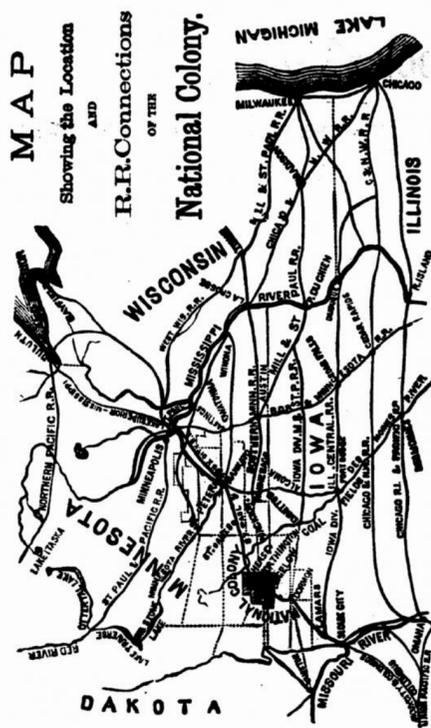


# The Worthington Advance.

150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

## NATIONAL COLONY



### The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and one-half township in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams, lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CERAMIC or THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDENS OF THE STATE."

### Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

### Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making. The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Best cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

### Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southerly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to La Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

### Towns and Villages.

There are three villages to the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

### Worthington

In the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of fishing, shooting, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meat markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregational and Presbyterian both have neat church edifices, and the town is the seat of a large building known as Methodist Block containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better.

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc., and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

### Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A. P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the colony. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

### Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilarating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

### Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no desperadoes, no Indians. The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates.

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn.

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

### DRIFTING.

These Autumn-days glide quietly along; The leaves are falling, yet the sky is bright; Flowers are dead; the grass is green and brown; The world is floating on through hazy light. And my own days pass quietly away; My life is dark, the heart is full of grief; The storm which lately filled my heart with fear Have all passed by, and are what used to be. My heart no longer throbs with wild, sweet joy; A peace far better dwells within my breast; I grieve no more than all the girls of youth; 'Twas sent by Him who knoweth what is best.

My hopes, my loves, have floated far away; My hands are idle, and my ears are still; I did not even watch the waves ahead, But follow meekly my wise Father's will. There was a time, not very long ago, When I wept bitter tears, and seemed so drear; My path was dark, the waves were rough and cold, And my poor heart did naught but quake with fear. But He who rules the storm and stills the waves Knew when my feeble strength was almost gone; He bent His tender ear, and heard my call, And I behold! the dirge was turned to song. It may be that this only for a time This blessed peace and quiet will remain; It may be that this harbor is far off, And I must take my oars and work again; It may be that my weak, frail bark will yet Be called upon to fight with wind and wave; He who made me sail upon the deep Will reach his hand, which hath the power to save. And so, without a thought of doubt or fear, I drift along toward the other shore; Some blessed day I'll touch the golden sands— Then there'll be perfect peace forevermore.

### MINNIE MAY'S FORTUNE.

BY ETHEL.

A dreamy, radiant afternoon in mid-July, the clock pointing to the hour of four, the scent of newly mown hay filling the air, and the crimson billows of the clover meadows rising and falling softly at the touch of the summer wind, and one brown-winged robin warbling his roudelay in the upper boughs that brushed the dining-room windows at Merton farm—this was the scene and the season.

Miss Tabitha Merton during the months of July and August received a few friends, who were allowed to share the expenses of the household. And somehow Miss Merton continued to assist very comfortably for the rest of the year on the July and August contributions of her friends.

Upon this glowing summer afternoon when the cherries winked at you from behind their leafy veils, and the currants hung like ruby fringes on the bushes, and the garden fence, Miss Merton was making custards in her kitchen.

"Minnie," said Miss Merton. "Yes, aunt," said Minnie May, with a nervous jump. "Get out the nutmeg," said Miss Merton, "and don't stare about your so."

"Yes, aunt," said Minnie, presenting herself with the nutmeg grater in her hand, and a fine pink color on her cheek.

"How old are you?" demanded Aunt Tabitha, transfixing her niece, so to speak, with the twin moons of her spectacles.

"Seventeen, Aunt Tabitha." "Then," retorted Aunt Tabitha, "you are a great deal too old to go trailling about the woods with Mr. Harcourt."

"I didn't trail about, Aunt Tabitha. I only walked as far as the Rowler Rocks to see the view which is as fine as anything on the Rhine."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Tabitha. "Look here, Minnie, you mind your own business and let him mind his."

"Yes, aunt," said frightened Minnie. "Now mind what I say," persisted Miss Merton, grating savagely away at the brown nutmeg.

"Yes, aunt," flattered Minnie. And she went back to the tablecloth she was mending, and cried quietly, over it, she didn't quite know why.

And all this time Mr. Ernest Harcourt, the gentleman in question, was strolling homeward through the woods, with Miss Adela Brownson, leaning on his arm, while Mrs. Brownson, a pretty matron in black grenadine and a Spanish scarf was making believe to read a novel on the veranda, and in reality watching restlessly for Adela to make her tardy appearance.

"It's too ridiculous for anything," said Mrs. Brownson to herself, impatiently brushing a fly off her book. "I believe Adela would flirt with a plover if she could find no one else. And the first thing she knows she'll be committing herself in some way or other. And Dr. Fenton's nephew coming here in August, too. It's outrageous, that's what it is."

When Miss Adela at last emerged from the shadow of the woods, her broad gipsy hat trimmed with ferns and wild roses, her lips all wreathed in smiles, and Ernest Harcourt walking by her side, her lady mother received her with no particular graciousness of welcome.

"I thought you were never coming!" snapped Mrs. Brownson. "We haven't been gone long I'm sure, said Adela, innocently. "Not two hours," said Mr. Harcourt. "I should think," went on Mrs. Brownson, politely ignoring the young man's interjection, "that you would know better than to go out on such a broiling day as this, and tan yourself as brown as a berry."

Adela laughed. She knew that a high color was becoming to her. "I shall cool off directly," said she, sinking gracefully upon a bamboo seat.

"And in the meantime," said Ernest, who was one of those clear, dark brunettes, whom no rise of temperature ever seems to affect, I will go and get that volume of poems that we were talking about."

Mrs. Brownson scarcely paused to hear the retreating ring of the young

man's footsteps before she opened all her verbal batteries upon her daughter. "Addy," she cried, wrathfully, "I am astonished at you!"

"You are always being astonished at me," pouted the young lady. "To spend your time flirting with a mere traveling photographer!"

"It's so dull here," retorted Miss Brownson, "and one must do something."

"Oh, yes," scornfully spoke the matron. "But you'll find out presently, miss, that you're playing with edged tools. You'll fall in love with him!"

"I, mamma?" echoed Adela, contemptuously. "What do you take me for?"

"Or he with you!" "That's a great deal more probable," interposed Miss Brownson, with a conscious toss of her head that set all the ferns and roses to quivering.

"And then," added indignant Mrs. Brownson, "what is to be the end of it?"

"The end of it, mamma?" "Yes, the end of it!" and Mrs. Brownson elevated her voice with some energy.

"Well, you needn't shout," said calm Adela, placidly fanning herself. "The end of it will be that I shall amuse myself until Dr. Fenton's nephew appears on the scene, with his three hundred thousand dollars; and then—why, I shall go in for business."

"Yes, but Adela—" "Mamma," angrily interrupted the daughter, "don't be a fool! Ernest Harcourt is a very good looking and very agreeable, but I should no more think of marrying him than of allying myself to a chimney sweep. Love in a cottage never would do for me. I have been expensively brought up; my tastes are luxurious; I must marry well!"

And this little family discussion went on under the open casement of the second story apartment, in which Mr. Ernest Harcourt was looking for the fugitive volume of poems.

"A chimney sweep, eh?" muttered Mr. Harcourt, with a comical expression on his face. "And Dr. Fenton's rich nephew? I wish Miss Brownson were the really match she has in contemplation, and I shall be most happy to make my bow and step aside."

And he put the book back on the table. Yet, with all the philosophy one can muster, it not pleasant to awake suddenly to the fact that one has been playing the plighting of and Mr. Harcourt, in spite of the off-hand way in which he took the tidings, had a little sting yet smarting in his inner consciousness.

As he went slowly down the back stairs a little sob reached his ears. It was Minnie, curled up in one corner like a wounded kitten.

"By, Minnie, what's the matter?" kindly asked the traveling photographer.

"I'm going away," sobbed Minnie. "I've broken Aunt Tabitha's best china tea-pot, and she says she won't have me in the house another day; and, indeed—indeed it was cracked before!"

"Where are you going?" "I don't know," said Minnie. "So like a rose-bud that has been beated down by the rain, that our hero paused in spite of himself.

"But you have no home?" Minnie shook her head. "Then what is to become of you?" questioned Harcourt.

"I don't know," again uttered Minnie. "Minnie, look here!" Mr. Harcourt's heart when it was very tender and susceptible. "I'll give you a home."

"You, Mr. Harcourt? But you can't."

"But can, if you will consent to marry me!" asserted the young man. "I?"

"Yes, you."

"But I am only Minnie," she persisted. "You are as beautiful as an angel, and as innocent as a dove! Don't shrink away, my dear, dear little girl. Answer me, yes or no. Will you give yourself to me?"

And Minnie, letting him take her hand in his, whispered— "Oh, I love you so much, Mr. Harcourt—I love you so much!"

Of course there were various criticisms when it was ascertained that Ernest Harcourt was actually married to Minnie May, the old maid's niece and drudge in general.

"Tastes differ," said Miss Brownson contemptuously. "What can you expect of a traveling photographer?" said her mother.

Just as the argument was waxing spirited, a carriage drove up, and a white-haired, aristocratic-looking old gentleman descended therefrom.

"Dr. Fenton," cried out Aunt Tabitha. "My dear sir, I am delighted to see you here."

"Many thanks, I'm sure," said the old gentleman, with the air of one who is accustomed to be made much of. "But, pray, don't trouble yourself. I've come to see my nephew!"

"Your nephew?" said the old lady, blankly. "Is he staying in this part of the country?"

"At this very house."

"But there's no one by the name of Fenton here!"

"Who said his name was Fenton? It's Harcourt—Ernest Harcourt. He's just got married, and I am here to welcome his wife into the family."

And the belle of the establishment realized with a strange, stunned sensation, that the match of the season had risen and set forever upon her matrimonial firmament.

Rheumatism is more common and distressing, especially in this country, than almost any other disease, and, at the same time it may be asserted that it is as little understood and as unaccountably treated. Physicians in many cases are unable to cure it, even in their

own person; yet such are the unparalleled virtues of the celebrated Merchant's Gargling Oil, that the most obstinate cases at once yield to it.—Springfield (Mass.) Daily Union.

### The Crime of a French Cadet.

Saint Cyr (says a Paris letter to the New York Herald) is the West Point of France, and the honor of its cadets is dear to every soldier and civilian in the country. It is, therefore, with nothing less than a feeling of pain that society hears of the convocation of a court-martial for the theft of a "Saint Cyrren" for theft. A few nights ago a cadet, who may be designated as B., tossing happily on his bed saw a figure in white passing by him (it should be observed the pupils of the military college sleep together in a large dormitory), and cried out, "Who's that?"

"It is I," said a voice, which he recognized as that of X. "What are you doing?" X, informed his comrade, and the latter, merely taking advantage of the situation to make a joke, thought no more of the matter. Next morning a cadet missed his purse, containing 1,000 francs. Who had taken it? It was soon discovered that the thief must have been one of the pupils, and yet there was no one of the pupils who was not in the dormitory. It was then that B. called to mind a nocturnal interview with X, though he shrank from the idea of uttering his thoughts aloud. Still he mentioned the circumstance to an intimate friend or two, and one of these presently suggested that every cadet should submit to be searched. The proposal was agreed to. X never moved a muscle while his comrades were thrusting their hands into his pockets. Nothing was found on him but 25 francs, to which his little could not be disputed.

It was now 11 o'clock in the morning. At 2 o'clock the promotion list was to be published, and it was known that X would appear on the list of Sub-Lieutenants. Once a commissioned officer and he would have been safe from further inquiries. He was playing a desperate game for the coveted epaulettes of a pair of handkerchiefs. Still his every movement was jealously watched. In a few minutes he was observed to be pacing uneasily between the dormitory and the court-yard, as though he were watching for an opportunity of being alone. B., whose suspicions were far from being laid at rest, demanded an hour he would be a French cadet, and strip. X, smiled as he came to his turn, and continued to smile while the lining of his coat was conscientiously cross-examined. Nothing was found, and now popular opinion veered round to his side. He stood honorably acquitted in the eyes of his comrades.

It was half-past 11. In another half-hour he would be in an officer's uniform, and the clump of his cane would be in his hand, and he would be in the hands of the court-yard, as though he were watching for an opportunity of being alone. B., whose suspicions were far from being laid at rest, demanded an hour he would be a French cadet, and strip. X, smiled as he came to his turn, and continued to smile while the lining of his coat was conscientiously cross-examined. Nothing was found, and now popular opinion veered round to his side. He stood honorably acquitted in the eyes of his comrades.

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### Rough Places.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do! The hoop has burst off my wash-tub, and my suds are all over the floor!" said Mrs. Alden, in a tone of despondency, to her husband, as he came in to wash his hands at the sink, after oiling his new horse-rake.

"That is bad, Jenny. You will have to let your washing go till to-morrow; then you can borrow Mrs. Selden's tub."

"But this will all fall to pieces if it stands, and we are expecting company to-morrow."

"I can't help it; I can't stop the work to go off with it now. You must make hay when the sun shines if you do at all. Can't you tie it up, so that it will do to-day? I should think you might."

"Perhaps so, if you will help me. What can I take?"

"Oh, anything for this time; but really I ought not to stop a minute. Where is your clothes-line?"

"The colored clothes are on it, to dry."

"Hang them on the fence, and let's