

# Supplement.

## Masquerade.

The lightest and gayest music heard  
Has a mournful undertone,  
That falls on the heart with a dreary sound,  
And wakes an answering moan.  
The bluest and sweetest violets  
Bloom in the grass o'er a grave,  
And countless wrecks and dead hopes lie  
Near the beautiful, smiling wave.  
The fairest flowers of laughter and song  
Bloom by the river of Tears,  
That flows with a mournfully rippling moan  
Through the sorrowful realm of the years.  
And we never dream, as their petals fall,  
Greet our admiring eyes,  
That they're gently waiting to and fro  
To the sorrowful breath of sighs.  
The clown parades the comic stage,  
But a just life doth seem;  
A wonderful joke existence is,  
The fairest and funniest dream.  
When the footlights are out and the curtain down,  
And the light has died on the air,  
Just watch his face as he walks away,  
And read the tragedy there.  
And thus we play our mimic part  
Till Death lets the curtain down,  
And we leave the fickle, giddy stage  
To some other merry clown.  
I wonder what would the old world think,  
If our masks should fall away  
And reveal the tragic undertone  
Beneath the comic play.

## MADAME PATTERSON-BONAPARTE.

The Death of the Last Participant of a Romance which Stirred Two Continents.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, otherwise known as Madame Bonaparte, at the venerable age of ninety-four years, is the closing scene of a very remarkable life, that was as stormy and disappointing in its early experiences as it was retired and prolonged thereafter. It was this old lady's strange destiny to see three generations of the family that had refused to legitimize her marriage and rejected her from France, themselves rejected and expelled, alienated and exiled, and she, the only recognized member of the proper household of Napoleon the Great, survived them all, and died, as she had lived, in the home of her childhood. The recognition which the French courts and the Bonaparte family denied to her she received in full measure from the church and from society. Pius VII. preferred to go to prison rather than pronounce her marriage invalid, and while Napoleon turned his back upon her, Napoleon's conqueror kissed her hand, and paid compliments in his prim, patriotic way to her beauty. After her long struggle against that injustice by which a second family of her former husband succeeded to the station and honors to which she considered herself and offspring entitled, she accepted the legal title and name of Mistress Elizabeth Patterson, but notwithstanding which, as we have indicated, society over-recognized her as Madame Bonaparte. This venerable lady, who had come down to us like a relic of a past age, was yet no fossil, but a veritable possession of the present generation. She aged little except in years and strength, even when she had turned the point of ninety. She enjoyed the present as if she was one of its contemporaries, and had genuine delight in her sound health, her strong will and her sharp wit. Besides, she had vivid memory, unquenchable hope, and enthusiastic worship for that one *deceitful Napoleon* who possessed her soul. Whatever else she might doubt or mis-trust, she was Bonapartist to the core, and ever upheld the glory, the prestige and the restitution of the family of which, in spite of its rejection and its contumely to her, she felt herself to be a member. Her shrewd father did not perhaps particularly fancy an alliance with the youthful brother of the Corsican who was self-made first consul of France, but Elizabeth Patterson was from the first in love with the Napoleonic idea, and realized the imperial majesty that folded itself in the impassive arms of the conqueror of Egypt and the hero of Marengo. This was a faith which Madame Bonaparte long cherished. She saw with the eye of faith the Bonapartes and the empire restored again, the violet once more the flower of France, with prospects of her own child and grandchildren as heirs to that great Napoleon who overturned the old order in Europe and set up the new. The contingency for which she braced herself never came about, but all the same, she long lived by it, and upon it, and it served her instead of all other enthusiasms. This unreality in her thoughts kept the lonely and friendless

life she led from growing to be sterile and sapless, and it made her a most picturesque and interesting person in the community as long as her activity lasted. Every one knew her history, and its disappointments and illusions. Every one sympathized with her misfortunes and at one time half believed her ambitions to be attainable; and it is really surprising to recall what an immediate and personal interest all in the community, from the oldest to the youngest, felt and expressed in her affairs and fortunes. The lesson of her life, however, is but one more illustration of the sad ending of all mere human aspirations, which may only be recompensed by the fruition of surer hopes in the life immortal, to the measure of which, however, no one upon earth can determine and no one need essay to judge.

## Madame Bonaparte's Wit.

Madame Patterson-Bonaparte, the lately-deceased lady who was cast aside by Jerome Bonaparte at the command of his brother, Napoleon, was renowned throughout Europe for her caustic tongue and ready wit, and her brilliant sayings were quoted from one end of the continent to the other. It was while residing in Vienna that she made the remark to the English ambassador at the Austrian court, which was repeated all over Europe. The story is that at a state dinner given by Prince Metternich it fell to the English ambassador to escort Madame Bonaparte. In the drawing room, previous to the dinner, they had conversed upon the character of Napoleon, whom the Englishman hated and Madame Bonaparte admired, and the ambassador had suffered from her sarcasm. At dinner he thought he would get even with his opponent. So when the soup was over he asked her if she had read Mrs. Trollope's book on America. Madame Bonaparte said she had.

"Well, madame," he asked, "did you notice that Mrs. Trollope pronounces all Americans vulgarians?"  
"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "and I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or the Esquimaux I should be astonished; but being the direct descendants of the English, it is very natural that they should be vulgarians."

The ambassador said nothing more on this subject.

## Trout Fishing.

The men who go out for brook trout must be very skillful or they will not catch any fish, for it is a question whether we have any field sport requiring more skill than does the landing of these wary, sagacious members of the finny tribe with line and artificial fly. First the fisher must be able to handle at least thirty feet of line, must lay it out straight upon the water, must raise it, carry it back of him, and then put it upon the water again. At the end of the line are the bits of feather and silk fashioned to represent flies. They must fall upon the water in imitation of the natural fly, and once there they must be so manipulated as to represent the struggles of the supposed insect in its efforts to raise from the water or reach shore. After this deception has been practiced successfully upon the fish, skill is required to hook him. When his troutship has seized the counterfeit—which he usually does with a rush and a splash that quite stuns the wits of any but an absolutely cool man—he shuts his jaws upon it just long enough to detect the deception, and then rejects it. It is therefore in the very short space of time that the jaws are closed upon the hook that must come that skillful straightening of the line—not a jerk or a twitch—that sends the sharp point deep into the bony structure of the mouth and fastens the game. Then the fisherman throws off all attempts at deception and begins a fair fight. His tackle is necessarily delicate, for he cannot cast for trout with an ash pole out in the woods and a chalk line. If the fish be large and cunning he has a hundred little tricks with which he attempts to free himself from the hook. He winds the line around an old root, tangles it in a bunch of weeds, strikes the leader with his tail. The fisherman must prevent his doing this, or the game is gone. With an eight-ounce rod and a nine-foot leader, it is

no child's play to keep a trout weighing a pound and a half away from an old stump or a sunken log. Let the line be once entangled, and the fish escapes. The steady strain must be kept up; not an inch of slack line be given; eyes must be wide open and wits keen for fifteen minutes—perhaps longer—and by that time, if all has gone well, the trout is tired out and is ready for the landing net. There is this about fly fishing for trout, that the fish has nearly an equal chance with the fisherman, so much skill is required from first to last to secure the game. Perhaps this should cause it to be classed as sport of a higher order than ordinary angling or shooting.

**Curative Properties of Coal Oil.**  
Dr. M. M. Milton, of Bradford, Pa., forwards to the press an interesting letter on crude petroleum as a remedy for bronchial troubles, and cites numerous cases where men afflicted with consumption have gone to work about oil wells and in a short time their lung troubles have disappeared entirely. A refiner of petroleum in France is quoted as showing in his works, where a large number of workmen are employed, certain diseases, particularly phthisis (consumption) and bronchial catarrh never made their appearance. New workmen, who entered the works in a delicate and feeble condition, soon became strong and vigorous. Others stated that on leaving the works for a few hours the rheumatic pains were felt by them, which disappeared again on entering the works.

The doctor says: I have been a resident of the oil regions five or six years, and as far as my observation goes, I think the oil country singularly exempt from consumption. I have never known a drifter or pumpman to have the disease developed. If the records of death are examined I am sure fewer deaths will be found recorded from consumption than any other one cause. The cause of this exemption, I think, is due to the breathing of the air saturated with gas from the oil, or a certain amount being absorbed.

As an internal remedy for bronchial and laryngeal troubles I think it has no superior. It also enjoys a deserved domestic reputation in this country. My attention was first called to it from the fact that an "old doctor" had a wonderful reputation in curing consumption and kindred diseases. I am aware of several cases cured by her that were undoubtedly tubercular, or were so diagnosed by the faculty. She revealed to me the constituents of her pills, which were simply the *crude petroleum* which had hardened or inspissated in the vicinity of the tanks or wells. I have now been using this simple remedy for the past four or five years, with very satisfactory results in almost every case of bronchial or laryngeal troubles. In consumption, though my experience has not been as large as I desire to a satisfactory test, yet it has been gratifying as far as it went.

Out of thirteen well marked cases nine were entirely cured, three were benefited from its use than from any other and are still living, and one died that no medicine would have relieved. I have notes of the above cases, but they would not be interesting to the ordinary reader. My mode of using the crude petroleum is the pill form, as in any other shape it nauseates the stomach. Each pill contains from three to four grains. Dose, one four or five times per day, or when the cough is troublesome I use the inspissated or dried that accumulates in the tanks. It is of a dark brown color, and consistency of soft putty. I have usually freed it from dirt and crudities.

The iron trade shows marked signs of improvement in Ohio and neighboring States. Furnace companies are said to be putting their idle furnaces into blast, rolling-mills and forges that have been shut are starting up, and others are beginning to be run on double time. There is an increased demand for pig iron, and iron generally is selling on shorter time and nearer cash than formerly. Altogether, the outlook is represented to be decidedly encouraging.

A newspaper man in Texas has married \$2,000,000, and a sorrowing brother adds "please exchange."

## The Ten-Dollar Certificates.

The demand for the new United States ten-dollar certificates now is strong and they will evidently become a favorite medium of exchange. These certificates have an appearance similar to bank or legal tender notes, but are a little shorter and a little wider. A vignette of Benjamin Franklin occupies one corner of the face side, while the figures and the word Ten stand in the other. They bear the date of issue, and certify that \$10 has been deposited with the treasurer of the United States under act of February 26, 1879, this bearing the signatures of the treasurer and register and the treasury seal. The nature of the certificate is explained by this inscription: "Convertible with accrued interest at 4 per cent. per annum in to 4 per cent. bonds of the United States issued under acts of July 14, 1870, and January 20, 1871, upon presentation at the office of the Treasurer, Washington, D. C., in sums of \$50 or multiples thereof." On the back of the certificate are the words "ten dollars" in large letters, and the following: "Interest on this note will accrue as follows: For each nine days, or 1-10th of a quarter, 1 cent; for each quarter year, 10 cents; for each entire year, 40 cents."

## A Great Picture Sale.

The sale of Mr. Albert Spencer's collection of paintings, which took place in New York, was largely attended by buyers, connoisseurs and dealers, and the bidding was spirited. Seventy-one pictures were sold for \$82,430, an average of \$1,160. The leading figures realized were: "Keeper of the Hounds," by Jerome, \$8,000; "Entrance to Spanish Church," Madrazo, \$5,350; "Blind Man's Buff," Diaz, \$4,900; "Winter Travel, Russia," Schreyer, \$4,500; "Shepherdess of Barbizon," Millet, "Arabs Resting," Schreyer, and "Monk of St. Sophia," Rosini, each \$2,500; "Forest of Fontainebleau," Diaz, \$2,300; "Once Upon a Time," Merle, \$2,200; "Les Parisiennes," Baldini, \$2,100; "Cavalier, Time Louis XIII.," Meissonier, \$2,000; "A Bulgarian Train," Schreyer, \$1,800; "Plains of Barbizon," Diaz, \$1,725; "Matador and Sweetheart," Baldini, \$1,700.

## The Live Stock Outlook.

The Chicago Times discoursing on the prospect of farmers raising live stock, says: The hog supply promises to be larger than ever, and so long as there is more money to be realized in feeding corn to swine than in sending that cereal to market, just so long will the west continue to produce enormous hog "crops." As regards the cattle supply, so far as can be learned, the receipts from Texas, Colorado, and other remote sections, including Wyoming and Montana, are likely to be larger than those of last year, but the supply of choice and fancy grades, such as are produced in Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, will, it is generally thought, run somewhat below an average. Of late the call at the stock yards for this class of cattle has been in excess of the supply, and the demand, especially from exporters, promises to undergo a large expansion.

## How Natural.

"Save me doctor, and I'll give you a thousand dollars."  
The doctor gave him a remedy that eased him, and he called out—  
"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars!"  
In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked—  
"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty-dollar bill."  
When the doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the door, and said—  
"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."  
When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut down to three, and after so doing he sued to get it, got judgment and the patient put in a stay of execution.

A little girl in Indianapolis jumped rope 500 times, became completely exhausted, experienced a congestive chill, and died a day or two subsequently.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

New York's famous Central Park has cost something like \$15,000,000.

The Iowa Supreme Court says railroads are not responsible for locomotive sparks.

The first of April found strawberries were selling in Philadelphia for \$1.50 per quart.

An Albany florist is endeavoring to arrange a match between a Virginia creeper and a scarlet runner.

Mrs. John Horine, of Anderson county, Kentucky, a few days ago gave birth to five children at one time. They are all living and doing well.

In the olden time a lady's hair rarely changed until she was over fifty; in these days a lady's hair will often show several shades of color before she is thirty.

While the Connecticut Valley farmers are reducing the acreage of the tobacco crop, the York county (Pa.) agriculturists are putting more land to its cultivation.

There was a slim-built young damsel in Tannton, and flesh she most sadly was wanting; she had plenty of chin, but her form, ah, so thin, e'en a skeleton skirt it looked gaunt in.

Let a man pull a straw out of a hay mow at Leadville, Col., to pick his teeth and the first thing he hears is: "Say, you thief, did you know hay was worth \$200 a ton around here?"

We suppose, when a woman has all the pin money she wants, she has attained the pin nickel of her happiness. We are ashamed of this, now we have said it; but never mind; it will help to fill up.—*Hawkeye.*

A new fancy in engagement jewelry is that by which a gold bangle takes the place of the customary engagement ring. The bangle has a padlock in place of a clasp, the key of which is worn by the gentleman on his watch chain.

Col. Mapleson, the English operative manager, met with such success the past season in this country, that he is to return with a fine troupe, and a party of New York capitalists propose erecting a new opera house for him.

An exchange says: "You can't advertise enough in a week to last a whole year, any more than you can eat enough in seven days to last 365, and yet some so-called business men and boarding-house keepers seem to think so."

Some Flint, Mich., people amused themselves a few days ago by tying tinware to the tail of a fine collie dog, and scared him into jumping from a third-story window—breaking two legs. The poor animal then tried to run with his broken bones; and they called it sport.

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you; it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you; it has no beginning."

Dartmouth, a town on the eastern side of Halifax harbor, Nova Scotia, is enjoying a first-class sensation. Dr. McDonald mysteriously disappeared from Dartmouth about thirty years ago and it was supposed at the time that he had been murdered for his money. Recently his skeleton was found under the flooring of a house where he had boarded with a man named Thorpe, who was arrested on suspicion at the time of Dr. McDonald's disappearance, but as no evidence was procured, he was discharged. Thorpe is still alive in Pictou county, and will be arrested.

The danger of playing practical jokes is exemplified in the case of Andy Smith, the seventeen-year-old son of a poor washerwoman in Delaware county, New York. The boy, who was never very bright, has been the butt of all the village youths, several of whom one night recently concluded to have some "sport" at his expense. After exciting the unfortunate's mind by ghost stories, a number of the lads hid themselves in a dark corner he was obliged to pass on the way home, and when he appeared jumped out, screaming and throwing missiles. Young Smith was so scared as to throw himself into a creek, from which he was rescued, only to become a gibbering maniac.