the land, which fill the next morning's paper.

The dangers of the Fourth are many and they will very soon be here. Ordinary precaution will prevent most of them and rob our national birthday of none of its real pleasures.

Helena Herald: The Forsyth Times says that it "takes a microscope to discover any republicanism in the Herald." Well, that depends upon the view-point and the viewer. If he be an adulating Carter flunkey, who views the Herald with the Tom Carter eye; if he make the monstrous assumption that Doc. Carter is the republican party and the Amalgamated company the party's overseer and controller; if he believe in the Carter "greatness;" if he believe that Dr. Carter is anything but a curse and detriment to the party; then he will see no virtue or merit in the Herald's republicanism. Otherwise he will know that it is a true blue republican paper.

Advertising in some form is necessary to every business under the skies. The extent and cost of advertising is regulated by the ambition of the advertiser. If he be content with the occasional customer who drops in by accident, he needs no other advertising than is involved in a sign. If he should aspire to a more extensive trade he must adopt some other means of letting people know what he has to sell. Should he be ambitious for the largest success he must advertise in a reputable newspaper having a large circulation like the ROSEBUD COUNTY NEWS.

After numerous unsuccessful attempts by different parties to launch a newspaper at Bridger, B. A. Harlan and L. P. Cushman, former publishers of the Carbon County Sentinel, have finally succeeded. Although Vol. 1, No. 1 of The Free Press is not what its publishers promise, it is a very commendable sheet and Harlan and Cushman are to be congratulated.

CUSTER'S LAST STAND.

The Great Indian Fight in Which the Gallant Officer and 600 Others Fell.

Twenty-six years ago last Wednesday there was fought on the soil of Montana the greatest battle with the Indians in the history of the country. It was the battle of the Little Big Horn, in which Gen. Custer and 600 followers went down before Sitting Bull and his Sioux and Cheyennes.

Among the countless battles, great and small, that the blue-coated troopers have had with the Indians who disputed every foot of the great plains with the oncoming whites there is nothing that approaches the battle of the Little Big Horn, where Maj. Gen. Custer and his 600 followers went down to death below the thousands of warriors under Sitting Bull, Gall and Crazy Horse. It was the fiercest battle in the history of the plains, the largest proportion of fatalities of any battle in history—for there was not a survivor, not a prisoner. It stands out as to give a lurid lie to the once prevalent belief that the Indian would not fight a pitched battle; a monument to the best soldiers in the world, every man of whom died at the post of duty. There may be other soldiers who would have fought as gamely, given the opportunity; but the fact remains that these men did it, and between the two, the possibility and the realization, there are countless humiliating failures. Honor to the man who does a grand thing, rather than to the man who might do the same, if the opportunity came.

Custer had in all about 600 men when he started up the Rosebud river on June 22, to follow an Indian trail that Major Reno had found in his scouting. The trail was followed for three days, when it turned into the valley of the Little Big Horn. The little army went for some 12 or 14 miles up the river, where a division was made into four detachments: Captain Benton took three troops, 150 men, scouting to the southwestward; Major Reno with the same force was sent to attack the Indian village that had been located across the river, Captain McDougall took one troop to guard the pack train and the reserve ammunition, while Custer himself planned the swing lower down the river, attack the Indian village from that side, and complete the work begun by Reno.

The scouting must have been faulty, for it was reported that there were only about 1,200 warriors; instead of that, there were near 5,000 of them, the wild, untamed, undefeated Sioux, with the prestige of victory over their every foe; and Cheyennes, not a whit less warlike. They were led by Gall, Black Moon and Crazy Horse, noted fighting men, with a host of lesser but not insignificant chiefs. It was probably the greatest Indian army that was ever gathered on this continent.

Major Reno began the attack at the north end of the valley. It was not a fierce onslaught, the only kind that could have won; indeed, it is not assured that the whole of Custer's com-

mand, moving in a sold thunderbolt of hoofs and flying sabres, would have won the day against the Indian army, even with the advantage of a surprise. As a rule the Indians did not stand a charge well; but then, it was not believed that they would fight as they did when Custer fell, and perhaps the white valor would have been as vain when combined as when divided. Even with all his force, Custer could have mustered but one man to eight of the fierce warriors.

When Reno made his attack the Indians were surprised, but not dismayed. Rallying quickly they stood their ground and Reno was forced to retreat losing many men as they fled to cover under the steep banks of the river. The Indians did not cross the river in pursuit, but then turned their attention to Custer, who came up the lower end of the valley.

There has been much question whether Reno really knew of the fierce onslaught on Custer. The Indian village had been so large that what occurred at one end might be unknown to those at the other end. It did not require great force to beat Reno's half-hearted attack, and drive him across the river, where he was besieged for two days in a more or less desultory fashion. Even had he known Custer's plight, and attempted to come to his rescue, it is doubtful whether a man would have survived the hazardous ride. That he did not act the dare devil bravery usual in the fighting Seventh cavalry, or indeed in any regiment of the frontier soldiers is undeniable; but that his attempt to rescue his leader would have ended in more useless slaughter, is also probable.

With the closing in of the Indian hordes around Custer and his little band, all authentic history of the battle is lost. Not a whiteman escaped. The duration of the battle is not known; according to the Indian reports it varied all the way from 20 minutes to a half a day. Part of the history can be read in the beautifully aligned rows of white monuments now marking the crest of the hill, each stone covering the remains of a soldier who stood his ground. Only one solitary stone was found over the whole battle ground; that of a trooper who may have tried to escape in a panic, or perhaps may have been a courier sent in forlorn hope to bring help that was sure to come too late, if at all. All the bodies were horribly mutilated when found, save that of Custer himself; the savages respected the gallant leader even in death, and his was the only body that was not scalped. Rain-in-the-Face, a villainous Sioux, who had been put in the guard house of one of the pioneer posts by Lieutenant Tom Custer, for some offense, had sworn that he would eat the gallant lieutenant's heart and he made good his savage threat on the field.

Don't forget—Forsyth will celebrate the Fourth.

The Best Linament For Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best linament for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by the Forsyth Drug Co.

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THE wrong way to buy printing is the cheap way. If printing is to build business, it must be good printing. Good enough or pretty fair won't do. The best only is good enough. (We do the best work.)

If you strain at a dollar and swallow an inferior job—some do—your advertising cannot be bringing the best results, nor will you be satisfied with your stationery.

Good money pays for good work—we do the best work. We know how. We mix brains with the ink—the printer's ink.

Booklets are trade-fetchers. Leaflets, folders, or circulars, are money-makers. We estimate if you ask us—and you might better ask us.

NEWS Job Dep't.
PRINTERS THE RIGHT WAY.

GAY HUFF, Jeweler

Complete Stock of Jewelry and Silverware

Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars

All Kinds of Fruit at Lowest Prices

FORSYTH HARNESS AND SADDLERY CO.

HAVING Bought the Stock of Harness and Saddlery of H. H. Fletcher & Co., We Will Carry a Complete Line of

Harness, Saddlery

Repair Work Attended to Promptly. Give Us a Call,

H. C. HOLTKAMP, Manager.

MEATS OF ALL KINDS

Poultry, Fish and Game in Season. Choicest Cuts Always in Stock.... Prices and Treatment Right.....

AT

FORSYTH MEAT MARKET.

For Spring and Summer

Ladies' Tailor-Made Costumse

Men's Custom-Made Clothing

Katzenstein Clothing Co