

## TWO SITUATIONS.

Yes, all alone, I sigh,  
She is not here.  
Yet not alone am I:  
I dream she's near.  
Those long eyes I see,  
Lovell for me!  
That sweet chimed voice I hear,  
Chimed for my cheer:  
That tender hand I press  
Seeks my career.

Yes, all alone, I sigh,  
Though she is here,  
More than alone am I:  
She's far, though near.  
In loving eyes I see  
No love for me.  
In that sweet voice I hear  
Naught for my cheer:  
No tender hand I press,  
Not one career.

—Arthur Reed Kimball in New York Sun.

## DR. WEDMORE.

The provincial young man has never possessed any attractions for me, and it is certain that if I had not gone up north to stay with Daisy Drysdale, I should never have known so well such a striking specimen of the type as Dr. Wedmore. He was not a bad fellow, but oh, he was so pleased with himself! Your provincial, indeed, is rarely modest; in the limited circle of country town society a young man is pursued with too much pertinacity and ardor to have any doubts in his own mind as to his personal desirability and manifold charms.

Dr. Wedmore was a stouthead young man of thirty-two, with nondescript features and a slow, portentous manner. He had a large and increasing practice in the suburb of Northaw, where his medical skill was in constant request among the spinsters and widows of that somewhat damp and chilly neighborhood. So highly esteemed were his services in the sickroom that these ladies would send for him at all hours of the day or night, until the good doctor in self defense took to sending his red haired assistant to some of his more flagrant malades imaginaires.

Daisy Drysdale's husband was a manufacturer in Muddchester, and, like other manufacturers, he lived as far away from the factory chimneys of that thriving city as possible. So his brand new red brick mansion lay on the other side of the suburb of Northaw, and the society of Northaw supplied nearly all Mrs. Drysdale's intellectual recreation. Poor Daisy! How she missed London and the Upper Bohemia! She had a genius for giving little dinners, but of what use was that, seeing the component elements of which her parties were to be henceforth composed? Still she was not to be baffled, and Mrs. Drysdale constantly entertained. The night after I arrived one of these dinners was given in my honor, and I was sent down to the dining room with Dr. Wedmore.

I shall not easily forget that night. Accustomed to the manifestly insincere gushings of London young men, I was astonished at the naive manner in which this country Esculapian tried in vain to hide his sudden admiration. It came out in every word and look. It was a case of "love at first sight" on the part of Dr. Wedmore. Before I left the dinner table he had offered to lend me a horse, proposed that he should drive me to a meet ten miles off and expressed a wish that I should know his three sisters.

But the next time I saw him my head was tied up in a flannel shawl and my throat was so swollen I could hardly speak. The doctor had been called in professionally. The climate of Muddchester had been too much for me, and I was down with a malignant sore throat.

The doctor came every day, and once he came twice, to work a patent inhaler and paint my throat with some mysterious compound. He constantly changed the treatment: it was as if he could never do enough. He even used to bring me flowers—and who ever heard of a doctor taking his patient flowers? Daisy was convulsed with amusement. She said that when she was ill she sometimes used to have to send for Dr. Wedmore two or three times before he appeared, he was so busy.

At the end of a week I was better, and in ten days I was quite well. I really felt very grateful, for I knew that the doctor had saved me by his constant care from a dangerous illness. I wonder if he took my gratitude for—something stronger? Anyway, as I told Christina when she scolded me for the whole affair, it was not my fault. I hadn't fallen in love with Dr. Wedmore—that's all.

The thing came quickly to a crisis. We were all invited to spend an evening at the doctor's house. In the north they have a mysterious meal called "high tea," which is apparently a source of no little comfort and even of self righteousness. It enables the partakers thereof to allude wittingly to the habit of "late dinners" indulged in by the inhabitants of the south. And so, if you are invited out in Northaw, be sure you will be regaled on tea and cold chicken (fearful mixture), on hot cakes, jam, marmalade and currant buns. To this evening meal, then, we were bidden by Dr. Wedmore.

He lived alone with his sisters, who were curiously like him. They were all stouthead, with nondescript features and had slow and somewhat pompous manners. To see all four of them together inclined one to indecent mirth. It was impossible to be more worthy, more dull and more self satisfied. The Misses Wedmore were considered to have a pretty taste for art; they painted everything within reach with sprawling red roses or startling white daisies, and the doctor was of opinion that his sisters' artistic talent was of the first order. Miss Ada, too, sang songs by Pinauti and Milton Wellings. The doctor liked Miss Ada's vocal efforts; while Miss Emily was literary, she occasionally read Miss Edna Lyall and Elmer Haggard, and of these authors he disapproved solemnly until "tea" was announced.

The air was full of ominous portents. The doctor's manner, when he invited me for the second time to partake of cold chicken or pressed upon me with

northern hospitality the currant cake, was full of certain: protecting pride, while a humbly conquering expression was in his eyes when they rested upon me. It was with "intention," as the French say, that he showed me the photograph album, full of aunts and cousins, after tea, and the good doctor looked quite sentimental when later on Miss Ada warbled a romance, with a waltz accompaniment, entitled "The Love That Will Never Fade." I began to feel cold all down my back.

Five times did I get up, cross the room, engage either of the solemn Misses Wedmore in feverish conversation—I always ended by finding the doctor at my elbow. At last I resigned myself to my fate and sat down to talk to him. I imagined that the state of drains in the suburbs of Northaw would be a safe subject and one unlikely to lead to a declaration of a tender nature, but in this, it appeared, I was mistaken. We got on to the subject of fevers, and to convince me on a certain point the doctor suggested a reference to one of the medical books in his surgery. Once inside the little room, which lay just across the passage, Dr. Wedmore shut the door and advanced toward me with that particular expression which is so intolerable in a young man one doesn't care for.

I put on my most indifferent manner and inspected with much interest the rows of medical books in their glass cases.

"So kind of you," I said hurriedly to fill up the dreadful pause, "to take so much trouble. Most doctors only laugh at you if one wants to know any real fact—about your dreadful trade," I added with flippancy, seeing that the man was not listening to a word I was saying, but was gazing at me as the snake is popularly supposed to regard the sparrow.

"Trouble," he said at last, "how can anything be a trouble that is done for you? I wish you would let me tell you how much I—how much I—"

A sharp rap at the door interrupted this speech. A servant came in.

"Please, sir, Mr. Brown is very bad, and Mrs. Brown says will you come at once, and bring some of the drops, and she hopes you won't be long."

"A three mile drive," said Dr. Wedmore, with a sigh, "and I shall not see you again tonight." He took my hand and held it fast.

"I will bring the book tomorrow morning," he said. "Shall I have a chance of seeing you alone? Try to be alone when I come, and, wrenching my hand violently, the doctor disappeared.

"Daisy," I said hurriedly, in the carriage going home, "I am sorry to say, dear, I shall have to go home by the 10:15 tomorrow. I—I had a telegram just before we came out."

"You had a fiddlestick! What nonsense, Peggy. Why, you came to stay a month, and you've hardly been twelve days."

"Twelve days! Good heavens! Why, how has he?"

"Oh, it's that, is it? And so, you don't like him? Well, I think you're silly. You might do much worse. How much better to marry some one like that than some of your flipperty London young men. He's sensible, clever, a good fellow, well off and very fond of you."

"The 10:15, please, Daisy."

And sure enough, by the 10:15 I went. As the Yorkshire fields flew before me on my rapid journey back to dear old London, the whole thing seemed like some nightmare from which I had just awoke. Great heavens! From what had I not escaped? A lifetime of high tea, suburban gossip and provincial self sufficiency, of rose bedecked door panels, the novels of Mr. Rider Haggard and "The Love That Will Never Fade."

I am very fond of Daisy Drysdale, but it will be a long time before I again trust myself to the seductions of that suburb of Muddchester.—Buffalo News.

## A Mixed Lot.

Lieutenant (to his man)—Johann, they are selling a very rare book by auction today. I should like to have it. I have written down the name on this slip of paper; now, mind you don't let it go at any price.

Johann (returning from the auction with a porter wheeling a handcart containing a rocking horse, a magic lantern, a cradle, an old suit of clothes, etc.)—Herr Lieutenant, I have got the book, but had to buy this rubbish at the same time. It was all put up in one lot!—Buntes Allerlei.

## Deaths from Lamps and Stoves.

A popular Broadway club man, who wears the uniform of the metropolitan police, says he has been making an estimate of the matter and that an average of two persons are burned alive every week in New York; that is, they are burned dead—killed by fire. While an occasional holocaust startles the community, the real loss of human life by fire comes from the lamps and gas stoves, and is the result of carelessness. Some official figures on this subject would serve as a timely warning.—New York Herald.

## Thirteen at Table.

The widespread superstition concerning the unlucky thirteen at table, according to which one of the number is doomed to soon die, doubtless has its origin in the fact that at the last supper there were that many persons assembled at the table with our Lord. In that instance Judas Iscariot was the one who gave up his life, not, however, from any superstitious notion regarding the number in question, but from remorse at his dastardly betrayal of his Lord and Master.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Land of Fire.

There is said to be a volcanic area forty miles square in extent in Lower California that is a veritable fire land. Every square rod of the territory is pierced by a boiling spring or spouting geyser.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Salt for Hemorrhages.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.—New York Journal.

## SIX ARE STILL LIVING.

The Famous Beecher Family and Its Oldest Representative.

It is quite a surprise to learn that six of the famous Beecher family are still living and that the oldest, Dr. Edward Beecher, recently celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday in a quiet way at his home in Brooklyn. His surviving sisters are Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker and Mrs. Mary Beecher Perkins, and the brothers are Rev. Charles Beecher, of Myoson, Pa., and Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira.

No family in the world is more famous, and the fact that they were famous so long ago makes it seem as if the survivors must be very old, but in fact Ed-



DR. EDWARD BEECHER.

ward Beecher was born at Easthampton, Long Island, Aug. 27, 1808. The famous family included in its members a father and six sons, who entered the ministry, one of them becoming the most famous pulpit orator in the land; and four daughters, one of whom wrote a world famous book, and another of whom was widely known as an educator. Dr. Beecher was the second son and third child of his father, and after an active life as teacher, pastor, college president, author and editor for more than half a century he is still in fair health and vigor, taking a lively interest in all the affairs of the country.

He entered Yale college at fifteen and was graduated in 1822, then went to Andover Theological seminary, and after some years of teaching, writing and preaching was elected first president of the college at Jacksonville, Ill., and located there in 1830. He had married two years before, and his wife, four years younger than he, went with him to what was then the remote west, near the banks of the Mississippi. Only twenty-seven years old, President Beecher took up the work of starting a great educational institution. He remained its president for twelve years, and in that period sixty-two students were graduated.

While in Jacksonville the Alton riots and death of Lovejoy occurred, and Dr. Beecher wrote a spirited account of the affair. He was threatened with punishment as an abolitionist, but never flinched. He went next to Boston and preached till 1835, producing in that time some much discussed books. He then took the pastorate of a Congregational church in Galesburg, Ill., and remained till his seventieth year, when he retired and located in Brooklyn. At the age of eighty-six he had a leg crushed by a street car so that amputation was necessary; he bore it heroically and made a good recovery. In his work on "Eternal Punishment" he declares against belief in it, and in his "Conflict of Ages" there is a fanciful, almost fantastic, theory about this world being a sort of hospital for the correction or cure of souls, and that we all survived in a previous state. As he knows as much about the last world and the next world as any other man, his speculations are quite entertaining.

## Shotgun Quarantine.

The government is trying to keep the cholera out of the country by strictly legal measures at the ports, but if it once gets a start in the country we may look for severe and extra legal measures in the interior. There is really no law for quarantining or boycotting a village or section of country, but it is often done and very effectively too.



## HALTING TRAVELERS.

In 1832 many a town in the south and west was guarded most efficiently, and in 1849 it was so common as to be a recognized custom. In that part of the south near the Mississippi the people often erected temporary booths or open sheds in the woods. Any traveler seized by any sickness having the slightest resemblance to cholera had to go to one of these booths. He received medical attention and fairly good care, and after his recovery or death the booth and all his bedding was burned.

During the last yellow fever visitation in that section the practice was reduced to a system, and so it was in Florida. The traveler on approaching a village was often confronted by a pleasant spoken gentleman with a gun, and unless he could show a clean bill of health and that he did not come from an infected town he had to make a wide detour to get around the town. It was rude and illegal, but very effective, and should the cholera get into the interior travel will for awhile be attended with unusual inconvenience.

## Took Big Chances for Twenty-five Dollars.

A Captain Blondell at Oxford, Ala., offered twenty-five dollars to any one who would get into a boat and allow it to be blown up with dynamite so that Blondell might show his lifesaving methods. A young man named Neely accepted the offer and was blown about forty feet into the air unhurt, but on his return to the water's surface he alighted on the fragments of the wreck and received a fractured leg and other injuries.

## Prodigious Fall of Rain.

In the twenty-four hours from 5 a. m., July 26, to 5 a. m., July 27, the rainfall at Minneapolis was 7.80 inches—the greatest fall of water ever recorded by the weather bureau, and probably the heaviest ever known here.—Minneapolis Tribune.

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## LEGAL NOTICES.

**Notice.**  
Land office at Mitchell, S. D., Aug. 10, 1892. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the circuit court in and for Lake County S. D., on Sept. 29, 1892, viz: Othman Garrett, for the S. 20 1/2, Sec. 2 and N. 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 11, Twp. 108, Rg. 54, (U. S. No. 25202). He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Yoder, Charles Brown, Andrew Jacobson and Perry Johnston, all of Othman P. O., S. D.  
R. N. KEATY, Register.

**Mortgage Sale.**  
Name of mortgagee, Neil Nelson and Anna Nelson, his wife. Name of mortgagor, James A. Trow. Date of mortgage, February 6, 1891, recorded February 6, 1891, at 5:45 o'clock p. m., in the office of register of deeds of Lake county, S. D., in book 2 of mortgages, on page 279. Default having been made in the interest payment which became due January 1st, 1892, there is now due at the date hereof the sum of \$250.00 principal and interest, besides the sum of \$50.00 attorney's fees, stipulated in said mortgage. Notice is hereby given that the said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale at public auction, to wit: the sheriff of Lake county, or his deputy, on Saturday, the 14th day of September, 1892, at 8 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the court house in said Lake county, South Dakota, of the lands and premises situated in said Lake county, and described in said mortgage, substantially as follows, to-wit: The southwest quarter of section seventeen (17) township one hundred and eight (108) range fifty-one (51) containing one hundred and sixty (60) acres, more or less.

Dated at Madison, S. D., August 1, 1892.  
JAMES A. TROW,  
Mortgagee.

W. F. SWAN, Attorney for Mortgagee.

**Sheriff's Sale.**  
State of South Dakota, county of Lake, ss. Frank L. Soper vs. George C. Winkley. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered, and now in my hands, issued out of the clerk's office of the circuit court of the state of South Dakota, in and for the county of Lake, upon a judgment duly rendered and docketed in said court in favor of Frank L. Soper and against George C. Winkley, I have levied upon the following described personal property of said defendant, to-wit: Eight stacks of oat standing and he has offered to sell the same at public auction, to-wit: on the 14th day of September, A. D. 1892, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., of said day, at the above described place where said wheat is standing in the stacks, in said county and state, to-wit: to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named George C. Winkley in and to the above described property, to satisfy said judgment and costs, amounting to seventy-three dollars and four cents, together with all accruing costs of sale, and interest on the same from the 24th day of December, 1891, at the rate of seven per cent per annum, at public action, to the highest bidder for cash.

Dated at Madison, S. D., the 7th day of September 1892.

WM. LEE, Sheriff of the county of Lake, S. D.

F. L. SORAN, Plaintiff. By Geo. MEAD, Attorney for himself.

**Notice of Hearing.**

State of South Dakota, county of Lake, in county court, Lake county. In the matter of the estate of Alice S. Mitchell, deceased. Notice of time and place of settlement of administrator's account and of hearing of petition for settlement of estate and for partition of said estate. To Abel Mitchell, Jesse Mitchell, Alice Mitchell, Nellie Mitchell and Abel L. Mitchell, heirs at law and next of kin of said Alice S. Mitchell, deceased, and to Geo. R. Farmer, guardian ad litem of Nellie Mitchell, Alice Mitchell and Abel L. Mitchell, minor heirs aforesaid and to all persons interested in the estate of said Alice S. Mitchell, deceased. Notice is hereby given that there is now on file in the court and final account of Abel Mitchell, one of the heirs at law, and now the administrator of the estate of Alice S. Mitchell, deceased, setting forth among other things that said estate is in condition to be closed and praying for a settlement of his accounts as such administrator and for the partition and division of the real estate and the distribution thereof according to their respective rights to the premises. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that said petition and final account will be heard by and before the county court of Lake county, state of South Dakota, in the room of the county court in the court house in the city of Madison, in Lake county, South Dakota, on Monday the 10th day of October, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that day or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

Dated, Madison, S. D., this 8th day of September, A. D. 1892. By the court,  
WM. McGRATH, County Judge.

Attest: E. C. KERR, Clerk.

F. L. SORAN, Attorney for Administrator.

## Mortgage Sale.

Name of mortgagee, Thomas B. Rominger; name of mortgagor, Frank W. Little; date of mortgage, August 15, 1891; recorded August 20, 1891, at 4 o'clock p. m., in the office of register of deeds of Lake county, S. D., in book F of mortgages, page 277-28. Default having been made in the payment of the sum of Three Hundred Dollars, which became due on the day of July, 1892, and there is now due at the date thereof the sum of \$300.00 principal and interest, besides the sum of \$50.00 attorney's fees, stipulated in said mortgage; and, whereas, it was stipulated and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid mortgage, and contained therein, that default should be made in any of the conditions contained in said mortgage, then the full amount thereby secured should become due and collectible at once. That said mortgage was duly assigned to M. W. Daly previous to the commencement of this action, assignment duly recorded in office of register of deeds for Lake county, August 5, 1892, recorded in book 11, page 307. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and duly recorded therewith, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale at public auction by the sheriff of Lake county, or his deputy, on the 14th day of September, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in the city of Madison in said Lake county, South Dakota, of the lands and premises situated in said Lake county, and described in said mortgage substantially as follows to-wit: The southeast quarter (1/4) of section No. 37, township (17), township 17, range 54, and 1/4 (1/4) north, range 54, township 17, range 54, containing one hundred and sixty acres, more or less.

Dated at Madison, S. D., August 5, 1892.

M. W. DALY, Assignee of Mortgagee.

W. C. BEAMAN, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgagee.

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