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## ASH & CUTTING,

Pierre, - - - - - South Dakota.

### Too Good.

Mrs. Bingo—You know you spoke about giving those old clothes of Tommy's to the poor. On second thought, hadn't we better send them over to the minister's children?  
Bingo—Capital. But in that case I guess you had better let Tommy wear them a few weeks longer.—Clothes and Furnishings.

### Time Is Money.

Jack Uppers—Say, Tom, will you lend me ten dollars until to-morrow?  
Tom Gostlow—No, Jack; but I'll lend you a dollar for ten days.—Pack.

### Very True.

Reputation is a queer thing; some spend a great part of their lives in living up to it; others in living it down.—St. Joseph News.

The street car conductors and police use the same kind of whistles in Bay City, Mich., and it creates more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Every few hours a whistle will sound, and a copper start on a run in the direction of the sound, only to learn that some conductor has been starting the car. It's fun for the street car folk, but death to the police.

## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

# CHILDREN

Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

## Strangling.

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life.—C. J. Woodriddle, Wortham, Texas.

For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY  
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

### Their Parting.

She clung to him and sobbed in heart-breaking sorrow.  
"Promise me, Harry," she pleaded, "that your last thought shall be of me!"  
"I promise, darling," replied the strong man brokenly as he strained her to his bosom and mingled his tears with hers. "I will die as becomes a brave man, but my last thought shall be of my own little Bessie."

One convulsive embrace, one last kiss, and he tore himself away from the fainting girl and rushed from the house.  
He was on his way to play in the rush line at a game of football.—Chicago Tribune.

### Two Suits.

Tramp—Could you give a man who has known better days some old clothes?  
Old Lady—Have you known better days?  
Tramp—Yes, I once had two suits. One of them was in a police court, and I left the other in a pawnshop to satisfy the lawyers.—Lowell Citizen.

### Didn't Follow It.

Dr. Pillsbury—Well, Mr. Skeptic, did you follow my prescription?  
Skeptic—No. If I had I would have broken my neck.  
Dr. Pillsbury—Why, what do you mean?  
Skeptic—I threw the prescription out the window.—America.

### A Mean Trick.

"No, siree," said the umbrella manufacturer, "I shall not advertise in your paper. I've watched your attitude toward my business. Last summer you predicted seven clear to two rainy days, and I don't consider that friendly."—Harper's Bazar.

### Abbreviations Illustrated.

A tough little kid and his bro.  
Went out for a scrap with each o.  
At the end of round 1.  
Which neither 1 1.  
They were both of them whacked by their mo.  
—Chas. A. Sloane in West Shore

### An Important Question.

Doctor—Well, sir, I advise you to take a walk every morning upon an empty stomach.  
Patient—All right, doctor; but upon whose shall it be?—Journal of Education.

### A Brother's Eye.

Pretty Girl—I wish I knew what costume to get for the fancy ball.  
Little Brother—I'll tell you what, sis. Wear y'r spotted veil and go as a smallpox patient.—Street & Smith's Good News.

### At Philadelphia.

Miss Wallnutt—Here comes Mr. Bronston behind us. Who is he, anyway? Why does he never allude to his family?  
Miss Spruce—Why, he never had any! He's from New York.—Life.

### A Bad Business.

"I hear," said a public man to a friend, "that your son has gone to work as a contractor."  
"So he has—of debts."—Washington Post.

### Very Salty.

Teacher—The great Salt lake in Utah is so extremely salty that no fish can live in it. Small Boy (incredulously)—Can't mackerel?—Street & Smith's Good News.

## SOUTHERN BELIEFS.

### QUEER SUPERSTITIONS THAT PREVAIL AMONG NEGROES.

Signs for Everything—The Ball of Feathers in a Pillow—The Growsome Custom That Is Practiced in the City of New Orleans—A Difficult Task.

Webster defines superstition as a "belief in omens and prognostics," and further, "omen, a sign, a presage; prognostic, foreboding, token." Of all these definitions the only one used and understood by that most superstitious of all races, the African, is "sign." A sign of trouble, of sickness, of joy of sorrow, of visitors, of accident, a voyage, a death!

If the cat washes her face with dainty touches of velvety paw, "Dat a sho' sign hit gwine to rain, Miss Nannie!" If Senor Cockalorum crows lustily three times before the door, "Gwine hab visitors dis day, Miss Nannie, sho's you' bawn!" If sparks scatter in golden showers from the chimney, "Don' move, chile; hit won't burn yo'; dat a sign money comin' to you."  
"Don' burn the egg shells, honey, case dat bring you sorrow." "Fo' de Lawd's sake, see dat rat run 'cross dat heyth [hearth]! You's got a bad enemy, chile, gwine to do you sum dirt." "Wha' for you kim back, honey? Don' you know you mustn't turn back arter you git sta'ted? Dat sho' sign you gwine to hab bad luck while you out. How cum you let Miss Flo lay her parasol on de bed? You an her be bad friends, sho', you see."

### BALLS OF FEATHERS.

These and hundreds of similar sayings and superstitions are as familiar to southerners as the blue skies and fragrant blossoms of their sunny clime.

In the extreme south, more especially in Louisiana, and in New Orleans worst of all, where French, Spanish, Italian and African—all races peculiarly susceptible to occult influences—predominate, superstition runs riot.

Perhaps the most peculiar of the many methods adopted to work upon the superstitious negroes was the insertion by apparently supernatural means of balls of feathers into pillows and beds. I have myself examined these creations, and marveled at the skill displayed in their manufacture. The closest scrutiny failed to discover rip or newly sewed seam in bed or pillow tick, and yet the balls were found buried in the mattresses and among the soft feathers of pillows. They were made of soft, highly colored feathers, brilliant and gaudy, scarlet and gold, bright blue and vivid green, and were about the size and shape of an orange.

A peculiar odor was exhaled, and when lightly struck an almost impalpable powder arose. An inquisitive Jack of the family cut one of the queer objects in halves, and we found therein such an assortment as Shakespeare puts into his witches' caldron, as they brewed in darkness and tempest:

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing.

### ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Certainly there were all sorts of horrible, unnamable objects. The soft, whitish powder that arose in high clouds when the balls were tossed, was undoubtedly some subtle, insidious poison, the secret of its composition perhaps handed down from the alchemy of the ancient Egyptians, and its constant inhalation during sleep was to cause a slow, lingering and eventually fatal illness, without apparent cause, to be set the unfortunate victim selected.

The creole negroes of New Orleans have a growsome fashion of invoking a consummation of their wishes that I believe is entirely indigenous to the soil of that quaint cosmopolitan semi-foreign old city. Among the numerous fete days, high days and holidays that are scattered so liberally among the twelve months of the year, none is more beautifully observed by the New Orleansians than the first of November. This is by legal statute a state holiday, and in the Catholic and Episcopal church calendars All Saints' day, but in Louisiana, and particularly in the Crescent City, it is a day for the remembrance of the dead.

That tomb is, indeed, neglected and its occupant forgotten that does not bear a memento. From the simple conch shell, or perhaps only a little mass of white, glistening sand, with a paper rose stuck in its midst, to the elaborate and expensive floral tribute that crowns the lofty marble of the rich man's resting place, not one is left without decoration. A general pilgrimage to the many cemeteries in and around the city takes place, and its observance is universal to a surprising degree.

It is on that day the old creole superstition tells you to pursue the following method if you want to have your wish, the dearest desire of your heart, fulfilled.

### PERHAPS THIS IS EASY.

You must purchase beforehand a handkerchief, and it must not be used, but kept clean and white for this occasion.

On the eventful morning you must leave home as early as possible and also as quietly, and not a word or a sound must escape your lips from the time you close the door behind you until you return. You walk from there to the opposite wall, on the main avenue, and somewhere on its length you must pick up a piece of dirt; tie this in one corner of the new handkerchief, naturally expressing your most heartfelt wish.

Leave the cemetery by the same gate you entered, and make your way to a second; enter this and pursue the same course, tying a bit of dirt from the main walk into a second corner of the handkerchief. With a second wish. Visit a third cemetery, and tie a third bit of dirt into a third corner of that blessed handkerchief, with a third and last wish. Return home, roll the handkerchief into a compact little ball, and toss it upon the top of an armchair, or on the cornice of a high window, or perhaps on the tester of the bed. Any high place that is likely to be undisturbed, save by spiders, will answer.

Then, and not until then, must you speak. The charm is broken if a single audible sound escapes during this rite. When it is remembered that you are most likely to meet your dearest friend and foe among the crowds that pass to and from the cemeteries, attending their own and viewing others' decorations, it will be seen that it is not an easy matter to keep absolutely quiet; but those wishes will come true before twelve moons have shed their rays upon you, and many and fearsome are the tales told by the old creole negroes of the "granted wishes" that in many cases proved to be indeed "accursed that sting."—St. Louis Republic.

### A Suggestion.

Frank—You won't be at the masquerade ball.

Jack (tall, thin and with a head of upright hair)—No. Can't decide on a character costume.  
Frank—Powder your hair and go as a whitewash brush.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## AN EXCITING RIDE.

### A Bullet Riddled Cab Recalls an Incident of the Terrible Draft Riots.

While passing the Metropolitan hotel a few days ago my attention was attracted by an old and dilapidated looking cab that stood in the long line of carriages in front of the hotel waiting for fares. It seemed so out of place among the twenty or more well kept vehicles that I was about to ask the driver, an old man, why he did not paint it up a little, when he anticipated my question by saying: "I suppose you are wondering how I manage to make a living with this old cab when I have to compete with such fine looking vehicles as no one sees on Broadway. I don't know just how I manage to do it myself, but I make a fair living, and somehow or other I have always neglected to get it painted."

"There is a story connected with it, and if you come this way some time again I'll tell it to you."

Niblo's had not yet opened its doors, and offering the old man a cigar I pressed him to tell the yarn.

"Do you see those little holes in the back? Well, they were made by bullets, and the ride during which the old cab was riddled was the most exciting one I ever had in thirty years' experience. It happened during the draft riots. One morning early I was down near the Battery. There had been rumors of trouble for several days, and we expected it every moment.

"A gentleman who came down town told me that the rioters were out in force at last, and thinking that my cab, which was then new, was safer in the stable, I started up Broadway. Near Canal street I heard an awful shooting, and as I reached the corner I saw an army officer running toward Broadway followed by a mob of fully six hundred men and boys. I started to drive away, but as I saw the mob gaining on him I stopped and shouted to him to jump into the cab.

"He just reached it in time. As he pulled the door shut the leader of the mob reached the cab and tried to open the door. I heard the report of a pistol and saw the pursuer fall with a bullet in his brain. Then we started. My horse was a spirited one, and although he went faster that day than ever before in his life the mob continued to keep pace with us. They soon began to fire at us and in less than five minutes the rear end looked like a sieve. The army officer then took a hand in the pistol practice and the way he dropped the rioters was a caution. Before we reached Grand street I believe he shot at least ten men, and seeing that they were only targets they finally stopped and we got away.

"The officer gave me \$300 and the ride I had to take was worth every cent of the sum."

The old cab driver stopped talking, a gentleman and lady left the hotel, and after looking at the well kept carriages, stopped into the bullet riddled cab, gave the order, "Grand Central depot," and in a moment the old time vehicle was rattling up Broadway.—New York Telegram.

### Points on Etiquette for Men.

There are observances needed to give grace and finish to a man's demeanor. One of these is the prompt removal of the hat, not only when meeting an acquaintance on the street or on coming into the house, but at other times—in a horse car, when tendering a seat to a lady and when she acknowledges the kindness by bow or word, in an elevator or a hotel corridor when a woman is present, and when kissing a woman, be she only one's wife, sister or daughter.

There are other things which every man ought to know—trifles, perhaps, but of consequence in making or marring the ease of others. Among them are the graceful customs of rising when a lady enters the room and remaining standing until she is seated; of opening the door for a lady and then stepping aside while she enters or leaves the room.

Among the small but unpleasant mannerisms which vex the housewife's soul is the custom of hosts have of urging their guests to take a second supply by the assurance, "There is plenty more where this came from," or "There is a great quantity here." Every house keeper resents this remark as an implication that there has sometimes been a scarcity of supplies.—Harper's Bazar.

### The Pocketbook Steal.

It was a neat trick. A man standing in a wagon was selling two dollar bills in a new pocketbook for \$2, the pocketbook thrown in. A few of them went to the assistants and a few more to genuine buyers. After three or four of the latter sort had been sold a five dollar bill was put into an exceptionally fine wallet and offered for sale for \$5. A man bought it.

"Now, you put that in your pocket and walk across the street before you open it," said the vendor.

The buyer, a stupid fellow, did nothing of the sort. He opened it at once and of course found it empty. Then he raised a hue and cry.

"Oh, here your money is!" explained the fakir, with a mirthless laugh. "I must have made a mistake. Give me the pocketbook and I'll put it in."

The book was returned.

"Now," he continued, sitting down and taking the bill in his hand, "do you see this?"

"Yes," replied the deceived.

"Well, you'll never see it again. Get up, Roxie." And the horse almost ran over a fat banker who had stopped to see the fun, and the rig disappeared around the corner for the day.—New York Telegram.

### What Lawyers Are For.

One of Mr. Gould's attorneys went to him not long ago to explain that some act of himself and his Missouri Pacific board was illegal and had got the company into trouble. "Mr. Gould," said he, "it seems to me you should have consulted your legal advisers before doing this. Any lawyer would have told you that it was illegal." Mr. Gould hung his head a minute and then raised it and said: "Yes, I know you would have advised against it, and that's the reason I didn't consult you. But the thing is done and it can't be undone, and now it's for you lawyers to get us out of the scrape the best way you can. That's what we keep lawyers for."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Poor Scribbles!

"Does Scribbs make enough to live on?"  
"No; he'd have died long ago if he could have afforded a doctor to make it prompt and easy."—Washington Post.

### Had Jumped His Salt Bond.

"Did they find Jenkins guilty?"  
"No. He was guilty all right enough, but they could not find him."—Buffalo Express.

### The Theory of Tri-Metalism.

Ragged Hider—Shush me; but could you help a poor wretch wid some money?  
Pedestrian—Gold and silver have I none.  
Ragged Hider—Den give us a nickel.—

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