R. F. CONNOR. A. B. CONNOR.

CONNOR BROS.,

(Successors to Stewart & Connor,)

Dealers in

TOWN LOTS ACRE & FARM PROPERTY

Abstracts Furnished and Titles Examined.

RIVER AVENUE, - - HOT SPRINGS, S. D

TROUT & GILLESPIE

Plumbers, Steam AND Gas Fitters

Also Dealers in

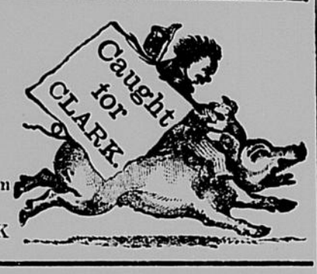
Pumps, Pipes, Etc. ESTIMATES FURNISHED Hot Springs, S. D.

We d
able cor
the pu
Mr. Job
man that
ance in this
is not a strange
be a man of in
ness qualifications
newspaper educat
doubt that the re
under its new m
public will be mut
Thanking our m
for their patrona
and all others
say farewell

J. A. CLARK,

—DEALER IN—

Fresh and Salt Meats.



Steak Cuts,
Veal and Mutton
NEXT DOOR TO
NNEKAHTA BANK

SPRINGS STUCCO WORKS.

Milligan & Mueller, Props.

Manufacture Stucco guaranteed to be of superior quality

Prices Reasonable. Special Prices on Carload Lots. Address or call on above

MILL ON RIVER AVENUE, - HOT SPRINGS, S. D.

CALL ON

W. P. PHILLIPS

—FOR—

REAL ESTATE.

RESIDENCE LOTS ON EASY TERMS.

HOUSE OR ROOMS TO RENT

Hot Springs, - - - - Dakota.

W. R. Cross,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Chicago Avenue, Opposite Fargo & Dickover's New Block.

Black Hills Views. Indian Views.

Photos of All Kinds.

Special Views Made to Order.

Pictures Copied and Enlarged.

Established, 1876.

T. PEIRCE,

Real Estate Broker,

Hot Springs, South Dakota.

Largest List of Real Estate of any firm in the city. I can offer
CEMENTS ON ACREAGE, suitable for subdividing.
Residence Lots in all parts of the city, for sale.
One-third cash; balance in one and two years, with interest at
15 per cent. per annum. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
First National Bank, Rapid City, So. Dak.
Merchants' National Bank, Deadwood, S. D.
Black Hills National Bank, Rapid City, S. D.

TONE & ULTON,

DEALERS IN

LUMBER

—AND—

S OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

YARD AT MILL,

of Rocks, Custer County.

RINGS, S. D.

SKINNER'S GROCERY.

Freshest Groceries, Flour and Feed, Butter and Eggs, Farm Produce, Tobaccos and Confectionery.

GOODS DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

HOT SPRINGS STAR

BENEDICT & HANFORD,

PROPRIETORS.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The scenes of my boy-hood,
Are a fountain of joy,
From which flow bright memories
Bearing treasures complete,
Of home near a wildwood,
When a sensitive boy
I rambled in dream-land,
Upon untiring feet.

I remember a brook,
In the old empire state,
Where willow and elder,
Shaded depths dark and cool.
Where with pole, line and hook,
I went early and late,
To angle for beauties,
In each eddy and pool.

Stretching back from the brook
Lay pasture and meadow,
Where bright tiger lilies
Graceful bent to the breeze,
Where the humming-bird took,
A rest in their shadow,
And red clover blossoms,
Furnished nectar for bees,

'Neath the tall waving grass,
That covered the meadow,
The strawberry flourished,
Bearing fruit for the gods;
And bare-footed lasses
With little splint baskets,
Stole berries and beauty
From the vine covered sods.

A VISION.

While arm chair, sitting in my
Th'other evening after tea,
I dosed off into dream-land
And this vision came to me.

I stood on Battle Mountain,
Where the red men long ago,
Fought for the healing waters,
In the valley down below.

I saw grim shades and phantoms,
Charging fiercely to and fro,
While others pointed gheing,
At the white folks down below.

The shade of an old Sachem,
Minus scalp-lock and one eye.
Approached so near I hailed him,
Then with questions did him ply.

I asked him what those red men,
Saw to gibe at down below?
"Ugh! White man fight like Injin,
Bout' de cote house, don't yer know".

Notice--Redemption City Warrants.

To holders of city warrants of Hot Springs, Dakota. The following numbered warrants of city of Hot Springs will be payed on presentation of same to the city treasurer. Nos. 143, 92, 110 135, 137, 141, 132, 131, 136, 133, 142, 149, 150, 151, 152, 154, 156, 159, 169. 194, 147, 127, 175, 155, 175, 128, 138, e46, 173, 148, 167, 164, 171, 172.

J. S. MOODIE.
City Treas.

The most radical adherent to the puritanical idea of Sunday observance can scarcely find any fault with Senator Pettgirew's position on the Sunday closing of the world's fair. This great exhibition is an American institution held in the center of the American continent, in an American city, and it should be conducted on the American view of things. This nation is essenteally a christian nation. The government is founded upon the principles set forth by the christian religion .One of those doctrins is that one day should be kept sacred from secular avocations and devoted to the worship of the Creator and Ruler of the universe. The Sunday closing of the fair in a measure re-affirms the belief of the people in the religion, and the nation itself sets a good example to the subjects. Senator Pettigrew is right on this matter and his constituency will commend and approve his action.

Where Do You Get Your Coal?

Do you know? Were you ever in a coal mine? Can you imagine what one looks like? Or what kind of folks the miners are? Or how their families live? After you have read that splendid paper in the March number of Demorest's Family Magazine, "Through the Coal Country with a Camera," and studied the twenty-odd fine pictures which illustrate it, every piece of coal you see will be invested with a new interest; and when you read about "strikes" among the miners, you will better appreciate their true significance. Photographs were taken specially for this article, and have been reproduced in superb style. "German Without a Master," by Prof. A. de Rougemont of Chautauqua University, will be of incalculable value to those who wish to study that useful language; "The Home of a Specialist" furnishes excellent ideas about economizing space, and achieving artistic results without a great expenditure of money; and "How to Ivorize Plaster Casts" tells how to make those pretty ornaments look like ivory. "Next Summer's Garden" is in good season, so that the garden may be planned properly, and a profusion of flowers ensured all through the summer; "Training a Husband" will amuse everbody; and there are other splendid stories, and all the excellent departments for which this magazine is noted are replete with se nable things. The subscription e company this ideal Family Magaz eir spring colts ear. Published by This will make plenty c, 15 E. 14th ranch for a while at least. Go alth, good nature and plenty

Date
38

THE PRETTY ARTIST.

A Girl Who Insisted on Having Her Own Way.

Mrs. Barbara Best was one of the sweetest, most peculiar old ladies in the world. To begin with, she was very rich. That in itself was, perhaps, not so much of a peculiarity. But, then, she was spare and crooked and withered up like a crab apple which has hung too long on the tree, and she wore a little black satin cape and a cap trimmed with ribbon bows, such as were in fashion half a century ago. and she walked with a gold-headed cane, a la Fairy Godmother; and her eyes sparkled weirdly through gold spectacles, and her hands were covered with little knitted silk mitts. And as she sat by her drawing-room fire, drinking chocolate and talking with another witch-like little old woman, they made a very funny pair indeed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Barbara, nodding her head, "I couldn't endure it any longer. I told her she must either give up me or give up her everlasting dabbling in paint and varnish!"

"Dear! dear!" said Mrs. Fanshaw, the second witch-like little old woman. "A trifle more sugar in my chocolate, please, dear."

"For my part," observed Mrs. Barbara, "I don't know what the world is coming to. In *my* time, we used to leave that sort of work to the tradespeople. But Gladys had an odd notion about independence. And she inherited some of that artist-blood from her father's family. There's none of it in the Bests, I'm very sure."

"No, to be sure, not," said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"And I told Gladys plainly that I would not tolerate it," said Mrs. Barbara. "Choose between us," said I. "*Be* a lady or a grubbing artist, whichever suits you best. Because," said I, "if you don't consult my wishes I shall disinherit you and cast you off! I know of another young relation whom I can adopt, and who cares no more for art than I do for the Egyptian obelisk."

"And what did she say?" asked Mrs. Fanshaw, contendedly sipping her chocolate.

"She told me to do just as I pleased," answered Mrs. Barbara, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "Because, she said, *she* intended to take the same privilege."

"What shocking ingratitude!" commented Mrs. Fanshaw, heaving a deep sigh.

"Of course we parted good friends," said Mrs. Barbara. "But Gladys knows very well that I never shall see her again. If she has wrecked her own fortunes, she has only herself to thank for it."

"And where is she now?" asked Mrs. Fanshaw.

"In a studio, somewhere on Sixth avenue," solemnly answered Mrs. Barbara. "With a sign out: 'Art Salesroom,' and 'Painting and Decorating Done to Order.'"

"Did you ever!" said Mrs. Fanshaw.

And, by way of answer, Mrs. Barbara only groaned.

"But I like Lovel very well," she added. "He's a splendid young fellow, although I sometimes find his college bills high and his flow of spirits rather overwhelming. But he's a gentleman. A real Best!"

"Does he know about Gladys?" Mrs. Fanshaw asked, in a mysterious whisper.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Barbara, "there is just enough of the Don Quixote about him to make him go to sea or take to verse-writing or some other preposterous business if he thought he was standing between Gladys and her fortune—which he isn't!" Mrs. Barbara added, with emphasis. "The money is mine, to leave to whom I please, and he is just as near a relation on the side of the Bests as Gladys is on the Maitlands!"

"Dear, dear, how silly young folks are!" said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"All I want them to know is that I am not to be trifled with," said Mrs. Barbara, with the air of a Nero, in black satin and little corkscrew curls.

In truth Mr. Lovel Best was a very frank, loyal-natured, handsome young fellow. He liked Aunt Barbara because Aunt Barbara was kind to him, but he rallied her to her face, teased her parrot, made her pug bark, laughed at the stiff old portraits of the dead-and-gone Bests, that hung on the parlor walls, and kept astonishing her perpetually. But all the time Aunt Barbara knew that Lovel was fond of her in his heart, and it warmed her chill old pulses to hug this knowledge to her!

"He's a wild chap," she said to herself; "but he'll come out all right. The Bests always do, when they have had their fling. He has none of Gladys' obstinacy about him."

And Gladys? Well, that headstrong young votary of art lived on the least possible amount of money, and dreamed rapturously over her sketching-board. She had a very little money, which her mother had bequeathed her—about sufficient to rent the little studio and pay the gas and fuel bills.

"As for eating and drinking, what does that signify?" said Gladys.

So she taught a class daily in Miss Mincher's academy, to furnish the bread-and-cheese part of the business; and very tedious work she found it.

"But I shall sell some of my placques and vases soon," said she, hopefully.

She did not, however. To be a successful artist, one must have an appreciative public, and the public never came near poor Gladys Maitland. In vain she decorated the doorpost with signs; in vain she put out her prettiest paintings and most spirited sketches; nobody came to buy. The agencies represented themselves as overcrowded when Gladys came blushing in with specimens of her work, and our little heroine began to wonder how long this sort of thing was to endure.

"Even Rosa Bonheur didn't get rich all at once," she comforted herself by reflecting.

But one day there came a gleam of hope athwart the Cimmerian darkness of her prospects. As she was working at her easel footsteps stumbled up the semi-lighted stairs, and a knock sounded at the door.

"Is this Miss Maitland's studio?" demanded a cheerful voice.

"Why," cried Gladys, drawing a quick breath, "why, Lovel!"

"It's Gladys!" exclaimed Lovel.

For the young cousins had met once years ago at the seaside, and they never had forgotten one another.

"Why," cried Lovel, rubbing his forehead as if not quite certain but that he was dreaming, "I thought you were adopted by some rich woman here in the city!"

"Art is the only mother that I know," Gladys answered, laughing. "I hope you've brought me an order, Lovel."

"But, I say," persisted the bewildered law-student, "why don't you come and live with Aunt Barbara?"

"Oh, I've tried that," said Gladys, shaking her head, "and we couldn't get along at all together."

"Speaking of Aunt Barbara," said Lovel, mysteriously, opening a paper parcel on the table—"behold!"

Half-a-dozen bits of old china fell out with a clink and a clatter.

"Oh!" cried Gladys, stiffening with horror. "It's Aunt Barbara's painted china! Oh, Lovel, how did this happen?"

Mr. Best smote himself pathetically on the chest.

"Like George Washington," he confessed, "I cannot tell a lie—it was I! I was doing my gymnastics in the storage-room—Indian war-clubs and all that sort of thing, you know—when, all of a sudden, I lost my balance and tumbled over the pile of boxes. Down they went! Aunt Best keeps 'em packed, you know, in case of accident, and, of course, the china must needs be under all the rest, and got the hardest thumps."

"What did she say?" cried Gladys, with uplifted hands and eyes shining humidly.

"She doesn't know," Lovel answered, with twinkling dimples around his lips. "Do you suppose I'm going to 'fess' before I'm obliged to? I seized a pattern-cup—broken in not more than six pieces—and fled frantically to the nearest china-shop. They recommended me—here. To Miss Maitland, No. —— Sixth avenue. But I never dreamed that I was coming to my old playmate! Now, Gladys, I am at your mercy. *Can* these ruins be replaced, or can they not?"

Gladys frowned, half closed her lovely limpid eyes, pursed up her lips in the intensity of her attention, and finally nodded her head.

"Yes," she said. "But it will be, oh, so expensive! First we must order the china manufactured in just that *outre*, ancient shape; then it must be painted piece by piece."

"Let us hope," said Lovel, earnestly, "that there will be no grand family festival to use the china before—"

"Aunt Barbara *never* uses it," said Gladys. "She only unpacks it at intervals to dream over the grandeur of her ancestors. Courage, Lovel; I think we shall save you yet!"

"But, Gladys," said the young man, wistfully, "may'n't I tell Aunt Barbara that you are here alone? I am quite sure she would invite you to her house, if—"

Gladys colored to the very roots of her hair.

"If you do, Lovel," she said, "I will never forgive you. No. We neither of us wish to see the other. Let things remain as they are."

"But *I* may come to see how the china gets on?"

"Oh, yes," said Gladys, brightening. "*You* may come. But mind, not a word to Aunt Barbara."

The important business took time, as all such things do, but it drew to a close at last, and one day the box of china—new, yet such a perfect imitation of the old one that Aunt Barbara herself could not have told the difference—was safely smuggled into the back door and up to the storage rooms.

"Now," said Lovel, laughing, "I shall breathe freely at last."

He gave Gladys a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, but as she took it he looked earnestly at her.

"Gladys, darling," said he, "I can't keep my secret any longer. I love you!"

"I knew that, long ago," said Gladys, in the sweet, solemn way she had.

"And you, dearest?"

"I love you, too," said Gladys. "Isn't it the most natural thing in the world? But I am not going to burden you with a penniless wife. We must wait until I am a great artist, you a prosperous lawyer."

Lovel Best secretly made up his mind that nothing of the sort should occur.

"I'll go home and tell it all to Aunt Barbara," he resolved. "And if she consents, all right; if she doesn't, all right, just the same! Gladys is better than a dozen fortunes!"

But when he reached home, the servants came to meet him with pale, troubled faces. Aunt Barbara Best had been found sitting dead in her chair.

Her will, all signed and sealed, left all that she had to Lovel Best. Gladys Maitland's name was not once mentioned.

But Gladys was coheiress all the same as Lovel's wife; and, perhaps, had the old lady known it, she would not have been displeased. For coming death lifts the veil off our hearts, and Mrs. Barbara had more than once wished that she had not been so sharp and stern with Gladys Maitland.

So they were married, and lived happy ever after. And Mrs. Barbara Best never even knew that her precious china had been broken, and risen again, so to speak, from its own ashes. —N. Y. Ledger.

—Dr. Emdee—"You must stop going out with the boys or you will break down your constitution." Jotlots—"No danger; the later I am out the night before the tougher I feel in the morning."—N. Y. Herald.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAMBERS KELLAR,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
HOT SPRINGS, - S. DAKOTA.

FRYE & EASTMAN,
Attorneys at Law,
HOT SPRINGS, - S. DAKOTA.

E. D. NORTON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in Minnekahta Stone Block.
HOT SPRINGS, - SOUTH DAKOTA.

W. E. ADAMS, M. D.
Office over Root's Pharmacy.
Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.
Residence, 6th St. and Lincoln Ave.

A. M. APPELGET,
LAWYER.
HOT SPRINGS, - - So. DAK.
Thirteen Years Active Practice.

LOOMIS S. CULL,
Attorney-at-Law.
County Judge of Fall River County.
HOT SPRINGS, - SOUTH DAK.

J. B. Cheney,
Physician and Surgeon
Will attend to calls at all hours,
Office Over Meat Mar
MINNEKAHTA BLOCK, HOT SPRINGS, S.D.

DR. N. M. WADE,
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Shann's Block on Chicago avenue.
Residence, Mrs. W. H. Stanley's.
Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.
1 to 4 p. m.

I. LAKE,
Tonsorial Artist.
Ladies' Hair Dressing,
Shampooing
Shop—Chicago Avenue.

J. H. CLARK,
PRACTICAL PAINTER,
Hard Oil Finishing and Graining, Specialties.
Calsomining and Paper Hanging done well and promptly.
Can be found at P. O. Lancaster's carpenter shop, Hot Springs.

JOS. VINCENT,
Dealer in
Hardware & Furniture.
UNDERTAKING GOODS.
TIN SHOP
HOT SPRINGS, - - SOUTH DAKOTA.

We Preach—You Practice. In other words, we will teach you FREE, and start you in business, at which you can rapidly gather in the dollars. We can and will, if you please, teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only, to the work. What we offer is new and it has been proved over and over again, that great pay is sure for every worker. Easy to learn. No special ability required. Reasonable industry only necessary for sure, large success. We let you alone, furnishing everything. This is one of the great golden chances. Address, GEORGE STINSON & Co., Box 488, Portland, Maine.

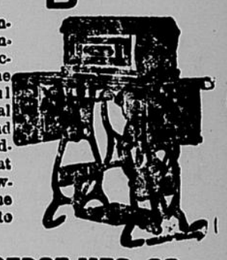
THE ONLY ONE
at Minnekahta.
BOURNE & CASH
PROPRIETORS
FARMERS' SUPPLY STORE.
Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Clothing, Hats and Caps,
HARNESS SHOP In Connection.

NORTH
WEST EAST
SOUTH
PURCHASE TICKETS AND CONSIGN YOUR FREIGHT VIA THE
F., E. & M. V. and S. C. & P.
RAILROADS.
H. G. BURT, GEN. MANAGER.
K. O. MOREHOUSE, Gen. Freight Agent. J. R. BUCHANAN, Gen. Pass. Agent,
OMAHA, NEB.
A. D. WOOD AGT,
HOT SPRINGS, S. D.

A. M. RYAN,
Manufacturer of the
Vitrified Wall Plaster.
This plaster makes a very hard, smooth and white wall. For cheapness and durability combined, it is
UNEXCELLED
Samples can be seen at the office of architect Cushman.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE STAR

ASK FOR IT!
THE SELF-THREADING
ELDREDGE
"B"



In it are combined the finest mechanical skill, the most useful and practical elements, and all known advantages that make a sewing machine desirable to sell or use.

ELDREDGE MFG. CO.
Factory and Wholesale Office, Belvidere, Ill.
271 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
89 Broad Street, New York.

Van Voorhis & Mc Nair

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.