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GLADYS

LOUISE THORNTON sat at a table in the dining-room of a Denver hotel. Despite the fact that she was making her first trip to the far west, in company with her parents, she was feeling a little lonely as she gazed about the big room and encountered a sea of faces.

Suddenly she was seized with a little thrill of excitement and pleasure as she saw the waiter ushering to a neighboring table her friend Elton Gray. He had formerly lived in the city in which she resided, and though, some months ago, he had taken a position with a large manufacturing firm in Chicago, their friendship had been continued by a frequent interchange of letters. This trip of the Thorntons had been very sudden and unexpected, and Louise had only notified him of their plans while en route.

She looked fixedly at him until, seeming to feel her gaze, he turned his eyes in her direction. His face lighted with pleasure, and he hastened to her table. After the usual greetings explanations followed. He had not received her letter before he left Chicago, and he accounted for his presence by informing her that he had been slightly overworked, and had been advised to take a rest and a change. The house had suggested that he should go "on the road" for two or three months and combine pleasure with selling goods.

"Will you be in Denver long?" he asked.

"No; we leave to-night," said Mr. Thornton.

Elton's face fell.

"I have to remain here a few days," he said, "but let's compare itineraries and see if I cannot make some of your prospective stops at the same time."

A comparison of routes showed that they could not effect a meeting



HER ANSWER COLDLY AND FORMALLY WRITTEN.

until they were in San Francisco. After dinner he took Louise for a drive. He had reached the proposing point in his affection, but he could not quite summon sufficient courage to gain or lose, that afternoon, so he decided that he would meet his fate when he escorted them to the train that night.

A few moments before they were all to go in to supper together, Louise went down to the public parlor to meet Elton, as agreed. He had not yet made his appearance, and she went into one of the annexes to wait for him.

Presently she heard a man's voice ring out:

"Why, halloo, Gray! Never expected to see you off here. What doing? Haven't left your firm, have you?"

"How are you, Dick? Like you, I am now a traveling man—only problem, though."

While she was deliberating whether to enter the parlor where they were, or await the departure of Elton's companion, she heard the latter say:

"Traveling alone?"

"Gladys is with me," was the starting reply.

"Really?" cried Dick, in a tone of interest, "and is she as beautiful as ever?"

"Exactly. Her hair is simply a veritable crown of glory still."

"Bless her heart! I'd like to see her, Elton, for old times' sake, if you'll allow me."

"Sure! Come to my rooms to-night about nine o'clock, and Gladys shall show you what a help she has been to me."

"All right. So long."

The newcomer withdrew. So did Louise. Slipping into the corridor, she swiftly glided to her room, where she remained until train time, agitatedly considering the import of the conversation she had overheard. To think she could have been so mistaken in Elton Gray! Hereafter she would have faith in no man. What could he mean by such bold action? Her first thought had been that he was married and Gladys his wife, but the familiar jesting tone of the two men in discussing the woman and her beauty told her she was mistaken in this theory.

Meantime the subject of her thoughts was anxiously inquiring from her parents the cause of her absence.

"Louise has a headache, and has ordered her supper sent to her room," explained Mrs. Thornton.

Thereupon he was too solicitous to finish his supper. Hastening to the office, he sent her a note asking her to walk to the station with him, as it was but a short distance from the hotel. He assured her the walk would be a panacea for a headache, and informed her that he wished to talk more confidentially than would be permitted if they drove with her parents.

"Confidentially!" thought Louise, bitterly, as she read the note. "Wants to tell me of Gladys, maybe!"

Her answer, coldly and formally written, was to the effect that she preferred to ride to the train.

Elton's heart sank when he read the note. She had seemed so friendly that afternoon. Well, women were mere weathercocks, after all. Never consistent—except Gladys—he reflected.

Mr. Thornton buttonholed him and talked politics until train time, when he suggested that they walk to the train and send the ladies down in a carriage.

There was scarcely a moment before the departure of their train. Louise's farewell to him consisted of an inaudible good-by—the lowering of eyelashes and the hesitating extension of a gloved hand, and—she was away!

Even the beauties of Yellowstone park failed to appeal to Louise Thornton as with heavy heart she acknowledged that she must have cared a great deal for Elton to be so disappointed in him. Finally they arrived at San Francisco, and her heart beat a little faster, as she realized that he must be there, too, and that she might see him, unless he had accepted her snubbing as final.

Soon after their arrival Louise visited a manicure and hair dressing establishment. She found she would be obliged to wait her turn, so she seated herself at a table covered with magazines where she was screened from view.

In a few moments she heard Elton Gray's voice saying:

"Well, you see I have returned. Hope you can do that work for me now."

His voice was such music to her ears that she was strongly tempted to come forth. But, alas! his next remark aroused all her indignation.

"I have brought Gladys this time, and I want you to do her hair in the most ultra degree of fashion."

"I am so anxious to see her hair, after your description. It must be superb," said the hairdresser.

"Wait a moment, and I'll bring her in," he declared.

There was a moment's silence. Then she heard his voice again.

"There, behold! Our own Gladys!"

Louise cautiously peeped around a corner of the screen and saw Elton Gray holding aloft the waxen head and shoulders of a woman with an elaborate coiffure.

Louise came from her place of concealment and walked up to him.

"Elton!"

"Why, Louise!" he exclaimed, nearly dropping the model in his surprise.

"I am so glad to see you!"

"I am really glad to see you, too, Elton."

"Really, Louise?" he asked, tenderly, if somewhat skeptically.

She flushed silently.

"Yes," she murmured.

"Then may I walk to your hotel with you?"

Receiving an affirmative reply, he left Gladys in the hands of the hairdresser and walked forth with Louise.

"Elton," she asked, "what do you carry that figure around with you for?"

"Why, that's what I am taking orders for, Louise. Our firm manufactures show cases, store fittings, window displays, etc. This model we all thought the best looking one of the lot. The boys named her Gladys, and each wanted to take her as a sample, but I was the lucky member."

"Oh!" was the faint response.

"Louise, I want to know why you treated me so cavalierly that afternoon after our drive. You promised to come to the parlor before supper."

"I did come," she interrupted, and then stopped in dismay.

He looked at her wonderingly, his memory struggling with the events of that afternoon. Then he remembered.

"See here, Louise, were you in hearing when a friend of mine was jollying me about Gladys?"

"Yes," she said, shamefacedly, "and I thought—but how could I help it?"

He laughed delightedly.

"Well, Gladys and I are out after this! The other boys may have her."

They had now reached her hotel and she asked him to come up to their parlor.

"I will, Louise," he replied, earnestly, "if you will let me say to you what I wished to say that night in Denver."

"I will," she said, lifting beautiful and contrite eyes to his.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Big Animals Disappearing.

The Indian rhinoceros is nearly extinct. There are two specimens in the London Zoological gardens and two on the European continent. Very few are left in a wild state in India and Assam, and unless special measures be taken for their preservation they will soon disappear.

The Inventive Yankee.

Down in Connecticut there is a man who is using the motor of his automobile this winter to operate a churn and run a fodder cutter. There's no use trying to keep down Yankee ingenuity.

EUROPE IN OUR MARKET.

Wonderful Absorbent Power of the Old World for American Products.

In an article in World's Work on "What Europe Means to Us" J. D. Whelpley says:

"Always buying more than it sells, lending more than it borrows, and in every way apparently giving more than it takes, Europe's constantly increasing population, wealth and power, form a mystery, for they are the most wonderful and fascinating of all economic phenomena."

"The United States has a population of 22 to the square mile. In the last 100 years Europe has sent 40,000,000 people to the United States and other new countries, and yet to-day has a population of 103 to the square mile, or nearly twice as many as when this emigration began. In the meantime wages have increased, wealth has piled up, trade has quadrupled and the purchasing power of the people of Europe has more than kept pace with all these advances."

"Even to estimate the annual domestic exchanges of Europe is beyond the reach of intelligible figures. The foreign exchange is a quantity which can be determined with more or less accuracy, however, and its amount—14,000,000,000, annually—conveys an idea of the tide of commerce that flows through this heart of the world."

"The imports of these 18 countries amount to \$8,000,000,000, the exports to \$6,000,000,000, showing an excess of purchases over sales amounting to \$2,000,000,000. The imports from abroad, meaning from countries other than European, are to supply European deficiencies, and these are largely of food and raw materials."

"About 65 per cent. of the total exports from the United States are of agricultural products, though much of this might be regarded as manufactured goods because many agricultural products are put through manufacturing processes. Roughly speaking, the American people sell \$900,000,000 worth of such products a year to foreign buyers. Nearly 90 per cent. goes to Europe, hence about four-fifths of the American goods sent to Europe supply food and raw material."

"American products feed the operatives in European mills and factories who are making goods for all the world. They provision the foreign ships which carry the world's commerce, and keep down the cost of living in Europe by supplementing the comparatively scanty supply of home-grown foods. These agricultural products of America are now so necessary to Europeans that they are admitted without serious restrictions to nearly all European markets."

STORY OF A PHYSICIAN.

Patient Who Sacrificed Her Life for Love of Her Abundant Hair.

Physicians hear strange things! A physician said the other day:

"Mrs. Smith is dead. If she had consented to have her hair cut off she would still be alive. Her heavy hair killed her."

"When I told her that she must lose her hair, she said she would rather die. But her husband didn't want her to die, and he made up his mind to cut off her hair while she slept. One night he carried to bed with him a big pair of shears."

"With some difficulty he hid the shears under his pillow. Then, in the middle of the night, he took them out cautiously, and he advanced them toward his wife's long, thick braid. She lay on her side with her back to him, but just as he was about to snip off the braid close to her head, she sighed uneasily, and she turned over on her back, with the braid safe under her."

"He swore below his breath, and waited, shears in hand, for an hour. But she never stirred."

"For three nights Smith took the shears to bed with him, and each time that he would go for his sleeping wife's hair with them, she would move out of the way. The thing seemed almost supernatural. The woman, asleep, protected her hair from the shears quite as well as she could have protected it if she had been awake."

"The morning after the third night Smith forgot about the shears when he got up. He left them under his pillow and went off to work. Naturally, Mrs. Smith found them."

"You cut those shears to bed with you to cut off my hair with," she said to him on his return. "If you had done it, I'd never have spoken to you again."

"Smith gave up after that, and his poor wife kept her hair, but not her life."

Retaliation at a Dance.

She was young. It was her first season, and it pleased her to snub her cousin most unmercifully whenever he asked her for a dance.

"No," she protested, one evening, "you can't see my programme—it's all full."

"But there'll be extra. Can't I have an extra?"

"To—es," returned the young woman, grudgingly, relinquishing her card, "but don't take the first one, it's promised."

Later in the evening, when she looked to see which dance her cousin had appropriated she found that she had food for reflection. The young man had put his name down for the four hundred ninety-ninth extra.—Sunday.

Favorite Coaling Depot.

Angra Peggua, on the African coast, where Admiral Rojestvensky was lately reported as coaling the squadron, was a favorite resort of the confederate commerce destroyers for similar purposes.

Woman's Swimming Record.

Miss McLaughlin made a new world's record for women swimmers at Glasgow, November 25. She swam 50 yards in 37 seconds, which is a second faster than the previous record.

How to Make a Flute.

Wrap a piece of paper around a pencil. Paste the edge down, making a tube. To one end fasten a triangular piece of paper somewhat larger than the opening. To play draw in your breath through the open end of the tube.

To Promote Longevity.

The Chicken—What advice would you give a chicken, pa?

The Rooster—I'd advise him to try to grow tough.—Puck.



WHITE ROBINS.

Rare Birds Hatched in the Yard of a Denver (Col.) Man Grow to Maturity.

White robins are almost as scarce as white blackbirds, but for some reason this season has been favorable for this kind of a "sport" from nature, and several white nestlings have been reported in Denver and vicinity.

The only white robins to reach maturity are those belonging to C. A. Lyman, of 1902 Race street, says the Denver Republican. The eggs from which they came looked just like the other two. There were three robins hatched, but one was just like his father and mother, an ordinary redbreast. The white robins were especial favorites with the parent birds, and grew more rapidly. After they had begun to fly out of their nest in an elm tree in his back yard, Mr. Lyman caged the fledglings, but the mother continued to feed them until about a week ago. Since she quit them they have become quite tame, and eat out of their owner's hand.

The white robins are the same size and shape as the redbreasts, but every feather is snowy white and they have bright pink eyes. As is the case with most albino animals their sight is not very good, and they will peck at a worm several times before finally getting it in their mouths.

Three years ago a white robin was hatched out in a nest in the same tree, but it died before reaching maturity. The pair of robins which hatched these white birds are old birds, and Mr. Lyman thinks they are the same as those which hatched the white bird three years ago.

LONG TROUSERS.

I've got 'em on at last, but say—I hate to go outside; As soon as I show up in 'em I know that I'll be gazed; O' course I like 'em, but I wish I'd wore 'em several days. The kids will make me feel blamed cheap, In half a dozen ways.

"Hey, Jim, them britches shows yer wrists." "Ull likely come from Joe. While Skinny Smith ull josh me 'bout



Highwater pants, I know; An' prob'ly somethin' 'bout like this, An' come from Billy Brown: 'Yer feet should give a party an' Invite yer britches down."

Well, anyway, I won't be called Jim Skindshanks no more, An' stockin' holes won't show up like They alius did before; I feel an' look just like a man, That there can't be denied, I've got 'em on at last, but say—

—Bide Dudley, in Kansas City Star.

FARMER LADS STURDIER.

Statistics Which Show They Are Physically Much Superior to Boys of the Cities.

Statistics compiled by Dr. D. C. Hudson, director of the gym. at Ohio state university, satisfy him that the country boy is the physical superior of the city lad.

Two hundred and fifty members of the freshman class at the university have been subjected to a thorough physical examination. The average country lad at the time he enters the university is 67.5 inches in height, and weighs a half pound less than 140. The city-bred young man is an inch and a half taller, and weighs two and one-half pounds more.

The boy from the country, however, is of the more sturdy build. Six out of every ten are evenly developed; that is, the right and the left sides will not vary more than four-tenths of an inch, while only two out of every ten city lads come within this class. Most of the boys from the city have one hip high and one shoulder a little low, with the result of a slight curvature of the spine. The countryman is practically free from this deformity, and his muscular action is stronger, although somewhat slower, than that of the city student.

Seven out of every ten city freshmen use tobacco in some form, while but three out of ten from the rural districts are addicted to the habit.

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THE NEW SIGNET FAD.

How One May Make a Novel and Interesting Collection for Room Decoration.

This fad is the gathering of signets. The outfit necessary to begin needs only to consist of a dozen sticks of sealing wax. Red, white, brown, gold, green and black will be the range of colors. A light wooden box to keep the equipment in, a white taper cut into several pieces to permit its insertion into the box, a box of matches, and a stock of unruled writing paper complete the outfit. The paper should be cut into various shapes such as squares, ovals, oblongs, etc., in sizes varying from one-half inch to a couple of inches in length.

Now you are ready for your quest. Just keep your eyes open for the discovery of rings or watch charms adorn-



MAKING THE SEAL.

ing your friends or acquaintances, which have a figure or symbol engraved upon them. You will be surprised to see how many curious seal rings and fobs you will find, and when you come across those which you desire to begin your collection with, ask for permission to obtain your impression.

This is done by laying a piece of your writing paper on a solid, smooth surface. A table is the best support. Hold a lighted match to your sealing wax stick till it melts, then rub the sealing wax quickly over the middle of the paper. Then wet the seal with the tongue so that it will not stick to the burning wax; press it into the yielding mass a second or so being careful to lift it straight up when removed, thus securing a clean cut edge. Repeat the operation as many times as you wish duplicates, for if it is a particularly fine signet you will have little trouble in trading your duplicate for others which you may not be able to procure except by this means, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

When you have enough to make a good showing, then comes the time to mount your collection for exhibition. This is done to the best advantage by pasting your specimens on a stiff cardboard, say 16 to 22 inches in size, and if you combine your colors and sizes happily you may achieve quite a tasteful, artistic effect and add an attractive, interesting ornament to your room by framing the group of signets and hanging them on the wall.

DOG THAT CLIMBS.

Scotch Collie Who Is Easily Champion in Performing This Feat.

To climb straight up a tree is not the easiest thing in the world for a dog to do. In fact there is perhaps not another dog in the United States that can accomplish what a Scotch collie does in a western town many times a day, says the New York Herald. He is petted and feasted by his admirers and struts as proudly through the streets as does the most prominent citizen. The peculiar



THE CLIMBING DOG.

thing about the dog is that he will not climb any other tree than that shown in the picture, and he will not climb more than once without an intermission. When he has reached the knot on the tree, which he grips with his teeth, he lets himself down gently and trots off with his nose in the air, and any amount of entreaty or coaxing will not tempt him to come back until he has taken a turn around three squares. If on his return his audience still awaits him he will climb again, but if the bystanders have gone he looks a bit sheepish and trots briskly to his kennel and sleeps away his wounded vanity.

A Dog's Faithful Vigil

When John Weakley walked from his home a few miles from Vineland, N. J., to Newfield, to catch a train for Philadelphia the other day, he laid upon the platform while he bought a ticket a package he was carrying. The train came, he boarded it and forgot all about the package. When he returned in the evening Weakley found his dog, which had followed him to the station, guarding the package. The animal had stuck to it all day, snapping at anyone who attempted to take it.—Philadelphia Record.

ALWAYS
CALL FOR A CIGAR
BY ITS NAME

"CREMO"

MEANS MORE THAN
ANY OTHER NAME

BROWN BANDS GOOD FOR PRESENTS

"Largest Seller in the World."

JEST AND JOLLITY.

Softleigh—I say, doctah, do you—aw—think I have the brain fever?
Doctor—No, indeed; but you have the fever, all right.

"Did you ever attend a cooking school?" asked the Chicago girl.
"No," replied her Boston cousin, "but I graduated from a college of gastronomy."

"I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do," said the first landlady.
"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the other. "You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are."

"You are sweet enough to eat," said the very young man who imagined he had the love market cornered.
"Thanks," rejoined the matter-of-fact maid. "There's a small restaurant just around the corner."

"I'm afraid you're not very wise," said the fair girl.
"Why?" demanded the persistent suitor.

"Because 'a word to the wise is sufficient' and I have said 'No!' to you."
"Yes, but I'm wise enough to know that a woman's 'No' may eventually mean 'yes.'"

"Can't yer do a little somethin' fer an old soldier?" whined Tired Timms.
"Well, I don't know," replied the portly citizen. "If you can show your discharge papers, I may do something for you."

"I hain't been discharged yet, boss," replied the hobo. "It's a soldier of fortune I am."

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

The position of assistant chemist in a New Jersey chemical manufacturing establishment is filled by a member of the class of '04, of Wellesley.

Mrs. E. Weathered's specialty is representing her native state, Oregon, at expositions. Having performed this service at the Pan-American and St. Louis fairs, she will now give her time next year to the Lewis and Clark exposition, to be held at Portland, Ore.

An odd mission for a woman has just been undertaken by Miss Gwendolyn S. Hamilton. She has gone to Kingston, Jamaica, at the behest of the new British Cotton Growing association to report on the possibilities for cotton growing in the West Indies. She is only 24, but has written considerably on scientific topics.

Mrs. H. E. Root has not many competitors in her line, namely, bill poster. As the manager of an opera house in a Wyoming town she employs several bill posters, and when circumstances a few years ago left her ruinous her help, she started in to do the work herself, until she could teach a new set of helpers the secret of pasting lithographs on billboards.

In a recent address relative to the progress of the woman movement an Ohio clergyman said: "There are over 430,000 professional women in the United States. There are 1,000 lawyers, 2,000 journalists, 3,000 clergymen, 7,000 physicians, 8,000 government officials, 34,000 merchants and 328,000 teachers and college professors. And women are gaining on men in almost all the occupations, save, strange to say, those of domestic servants, laundresses, milliners and saloonkeepers."

MIGHT HAVE SAVED IT.

A Lot of Trouble from Too Much Starchy Food.

A little boy of eight years whose parents did not feed him on the right kind of food, was always nervous and suffered from a weak condition of the stomach and bowels. Finally he was taken down with appendicitis and after the operation the doctor, knowing that his intestinal digestion was very weak, put him on Grape-Nuts twice a day.

He rapidly recovered and about two months thereafter, his Father states, "He has grown to be strong, muscular, and sleeps soundly, weighs 62 pounds, and his whole system is in a fine condition of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is plain that if he had been put on Grape-Nuts at an earlier period in his life, and kept from the use of foods that he could not digest, he never would have had appendicitis. That disease is caused by undigested food decaying in the stomach and bowels, causing irritation and making for the growth of all kinds of microbes, setting up a diseased condition which is the active cause of appendicitis, and this is more marked with people who do not properly digest white bread.

Grape-Nuts is made of the selected parts of wheat and barley and by the peculiar processes of the cooking at the factory, all of the starch is turned into sugar ready for immediate digestion and the more perfect nourishment of all parts of the body, particularly the brain and nerve centres.