

# The Williston Graphic

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WILLISTON, N. DAK.

## A GOOD-NIGHT CARESS.

A little shining ring lies in my hand.  
Not gold, nor studded with gems, but just  
insand.  
A precious ring of sunny yellow hair  
Cut from my darling's head.  
What art thou like, without thy frame of light,  
The aureole that made thy little face  
Like to the cherub faces which in Heaven  
Are found in fairest place?  
How many times I've stooped to kiss and bless  
The fairest little head in all my world!  
To-night I bow my own with silent tears,  
And kiss one little curl.  
Robbed of thy crown, thou'rt still my little  
king.  
To whom I bend in worship, praying yet  
That the most kindly Giver I may not  
In love for thee forget.  
What thou hast been to me, my little lad,  
Of sunshine and of bloom in darkest days,  
Only the Father knows, who plants some  
flower  
Along life's roughest ways.  
Out of my arms, far out beyond my reach,  
The swift years bear thee, but my yearning  
heart  
Can never make of life a blessed thing  
From thee, dear boy, apart.  
Till life's last day, thy tender, winsome face,  
Set with the blue and shine of heavenly  
skies,  
And sweet with childish graces, will remain  
Pictured before my eyes.  
God keep thee, bless thee, love thee, little lad!  
I cannot fold thee always, safe from harm;  
Give him, dear Shepherd, through life's weary  
years,  
The shelter of Thine arm.  
Sharp griefs will come, and tears, unlike to  
these  
That make thy sweet eyes lovelier as they  
fall.  
Will dim thy sight and furrow thy fair cheek;  
Such tears must come to all.  
But thou, my lad, be victor over all  
Life's sharp temptations and its bitterest  
pains:  
And bravely learn that earthly loss may mean  
To thee Heaven's highest gain.  
Again, God bless thee, oh, my little lad!  
I bend once more to kiss this shining tress,  
And give my love, unmeasured and untold,  
With this good-night caress.  
—Youth's Companion.

## KULPARKER'S BALLOON.

BY LUKE SHARP.

Some time in his life every man invents a flying machine, and it is well if he gets safely through this mania while he is yet a boy. If the fever takes him later in life he is certain to lose money and reasonably sure of breaking his neck. It is said that there is no law to prevent a man making a fool of himself, but in this case there is, and it is the law of gravity, which was passed previous to the time this country took to making statutes, and it has never been interfered with by legislative amendments, nor has it been overturned by the action of a higher court, except, perhaps, in the case of Elijah.

Most men who go in for ballooning take a tumble before they get through with it, but Kulparker came to disaster through remaining on the ground, which was a unique experience in the aerial business. I met Kulparker at a health resort. He was there, he said, for his nerves. His nerves had gone back on him. He read to me an article from Smiley's Microscopical Journal, which article said that if you killed a bundle of nerves and then got them to die, you could see them through any well-regulated microscope. It was evident that Kulparker was now as much interested in the subject of nerves as he had formerly been in balloons.

"My nerves went wrong a few weeks ago," he told me, "and by the irony of fate the doctor informed me that I should go to Malaga in Spain and that place would put me all right."

"Why the irony of fate?" I asked; "and why didn't you go to Malaga instead of coming to this place?"

He sighed and said it was all on account of the Kulparker automatic balloon. When he said this I was in the unenviable position of the questioner who wanted to know how the other man lost his leg, and was informed that it had been bitten off. I naturally wanted to hear about the balloon, and Kulparker was good enough to oblige me, the account he gave being at once an explanation of how he lost his nerve and why he dared not go to Malaga.

Some men invent flying machines merely because they want to fly; others, however, have humanitarian objects in view, desiring to confer great benefits upon their fellow beings. Kulparker belonged to the latter class. He not only wanted to bestow lasting benefits, but also dynamite, upon his fellow creatures. It would be a little rough on humanity at the beginning—even Kulparker admitted this—but, as it would ultimately abolish war, he thought the experiment worth trying as long as the dynamite did not fall on his own head. Inventors are somewhat prone, while benefiting the species, to take good care that they do not themselves come in for any of the disadvantages. Such was Kulparker's intention, but it missed fire.

The Kulparker automatic was very much like other balloons except that it had a propeller attached which was worked by compressed air. The compressed air scheme was very ingenious, if I understand it aright. If what Kulparker says is true you can, with proper machinery, compress something like a continent of air into the size of a drop of water. This drop you can put into a strong but light aluminum boiler, if I may call it so, and the drop expands into a workable compressed air that will run a motor. If, therefore, you have a bottle full of drops of compressed air, and an automatic arrangement that will allow a drop to escape into the boiler as needed, you have at your disposal a tremendous amount of energy stored in small compass and of comparatively no weight at all, which

is very desirable when you are dealing with a balloon. The motor worked the fan which sent the balloon in any given direction.

So much for the motive power. The arrangement consisted of a tube through which was dropped at satisfactory intervals regulated by a clock-work mechanism, a dynamite cartridge which exploded when it hit the earth. The balloon, when fully loaded, contained fifty dynamite cartridges, and Kulparker's idea was that the balloon could be sent in any direction high above an army, dropping dynamite down upon the troops from its elevation above rifle shot, thus bringing discomfort, confusion, and perhaps annihilation, upon the enemy. Kulparker believed that the moment his balloon got a fair innings upon any warlike body of men, no country would, after the trial, open hostilities against any other nation. Thus war, and also the first army on which the balloon opened out, would be blotted from the face of the earth.

After much experimenting, Kulparker at last had a successful trial of his automatic balloon in the open country some distance west of New York. He used wooden plugs instead of dynamite cartridges, and they came down all right at the proper intervals, although they nearly sacrificed several industrious farmers who did not know what struck them, and who vainly searched for the mischievous boys whom the indignant agriculturist thought were throwing the blocks of wood.

Unfortunately, at the time the automatic balloon was completed there was no really first-class war going on, and Kulparker knew of no people, tired of life, who wished to have the balloon tried upon them. The China-Japan struggle had been brought to a close without the aid of the automatic, and Europe was in a state of profound peace. However, it is hard to discourage a real inventor, so Kulparker took a glance over the universe, and realized that although it was but a one-horse affair at the best, the Cuban rebellion offered him the only chance of a satisfactory test for the balloon. His sympathies were with the rebels, as all our sympathies are, and so he opened communications with the Cuban revolt committee in New York. He saw there a most polished gentleman, Maj. Kotanzes, who listened with interest to what Kulparker had to say. The inventor wanted twenty thousand dollars for his patent and the sample balloon. Maj. Kotanzes said he would gladly pay double, provided the balloon did all that was claimed for it. If, therefore, Mr. Kulparker would go to Cuba with his balloon and wipe out a Spanish corps or two the money would be promptly paid to him, and they would finish up the rebellion in brilliant style with the patent automatic.

Kulparker demurred at this. He had no desire to visit Cuba at that moment. There was danger of being captured by a Spanish cruiser before they reached the land, and in that case, with the balloon and dynamite in his possession, Kulparker did not rightly see what excuse he could make to the Spanish government.

The major blandly pointed out that the Spanish cruisers occupied themselves with capturing innocent merchant vessels of numerous neutral nations, thus keeping the government at Madrid busy apologizing, but that they had never hit upon a real filibustering schooner, and that the rebels up to date had had no trouble in landing all the munitions of war they wanted. If the revolt committee sent over the balloon without anyone to work it who understood its habits and customs, the trial would doubtless be a failure, and no good would accrue to anybody, while the Spanish troops, who sadly needed amusements on the desolate plains, would be deprived of the fireworks displayed which would bring so much excitement into their camp, and, by blowing them up with dynamite, prevent their dying of ennui or fever.

The committee were willing to pay Kulparker's expenses to Cuba and back, and, in the event of success, to give him, in cash, double what he asked, which offer, the major politely insisted, was all that any reasonable man could ask. If wars had been plentiful, it is doubtful that Kulparker would have gone to Cuba, but, as every one knows, they were deplorably scarce, so it was that, or nothing.

Kulparker was put aboard a lugger from a deserted sand dune in Florida, together with his balloon and about one thousand rounds of dynamite cartridges. It was an anxious voyage, he knowing that there was such a quantity of sensitive explosive stuff in the hold, but the major proved to have been right about what he said of the vigilance of the Spanish cruisers. The lugger landed without molestation in a little cove on the island, and scouts were sent out to find the whereabouts of the rebel army, or some part of it. At last the deadly apparatus was loaded on mules, and thus they made for the hills, where information had been received that Gen. Carambo and his men were stationed. Carambo was not in good humor when the outfit arrived. He had just had a brush with the Spaniards, who were camped in the valley, and, although both sides had telegraphed to the world at large that each had achieved a great victory, Gen. Carambo did not appear satisfied with the result and had taken to the hills, while the Spaniards were busy contracting yellow fever in the valley.

When Gen. Carambo found that the committee had sent him a new-fangled balloon and a tenderfoot to work it, when what he wanted was something to drink, he made no attempt to conceal his anger. He wanted gunpowder, not dynamite; in fact, he had never heard of dynamite before.

It did not need Carambo's anger to frighten Kulparker. He was already nearly scared to death at the company he found himself in. They seemed to him a ragged, unkempt assortment of colored brigands; even the general himself had no boots on, and the villainous

looking guns with which they were armed added to their terrifying appearance.

Gen. Carambo curtly ordered him to get his bag of tricks in working order and let him see what there was in it, warning him at the same time if there was any skulduggery about it Kulparker would be instantly shot, and the general would do himself the happiness of apologizing to the United States for the action later on. With trembling hands Kulparker got his gas machine in operation and inflated the balloon, while the rebels looked on with scarcely-disguised contempt. At last the balloon arose with the fan whirling and moved against a light zephyr toward the Spanish camp. Its unfortunate inventor watched it with intense interest, for he felt that his life depended upon its actions.

"How soon will it begin to shoot?" asked Gen. Carambo.

"It ought to begin in about ten minutes," said Kulparker, looking at his watch.

"Very well. If it doesn't commence then, we will," replied the general, ominously. "We are not here to be trifled with."

To inspire confidence in the inventor's mind the rebel general ordered a file of his ruffians to cover Kulparker with their guns and to fire when he gave the order. Much as the unlucky scientist wished for an adequate test for his balloon, he did not yearn for it under these conditions, and it is probably the only case on record where a man on the solid earth was in more danger than if he had been up in the flying machine. Kulparker watched his invention with much anxiety, and it soon became evident that it was attracting attention from the Spaniards underneath. Puffs of smoke were seen in the valley below. They were firing at it.

All at once Kulparker saw something drop from the balloon. It could not be a cartridge, for the balloon was not due to begin firing; besides, he could not have seen a cartridge drop at that distance. It came fluttering down very slowly and once as it overturned in the air he realized that it was the fan which propelled the automatic. A rifle bullet had doubtless deranged the machinery and the fan had whirled itself off. The balloon hung motionless in midair for a moment, then slowly the light wind began to drive it back over the rebel camp. Kulparker's hair began to bristle with the horror of the situation. He was between two fires, for if the balloon began to drop dynamite he would run an excellent chance of being blown to pieces, while the moment Carambo noticed that it was returning, the suspicious wretch would see a plot in the whole scheme, and would order his prisoner shot.

Gen. Carambo had taken Kulparker's watch on the plea that he had none and wished to time the firing. The inventor did not expect to have his watch returned, and subsequent events justified this suspicion, but he now looked anxiously at the general, who was busy studying the face of the watch, wondering what would happen when he turned his gaze upwards and saw the balloon returning.

The automatic opened the ball by going into business on its own account. A shell dropped from it struck about half a mile down the hill. The explosion was terrific and startled the whole camp. Carambo slipped the watch in his pocket with an oath and it was only a few minutes before he took in the situation. The second shell dropped perceptibly nearer and rent the rock some distance below them.

"It is a plot," yelled the general. "He is a minion of the Spaniards, as I thought from the first. Shoot the low scoundrel. Attention! Fire!"

The balloon answered his command, but not the soldiers. They, frozen with terror, were watching the approach of the aerial monster, which was steadily dropping bombs and raising consecutive earthquakes, with the accurate mathematical precision of a minute gun.

"Shoot, do you hear!" shouted Carambo. The men tremulously raised their carbines, but the balloon got its work in first. The dynamite struck within a few hundred yards of where they stood, and the concussion knocked down more of the squad and sent panic and flying rock amongst the rest. Carambo was stunned by a stone. Kulparker had flung himself face down on the ground and spent an eternity of wild suspense wondering whether he would be struck first by the bullets of the brigands or the dynamite hitting him in the small of the back, for the balloon seemed directly overhead. As he turned over after the crash he rolled down the hill for some distance, and there he flatters himself he lost his senses with the tumble, although I don't think he had any too much sense when he undertook to invent such an idiotic contrivance as the automatic balloon. The balloon floated gently over the ocean, and it is to be hoped in the interest of the mercantile commerce of the world that the dynamite bombs are all spent. There are dangers enough at sea as it is, without an irresponsible gas bag dropping shells unexpectedly on a vessel's deck from an altitude of half a mile.

Kulparker managed to work his way back to the coast, where he got into his lugger again, and the crew, not knowing what had happened, landed him according to instructions on the Florida sands once more.

The Spanish government has made a requisition for the body of Kulparker, whether the body is dead or alive. The United States began searching for him, and so he thought it best to take a trip to Europe and wait till his balloon rolls by.

Thus it comes about that Kulparker's nerves have all gone wrong, and that he dare not go to Malaga, in Spain, to have them put right again.—Detroit Free Press.

—Poultry Query.—What will a woman shoot the chickens with when she wears bloomers?—Atchison Globe.

## A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD.

Misfortunes of a Man With a Three Year's Lease.

"What in thunder am I going to do?" queried a gentleman who recently moved out in the western portion of the city, of a circle of his down town friends.

"A few weeks ago," he continued, "I leased a house for three years. The neighborhood was represented to be quiet, orderly and respectable. My wife is a timid, delicate woman, easily frightened. We have been living in our new home about three weeks. Let me give you a brief summary of events. A few nights after we got settled, we were awakened by a woman screaming 'murder!' It proved to be our next door neighbor, and her husband was chasing her about the back yard with an ax. A few days later, my wife had occasion to drop into the house of another neighbor. She called at a most inopportune moment, as the lord of the household was choking his wife up against the wall and endeavoring to make her promise she wouldn't go out again evenings without his permission. But that isn't all. Two doors north of us the husband and his wife got into a pitched battle Sunday afternoon. She undertook to chop the family carriage into kindling wood with an ax, because her husband wouldn't take her out driving. He retaliated by knocking her down with his fist and breaking out a couple of her teeth. Some brats of boys drowned Mrs. M.'s cat in the cistern, and to cap the climax, a tramp had a fit on the back porch this morning. What in heaven's name I am to do, I don't know."

His friends were unable to advise him, and when last seen five fairly good-looking young married men were gazing at themselves in the mirror back of the Boody house bar, and one of the bartenders was tenderly squeezing a handful of mint, while the other was fishing in the depths of a bottle of brandied cherries with a fork.

The mournful man was obtaining solace in his hour of misery.—Toledo Blade.

## LOVING TOO LATE.

A Common Enough Story Portrays a Pathetic Moral.

Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance, the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew that he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering, or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher, must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever.—Amelia E. Barr, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## EVERYBODY WAS QUIET.

The recent Indian uprising in Wyoming recalls to mind an incident of a similar uprising in Idaho back in the seventies.

A report reached army headquarters that the Indians had swarmed down on a little village and murdered every inhabitant. A second lieutenant who had just received his commission was dispatched to the scene to ascertain the authenticity of the rumor. A few hours after his arrival in the village he sent this dispatch to the commanding officer.

"Everybody is quiet here."

Whereupon the commanding officer replied: "Your report is unintelligible. We have it from responsible source that Indians have massacred every inhabitant."

The lieutenant answered: "Report is correct. Everybody has been massacred. Everybody is quiet."—N. Y. Journal.

## A FISH STORY.

Bluegrass—I caught a sucker the other day that weighed a hundred and eighty pounds.

Burbitt—Oh, come off. You fellows that fish can't tell the truth.

"But I'll swear to it. I sold him that old hoss I got from you for one hundred and fifty dollars for two hundred dollars."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE WHOLE THING.

"No," said the prosperous gentleman, with the large diamond and both feet on the car seat, "you can hunt a seat in another car. I am not going to bother myself for a ham actor."

"Sir," said Barnes Torner, with fine courtesy, "I would rather be a ham actor than act the hog."—Indianapolis Journal.

## THE FOOL.

"A girl," he observed with asperity, "makes a fool of herself when she affects the masculine."

"Oh, dear me," she rejoined. "I am sure you are too severe upon your sex. Really, it was such a chilly evening, but—thank you—strawberry, if you please."—Detroit Tribune.

## A JEWEL OF A JURYMAN.

Lawyer—Have you formed any opinion on this case?  
Juryman—No, sir.  
"Do you think, after the evidence on both sides is all in, you would be able to form an opinion?"  
"No, sir."  
"You'll do."—N. Y. Weekly.

## STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

Some Instances of the Efficacy of Obeying Queer Orders.

The London Spectator lately had a clever article entitled "The Tyranny of Coincidence." The example shown is of a lady who was driving outside of Athens. When the horses were halted one of the team refused his oats. The Greek coachman insisted that the horse was under a spell. The young English lady had an "evil eye." The man told Miss Symonds to spit—that was the only cure. The young woman was forced to go through the un lady-like performance, and at once the horse took to his feed. "The coincidence rivited the chains of superstition upon the driver tighter than ever."

Many coincidences of a similar character must occur to the reader. Here is a case: A child was told to put a four-leaf clover in his left shoe, and was assured "that he would be sure to find something." The little boy did so, and had hardly moved out of his tracks in a large grass-grown pasture before he found an old half-dollar of an ancient date, evidently lost years before. The child was not superstitious, and fortunately the parents were not. The matter of coincidence was explained to him, and among other things he was plentifully supplied with four-leaf clovers, but he never found anything. The origin of superstition associated with amulets or any material objects must owe its being to just such coincidences. Among those who are not educated it may be that the tyranny of coincidence does exist, but it should not hold with those having sound minds. We all have, however, a dark chamber in our brains, and it is there that the owls and bats of superstition flap their wings.

## A LOST STATE.

The United States, compared with the nations of the old world, is but a creation of yesterday, and it is seldom that one can dig up forgotten facts in its history. How many know that there was once a "State of Franklin" organized, though never admitted to the union? The present state of Tennessee was originally a part of the grant of lands made by Charles II. to the colony of North Carolina. Subsequent to the Revolutionary war, in the year 1784, the legislature of North Carolina passed an act ceding to the United States all that part of their state lying west of the mountains. Supposing this would be accepted by congress, the people of Washington, Sullivan and Green counties declared themselves independent of North Carolina and organized the "State of Franklin." In 1785, however, North Carolina repealed the act of cession of the previous year, but these counties remained out until 1788, when they again acknowledged the sovereignty of the "Old North State." This was the first secession that occurred in our country, but no fuss was made about it, and it died out quietly. In 1790 North Carolina again ceded the territory to the general government, and shortly after Tennessee was organized and admitted to the union. Since then many new states have been added in the West and Northwest, and to all the principal cities in the division of eleven of them the Burlington Route is the quickest and best means of communication. For further information about this railroad inquire of your home ticket agent, or write to W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

"That whisky is fifteen years old. I know it because I've had it that long myself." The Colonel—"By jove, sir, you must be a man of phenomenal self-control."—Life.

## LAND SEEKERS' EXCURSION.

November 19th and December 3rd and 17th.

On the above dates the Big Four Route in connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. will sell round trip tickets from all points on their lines in the west and north-west to all points in Virginia (except east of the Blue Ridge) to the town of Gordonsville on Washington Division and North Carolina at one fare with two dollars added. Tickets good thirty days returning and good for stopover. In Virginia they have no droughts, no blizzards, cheap improved farms and the best markets in the country. Send for free descriptive pamphlet, rates, etc. U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., 284 Clark St., Chicago.

A DISTINCTION.—Anxious Versifier—"Do not pay for poetry, sir!" Exasperating Editor—"Yes; but this is verse."—Somerville Journal.

## A HEARTY WELCOME.

To returning peace by day and tranquility at night is extended by the rheumatic patient who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine anodyne for pain and purifier of the blood an instant beyond the point when the disease manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, liver complaint, lagrippe and irregularity of the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

THERE is an awful lot of enthusiasm wasted on dead-horse projects.



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