

The Herald-Advance.

MILBANK, S. D., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

Consolidated April 11, 1897

ADVERTISING RATES.

CLASS	PER LINE	PER COLUMN	PER PAGE
First	1.00	2.00	8.00
Second	1.50	3.00	12.00
Third	2.00	4.00	16.00
Fourth	2.50	5.00	20.00
Fifth	3.00	6.00	24.00
Sixth	3.50	7.00	28.00
Seventh	4.00	8.00	32.00
Eighth	4.50	9.00	36.00
Ninth	5.00	10.00	40.00
Tenth	5.50	11.00	44.00

Five cents per line for the first and five for each subsequent insertion.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Table H. & D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railway.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily... 12:25 a m	Daily... 12:30 a m
Daily except Sunday... 10:30 a m	Daily except Sunday... 1:35 p m
Daily... 3:25 a m	Daily... 4:10 p m
Daily except Sunday... 5:30 a m	Daily... 6:00 p m

SAINT LOUIS TIME TABLE AT REVELLO PARK.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily... 9:01 a m	Daily... 4:10 p m
Mon, Wed and Friday... 11:15 a m	Tuesday, Thursday and Sat... 6:25 p m

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Justices—1st Dist. John Martens, 2d Dist., John Hedman, 3d Dist., Wm. Jennings, Chas. J. Douglas.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—Henry S. Volkmar. City Clerk—J. W. Bell. Police—Aug. Mittelziedt, James Leary, James S. Pasco, James J. W. Bell.

FRATERNITIES.

VAL ARCH MASTERS, MILBANK Chapter No. 15. Stated convocations 2d and 4th Thursday of each month.

O. F. S.—SYLVAN LODGE No. 31.

Meets every Tuesday evening at Schaller Hall.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Meets every second and fourth Saturday at 2 p. m. sharp, at the Court House.

O. U. W.—Meets first and third Monday evening of each month in Masonic Hall.

Visiting brethren cordially invited.

O. F. L. E.—SEGWICK DIVISION No. 313.

Meets in Schaller's Hall, Milbank, S. D., on the first and third Sunday of each month.

CHURCHES.

ATROLIC.—Service in St. Lawrence Church every Sunday and holy day at 10:30 a. m.

FIRST M. E. Church.

Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

W. L. G. T.—Meets every Friday evening at Masonic Hall.

Invitation to visiting members.

W. L. G. T.—Meets every Friday evening at Masonic Hall.

Invitation to visiting members.

W. L. G. T.—Meets every Friday evening at Masonic Hall.

Invitation to visiting members.



OLD MAN GILBERT

A Beautiful War-Time Story
By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY

Author of "Four Oaks" "Little Joanna" Etc.

Copyrighted. All Rights Reserved. Published by Special Arrangement with the Herald-Advance, New York.

"And Mom Bee?" Missy queried anxiously. Missy had been at home some hours when this conversation took place, and her heart was burning to know why Mom Bee did not come to welcome her.

Miss Elvira wiped her eyes and stifled herself. "Glorry-Ann is with her family in town," she said, with strong indignation. "Your father tried his best to leave her stay here. He built her a house and he offered her a new and some pigs; but Gathly, that daughter of hers, wouldn't agree to it. She made Glorry-Ann believe that she had designs upon her."

Missy burst into tears. "Mom Bee might have waited for me," she sobbed. "Oh, Winifred, don't cry!" Miss Elvira entreated, wiping herself. "I don't do one bit of good. I do believe old Gilbert himself would have left us if he hadn't gone long ago."

"I don't," cried Missy. "And one of these days he'll be coming back; he is sure to come back; he promised me."

"Winifred! What do you mean?" exclaimed Miss Elvira, startled into an exclamation of emphasis most unusual.

"It was me sent him away," Winifred declared excitedly, reckless of grammar.

"It was me wrote him a pass. And I gave him my gold chain and brooches for Brer Nicholas to turn into money. What did I care for trinkets, and my brother, my dear, dear brother, he needs!"

"Winifred, you surely never did do that!" cried Miss Elvira, aghast. "Your father's gifts!"

"I did more than that," Winifred returned, with a proud, sad smile. "I tried to go to him myself."

"I trust you have grown wiser, child," said Miss Elvira, primly. "Time rarely meets any return for such sacrifices."

"Oh, aunt Elvira! Don't you know that love pays itself in loving. If I had wronged to try to run away, I bear my punishment—a life-long penitence; but I can't, I can't be sorry for the effort I made to find my brother."

"This is foolishness," said Miss Elvira, reaching out her slim hand for Bishop Ken, as for a talisman. "You ought to resign yourself to his loss."

"If he were dead, yes," said Winifred; "but until I know that he is—dead," she faltered, with blanching lips—"oh, aunt Elvira, do you never know the night of a love that is stronger than life, stronger than death? It seems to me that my brother must live until I see him again, or he must send me a message, even from the grave."

"Winifred, you speak me!" said Miss Elvira, and immediately she took refuge in Bishop Ken, holding the little worn book close to her eyes as was her habit, and pretending to read, while she glanced furtively over its top at her irrepressible niece. "Winifred," sighed she to herself, "is going to be no easier to manage now than when she was a child."

A few days later Glorry-Ann visited Thorne Hill in great state. She arrived in a hack, the recently acquired property of Griffin Jim, who expected to make a fortune out of the traveling public.

Mom Bee had grown older, and she looked more stately than ever in her Sunday attire of black alpaca; but she forgot her age and her dignity, and took her nursing on her lap, and shed tears over her.

"My po' little honey been gone all dese years, en I ain't seed her no mo' until she wuz plump growed up. You ain't furgot' ole mammy, is you, honey?"

"No, I've forgotten nothing," Winifred declared, between tears and laughter. "You know how you used to tell me that I should 'home' after this old plantation; and it all came true. I dreamed about the blackberry patch, and the spring, and the scuppernon arbor; and nothing ever tasted half so good as your corn dodgers and butter-milk."

"Dullah chile, don't talk!"

"And you said once that I should never dance," the girl reminded her, with a sad little smile.

"Don't lay that up against me, Miss Winifred, now don't," Glorry-Ann entreated. "Fac' is, honey, dese ain't no times ter be danced, wid your paw agin' ter be trouble, en Missy Aleck Gagne done got hisself killed in de wab, en 'Mawse Nick ain't never heard fun!"

"What has become of the Furnivals, Mom Bee?" Missy interrupted, suddenly.

"Gawn, honey, all on 'em," said Glorry-Ann, with solemnity. "De face of de wab, wibed 'em clean offen de face of de wab, Miz Furnival, she done dese, natchal lak, but de res' on 'em wuz natchal folks, en de perished in de wab."

"Don't tell me any more about the war!" cried Missy, turning pale. "I had hoped they might know something of Brer Nicholas. Oh, Mom Bee! Mom Bee! what has become of my brother?"

"Honey, don't you tote sorer long o' what is pas' en' gawn," consoled Mom Bee.

"Oh, it isn't that!" cried Missy, passionately. "It is the race of helplessness. When I was a child, I used to think all

robots. But Lottie and Bess carried light hearts in spite of empty purses. They rejoiced over her New York outfit. These sisters had gloried in wearing homespun, but now that the war was over they were not proud against the attractions of silks and velvets, and Missy's pretty dresses offered such brilliant suggestions for making over certain old linens their grandmother had stored away.

But the out of a sleeve, the adjustment of a blouse, could not rivet Missy's interest while her heart was burning to learn whether, by any chance, her cousin knew anything of the stranger who had met Nicholas.

"Oh, take all the things home with you," she said, impudently. "But tell me this, have you met—Linnin, do you know anything about a stranger from the north?" And Winifred faltered forth the information Glorry-Ann had given her.

Lottie and her sister exchanged glances, but did not speak.

"You are keeping something from me," cried Winifred.

"He was in the Yankee army," said Bess, with chilling brevity. "We don't know him," and again her eyes sought her sister's.

"But about his meeting with Brer Nicholas?" persisted Missy.

"Well, Missy, you know if cousin Jasper don't concern himself about it, there is no reason why we should," said Lottie, and she would have talked of something else for her cousin Nicholas had long ago faded out of her interest so completely that she could not divine the strength and the fervor of Missy's devotion.

But Missy would not allow the subject to be dismissed.

"What is his name?" she asked.

"Why should I trouble myself about his name?" said Lottie, impatiently.

"Is there any way for me to see him?" persisted Winifred, desperately.

"Winifred Thorne!" cried her cousins in chorus. "The enemy of your country! Surely you would not speak to him!"

"If he can tell me anything of my brother, I would go down on my knees to him!" Winifred declared, with a tremendous fervor. "Oh, Lottie! Oh, Bess! You do not understand. Brer Nicholas was all I had to love."

"You had your father, and you have him still," said Lottie, with virtuous reproaches; though she did not think that she herself would have liked the colored for a father.

"And your Aunt Elvira," said Bess, reprovingly and yet Bess was not passing fond of Miss Elvira.

Winifred smiled sadly. "Yes," she said, "I suppose they both loved me as a child, but they kept me at a distance, while Brer Nicholas—I lived close to his heart. I have missed him always; I shall never rest until I find him."

"Your father will never forgive you if you make overtures to this Capt. Fletcher," said Lottie, with conviction.

"Fletcher?" cried Winifred. "Thought you did not know his name?"

"Well, if you must have the truth, Winifred, we know his name, not because we care about it, but because we cannot help knowing it. John Lorrimer Fletcher—there's enough of it, goodness knows."

"My Aunt Winifred's friend!" Winifred exclaimed in extreme surprise. "I know now why you and Bess looked at each other so."

"If you were so unfortunate as to meet him at your aunt's," said Lottie, with a judicial air, "why you know, Missy, that was something you could not help, and you are not bound to know him now, of course."

"I did not know of him! I would not know him!" cried Winifred, in strong excitement. "He was at aunt's once, for a few days, and I begged her not to let him meet me. When he came unexpectedly into the room where I was, the only time I ever saw him, I turned my back upon him and left him. The sight of him made my whole heart burn. I could not think of him except as an enemy arrayed against my dear, dear brother, who I knew must be in the Confederate army. I never dreamed of the possibility of a meeting between him and Brer Nicholas, except in mortal combat, and the sight of him was dreadful; it was intolerable to be in the same house with him." She threw herself back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, trembling. "Oh, if I could have known! If I could but have known!" she moaned.

"Well, we don't know that he did anything much for Cousin Nicholas," said Bess, with intent to be consoling. "And one doesn't care to be under obligations to a Yankee officer."

"If he did but see Brer Nicholas, that is much. Oh, Bess, think how long it has been since I have seen my brother! And this man is my Aunt Winifred's friend—my good old aunt, who was always so patient with me."

"It makes no difference," said Lottie. "He brought a letter from your aunt; Cousin Jasper told grandmother all about it. He said that Mrs. Lorrimer expected too much when she asked him to invite a Yankee officer to his house. He was very angry; and that was why he wrote for you to come home so suddenly; and as a dutiful daughter I don't see how you can take any notice of this man."

Lottie concluded, with some emphasis. She rather distrusted her cousin's five years' residence at the north.

"Nobody notices him," said Bess, reinforcing her sister's argument, "except Mrs. Theodore Snow—she was Miss Lorrimer, don't you know, who used to give you music lessons. He was ill at the hotel, and she took him away, and in-

sted upon his staying at her home. She says it is her duty to take care of him, because his family had shown her some kindness or other, years ago; but people don't go to that Mrs. Scott's now, not if they can help it."

In spite of this statement Winifred Thorne's heart was on fire to go to "that Mrs. Scott's." She was sitting, the next day, absorbed in this desire, when, happening to glance up in the restlessness of her impatience, she found her father's gaze bent upon her. She had thought herself alone, and started slightly, wondering with a sense of guilt she had not felt before.

"What is the matter with me?" she asked, and smiled faintly.

"Nothing; I see no fault in you, Winifred," the colored replied, with an answering smile, followed by a sigh.

The tears rushed to Winifred's eyes. All at once she comprehended that it must be her duty to confide in her father; and with that impulsiveness which had characterized her decisions of old, she asked:

"Father, aren't you going to see this Capt. Fletcher, some time? He is Aunt Winifred's friend, you know?"

"What do you know about him?" the colored asked, with a searching glance. "Did Mrs. Lorrimer tell you of his presence here?"

"No, not she told me nothing. I did not know of his being here until yesterday. But I wish you would go to see him."

"Do not ask that of me, Winifred," said the colored, frowning. "The littleness of a defect is not yet over. My aunt expects too much."

"It is not for Aunt Winifred's sake," said Winifred, in a voice that shook with her intensity of feeling; "it is that he has seen Brer Nicholas."

The colored had been striding up and down the room, but he stopped short when Winifred said this, and seemed to ponder the statement.

"It is quite possible that he may have met your brother," he said at last; "but what does that signify? I attach no importance to it."

"Oh, my father!"

The plaintive cry touched the colored, but it did not soften him. "How did you hear?" he asked, gloomily.

"Mom Bee told me; and yesterday I asked Lottie and Bess about it, but they know nothing, and Mom Bee knows so little. Oh, go to him; he is dear Aunt Winifred's friend, you know. Just once! just once!"

"Winifred, what does this mean? Do you know this Capt. Fletcher?" the colored asked, suspiciously.

"No, not but I should be so thankful to see some one who has seen my brother." Her voice died away, choked with tears.

The colored went to the other end of the room, and stood there, looking at his niece; for across the intervening space in phony silence, "It is of Nicholas she thinks always," he said to himself, bitterly; "not of my wrongs."

"Winifred, why cannot you let bygones be bygones?" he exclaimed, at last. "I have given Nicholas up."

"Oh, not now!" Winifred entreated, shrinking as from a blow.

"You should know," the colored continued, in a hard and bitter tone, "that because you wished it, I stopped to make overtures to my graceless sons—that I wrote again and again, but he refused to respond, and now—"

His voice died, and he ceased abruptly.

Winifred went to him and put her hand on his arm. "You know where he is, then?" she whispered, her face transfigured with joy and hope.

Her father looked at her with burning eyes. "I know nothing of Nicholas Thorne," he said, coldly. "For your sake I would have forgiven him. I have tried to find him, but he would not be found—and now—my sole desire is to forget."

There was that in his face and his voice that touched Missy keenly. "Oh, no, no, my father," she faltered piteously. "To forget is death; and you love me still!"

But on the instant the colored was himself again. His fatal shyness made him shrink from the very sympathy he craved.

Yet would not Winifred be discouraged. "Try this once more," she entreated. "Hear what Aunt Winifred's friend has to tell."

The colored frowned and shook his head. "I do not attach the slightest significance to any chance meeting he may have had with Nicholas. Pray let me hear no more of this," he said, coldly. It enraged him to find his pretty daughter taking the part of this northern stranger. "I will be the judge in this matter," he declared.

"If I should chance to meet him," said Winifred, slowly, and with beseeching eyes, "I may speak to him—for Aunt Winifred's sake? She was so faithful to me."

"There is no probability of your meeting him," her father replied, with cold evasion.

(Continued next week.)

New subscribers to the HERALD-ADVANCE secure the previous numbers from the commencement of this story free upon request.

Blackburn's Africa World.

The Best Selves in the World for Cuts, Bruises, Stings, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Itching, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures all, or nearly all, if properly used. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Casser, Hartz, of Big Stone City.

Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Co.

FAST MAIL LINE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific Coast.

GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., 5,700 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the world.

ROSWELL MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, write to H. E. HANSEN, Land Commissioner Milwaukee, Wis.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.

FAST MAIL LINE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific Coast.

GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., 5,700 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the world.

ROSWELL MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, write to H. E. HANSEN, Land Commissioner Milwaukee, Wis.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.

FAST MAIL LINE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific Coast.

GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., 5,700 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the world.

ROSWELL MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, write to H. E. HANSEN, Land Commissioner Milwaukee, Wis.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.

FAST MAIL LINE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific Coast.

GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., 5,700 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the world.

ROSWELL MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, write to H. E. HANSEN, Land Commissioner Milwaukee, Wis.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.

FAST MAIL LINE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific Coast.

GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., 5,700 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the world.

ROSWELL MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, write to H. E. HANSEN, Land Commissioner Milwaukee, Wis.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.

FAST MAIL LINE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific Coast.

GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., 5,700 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the world.

ROSWELL MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, write to H. E. HANSEN, Land Commissioner Milwaukee, Wis.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.

FAST MAIL LINE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE with Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha and the Pacific Coast.

GREAT NATIONAL ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., 5,700 MILES OF ROAD reaching all principal points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and freight, etc., apply to the nearest station agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, or to any railroad agent anywhere in the world.

ROSWELL MILLER, General Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY,