The Herald-Advance.

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ADVANCE VOL. IX NO. 16.

MILBANK, S. D., FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1890.

Consolidated April 11, 1890

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 wk	1 mo	3 mos	1 yr
[illegible] Inch	1.00	2.00	3.00	8.00
[illegible] Inches	1.50	3.00	4.50	13.50
[illegible] Inches	2.00	4.00	[illegible]	18.00
[illegible] Inches	2.50	5.00	7.[illegible]0	22.00
[illegible] col	4.00	8.00	12.00	30.00
[illegible] col	6.00	12.00	18.00	50.00
[illegible] col	10.00	20.00	30.00	90.00

Locals ten cents per line for the first and five cents for each subsequent insertion.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Time Table H. & D. Division; C., M. & St. P. Railway.

GOING EAST.

Passenger—Daily .... 12:35 a m
Passenger—Daily except Sunday.. 1:30 a m
Way Freight—Daily ex Sunday.... 1:35 p m

GOING WEST.

Passenger—Daily .... 3:25 a m
Passenger—Daily except Sunday.. 4:10 p m
Way Freight—Daily ex Sunday.... 8:50 a m

WILMOT BRANCH.

Leaves Milbank—daily ex Sunday. 9:15 a m
Ar. at Corona— " " " 9:52 a m
Ar. at Wilmot— " " " 10:15 a m
Leave Wilmot— " " " 11:15 a m
Ar. at Corona— " " " 11:58 a m
Ar. at Milbank— " " " 12:35 p m

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS TIME TABLE AT REVILLO DAK.

GOING EAST.

Passenger daily .... 9:51 A. M.
Freight, Mon Wed and Friday .... 11 A. M.

GOING WEST.

Passenger daily .... 4:57 P. M.
Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Sat....... 20

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Commissioners—1st Dist, John Martens.
2d Dist., John Hedinan.
3d Dist., Wm. Jennings, Chm.
Auditor—John Douglass.
Register of Deeds—C. W. Martens.
County and Probate Judge—Thos. L. Bouck.
Treasurer—J. S. Farley.
Sheriff—H. J. Benedict.
Clerk of Court—J. L. Lockhart.
Supt Schools—G. W. Prevey.
District Attorney—J. H. Owen.
Coroner—Dr. C. E. Daniels.
County Surveyor—W. S. Crowl.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—Henry S. Volkmar.
Clerk—J. W. Bell.
Treasurer—Aug. Mittelstaedt.
Assessor—James Berry.
City Justice—S. M. Pasco.
City Attorney—J. W. Bell.
Aldermen—1st Ward—L. M. Kaercher, Richard Mortell. 2d Ward—W. B. Saunders, Moses Baird. 3d Ward—C. A. Erlandson, E. W. Phelen.
City Marshal, Street Commissioner, Building Inspector and Fire Warden—I. E. Simmons, policeman—Charles Sutcliffe.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

John W. Bell, S. C. Jones, J. R. Eastman, H. Bradford, Irving Bath, O. W. Anteliman, Charles Hoeltmuth.

FRATERNITIES.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS, MILBANK Chapter No. 15. Stated convocations second and fourth Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting companions cordially invited.
A. J. BLESER, High Priest.
JOHN DOUGLASS, Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—MILBANK LODGE No. 20. Stated meetings at Schafer's Hall, on third Thursday evening of each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.
J. C. KNAPP, W. M.
E. THOS. L. BOUCK, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—SYLVAN LODGE No. 54. Meets every Tuesday evening at Schafer's Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
ED. EMANUEL, N. G.
O. S. LUNBERG, Sec.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—Meets every second and fourth Saturday, at 2 p. m. sharp, at the Court House. All comrades visiting our city are invited to meet with us.
D. W. DIGGS, Commander.
THOS. FITCH, Adjutant.

A. O. U. W.—Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Masonic hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
S. C. JONES, Recorder. C. E. GROVER, M. W.

B. OF L. E.—SEDGWICK DIVISION No. 313. Meets in Schafer's Hall, Milbank, at 10 a. m. the first and third Sunday of each month.
C. MATTHEWS, Chief.
EUSTACE FOSS, Sec.

ORDER OF RAILWAY CONDUCTORS—Milbank Division No. 99. Meets at Masonic Hall every second and fourth Sundays at 2 p. m. All members of the order cordially invited.
F. A. JOHNSON, Chief Cond'r.
JOE HORNE, Sec. and Treas.

I. O. G. T.—Meets every Friday evening at Masonic Hall, and extends a cordial invitation to visiting members.
WM. ROGERS, C. T.
GUSSIE THOMAS, Rec. Sec.

CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC.—Service in St. Lawrence Church every Sunday and holy day at at 10:30 a. m. REV. FATHER STEPHAN, Priest.

FIRST M. E. Church.—Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Song service 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 12 m. Prayer meeting Wednesdays 7:30 p. m. REV. W. E. GIFFORD, Pastor.

LUTHURAN—Service occasional—in the Norwegian language at the church at 7:30 p. m. REV. J. H. STORLIE, Minister.

EPISCOPAL—Service in Library Hall first Sunday of each month at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. REV. J. M. MCBRIDE officiating.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balm laden breeze,
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon.
We praise thee, gracious God.

For the sun ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,
That by thee in the lap of the nations were poured,
We praise thee, gracious God.

For the blessings of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye
That warms with a welcome and glooms with good-by,
We praise thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sad,
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,
We pray thee, pitying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for north and for south and for east and for west
The horror of war be forever at rest,
We pray thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky
That fall on us all from the Father on high,
For the crown of all blessings since blessing began,
For the gift, "The unspeakable gift," of thy Son,
We praise thee, gracious God.
—S. E. Adams.

HOW SHE FOUND JACK.

A THANKSGIVING STORY OF THE EAST AND THE WEST.

"Yes, I be goin' west ter Jack," she repeated softly to herself, as if she feared being overheard.

Her resolve sent a glow to the faded cheeks of the aged woman, and her hands trembled so much that she found difficulty in completing the household tasks, which the family had left for her to do.

"If Peter s'pects of a suddint as I be aimin' ter run away frum him an' go out west ter Jack he'd come postin' right home from them doin's at Ligonier an' stop me. Then I reckon I'd be shut up in the insane house, like his wife onct threated so fierce like. Well, I be goin' ter try mighty strong ter git away," and with sprightly movements that seemed to belie her years the woman began to dress as if for a long journey.

Satisfying herself that she had everything ready which she wished to take with her, she dropped on her aged knees by her bedside, and sent up her last prayer in the home that had been hers for so many, many years, and asked God to be with her on her journey, and forgive them who had so cruelly treated her.

Strengthened by her prayer, and taking up an ancient looking carpet bag, she left the comfortable house on the mountain side, and walked rapidly away through the trees.

Reaching a little hillock the aged woman stopped and looked behind her. She suddenly realized how hard it is for one of her years to break away forever from scenes and associations that had become a part of her life.

Her eyes grew moist as she gazed at the meadows and woods tinted with gold and brown in the late autumn. Her gaze dwelt, too, on the pretty, plump cows, which many a time her hands had fed and milked.

Then her eyes wandered back to the comfortable Pennsylvania farm house, with its fruitful orchards and well filled barns, and over the fields stretching away far down in the lovely valley, and on to the picturesque mountains with their evergreen vegetation.

"Good-by, ole home!" she said, with a touching quaver in the voice which all her loveless years had not robbed of its motherly sweetness; "I be runnin' away from ye. 'Pears like ther Lord has gin me ter see clear as it be ther only way I'm ter snatch a bit o' rail happiness in this life. Oh, fields an' home an' mountains! I be lookin' my last on yer. I'm off ter find Jack."

Across the fields the little old woman, sad faced and heart hungry, trudged on carefully through the wild blackberry vines, then into a narrow path and out at a small gap in the fence to the broad, beaten path that wound in and out among the beautiful wild laurel at the foot of the mountains. Then picking her way across a limpid trout stream she reached a crossing where the train often stopped to pick up country passengers.

"I reckon Peter an' his wife'd sure swear as I be crazy if they'd kitch me," she said, glancing apprehensively about her, as if she expected to see a pursuer.

But not a person was in sight. Everybody except perhaps the indifferent mountaineers had doubtless followed the example of Peter Tompkins and his family, and gone to Ligonier to the "doings."

She had not waited more than a half hour when a heavy, rumbling sound fell on her ears. The train was coming! How her poor old heart leaped as the shrill whistle resounded among those laurel enameled hills!

Her steps did not falter, however, as she approached the track, waving her shawl as a signal for them to stop. The conductor saw her, stopped the train and helped her aboard. He could not avoid noticing how neat she was, and though she must have been over 70 years old how sprightly she was.

"Where to?" he asked kindly, having seated her comfortably in the train.

"Ter Pittsburg," she replied, taking out an old fashioned reticule. Opening it she disclosed her knitting and a clean, yellow cotton handkerchief, in the folds of which she kept her money, the little sums which Jack had sent her from time to time from the far west, and others which were the fruits of her own industry.

At Pittsburg she bought a through ticket to Denver, Colo.

"It's a long, tiresome trip for one of your years," remarked the conductor, who had assisted her.

"Yes, I reckon it be," she returned, "but thar be worse things ter endure in this life than long trips on kyars—then I be mighty spryike fur a tol'ble ole weman."

"You have friends out there?"

"Yes; I be goin' ter Jack."

"And you're going all alone?" he asked sympathizingly.

"Ther Lord, he be with me," she replied with one of her dear, old motherly smiles.

He did not leave her until he had seen her seated on the right train; then he went home to his young wife and baby, and, with tears in his manly eyes, told of the old lady who was traveling all the long distance from the Pennsylvania mountains to some wild place in the far away west.

At Chicago a roughly clad, but kindly natured, elderly westerner, Silas Carrick by name, boarded the train for Denver. He became interested at once in the little old fashioned woman, who reminded him in so many ways of his own mother, long since laid to rest in a hillside burying ground of New England.

After traveling a short time Silas Carrick, seeing her look sad, said to her:

"I guess, mother, ye be fur from yer ole home, and ther change makes yer feel sorter lonesome like."

"Well, ther change has kinder upsot me," she admitted. "So diffrunt frum ther mountings whar I was raised in Pennsylvany. I never reckoned on Jack's bein' so fur off."

"Jack?" Silas Carrick asked.

"Yes, Jack—Jack Tompkins—he's my youngest, an' I be goin' out ter him," she answered.

"What does he foller fur a livin' in Coleraider?" Silas questioned.

"He use ter herd sheep fer a man erbout ther gulches and sich places, an' done tol'ble well like out thar," she said. "But it's been two years since I heerd frum Jack myself, though Peter got a letter frum him 'long this summer. So I be sure as Jack's well; but Peter never showed me ther letter, an' I don't know 'zactly whar ter find my boy."

"An' who's Peter?" asked the good hearted, if inquisitive, Silas.

"Peter? Wy, he's my oldest boy. Peter an' Jack be all ther childrun I have livin'. Peter lives in Pennsylvany, an' he's married an' got a big fam'ly. It don't seem as I orter tell yer my fam'ly troubles, but I reckon travelin' so fur tergether makes us not strangers to each other; then talkin' over a body's worries kinder gives relief."

"Yer kin trust me, mother," said the big westerner.

"Peter was ther oldest o' ther boys I raised, an' allus a mite bossy like ter pore Jack. Jack was all of a dozen years younger'n Peter, an' he was allus full o' life an' go, an' jest a wee bit wild, with nothing very bad erbout him. His heart's a big one an' in ther right place, an' I b'l'eve ther Lord o' all will rescue my Jack yit. I hain't lost my faith none.

"Well, when Peter got married an' come ter live with Jack an' me he went ter bossin' Jack more'n he, so high strung like, would bear. So he ups an' runs away out west, an' ther furst thing I knowed he wrote as he was tendin' critters on a ranch in Colerader.

"Then I gin in ter Peter's persuadin', an' made my property over ter him, with ther understandin' as he was ter keep me an' keer fur me durin' my natural life. But he growed greedy an' graspin', an' I reckon tired o' me, though ther good Lord knows as I was spry in doin' enough ter 'arn my eatin' an' clo'se. An' Peter's wife was a dreadful, scoldin' woman, an' was overbearin' toward me.

"Then ther childurn went ter school, which I was mighty proud of. But they'd come home an' make speeches on my quare talk thet hurt me sore.

"So it wore on till ther worry got erway with me, an' I threated right out ter Peter's wife as I would run off an' work somewhars by ther day's work. But she snapped out as I'd better try runnin' erway ef I wanted ter git myself shut up in ther insane house fur addled old women. Then Peter an' her talked so much erbout doin' me thet way ef I complained any more that I jest held my peace. I was jest waitin' my time, an' when they was all gone frum ther farm ter a doin's I run off with a few traps an' started fur ther west an' Jack;" and as she closed her simple recital she leaned back and wept softly.

Silas Carrick fumbled nervously in his pocket for his big, blue cotton handkerchief, which he vigorously used. When Mrs. Tompkins had ceased her crying Silas asked:

"An' yer don't know 'zactly whar yer boy is?"

"No, but I reckon I'll find him," she answered hopefully. "The same Father above that set a bright, shinin' star ter guide them three men 'cross the desert in the fur east still watches over this strayin' sheep, an' will sure lead me ter my Jack."

"Well, mother, ef yer'll let me I be goin' ter help yer find Jack," said Silas.

She carried his big, toil worn hand to her face and pressed her lips to it. And so the promise was accepted and sealed.

Silas Carrick was like a son to the lone old woman. When they arrived at Denver he placed her under the care of a good woman, who had been a neighbor of his in Illinois.

Silas had been in Colorado before and knew some stock dealers in Denver. To these he went, making diligent inquiries about Jack Tompkins. But they could give him no information. So the days lengthened into weeks, and nothing had been learned of the whereabouts of Jack. However, faithful Silas did not relinquish the search.

It wanted two days to Thanksgiving, and the snow was falling softly over the beautiful city of the plains. An aged woman, with hair like the snowflakes, stood at a window, looking with longing eyes down the busy street at the crowds passing ceaselessly. "Thar powerful kind ter me here," she said to herself, "but it's diffrunt frum bein' with a body's own. Them folks out in town seems mighty happy an' gay, an' thar's a sight of 'em passin' erbout, but, my Lord! thou knowest ther loneliness o' my ole heart. Help me ter find my Jack."

As if in immediate answer to her prayer the door opened, and Silas Carrick stood, flushed and excited, before her.

"Yer kin rejoice, mother! I've jest hurd frum a cowboy whar yer Jack is," he said.

"Ther Lord, he be good! His mercy endures allus," she cried. "Tell me erbout my Jack."

"Ther cowboy said as Jack has a farm or ranch o' his own over in Cedar Gulch, an' he's doin' fast rate. But, mother," and he took her hand kindly, "don't be skeered when I tell yer. Jack be laid up in his cabin in the gulch. His pony throwed him, but he's gittin' better now."

"My pore boy! Take me ter him, Silas," she implored.

It was Thanksgiving day, and the sun beamed down upon Cedar Gulch pleasantly, its light striking a little cabin that nestled on the bank of a clear mountain stream.

Jack Tompkins was able to hobble to the little fireplace for the first time since he had been laid up by what had been almost a fatal accident for him.

"An' this be Thanksgivin' day among civilized folks," he said to his hired man. "Well, Ben, I be spendin' it fur diffrunt frum what I aimed. I 'lowed ter go back ter Pensylvany an' take Thanksgivin' an' Christmas with my ole mother. I hain't seen her fur goin' on sixteen year, I reckon. An' pore mother! Pete writes as she be helpless with ther rheumatis. Ben, I hate myself fur gittin' on thet drunk an' ridin' my pony like mad, an' gittin' throwed over them rocks. I'm too mean ter live, an' I don't feel a mite thankful nor nuthin fur sparin' my ornery life. If I'd behaved myself an' staid sober I could a gi'n mother sech a surprise, an' though I hain't much force I know it'd be a plumb Thanksgivin' ter mother to see her Jack ag'in."

"Yes, an' I 'low, Jack, you'd gi'n right smart o' thanks ter be tuck up an' sot right down by yer mammy this minute," remarked Ben.

"Thet I would," and Jack bowed his head thoughtfully.

Ben went out of the cabin for more wood to pile on the fireplace; but before he had gathered up a stick some one called out:

"Hello!"

Ben turned and saw a span of mules hitched to a light wagon, in which sat a big, robust man and a little old woman, with a veil tied over her face.

"Is this hyer ther cabin o' Jack Tompkins?" the man asked.

"It is, stranger," returned Ben.

"Be yer Jack?"

"No; Jack's in ther cabin by ther fire. He's been sorter used up fur a spell."

Ben approached the wagon, and Silas Carrick sprang out to whisper in his ear:

"Say, pardner, thet little ole woman I have hyar, an' a weepin' soft tears o' joy back o' her veil, be Jack's mother, come all the way from Pennsylvany ter hold Thanksgivin' with her boy."

"Jack was just talkin' erbout her ter me," replied Ben in a husky voice. "He's real down hearted."

"Wall, he'll have cause fur thanksgivin' now," answered Silas. "Here, mother, let me help yer out," and he took her in his strong arms and lifted her carefully to the ground. Then supporting the trembling form to the door he said, "Jack's in thar, mother; yer go right on in." He opened the door of the cabin for her, kindly helped her in, then closed it behind her. "You 'n' me be goin' ter stay out hyer, pardner," he said to Ben, "till that meetin's over between 'em."

At that moment there were two simultaneous cries of joy, and the men outside knew that the rebel runaway was clasped to Jack's breast. They walked quickly away and began to unhitch the team.

About an hour later Ben and Silas entered the cabin, where they found Jack and his mother sittin' side by side near the fireplace, he holding her dear old hands in his big ones, while her motherly face beamed with perfect happiness.

"This is my Jack," she said proudly, by way of introduction, to Silas.

"Yer my own brother, Silas Carrick," he cried, grasping Silas' hand; "after all yer've done fur my mother I couldn't never call yer aught else. Besides, I'm in need of an own brother. I hain't got none," he said, with a supreme contempt that utterly ignored the relationship of Peter Tompkins.

As Silas Carrick returned the pressure of Jack's hand and looked into the clear blue eyes, that revealed a kindly nature, he felt satisfied that the mother would never lack for love and truest attention from her Jack.

"A feller never gits too old ter need mother," he said; "an' I kain't begin ter speak my obligations ter Providence fur bein' so good in bringin' mother safe ter me. I want ter just git Peter Tompkins out o' my head, an' think only o' good things an' good folks, as'll help me ter be the better man I'm aimin' ter make o' myself. I was awful down spirited like, but now my Thanksgivin's runnin' over!"

"An' so be mine!" cried Jack's mother. "The Lord has restored me ter complete happiness, after all my trouble, with my Jack on this blessed Thanksgivin'."—A. H. Gibson, in New York Observer.

A Thanksgiving Invitation.

MY DEAR MR. TURKEY—May we count on your presence at dinner on Thursday, the 27th? No great preparation is needed, as we feel sure you will be well dressed. You will be the cynosure of all eyes and the object of open mouthed admiration.

You will meet with a hearty reception from some men, who will come to dinner after the exercises of the morning, which may be violent, and you need not fear but that several pretty girls, who are to be present, will like you very much. Your old friend, Cranberry Sauce, will be placed near you—and you two always get along beautifully together, you know. The pater familias will pay you marked attention, and see that you are not monopolized by any one person.

Poor old grandma, whose teeth are not what they used to be, is especially counting on your tenderness. It may amuse you, but nevertheless it is a fact that even the cook anticipates your coming, and is making great preparations in consequence.

You will be surrounded by pretty girls, and be in the midst of those who will be sure to appreciate you. We look to you to appeal to the inner consciousness of our guests. Until Thursday, then, yours,
EVERYBODY.

P. S.—It may fall to your lot to touch the lips of some of the girls. Take warning: you won't be permitted to linger long in that enviable proximity.
—Adapted from L. I.

IN THE NEW YORK MARKETS.

Turkey, the Sovereign Bird, Receives the Homage of the Metropolis.

The few days that immediately precede Thanksgiving are great days in the New York markets, and the day before Thanksgiving is something enormous. If living turkeys could only foresee the homage that would be paid them on this day they would no doubt run to the headsman's block without urging, and stretch their necks for the ax.

For in truth the honors paid to this kingly bird at this season are amazing. All day a great crowd throngs Washington and Fulton markets, the principal mausoleums of the honored fowl. At nightfall Vesey street is almost impassable, and the neighborhood of West and Washington streets is packed with people carrying baskets, bags and even portmanteaus.

Around on all sides, glorified by the golden gaslight, hang the shapely turkeys, with crimson rosettes, like stars of the Legion of Honor, pinned on their exuberant breasts. Sacredly guarding the dead stand the undertakers, commonly known as poultry dealers: stout, rubicund, argumentative, loud voiced, and, strange to say, jolly. Why strange? of course they are jolly, and so would the turkeys be if they were alive! For all the men, women and children in the crowd are intensely jolly, and rightly consider that they have not come to witness a burial, but an apotheosis of turkeys.

A sad eyed little widow, leading a school girl by the hand, is struck with the delicate beauty of a long necked bird, and offers to see that it is buried with the proper ceremonies, but the undertaker says such a luxury will cost her at the rate of, say, eighteen cents a pound. With a sigh she drops the beautiful fowl and takes another less stately and satisfactory, for which she pays sixteen cents a pound. The eighteen cents a pound bird is snapped up by a plethoric, red faced old gentleman, who wears false teeth and a single eyeglass. After him comes a newly married couple, linked arm in arm and carrying two huge baskets. The husband is tall, angular and ugly; the bride small, sweet and seductive. She yearns for a five dollar bird, whereas he thinks $3.50 will be enough, and that the rest of the money can be spent on groceries. But she makes the turkey's merits so evident to her spouse that he finally hands over a crisp, new five dollar bill, tucks the bird under his arm and strides off to a vegetable stall, where he pays out $1.25 for celery, sage, cranberries and cauliflowers.

Two young girls who keep house for themselves debate for a quarter of an hour as to whether they shall buy a lean turkey or a fat chicken, and finally buy the chicken. A fractious old gentleman who hears this conversation eschews turkey also, and satisfies himself with a fine looking duck. His wife, a handsome woman, with a red rose in her bonnet, spends nearly half an hour searching for green peas.

A handsome woman, wearing a long sealskin and a queer arrangement of black velvet and crimson ribbon on her head, pays little attention to the turkeys and very much to the crowd. As she stands beside a vegetable stall, under the flaring gaslight, her gorgeous headdress and pale, statuesque face form a striking contrast to the forest of green behind her, and a painter who could utilize the scene ought to make a small fortune out of it.

Busy as the markets are during the day, they are ten times more busy during the evening. Along the gaslit aisles of Washington market passes a great throng of men and women, their eyes fixed on the long lines of decorated turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese, and their ears apparently deaf to the honeyed invitations of the blue shirted plethoric dealers, who are never tired of expatiating on the succulence, freshness and general beauty of their goods. Now and then a woman will stop, lay down her basket, feel the breast of a turkey with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, inquire its price, expostulate at the dearness, hesitate a moment or two and then draw out her purse and march homeward with the covered fowl in her possession. Men buy too, and so do not a few young girls and boys.

All seem to get just what they want, and not many discontented or dissatisfied faces are to be seen at any time at any of the markets.

What right has any one who is discontented or who hasn't the wherewithal to buy a turkey in the big markets on Thanksgiving eve? They are not wanted here; and the plenty that is so free to the more fortunate would simply make them more discontented.

It is late, very late, when the crowd of buyers begins to grow less, and it is much later when the last cash transaction has been made. How many of the buyers have thought as they provided for their own Thanksgiving cheer of the thousands who will eat no turkey on the morrow?

No one can answer this question, but we know that some have; we know that many baskets have been carried away from the great markets laden with good things for others than the purchasers; we know that while the ostensible spirit of thankfulness has been quite smothered in many a breast by the spirit of selfish anticipation of good things to eat on the morrow, many a table scantily spread on most days will then groan under good things thoughtfully and unobtrusively provided by generous hands and hearts and purses.

And there is no better time, well fed reader, whether you live in town or country, for you to mingle generosity to your less fortunate friends with thankfulness for your own material prosperity than this Thanksgiving season.

Thanksgiving is really the highest devotion, the truest mark of the true Christian. It consists, moreover, not of speech only, but of action, of thank offering as well as thanksgiving. So this present great annual national day of thanksgiving ought to bring forth abundant treasure from those on whom God has bestowed his blessing.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Conrad Hatz, of Big Stone City.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and tumors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

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