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The Hardware Man

The Bad River News

Published every Thursday at
PHILIP, STANLEY CO., S. D.
—BY THE—
NEWS PRINTING and PUBLISHING Co

ROBERT M. DURKEE, MANAGER

ALVIN WAGGONER, Editor.

Entered as Second Class matter March 27, 1906 at the postoffice at Philip, South Dakota.

Disasters by floods are reported from numerous states in the Mississippi valley and other points in the east.

Former Senator F. C. Platt, of New York died suddenly last Sunday. He had a national reputation as a republican politician and was president of the United States Express Co. for thirty years.

The Settler and Post at Presho are having a warm argument over their subscription lists in regard to publishing the commissioner's proceedings. They both call each other "liars" and the Post says that settles it as far as they are concerned.

A sympathetic strike has been declared in Philadelphia and as a result thousands of men are idle. The trouble started when the street car men quit work and since then other sympathetic walkouts have practically paralyzed business and the city is in a turmoil of trouble. Reports state that 100,000 men are affected.

One of the pencil pushers on the Milwaukee line predicted that the Chamberlain bridge would go out as the next calamity to delay their mail and the ink was hardly dry before the report was received that the rickety structure had succumbed to the powers of the running ice and high water. The people on the Milwaukee are up against it and have our sympathy.

We wonder how many of the homesteaders living in the first tier of townships south of the base line will sign Kadoka's petition to have old Jackson county restored, which includes all of Stanley county south of the base line? This division would put the residents south of the base line in the proposed Jackson county, and people living within a few miles of Philip would have a Milwaukee town for their county seat. Better sign for two divisions if you don't want this to happen.

According to some of the exchanges the Great Empire of Stanley is doomed. We will not be able to boast much longer about the largest county in the state, for knives are being whetted and this great empire is to be quartered like a beef and portioned out to the privileged few. If we can accept the statements of some of Stanley's sons of journalism as the truth, the carving of a Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey will pale into insignificance beside the plan which our neighbors have framed up in their fantastic imagination. If the job is done according to their ideas some of the little commonwealths will have to hustle to get their morsel.

Some of the base ball enthusiasts have been out already and were tossing the horse hide back and forth Monday. This is one of the surest indications that spring is here, if we can believe what the poets tell us in their spring poems. Tuesday the temperature dropped somewhat and toward evening the sky became overcast and snow began falling until Wednesday forenoon straggling rays of the sun broke through rifts in the cloud and by evening the mantle of white had almost entirely disappeared. Although it will make the roads almost impassable, the greater part of the moisture will be absorbed by the earth and be a great benefit to old Stanley.

FOR FARM LOANS closed without delay see White & White. Loans paid for as soon as papers completed.

LIKE BASHFUL BOY

FAMOUS EXPLORER STOOD BEFORE FELLOW DINERS.

Eulogistic Speeches Too Much for Henry M. Stanley, Whom His Comrades in Africa Knew as Man of Iron.

"Before I met Henry M. Stanley," says William H. Rideing in McClure's, "I had talked with men who had been under him in his African expeditions, and all they told me about him was more or less appalling.

"He was not inhuman, but in desperate straits he spared neither man nor beast, nor would he defer to the counsel or the pleas of others or have any patience with less than instant and unquestioning obedience to his orders under all circumstances. He would not forbear under arguments or excuses or relax his severity by any familiarity or pleasantries, even when his object had been gained. He was both despot and martinet; stern, exacting, uncompromising, silent, humorless, inscrutable, Cromwellian.

"I cannot say that we loved him, one of his lieutenants said to me; 'we were all afraid of him, but we all believed in him. When he hadn't his rifle in hand he had his Bible, and no matter where our camp was or how long and distressing our march had been he never missed his bath and shave in the morning.'

This aspect of the explorer was very different from that which he showed to the guests at a dinner which the Papyrus club of Boston gave in his honor.

"Whether he sat or stood," says Mr. Rideing, "he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables, not because he was unamiable or unappreciative but because he—this man of iron, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience; he squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who," etc.

"The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and with a gesture of deprecation fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought. It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay.

"His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by that act had done all that could be expected of him, and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn and that Livingstone had given him."

Changing Conditions.

"Death the Meddler," who stalks in upon us, often unannounced, always terrifying, plays sad havoc with the tenor of our lives, cutting short cherished plans and ambitions with a hopelessness that admits of no alleviation, says the Charleston News and Courier. The change that follows in his wake is sharp and sudden, and the task of trying to cover up the broken places and adjust ourselves to the new conditions is no easy one. Death, however, is not the only factor concerned in effecting some of the most vital changes in our life's routine. We forget to take account of time; we fail to realize that the service we render to others will not always satisfy them and that other interests will come into their lives in which we can have no part. We have been so contented, the family circle so complete, that when the shadow of some coming change first throws itself across our path we can hardly recognize its true import. We try to imagine that we do not see its dim outlines; we try to delude ourselves into believing that it will pass us by, and yet in our hearts we know that it is there. We do not fully realize the advantages of familiar intercourse until that intercourse is interrupted and we suddenly face the loss which has come into our life.

The New Hen.

Of the late Atherton Blight, one of the founders of fashionable Newport, a Philadelphia said at the Rittenhouse club:

"Mr. Blight was amused by the antics of the militant suffragettes. At a Christmas luncheon at the Bellevue he once sat next to a lady with suffragette notions. Plovers' eggs, hard boiled formed one course, and the lady called Mr. Blight's attention to the high cost of plovers' eggs this year.

"Even though," she said, 'they have to be shipped from England, I don't see why their price should have nearly doubled, do you?'

"Well—er—not exactly," murmured Mr. Blight, 'though they do say that the hen plovers have taken to acting very oddly of late—strutting round, and growing topknots and spurs, and even trying to learn to crow.'"

A Bad Case.

"What seems to be the matter?" "I'm troubled with insomnia." "Can't sleep nights, eh?" "I can't even sleep mornings, doc."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Wedding Stationery at the News

Trains Well Loaded

The movement of immigrant goods to the country west of the Missouri river has started for the year, and if past years are any sample the movement will grow until the last of April and continue longer. Every freight train over the Northwestern road west from Pierre carries from a half dozen to a dozen cars, and the freight yards when a train is in, sound like the barnyard play of "Chauteceler" in full blast. All kinds of live stock and fowls are carried in the cars, and all who go out appear to be pretty well fixed for beginning life on the claim. Other roads which touch the Missouri river or get into the western part of the state all report the immigrant movement under way, and the western half of the state is getting ready to materially to the census figures of the state for the coming census enumerators to look after.—Yankton Press and Dakotan.

Missouri River Navigation

Washington, March 2—Hearings before the senate committee on commerce in reference to Missouri river improvement were continued today. S. Waters Fox, civil engineer of Kansas City, who was in the government service on the Missouri for nearly twenty-five years, was the principal witness. He said it was entirely feasible to get a twelve-foot channel from St. Louis to Kansas City, six feet to Sioux City and four feet to Fort Benton.

Fox made the startling statement that the Missouri river erodes thirteen acres of land per mile every year from Sioux City to St. Louis, and that much of this erosion could be avoided by proposed improvements. Kansas City will put in a million-dollar boat line on the Missouri to run from Kansas City south, whether the government makes the improvements or not, said Fox. He added that the line would be much more effective of the government work is done.—Sioux Falls Press.

Death of Mrs. Wilts

Mrs. Bertha Wilts, wife of John Wilts, died very suddenly Friday, Feb. 25, at their home in the south part of town. Mrs. Wilts seemed in the best of health that day and they were eating dinner when she suddenly sank forward without a word. A telephone message was sent to Dr. Heinemann, but she had expired before he could reach her side.

The deceased leaves besides the husband, three daughters and two sons: Mrs. John Culhane and Mrs. Daniel Culhane of Elkton, Mrs. R. B. Mann of Woodlawn, and John and Charlie Wilts.

The remains were taken to Akron, Iowa, for interment. The community extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Three Lives Lost

Aberdeen, S. D., Mar. 8.—Mrs. Gilbert Majhor, with her mother-in-law, and year-old son, were found frozen to death in a sled today near Mapto. The three unfortunates evidently died during the blizzard that has been raging for three weeks on the Standing Rock reservation. They probably became stalled in the snow and turned the horses loose, hoping the blizzard would soon pass.—Rapid City Journal.

A Bargain

As I am going farther west must sell at once 160 acres, 14 miles north of Philip, 1 1/2 miles of Old Trail, and 3 miles from proposed C. & N. W. extension. 20 acres broke, 500 rods of fence on place. Will sell on easy terms. Call or write owner, B. H., Flandreau, S. D. Box 288. tf

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