

The Herald-Advance.

MILBANK, S. D., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1890.

Consolidated April 11, 1890.

OLD VOL. XI, NO. 51.
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ADVERTISING RATES.

CLASS	PER LINE	PER COLUMN	PER MONTH	PER YEAR
First	1.00	2.00	3.00	30.00
Second	1.50	3.00	4.50	45.00
Third	2.00	4.00	6.00	60.00
Fourth	2.50	5.00	7.50	75.00
Fifth	3.00	6.00	9.00	90.00
Sixth	4.00	8.00	12.00	120.00
Seventh	5.00	10.00	15.00	150.00
Eighth	6.00	12.00	18.00	180.00
Ninth	7.00	14.00	21.00	210.00
Tenth	8.00	16.00	24.00	240.00
Eleventh	9.00	18.00	27.00	270.00
Twelfth	10.00	20.00	30.00	300.00

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

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

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Daily... 12:35 a.m.
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OLD MAN GILBERT

A Beautiful War-Time Story

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

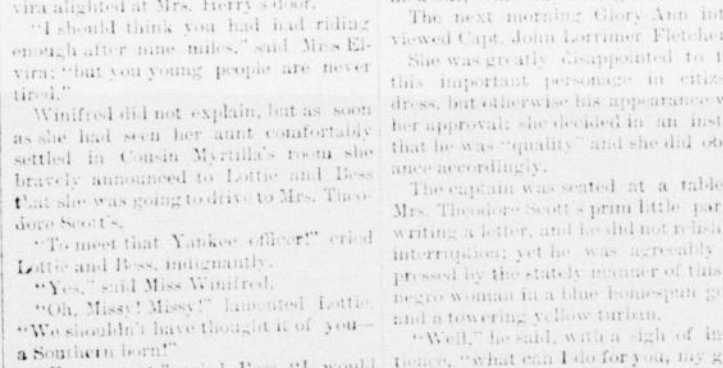
Author of "Four Oaks" "Little Joanna" Etc.



CHAPTER XXIV.
GLORY ANN INTERFERES.

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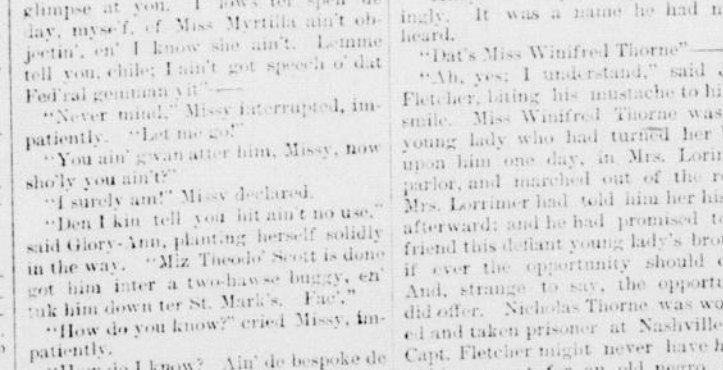
GLORY ANN INTERFERES.



CHAPTER XXV.
PERCUSSION.

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CHAPTER XXVI.
AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

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courtesy. "I dunno what my po' little Missy is gwain do 'bout hit all, but I know hit gwain give de chile some sort o' comfort."

"That evening John Fletcher said to his friend, Mrs. Theodore Scott:

"You have betrayed me; I happened to tell you of my having met Nicholas Thorne before I knew that his father would refuse to receive me, and now the story has gone abroad."

"It was too good to keep," was all the satisfaction Mrs. Scott gave him.

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders, saying:

"That unending old southerner will imagine that I am trying to force his recognition."

"You can decline in your turn," his friend suggested.

"I shall never have the chance," John Fletcher said; "but after all, what does it matter?"

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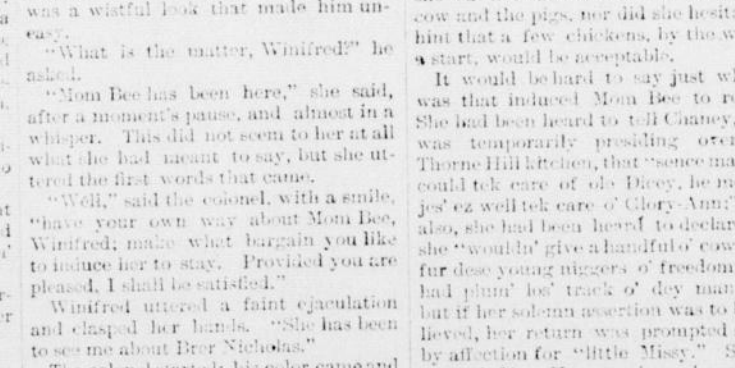
AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.



CHAPTER XXVII.
A VISIT TO THE OLD MAN.

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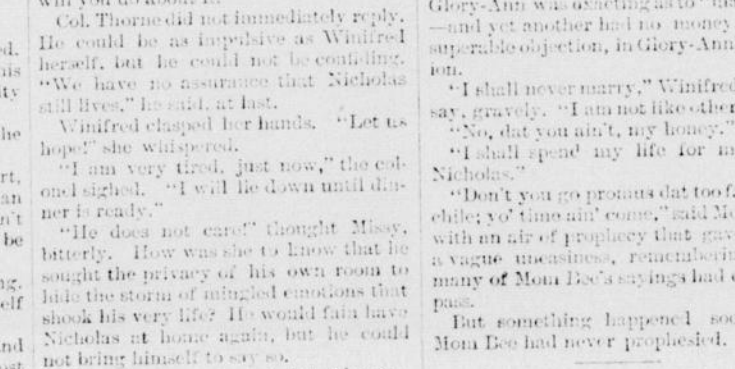
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CHAPTER XXVIII.
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CHAPTER XXIX.
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capt. Fletcher; but her father did not feel her; he only laid her go to bed. He had had his ride in vain, for Capt. Fletcher was away, on a long delayed visit to St. Mark's, and Col. Thorne preferred to wait for an answer to the note he had left for the captain before saying anything to Winifred.

The news brought by Glory-Ann made Miss Elvira very uncomfortable. She was a creature of habit, and she had formed the habit, in the past eight years, of living without her nephew. She had practically forgotten him. Every hope that entered in him had died the day she heard of his marriage with Dossie Farnival, and she could not see now that his return, granting that he lived, was to be desired. Indeed, Miss Elvira preferred to believe him dead, since never, never again could he be the Nicholas of old. She had long persuaded herself that the colonel would do his whole duty if he made some provision for Nicholas in his will; the prospect of having Dossie and her children at Thorne Hill was regarded by Miss Elvira pretty much as she might have regarded an invasion of the Barbarians.

"You don't reflect how times are changed, Winifred," she fretted. "And there's no denying that Dossie cannot be congenial; she isn't one of us."

"Let us find them first," said Winifred, reddening; "all other questions can be settled afterward."

"How are you going to find them?" Miss Elvira asked, with provoking meanness. "Nicholas is either dead or he has forgotten us. For my part, I'd rather believe him dead. He must be so changed!"

Winifred shuddered. "You are very cruel," she said, hoarsely. "If my father would but have Capt. Fletcher here once, just once, we might find some clue."

"Winifred Thorne! Do you not know that if your father were to bring that man here your Aunt Pauline and your Cousin Flora never would cross this threshold again? It is you who are cruel! Think of Aleck, killed at Chickamauga!"

The tears sprang to Winifred's eyes. "It is life that is cruel," she said, sadly. "But you need not be uneasy. It is three days since Mom Bee came to us with the news about Brer Nicholas, and I asked my father yesterday if he did not intend to see Capt. Fletcher, but he said I was never to ask him that again. And I am but a girl. What can I do but assault heaven with my prayers?"

Col. Thorne had not seen it to acquaint his daughter with the fact that Capt. Fletcher had written to decline the invitation to visit Thorne Hill, conveyed in that note the colonel had left with Mrs. Scott a few days before.

A week later Glory-Ann took up her permanent abode at Thorne Hill. She announced her willingness to accept the house the colonel had offered her, and she was not backward in demanding the cow and the pigs, nor did she hesitate to hint that a few chickens, by the way of a start, would be acceptable.

It would be hard to say just what it was that induced Mom Bee to return. She had been heard to tell Canney, who was temporarily presiding over the Thorne Hill kitchen, that "sence mawster could tek care o' de Dicos, he might jes' tek care o' Glory-Ann" and, also, she had been heard to declare that she "would give a handful o' cow pessa for dese young niggers o' freedom what had plum' los' track o' dey manners;" but if her solemn assertion was to be believed, her return was prompted solely by affection for "little Missy." She informed Mrs. Henry, when she carried back the saddle, that she felt in duty bound to look after "dat chile." The colonel, she explained, being only a man, couldn't be expected to know how to look after a girl; "en' en' for Missie-virey-well, Miss Myrtilla, you know Missie-virey ain't got no succulation"—what ever Glory-Ann might mean by that.

Thus settled again at Thorne Hill, this faithful nurse kept a sharp eye upon "little Missy," admonishing that young lady as she saw fit, and criticizing her visitors freely, for Missy was "sweet and twenty" now, and had admirers not a few. But the right man was slow to put in an appearance, or Glory-Ann was hard to please. This one was stingy, that one was wasteful, another had no manners—Glory-Ann was exacting as to manners—and yet another had no money, an insuperable objection, in Glory-Ann's opinion.

"I shall never marry," Winifred would say, gravely. "I am not like other girls."

"No, dat you ain't, my honey."

"I shall spend my life for my Brer Nicholas."

"Don't you go promiss dat too fas' now chile; yo' time ain't come," said Mom Bee, with an air of prophecy that gave Missy a vague uneasiness, remembering how many of Mom Bee's sayings had come to pass.

But something happened soon that Mom Bee had never prophesied.

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CHAPTER XXX.
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