

The White Satin Domino.

The period of Napoleon's career, when at its zenith, is full of romantic adventures as connected with the history of the officers' lives that served under the great captain. He was quick to observe merit and prompt to reward it, and this it was that made his followers so devoted to him, and so anxious to distinguish themselves by powers in battle, and strict soldierly conduct in the Emperor's service.

Colonel Eugene Merville was an attachment of Napoleon's staff. He was a soldier in the true sense of the word—devoted to his profession, and brave as a lion. Though very handsome, and a fine bearing, he was of humble birth—a mere child of the camp, and had followed the drum and bugle from boyhood. Every step in the line of promotion had been won by the stroke of his sword; and his last promotion from major of cavalry was for a gallant deed which transpired on the battlefield beneath the Emperor's own eye. Murat, that prince of cavalry officers, loved him like a brother, and taught him all that his own good taste and natural instinct had not led him to acquire before.

It was the carnival season in Paris, and young Merville found himself at the masked ball in the French Opera House. Better adapted in his taste to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor, and joins but seldom in the giddy waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully, and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her. Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng toward the door, where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offered his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame warded off the danger. It was a delightful moment; the lady spoke the purest French; was witty, fanciful and captivating.

"Ah! lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful form as you possess."

"No, I am sure not."
"Are you so very confident?"
"Yes. I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise."
"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one? How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled prophet of Khorassan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it never felt before; he was already in love.

She eluded his efforts at discovery, but permitted him to hand her to her carriage, which drove off in the darkness, and though he threw himself upon his fleetest horse, he was unable to overtake her.

The young French Colonel became moody; he had lost his heart and knew not what to do. He wandered hither and thither, shunned his former places of amusement, avoided his military companions; and, in short, was as miserable as a lover may well be, thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel on foot, a figure muffled to the very ears stopped him. "Well, monsieur, what would you wish me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.
"I would, indeed," replied the officer, hastily. "How can it be done?"
"Follow me."
"To the end of the earth, if I will bring me to her."
"But you must be blindfolded."
"Very well."
"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."
And away rattled the young soldier and his strange companion.
"This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville; "but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself."

But there was no cause for fear, since he soon found the vehicle stopped, and he was led blindfolded into a house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the domino just as he had met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees, and tell her how much he had thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe and he did so most gallantly and sincerely.

"Shall I believe all you say?"
"Lady let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."
"Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."
"Talk no longer, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."
"Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?"
"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will test you."
"How, lady?"
"For one year to be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as Heaven shall spare my life."
"O, cruel, cruel suspense!"
"You demure!"
"Nay lady; I shall fulfill your injunction as I have promised."
"If at the expiration of a year you do not hear from me, the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring," she continued, "and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and, pressing her hand to his lips, bade her adieu. He was conducted away again as mysteriously as he had been brought thither, nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months rolled on. Colonel Merville was true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of his love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, that gayest of all European capitals, about the time that Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young colonel was handsome, manly and already distinguished in arms, and became at once a great favorite at court every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he was constant and true to his vow.

But his heart was not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before. At last he met the Baroness Caroline Waldorff, and in spite of his vows she captivated him, and he secretly cursed the engagement he had so blindly made in Paris. She seemed to wonder at what she believed to be his devotion and yet the distance that he maintained. The truth was his sense of honor was so great, that although he felt he really loved the young Baroness, and even that she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and it was sacred.

The satin domino was no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumed the most repulsive form in his imagination, and became, in place of his good angel his evil genius!

Well, time rolled on; he was to return in a few days; it was once more the carnival season, and in Vienna, too that gay city. He joined in the festivities of the masked ball, and what wonder filled his brain when about the middle of the evening the white domino stood before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a fancy?

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying a hand lightly on his arm.
"Is this a reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.
"Come follow me, and you shall see

that it is reality," continued the mask pleasantly.

"I will."
"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired to a neighboring saloon.
"Most truly in act, but, alas! I fear not in heart."
"Indeed!"
"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is this that you thus love?"
"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?"
"Most religiously."
"It is the Baroness Von Waldorff," he said with a sigh.
"And you really love her?"
"Alas, only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.
"Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?"
"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.
"Then I too, keep my promise!" said the domino, raising her mask, and showing his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Waldorff.

Ah it was the sympathy of true love that attracted me, after all!" exclaimed the young soldier as he pressed her to his heart.
She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave to him her wealth, title, and everything.

They were married with great pomp and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made Colonel Eugene Merville at once General of Division.

THE BUSY FARMER.

These are days when the eight hour agitation does not vex our farmer friends. They are hard at it from early dawn until late in the evening, and they will for some months to come utilize every hour of daylight in their great task providing food for their fellow citizens. They have never demanded shorter hours of labor; indeed we have sometimes thought if they could command the sun to stand still, they would toil on while others would sleep. Their contentment with their lot and their cheerful industry, are to be commended. Still, the farmer needs to stop and rest a little sometimes. Why should he kill himself by overwork, as he sometimes does? Work ye tillers of the soil, and industriously, but remember that there is a limit to all things, and what profit is there in labor which sends one to the grave and leaves others to enjoy the fruits of one's labor.

Who is that at the kitchen door?" asked Mr. Sotkin-of his young wife last Sunday, just after breakfast.
"It's a tramp, and I'm bothered to death with them," she replied.
"Wait a minute, my dear," said her husband. "I'll fix him so he won't trouble you any more."
He kissed her and went out, in five minutes returned. "Well," queried his wife, "did you fix him?"
"Yes, I gave him something to eat."
"Why you shouldn't have done that. He'll be sure to come right back and worry me more than ever," she said petulantly.
"Oh no, he won't. I gave him a pocketful of those biscuits you made for breakfast."

CONNUBIAL COMPLIMENT.

"Ah, the first Mrs. Byrne was a charming woman," said Byrne to his second wife a few days ago. Then seeing an ugly scowl on her face he hastened to say:
"You must excuse me, my dear, but then it's only natural that I should mourn for her at times."
"Oh, don't apologize," said Mrs. Byrne No. 2, in her pointed way. "I assure you no one can regret her death more than I do."

The Texas and Pacific bridge over the Trinity River at Dallas, Texas, is ninety feet above the water level. A negro walking across the bridge recently was overtaken by a train and so scared that he jumped from the bridge, went plump down into the water, and after half a minute arose and swam ashore unhurt.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The smell of paint may be taken away by closing up the room and setting in the centre of it a pan of lighted charcoal on which have been thrown some juniper berries. Leave this in the room for a day and night when the smell of paint will be gone, some persons prefer a pail of water in which a handful of hay is soaking. This is also effectual in removing the scent of tobacco from a room.

The best way to brighten a carpet is to put a half tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice.
Silver that is not in frequent use will not tarnish if rubbed in oatmeal.
Clean cane chairs by saturating the cane well with a sponge and hot water, using soap if necessary; then put it in the open air or in a good current of air, and as it dries it will tighten and become as firm as when new.

A cheap paint for a floor can be used with five pounds of French ochre and a quarter of a pound of glue dissolved in two quarts of boiling hot water; then apply enough boiled linseed oil to make the paint flow easily from the brush. Any man can paint a kitchen floor and save the women work by so doing.

There is a large reduction in the area of winter wheat this year.

Clean out your cellars every rag, tag and sprout and rotten vegetables and whitewash them.

Hominy meal, the refuse from mills where hominy is made, is an excellent food for cattle.

Don't be taken with any pretended secrets for making butter come quick. They are swindles from the word go.

After the strawberry picking season is closed, set fire to the whole patch and burn it over. It will do it good.

George Bishop set a double-yelk egg under a hen. Two chickens, slightly united were hatched, but easily separated.

Commercial fertilizers are better for the potatoes than barn yard manure. They produce a larger crop which is freer from scab. So it is said.

A New England poultry raiser keeps lice from his fowls and their house by the free use of powdered sulphur about the nests and in the dust bath.

The market for fruit would be doubled, much to the improvement of the general health, if people were educated to eat it as much as they ought to.

PARNELL AT COLLEGE.

Charles Stewart Parnell seems to have been cast in a mold for the work he has to do, and before his efforts those of the impulsively patriotic Irish man led by Robert and Grattan and Daniel O'Connell pale. Parnell is the greatest of Irish leaders because his success—not accidentally—has been greater than that of any other. An Irishman of wealth and birth traveling to the West told a story of him a few days ago that illustrates the disposition of the man. Said he: "When Parnell was an undergraduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, he was caught in a tight place by the college proctor and his aid or 'bull dog,' as he is called. Parnell gave the latter a 'facer which knocked him down and bolted. But reflection led him to believe that the proctor had recognized him and he feared 'being sent down' for a year. He went to a friend who kept a chemist's shop, 'Paint on me a black eye.' It couldn't be done in fast colors, and the friend recommended the genuine article as the only one to bear inspection. 'All right, let her go,' said the embryo Irish statesman, bracing himself and receiving a hard and straight drive between the eyes. A few hours afterwards he had not one, but two beauties in the way of black eyes, and also a summons from the dean of the college. He answered in person, and with a claim that in the encounter with the 'bul-dog he had got the worst of it. He looked as if he had, and got off with a lecture.' Who can wonder at the patient waits and moves of the man who, as a youth got himself out of a bad scrape by such an application of pluck and wit."

A child's dress may be becomingly grotesque, but a lady's never.

DREAMS AND ILLUSIONS.

Wundt regards most of dream representation as really representations since they emanate from sensorial impressions which, though weak, continue during sleep, says the Medical News. An inconvenient position during sleep causes the representation of painful work, perilous ascent of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger or the bite of an enraged dog. Difficulty in respiration is fearful agony caused by nightmare seeming to be a weight rolled upon the chest, or a horrible monster which threatens to stifle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height of a tower. Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration. Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensations which are represented in the waking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential role," according to Wundt. "There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish multicolored pearls, flowers etc."

But if there be some cutaneous irritation these visions are usually changed into caterpillars or beetles crawling over the skin of the sleeper.
The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street or in society only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bed-clothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hindrance to respiration or interference with the action of the heart may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it, or has forgotten something in starting upon a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying he sees an angel descending from the heavens or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.

The representations of dreams having sensory origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Thus parents or friends cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, "hence the general opinion that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living."
Poker.

It is a fascinating game, because in it ones judgment, coolness and pluck count for even more than luck, though some old veterans assert that even "a fool can bet a good hand." But I know that their assertion is too sweeping. A fool cannot bet a good hand so as to get all the money that can be got out of it. To a veteran poker player any mistake of eye or action is an indication to guide him, and I'll defy a fool to take, though, a good hard 'bluff.' Round the poker table a man of anything like acute judgment can gauge his opponents admirably, because of more opportunities to do so offered. It is there that one sees a man as he is, and avarice, generosity, boldness and skill shows out first or last, generally in the way the player manages his hand. Oh, yes! there is no doubt that if a man must play cards for money the noblest and best way to play them is in a select poker group.

The game is peculiarly an American one. It fits in with the national temperament and I cannot imagine a model poker player without also thinking of the frothy methods in use in many of our great business affairs; methods that make the American a 'bull' or a 'bear,' as his inclination or interests dictate; that water stocks and bonds and puff up a poor weakling of a railroad until its rails are buried in a mass of debt and every body 'lets go.' In all these transactions "bluff" pure and simple, is the dictator and the greater part of the stock in trade with an elegant assortment of cheek as a reserve fund and an inclination to call on "ace high." When the call comes, if it ever does come, a man is often unready in a poker game or "on change." Our great speculators all play poker and have done so for many years. If as boys they played the game they would have sat on the ends from whence limit bets on a pair of "deuces," or

"trays," would have come and an air of innocence would have prep'd its ray around when the other fellow dropped out, the 'deuces' went into the dock and the pot was raked in.—[Cleveland Leader.

NOTES OF NEWS.

It is proposed in Pittsburgh to organize the washerwomen for for six hour-a-day and one dollar compensation.

The eight hour movement in the West seems to be losing ground, and men are returning to work on a compromise.

Three soldiers, named Swanwick, Zinkard and Morton, were drowned in the Yellowstone river, near Fort Keogh, Montana, on Sunday night of last week.

All the cigar factories in Reading Womelsdorf, Stouchsburg and adjoining towns in Berks county Penna. closed on Thursday because of the demand for higher wages.

Francis T. Hord, Attorney General of Indiana, has been declared insane and placed in an asylum. His mania is ungrounded jealousy of his wife, an estimable lady of 54 years of age.

Charles Murray and Thomas Shaw, were killed by Indians 25 miles south west of Tucson, Arizona, on Monday. Geronimo's band is supposed to be in that vicinity. Two hundred troops are in close pursuit.

Fifty Italians arrived at Mt. Pleasant, Penna., on Tuesday night of last week, to work on a new reservoir. The strikers at the new shaft, believing the new men were to take their places in the mines, stoned the leaders out of town.

The Police Department of Chicago made an official report of the bomb-throwing affair in that city. It shows that during the riot 66 policemen were wounded, 7 of whom have died and 10 returned to duty, leaving 49 still laid up with their wounds.

Herr Most, a violent Anarchist leader of New York was arrested last week. He was found in the sleeping room of his mistress and pulled from beneath the bed where he had hidden himself, by detectives. He has been indicted for inciting to riot by a speech.

Trouble has been brewing in Greece for a long time. The valiant little nation refused to accede to some demands made upon her by the Powers of Europe and prepared for war against Turkey. The Powers responded by blockading her ports and Greece has been compelled to disarm her armies.

L. W. Pitcher, of the firm of L. W. Pitcher & Co., a well-known society man, and Vice-President of the Farragut Boat Club, has been expelled from membership on the Chicago Board of Trade for dishonorable conduct in making trades at one figure and reporting them to customers at another, thereby mulcting the customers of the difference.

At Kankakee, Ill. on Wednesday Mrs. E. N. Packard began suit for \$25,000 damages against Dr. McFarland, of Jacksonville, Ill., the expert in insane cases, and the Newark Sunday Call. Twentyfive years ago Mrs. Packard was confined in the insane hospital of Jacksonville, of which Dr. McFarland was superintendent. On a writ of habeas corpus trial she was released as sane. She has since been lecturing on the abuses in insane institutions, and alleges that Dr. McFarland hindered her work.

Bourette and plaid gingham frocks for little children have baby waists and white guimpes.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WHAT IS IT?
A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic, it never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by their use.
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