

# THE "SMITTEN."

BY J. W. HATTON.

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

Has your love, and surely,  
"A fool's love," 'tis the name,  
"A fool's love," 'tis the name,  
Should "never hope" for them.

But, does your soul? I could not,  
Could not help it, dear;  
But, knowing all, I strive not  
To shed a single tear!

But, having loved sincerely,  
"Is kind" or "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—  
Has the reddest 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.

—Gemma, Mo.

(Written for The Chicago Ledger.)

# THE "DESAVING WIDDY."

BY PETER MURROONEY. Married Man.

Some two years subsequent to my  
meeting with Peter Mulrooney I chanced  
fall in with him again in rather an  
unexpected manner. Business of some  
importance having taken me to the city,  
as traversing pretty rapidly one of its  
inner streets, when I heard myself  
suddenly hailed by name in an accent  
unusually Irish; and, turning round,  
saw Peter approaching me with  
usual loving gait. He was so al-  
most in his habitments from the pic-  
ture I vividly retained in my memory of  
him, blundering, blarneying Irishman  
took my cow to market, that if it  
had not been for his voice, I dare say I  
could have passed him without recogni-  
tion. But the voice—that voice—it was  
his peculiar shibboleth.

Mr. Mulrooney, whom I only remem-  
bered in a bluish-gray coat, a light, flex-  
ible, and thick brogan, was now  
dressed in a threadbare suit of black, a  
hat with the crown sunk in and well  
at the edges, and a pair of thin  
as boots elaborately patched. With  
coat buttoned up to the chin, and his  
eyes but thrust jauntily on one side of  
head, he reminded me more of one  
those needy actors, whose personal  
appearance is so often stereotyped as  
of fashion in the novels of the day.  
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  
ye'd be ather guessin' if ye thryed  
so much. Sure it's a grate gentle-  
man since I left service an' set up  
myself."

"A gentleman! What sort of a gen-  
tleman, Peter?"  
"Mother Mulrooney, if ye please,"  
he corrected my familiarity with  
his droll looks. "Och, but it's  
country this is, anyway! Boyant  
weather it was Pether here an' Pether  
there, till sorra a bit I know'd of any  
name but Pether. But here, the  
conversation of the ladies an' gentlemen  
dignity in the extreme, and the grate  
dishumers, in their correspondence  
time, write the beautifullest letters,  
perscription them, 'Misther Mul-  
rooney, Esquire.' Faix I bates Ban-  
ther, any how, an' that's not sayin' a  
word."

"I am glad to hear you are getting  
on in the world so famously!"  
"Aisy, sir, aisy. Lashins of aintin'  
dhrinkin' without any consti-  
tutional objections. It's mighty little  
I have to do any way. I am a  
dignified gentleman, Mr. Urbin, an—"  
"Och, Mister Mulrooney!"  
"Aradh, sir, but it's the turne as the day!  
I am a politishman I am, wid a grate  
for fightin'! Och! but it's won-  
derful busy they kape me leeshun days  
skin' down the minny."

"Which party do you call the minny?"  
"Sorra a bit I know," said Peter,  
tugging his shoulders; then, casting  
me one of his queer, side-long  
glances, he added, "I'm thinkin', 'tis  
Put notice party meself does belong  
and so you got well paid, and well  
for your services, do you?"  
"It promises 'ad fatten a man, I'd  
as big as the prize ox, that I  
am. But sure they'll kape some of  
it, I think; and then it's to be a  
father I am, and dale out the law to  
vagabones. Och, 'tis a beautiful  
mess."

"A magistrate? Can you read and  
write?"  
"Aye! What 'nd I be good for it I  
dare say," said Peter, evasively. "Sorra  
it matters; 'tis a strong mark I  
am, and that's not aisy to rub out,  
any."

"Take my advice, Mulrooney, and go  
back. Ditch, dig coilers, break stones  
in a road—do anything rather than  
yourself to be made the tool of de-  
signing men, who will use your services  
as they are beneficial to them,  
and just off as soon as their ambi-  
tious projects are achieved. Now, as  
living, it is very easy for you, being  
single man—"  
"It's married that I am!" said Peter,  
suddenly.  
"Married!" I exclaimed, "and in  
circumstances? What folly!"  
"Troth ye may say that, yer Honor,"  
said Peter, penitently. "But Misther  
Mulrooney was a widdy. Och, but 'tis the  
biggest craythurs they are all the  
time over. Aye," he continued turn-  
ing toward me with a look of half-humor-  
sorrow, "twas a wild cow I druv to  
that time, Misther Urbin."  
"Was she a countrywoman of yours?"  
I asked.  
"Does your Honor be thinkin' 'tis an  
enky woman could chate me in that  
said Peter, indignantly. "Sure,

'tisn't in the likes of them to do the  
thruck."  
"But how came this about, Peter?"  
"Aye! but luck's soon build. 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 nather failin' o' mine  
to be spakin' soft words to the faymles  
of a family; and sure it was inefect  
beside, to kape Misther Connolly's  
mind as aisy as an ould 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, apolo-  
getically, "and Misther Connolly so  
timberly 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 marvellous interpo-  
sition 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.  
Patrik put his comther upon the sur-  
pints."

"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  
ould 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? Mush! 'tis her affec-  
tions wor mody many a long day  
ago!" exclaimed Peter.  
"Well, you married her at all events,"  
said I, impatiently.

"Faix, I dunno; but I does be think-  
in' 'twas she married me. One night  
there wor some of the ould country  
people at the house, and we talked about  
the ould times, and ather a while there  
was lashins of whisky put on the table,  
and we talked, and dhrinked again, till  
it's my sartious opinion that my sinces  
left me intirely, and never came back till  
I found myself in bed next mornin'.

"I found myself in bed next mornin',  
and wonderin' how I got into Misther Con-  
nolly's room instead of my own. While  
I was schemin' out an apology, who  
should come to the door but Misther  
Connolly herself."

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

"Is it dhriness ye are?" sez she, as soft  
as butter. "Faix, that's aisy mended  
anyhow. Would you like a drop of  
spirits, Misther Mulrooney?"

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

"'Tis a plasht to call ye anything that's  
dacent and proper, aensila," sez I, tim-  
berly, for the thirst was consumin' 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 ainsht family, an'  
it's not always ye're favored wid the  
like, Misther Connolly."

"Mulrooney," sez she, correcting me.  
"Mem?" sez I.  
"Ye must call me Mulrooney 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."

she, spakin' through the key-hole. "Am  
I yer lawful wife?"  
"Be my fay, it's time-moulded I'll be  
before I say so, Biddy Connolly."  
"Biddy Mulrooney," sez she.  
"Connolly!" sez I.  
"Mulrooney!" sez she.  
"Go to the devil!" sez I.  
"The top of the marm!" to ye,  
Pether," sez she, and wid that she went  
away. 'Twas patch dark, Misther Ur-  
bin, when she came again.  
"Is it wake ye are wid the hunger,  
Pether dear?" sez she.  
"Gave me my clothes, Misther Con-  
nolly," sez I, faintly.  
"Tis Biddy Mulrooney that is spakin'  
to ye, Pether dear," sez she. "Would  
ye like coffee-tay or tay-tay, wid hot  
mate and pittaties? Shure there's plenty  
of 'em down-stairs, Pether darlint,  
barrin' the fear I have that your mind's  
disordered."

"Sure it 'ud be the wonder av it  
wasn't, wid the bad treatment I've had,  
Misther Connolly," sez I.  
"Troth, Pether dear," sez she, timber-  
ly, 'it'll be a blessed day for me when I  
can better it. But ye must confess  
that you married me last night, and that  
my name's Mulrooney."

"Let me out," sez I, "or I'll die the  
night!"  
"Deed, Pether, an' it 'ud be  
plasht 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 dhrilly little colleen from the  
outside; 'shure she was married last  
night, and her name's Mulrooney."

"Tell Biddy Mul— Mulrooney to  
come here, thin," sez I. Och, but I  
choked to spake it. Ather 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'd 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' aggy! yes! sez I.  
"Didn't ye marry me yerself, Pether?"  
sez she.  
"Divil 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 Mulrooney,  
wid Father Hennessy, and half a dozen  
acquaintances, and throws herself into  
my arms and begs my pardin over and  
over again. And that is the way, Misther  
Urbin, I was desaved into marryin' Mis-  
tress Connolly—Mulrooney I name."

**A Wasp in an Old Man's Slipper.**  
There are times in the life of the small  
boy when he feels very sad from the use  
of a slipper or switch upon him. If any-  
thing happens to the person who has  
thus afflicted him, his joy is great, as  
will be seen from the following incident:  
A gentleman returned home from his  
daily toil and had pulled off his boots  
and was going to put on his slippers,  
when a howl of intense agony resounded  
through the hall. The affrighted family  
rushed to the door, and beheld their  
papa heaving the shadows with wild ges-  
tures and frantic gyrations. "Take it  
off," he shouted, and made a grab at his  
foot, but, missing it, went on with the  
war dance. "Water!" he shrieked,  
and started up stairs, three at a step,  
and, turning, came back in a single  
stride. "Oh, I'm stabbed!" he cried,  
and sank to the floor and held his right  
leg high above his head; then he rose  
to his feet with a bound, screaming  
for the bootjack, and held his foot out  
toward his terrified family. "Oh, bring  
the arnica," he yelled, and with one de-  
spairing effort he reached his slipper and  
got it off, and, with a groan as deep as a  
well and as hollow as a drum, sank into  
a chair and clasped his foot in both  
hands. "Look out for the scorpion,"  
he whispered hoarsely, "I'm a dead  
man."

The small boy was by this time out in  
the wood-shed, rolling in the kindling in  
an ecstasy of glee, and pausing occa-  
sionally to explain to the son of a neighbor,  
who had dropped in to see if there was  
any innocent sport going on in which  
he could share. "Oh, Bill! Bill," he  
said, "you wouldn't believe; sometime  
to-day, somehow or other, a big blue  
wasp got into the old man's slipper, and  
when he came home and put them on—  
oh! Bill, you don't know what fun I've  
had!" —Dallas (Texas) Herald.

**Mountains in the Ocean.**  
Geology teaches that the continents  
of our world were once beneath the  
ocean. It is natural, therefore, to sup-  
pose that there are inequalities in the  
bottom of the ocean, like those on the  
land.

The recent deep-sea-soundings confirm  
this opinion, and reveal mountains and  
hills, valleys and tablelands. The great-  
est depth reached in sounding is 27,000  
feet, which exceeds the height of the  
 loftiest mountain in the Himalayas.

Some of the mountains in the sea  
are steeper and more abrupt than any on  
the land. In the British Channel the  
depth changes within ten miles from 699  
feet to 12,000 feet, and it is very com-  
mon, within a few miles of the coast of  
continents and islands, for the depth to  
change suddenly from a few hundred  
feet to many thousands. In other cases,  
as in a large part of the bed of the At-  
lantic between Europe and the United  
States, there are plateaus extending  
hundreds of miles with very slight undu-  
lations. We shall soon know the shape  
of the ocean floor almost as well as the  
earth's surface.

# Are There Glaciers on the Surface of the Moon?

This is a question which had long  
puzzled the inhabitants, especially of  
Northern countries; for the orb was al-  
ways regarded as a cold body. In fact,  
some of the more untutored of the an-  
cients supposed the moon to be an im-  
mense sheet or globe of transparent ice  
fixed in space, and only made visible by  
the departure of the sun below the hori-  
zon. They supposed the surroundings  
of the moon to be so cold as to prevent it  
from thawing for all time.

Now, if it is true that the moon is a  
dead star, as we are told, there are no  
glaciers upon it. If, on the other hand,  
the moon is not a dead star, it may have  
glaciers on its surface. It has been  
shown in a previous article that there is  
one side of the surface of the moon  
which we never see, but the probability  
is that the unseen side has the same con-  
formation and geological appearance  
(such as extinct volcanoes, dried-up  
oceans, etc.) as the side which we can  
see and which astronomers study through  
powerful telescopes.

After all, however, the moon may be  
an orb of perpetual cold, and, even if it  
contained glaciers on its surface, their  
action would not create heat. In this  
connection it may be remarked that Prof.  
Marks, of Philadelphia, stated at a re-  
cent meeting of the Franklin Institute  
that he had made some calculations of  
the maximum speed at which locomotives  
could be driven before the centri-  
fugal force on the tires of the driving  
wheels would become so great as to  
cause them to burn. These calculations,  
which, however, were approximate only,  
showed that the limit of speed was in  
the neighborhood of 150 miles per hour.  
Now, some of the glaciers move only  
about an inch in a day, some even less.

Dr. H. J. Klein, who two years  
ago announced a new crater in the  
moon, has a brief article in *La Nature*,  
in which he gave reasons for believing  
that the moon is not dead. He has re-  
cently examined drawings of the neigh-  
borhood of the new crater, which con-  
firm the theory of recent changes on the  
lunar surface, and cites also other draw-  
ings in further proof thereof. Prof.  
Klein adds that he announced the new  
depression near Hyginus as a crater,  
from analogy. It is a crater funnel, and  
even one of the largest. Toward the  
south there is a shallow spoon-shaped  
hollow, which terminates in a second  
small crater. In full sunlight, when the  
interior of the large hollow of the crater  
is no longer in shadows the spoon-  
shaped hollow may still be seen as a  
gray spot. By the use of high telescopic  
powers it is remarked that the environs  
of the new crater appear to be fissured  
in a bewildering manner. Two fine fur-  
rows, like clefts in the soil, which ex-  
tend from the north toward the Snail  
mountain, are the finest objects on the  
moon.

# Incident of the War.

Artemus Ward once said he "would  
love to die for his country, but, if it was  
all the same to the country, he would  
like to die of old age." An amusing an-  
ecdote, which shows that Artemus' phi-  
losophy is widely entertained, is told by  
a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*. It  
was told by one of the boys who were  
present at the battle of Murrefreesboro',  
Tenn.

When the lines of both armies  
were advancing to the charge, a  
rabbit, or more properly a hare,  
was aroused from his quiet seclusion  
immediately in front of the Con-  
federate line, and went bounding away  
to the security of the hills, making at  
each jump a large exhibit of white bunt-  
ing.

In the line there was a great, raw-  
boned North Georgian, who was cele-  
brated for his indomitable courage and  
reckless bravery.

He had the reputation of being will-  
ing to fight anything, and was supposed  
not to know the meaning of fear; but  
his apostrophe to the vanishing rabbit  
not only put the matter in a different  
light, but caused a burst of laughter  
from all who heard it. He said:

"Go it, little cotton-tail! Go it while  
you've a chance. I'd run, too, if I didn't  
have any more reputation at stake than  
you've got!"

The poor fellow never returned from  
the charge. He had lost his chance of  
running.

# He Preferred the Gout.

In the following written prescription,  
addressed by a medical man, resident at  
Roemershausen, in the district of Cas-  
sel, to one of his patients, will be found  
a new and somewhat remarkable cure  
for gout: "I have measured your bap-  
tismal 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 pro-  
pose, 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 suf-  
ferings. 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,  
muddle in any way with that liquid.  
Keep yourself nice and warm, prefer-  
ably in bed; the more rapidly will you  
get better. You may drink a little wa-  
ter, 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 ef-  
fect, "I prefer the gout." —London  
Telegraph.

HERBERT SPENCER will make the tour  
of the United States next year.

# How Dr. Potts Pulled Through.

Young Gluckerson met old Judge  
Van Snyder on the ferry, and, after  
shaking hands respectfully with that  
venerable friend of the family, said,  
casually:

"Did you hear of that terrible acci-  
dent up at Potts' the other night?"  
"Accident! Why, my dear young  
friend, no. Nothing serious, I hope?"  
said the Judge, much interested.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," said  
Gluckerson in a mournful voice. "You  
see, the old doctor was out until about 2  
in the morning attending some patients,  
and, supposing he would be hungry  
when he came in, Mrs. Potts put a  
large pan of mush and milk—the doc-  
tor's favorite dish, you know—under the  
stove to keep warm for him."

"Yes! yes!" said the Judge eagerly,  
as Gluckerson stopped to light a cigar.  
"Go on—what then?"

"Well, the doctor came in after a  
while and went groping round in the  
dark for his mush—couldn't find a  
match, you know—and, as luck would  
have it, he picked up instead a pan con-  
taining bread, put there to raise over  
night. He was too tired to notice the  
difference—besides he had taken two or  
three nips as he drove round, and so he  
actually ate up all the dough!"

"Gracious!" said the Judge.

"It's a fact, though. Well, toward  
morning the doctor began to swell, and  
swell—the yeast was just getting its  
work in, you know—and pretty soon the  
whole family was up and rushing around  
half distracted. The doctor kept on  
groaning and shrieking and swelling,  
until he looked like a Saratoga trunk.  
At last they found out what he had done,  
and the whole family piled right on top  
of him, and sat there while they sent for  
a cooper."

"A cooper?"  
"Yes, you see they saw at once that  
unless something was done the doctor  
would burst before morning. So the  
cooper started in and put nine of those  
big half-inch beer-keg hoops around his  
stomach. Of course that stopped the  
swelling, and, by keeping a tin tub  
down his throat for gas to escape, he jus-  
managed to pull through."

"Oh, the doctor pulled through, did  
he?"  
"Oh! yes; he's all right now, ex-  
cepting—"

"Excuse me," said the Judge grimly,  
as he took out his note book. "But will  
you favor me with your middle name in  
full. They are getting up a medal for  
the champion har in the State, by order  
of the Governor, and I think I'll send in  
your—"

But the boat had landed and the prom-  
ising young candidate had melted away  
in the crowd. —San Francisco Post.

# How to Write Well.

We believe that the whole of this  
method is a mistake; that there is no  
single system of *mechanique* for writing,  
and that a child belonging to the edu-  
cated classes would be taught much  
better and more easily if, after being  
once enabled to make and recognize  
written letters, it were left alone, and  
praised or chidden, not for its method,  
out its result. Let the boy hold his pen  
as he likes, and make his strokes as he  
likes, and write at the pace he likes—  
nearly, of course, being discouraged—  
but insist strenuously and persist-  
ently that his copy shall be legi-  
ble, shall be clean, and shall ap-  
proach the good copy set before him,  
namely, a well-written letter, not a  
rubbishy text on a single line, writ-  
ten as nobody but a writing-master  
ever did or will write to the world's end.  
He will make a muddle at first, but he  
will soon make a passable imitation of  
his copy, and ultimately develop a char-  
acteristic and strong hand, which may be  
bad or good, but will not be either  
meaningless, undecided, or illegible.  
This hand will alter, of course, very  
greatly as he grows older. It may alter  
at 11, because it is at that age that  
the range of the eye is fixed, and short  
sight betrays itself; and it will alter  
at 17, because then the system of tak-  
ing notes at lecture, which ruins most  
hands, will have cramped and tempo-  
rarily spoiled the writing; but the char-  
acter will form itself again, and  
will never be deficient in clearness or  
decision. The idea that it is to be  
clear will have stamped itself, and con-  
fidence will not have been destroyed by  
worrying little rules about attitude  
and angle and shape which the very  
irritation of the pupils ought to con-  
vince the teachers are, from some per-  
sonal peculiarity, inapplicable. The lad  
will write, as he does anything else that  
he cares to do, as well as he can, and  
with a certain efficiency and speed. Al-  
most every letter he gets will give him  
some assistance, and the master's re-  
monstrances on his illegibility will be  
attended to like any other caution given  
in the curriculum. —*Learning to  
Write, in Popular Science Monthly.*

# A Conclusive Answer.

Dr. Murphy was boasting that the  
climate of Minnesota beats the climate  
of California or any other State, and,  
with a triumphant air of exultation, ex-  
claimed:

"Look at me! behold my beautiful  
rounded form. When I came here I  
weighed only ninety-seven pounds, and  
now I weigh 275 pounds. What do you  
think of that?"

One of the sons of the late Bishop  
Wiloughby, standing by, said:  
"Why, doctor, that's nothing, look at  
me; I weigh 175 pounds, and when I  
came to Minnesota I weighed only six  
pounds." The doctor left.

An eccentric Englishman, long a resi-  
dent 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.