The Williston Graphic.

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WILLISTON, - - - N. D.

William B. Perry, who has been blind since seven, has been chosen city solicitor of New Bedford, Mass.

The beet sugar factories in operation in the United States in 1905-'06 amounted to 53, as against six ten years ago.

The coal production of the United States in 1904 was 8,000,000 tons in excess of double the combined production of France and Germany.

The population of Morocco can only be guessed. No census has ever been taken. The best authorities estimate the inhabitants to number about 7,500,000.

There are British, German and French postoffices in the principal towns of Morocco. The Moorish government has no postoffice of its own. Mail for the government is carried from town to town and from village to village by special carriers.

The government will order "openings" this year of a total of 505,000 acres of Indian reservation lands. Bills providing for these have passed in the house. The lands covered are in Oklahoma, being portions of the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache reservations.

Probably the most varied and valuable collection of jewels and precious stones in the world is that which has come into the possession of the Pope at Rome by right of succession. For centuries many nations have contributed to this hoard of gems, until now it is estimated that the jewels of the Vatican have a value of at least $200,000,000.

Cincinnati pays more per capita in life insurance premiums than any other city in America, according to the conclusion of an expert employed by the Ohio Life Policy Owners' Association—paying over $4,000,000 last year. The rate per capita of the principal cities is: Cincinnati, 10.77; Boston, 10.74; New York, 6.67; St. Louis, 6.48; Philadelphia, 6.12; Chicago, 4.08.

In an almost perfect state of preservation and easily recognizable, the dead body of a guide named Nagi, a native of Aosta, Italy, who fell into a crevasse in 1877, near the summit of Monte Rosa, has just been recovered from the ice. Nagi was descending the mountain in company with two Milanese Alpinists when he suddenly disappeared, and the cord which bound him to the others was cut by a sharp piece of ice.

Report has spread abroad that the United States dollar-presses at the mints stopped after printing copies, and that these pieces of money made their escape, and are now somewhere in the great ocean of circulation. The attorney-general says that any man who is proved to have passed a United State dollar bearing date of 1905 will be punished for passing counterfeit money, for the director of the mint says not a single silver dollar was coined in 1905.

In 1885 congress authorized the establishment of an elaborate system of coast fortifications. Since then the government has spent $119,000,000 on the enterprise—$64,000,000 on defenses and $55,000,000 for gun factories, sites for fortifications, torpedoes, gun tests, and for defenses of insular possessions. A congressman who has studied the question carefully declares that when the present scheme of fortifications is completed 46,000 men will be required for the defenses, at an annual expense of $50,000,000.

Secretary Taft is the champion long-distance traveler of modern times. Since he became governor of the Philippines, in May, 1900, Secretary Taft has traveled at least 100,000 miles in pursuance of his official duties. Of the time required for his journeyings, 360 days were spent at sea and six full weeks in railway trains. In the course of his first trip to the Philippines Secretary Taft made a journey of 5,500 miles around the islands, establishing provincial governments. His original trip out by way of Shanghai and Hong Kong covered nearly 12,000 miles.

One dozen churches are completed every working day in this country, and of these less than one-third have spires. And most of the new edifices that are topped by pointed shafts are in Roman Catholic parishes. The reign of the spire as a symbol of the place of worship is coming to an end; the passing of the "finger pointing to heaven" is becoming an actuality. In the last few years church architecture has undergone some remarkable changes—speaking of the United States only. The trend of the times is commercial, therefore practical. Utility is the keynote that is struck in every line of endeavor.

No more striking illustration of the expansion of business throughout the country has been furnished than is spread before us in the figures of rolling stock orders by the railways during the year just closed. It is shown that there was a total of 141,415 freight cars ordered and 3,289 passenger cars. The year before the figures were 136,561 freight cars and 2,213 passenger. That shows 150 per cent. increase in the number of freight cars ordered and 50 per cent. in cars for passenger service. Many of the orders have been for replacing old cars.

The Unworthiness of John

By J. J. BELL

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"I'm going out," said John Langlands, shortly, rising from the tea-table and filling his pipe from a tobacco-jar on the mantelpiece.

He bent down as he spoke and kissed the bright curls of his little daughter, Daisy.

"Where you goin'?" she inquired, holding on to a button of his jacket.

At that moment it was on John Langlands' tongue to say: "To the devil," but the clear eyes of his child checked the bitter reply, and he simply answered: "Going out, dearie."

"Santa Claus comin' to-night, Daddy," she informed him, irrelevantly, her eyes beginning to dance and sparkle.

"Is he really, Daisy?" said her father for want of a better remark.

"Course he is. Not know that, poor Daddy?"

"Well, I hope he'll bring you all you want, pet," said John, unloosening the small plump hand from his coat and kissing her cheek.

"Good-night, Daisy."

"Kiss Muvver, too!" cried the cherub.

John's face went stern and white. He stepped round the table to where his wife sat.

"Good-night, Katie," he said, softly and almost humbly. Then he stooped as if to kiss her. But her face was hard and her eyes repellent, and without another word, John straightened himself and left the room. A moment later Daisy slipped off her chair and sought her mother's knee.

"Want to be cuddled—feel bad," she said.

"Oh, but you shouldn't feel bad, dear. Santa Claus is coming to-night, you know."

"Not care—feel bad." And so there was some weeping and much petting and comforting, till presently Daisy, who could not put her trouble in words, sat up on her mother's knee and expressed herself as being "Kite better now."

And then followed a glorious hunt through the house, with the object of finding a stocking large enough to accommodate all that Daisy expected from the Saint. With ecstatic shrieks she at last discovered in a cupboard a pair of her father's waterproof "waders," which he used on his fishing excursions. One of these being promptly annexed, it was trailed to her room and suspended in triumph at the foot of her crib.

Kate put her cherub to bed, and, after watching beside her for half an hour, betook herself downstairs to the parlor. The room, with its glowing fire, crimson-shaded lamp and cozy hangings, looked an ideal chamber of comfort, and Kate sat down in one of the big chairs which stood on either side of the bright fire, and opened her workbag.

She was an injured woman—injured beyond her forgiveness by the man whose name she bore. And yet, John Langlands had never proved aught but faithful and loving and tender to his wife. His sin had been committed long ere he met Kate for the first time, but it had been concealed from her all through the five years of her wedded life. Indeed, having suffered for and repented of his misdeed at the time, John's conscience and memory had troubled him but little afterwards. Six months ago, however, some one—a "friend"—had thought fit to open the cupboard of his past, and disclose the ugly skeleton to his wife.

To Kate, whom everyday people called "a dreadfully good woman," the wrong appeared magnified by its concealment, and she was quite blind to the extenuating circumstances, of which there were not a few. She was possessed of the feeling that she had a right to her husband's past, and she argued—rather unfairly—that now there could be no further trust on her side.

John endured indescribable shame and sorrow in confessing the truth to his wife, but he never doubted her womanly gentleness and forgiveness. When these were withheld, and when she refused him her hands and lips in token of confidence and pardon, the man felt, not unreasonably, that his wife's love had been a poor affection from the very beginning.

"You are unjust, Kate," he said. "God Himself does not refuse a man a second chance. I never pretended to be a saint, but I've tried to keep a straight course since the day I saw you first. I have kept a straight course."

He waited in vain for her to speak, and then he went on: "Why can't you forgive? I tell you I love you more than ever, even though I have been shamed in your sight. Good God! could I bear to stand before you if love did not hold me? Think! Can't my love be my salvation? Kate!"

But she was as stone to his pleading. And so it came to pass that John, too, grew cold and proud, secretly rebellious, never showing the passion in his heart which sometimes, in his lonely hours, threatened to overcome him altogether. There was no change made in the arrangement of the household, save that the husband went out every evening to escape the torment of looking at his wife across the impassable gulf which her pride set between them.

So, on this Christmas eve Kate sat lonely by the parlor fire, brooding over the past. Her husband, she fancied, was at the club, enjoying himself after the fashion of mankind. As a matter of fact, John was doing nothing of the kind. He was walking slowly up and down a neighboring street, careless of cold, making up his mind to plead with his wife once more. And, besides, there was Daisy.

Yet Kate sat on pitying herself. In all her life, until six months ago, she had never known a severe trouble, and perhaps this immunity from sorrow and pain was at the root of her hard, unforgiving nature. She was startled by the door opening. A tiny, white-robed figure stood gazing at her.

"Where Daddy?"

"Mercy! Daisy. Have you never been asleep? You'll catch your death of cold!" cried Kate, hastening to pick her up.

"Where Daddy?" she asked again, as her mother wrapped her in the sofa rug and carried her to the big easy-chair.

"Never mind, dearie," said Kate, kissing her.

"Want to be cuddled—feel bad," sighed the little one, her mouth quivering.

"Now, now; mother's wee girl mustn't cry when Santa Claus is coming."

"Not want Santa Claus—want Daddy."

"But you've got mother, darling."

"Want Daddy—love Daddy," sobbed Daisy, childishly ignorant of her cruelty.

Kate turned pale as if suddenly stabbed. Was she not sufficient for her child?

Five minutes passed, and then Daisy sat up.

"You cryin'," she said with terrible directness.

Kate smiled a ghost of a smile. "No, no, dearie."

"You cryin'," insisted the cherub. "Daisy cuddle muvver now. Muvver feel bad—want Daddy," she whispered, clasping her mother's neck.

And Kate burst into tears. She had not cried since she had known John.

Daisy was put to bed again, and fell asleep after being repeatedly and solemnly assured that she would find her father in the morning. Kate returned to the parlor, but could not partake of the supper which the maid brought in. Her mind was in a turmoil. In the last hour the aspect of everything had changed. Six months ago, she had compelled herself to believe that she no longer cared for her husband; somehow, she had never thought that he might no longer care for her. To-night that possibility was forced upon her, and under its weight her pride crumbled into ruins, and she beheld her heart in all its coldness and cruelty. What made Daisy love her father as she did? Was there any doubt about John's affection for his wee daughter? Had she herself not loved, or, at any rate, reverenced the man for years; and had she not been his heart's desire? Wherein, then, lay the unworthiness of John Langlands?

And Kate's soul was dumb because her pride was gone. It seemed to her, as she dried her eyes at last, that she had never really loved her husband till now. It was as if all his past loving kindnesses, unrealized before, were gathered together to fall upon her in one

THEY FELL INTO ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS.

overwhelming debt of love for him. It tortured her to remember how that very evening she had sent him away rebuffed. His sin was a little thing compared with hers. And then the fear that she had lost his love and regard for ever took hold on her. Thus the night wore on.

About 11 o'clock she went upstairs to sustain the role of Santa Claus. By the glimmer of the night-light burning in Daisy's room, she perceived that her little one was sound asleep; and so she entered, and, with all manner of childish delights, filled up the mighty "wader" that gaped greedily at the foot of the dainty bed. A great sadness was in her heart, and tears blinded her in her labor of love. When the toys and good things were all safely stowed in their proper place, she leant over the crib, smoothing the pillow and tucking the bed-clothes round the cherub.

A movement behind her caused her to turn. It was John, with a brown paper parcel.

"Something for Daisy," he whispered, shyly, and uneasily. "Would you—would you mind if it were put beside your presents?"

She took the package from him in silence, and found room for it in the "wader." A faint smile crossed his face.

"Daisy has great expectations," he sighed rather than whispered, bending down to kiss her curls.

"Daisy is so wise," said Kate, under her breath. She was standing very near to him, and there was a look in her face that he had never seen before, not even on their marriage-day.

Now, these two dear people had both prepared long speeches; but they were never delivered.

"Oh, Katie!" whispered John.

"Oh, John!" whispered Kate.

And then they fell into one another's arms.

Dr. Maurice F. Egan, professor of English language and literature at the Catholic University of America, who is regarded as one of three representatives of the truly best in American literature, thinks American poetry lacking because not American in spirit.

SAVED BY MRS. DAVIS.

How the Kindness of a Union Officer Helped Him When Face to Face with Death.

"Not long ago," said a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "I found Capt. Samuel Harris at one of the colored kindergartens on the South side. He seemed greatly interested, not only in the children and teachers, but in all the colored people. He told me later that on one occasion, while in command of a detachment of his regiment, the Fifth Michigan cavalry, he lost his way, and would have ridden into a strong force of confederates, had not a young colored man explained the situation so clearly as to enable him to avoid the enemy.

"This led him to observe closely, and in the last year of the war he was cognizant of so many cases in which the loyalty and sympathy of colored men were put to severe test that he became the friend of their race for all time. Capt. Harris, by the way, commanded a detachment at the famous Dahlgren raid on Richmond, in March, 1864. He led the charge on the Westham road, in which he was severely wounded. He was captured a few days later, was taken to Richmond and, on the theory that the Dahlgren raiders had intended to capture Jefferson Davis, was sentenced by a drumhead court-martial to be hanged.

"Two months before he started on the raid Capt. Harris had found a Mrs. Brooke and four children starving. He secured food for them, and provided for them the ordinary comforts of life. Mrs. Brooke told him that her husband was in the confederate army, and that she herself had been the schoolmate and friend of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. A few days later she wrote Mrs. Davis at Richmond telling the story of the union officer's kindness to herself and children, and saying in conclusion: 'If Lieut. Samuel Harris, of the Fifth Michigan cavalry, should ever fall into your hands do what you can for him for my sake.'

"This letter reached Mrs. Davis, and when it was announced to Mr. Davis that one of the officers of the Dahlgren raiders (who had penetrated the outer fortifications of Richmond) had been sentenced to death and was to be executed at once, Mrs. Davis asked his name. On being told that the wounded officer waiting in a wagon outside was Lieut. Samuel Harris she reminded her husband of Mrs. Brooke's letter, and sent Capt. Waller, of Davis' staff, to inquire as to the identity of the officer under sentence of death. Waller came to the wagon, and after a few questions told Harris that he would not be hanged. Mrs. Davis had secured a reprieve.

"Harris was sent to Libby prison, where his wounds received careful attention. All of Mr. Davis' cabinet insisted that he should be hanged, but Mr. Davis declared that he should be treated as any other prisoner of war. The surgeon gave Harris one chance in a hundred to live, but he recovered and is active in business in Chicago to-day. In 1895 Capt. Harris visited Mrs. Davis at Narragansett Pier and thanked her for saving his life in 1864. All the circumstances were recalled and the captain learned by a visit to Richmond the whereabouts of the daughter of Mrs. Brooke and others who had played a part in his little war drama. In 1897 Capt. Harris met in New Orleans Col. Armand Hawkins, provost marshal in Richmond in 1864, who was preparing to hang Harris when he received an order from Mr. Davis not to do so. All of Capt. Harris' friends know this story, but it is worth the telling again and again."

BUMBUM'S RIDE.

The enemy charged with a whoop and a yell,
And on our heroes they savagely fell;
But we hacked and we hewed them with might and with main,
And we piled up the valley with cords of the slain;
But hard was the fight and uncertain the day,
With Bumbum a quarter of a mile away.

But we fought with the might of the heroes of yore,
Till our boots overflowed with the swift-running gore,
And the grass was all red with the cardinal dye,
While the bullet-torn banner still fluttered on high;
Yet we scarce could repress a slight touch of dismay,
With Bumbum seventeen miles away.

Still we cut and we slashed, and we swore and we fired,
And we carved up the foe till our fingers were tired;
While on the red plain every moment increased
Vast piles of the foeman abruptly deceased;
But we flew to the rear at the close of the day,
With Bumbum forty-seven miles away.
—J. A. Macon, in American Tribune.

Scheme Falls Through.

Owing mainly to the inability of the British government to find a suitable site for the proposed imperial memorial to all those who fell in the South African war the scheme has been abandoned and all subscriptions are to be returned.

Texas Pensions Old Soldiers.

Texas, in the fiscal years of 1905 and 1907, will pay $900,000 to confederate veterans for pensions, besides expending $154,538 for the support of the confederate home.

"FAIR PLAY."

Thrilling Story of a Duel and a Rescue at the Hands of the Enemy.

"Git up."

It was in 1864, down in front of Grant's army, says a writer in the Grand Army Sentinel, and I was a mile or so outside on the union pickets, having been out on a scout. In making my way back I had been followed pretty closely by a half dozen confederates, and had eluded them by hiding in a thicket. After an hour's rest I was creeping along on my hands and knees toward the nearest field fence, when the above command reached my ears, and a confederate stepped into view from behind a large tree.

"Yank, in course?" he queried, as he looked me over, holding his carbine ready for a shot.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"How are you heeled?"

I had my navy revolver in my belt, and I showed it to him.

He threw down his carbine, drew a navy from his own belt, and, coming quite close to me, he said:

"Yank, one of us has got to die! A week ago some of you'ns set the cabin afire and turned my poor old mother out in the fields to take sick and die. I swore on her grave to kill the first

"YOU MEAN THAT WE SHALL FIGHT A DUEL?"

Yank I could draw bead on, and you're my meat."

"Are you going to shoot a prisoner down in cold blood?"

"That ain't Silas Curtis—not much. It's ten paces—one—two—three—fire. You shall have fair play."

"You mean that we shall fight a duel?"

"Sorter one. I expect you to shoot at me and miss, and I'll shoot at you and put a ball through your head. I'm no bushwhacker to shoot a man down without show, but I'm dead certain to kill you, all the same."

We backed away from each other. The woods were fairly open, and when we had 30 feet between us there was no obstruction to deflect a bullet or annoy the eye.

"All ready, Yank?"

"Yes."

"I'll be fair. You may do the counting. Good-by to you, for I'm a dead shot."

"One—two—three—fire."

The two pistols made one report, but as the noise filled my ears I went down. I was bewildered—half unconscious—but realized that I was hurt.

"'Shoo, now, but I just raked his scalp!" I heard the man say, as he bent over me. "Say, Yank, we must have another shot. You cut powerful close to my ear, and maybe I dodged a bit. Come, fair play, ye know."

I tried to rise up, but fell back, and at that moment two bushwhackers pushed out of the woods and came running up. I heard loud talking, oaths, threats, and a bullet from a pistol tore through the cloth on my shoulder. Then I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember was being carried on the man's back through the woods. When he felt me moving he laid me down and asked:

"Say, Yank, how fur is it to your lines?"

"About a mile from where we fought."

"Straight north?"

"Yes."

"Because those bushwhackers was bent on killing you, and, to see fair play, I had to plant 'em both. Reckon I hain't no more business in the confederacy after this. Reckon Uncle Sam won't be any wuss on me nor Jeff Davis. Yank, kin ye hang on to my neck?"

"Yes."

"All right. Keep this 'ere handkerchief sorter waving as a signal to the pickets and I'll carry ye safe as an ambulance."

And, clinging to the back of the man who had thirsted for my blood, I was soon inside the lines, and Sam was explaining to the pickets:

"No, I hain't no deserter. I've been sorter driven in here because Sile Curtis will see fair play if it takes a leg."

Almost Buried Alive.

Augustin Poole, a veteran trainer, who fought in the Crimea in 1854-'56, was thrown into a burial trench while wounded after the battle of Tchernaya, but made a slight movement that was noticed and was pulled out again, died in England the other day. He lived just 50 years after his funeral.

TRADE AND TRAFFIC.

Smyrna's trade in cotton goods amounts to $5,000,000 a year.

Seal skins to the number of 3,128 were shipped from Alaska last season.

During the year 1904 Siam exported more than $12,000,000 worth of rice. Teakwood is second in value.

Last year's output of new ships in England (steam and sail) was 515, with a tonnage of 1,355,756, as against 403 ships in 1904, with a tonnage of 1,049,860.

The foreign trade of Philadelphia last year reached an aggregate of almost $140,000,000, an increase of about $4,000,000 in exports and $14,000,000 imports, largely materials for use in American factories.

The report of the Mexican minister of finance shows the revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30 to have been $92,083,886, with disbursements of $79,152,795. The revenue for the current year is estimated at $90,073,500, and expenditures $89,897,390.

Tientsin stands second among the treaty ports of China in the gross value of the trade that passes through the port, and also in the amount of revenue collected by the customs. In so far as American goods are concerned, Tientsin even has a rival claim on Shanghai for first place.

The Chinese boycott of American flour is operating to the advantage of sailing vessels on the Pacific coast. It results in a smaller demand for flour, which in large quantities has been shipped across the Pacific by steamships. In consequence a larger amount of wheat is being shipped by sailing vessels.

The total commerce between the United States and France amounted in the fiscal year 1905 to $166,000,000, of which $76,000,000 represented exports to France, and $90,000,000 imports from that country. The United States exported to France nearly all the copper and cotton used by that country, the total amount of these two articles being about $48,000,000.

MEDICAL BREVITIES.

Women are to be admitted to be doctors of medicine by the University of Prague, which, however, refuses to admit them as doctors of philosophy.

At a recent session of the Paris Academy of Medicine, M. Chauffard stated that in many patients treated by X-rays for cancer of the tongue, the growth had become rapidly disseminated. The academy adopted his conclusion that medical men alone should have the right to use X-rays for treatment.

One of the most important causes of disease, according to Prof. Macfaydyen of London is the inhalation of particles of dust in the streets of cities. He holds that the dust not only often contains the germs of disease, but that it has a deletarious effect upon the respiratory organs, through mechanical irritation.

Dr. Klein, F. R. S., has communicated to the British government the discovery that dried tissues of animals dead of plague, in which the bacili originally present have been killed by desiccation, nevertheless retain the power of communicating the disease to animals into which they are injected, and which die with all the symptoms of plague, but without themselves containing any bacilli.

TARTARIC TRUTHS.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets"—and about as scarce.

A man is never too old to learn, but he may be too young to realize it.

The fellow who shoots off his mouth never seems to run out of ammunition.

While sympathy is all right in its way, it makes a very poor substitute for beefsteak.

A NECESSARY EVIL.

Experience of a Minister Who Tried to Think That of Coffee.

"A descendant of the Danes, a nation of coffee drinkers, I used coffee freely till I was 20 years old," writes a clergyman from Iowa. "At that time I was a student at a Biblical Institute, and suddenly became aware of the fact that my nerves had become demoralized, my brain dull and sluggish and that insomnia was fastening its hold upon me.

"I was loath to believe that these things came from the coffee I was drinking, but at last was forced to that conclusion, and quit it.

"I was so accustomed to a hot table beverage and felt the need of it so much, that after abstaining from coffee for a time and recovering my health, I went back to it. I did this several times, but always with disastrous results. I had about made up my mind that coffee was a necessary evil.

"About this time a friend told me that I would find Postum Food Coffee very fine and in many respects away ahead of coffee. So I bought some and, making it very carefully according to the directions, we were delighted to find that he had not exaggerated in the least. From that day to this we have liked it better than the old kind of coffee or anything else in the way of a table drink.

"Its use gave me, in a very short time, an increase in strength, clearness of brain and steadiness of nerves; and sleep, restful and restoring, came back to me.

"I am thankful that we heard of Postum, and shall be glad to testify at any time to the good it has done me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.