

[Written for The Chicago Ledger.]

THE "MITTEN."

BY J. W. HARTON.

I read your letter, Daisy—
Read it over and over;
I almost drove me crazy,
But "I'll think of the no more!"

It is your wish, and, surely,
"A foolish love" like mine,
"Born of fancy" purely,
Should "never hope" for thine.

But, bless your soul! I could not,
Could not help it, dear;
But, knowing all, I'll strive not
To "shed a single tear!"

But, having loved sincerely,
"The kind of" hard to part,
Indeed, it wounds severely—
Almost breaks my heart!

But there's one consolation:
The man you're going to wed
Is far below your station—
Tis the rosiest kind of head!

I hope you will be happy;
May children bless your home—
Have freckles, like their papa,
And heads as hard to comb.

COLEMAN, Mo.

[Written for The Chicago Ledger.]

THE "DESAVING WIDDY."

How Peter Mulrooney Married Her.

Some two years subsequent to my parting with Peter Mulrooney I chanced to fall in with him again in rather an unexpected manner. Business of some importance having taken me to the city, I was traversing pretty rapidly one of its meaner streets, when I heard myself suddenly hailed by name in an accent peculiarly Irish; and, turning round, discovered Peter approaching me with his usual loping gait. He was so altered in his habits from the picture I vividly retained in my memory of the blundering, blarneying Irishman who took my cow to market, that if it had not been for his voice I dare say I should have passed him without recognition. But the voice—that voice—it was Peter's peculiar shibboleth.

Mr. Mulrooney, whom I only remembered in a bluish-gray coat, a light, flexible hat, and thick brogans, was now dressed in a threadbare suit of black, a silk hat with the crown sunk in and well worn at the edges, and a pair of thin dress boots elaborately patched. With his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his greasy hat thrust jauntily on one side of his head, he reminded me more of one of those needy actors, whose personal appearance is so often stereotyped as of this fashion in the novels of the day. My words naturally took the color of my thoughts.

"Why, Mulrooney," said I, "is that you? What are you playing now?"
"Faix, Mr. Urbin," he replied, "it's little ye'd be after guessin' if ye thryed ever so much. Sure it's a grate gentleman I am since I left sarvice an' set up for myself."

"A gentleman! What sort of a gentleman, Peter?"
"Misther Mulrooney, if ye please," said he, correcting my familiarity with one of his droll looks. "Och, but it's a rare country this is, anyway! Bivant the wather it was Pether here an' Pether there, till sorra a bit I know'd of any other name but Pether. But here, the conversation of the ladies an' gentlemen is illigant in the extreme, and the grate politishuners, in their correspondence wid me, write the beautifullest letters, shuperscribin' them, 'Misther Mulrooney, Esquire.' Faix! it bates Banagher, any how, an' that's not sayin' a great deal."

"I am glad to hear you are getting along in the world so famously."
"Aisey, sir, aisey. Lushins of aitin' and dhinkin' without any constitutionnal objections. It's mighty little work I have to do any way. I am a professional gentleman, Mr. Urbin, an—"

"Oh, Mister Mulrooney!"
"Arrah, sir, but it's thrue as the day! It's a politishuner I am, wid a grate janius for fightin'! Och! but it's wonderful busy they kape me 'lecshun days knockin' down the inimy."

"Which party do you call the inimy?"
"Sorra a bit I know," said Peter, shrugging his shoulders; then, casting toward me one of his queer, side-long looks, he added, "I'm thinkin', sir, 'tis the Pat-riot party meself does belong to."

"And so you get well paid, and well fed for your services, do you?"
"If promises 'ud fatten a man, I'd be as big as the prize ox, that I would. But sure they'll kape some of them, I think, and then it's to be a magisther I am, and dale out the law to the vagabones. Och, 'tis a beautiful business."

"A magisther? Can you read and write?"
"Aye! What 'ud I be good for if I couldn't?" said Peter, evasively. "Sorra bit it matters; 'tis a strong mark I make, and that's not easy to rub out, anyway."

"Take my advice, Mulrooney, and go to work. Ditch, dig collars, break stones upon a road—do anything rather than suffer yourself to be made the tool of designing men, who will use your services so long as they are beneficial to them, and cast you off as soon as their ambitious projects are achieved. Now, as for a living, it is very easy for you, being a single man—"

"It's married that I am!" said Peter, groaning.
"Married!" I exclaimed, "and in your circumstances? What folly!"
"Troth ye may say that, yer Honor," said Peter, penitently. "But Misther Connolly was a widdy, Och, but 'tis the desavingest craythur they are all the world over. Aye, he continued turning toward me with a look of half-humorous sorrow. "Twas a wild cow I druv to market that time, Misther Urbin."

"Was she a countrywoman of yours?" I inquired.
"Does your Honor be thinkin' 'tis an Ameriky woman could chate me in that way?" said Peter, indignantly. "Sure, 'tisn't in the likes of them to do the thrick."

"But how came this about, Peter?"
"Aye! I had luck's soon tould. I boarded wid her."
"And so, Irishman-like, you must needs fall in love with the landlady and court her?"

"It's mighty little love I had for big Misther Connolly, anyway. As for the courtin', 'tis a natheral fallin' o' mine to be spakin' soft words to the faymles of a family; and sure it was naderal beside, to kape Misther Connolly's mind as aisey as an old shoe while I owed her for my board."

"And that is the way you came to be married, is it?"

"Aye, sir, 'tis the strangest thing! Och, Michael Connolly, why did ye die? Bad cess to me that iver I should live to be desaved by a fat woman of 50. But, sure, the quarters wor so pleasant, Misther Urbin," continued Peter, apologetically, "and Misther Connolly so tanderly interestin' wid her heart bruk into pieces wid the sorrow that was in it—oh! but 'tis strong enough now—that I thought it 'ud be a marvailous interposition to comfort her anyhow."

"And so you courted her, I suppose?"
"Och, but it was a pretty sight to see the way I did it," replied Peter, with one of his rich laughs. "Twas the beautifullest specimen of the effects of blarney that has been seen since St. Patrick put his comether upon the sarpints."

"What could you expect, then, but marriage, as a consequence?"
"Faix, it's little I thought about it at all, and less I liked it. Sure I tould the old woman I was a single man, and swore by the pipers that I intended to remain so."

"Then you should never have sought to gain her affections; it would have been cruel to serve the poor creature so, and desert her afterward."
"Affections? Musha! 'tis her affections wor molly many a long day ago!" exclaimed Peter.

"Well, you married her at all events," said I, impatiently.
"Faix, I dunno; but I does be thinkin' 'twas she married me. One night there wor some of the old country people at the house, and we talked about the ould times, and after a while there was lushins of whiskey put on the table, and we talked, and dhranked again, till it's my serious opinion that my sinces left me tirely, and never came back till I found meself in bed nix mornin', mighty oneasy in my mind, and wonderin' how I got into Misther Connolly's room instead of my own. While I was schaming out an apology, who should come to the door but Misther Connolly herself."

"Misther Murooney," sez she, wid a deep blush, "how do you find yerself this mornin'?"
"Pretty well, thank ye, mem," sez I, "barring the dhryness of my mouth."

"Is it dhry ye are?" sez she, as soft as butter. "Faix, that's aisey mended anyhow. Would you like a dhrop of sperits, Misther Murooney?"

"Deed an' I would, av it be plaslin' ye, Misther Connolly," sez I.
"Och, Pether, dear, sure it's Misther Murooney you must call me now," sez she.

"I'd be pleased to call ye anything that's decent and proper, acushla," sez I, tanderly, for the thirst was conshunning me.
"Och, but it's the quare man ye are," sez she, laughin'. "Sure I was in luck the day ye came to board at my house."

"Ye may say that," sez I, "for I am a gentleman of an anshent family, an' it's not always ye're favored wid the like, Misther Connolly."
"Murooney," sez she, correcting me.
"Mem?" sez I.
"Ye must call me Murooney now," sez she.

"Wid all me heart," sez I, "if ye like the name better nor yer own; but 'tis not a marryin' man I am."

"Troth, Pether dear," sez she, "I hope ye'll never be after marryin' a second time."
"Faix, an' it's little I'll be thinkin' about marriage, first or second," sez I.
"Och! wirra, wirra!" sez she, "only to hear him! As if he didn't give Father Hennessy a good silver dollar for makin' us man and wife last night."

"Misther Connolly," sez I, starin' wid amazement, "sure it's jokin' ye are."
"Not a bit av it, Pether dear," sez she, laughin', and holdin' up a slip of paper, "by the same token that this is the certificate of the priest that I hold in my hand."

"Be my sowl, then," sez I, "Misther Connolly, ye may call the certificate yer husband, for sorra a thing will I have to do wid it."
"Murooney!" sez she, "do you deny the ring upon my finger?"
"Sorra a bit I care about the goold ring," sez I, jumpin' out of bed. "Will it be plaslin' ye to go out of the room while I dress myself."

"Och, I'll love ye, wid all my heart, sez she, snatchin' up my clothes. "But it's little ye'll have to dress wid till ye come to yer sinces, Pether Murooney."

"And by this, and by that, Misther Urbin, she tack my garments under her arm, and went out and locked the door, leavin' me in the empty room wid myself. "Tear and ages!" sez I to myself, when she was goin', "tis chated I am intirely; but maybe 'tis only funnin' she is affher all. Aye! what'll I do?"

"Tis a grate comfort there's a bed in the room. Shure she won't starve me; mighty onasey I am, anyhow, and that's thrue."

"So you went to bed again. Well, what came next?"
"Twelve mortal hours I laid there, widout aitin' or dhinkin'; and then Misther Connolly knocked at the door."
"Pether, dear," sez she.
"Oh! you murtherin' woman," sez I. "Tis kill I am with the hunger."

"Am I Misther Murooney?" sez she, spakin' through the key-hole. "Am I yer lawful wife?"
"Be my faix, it's blue-molded I'll be before I say so, Biddy Connolly."
"Biddy Murooney!" sez she.
"Connolly!" sez I.
"Murooney!" sez she.
"Go to the devil!" sez I.

"The top of the marnin' to ye, Pether," sez she, and wid that she went away. "Twas pitch dark, Misther Urbin, when she came again."
"Is it wake ye are wid the hunger, Pether dear?" sez she.
"Give me my clothes, Misther Connolly," sez I, faintly.

"Tis Biddy Murooney that is spakin' to ye, Pether dear," sez she. "Would ye like coffee-tay or tay-tay, wid hot mate and pittakes? Shure there's plenty of 'em down-stairs, Pether darlint, barris' the fear I have that your mind's disordered."
"Sure it 'ud be the wonder av it wasn't, wid the bad tratment I've had, Misther Connolly," sez I.

"Troth, Pether dear," sez she, tanderly, "it'll be a blessed day for me whin I can better it. But ye must confess that you married me last night, and that my name's Murooney."

"Let me out," sez I, "or I'll die the night!"

"Deed, Pether achora, it 'ud be plaslin' to me to do it av ye wor in yer right head; but the time's not come yet, I see; sez she; and, wid that, down-stairs she trotted agin."

"Och, but I suffered wid the hunger pain, Misther Urbin, till I could bear it no longer. I knocked at the door, and called out: 'Misther Connolly, Misther Connolly, let me spake to ye.'"
"There is no Misther Connolly now," sez a dirthy little colleen from the outside; "shure she was married last night, and her name's Murooney."

"Tell Biddy Mul— Murooney to come here, thin," sez I, Och, but I choked to spake it. After a little while I heard her comin' up the stairs.
"Did you call, Pether darlint?" sez the fat old desaver.

"Troth, I believe I did," sez I.
"What'll I do for ye, husband?" sez she.
"It's starvin' I am," sez I.
"Was I married last night?" sez she.
"Sorra a bit I know," sez I.
"Spake out, Pether dear; I don't hear ye," sez she.

"Tear an ages! yes!" sez I.
"Didn't ye marry me yerself, Pether?" sez she.
"Devil a one o' me knows," sez I.
"What do ye say, Pether dear?" sez she.

"Shure, Father Hennessy knows I did," sez I, desperately; and wid that the door was flung open, and wid a loud laugh in comes Misther Murooney, wid Father Hennessy, and half a dozen acquaintances, and throws herself into my arms and begs my pardin over and over agin. And that is the way, Misther Urbin, I was desaved into marryin' Misther Murooney—Murooney I mane."

Spontaneous Combustion.
"That animal bodies are liable to spontaneous combustion," says Prof. Weissman, "is a fact which was well-known to the ancients. Many cases have been adduced as examples, which were no doubt merely cases of individuals who were highly susceptible to strong electrical excitation." A certain gentleman, known to the professor, on a cold, keen winter night, retired to his chilly sleeping-room. He had worn silk stockings over his woolen ones during the day. On undressing for bed, as he drew off his silk stockings, he heard a sharp, crackling noise, but paid no special attention to it. In the morning, on looking for his stockings, he found them consumed to ashes, without having set fire to the chair on which they were laid. Still more wonderful and awful is the assurance that the wife of Dr. Treilas, physician to the late Archbishop of Toledo, Spain, emitted inflammable perspiration of such a nature that when the ribbon she wore was taken from her and exposed to the cold air it instantly took fire, and flashed with sparks of fire like a lively "Roman candle." And Prof. Halmster, in the "Berlin Transactions," 1876, records a case of the same nature respecting a peasant, whose linen took fire, whether it was laid up in a box, when wet or hung up in the open air. A case of this kind recently occurred at the station in Jersey City. During the recent spell of hot weather one of the workmen threw on his blue-linen blouse, smoking with perspiration. It was hung up in the ice-house. In a few minutes it burst into a conflagration of sparks and literally consumed itself.

One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion on record is that of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bandi, of Cesena, Italy. The lady, who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health. Here she spent about three hours in familiar conversation with her maid and in saying her prayers, and, having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As the maid was not summoned at the usual hour she went into the bedroom to summon her mistress, but, receiving no answer, she opened the window and saw the corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes; part of the body was half burnt, the stockings remaining uninjured; most of the body was reduced to ashes. The air in the room was charged with floating soot (animal carbon). The bed was not injured. From an examination of all the circumstances of the case it was generally supposed that an internal combustion had taken place; that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself, and that on the way to open the window the combustion had overpowered her and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could ignite the furniture on the floor.

Paper Barrels.
A company in Connecticut make barrels, kegs and cans from paper pulp, which is done wholly by pressure by screw or toggle joint, or both combined. The barrel is made on a shape or form to make the inside, and outside of this is another to make the outside, the inner form being hinged in sections to admit of its folding on itself for the removal of the barrel; the outer form contracts by the action of screws, self-operating, during the process of shaping the barrels. One machine is capable of producing 200 barrels per day. The heads of the barrels are produced by similar means, but on a much simpler machine. These are disks with a rim slightly projecting on one face. In some cases both heads are cemented in and straightened by an iron hoop at each end. When removed from the machines the barrels, kegs, heads, etc., are placed in a kiln or drying room, where they remain from three to twenty-four hours, according to size and degree of heat admitted to the room. The barrels are coated inside when required by a resistant varnish, and are painted or varnished outside. They are adapted for flour, sugar and any dry substances, for kerosene, lard, or any liquid, and kegs are made for powder, and cans for other materials. The vessels are said to be practically indestructible, cannot leak, are light and easily handled.

An eccentric Englishman, long a resident of Paris, has just committed suicide, after having devoted twenty years to a strange mania. Every six months he had a coffin made for himself. Each was too long, too short, or uncomfortable in some way, until the last proved perfect. Having no other object in life, he killed himself.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

A Curious Account of the Origin of the Well-Known Nursery Story.

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile days in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile, jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, says a writer in the London *Congregational Magazine*, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. Fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient paralytic hymn sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. N. Lebrecht, Leipzig, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sopher Haggadah, volume 23:

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought;
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the chahiphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

He Preferred the Gout.
In the following written prescription, addressed by a medical man, resident at Roemershansen, in the district of Cassel, to one of his patients, will be found a new and somewhat remarkable cure for gout: "I have measured your baptismal name, and assured myself quite exactly that it exhibits fully an inch-length of gout. This is deplorable; but, if you have faith in my treatment, I propose, with God's help, to cure your malady for as long as you shall live. This I shall do on the 15th, 16th and 17th of the month. But, ere those days arrive, I shall have mitigated your sufferings. This is what you will have to do upon the days in question. You must not drink too much milk in your coffee nor eat pork; upon no account must you step across water, nor, indeed, meddle in any way with that liquid. Keep yourself nice and warm, preferably in bed; the more rapidly will you get better. You may drink a little water, but it must be drawn by somebody else. But, whatever may be promised to you in the meantime, have nothing to do with it. Nothing will do you any good but my treatment." The recipient of this extraordinary prescription, like a late distinguished nobleman, who had tried a certain novel wine recommended to him as an effectual means of warding off his hereditary disease, replied, in effect, "I prefer the gout."—*London Telegraph*.

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