Berkley's Masquerade.

"Better go Dick," said Hatton. "Lots o' fun. The grandest thing of the season. The masks and git-ups all of the latest and funniest Parisian style."

Dick Berkley took the cigar from his mouth, blew out a spiral cloud of smoke, and reflected a moment. They were in Berkley's sitting room, and the door which opened into the hall was slightly ajar. Both men had their backs to the door, and faces toward the blazing grate.

"I would go if I was sure I could keep my wife from knowing it," said Berkley.

"Why, to be sure you can," replied his friend Hatton, a gay bachelor of thirty or more. "What is the use of being bound in the iron bonds of petticoat government, tied to a woman's apron strings, and make both a slave and a fool of yourself all your life. I tell you men like us, who are kept in courts and among legal papers and documents, need a little recreation sometimes."

"My wife would raise thunder if she knew of my going to a masquerade."

"The deuce—she need never know it," replied Hatton vehemently.

At this very moment Mrs. Berkley was passing through the hall, and paused at the door, having heard her husband's remark.

"Let's see, when is it?" asked Berkley.

"Next Thursday night."

"I'll go."

"So will I," thought Mrs. Berkley, as she disappeared unobserved from the door way.

"In my carriage?" asked Hatton.

"Yes; expect me in front of the Lindell, from there we can drive to Kruth's or Mrs. Purcell's for our costumes and masks."

Thursday night came, and our two friends were at the masquerade. Berkley was disguised as a Turk and his friend in the hideous garb of an Indian.

There was one faultless form, dressed as a page of the olden time, which seemed to be the admiration of every one. Our friends were not long in finding this strangely disguised and evidently fast young lady, as she made herself especially pleasing to Berkley. The latter promenaded and danced with her, and they retired to another room for refreshments. The eyes which gleamed out from the holes of the mask our hero declared to be the most lovely he ever beheld. While chatting and drinking sparkling champagne with the artful beauty he chuckled to himself to think what a nice trick he had played on his wife.

"Now my charmer," he said, pouring out a glass of champagne, "I drink to your health alone, and vow I love no other; after which I ask, as we are by ourselves, that we unmask."

"Bah, Sir Turk! you do not pretend to say you love me!"

"More than tongue can tell."

"And that you never loved another?"

"Never, by the jumping Jehosaphat."

"Nonsense, I'll venture you have a wife and half-a-dozen children."

"I swear by my beard I have not," vowed the Turk.

"Pshaw! we women know you men too well to believe what you say. Men must have some 'recreation,' you know," said the artful beauty.

"But know, dearest, adored unknown," began our hero, pushing his chair just as close to the page as he could get it, and placing one arm affectionately around her waist, "that I have found my affinity in you, that I never loved till I saw you, and that I adore only you. Now I have made a full confession, and after requesting the pleasure of seeing you home, please allow me to remove this mask that must cover a face of exquisite loveliness."

Berkley had evidently drank too much champagne, or he would not have been so vehement in his remarks. He threw one arm around the young lady dressed in the fascinating costume of a page, raised the mask, and beheld the face of his wife.

"Consternation! Sallie, let's go home," he cried; and in fifteen minutes they were in a cab going toward their residence. Mr. Berkley was a very quiet man for several days, and Mrs. Berkley enjoyed her victory in silence. A week or two after the affair, Hatton asked his friend what became of the girl dressed as a page he was coming it over so sweetly at the masquerade.

"Don't mention it, Ned, for I have sworn I will never go to another masquerade while I live!"

Ned Hatton thinks his friend Berkley was bitten some way.

Mullein a Cure for Consumption

A correspondent writes as follows about the flower of a well known plant:

"I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying the remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought that philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullein steeped strongly and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drank freely. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, accordcording to nature of disease. It is very good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens and builds up the system instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood and takes inflammation away from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this recipe for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up and keep it in the house ready for use."

He came in late the other night, and was rolling into the bed, when his wife woke up and said: "Don't forget your night-cap, dear." "No—a; hadzh two night-caps already."

Men have fought in steel-plated vests, and men have hanged under the influence of chloroform, but the end is not yet. The Baptists are now baptizing people in rubber suits.

Optimism and Pessimism.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two boys got an oyster. One looked at it, and declared it nasty. The other tasted it and declared it good.

Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn. The other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought New York wicked. The other visited the homes, and though New York good.

Two boys looking at some skaters, one said: "See how they fall." The other: "See how they glide."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlor.

Two boys having a bee, one got honey and the other got stung. The first called it a honey-bee, and the other, a sting-bee.

Two boys got each an apple. One was thankful for the apple. The other was dissatisfied because it was not two.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

Sitting down to the same table, one man can make his meal off pickles and another of sweetmeats.

In drinking lemonade, you may detect only the sweet or only the sour.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One man enjoys what he has. Another suffers what he has not.

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says "Our evil is mixed with good."—Independent.

The Mother of Napoleon I.

How little is known of the mother of Napoleon. Letitia, the wife of Carlo Bonaparte, was married at 17, and became the mother of thirteen children, of whom five died in infancy. She was only 19 when her second child, the wonderful Napoleon was born. At the age of 35 she was left a widow, with eight children, of whom three were daughters. Joseph, the oldest, and Napoleon were then attending school, and the remainder of the family were soon compelled to remove from Corsica to escape the dangers of the war. Within two years from this time Letitia Bonaparte saw her second son the first general in Europe. When he became emperor, she removed to Paris, and was appointed protectoress of a charitable institution. She was then 54, and her intense anxiety concerning Napoleon rendered her life one of constant distress. The rejection of Josephine, the retreat from Russia, the exile to Elba, and Waterloo, were among her sad memories. She was 65 when he was banished to St. Helena, and six years afterward she heard of his death. After his fall she retired to Rome, where she died in 1836, being then 86. She lived in widowhood 51 years, and had survived not only Napoleon, but also her two daughters, Marie and Pauline. No other woman was the mother of so many monarchs: for while Napoleon was emperor, her oldest son, Joseph, was king of Spain, while the youngest, Jerome, was king of Westphalia. Louis was at the same time king of Holland, Lucien, Prince of Carlo. The three daughters were also, through marriage, each raised to the dignity of a princess. A record of family honors equal with the foregoing has never been met with.

St. Paul's Personal Appearance.

When M. Renan was received at the academy it may be remembered that M. Mezieres asked him from what documents known to him alone he had drawn his description of the person of St. Paul. A bookworm remarks on this subject that M. Renan, in tracing his somewhat realistic portrait of the Apostle, had only to reproduce that drawn by St. Clement of Alexandria, who wrote in the third century, and whose portraits of St. Paul, St. Peter and of Jesus Christ are to be found in his works. St. Paul is described as "short of stature, with a bald forehead and a thick beard," as M. Renan said when in his discourse. "Jesus," observes St. Clement, "had nothing handsome about his face, nor had he an agreeable form; he only possessed the beauty of the soul, which is the true beauty." The writer adds that St. Irenæus, the disciple of St. Polycarp, who had been the disciple of St. John, declares that he often heard the beloved Apostle say that the hair of Jesus Christ had begun to turn white when he undertook his mission. Gibbon, in his account of the "image of Edessa," maintains that "primitive Christians were ignorant of the genuine features of the Son of God, and his mother and his Apostles." The portraits of Christ, being taken from the napkin with which the sweat and blood of our Saviour was supposed to have been wiped, could hardly give a just idea of his features.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Smith, who has always been a "tough one," has just died. The physician is met coming from the house by Brown, who asks, "Doctor, how is Smith? Is he out of danger?" Physician—"No, he is dead, poor fellow, but he is far from being out of danger, I fear."

Spiders as Engineers.

On going round the garden this morning, I perceived what seemed a small piece of cheese, apparently floating in the air straight before me. On coming up to it I found that it was suspended from a spider's web, which was spun right across the path. One's first hasty thought was that this spider had found a piece of cheese below, and taking a fancy to it, was then drawing it up into its web to eat it. Further examination however, showed that the substance was not cheese, but a small pebble much resembling that edible, evidently taken from the gravel walk beneath. There was nothing for the spider to attach his web to on the walk, so he had selected a suitable stone to balance his web, which indeed it did admirably, the web being attached to trees on either side of the walk, and weighted below by the stone, so as to be nearly in a perpendicular position. The stone was connected with the web by a three-fold cord, the strands of which were attached to different parts of the stone. I visited the web two or three hours after the spider had finished it and found that his ingenuity had been rewarded, as the web contained, besides a large fly, on which he was dining, more small flies than I have ever before seen in a web. Neither myself nor those of my friends to whom I showed the web, have ever seen anything of the kind before. Readers will be interested in an example of high instinct in a spider, and those who are more versed in natural history than myself may be able to remember other examples of the same kind. That the stability of the web depended upon the weight of the stone was shown when I put my hand under the latter. The result was that as I raised my hand the lower part of the web gradually collapsed, but when the stone was suffered again to fall gently the web resumed its proper shape. The web was about five feet from the ground.

Spider engineering is a most interesting subject, and one that I have spent hours in studying. I have worked out most of the problems in connection with it, but the weight dodge I have not yet been able to explain. Some spiders will use ties, but others of exactly the same species will use a weight, although the circumstances under which both build are apparently similar. But how does the spider raise the weight? This I could never explain to my satisfaction, as one of the weights are so large that it is scarcely possible they could lift them by a "heave list." Besides, they will put on one, two or more weights in a few hours before a windy day, to fix their structures. The ingenuity and ingenuity of the spider passes belief to all those who have seen them at work, but no more profitable day can be spent by a young engineer than a day after a storm in a path through the gorse watching a spider constructing its web. This is the legitimate way of seeing the work done, but there are other dodges, such as breaking down the webs and watching the poor devils reconstruct them.—Land and Water.

Dr. Reynold's Testimony

Dr. Reynold's, the temperance evangelist, who has done such good service in the West during the last two Winters, tells our Chicago correspondent that in Michigan ninety per cent. of the 200,000 men who put on the red ribbon during his campaign two years ago, are still wearing it and living up to it, and that, too, when eighty-five per cent. were drinkers. Within that period, also, there have been 25,000 conversions to Christ, mainly due to the temperance work. Having now come from a pilgrimage through his own State, Maine, he declares that harder temperance work is not being done in any other State than in Maine; that politicians and society have become so unanimous on that one point that both parties are radical prohibitionists. The fact that only nine men uphold the liquor interest in its Legislature at the last session, stimulates the unanimity, and a bill was drafted which is certain to become a law, making the sale of liquor a felony, and punishing the first offense by a $1,000 fine and three months in prison; even now in the city of Bangor no man can get a drink short of the darkest corner of some dark cellar.—Christian Union.

The hangman's rope is a sort of close line, so far as life is concerned.

A Valuable Medicine.

DR. FRAZIER:—"My constitution was very much broken down for years. My digestion, bowels and nervous system were in a very bad condition. My system was not properly nourished. After eating I was distressed, and my food would not assimilate properly, so that I received little benefit. I was weak and most miserable, but on trying your Root Bitters I seemed to be wonderfully acted upon, and they have given me great comfort while using them. Enclosed find $5 for six bottles, which please send me soon. J. J. SPINNING, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DR. FRAZIER:—"I have had a splendid trade on your Root Bitters. They entirely cured one of my customers, a woman, of Dyspepsia, who had used all kinds of medicines without any good results. A. J. MILLER, Druggist, 284 Southwest street, Indianapolis, Ind.

See advertisement headed "Life in a Bottle" in another column.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to chalk, crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the Gold Medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the paint and you certainly would have no other.

All Bitters are whisky in a disguised form. It is far better and more honorable for a man to "brace up" to a bar and call for whisky than to sneak in the back door of his house with a bottle of Bitters under his coat. It's whisky in a bottle "all the same." No whisky in Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

If any druggist will prove by analysis that any patent medicine on his shelves is a better remedy than Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier, his fortune is made, if he will send the formula to us.

Wholesale Pianos and Organs
SMITH'S CELEBRATED American Pianos and Organs,
NEW YORK AND BOSTON, ARE THE BEST.
83,000 SMITH'S Organs —AND— 38,000 Pianos now in use
EVERY INSTRUMENT Warranted for Ten Years.
Sent upon 15 Days Test Trial—Guarantee satisfaction or no sale.
SMITH
SELLS HIS OWN GOODS
GERMAN UPRIGHTS! Best on this Coast.
Sheet Music, Half Price.
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☞ In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

LIFE IN A BOTTLE!

The Most Valuable Medical Discovery Known to the World—No More Use for Quinine, Calomel or Mineral Poisons—Life for the Blood, Strength for the Nerves, and Health for All.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

Believing that by cleansing the blood and invigorating the constitution was the only true way of banishing disease, and being troubled with a weakness of the lungs, catarrh, very much broken down in constitution, etc., and after trying the best physicians and paying out my money for many kinds of medicines alive used without finding a permanent cure, I began doctoring myself, using medicines made from roots and herbs. I fortunately discovered a wonderful Bitters or Blood Cleanser, the first bottle of which gave me new life and vigor, and in time effected a permanent cure. I was free from catarrh, my lungs became strong and sound, being able to stand the most severe cold and exposure, and I have gained over thirty pounds in weight. Feeling confident that I had made a wonderful discovery in medicine, I prepared a quantity of the Root Bitters, and, was in the habit of giving them away to sick friends and neighbors. I found the medicine effected the most wonderful cures of all diseases caused from humors or poisons in the blood, Impaired Digestion, Bad Stomach, Weakness, Kidney Diseases, Torpid Liver, etc., etc. The news of my discovery in this way spread from one person to another until I found myself called upon to supply patients with medicines far and wide, and I was induced to establish a laboratory for compounding and bottling the Root Bitters in large quantities, and I now devote all my time to this business.

Thousands of persons in all parts of the country are already using ROOT BITTERS. They have saved many lives of consumptives who had been given up by friends and physicians to die, and have permanently cured hundreds of cases of catarrh, scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and bad humors, which all other treatment failed to cure. Any person troubled with sick headache, weak stomach, costiveness, weak lungs, spitting of blood, or any symptoms of consumption, should at once commence using the Root Bitters. Do not wait until your blood becomes so diseased that it will require months to build up your system, but commence at once to purify your blood and strengthen your system with Root Bitters. It may save your life.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, would the diseases of mankind to try the Root Bitters. Do not wait until you are sick, but if you feel bad, take a bottle of Root Bitters at once. It may save your life.

To those who prefer a physician's prescription we would say that we have had one prepared for us by a regular graduate in medicine, with the Root Bitters as the basis of the preparation, and we can now supply druggists and others with the Root Bitters in quart bottles, ready for use, or in bulk, for those who prefer to compound it themselves. For the benefit of those who prefer to purchase the Root Bitters in bulk, we give the following formula:

Take of Root Bitters, one pint; Alcohol, one pint; Simple Syrup, one pint; Fluid Extract Cascara Sagrada, one ounce; Fluid Extract Rhubarb, one ounce; Tincture Cardamom, one ounce; Tincture Cinchona, one ounce; Tincture Nux Vomica, one ounce; Tincture Cinnamon, one ounce; Tincture Cloves, one ounce; Tincture Capsicum, one ounce; Tincture Opium, one ounce; Tincture Gentian, one ounce; Tincture Myrrh, one ounce; Tincture Asafoetida, one ounce; Tincture Iron, one ounce; Tincture Stillingia, one ounce; Tincture Phytolacca, one ounce; Tincture