The Williston Graphic

BY COPELAND & OVERSON.

WILLISTON, - - N. DAK

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There's a house upon the hillside where my memory ever turns
When the night across this foreign landscape falls;
Through its little latticed window I can see the light that burns,
And I always hear the cricket as it calls!
And no matter where I wander, on the sea or on the land,
When the lamps are lit in all the homes I know
There is one placed in the window by a mother's loving hand,
And I read love's deathless message in its glow!

On a golden summer evening, when across the fields I strayed
On an errand up or down the country side,
Or when in the darkened dingle after night I was delayed,
She would trim the light to be my homeward guide.
And whatever fancy gathers, when the evening star is high,
And my loved one's casement opens on the foam,
Above the perfumed glitter I can see with tearful eye
The light that mother trims for me at home!

—Alonzo Rice, in Indianapolis Journal.

"THE PRIDE I TRAMPLED THEN"

By ROYALL G. SMITH.

I WAS 15; she, 12. I was an overgrown young ruffian with an ambition wavering between the prizering and a career as a professional baseball player; she was a spidery, forlorn-looking little thing, much like Mrs. Burnett's Sara Crewe.

My pride in my own prowess, great as it was, was surpassed by hers in me. This I knew—she was too young and too frank for concealment—and deplored. But so long as this childish preference for me took no more tangible form than smiles I could endure it, though all the time fearing lest I be accused by associates of kindergarten inclinations.

But, pshaw! Why dissemble? I had best borrow a lesson in frankness from Philippa herself, and admit that there was Another. Philippa's successful rival was Daisy Tyler, a girl who at 15 was a full-blown La France rose. What were little Phil's honest gray eyes beside hers of dark blue with their long lashes! And Phil's hair was short and ragged, while Daisy's brown tresses, even to my untutored eye, were a crown of glory. In short, poor little Phil in comparison with the efflorescent Miss Tyler suffered grievously.

And I suffered, too, at the hands

"SCHOOLMATES?" SHE SAYS. "POSSIBLY SO."

of Daisy, whose rivalry for my errant fancy was none of her choosing. For a mere boy like myself she sat in the seat of the scornful.

The memorable day that our football team played the Central High school, the Tyler equipage, containing the imperious Daisy, unchaperoned, was among the carriages along the side lines. Next to it, in an unobtrusive road-cart, were little Phil and her mother, but at them I deigned but a glance.

Daisy granted me a few words that made me deliriously happy and sent me into the fray, heart, soul and body, like a knight of old with his lady looking on.

At the end of the first half I was utterly exhausted and too disfigured to face my Love. Then, too, three grown college boys were in the carriage with her, and she was obviously quite content without me.

Between halves, while I lay panting on the turf, there came to me a grimy urchin, bearing flowers.

My heart sung. After all she had not forgotten me.

From the heart of a big rose that suggested her fell a wee note.

Tremblingly I unrolled it.

"I knew you would just be grand."

So ran the missive in Philippa's unformed scrawl. With a snort of disgust I flung the flowers away.

I shot a malevolent look at Phil. And though seemingly she was not looking at me I knew that she had seen it.

The next morning I met Philippa face to face, and she passed me with unseeing eyes.

Ten years later I meet her again. We are both guests at a dinner and are introduced.

I am sitting beside her and I ask her if we were not old schoolmates.

I expected a cordial remembrance. Indeed, I feel somewhat disappointed that she has not already recognized me.

"Schoolmates?" she says. "Possibly so. I went to the public schools when I was quite a child, and everybody that was nobody went there."

I deserve it, but I gnash my teeth, figuratively, and essay another venture.

"But surely you remember me,—Dick Eagleton?" I insist.

"It's odd but I can remember only the nobodies," evades Philippa. "One young policeman, several grocery deliverymen and a street car conductor call me 'Miss Archer,' and I have a vague memory of having gone to school with them."

I cover my repulse by talking in glittering generalities. They do not prevent my covertly studying her. What a superb woman she has made! My memory harks back to the days when she looked like Sara Crewe, and I marvel at her beautiful hair, her good, clear color and her sunny face. Perhaps one hypercritical might not call her beautiful, but I suddenly cease being hypercritical.

After a bit she is inconsistent enough to ask me if I remember Daisy Tyler. By way of retaliation I swear that I do not, and surprise succeeds mischief in the clear gray eyes—honest eyes that are always frank.

Of course I call; I am a persistent fellow and am undaunted by the rebuff she has given me. In time we become quite good friends, but further than that it seems impossible for me to advance. In my salad days—I am 25 now, but beside me the pyramids are imature,—I fancied my self a real "lion among ladies," but recently I have been sadly disillusioned.

To the straw of the little incident in her childhood and mine I cling like a drowning man. I have kept its memory alive for ten years. Has she? Does it prejudice or aid me in this my sore strait? If I but knew!

She knows that I love her, and that much I'll swear, though I have never told her. When I try she adroitly wards me off, reducing me to a state of chaotic idiocy.

"Do you read Henly?" I ask her one evening.

"No," she replies with questioning eyes.

"Then don't," I continue. "But there are some lines of his tucked away in the midst of something that—well, need not have been written—which peculiarly appeal to me."

"Oh, you are going to try again!" flash the honest gray eyes.

"I don't like the Decadents," she interrupts.

But I refuse to be stopped and begin my quotation.

"The pride I trampled then."

"And you boast that you are not sentimental," she laughs, cutting my quotation short.

"I am not," I say. "My affliction is sentiment; my neighbor's is sentimentality."

"Encore!" she cries. "How epigrammatic!"

"Some day I shan't let you change the subject," I say grimly.

"As you warned me a moment ago, I'll reciprocate. Don't try it."

Just then we are joined by Miles Stanford. Him, I dread as the Miles intervening between me and—Heaven. I return to first principles and have an acute attack of the same black despair that engulfed me the day I saw the college boys chatting with Daisy Tyler of ancient history. I think that my mask of gayety conceals it until Philippa passes me a card on which she has contrived to scribble: "You are perfectly horrid."

For one happy moment the world is mine. Did she not regard me as her own she would never have taken the liberty. I feel genuinely sorry for Stanford, who, despite his wealth, is not a bad fellow after all.

But after I take my leave I succeed in demonstrating to myself that I am a limitless fool. Of course Philippa will not marry for money, but Stanford without a penny is a thousand times better than Dick Eagleton. So I reason it out through the still watches of the night.

Yet the very next afternoon I concoct a fraudulently transparent scheme to see Philippa again.

"And what is this important matter that won't wait?" she demands.

"Do you remember the quotation you would not let me finish?" I begin.

"Is that all? Either my memory is treacherous, or else you quote so much—"

"Nonsense!" I interrupt. "The last line is":

"'For you love, yet you refrain.'"

"Is it true?" I asked.

Though her lips answered nothing her eyes told me that it was, and I caught her in my arms.

"You'll forgive me for being such a brute when I was a boy?"

"Doesn't it look as if I had forgiven you?" she asks with a happy laugh.

"And this is Mosiac justice tempered with mercy."

"And love," adds Philippa in a whisper.

Effect of Drugs.

Certain substances which are dead in their effects upon men can be taken by the brute creation with impunity. Horses cantake large doses of antimony, dogs of mercury, goats of tobacco, mice of hemlock and rabbits of belladonna, without injury. On the other hand, dogs and cats are much more susceptible to the influence of chloroform than man, and are much sooner killed by it.

A Natural Inquiry.

Little Nellie was out riding one day with her mother, and as they passed a cemetery she asked: "Mamma, how long does it take for the tombstones to come up after they plant people?"

WAS NO BOUNTY JUMPER.

He Bought a Substitute to Fight in His Place, But It Was a Wooden One.

During a recent social campfire, held at the big round table in the quartermaster's corner of a comrade's canteen by several grand army survivors of the strenuous "unpleasantness' between Yankee Doodle and Dixie the major was called upon to contribute his share of heroic and humorous reminiscence, says the New York Times.

"Well, boys," replied he, manipulating the seltzer siphon with his left hand—whatever remains of his sword arm being near "Hell's Angle," on the field of Gettysburg—"you ought to know by this time that I can draw a small pension much easier than I can tell a funny story, and I can just now recall but one, and in that you'll be apt to find more truth than tickle.

"At the time of the first draft I was stationed in Buffalo as a recruiting officer for my regiment, and the price of substitutes to fill the alloted quotas often reached a bigger figure in greenbacks than a common soldier could earn in a couple of years. So universal and overwhelming was the patriotic desire to be huskily represented by somebody else in defending Old Glory that even 'Lo the poor,' etc., was accepted for that purpose. Buffalo, too, was the biggest recruiting station in the whole country, and as such a golden field for a small army of bounty brokers, among whom one 'Cy' Phillips was conspicuous.

"Under these conditions Phillips was approached one day by an individual with 'hayseed' written all over him, from his flapping straw hat to his tallered cowhide boots, who stated that he had an Indian, as sound as second-growth hickory, whom, for pressing and plausible reasons, he was willing to dispose of for the small sum of $400, cash on the nail.

"'Where is he?' eagerly inquired Phillips, whose cupidity was blindly stimulated by the fact that substitutes were in extraordinary demand, prices 'way up and soaring, and competition red-hot.

"'I've got him locked up in a barn down on Canal street, an' here's the key,' explained the rural dickerer.

"This apparently innocent and sincere assurance was accepted by Phillips, who paid over the amount demanded and hastened to take possession of his aboriginal gold mine. On

"HERE, NOW, NO NONSENSE!"

opening the door he was startled to find himself confronted in the dim light by a huge, ferocious savage, holding a tomahawk in his uplifted hand.

"'Here, now, no nonsense,' cried Phillips, as he fell back. 'I've bought you and paid for you, and neither a dollar nor a drink do you get unless you behave yourself.'

"But the big Indian stolidly and silently retained his threatening attitude; nor could he well do otherwise, for as Phillips pulled himself together and his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he discovered that he was the unhappy purchaser of a wooden cigar store chief, and one undoubtedly as sound as warranted."

"'What did he do about it?' asked one of the party.

"Do?" echoed the major. "Nothing except to make that innocent red man look as if he'd run the gauntlet of a thousand sledge hammers, and then go and squander another $400 in vainly trying to drown the story in wine."

Record of Union and Confederate.

Congress, at its last session, authorized the preparation of a list of all the union and confederate officers and men engaged in the civil war as a continuation of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." Secretary Root has accordingly asked the governors of all the states which furnished troops for the confederate armies to cooperate with him in making the list as nearly complete as possible by lending to the war department such lists as the states may have, and by assisting the department in getting access to lists in the possession of various associations and private individuals.—Washington Star.

Proper Caper.

Mrs. Waggs (reading)—A well-known physician says that one should never go into the water after a hearty meal.

Waggs—That's right. It's better to go into a first class restaurant after it if one happens to have the price.—Chicago Daily News.

THEY HAD NOTHING TO EAT.

Union Foragers Struck a Southern Mansion with Satisfactory Results.

It is a hum-drum song to say: "We were short of rations." It is a well understood fact that such a condition was none too rare an event with the soldier in the civil ("civil" didn't seem to be the appropriate word at all times, however) service during the late international struggle, says a writer in the American Tribune.

I will say that at one time we were not supplied with an abundance of the provender that furnishes the nutriment for the corporal system.

In such cases we sometimes considered it a duty we owed to our country to provide ourselves with the means of keeping up physical repairs in order that we might be in "fighting trim" when duty demanded it of us. On one occasion like this, "our set" came to a

WE PROCEEDED TO ARGUE THE CASE.

magnificent mansion occupied by a lady and her daughters (the gentlemen of the plantation were, of course, away performing military service in the interests of the confederation), in whose veins flowed the proudest, haughtiest, hottest of southern blood. In as polite, modest and humble manner as we were capable of assuming, we asked the elder lady if we could get anything to eat. In a very haughty, positive manner she replied that we could not.

We forthwith proceeded to argue the case, like a greedy lawyer with a good case. Finally she changed her tactics and pleaded poverty, saying that they were themselves actually starving; that they had nothing in the house to eat, and didn't know what they were going to do. In some houses we would have believed this; but, considering all the manifest indications of comfortable circumstances, I was fully convinced that she was not telling the truth, and that she was only too anxious to get rid of us; so I determined to satisfy my curiosity and hunger, too, at once, if possible, and ordered my squad to search the house for something to eat while I entertained the ladies. The said ladies strongly protested against this proceeding; but it was of no use. The search went on, just the same, and with very satisfactory results—on our part.

Plenty of good bread, meat, sugar and other good things were found, on which we feasted bountifully, as also did our haversacks. We returned to camp with light hearts, contemplating another good, square meal or two.

And yet we did not leave the ladies "without anything to eat." It is not at all probable they ever starved to death.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

As a Deserter, the Man Herein Mentioned Was the Best of Them All.

Professional bounty-jumpers were developed during the civil war, but it may be doubted if any one of them displayed so much activity in his profession as Harry E. Mason has shown as an enlister and deserter during the past two years, says the New York Sun. On February 15, 1901, Mason enlisted in the army at Brooklyn, and on April deserted. On April 18 of the same year, under the name of Harry E. Lowe, he enlisted at Detroit, and deserted the same day. Then he waited a year—at least he seems to have done so; but on April 28, 1902, as Harry Edwards, he enlisted at Philadelphia, only to desert five days later, on May 3, on which day he enlisted at Louisville as Harry Briggs, to desert on May 7. Coming to this city, he enlisted as Harry Dubois on July 25, 1902, and deserted on July 29. At Mobile, on March 21 of this year, he enlisted under the name of Harry E. Bates, and deserted at Jefferson barracks on March 27. The day before his departure, however, he had gone to St. Louis and enlisted as Harry Hastings; but on the way to Columbus barracks he deserted again, and hurried to Cincinnati, where, as Harry Lewis, he enlisted for the eighth time, on April 2, only to desert while en route to Columbus barracks.

As no bounty is given for enlistments, and as he could have drawn pay only during his first enlistment, the reason for his performances is not clear.

A Dangerous Shell.

The latest explosive shell has the greater part of its interior filled with lead, which, when fired, is melted by a burning composition, so that when the shell bursts the molten lead is scattered to a considerable distance, and the smallest particle causes a nasty wound.—Chicago Chronicle.

Good Advice.

Not all the people take good advice; you will not have much competition if you resolve to take good advice, and get ahead in the world.—Atchison Globe.

THE TIMID KITTEN.

There was a little kitten once
Who was of dogs afraid;
And being by no means a dunce,
His plans he boldly made.

He said: "It's only on the land
That dogs run after me,
So I will buy a cat-boat, and
I'll sail away to sea.

"Out there from dogs I'll be secure,
And each night, ere I sleep,
To make assurance doubly sure,
A dog-watch I will keep."

He bought a cat-boat, hired a crew,
And one fine summer day
Triumphantly his flag he flew,
And gayly sailed away.

But in mid-ocean one midnight—
'Twas very, very dark—
The pilot screamed in sudden fright:
"I hear a passing bark!"

"Oh, what is that?" the kitten said.
The pilot said: "I fear
An ocean greyhound's just ahead,
And drawing very near!"

"Alack!" the kitten cried, "alack!
This is no paltry pup!
An ocean greyhound's on my track—
I may as well give up!"

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

SAVED BY ELEPHANT.

Little Girl Is Rescued from Embrace of Ugly Bear by a Blow from His Trunk.

A traveling circus and menagerie had come to town in the early morning, and the men had set up the tent in a big vacant lot, and were now at work getting things ready for the afternoon performance. A good many men and boys—and some little girls, too—were in the lot nearly all the forenoon, watching what was going on, but they were particularly interested in an elephant and a bear that were chained each to a stake out-

ELEPHANT DEFENDED HER.

side the tent and not very far apart.

While they stood about looking at the beasts a girl eight or nine years of age came out of the tent, and, approaching the elephant, began to play with him. She would hold a wisp of straw out to him, and when he thrust his trunk toward it she would jerk it away and jump back out of his reach.

Then she would run all around him, and he would try to touch her with his trunk, but always in a gentle way, as if he enjoyed the sport as much as she did.

The people who were standing around looked at all this with staring eyes, as if they expected to see the little girl caught up and crushed to death by the great beast, but they found out later on that she was the daughter of one of the managers, who allowed her to play with the elephant whenever she pleased, as it was very fond of her, and seemed never so much delighted as when she was near it.

Meanwhile the big bear was watching them, and soon began to show signs of not liking their play. He was evidently in a bad humor, but the girl was so full of her fun with her friend the elephant that she paid no attention to the bear.

Presently, in jumping back to get out of the way of the elephant's trunk, she got within reach of the bear, and he seized her with his paw and would no doubt have killed her, but the elephant saw him, and struck him a blow with its trunk that laid him on the ground severely injured.

Then there was great excitement; men yelled and boys and girls screamed, and a dozen circus men came running to see what was the matter. They found the little girl only slightly hurt, while the old elephant rocked himself to and fro in unmistakable delight over what he had done.—D. B. Waggener, in Chicago Record-Herald.

New Definition of Furlough.

The word "furlough" occurred in a reading lesson of a primary grade in one of our public schools. The teacher asked: "Does any little boy or girl know the meaning of the word "furlough?" Whereupon one small hand was raised and shaken vigorously in the eagerness of the little urchin to display his knowledge, and when permitted by the teacher to do so, he arose, and with the greatest assurance said: "Furlough means a mule." Not a whit disturbed at the teacher's "Oh, no, it doesn't," the small boy confidently answered: "I have a book at home that says so." Then the teacher told him he might bring the book to school and show it to her. The next session he came armed with the book, and triumphantly showed her the picture of an American soldier bestride a mule, under which was printed: "Going home on his furlough."

JACK AND DOROTHY.

How the Circus Came to Two Industrious Children Who Couldn't Go to It.

Jack and Dorothy were very sad. The reason was that the circus was coming to Globeville, and they could not go. They could not even go to see the street parade in the morning. Jack and Dorothy lived out in the country. Their father was dead, and they were very poor.

Jack and Dorothy were willing to give up going to the circus, but they did feel that it was hard that it had to come in strawberry time. All the farmers round about raised strawberries, and there was a cannery which bought all they raised. The berries were just ripe now, and Jack and Dorothy could each make a dollar a day picking them. They began as soon as it was light in the morning, and picked till it was too dark to see any longer. It made them very tired, stooping over in the hot sun all day, but a dollar a day is a good deal of money for such a little girl and boy to earn, and they were glad to get it. If they went to Globeville to see the parade, it would take half a day's wages from each, and that would mean a dollar lost.

Their mother felt as bad over it as they did. She told them just how it was, and then said that they should settle it themselves. Jack and Dorothy talked it over that evening, out behind the barn, and decided that they could not afford to go. They cried a little over it, but they wiped away their tears before they went in to tell their mother.

Jack had a very strange dream. He thought he was in a great forest, and that he could hear all the animals in the world, each making its own particular kind of noise. The lions roared, the elephants trumpeted, the camels brayed and the panthers screeched. It seemed to Jack that he was wandering in this forest for hours and hours. The noises grew louder and louder and nearer and nearer, till suddenly Jack woke with a start. He thought for a moment that he was still in the forest, for there were all the noises he had heard, mixed with the voices of men shouting. He leaped from his bed and ran to the window. There, in the bright moonlight, were elephants and camels, horses and dogs, and great red wagons, pouring through the big gate into their yard.

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" he shrieked wildly, and in another instant the children were tearing madly into their clothes and rushing barefoot downstairs. Their mother was already up and calling them, and she told them that it was the circus, on its way to Globeville, which had stopped to water the animals at their well.

It took more than an hour to water all the animals. The elephants had to have the washtub to drink out of, and they sucked up a tubful of water at one gulp. The doors of the big wagons were opened, and the children saw the men water the lions and tigers and leopards inside; and the lion roared, just as Jack had heard him in his dream. A little pony found a pail of milk that had ben set out for the chickens, and drank it all up. Then he stood up on his hind legs and begged. He was a trick pony.

Jack and Dorothy ran here and there, bringing pails to water the animals and cups for the men to drink from. So at last a good natured man said:

"Those little chaps have worked hard. Give them a ride."

Then a keeper called the children over to the biggest elephant and said: "Stand quiet now, and don't be afraid. He won't hurt you."

Then he spoke to the elephant, and the elephant softly and gently put its trunk around first Jack and then Dorothy, and lifted them both on to its own great back.

"Hang on, now," said the man, and then he led the elephant all around the yard.

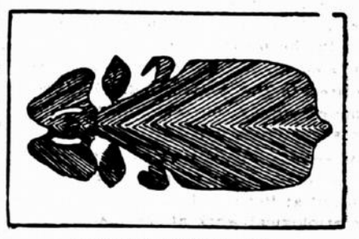
Then they all went away, and Jack and Dorothy could hear the noise for a long, long time down the Globeville road.

"Oh, mamma," said Dorothy, "we couldn't go to the circus, and so the circus came to us."—N. Y. Tribune.

LEAVES THAT WALK.

Insects in Java Counterfeit Plants So Remarkably That the Eye Is Cleverly Deceived.

No, it isn't vegetable matter, although the closest scrutiny only disproves it. This is one of the most wonderful of all insect imitators, the



THE WALKING LEAF.

"walking leaves" of Java, bugs that counterfeit green leaves so remarkably that the eye is deceived, even on the closest view.

Equally extraordinary, the coloring matter in these insects has been proved by analysis to be practically the same substance as the chlorophyl, which gives the green hue to real leaves.

In Java the natives believe that the bugs are actually transformed leaves, having originated as buds on the trees.

There is a so-called "leaf butterfly" which resembles any other butterfly when fluttering about, but when it alights upon a branch it holds its wings in such a manner that they look exactly like a leaf, even showing the "ribs" thereof.—Detroit Free Press.