

HOUSE HUNTING

By LAURA R. TURNLEE

MacElliott returned from his vacation, and when he entered his bachelor home—a single room, which was all he needed—it seemed lonelier to him than ever. In a country hotel with women and children about him he had had an advantage. None of them belonged to him, but neither he nor they had anything to do all day long, and he could see as much of them as he liked. But now he was back again to the same desolation.

"I've a mind to take a house," he said—"a small house, but a whole house. I'll have room to ask friends to come and stay with me. I can walk about in the rooms."

So the next day he went house hunting. After visiting a number he came upon a cozy place just about big enough for him. But somehow his enthusiasm for housekeeping had been replaced by common sense. "No one can make a home without a woman in it," he muttered to himself. "My friends won't come to keep me company, and I wouldn't want them anyway." While he spoke he pushed the button at the front door. A moment before it was opened a young woman of prepossessing appearance came up the steps. An elderly woman appeared at the door, and MacElliott drew back. The lady who had just appeared said:

"I understand that this house is to let furnished. Can I see it?"

"Certainly."

Supposing the two had come together to look at the house, the keeper of it led the way into the living room, a dainty little apartment, neatly furnished, and from there through the rooms on the first floor. On reaching the second floor she threw open the door of the best bedroom, remarking, "Any couple who couldn't be happy in this room couldn't be happy at all."

MacElliott and the lady both looked very sober at this. For the keeper said it as if having mistaken them for a married couple. MacElliott looked at the ceiling, and the lady looked at the floor.

"And here," continued the speaker, opening a door communicating with a smaller room, "is a convenient room for a child. The crib over in that corner will be left with the other furniture."

Neither the gentleman nor the lady showed the expected appreciation for the child's room or the crib, but the conductor passed on to other chambers, expatiating on what they were for and how convenient they were, finally passing down into the living room again.

She was about to make an effort to rent the house when there was a ring at the doorbell, and she left them while she answered it. The lady stood looking down to the floor. It was very stupid of the keeper to go about talking to them as if they were married when they had not even met before. MacElliott thought it time to assure the lady that if she wanted the house he would not think of standing in her way. After an abeyance he did so.

"Taking a house is only a passing fancy of mine," she replied. "I'm tired of boarding and would like a house, but I have no one to occupy it with me, and I doubt if I should improve my condition by housekeeping. True, it would give me occupation to take care of it, but I should have to take in a woman as a roomer for company, and I dislike having persons about in whom I have no interest. Besides, a woman would be no protection."

"I am in the same fix," replied MacElliott. "I'm a bachelor, and if I should take a house it would soon be a sorry looking place, with no woman to look after it. Without constant scrubbing, brushing and putting things to rights any house will run down."

"That's very true, but you could hire a housekeeper, some elderly person, whose presence wouldn't—wouldn't excite comment."

"H'm! I would prefer one whose presence would excite comment."

At this the lady's eyes dropped again to the floor.

"How would it do for you to take the house and rent a room to some old man, whose presence would not cause comment? He would serve perhaps for protection."

There was no reply to this, the lady keeping her eyes on the floor, but her features said very plainly, "I'd rather have a man about my own age."

Meanwhile the keeper was showing another person through the house, and MacElliott, hearing them coming downstairs, said:

"May I make bold to ask your address? I may be able to suggest a plan for you. I have a cousin who—"

The lie was not spoken. The keeper was coming. The lady hurriedly gave her address in a low tone and passed out. MacElliott waited till the third party had gone, then made a bargain for the house.

"When would you like possession?" asked the woman.

"I don't know."

"I take it your wife is much pleased with the house."

"Very much pleased."

MacElliott paid the rent on the house for three months, then one day called with the lady he had met there and made arrangements for its occupancy. The keeper still spoke of her as "your wife," but caused no embarrassment, because by this time the couple were engaged.

FAMOUS FLOWER GARDENS.

Why Roses of the Rhone Valley Are Known All Over the World.

The famous rose gardens of Lyons, France, owe their excellence largely to a light soil, an abundance of sunshine and the proper amount of moisture. From time immemorial local florists have taken advantage of the favoring conditions until skill and interest in the industry have made the roses of the Rhone valley known throughout the parks and gardens of the world.

The ground where the roses are chiefly cultivated is on the outskirts of the city. It is flat, devoid of shade trees and protected only by high walls at the confines of the property. The rose plants are set out for commercial purposes in straight rows, sometimes a hundred feet long, the smaller plants six inches apart, with about ten inches between rows, while the larger grafted or budded varieties are inserted ten to twelve inches apart, with eighteen inches between rows.

Nearly all of the plants are out of doors. The greenhouses for a rose garden of fifteen acres do not number more than two, averaging thirty feet in length. It is only in exceptional winters that the plants have to be covered. Sometimes the tops of the older plants are rather loosely bound in straw. In every large commercial rose garden of Lyons hundreds of gigantic rose plants are kept to a single stalk for grafting. These are usually gathered by peasants in the woods or on uncultivated land and sold to the rose growers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

VALUE OF VISIONS.

Dreams of the Thinkers Are What Lead the Way to Progress.

There is a certain little Scripture that is not noticed much. It is this, "Where there is no vision the people perish." That would be true even if it were not in the Bible. It is true of an individual as well as a people. There must be a hope, an aim, an upward look, a realization of better things ahead to awaken aspiration and quicken endeavor. So many people don't have this. They live from hand to mouth and never look out from where they are standing. That's the animals' way. They don't dream. They have no visions.

There are communities sometimes that have no inspiring outlook. They settle down to amusements, prisons, politics, sports and the passing show, but never unfold the future and see in it the nobler life. They have nothing to live for but today. There is no inspiration in tomorrow. They buy and sell and talk and laugh and eat and drink and go to bed, and tomorrow is the same. There is no vision, no high mark to press forward to, no heavenly vision, as St. Paul expresses it.

Now, there is something in a vision, or the Bible would not say the lack of it would destroy a people. This lack constitutes the dry rot we hear of—no incentive, no life, no hope. And when an individual gets that way and sees no visions he is a dead duck.—Ohio State Journal.

Old Roman Bathers.

It was not left to modern doctors to associate the decline of the Roman empire with luxurious warm bathing. Roman writers are full of moralizing on the subject. Seneca, glancing back at the good old times, recalled that the old Romans, though they washed their arms and legs daily, bathed their whole bodies once a week. Even when Scipio introduced a warm bath into his villa the bathroom was "small and dark, after the manner of the ancients," with no pretensions to luxury, and the earlier public baths were so simple that the needle merely tested the temperature with his hand. Things had moved on terribly by Seneca's time, and later came such emperors as Commodus, who bathed seven or eight times a day and took his meals in the bath.—London Graphic.

Gratitude.

"I helped an intoxicated man out of the gutter several weeks ago and put him aboard a car."

"Yes?"

"The other day he wrote to the police asking them to find my address."

"Ah, I see. He wants to force \$10,000 on you."

"No. He says he thinks I must have pinched his watch."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vote Getting.

"How do you expect people to listen to your speeches if you don't make your ideas clear?"

"I don't want 'em to listen," replied Senator Sorghum. "I simply want to talk enough to get a good crowd together and then shake hands with everybody."—Washington Star.

Wanted Tone.

"And when they call up from the office, dear, and ask what's the matter with you, shall I say indignation?"

"Indignation! Nobody has indignation now. Do you want to disgrace me? Tell 'em it's complicated ptomaine!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vicious.

"My hand," said Polly, holding out that exquisite member, "is a good deal smaller than yours."

"Yes," said Mabel, "I can see that at a glance. That ring Reginald gave you was always too tight for me."—Judge.

Without care and method the largest fortune will not, and with them almost the smallest will, supply all necessary expenses.—Lord Chesterfield.

Exposed

By THOMAS R. DEANE

One morning in August a party of men started from Chamoni to climb Mont Blanc. There were Joseph Withers, a young lawyer from Philadelphia; Edward Swift, a recent graduate of a New England university, and Roswell Baker, a big, elegant looking fellow, who was the impersonation of manly strength.

About noon Baker and one of the guides came into the hotel, the guide looking very somber and Baker much agitated. They reported that at the time the snow squall came up they were ascending a razor shaped rock, the edge of which was but from one to two feet wide. The first man in the rope line was Koenig, the guide who returned. The second was Baker, then Withers, Swift and the other guide, Schufelt. Withers slipped and went down on one side of the declivity, dragging the man before him and the one behind him on one side of the edge, while the stock threw Baker and Koenig down on the opposite side. Baker said that the rope broke and those in his rear had gone down, he knew not where, because it was snowing so hard he could not see a dozen feet below him.

All listened to the recital of the accident with blanched faces. The landlord, Carl Becker, stepped forward, the only person present who seemed to grasp the situation. Seizing the rope that was in the hands of the guide, he looked at its end, threw it down and hurried away to make up a rescue party. When half a dozen volunteers had been collected they started up the mountain, piloted by Koenig. Baker declared that in falling he had hurt his side and feared that he would not be able to make the distance.

Some surprise was manifested that one who had appeared to be the Ajax of the party, who had seen his commander go down into a gulf, should be willing to remain behind when others were going to the rescue. As soon as the rescuers had gone Baker went to his room, remained there an hour, then left the hotel. He soon returned, stating that he had received a telegram to go immediately to Paris, where his mother was lying at the point of death. Within half an hour he had left Chamoni.

Meanwhile the rescue party, guided by Koenig, ascended to the place of the accident, arriving there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The sky was clear, and there was no difficulty in looking down into a crevasse into which the men they sought must have fallen. But it was not a straight descent, and the opening was narrow, so they could not tell how deep it was. The landlord of the hotel volunteered to be lowered for an exploration. A rope was tied around him under the arms, he was given an alpenstock for a fender and was let down slowly into the crevasse.

He had not descended more than forty feet before he heard a faint halloo. On being lowered another twenty feet he reached the snow, sinking into it to his knees. He was within three or four yards of Swift, whose head was protruding from the snow on which he had fallen. Becker got a second rope he had brought down with him under Swift's shoulders, gave a signal, and Swift was drawn up.

Not a dozen feet away the landlord found Withers. He was lying unconscious with his head and one leg above the snow. The rescuer had a flask of brandy with him and poured a quantity down Withers' throat. He opened his eyes. Becker called for the rope to be lowered, and Withers was pulled up. There only remained the guide, who had sufficient strength in him to fix the rope to his own shoulders, and he and Becker were brought to the surface.

The landlord had no sooner finished his work than he took up the end of the rope that was dangling from Withers' waist and, looking at it, muttered an oath.

"Cut!" he said.

"Withers, who was by this time somewhat restored, added: 'I saw him cut it. He was on the edge of the rock, and we three, being heavier than Koenig on the other side, were overbalancing him, and Baker was being dragged over. To save himself he cut the rope.'

"And frayed the end to make it appear that it had broken," added Becker.

Koenig declared that he had not seen Baker cut the rope. Indeed, this from their relative positions would have been impossible. He admitted to have seen him fray the end of the rope, but he had not revealed this because after the weight had been taken from the opposite side he would have gone down several hundred feet and not Baker given him a hand and helped him up on the edge.

When the rescue party returned to the hotel and found that Baker was missing so great was the indignation that it was proposed that they go after him and bring him back. But Baker was doubtless by this time in Geneva and would have left there before they could reach him.

Several years after this Withers met Baker strutting with a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole, down Pennsylvania avenue, swinging a silver headed cane. Withers fixed his glance on the man in a cold stare. Baker paled. There was no word spoken, but Withers felt that he had avenged the intended sacrifice.

AN ARTFUL ELEPHANT.

He Deserved the Dinner He Got With So Much Cunning.

Here is an amusing tale of an elephant's artfulness told by Mrs. A. M. Handley in "Roughing It in Southern India."

"One very bright moonlight evening while camping on the Brahmagiris we were sitting out in the cool air after dinner when one of the elephants somehow contrived to unhobble himself and walked away from his own quarters into ours. We saw him go up to a sleeping native, snuff at his pillow and then ever so gently draw it away with his trunk. At the same time he edged his own foot under the man's head and shoulders that no jerk might be felt.

"The pillow was a bag of rice, put there for safety against pilferers. Although tied up in a knot, the bag was deftly opened and its contents devoured to the very last grain, the thief looking watchfully round him the while.

"We were not likely to disappoint him of his cleverly won feast, as he seemed to know, for just letting his tiny eyes rest on us unconcernedly for a second or two, he fell to considering his next move.

"He drew a stone toward him with the ever handy trunk and got it under the empty sack. Then he worked both together under the man's head. Finally he stealthily withdrew his own foot, and, having waited no longer than was necessary to make sure he had left all safe, he moved off."

ON THE BRINK OF NIAGARA.

Three Hours of Peril, but He Still Clutched His Knife.

On the afternoon of June 1, 1872, an old painter named William McCullough while painting the bridge above Niagara falls between the first and second Sister Islands fell into the rapids. Instantly he was swept furiously toward the cataract, but whirled into lesser waves, so that he struck against and seized a rock not far above the brink.

Hundreds quickly gathered on the shore and watched, all eager to help, but ignorant what to do. Among them was Thomas Conroy, who secured a coil of rope, fastened one end to a tree on shore and with the other end in his hand waded out as far as he could and occasionally swam, the water being from eighteen inches to six feet deep.

He aimed far up stream to allow for the power of the current and at last with great difficulty reached the unfortunate painter and bound him to himself with the rope. They were swept off their feet several times on the way back to shore, but the rope had been firmly fastened, and they finally landed safely.

When they reached shore it was found that McCullough still clutched his putty knife firmly in his hand, having held it during the three hours he had been on the brink of the falls.

Down in the Depths.

The mermaid was ill. She sat leaning against a rock, unmindful of the sand that was settling on her beautiful tail. In fact, she was too far gone to care about anything.

Later, when Father Neptune came along to inquire how she felt, she cheered up a little.

"Oh, Father Neptune," she cried, "could you not slip up and ask the people on the beach if there is a doctor amongst them?"

Neptune, only too glad to be of use, departed and was seen returning with a young man of professional appearance.

The young man presented his card! the mermaid smiled, read it and fainted.

He was a chiroprapist!—London Answers.

Serious Harm From Noise.

Investigations made by physicians prove that there is appreciable harm from noise, and serious harm too. It is no doubt true that a normal nervous system can apparently adjust itself to all sorts of adverse circumstances. We couldn't exist otherwise. Nevertheless the inimical agents make an impress and, like water dripping on a stone, can overcome resistance in time. These investigators have found many abnormal nervous conditions in those who have long been immersed in loud noise utterly unaware that any harm was being done.—London Tit-Bits.

Easily Recognized.

"That man sitting in the back seat is the one who owns the automobile."

"Why, he is the only person in the party who doesn't seem to be having a good time."

"That's how I know. He's thinking about tires, gasoline and speed limit fines."—Washington Star.

The New and the Old.

"I congratulate you on having been knighted, Mr. von Meyerstein. Mighty pleasant experience, isn't it?"

"Don't talk, baron. To you it is much pleasanter that it wasn't you, but one of your ancestors who had that experience some 500 years ago."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Other Way.

She (to husband who feels seasickness coming on)—Can I get you anything, dear? He—No. Just tell me how to keep what I've got.—Boston Transcript.

CLASSIFIED WANTS

An ad in the classified columns of the Graphic means that it meets the eyes of 12,500 prospective buyers.

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for one cent a word. No ad taken for less than 20 cents.

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FOR TRADE—Will trade merchandise for cheap land. Might also consider late model automobile. Address, A. A. care Graphic. 42-2t.

STRAYED—A black mare branded JE combined on left shoulder, strayed in February. Finder notify Norman Dickey, Williston, N. D. 41-1t.

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FOR SALE OR TRADE—for land or horses, complete Mpls. Threshing outfit, 26-horse engine, 40-62 inch separator, all complete; Tanks, cook car ready to go to work. Inquire at Minnesota Feed Barn. 42-2tp.

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FOR SALE—S 1-2 SE 1-4 Sec. 17, N 1-2 NE 1-4 Sec. 20, Twp. 156, R. 101. Best 160 on Cow Creek, 2 room plastered house, barn, granary, chicken coop. Creek runs across corner. Fifty acres under plow. Price \$1500 if taken before April 15. Terms \$1000 down, balance on time at 6 per cent. C. E. Cowan, Eau Galle, Wis. 40-3tp.

FOR SALE—160 acres of good farm land two and one half miles from Bainville, Montana. About 135 acres good plow land, the balance good pasture, with plenty of good spring water all the year. A small payment down will handle the deal on easy payments. J. L. Fox, Billings, Montana. 37-1t.

STRAYED—From my place Sec. 7, 155-101 Dec. 19, 1914, one Iron gray gelding, weight about 1600, branded O on right jaw. Puff on right hind ankle. \$5 reward for information leading to recovery. Address R T Wicks, R. 3, Williston, N. D. 41-3tp.

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All milk and cream from the Emerald Dairy is pure and sanitary and from cows which have past the tuberculosis test. Fresh milk and cream always on hand at milk depot in quantities to suit. 343 corner 1st ave West and 4th St. Phone 264. W. R. McChesney, Proprietor. 28-t.

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of Williston Graphic published weekly at Williston, N. D., for April, 1915. Editor, John A. Corbett; Managing Editor, John A. Corbett; Business Managers, John A. Corbett; Publisher, John A. Corbett. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of April, 1915. Nellie M. Larsen. (Seal) Notary Public, No. Dak. (My commission expires October 24th, 1920.)

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FOR SALE OR TRADE—A proved up and improved quarter section of land in Alberta, Canada, within four miles of a nice town and railroad and 17 miles from Medicine Hat. If deal is made before April first will consider good rentable city property and part cash of secured paper for the place. Party buying can also homestead fine quarter adjoining. For particulars call at the Graphic office, or address Alberta Farm, care Graphic, Williston, N. D. 34.

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