

The Herald-Advance.

MILBANK, S. D., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890.

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ADVERTISING RATES

CLASS	PER LINE	PER COLUMN	PER PAGE
First	1.00	2.00	3.00
Second	1.50	3.00	4.50
Third	2.00	4.00	6.00
Fourth	2.50	5.00	7.50
Fifth	3.00	6.00	9.00
Sixth	3.50	7.00	10.50
Seventh	4.00	8.00	12.00
Eighth	4.50	9.00	13.50
Ninth	5.00	10.00	15.00
Tenth	5.50	11.00	16.50
Eleventh	6.00	12.00	18.00
Twelfth	6.50	13.00	19.50
Thirteenth	7.00	14.00	21.00
Fourteenth	7.50	15.00	22.50
Fifteenth	8.00	16.00	24.00
Sixteenth	8.50	17.00	25.50
Seventeenth	9.00	18.00	27.00
Eighteenth	9.50	19.00	28.50
Nineteenth	10.00	20.00	30.00
Twentieth	10.50	21.00	31.50

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

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

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
Daily, 8:00 a. m.	Daily, 8:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 p. m.	Daily, 2:00 p. m.
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Table I. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 p. m.	Daily, 2:00 p. m.
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Table J. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
Daily, 8:00 a. m.	Daily, 8:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 p. m.	Daily, 2:00 p. m.
Daily, 12:00 p. m.	Daily, 12:00 p. m.

Table K. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
Daily, 8:00 a. m.	Daily, 8:00 a. m.
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Daily, 12:00 p. m.	Daily, 12:00 p. m.

Table L. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
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Table M. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
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Table N. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 p. m.	Daily, 2:00 p. m.
Daily, 12:00 p. m.	Daily, 12:00 p. m.

Table O. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
Daily, 8:00 a. m.	Daily, 8:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 p. m.	Daily, 2:00 p. m.
Daily, 12:00 p. m.	Daily, 12:00 p. m.

Table P. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
Daily, 8:00 a. m.	Daily, 8:00 a. m.
Daily, 6:00 a. m.	Daily, 6:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 a. m.	Daily, 2:00 a. m.
Daily, 12:00 a. m.	Daily, 12:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 p. m.	Daily, 2:00 p. m.
Daily, 12:00 p. m.	Daily, 12:00 p. m.

Table Q. A. D. Division C. M. & St. P. Railroad.

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Daily, 12:05 a. m.	Daily, 12:05 a. m.
Daily, 10:00 a. m.	Daily, 10:00 a. m.
Daily, 8:00 a. m.	Daily, 8:00 a. m.
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Daily, 2:00 p. m.	Daily, 2:00 p. m.
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OLD MAN GILBERT

A Beautiful War-Time Story
By ELIZABETH W. BELLEAMY
Published by "Four Oaks" Little
"Panna" Etc.

"You've come to a house of mourning," said the old man, looking at the young man who stood before him. "Now, Elvira," he continued, "why should you talk as if Nicholas were dead?"

"It is worse than death," sighed Miss Elvira. "My poor brother!"

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Henry, with an answering sigh. Her son also—an only child—had not been a credit to the family; neither had he married acceptably; but Cousin Myrtilla had overlooked all that, and today was fit and rosy and happy. "And I suppose Jasper Thorne is doing all he can to make things worse with his stiffness and, thinking himself a philosopher when he is only a fool."

"Old" Miss Elvira said reproachfully. "I've known him, my dear," continued Mrs. Henry, "man and boy. I've known Jasper more than forty years. He never was wrong in his life."

Miss Elvira looked bewildered. "But I came here to talk to him, not about him. I've a message for my cousin, the colonel."

"Oh," stammered Miss Elvira, "if it's about Nicholas, I'm afraid!"

"It is about Nicholas, and I am not a bit afraid," Mrs. Henry declared, stoutly. "A miserable coward, Elvira; just because Jasper Thorne has heavy eyebrows and a high and mighty air, you don't dare hold an independent opinion. Go, call your brother; I have that to say to him it is best he should hear."

Miss Elvira obeyed; that is, she sent Missy to tell Tom Quash to hunt up the colonel, and bear him the information that Mrs. Henry wished to see him.

The colonel made no delay in answering the summons, but he was very ceremonious in his greeting; he overdid everything now in his desire to appear unimpaired.

Mrs. Henry, however, had not known him so many years to be easily deceived. "It will kill you," she said to herself, "unless he can be persuaded to reconciliation." Then she spoke out:

"Cousin Jasper, there's no need for pretension between you and me. I'm older than you are, and I've seen trouble—with a son of my own. It is best to look things squarely in the face. Nicholas has made an unfortunate marriage, but—"

"Madam!" said the colonel, in a deep and angry voice, with a hand uplifted in protest. His face had turned a ghastly pallor that made his black brows look blacker than ever, underneath which his eyes gleamed like lightning.

Missy, who had refused to be sent away, sat gazing at him, fascinated; and Miss Elvira struck vividly; but Mrs. Henry never faltered. "Dona will make him a good wife," she proceeded, in a calm and even voice; "she would make you a good daughter, if"—

"Never!" shouted the colonel. He seemed to wish to say more, but speech failed him.

"None of us, indeed, would have chosen her for Nicholas," Mrs. Henry continued; "but she is a good girl, and all this is something for you to consider and be thankful for. Life has more remunerative work to offer than nursing a wrong, and Nicholas isn't alone to blame."

"Will you oblige me," the colonel interrupted coldly, "by talking of something else?"

"No," said Mrs. Henry, with heat; "I've nothing else to talk of, and I've yet more to say. Nicholas is at my house."

"I will receive no embassy," the colonel declared.

"Don't you know your own flesh and blood better than that?" exclaimed Mrs. Henry, impatiently. "Nick is a Thorne, every inch of him. He'll make no overtures. He has married the girl he loves, and he is innocently happy, poor fool; but—he is desperately ill!"

Miss Elvira clasped her hands, but uttered no sound.

"He is desperately ill," Mrs. Henry repeated. "He rode all night in the rain; and exposure, fatigue and excitement have told on him. Nicholas is very ill."

Missy burst out crying. "I want to go home with Cousin Myrtilla!" she wailed.

Except for this there was a dead silence. The colonel thought his son's silence a ruse. "That man, or that woman," said he, after a long pause, "who harbors him is no friend of mine."

"As you please," said Mrs. Henry, rising. "He is your only son; you cannot take away his name, nor his blood. And for me—I can get on without you, Col. Thorne. My house is my own, and I'll entertain whom I see fit." She was thoroughly angry now. "If your brother did but know it," turning to Miss Elvira, "the only thing to do now is to forgive Nick's marriage. Let him try the other way, that's all! But he ought to remember that he is not blameless himself. He has always worked wrong with poor Nick, keeping him at a frowning distance, when he ought to have grappled him close, banishing him to that Sumner Plantation, when he ought to have had him here at home. If it's Nicholas that

is alone to blame,"

But the colonel did not hear all this; he had left the room in great wrath, and Mrs. Henry, overcome by indignant sorrow, and vexed at her defeat, declared that she would not remain a moment longer.

"I am going back to that poor boy," she said. "You may call it a weakness, if you like, but thankful am I that I forgave my son. I've gotten more good out of that, Elvira, than ever you'll get out of Bishop Ken."

And Mrs. Henry departed.

Missy, at least, had derived some comfort from this visit; to know that her brother was at Cousin Myrtilla's was to feel him near—within reach. Though he was ill, he need not die, and some day she could go to see Lottie and Bess—and, even there, what could hinder her staying forever with Brer Nicholas?

But, alas for this cheering hope! the colonel returned to the parlor when Mrs. Henry's carriage had disappeared, and said, sternly:

"Elvira, you will oblige me by ceasing from this time forth to hold any communication whatever with Mrs. Henry and any of her family. For myself never will I cross her threshold again, save in case of some calamity."

"And that means I am not to play with Lottie and Bess any more," wailed Missy. "The colonel's staidly bitter. He felt himself a deeply injured man. He was remotely sorry for Missy's childish disappointment regarding her playmates; but what was that compared with his anguish! Yet nobody realized his position, nobody considered his wounded dignity."

CHAPTER XIV.
OLD GILBERT'S VOW.

When Gilbert returned, some time after sundown, he found Missy seated at his cabin door.

"Brer Nicholas is in Tallahassee," she announced in triumph.

"Do Lawd! Wia did you tell me, Missy? Nobody ter Ellen, nor ter Sunrise kin, ter whicher way is Mawse Nick gone. Is he fur a fact he is in Tallahassee?"

Missy nodded, with a comfortable sense of superiority in the possession of knowledge that this old man had missed, though he had made a journey of thirty miles. "At Cousin Myrtilla's," she explained further.

"You don't tell!"

"And he is ill; dreadfully ill," whimpered Missy. "And I know he wants to see me."

"Lawd! Lawd!" ejaculated old Gilbert.

"You got to carry me up to town to-morrow," said Missy authoritatively. "You got nothin' else to do."

Old Gilbert shook his head. "Hit might be a ketchin' complaint, child."

"I hate hard-hearted people!" Missy declared, bringing her little fist down on her knee with violence. "And everybody on this old hill has got hearts like mile stones—'ceptin' you. You mean old rigger! I shan't give you any Christmas gift."

"You mus' tak' patience, honey," counseled old Gilbert. "Hit ain't no'n three days sense Mawse Nicholas let us; things gwon mend—maybe."

"And it might be a thousand years!" signed Missy.

"Chilren mus' obey," Gilbert reminded her.

Missy was silent a long time; then she said, at last:

"Daddy Gilbert, you've got religion, ain't you?"

"Bress de Lawd!" ejaculated the old man, piously.

"Hit" proceeded the child, with great seriousness. "If you was to make, right here, a solemn vow to the Lord, like the Bible says, you'd keep it, wouldn't you, if it killed you?"

"Tubbs sho!" the old man answered, a little dazed between the fatigue of his journey and the look of strange resolve on Missy's face.

At this assent she stood up, on the step above him, her hair tossing in the evening wind, her eyes burning, her slender hands clasped against her breast; she looked, in the dim twilight, like a spirit, and old Gilbert felt awed.

"Kneel down," she said imperiously.

Old Gilbert obeyed as though the command had come from another world, as he half-believed it did.

"Say after me," Missy dictated: "I promise and vow, in the help of the Lord, to keep track of Mawse Nicholas Thorne to the end of my days. Amen!"

These words Missy recited with fervid solemnity, the old negro repeating after her, in an awe-stricken voice; he thought the child must surely be inspired.

"Now," said she, in a matter of fact tone, when this ever-given was over, "I'm goin' back to the house and bring you some supper. I've got to take care of

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