The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 22 1875

By-and-By

There's a little mischief-maker,
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland
That are never seen in this.
Dashing from the lips the pleasures
Of the present while we sigh;
You may know this mischief maker,
For his name is By-and-By.

He is sitting by your hearth-stones,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whisp'ring of the coming morrow
As the social hours advance;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, By-and-By.

You may know him by his winning,
By his careless sportive air;
By his shy, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere;
By trophies that he gathers,
Where his somber victims lie,
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror By-and-By.

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity;
When a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky,
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy, By-and-By.

"By and By" the wind sighing,
"By-and By," the heart replies;
But the phantom just above us
Ere we grasp it ever flies.
Let not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie—
Do not believe or trust in
This deceiver By and By.

THANKSGIVING IN DANBURY

It is just as necessary to have poultry for Thanksgivng dinner as it is to have light. A Danbury couple were going to have poultry for their dinner. Mr. Brigham said to his wife the day before the event:

"I saw some splendid chickens in front of Merrill's store to-day and I guess I'll get one of them this afternoon for to-morrow"

"I'm going to tend to that myself," said Mrs. Brigham quickly.

"But I can get it just as well; I am going right by there."

"I don't want you to get it," she asserted. "When I eat chickens I want something I can set my teeth in." And a hard look came to her face.

He colored up at once.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just as I say," she explained, setting her teeth together.

"Do you mean to say that I don't know how to pick out a chicken?" he angrily demanded.

"I do."

"Well I can just tell you Mary Ann Brigham, that I know more about chickens in one minute than you could ever find out in a life time. And, furthermore, I am going to buy that chicken if one is bought at all in this house." And he struck the table with his fist.

"And I tell you John Joyce Brigham," she cried, "that you don't know any more how to pick out a good chicken than an unweaned mud-turtle; and if you bring a chicken in this house it will go out again quicker'n it come in. And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it as soon as you want to."

"Whose house is this, I want to know?"

She frankly replied at once:

"I suppose that it belongs to a flat-head idiot with a wart on his nose, but a woman who knows a spring chicken from a hump-back camel is running the establishment and as long as she does he can't bring no patent-leather hens here to be cooked."

"You'll see what I'll do," he yelled, and he pulled his coat on and jammed his cap on his head with the fore-piece over his left ear.

"You bring a chicken here if you think best, Mr. Brigham."

"You see if I don't," he growled as he went out and slammed the door behind him.

That evening there was a nice fine chicken in the pantry, but he didn't bring it. Perhaps he forgot to bring his.

Dinner came the next day. Mr. Brigham took his seat at the table as usual, but it was evident that he intended mischief. Mrs Brigham filled a plate with chicken, mashed potatoes and boiled onions It was a tempting dish omitting a delicious aroma. She passed it to Mr. Brigham. He did not look towards it.

"Brigham, here's your plate," she said.

"I don't want any chicken," he said looking nervously around the room.

"Are you going to eat that chicken."

"No, I ain't—Woch! ouch! ooh!"

She had sprung to her feet in a flash, reached over the table, caught him by the hair and had his face burrowing in the dish of hot onions. It was done so quick he had no time to save himself, and barely time to give utterance to the agonizing exclamations which followed upon his declaration.

"Are you going to eat that chicken?" She hoarsely demanded.

"Lemme up." he screamed.

She raised his head from the dish and jammed it upon the table.

"John Joyce Brigham," she hissed between her set teeth, this is a day set apart by the nation for Thanksgiving and praise. I got that chicken to celebrate this day and I ain't going to have my gratitude and devotion upset by such a runt as you are. Now, I want to know if you are going to eat that chicken like a Christian, or if you are going to cut up like a rantankerous heathen? Answer me at once or I'll jam your skull into a jelly."

"I—I'll eat it," he moaned.

Then she let him up and he took his plate, and one Thanksgiving meal, at least passed off harmoniously.—*Danbury News.*

JUDGE KIDDER.

Report of an Interview with Hon. J P. Kidder, Delegate to Congress from Dakota.

The Chicago Post of a recent date has the following report of an interviewing scene between a reporter of that paper and Gov. Kidder.

Hon. J. P. Kidder, delegate in congress from Dakota Territory, enjoyed a sound sleep, that is for a politician, at the Tremont house last night, and moved on towards his swivel, lean-back chair in Washington this forenoon.

He was caught in the very act of departure and was glad to return his compliments to the country in general, and to Dakota in particular, through the columns of The Post and Mail.

Reporter—Mr. Kidder, have you any family relatives in Evanston?

Mr. Kidder—I once had a nephew by that name, born in South America, who afterwards, as I learned, moved to a place called Evanston, but I have not heard of him since. But, come, this train will leave in ten minutes; and if you want to "pump" me on politics, you had better drop my family record.

R—What do you think of the chances of the probable

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT?

Mr. K—Well, I read with much interest and general approval, before leaving home, The Post and Mail editorials, touching both Minister Washburne and Speaker Blaine. The former would be the most acceptable man to the west, and a thoroughly reliable and judicious executive for the whole country. Blaine would make as able and wise party chieftain as the Republican elements ever had, and a cautious, far-seeing executive. But the country would scan his conduct a little more closely to see if there might not be at its bottom an undue amount of self-iterest

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

R—How do you stand on the speakership?

Mr. K—Well, you know, of course, that a territorial delegate does not have a vote in the house. But my feelings are that Kerr is the coming man in the field. A pretty good man he is, too, and will make a good presiding officer.

R—How do you "wag" on

THE CURRENCY QUESTION,

and what is the general sentiment of your section on it?

Mr. K—Now you touch my heart. You see my home is in the atmosphere of the Black Hills, where there is cion by the carload if the government will only give us a chance to get at it. And the prevailing sentiment there is for hard money, and money not so hard to get.

R—"All aboard" is the song I hear. I wish you a pleasant trip and many lucky games of poker at the capital this winter.

Mr. K—Thanks. Report me fairly, and I will remember you with gratitude.

R—Good day, sir. And one of the rising, promising men and politicians of the great northwest was speedily whirled from sight along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBOURS,

OR

The Records of an Unfashionable Street.

(Sequel to "My Wife and I.")

A Novel

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

"You like it, dear?" she said frankly. "Sit up and rest your cheek on it, if you like," and Angie, gathered her up to her side and went on telling of the Good Shepherd.

Arthur St. John took the whole meaning of the incident. It carried him back beyond the catacombs to something more authentic, even to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and he felt a strange, new throb under his surplice.

The throb alarmed him to the degree that he did not look in that direction again through all the services, though he certainly did remark certain clear, bird-like tones in the chants with a singular feeling of nearness.

Just about this time, St. John, unconsciously to himself, was dealing with forces of which no previous experience of life had given him a conception. He passed out of his vestry and walked to his solitary study in a kind of maze of vague reverie, in which golden hair and hazel eyes seemed strangely blent with moral enthusiasms. "What a lovely spirit!" he thought; and he felt as if he would far rather have followed her out of the door than to have come to the cold, solitary sanctities of his own room.

Mr. St. John's study was not the sanctum of a self indulgent, petted clergyman, but rather that of one who took life in very serious earnest. His first experience of pastoral life having been among the poor, the sight of the disabilities, wants, and dangers, the actual terrible facts of human existence, had produced the effect on him that they often do on persons of extreme sensibility and conscientiousness. He could not think of retaining for himself an indulgence or luxury while want so terrible stared him in the face; and his study, consequently, was furnished in the ascetic rather than the esthetic style Its only ornaments were devotional pictures of a severe mediæval type and the books of a well-assorted library. There was no carpet; there were no lounging chairs or sofas of ease. In place was a *prie dier* of approved antique pattern, on which stood two wax candles and lay his prayer-book. A crucifix of beautiful Italian workmanship stood upon it, and it was scrupulously draped with the appropriate churchly color of the season.

As we have said, this room seemed strangely lonely as he entered it. He was tired with work which had begun early in the morning, with scarce an interval of repose, and a perversely shocking idea presented itself to his mind—how pleasant it would be to be met on returning from his labors by just such a smile as he had seen beaming down on the poor little girl.

When he found himself out, and discovered that this was where his thoughts were running to, he organized a manly resistance; and recited aloud, with unction and emphasis, Moore's exquisite version of St. Jerome's opinion of what the woman should be whom a true priest might love.

"Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *her's* an eye of this world's light?
No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if at times the light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I choose not her, my heart's elect,
From these who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd
As if themselves were things divine.
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd vail;
And she who comes in glitt'ring vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching, as that form's decay
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy luster wastes away."

"Certainly not in the least like *her*," he thought, and he resolved to dismiss the little hat with the humming bird, the golden mist of hair and the glancing eyes, into the limbo of vain thoughts.

Mr. St. John, like many another ardent and sincere young clergymen, had undertaken to be shepherd and bishop of souls, with more knowledge on every possible subject than the nature of the men and women he was to guide.

A fastidious taste, scholarly habits, and great sensitiveness, had kept him out of society during all his collegiate days. His life had been that of a devout recluse. He knew little of mankind, except the sick and discripid old women, whom he freely visited, and who had for nothing the vision of his handsome face and the charm of his melodious voice amid the dirt and discomforts of their sordid poverty. But fashionable young women, the gay daughters of ease and luxury, were to him rather objects of suspicion and apprehension than of attraction If they flocked to his church, and seemed eager to enlist in church work under his leadership, he was determined that there should be no sham in it. In sermon after sermon, he denounced in stringent terms the folly and guilt of the sentimental religion which makes playthings of the solemn rituals of the church, which wears the cross as a glittering bauble on the outside, and shrinks from every form of the real self-denial which it symbolizes.

Continued in next Tri Weekly.

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Main Street, - Bismarck, D. T.

Only First Class Hotel in the City.

Oct. 14, 1875.

Minneapolis Business Directory.

M. M. FULLER.—Commission Merchant, Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with this house before purchasing elsewhere.

CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and Hennepin Ave., two Blocks from the Academy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House, New, elegantly furnished, and situated in the finest portion of the City.

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BISMARCK HARDWARE STORE,

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We have just opened a new and large stock of Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Stoves, &c. The manufacture of

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is made a specialty.

Having experienced and competent workmen all work is guaranteed. Special attention to

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Orders from abroad will receive prompt attention. Main Street between 4th and 5th, Bismarck, D. T.

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BIGFORD & PASSMORE, Agents,

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AND

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The Bismarck Tribune Office is supplied with a

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PAPER AND CARD CUTTERS

and an extensive line of

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together with labor saving material of all kinds.

The managers are thorough newspaper men, while its mechanical department is in the hands of one of the best workmen in the Northwest.

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

is the liveliest and newiest, and has the largest circulation of any on the line of the Northern Pacific, and is the only one on the line, excepting the Dutch Tribune, printed entirely at home.
Terms Tri-Weekly $10.00; Weekly $2.00 per annum in advance; All yearly subscribers are entitled to a 18x25 portrait, being a fine

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the popular and dashing Cavalry Commander, which alone is worth the price of subscription.

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

IS PUBLISHED

Seventy-Five Miles Nearer the Black Hills Gold Discoveries than any other Newspaper, and gives more Reliable Information concerning them than any other.

Persons looking for homes in the West, especially in the Red River and Missouri valleys, or at any point in the Northern Pacific country, will find more interesting and at the same time valuable information in the Bismarck Tribune than in any other newspaper.

All persons interested in the Northern Pacific should be among its subscribers.

Bismarck is situated at the present terminus of the Northern Pacific, on the Missouri river, in a prairie region having a deep rich soil, well adapted to agricultural purposes. Three lines of steamers ply on Missouri in connection with the Northern Pacific to Carroll, 800 miles above Bismarck, and to Fort Benton, 1800 miles above, while the Yellowstone river is navigable for 300 miles, giving Bismarck 1800 miles of navigable rivers above it, directly tributary to it, as well as a large extent of country below it.

It is located seventy five miles nearer the Black Hills than any other railroad town, and affords the best outlet and inlet to the New Eldorado—not only the shortest but the safest and best route.