

some good men.

Lost in the hills on a dark and wintry night in North Dakota, is not a very pleasant experience to even contemplate, but when it becomes an actual fact the situation is very alarming one, and especially so to one who is unacquainted. And that is the predicament Druggist McGurran was in last Friday evening. He left town with the intention of getting a fair damsel to attend the dance with him, but when about two miles (he thinks) from town, became lost. After wading through the snow for some time he found a telephone post, and by listening to the sound of the wires, he got his bearings as to the directions, and directed by the reflection of the street lights in town he made for Binford—damselless. Needless to say that he was tickled for not having to wander about in the hills even if he couldn't attend the dance as he had planned.

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