

The Williston Graphic

By COPLAND & OVERSON.
WILLISTON, N. DAK.

PRIVATE MONSON

By LYNN RODY MEEKING.
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IT WAS in the midst of the civil war that Harner went out to take a look at the field. A battle would certainly be fought the next day. His own inferences had been corroborated by a hint from the headquarters to which he was temporarily attached.

When he first appeared as a war correspondent, full of the romance that his work promised, he waited for the fights and then threw into his descriptions all the resources of his ready pen and prompt vocabulary, but it would not do. He soon found that by the time his copy was ready the other fellows held the wires and he was left to receive pleasant messages from the home office about his descriptions being quite good, but somewhat ancient, with an occasional reminder that the paper he represented was not a monthly publication.

So he learned to gather and arrange the preliminaries and then to dash in the details while the cannons were booming and the bullets were scoring their points with human lives in the great and glorious game of war. Even with the swiftness that experience had brought him his lot was far from happy. He did not mind hard work—that was a part of the business—but after he had run through one of the hottest and prettiest skirmishes he had ever seen, had witnessed wonderful deeds of valor and had taken his own life into his hands and made a bold dash across country to a telegraph station only to receive in acknowledgment of his superb description the message: "Adjectives are cheap and telegraph tolls are not," his feelings were honestly hurt. True it was that the skirmish was but an incident in the mighty conflict between the great sections of a great country and history has not found space to mention it, but Harner knew that it was more savage and picturesque than many of the battles to which pages were given, and he wrote as he saw.

Then, too, there was the restraint of his work. When a soldier is fired at he has the satisfaction of firing back, but it is never pleasant to have the other fellow do all the shooting. As a correspondent Harner was a noncombatant. He was shot at as much as any of the soldiers and a great deal more than some of them, and he simply had to stand it without the privilege of returning the compliment.

But he had become used to it all now and the battle of the morrow must be attended to. He knew the locations of the commands; he believed he had the plans of the fight, and he wanted to get the field of operations so clear in his mind that his account would be as accurate in its geography as in its other important particulars. He had permission to rove within the lines and he was on his way to the line.

As he turned into a path which would save him some of the distance a young soldier overtook him. He was handsome and young, with the rosy cheeks of perfect physical manhood. Harner viewed him closely and into his mind came a pity that such youth should be used as food for gunpowder.

"My name is Monson, of company C, Eighth volunteers," he said, "and I want you to do me a favor."

"Very glad to do anything I can," replied Harner.

"Your paper goes to our town and anything that is printed about us will be read there," he went on. "What I ask may seem a little strange, but I know that you can do it without much trouble to yourself."

"Well, what is it?"

"In your dispatch about to-morrow's fight, I want you to report as dead William H. Monson, private in company C, who enlisted from Spring Falls."

Harner took a more careful look at the young man, but there was nothing in his countenance to indicate that he was either insane or insincere. But it seemed to be a jest, and Harner smiled.

"How would you like it put?" he asked.

"I don't understand."

"Of course, you want to die a hero's death. Shall I have you leading your company over the enemy's ramparts; or dashing forth to grasp the flag from hostile hands; or picking up a burning bomb; or throwing yourself in front of your captain to save his precious uniform from an approaching bullet; or shall it be just a plain case of death in the line of duty with only an empty knapsack and a visiting card to tell the story of a life cut down in the bloom of youth?"

"You can fix it as you please," said the young man, solemnly. "I suppose you newspaper fellows have to put things in to fill up and as I am going to die it won't make much difference how it happens. But I'll be satisfied with

just a line—just say I'm dead. That's all I ask."

"I suppose," he said, "that you have never taken time to consider why my paper keeps me out here or why I stay. It isn't for the fun of the thing, I assure you. They are not paying me a salary and expenses merely to spend their surplus or to enable me to telegraph bogus news. If you had had four years of the work only to get complaints from alleged editors, who sit in easy chairs and think they rule in the country with a headline or a double-headed scree and who know more than all the generals and correspondents in both armies you would understand things better. It's hard enough to persuade these omnipotents to recognize real news when they see it much less to send them statements which are not true."

Harner's sarcasm went for naught. The soldier did not comprehend it, and apparently did not care to. His only reply was vaguely put. "I suppose I would," he said, "but you'll do this for me, won't you?"

"Of course not."

"Why won't you?"

"Simply because I won't," said Harner, with emphasis.

The soldier stood as if undetermined what to do. Then he looked up and said: "Well, never mind, for you'll have to do it anyhow."

"I hope not," replied Harner, and more seriously, "you're too young to die. Your country needs you even if your sweetheart doesn't."

Blushing deeply and stammering something which Harner did not understand the soldier turned and walked rapidly away.

The battle was fought. Through-out the conflict Harner was here, there and everywhere getting facts and names and details. There was no time in that awful slaughter to notice trifles. Human lives were as cheap as grass and were mowed down as mercilessly. So it happened that it was not until several days later when the papers containing the reports reached the moving army that Harner observed his own report.

"Monson, William H.—Private, company C. Enlisted from Spring Falls. Shot through shoulder while saving company's colors."

In the next issue was a dispatch from Spring Falls saying that Monson was one of the best young men of Spring Falls and that his death was universally deplored.

"Well, that beats me," said Harner. "I wonder if my memory served me a trick. I'll see." The command had moved many miles but the company was still with it and he immediately sought out the captain and asked him about Private Monson.

"Poor fellow!" was the reply. "He was the bravest fool I ever saw. I suppose they buried him with the rest."

After the war Harner did not return to his paper. The editors who had mutilated his copy and against whom he had an accumulated animosity equal to that which Gen. Sherman had expressed against the war correspondents, whose usefulness Harner could prove, was first pointed out by Gen. George Washington, was still in charge and he did not feel like coming directly under their orders. So he tried other things, but as the years went by and the other things did not make him rich he succumbed to the inevitable and entered journalism again.

To him was given a roving commission to visit and write up the places where the conquests of industry were making the wealth that was to pay the debts of war.

In the course of time his duties took him to Spring Falls, a village which had become a city, with its splendid water power utilized, with great manufacturing on every side. He saw it all, and finally he saw upon the side of a large mill: "William H. Monson." The name seemed strangely familiar, and yet he could not place it. It was gone amid all the thousands of forgotten things in the crowded years.

But the next morning it came like a flash.

And then the story. Col. Monson told it at his own fireside after Harner had been presented to his wife as the man who had refused to report him dead.

"But I did report you dead," insisted Harner, "and it was all a mistake."

"Yes, but it was, but I wasn't. In fact, it was almost as untrue as the report which reached me the day before the battle that a certain young lady had thrown me over."

And after that came the experiences so interesting to hear in times of peace that they were so hard to know in the days of war.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Uncle—"Yes, Charles; I laid the foundation of my fortune by saving cab fares." Spendthrift Nephew—"I didn't know you ever drove one, uncle!"—Punch.

Amy—"Jack told me last night he had given me his heart." Mabel—"Well, it is damaged goods. He told me last week that I had broken it."—London Tit-Bits.

"My hand itches; what is that the sign of?" asked the country editor. "Oh, I guess you're going to get some kindling wood," replied his wife.—Yonkers Statesman.

Something in a Name—"The clever name that Biggs adopted has proved a little gold mine." "Yes, it's been a regular room de plume for him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Caustic—Minnick—"I sent some verses to that magazine, but I don't think the editor read them at all." Sinner—"Ah! they were accepted, were they?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Slow Payer—Magistrate (to the Chinaman)—"What's your complaint against this young man, John?" Chinaman—"He's too much by-and-by."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

From the Automobileist's View.—First Chauffeur—"Have any bad luck during your trip yesterday?" Second Chauffeur—"Oh, I ran over a man, but I don't think I hurt the machine any."—Ohio State Journal.

Scandal Spoiled—"Did you hear that Mrs. Upstreet was separated from her husband?" "Mercy, not tell me about it." "Well, they were down town shopping together yesterday, and they got separated in the crowd."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

WAR ON MOSQUITOES.

Recent Reports Show That Good Results Have Been Obtained by Havana Authorities.

It is several months since the public has heard anything of particular interest concerning Havana's war on the mosquito. Possibly some persons have imagined that because the subject ceased to figure in news dispatches this method of preventing yellow fever had been less successful than it promised to be. How erroneous such an idea, if it exists really, is, is proved by the contents of the last report of Maj. W. C. Gorgas, U. S. A., chief sanitary officer of Havana. This report is for the month of October and shows that whereas this month has been ordinarily one of the severest of the year so far as yellow fever mortality is concerned, this year there was not a single death from the once much dreaded scourge. During the last ten years the maximum number of deaths from yellow fever for the month of October was in 1896, when a total of 240 was reached. The minimum was in 1899, when the deaths numbered 25. The average for the month during the ten years has been 66.27 deaths, and it is evident, as Maj. Gorgas observes, that complete exemption of the city from fatal cases of yellow fever is not the result of mere chance, says the Troy Times.

Maj. Gorgas declares with emphasis that the real reason why the yellow fever mortality is less is that a relentless war has been waged upon the mosquitoes that have hitherto transmitted the disease from one person to another. It is true that the sanitary conditions of the city have been much improved, but this has contributed only in a small degree to the excellent results. The October figures alone are cause for congratulation, but when Maj. Gorgas adds that there has not been a single death from yellow fever in the entire city of Havana since April 1, although the average for these months had been 362.16, it is evident that results almost approximating the miraculous have been secured. It must be admitted that Maj. Gorgas is the best authority as to what produced these results, and his findings should, therefore, encourage the world to fight with vigor that the mosquito may be exterminated.

Expensive Books.

The largest sum of money ever paid for a book was 250,000 francs, an amount equal to \$50,000. This sum was paid by the German government for a "Missal" formerly owned by Pope Leo X, and by him presented to Henry VIII. of England, along with the parchment which conferred on that monarch the title of "defender of the faith," a title which has since been borne by all Saxon rulers. In the time of Charles II. the "Missal" was presented to the ancestors of the famous duke of Hamilton. The duke's library of rare and curious books finally fell into the hands of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London book auctioneers, who disposed of the relic to the German government for the price stated. As long ago as 1512 a syndicate of rich Venetian Jews called upon Pope Julius II. and attempted to purchase from him the celebrated "Hebrew Bible," which is now kept in the Vatican. They made all kinds of propositions, finally offering its weight in gold. It weighs 325 pounds, and would therefore have netted Julius something like \$100,000 had he consented to sell it.—The Bookman.

Large Alaska Nugget.

The largest nugget ever found in Alaska is the one picked up by Edward Johnson, of Ishpeming, Mich., while working on Discovery, Anvil creek, about four miles from Nome, on a claim belonging to the Pioneer Mining company. It weighs 97 ounces and is valued at \$1,552. Johnson was working on the night gang and found the great nugget early in the morning of September 14 while putting a post under the sluice box. He was alone at the time and could, it is claimed, easily have kept the rich find.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Half-Million Dollar Poem.

It is stated that "The Absent-Minded Beggar," by Rudyard Kipling, has realized in various ways about \$455,000 for the families of the British soldiers who have fought in South Africa, or somewhat more than \$10,000 for each line.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Lawyerless Counties in Texas.

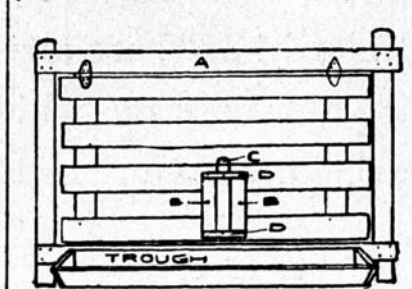
There are 40 counties in Texas which have to seek legal advice outside their limits, as they have not a single attorney of their own.—Chicago Chronicle.



FEEDING CONTROLLER.

Excellent Device for Keeping Hogs Out of the Trough While Pouring in the Slop.

A good device for keeping hogs out of the trough while pouring the slop in the trough is made in the following manner: Have the trough setting parallel to the fence and close to it. If you have an old door as long as the trough it will do very well. Drive a post in at each end of the trough and



HOG FEEDING CONTROLLER.

fasten a scantling to the top of these (a). Fasten a pair of hinges to the side of the door and hinge it to scantling, then take two small pieces about 2x1 inches and one foot long, (b) and nail them on the door about two inches apart as shown in cut. Take another piece (c) about the same as other two and put a pin in to push it backward and forward with. Put this in between pieces (b) and put two pieces, (d) across to hold it on. When you want to put slop in the trough pull up the bolt and swing the door out so that it covers the trough and push the bolt down outside of the trough and put in the slop and swing the door back and bolt it again. It is best to put a board at each end of trough to keep the hogs from getting into the trough at the ends.—Agricultural Epitomist.

MUST HAVE GOOD ROADS.

Their Establishment is Essential to the Maintenance of Rural Free Delivery Routes.

Good roads are one of the features necessary to the establishment of rural free delivery routes. It is evident that the post office department meant business when it declared at the start that no free delivery routes would be maintained over poor roads. Not only must the roads be good in the beginning, but they must be kept in proper order, or the route will be abolished. An eastern postmaster recently received the following letter, which shows plainly the attitude of the post office department:

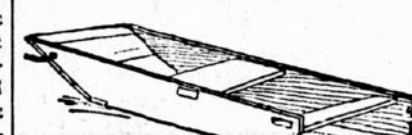
"Reports recently received show that the roads traveled by rural carrier from your office are in bad condition and likely to be impassable in bad weather. You will please notify the patrons of routes one and two that the present lack of attention to these roads will, if continued, be likely to endanger the permanency of the rural free delivery service there."

"A rural carrier cannot possibly make regular time or perform efficient service over poor roads, particularly during the winter and spring months. The summer is the time for mending these highways, which are really serving as post roads, and which should always be in passable condition for the transport of mail. It is the hope of the department that the patrons who are receiving the benefit of the service appreciate it, and that an effort to repair all deficient portions before winter sets in, so that the permanency of rural free delivery service may be insured."—Orange Judd Farmer.

BREAKING WINTER ROADS.

Homemade Implement Suitable for Use on Country Roads, Village Streets and Sidewalks.

Much energy is wasted in breaking winter roads. Pushing the snow out at the sides of the road makes a deep cut which soon fills with drifting snow and does not give a hard track for travel. The cut shows an excellent homemade road breaker. It can be made wide for farm roads or high-



SIMPLE ROAD BREAKER.

ways, or narrow for breaking paths or sidewalks. Two plank runners are planed across under the front end, and shown in the sketch. Cross braces and a board on which to place a box seat complete the contrivance, with the exception of two staples in front for the attachment of chains. This machine rides over the snow and packs it down, giving a firm roadbed without piling up snow at the sides. Any desired amount of weight can easily be placed upon it. The runners keep this road from slewing from side to side, as is the case with many snow plows.—E. G. Hale, in Farm and Home.

A Note on Winter Feeding.

The farmer who has a silo filled with good corn ensilage, a little mixed hay and some corn in the crib can settle the winter feeding question easily and economically, since all he needs to supplement the farm products is a nitrogenous concentrate, says a correspondent of National Stockman. The feeder who has neither silage nor roots will find it more difficult to decide in regard to his winter feeding, for instead of depending upon the laxative effect of ensilage to keep the cattle in good condition, he will be obliged to use some commercial by-product for this purpose. Of these, linseed meal and bran have this effect upon cattle in a pronounced manner. Although both these feeds are at the present time very high, more or less of one or both of them must be fed, since it is absolutely necessary if the best results are to be obtained to keep milking cows or feeding cattle in a good normal condition.

QUESTION OF PATIENCE.

Stubborn Calves Are Not Vanquished by Stubborn Feeders, But Readily Yield to Kindness.

The skim milk calf has come to stay. Men have learned by experiments and by careful feeding that skim milk is the cheapest and best feed for a calf, especially for the dairy calf. The greatest trouble is the danger of over-feeding. Most people seem to think that because skim milk isn't very rich they must give the calf lots of it, so they pour it down him by the bucket, without stopping to think what a calf's stomach is like, and the result is that they soon have a lot of "pot-bellied" calves, writes J. L. Smith in the Kansas Farmer.

When the calf is a few days old he is taken away from the cow and put into a pen or shed to be taught how to drink skim milk. Then the fun commences. If the calf will not drink the milk right off, and is a little stubborn, the fellow who is trying to feed him usually gets mad, jumps straddle of the calf's neck, backs him up in a corner, grabs hold of the calf's head with both hands, and rams it down in the milk to the bottom of the pail. Then the calf gets mad and bawls, and tries to get away, gets strangled, and finally succeeds in spilling the milk.

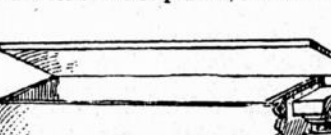
It is best to have a little patience with the calf, and remember that it does not have very much sense at first. After it has sucked the cow two or three times it should be taken away and put in a good, clean pen and fed on its mother's milk for a week or two. Then begin to gradually reduce the whole milk and add a little skim milk each day, until within a couple of weeks it will be on skim milk alone. A good substitute for the fat removed is a little cornmeal given after drinking. This will also keep them from sucking each other. Over feeding, irregular feeding, or feeding cold, sour milk is apt to cause scours with the calves.

To feed skim milk fresh from the hand separator on the farm is the best way, because it is always warm and sweet. The skim milk from the creamery is all right, but in warm weather it will not keep sweet very long unless it is sterilized well and thoroughly cooled when brought home.

TANK WATER HEATER.

Almost Indispensable on Farms Whose Owners Take a Pride in Their Live Stock.

For warming water the plan portrayed herewith is very useful. One end of the trough is partitioned off and over a square opening in the partition is tightly fitted a galvanized iron box, the water flowing freely into this iron box. Under this iron box a small oil stove is placed, admission be-



TANK WATER HEATER.

ing had by means of a small door in the front of the trough. With a tight cover the water in the trough can have the chill removed very easily. It is especially important to have the iron box as low down in the trough as possible, so that the water at the bottom of the trough may be warmed, as well as that at the top. If possible let the end compartment extend below the main body of the trough, so that the iron box may open into the lower part of the trough. As the water is heated it will rise and the colder water from the bottom be drawn in to be heated in its turn.—E. L. Henry, in Farm and Home.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Viburnum macrophyllum is a good plant for Easter forcing.

Rural New Yorker thinks the Keif pear is taking a back seat. Estimates of the Florida orange crop this year vary from 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 boxes.

Palms and ferns of large size are now in high favor with professional grovers and people generally.

Hardly a more popular and handsome yellow chrysanthemum can be found than Col. D. Appleton.

The decorative asparagus in winter should not be kept too warm. Sixty degrees F. is enough, and it should be regularly supplied with water, the plant having good drainage. Every day syringe the foliage.

The Cow in the Klondike.

The dairy cow has invaded the Klondike. Last spring a man by the name of Cox succeeded in bringing in 17 milch cows. He at once went to selling milk in Dawson at \$2.50 per gallon. The feed was buffalo grass pasture, and nothing. Now that winter has come, some people are wondering what will happen to the cows. Doubtless the problem of housing and feeding them through the winter will be so great that it will be found more profitable to turn them into beef than to keep them. Even as beef they can be disposed of on foot at 60 cents per pound, \$60 per hundred weight.

Government Scab Inspection.

Much attention has also been given to the repression of scabies in sheep. The number of animals inspected in this service was nearly 8,000,000, and over 1,000,000 were dipped in a proper liquid for the cure or prevention of the disease under the supervision of our inspectors. The effect of the regulations bearing upon this disease has been remarkably beneficial, the number of diseased sheep reaching the markets of the country having been greatly reduced.—Report of Secretary Wilson.

Sheep Eradicate Daisies.

Sheep are fond of the oxeye daisy, either as pasture or hay, and will eat them so closely as to kill them out. In some parts of England they sow the seed of them to make sheep pasture. Those who have fields where they prevail might do well to pasture them with sheep one or two seasons, then plow. We have eradicated them by two seasons of liberal manuring, keeping the land in hoed crops and then reseeding, but they would come in again as soon as the land became poor.—Wool Markets and Sheep.

UNITED STATES SENATOR THURSTON,

The Brilliant Statesman from Nebraska, Makes an Important Public Utterance.



INTERIOR OF UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER.

Ex-Senator John M. Thurston, of Omaha, Nebraska, is one of the most prominent and influential men in the country. He made the speech nominating President McKinley at the St. Louis convention, and was made permanent Chairman of this convention. He was also made Chairman of the convention that re-nominated President McKinley at Philadelphia. He was recently appointed by President McKinley Chairman of the St. Louis Exposition Commission.

This prominent gentleman recently wrote the following letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio:

Washington, D. C., April 6, 1901.

"I have used Peruna at various times during the past year or two with most satisfactory results."

"It entirely relieved me from an irritating cough—the result of excessive effort in the presidential campaign, and I am a firm believer in its efficacy for any such trouble."—Jno. M. Thurston.

Catarrh has already become a national scourge. Its ravages extend from ocean to ocean. More than one-half of the people are affected by it. It has become such a serious matter that it has passed the boundaries of the medical profession and become a national question. Senators are talking about it; Congressmen are discussing it.

They are not only considering the extent and chronic nature of the disease, but the possibility of finding a national remedy to meet this national calamity.

The catarrh remedy, Peruna, seems to be the main expectation in this direction.

Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, devised the remedy, Peruna, over forty years ago, and the remedy as a catarrh cure has been

growing in favor steadily all these years.

It stands to-day before the nation as a thoroughly tested, accurately scientific internal remedy for catarrh. There are practically no medicinal rivals in the field.

Peruna is not a local application or temporary relief. It is a permanent cure. Peruna is a systemic remedy. It eradicates catarrh from the system. It cures catarrh wherever located. Its cures are radical and lasting.

Therefore, Peruna is receiving the endorsement of the leading statesmen and history-makers of the day.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a book of testimonials, containing letters from prominent men and women concerning Peruna.

FLORIDA—CUBA—BAHAMAS ISLANDS.

Winter Changed into Summer—Visit New and Delightful Places.

The Daily Pioneer Press of St. Paul will this winter take out a limited party for a 30-day tour of the Sunny South, through the East and West Coast of Florida, Cuba, and the Bahamas Islands.

Two weeks at the Famous Florida East coast. Hotels—a week in Havana and Interior Cuba—five days at Old Nassau and the Bahamas.

4804 miles by rail and steamer. 500 miles on the ocean.

Palatial special train of Pullman sleepers will be run direct from St. Paul to the Gulf of Mexico without change via the North-Western Line, Chicago and Eastern Illinois and Evansville & Terre Haute Railways.

Tickets for the tour including all expenses only \$298—Less than \$10 a day.

Representatives of the Pioneer Press and the Railroads will accompany the party to attend to all details of travel.

Above cost of the trip includes all hotels, carriage drives, meals and berths on trains, etc.

The Pioneer Press is arranging this tour for the benefit of its friends, and the cost is based on the actual expenses.

For tickets, berth reservations, itinerary of the trip, pamphlets describing places to be visited, and all other information, address CURTIS L. MOSIER, Manager of Tour, Gen. Pass. Agent, Pioneer Press, North-Western Line, St. Paul, Minn.

But Few Experts.

The life work of most of us consists in making a living, and it is deplorable how comparatively few experts there are in the business.—Puck.

Queen & Crescent Route.

Excellent through service from Cincinnati and the North to New Orleans, Birmingham, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Charleston, St. Augustine.

Most Important, to Us.

Teacher—Tell me some of the most important things existing to-day which did not exist 100 years ago.

Tommy—Us—Stray Stories.

Base Insulation.

First Milk Dealer—Do you put water in your milk?

Second Milk Dealer—Sir, you insult me! I use ice—not to dilute the milk, but to make it cold.—Ohio State Journal.

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