

# PAINT OLD COUNTRY.

Paint Homes, Bogs of Peat, Castles, and Cordial Welcome to the Wheelmen.

BOLLYCASTLE, Ireland.  
July 28, 1895.

Perhaps impossible to communi-  
cations who are in the bosoms  
families, and intent on their  
solutions, the sensations which  
bring to tourists in a for-  
remote from all friends ex-  
as a shilling buys, and with  
written on the faces of the  
in their dress and manner, in  
of all that man has con-  
and, almost, even in the as-  
Nature herself. For instance  
heeled into Port Rush, a fash-  
waterside resort on the  
ish coast, we saw and examined  
with their numerous players  
at little balls on the ground, in  
meaningless way; we saw hotels  
names, and coats of arms for  
range saloons with no button  
segays of the familiar tin beer  
instead a legend which in-  
us that some citizen was  
to sell spirits and malt liquors  
ank on or off the premises; "g"  
goods stores called drapers'  
to attorney signs, but those of  
"in plenty; absolutely no res-  
s, but bake shops and occasional  
house, for the Irish are great on  
make it excellently well. But  
her pole seems to be the same,  
striped length stuck across the  
was to us an encouraging sign  
were not yet beyond the pale of  
stitutions. After all these evi-  
of a foreign country imagine our  
as we came around a corner to  
stars and stripes of Old Glory  
over a hotel. With one accord  
down off our machines and salut-  
banner with a shout that caused  
"bloody" English swells around  
to stare at us with monocled eyes,  
word to go along, "they are  
sard."

have been pushing slowly along  
rim coast, a stretch of sea shore  
ing for 160 miles or so from Lon-  
ry on the north, to Belfast on the  
Roads have been almost uni-  
good, and we are told that they  
ter. We came on one bad place.  
mountain chain had to be cross-  
as we went along up, the country  
more desolate, the road fuller  
stone, and the hills heavier. At  
were miles of peat bogs, with  
sides of turf stacked up all around,  
the taciturn cutters and carters go-  
out their work. But what shall  
of the ride down the hither side?  
seven miles, and we made it in 23  
es without accident, which we  
good time, considering that our  
and Falcons carried in addition to  
weight, at least 22 pounds of  
each.

the end of this ride we came to  
aine, a lively and "sporty" town  
many wheelmen and a good track.  
cyclists were astounded at the  
weight of our mounts. They had  
that evening beginning at 6 o'clock,  
which time in this month and Au-  
they have three clear hours of day-  
To us, fresh from the American  
men races at Asbury Park, New  
these contests were amusing.  
was but one wood rimed bicycle  
the ground; the others weighed from  
35 pounds. Eight brawny fellows  
red for a five mile race. Toward  
close, when the excitement of the  
drew near, two poor devils came  
other and went down with their  
wheels on top of them. Not two  
dred yards farther, the remaining six  
got tangled up, and every moth-  
son of them went in a heap. Most  
them were too badly used up to re-  
ent, but one limped on a shaky wheel.  
slowly to the end, and won the  
e. A most commendable feature of  
the races was the fact the charge for  
mission was but three pence.

that wonderful carapace of nature—  
Giants Causeway—you can read  
at in any guide book, or in any ency-  
lopedia. We clambered over its rocks  
took as much pleasure in abusing  
official guides as in viewing the  
cultural columns. In brow-beating and  
using these parasites who hang about  
wonders, one feels a righteous satis-  
faction. Never yield to them. They are  
only worth the trouble of a good "cus-  
sion."

A noticeable thing along this coast is a  
bridge over a deep, deep chasm  
gating the rocky island of Canick-a-  
to the shore. A handrail of rope  
protects the venturesome traveler, but in  
the strong wind we preferred to lie down  
and crawl over, and were exceedingly  
when we were back over the sway-

# BUNYAN ON SILVER.



Now, at the farther side of that plain was a little hill called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but, going too near the brink of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them broke, and they were slain. Some, also, had been maimed there and could not to their dying day be their own men again.

Then I saw in my dream that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas, gentlemanlike, to call to passengers to come and see, who said to Christian and his fellow, "Ho; turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing."

Christian—What things so deserving as to turn us out of the way?  
Demas—Here is a silver mine and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may provide richly for yourselves.

Then Christian called to Demas, saying: "Is not this place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?"

Demas—Not very dangerous except to those that are careless.  
But withal he blushed as he spoke.

Christian—What is thy name? Is it not by the which I have called thee?

Demas—Yes, my name is Demas. I am the son of Abraham.

Christian—I know you. Gehazi was your great-grandfather and Judas your father, and you have trod their steps.

ing and jumping ropes to the earth.  
Above the bridge is a peasant's hut, and being economical, we took our lunch there of bread, milk and cheese. Presumably this cabin is typical. Its walls were stone and a foot thick. It stood away down under the hill for protection. Its occupants were man and wife and three children. One small room seemed to serve all purposes. On the walls were rude shelves with blue and white dishes; in one corner a bed curtained off, in another a bunk, a heavy table and clumsy chairs; a fire of peat burning merrily in a large fireplace; ceiling to thatch, smoked black; whitewashed walls, ornamented with chrome daubs of the royal family; small prisonlike windows, a dirty stone floor littered with bags of dulce (a seaweed that is used for food), old clothing and potatoes; chickens and dogs scrambling under our chairs for crumbs—these are some of the features that a rapid glance or two revealed of the home of the Irish peasant. Fairly comfortable, we should call it, if not either clean or luxurious.

Speaking of bread and milk, we had a lunch of it that we will not soon forget. We had a long morning, covering many Irish miles, and there was no town in sight. Upon inquiry, we were directed to a home where we could get "a drop of milk." It proved to be the house of the talent of the land on which stands Dunluce castle. A grinning girl brought us rich milk, fresh butter and some of those delicious, flaky, crusty bakings called scones. After filling up on this fare we introduced ourselves to the romantic side of sight seeing by rambling over the castle ruins. We went into ecstatic delight. There were cliff tops a half acre square, with side sheer down a hundred feet to the rocks ever beaten by the angry waves; a narrow bridge connected this crag with the land. The old walls remain almost intact, but the timbers and roof have perished centuries ago, for the castle was built before America was discovered. In the presence of the gray stones, swept by the winds, the remnants of rooms that must have echoed to the tramp of fierce old warriors, and have witnessed many a scene of blood, we grew pensive. To add to the interest we found a great cavern directly under the castle, a huge cave in which the waves break on black rocks, and the seaweed grew long and rank. A most gruesome hole, and fit for deeds of darkness. This cavern served the old knight as an outlet to the sea. No better place for a medieval castle could be imagined, and no better preserved ruins exist in Ireland, than those of old Dunluce.

# It's a Prize Winner

Read what the World's Fair Judges said when granting the Highest Award to

# LORILLARD'S Climax Plug

"A bright, sweet navy plug chewing tobacco, containing finest quality of Burley Leaf. Has a fine, rich flavor and excellent chewing qualities, combining all points necessary to rate this product of the highest order of excellence in its class."

Everybody who tries CLIMAX PLUG says it's the best.  
For sale everywhere.

# 1,000,000 People Wear W.L. Douglas Shoes

HAND SEWED \$3.00 BEST IN THE WORLD. \$3.00

\$5.00  
\$4.00  
\$3.50  
\$2.50  
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For Men



For Boys and Youths  
Wear W. L. Douglas shoes and save from \$1.00 to \$3.00 a pair. All styles and widths. The advance in leather has increased the price of other makes, but the quality and price of W. L. Douglas shoes remain the same. Take no substitute; see that name and price is stamped on sole. W. L. Douglas, BROOKTON, MASS. Sold by

--ELLIOT'S--

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills stop Headache.

**TAKE**  
**AYER'S**  
the Only  
**Sarsaparilla**  
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.  
**IT LEADS**  
ALL OTHER  
**BLOOD**  
Purifiers.

# NOTICE OF TIME APPOINTED FOR PROVING WILL, ETC.

State of South Dakota, County of Grant, ss:  
In County Court.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel Dunnell, Deceased.

The State of South Dakota Sends Greeting to Hannah Dunnell, Ethel Staples, Helen D. Furber, Nannie Dunnell and Pearl Dunnell and Emily A. Barnd, heirs next of kin of Samuel Dunnell deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said court, made on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1895, notice is hereby given, that Saturday, the 24th day of August, A. D. 1895, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the Court Room of said court, at Milbank, in the County of Grant, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Samuel Dunnell, deceased, and for hearing the application of Hannah Dunnell, executrix, the assent to her Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Witness the Hon. JOHN H. OWEN, Judge of the County Court, and the seal of said Court, this 6th day of August A. D. 1895, at his office in the City of Milbank, County of Grant, State of South Dakota.

G. W. PREEVEY, Clerk.

# MORTON BURNS A HOTEL.

# The Secretary of Agriculture Gives a 16 to 1 Object Lesson.

Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton not only has clear ideas about money, but he is ever ready with some striking illustration or parable to make his thoughts clear to others. On July 23 he wrote the following letter:

DEAR SIR—Returning from a small furlough, I find your letter. In it you state: "Money, whether made of metals or paper, is merely a fiction of the law. The commodity value of the material out of which money is coined or created is of no consequence in a currency."

In Wyoming, Otter county, Neb., there lives a good citizen who on the field and in the United States senate has been a conspicuous figure. He has in his time advocated nearly all kinds of money, including of course the "poor man's money," meaning silver at 16 to 1. And now he advertises for sale for cash in hand to the highest bidder a half-mile square of his large domains. Many thrifty citizens of Otter county arrive at the Hotel Wyoming the night before the sale to be on hand when the bidding begins at 8 o'clock next morning. During the night the hotel is burned to the ground. Sixteen of the would be purchasers, each having 1,000 silver dollars melted in the conflagration so that the Goddess of Liberty and "In God we trust" are crased and swallowed up in ragged chunks of bullion, awake to find that the commodity value of money is of consequence. For, placing their bullion of silver on the market, they find it worth only 66 cents, whereas they bought it at a mint value, with labor and labor's products, at \$1.20 an ounce. Sixteen thousand dollars of silver coin accidentally melted into bullion brings its owners less than \$8,600.

But there was also one would be purchaser who had melted in that same fire \$1,000 of gold coin, so that the goddess and "In God we trust" were lost to view in a lump of yellow bullion without a single sign of governmental stamp thereupon.

And this one who held gold finds that the commodity value of his bullion is nearly if not quite equal to that stamped upon it as coin by the United States mint. He has learned at least that the bullion value and the mint value of gold are very much the same, and there therefore gold is by far the best metallic money.

It is safe to wager 16 to 1 that the gold coin owner feels 16 times as much consolation when selling his bullion his gold thousand dollars as does any one of the other selling his thousand dollars of silver reduced to bullion. And the poor man's best money is that which loses least in value when by fire or otherwise it loses the stamp of the government.

And if at that fire some flat money advocate lost a few thousand paper promises to pay dollars he also will rise up and dispute the popular fallacy that "money is a mere fiction of the law" and vehemently denounce the vagary that "a commodity value in money is unnecessary and useless."

Gold and silver were money before any law made them so—before any government coined them or any mint stamped them. And then each was valued by the demand for each, and now also the relation of the supply of gold to the demand for gold regulates its value. And the relation of the supply of silver to the demand for silver regulates its value.

But you further say that the government, not taking silver for coinage at 16 to 1, has destroyed the demand for silver.

In a government like ours, which as an entity is simply "all of us," there can be no demand created either for silver or anything else except the integral parts of the composite evolve that demand. Only the people of the United States by their generally expressed desire for a thing can create a demand for it. Yours faithfully, J. STERLING MORTON.

Not one complaint has ever been made by those using Ayer's Sarsaparilla according to directions. Furthermore, we have yet to learn of a single case in which it has failed to afford benefit. So says hundreds of druggists all over the country. Has cured others, will cure you.

# Advertised Letter List.

Letters remaining uncalled for in the Milbank Post Office Aug. 21, 1895.

Crawford W. A. Bohn Herman  
Grissman Geo. L. Hagland Ada  
Johnson Chas. E. Lindstrom John

In calling for any of the above please say "advertised" and give date of advertisement. It not called for in fifteen days will be sent to dead letter office.  
Geo. C. MIDDLEBROOK, P. M.

First pub. July 26, '95. Last pub. Sept. 6, '95

# Mortgage Sale.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a mortgage containing a power of sale, given by Gustav Brockman and Anna Brockman, his wife, mortgagors, to H. E. Morrill, mortgagee, dated October 20th, 1890, and filed for record in the office of the register of deeds of Grant county, South Dakota, on the 29th day of October, 1890, at 4:45 o'clock p. m., and duly recorded in book 230 of mortgages on page 539, mortgaging the following described lands and premises situate, lying and being in the County of Grant and State of South Dakota, to-wit:

The North-east quarter of Section Thirty (30), in Township One hundred and Eighteen (118), north of range Fifty (50), W 3d P. M., containing 160 acres according to the government survey thereof, and;

Whereas, by reason of such default the power of sale in said mortgage has become operative, and no action at law or suit in equity has been instituted to renew the indebtedness secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage the sum of fifteen and 10-100 dollars, and

Whereas, since the execution of said mortgage the said H. E. Morrill, said mortgagee, has died, leaving her surviving Frankie Wood and Anna Morrill, who were all her heirs at law and to whom her estate was distributed and who were the owners and holders of said mortgage and of the indebtedness served thereby, and

Whereas, since the death of said H. E. Morrill, the said Anna Morrill to whom was distributed one half of the estate of said H. E. Morrill, has died, and

Whereas, G. L. Wood has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of said Anna Morrill, deceased, by the county court of said County of Grant, and is duly qualified and acting as such, and as such administrator, with Frankie Wood aforesaid, holds and owns said mortgage, and

Whereas, said Frankie Wood and said administrator are both desirous of foreclosing said mortgage,

Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said premises at public auction by the sheriff of said Grant county on the 7th day of September, 1895, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in the City of Milbank, County of Grant and State of South Dakota, to pay said indebtedness, interest, at 6 per cent a year, and costs, expenses, and disbursements allowed by law.

Dated, July 24th, 1895.

FRANKIE WOOD, heir, and G. L. WOOD, Administrator, holders of said Mortgage.

THOMAS L. BOUCK,

Attorney for holders of said mortgage.

First Pub. July 26, '95. Last Pub. Aug. 23, '95.

Known all men by these presents, That the firm of Wood Brothers, is a partnership composed of George A. Wood and John C. Wood, who are all the persons interested as partners in the business transacted by such partnership. The principal place of business of said firm is situated at the City of Milbank in the County of Grant and State of South Dakota, and the place of residence of each of said partners is at said City of Milbank.

This certificate is made in compliance with the provisions of section 1443 of the civil code of the State of South Dakota, the same being section 1095 of the compiled laws of 1887.

Dated July 3rd, 1895.

GEORGE A. WOOD,  
JOHN C. WOOD

State of South Dakota, County of Grant, ss:  
Be it remembered that on this 3rd day of July, 1895, before me Thomas L. Bouck, a notary public within and for said county and state, personally appeared George A. Wood and John C. Wood, well known to me to be the persons described in and who executed the foregoing instrument and duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

(SEAL) THOMAS L. BOUCK,  
Notary Public, Grant County, South Dakota.

First Pub. Aug. 2, '95. Last Pub. Aug. 30, '95.

# [Notice.]

U. S. Land Office, Watertown, S. Dak. July 29, 1895.  
Complaint having been entered at this Office by Hans P. Olson against Ferdinand S. Mace for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 14671, dated July 28, 1895, upon the SE 1/4, Section 6, Township 121N, Range 50W, in Grant county, S. D., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 4th day of September, 1895, at 9 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

M. W. SNEAP, Register.

# Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Grant county now holds \$1,220 of the permanent school fund to be loaned on farm mortgages and bonds of school corporations at the rate of 7 percent interest, payable semi-annually. Persons applying for loans, call at the county auditor's office.

N. FORSMER,  
Auditor of Grant County, S. D.



# Chronic Nervousness

Could Not Sleep, Nervous Headaches.

Gentlemen:—I have been taking your Restorative Nerve for the past three months and I cannot say enough in its praise. It has

Saved My Life,

for I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was a chronic sufferer from nervousness and could not sleep. I was also troubled with nervous headache, and had tried doctors in vain, until I used your Nerve. MRS. M. WOOD, Ringwood, Ill.

# Dr. Miles' Nerve

Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.60 bottles for \$5.00 or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

All druggists guarantee Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS to stop Headache. "One cent a dose."