

The Williston Graphic

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A RUINED ALTAR.

Green is the valley and fair the slopes
around it.
Wide waves of barley shining to the sun;
Softly the stockdoves murmur in the pine
trees,
Deep through the hollow the happy wa-
ters run.
Roofless and ruinous lies the little home-
stead,
All the gray walls of it crumbling to the
ground;
Only the hearth-place, steadfast and un-
shaken,
Stands, like a tomb, 'mid the lustrous leaf-
age round.
The oxglove and hemlock blossom in the
garden,
Where the bright ragwort tramples on
the rose;
None is the gate, and lost the little path-
way—
High on the threshold the gaunt nettle
grows.
Here, long ago, were toll, and thought, and
laughter,
Poor schemes for pleasures, piteous plans
for gain,
Love, fear and strife—for men were born
and died here—
Strange human passion, bitter human
pain.
Now the square hearth-place, shrouded
deep in shadow,
Holds in its hollow wild things of the
wood;
Here comes the hawk, and here the
vagrant swallow
Nests in the niche where cup and
trencher stood.
Shy furry forms, that hide in bracken
and covert,
Leap on the stone where leapt the yellow
flame.
Up the wide chimney, black with vanished
smoke wreaths,
Clambers the weed that wreathes the
mantel frame.
But when cometh winter and all the weeds
are withered
In these bare chambers open to the rain,
Then when the wind moans in the broken
chimney,
And the bare shivers in the sudden lane,
Then the old hearth nook mourns the folk
that filled it,
Mourns for the cheer of the red and
golden blaze;
Heaped with the snowdrifts, standing
bleak and lonely,
Dreams of the dead and their long-for-
gotten days.
—Rosamund Marriott Watson, in N. Y. In-
dependent.

HARTLEY BISHOP'S STORY.

"A lie is never justifiable, and a man who can deliberately plan and carry out a scheme of deceit deserves to be cast out of respectable society. I can find no excuse for him. Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is my motto."
Mr. Henry Travers brought his fist down on the dinner table to emphasize his words. He looked across at his one guest and old friend, Hartley Bishop, as though to meet his approval of the statement.
"You agree with me, Hartley?" he resumed, in a more subdued tone. "You, too, are convinced that a man should stick to the truth at whatever cost to himself?"
Hartley Bishop raised his eyes from the silver dishes laden with costly fruit, and his fingers pushed away the wine glass in front of him. He was a man in the prime of life, with a clean-cut, intellectual face, but at that moment there was a deep sadness in his eyes that told of some sorrowful reminiscence.
"My answer shall be a story," he said, leaning back in his chair, after one swift glance at the rubicund face that shone at the end of the table. "Not a story of thrilling melodrama, but a page torn from the book of life. You, Travers, have known nothing but prosperity and success. Listen, then, to the tale of two people, whose early days were spent together in poverty and adversity."
"There had been a boy and girl marriage. When they first met he was a struggling clerk of 21, living on an income of 30 shillings a week, and she was a governess, without friends or relations in the world."
"They married, on something rather less than £80 a year, and for a time they were blissfully happy. The young husband had a gift—or a curse—for scribbling, and in his wife's fond eyes he ranked as a hidden genius whom time would bring to light and reward with deathless fame."
"Occasionally his tales and sketches were accepted and paid for. These were written after office work was done, in the one poor room he and his wife rented in a cheap London suburb, and the stray guineas served to keep home warm in their hearts, and helped them to fight the hard battle of life."
"Of course, like the rest of all writers, the young husband had before him the idea of a masterpiece. This was to be a three-act comedy, which would take London by storm, and put the author at one bound into the front rank of the dramatic roll."
"Gradually this comedy took shape in the brain of the writer. To him his wife was not merely his helpmate, but his companion, and in her ear he confided all his aspirations and hopes."
"Her blue eyes glistened at the thought of her husband's success. Nothing could make her prouder of him than she was already, but to see him belauded in the world's eyes and to hear his dear name on every tongue was something worth living for and straining every nerve to win."
"She was no genius, and had no idea of woman's rights. But no sacrifice was too great for her to make for her husband, and, unknown to him, she denied himself all the harmless little vanities of a woman's dress in order that the money might go to swell the small sum in the post office savings bank, but by for a rainy day."
"With a hopeful heart she mapped out the future when the comedy was finished. First of all, her husband was to have a new suit of clothes, in order

that he might appear at his best when he went to interview the theatrical managers."
"She had planned everything out. On the first night of the comedy she was to have a box at the theater, and in order to celebrate her husband's triumph, they were to enjoy the most recherche supper afterward, and to drink success to the play."
"Just we two," she said, kneeling down at the writing table at which her husband was busily engaged. "And I shall be dressed in white silk, like a bride, and you will have a new evening suit, and I shall give you a flower, a pink rose for your buttonhole."
"She laid her soft cheek against her husband's and laughed with delight. The comedy was almost finished, and yet, strange to say, the author felt strangely tired and depressed."
"He put down his pen and looked at his young wife. It was winter, and they were too poor to afford a coal fire. But a small oil stove sent out a cheery radiance, and the shabby black dress his wife had worn so long and uncomplainingly seemed to catch a golden radiance from the glow."
"For the last few months the husband had been too busy to look very closely at his young wife. Every moment that he could snatch had been devoted to his comedy, and even the few little excursions they had enjoyed together had been given up for the sake of the masterpiece."
"But suddenly the light of the oil stove seemed to reveal something new in his wife's face."
"How pale and thin you look, my darling," he said, with a sudden tightening at his heart. "What have you been doing to yourself? You seem a mere shadow."
"But she only laughed, and said he was foolish and imaginary."
"I always am pale in the winter," she answered with a little shiver. "But when the spring comes I shall be quite fat and rosy. And then you will have made such heaps of money with your comedy we can afford to go away somewhere, and you can give up that horrid office you hate so much."
"But we must be prepared for disappointment," he said, trying to smile bravely. "You know all the celebrated writers had their first works rejected."
"He saw the sudden change on the thin, bright face, and he hastened to kiss the shadow away."
"Of course, the comedy will be taken in the end," he resumed, patting his wife's hand. "But you mustn't be too cast down, darling, if the first manager I apply to sends it back."
"That night marked the beginning of the terrible calamity that was about to fall upon the young husband. The comedy was finished and taken to the stage door, directed in his wife's hand—for luck," as she said—to the great actor-manager of a well-known theater."
"For the present there was nothing to do but to wait for a reply."
"Go and order the new clothes, darling," the young wife insisted, with a strange persistence. "Mr. Thespia will send for you, and you must look your best."
"It was the morning of a gloomy, foggy day, and the husband was about to set out to his office."
"As his wife spoke she staggered, and would have fallen but for her husband. In terrible alarm he carried her to the bed and hung over her in anguish."
"Her face was ghastly pale, and for the first time in her life she had fainted dead away. The unhappy husband rushed downstairs for the landlady, and with the help of some stimulant they brought her back to consciousness."
"The doctor was called in, in spite of the young wife's assurances that she was quite well again and was only feeling a little tired."
"He looked gravely at the wasted form lying on the bed, and then brought out the stethoscope."
"The husband watched his face in mute agony. But he could read nothing from the kind eyes that were bent once more on the patient's countenance."
"Plenty of nourishing things, beef tea and port wine, and when the weather is brighter, a change to a warmer climate. You'll soon be set up again," he said, cheerily. "And don't fret about anything, my dear child, he added in a fatherly way."
"Presently the two men went downstairs into the landlady's parlor."
"The husband's eyes sought the doctor's face."
"It's only the effects of the cold weather, doctor," he said, feverishly. "There's nothing radically wrong with my wife?"
"And then the blow fell. In the kindest words, but in unmistakable terms, the doctor told the truth."
"Your wife is in a very precarious state. Her constitution has been seriously undermined by poor living, and I regret deeply to have to tell you that she has not many months to live. If possible, keep her on any trouble or disappointment. In her weak state the shock might be fatal."
"God alone knows the agony of the husband when his brain realized the meaning of the doctor's words. The joy of his life was to be taken from him, and he was to be left to bear the burden alone."
"But for his wife's sake he knew that he must hide his crushing grief. At all costs, she was to be kept free from trouble, and, as far as lay in his power, he resolved to brighten the few months that still remained to her life."
"The days slipped by, and his keen eyes noted the ever-growing weakness of his beloved wife. She was forced to keep her bed for the greater part of the day, and the landlady was called in to act as nurse."
"Are you expecting a letter?" asked the landlady one evening, catching the husband on his way upstairs to his wife's room. "There's that poor dear fretting her heart away every time the postman knocks. Why doesn't the letter come?" "I've heard her say many and many a time and then when she thinks I don't notice her she turns her

poor head away and begins to cry. I'm sure, sir, if that letter only would come, your wife wouldn't fret so much."
"It was those words that first suggested to the husband a plan of deceiving his wife. What if he could buoy her up with the idea his comedy was taken and was about to be brought out? She never need learn the truth. Even his eye saw that her life was now numbered by weeks rather than by months, and to brighten her few remaining days seemed to be all that was left for him to do."
"He went upstairs, forcing a smile to his face and trying to wear an expression of triumph."
"Such magnificent news, darling," he said, in a triumphant voice, but laying his cheek against hers so that she could not see his face. "My comedy has been accepted by Thespia!"
"A sudden access of strength seemed to fill the frail body lying in his arms. She raised herself up in bed, and, drawing her husband close to her bosom, kissed him again and again."
"My darling, my darling," she reiterated triumphantly. "At last your work is recognized! I knew my hopes would come true. Oh, how good God is not to let me be disappointed!"
"Her exuberant joy almost frightened her husband. The news seemed to put fresh life into her, and for the first time for many weeks she insisted upon getting up and sitting in the armchair to hear all the details about the comedy."
"Her happiness made him reckless. To satisfy her inquiries he invented a long story about Mr. Thespia sending for him and congratulating him on his work, and offering to stage it almost immediately."
"For a whole month he carried on this deception. The temptation to see that beloved face brighten at his inventions, and to watch the large eyes fill with joyful tears was too great to withstand. The comedy, alas! had been rejected and returned to him, but he had embarked on his career of duplicity, and it was too late now to draw back."
"To please her he had concocted a story that the play was to be brought out in six weeks. He had fixed a date for its appearance, and night after night he would tell her some fresh details about the imaginary rehearsals and the doings of the actors."
"Only one thing disturbed her happiness. She herself would be unable to be present on the opening night of the play. But he was to go, and to wear the pink rose she had always imagined pinning in his coat, and she would lie awake, dreaming of the applause that would fill the theater when the author was called on after the curtain had dropped."
"I shall die happy," she said, stroking her husband's hands with her fingers. "My darling, you don't know what a comfort it is to think that I shall leave you famous and successful!"
"At length the night came that he had fixed as the date of the opening. All day his wife had been in a state of happy excitement, and, unknown to him, had sent the landlady out to buy a pink rose for his coat."
"We can't afford to be extravagant," she said, kissing the pink rose softly and laying it against her pale cheek. "But I am disappointed you have not bought a dress suit. I didn't want you to appear before the curtain in your morning clothes."
"However, he pacified her by saying it was the correct thing for an author to wear morning dress, and when she pinned the pink rose in his buttonhole her face was radiantly happy."
"You will be home by half past eleven, and then we will have a nice supper together. I have ordered something you like, and the landlady has promised to prepare it. And now you must go, darling. You will be late for the theater, and I don't wish you to miss a moment of your play."
"She kissed him passionately and bade him go. With a heart breaking with anguish the husband left her, not to seat himself in a brilliantly lit theater, as she fondly imagined, but to pace the streets, tortured and racked with despair, until it was time to return to his wife."
"At 11:30 he entered the house again. He ran gayly up the stairs, and opened the door with a smile on his face. The lamp was lit, and for once a cheery fire glowed in the grate. A table spread with a white cloth, and set out with fruit and wine, was arranged cozily by the fireside."
"Sitting up in bed, and wearing a pretty new dressing jacket, was his wife, her face lit with excitement and joy."
"It has gone splendidly!" he cried, rushing to the bedside, and kissing her rapturously. "The house cheered and cheered again, and I was called before the curtain."
"He felt her heart throb violently."
"My God, I thank Thee," he heard her say in low accents of triumph. "How happy I am. I have nothing left to wish for!"
"And before he could turn or speak, a faint sigh escaped her, and she fell back in his arms—dead!"
"The smile that transfigured her face at the last moment of speaking was still there when the coffin lid was fastened down. She had died happy, believing that the world had recognized her husband's genius, and the joy still lingered on her countenance as her husband her cold lips for the last time."
Hartley Bishop's voice quivered as he ended the story.
"Travers," he said, looking at his host's face, now softened with emotion, "condemn that man as you like. I know his suffering and his anguish, and if he sinned, it was but to ease the burden of the one he loved most on earth. For, Travers, I was that grief-stricken husband and, judge me as you will, I have never repented of my duplicity."
—Lumbermen say that the best times of the year for feeling lumber was mid winter and midsummer.

All the More Reason.
He had met with serious losses in business, and added to that his wife, whom he adored, was snatched away by death. He could neither eat nor sleep, and his friends were alarmed about his condition. One of them said to him: "You ought to consult a doctor."
"What's the use? Life has lost all charms for me and I want to die, anyhow."
"You want to die? All the more reason for calling a doctor."—Texas Sittings.

Used to it.
A man who was out walking in the suburbs a day or two ago came across a chubby, well-fed boy and girl riding in a wagon pulled by a small-sized but sturdy goat.
"That's a pretty strong animal, isn't it?" he said.
"Yes," replied the little girl, "but we don't mind it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Dangerous Man.
Mr. Nimrod—I am going out hunting this afternoon, and I'll bet I bring down something.
Mrs. Nimrod—But the dog you shot last time isn't well yet.
"O, I'm not going to have any dog with me this time."
"No dog? For heaven's sake, Henry, what do you expect to shoot?"—Texas Sittings.

A Sure Cure.
Mrs. Flatby—You can't imagine what a time I have to get my cook up in the morning; it's positively wearing me out.
Mrs. Backlog—I had the same trouble, but have entirely overcome it.
Mrs. Flatby (eagerly)—How?
Mrs. Backlog—By having the baby sleep in her room.—Bay City Chat.

Chrysanthemums.
Chrysanthemums are in it.
And they go off with a rush,
But we're forced to say the finest
Seem to need a comb and brush.
—Detroit Free Press.

Got There at Last.
He failed in selling groceries—he couldn't run a farm;
The way he ran the college filled the scholars with alarm;
The law was not his business—wasn't built upon that plan;
If he didn't hang the jury, he was sure to hang the man!
But now he's making money—he is sweeping through the states
And capturing the dollars in financial, big debates!
—Atlanta Constitution.

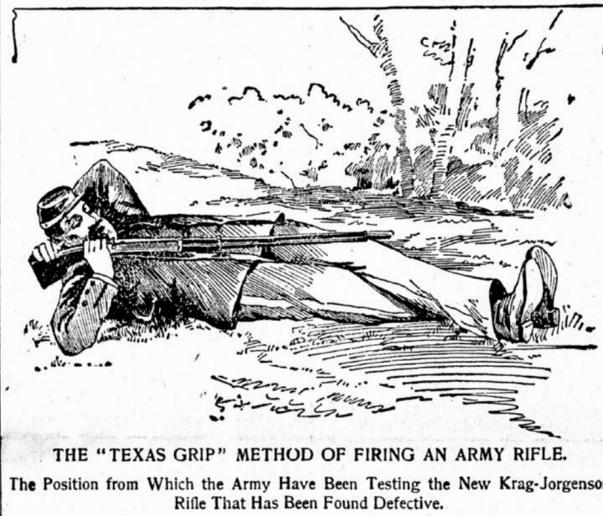
GRATITUDE.
Once Dr. Quack, out for a jaunt,
Was thanked, at its conclusion,
By tall Solemnity, attired
In opulent profusion.
"Who are you, sir? I know you not,"
Replied this philter-maker:
"Permit me, then"—he gave his card:
"Twas Plant, the undertaker."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

At the Temperance Meeting.
The Worker—I am shocked to see you in such a condition. Why, you are the man who came in here a few nights ago and signed a pledge not to drink for a year.
The Alleged Backslider—If zat's so, m' fren, 'you mus' have taken advantage of me sometime when I was under th' influence of liquor!—Bay City Chat.

Hopeless,
The doctor and intimate friends considered my case, I was so weak and exhausted. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to improve. After I had taken ten bottles I was entirely cured and have ever since been free from all ills peculiar to my sex. I confidently recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. L. LARK, Meredosia, Illinois. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla
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"The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, probing it with a long, slender instrument, "is that the nerve is dying."
"It seems to me, doctor," groaned the victim, "you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect."—Chicago Tribune.

Foreigners Nowhere.
Foreign Suitors—I lay at your feet a coronet and a castle with a long rent-roll. I am sure you cannot do better than to accept.
American Beauty—You flatter yourself, sir. One of my suitors in an American who sells coal in winter and ice in summer.—N. Y. Weekly.

In Training.
She's training for the ring, but yet No toughness round her lovers;
The kind of ring she's training for Is that part put on by lovers.
—N. Y. Recorder.

HAD BEEN ROASTED BEFORE.
His Satanic Nibs—You appear to be perfectly comfortable.
New Arrival—Yes, tolerably. You see, I was a baseball umpire.—Judge.

Marked Improvement.
Strawber—Dr. Probe has been treating my rheumatism for the past six months.
Singerly—Are you any better?
Strawber—I should say so. When he came with his bill yesterday, I was able to run like a deer.—Harper's Bazar.

Couldn't Be Done.
"I have decided to withdraw from the race," said the politician decidedly.
"You can't do it," returned the voter promptly.
"Why not?"
"You were never in it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Case of Dye.
She (reproachfully)—You said you would die for me.
He (stiffly)—I was referring to my whiskers, madam.—Detroit Free Press.

Very Much Changed, Indeed.
"Has marriage changed McManus any?"
"Changed? I should say so!"
"In what way?"
"You know how he used to take Miss Bluet to the theater and back in a carriage? Well, last night, I saw them walking home in the rain."—Chicago Record.

A Happy Thought.
Herr X. (to a beggar in the street)—I'll give you five cents if you'll lend me for half an hour your board with the inscription "I am deaf and dumb."
Deaf Mute—All right. What do you want it for?
Herr X.—I am going to the barber's over the way to get a shave.—Feierabend.

Where Men Fall.
A woman takes a small valise, and in it very neatly stores
A half a dozen dresses, wraps and sundry trifles, scores on scores of buttons.
But give a man a trunk to pack, and one thin suit, a pair of hose,
A shirt, a collar and some cuffs will fill it up too full to close.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Realistic.
Assistant—I think we could use that play. There is a horse race on the stage in the last act.
Manager—That isn't new.
Assistant—No, but the playwright suggests that we change the winning horse every night and sell pools on the result.—London Answers.

Old vs. New.
What sort of a woman my wife may be I haven't expressed an opinion yet. That is, in her hearing—for fear that she in a state of mind at my phrase might get. She's not a New Woman it's safe to say. For to term her that I would better fare than if, on some ill-starred, fatal day, To call her an old one I should dare.
—Bay City Chat.

His Natural Inference.
"I'm taking lessons on the violin from Prof. Scrape."
"Is he a good master?"
"I should say so; last night I heard him play four tunes on one string."
"Really. Well, you ought to be able to play one tune on four strings!"—Chicago Record.

In Good Shape.
"Yes, sir," said the promoter, "the railroad is assured. The company has been formed, the stock subscribed and the receiver appointed. Oh, we are hustlers."—Detroit Tribune.

Met the Enemy and Won.
"That new trunk of yours came through all right. It must be very strong."
"Yes. The baggage man is wearing his arm in a sling."—Detroit Free Press.

Al Durable Variety.
Cokeley—"You can't eat your cake and have it, you know."
Cokeley—Evidently you never ate any of my wife's cake.—Brooklyn Life.

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