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Uncompared.

He never sang and [illegible] as they do
[illegible]
Though firm thy head, and sure thy aim, and straight
Thy perfumed arrow leaves the bended bow
To pierce the target of my heart, ah! there
I am the master yet of my own fate,
Though cancel not [illegible] of my chief estate,
Though fortune, fame, and friends, [illegible] love shall go,
Not to the dust shall my true self be buried,
Nor shall I meet thy worst assaults dismayed,
When all things in the balance are well weighed
There is but one great danger in the world,
The [illegible] not forfeit my soul to which the [illegible]
There only lies the evil that can kill.

—[ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in Harper's Weekly.

UNDER THE SOFA.

The room was hung in pale blue silk; the Prayer from Orpheus was open on a spinet; the chairs had lyres for backs; a mahogany writing-desk; a white bed with its decoration in roses, painted doves in pairs along the cornice; the whole seemed to smile with a tender grace. The lamp alone settly, and the flickering firelight filled the dusky corners as with palpitating wings. Seated before the writing-desk in a loose gown, her delicate neck inclined under the pale, magnificent aureole of her hair, Juliette is looking over old letters, which have lain, tied up with ribbons, forgotten in the drawers.

The stroke of midnight sounds, it is the sign of the morning of the old year into the new. The dainty clock, upon which a laughing, gilded Love is perched, announces that the year of 1795 is ended.

At the moment when the hands join, a little phantom appears. A pretty child coming from a tiny room adjoining, where he sleeps, comes to throw himself into his mother's arms and wish her a happy New Year.

"A happy New Year, Pierre, I thank you; but do you know what a happy year is?"

He thinks he knows, but she wishes to impress the lesson still deeper.

"A year is good, my darling, for those who have passed it without fear and without fear."

She kisses him and carries him back to his bed; he has left and then reseats herself before the desk. She gazes first at the flame showing on the hearth and then at the letters, from which faded flowers are dropping. It costs her much to turn them, but it must be done because these letters, if discovered, would send to the guillotine him who wrote and her who received them. If she alone were in question, she would not destroy them, — aware is she of contending for her life; but she thinks of long, haunted, proscribed Lebonneau, at this very moment hiding in some lair left of the other end of Paris. It would take but a single one of these letters to track him out and give him over to death.

Pierre is sandy asleep in the next room, and the two servants have returned to the upper regions. The deep silence of the season of snow reigns without. The sharp north wind quickens the flame in the fireplace. Juliette is going to burn the letters, but it is a task she knows she cannot accomplish without deep and sad reflection. She is going to burn the letters, but not without reading them.

They are arranged in order, for Juliette is in everything pertaining to her with the exactness of her mind. Some, already yellowed, are dated three years back, and Juliette, in the silence of the night, lives over again enchanted hours. Not a single page is consigned to the flame before the beloved syllables have once more touched.

The calm is profound around her. Occasionally, as the hours pass, she goes to the window and, lifting the curtain, sees in the silent darkness the entire of Saint Germain-des-Près silvered in the moonlight; then she takes up again her work of shame and regretful destruction. And how can she refrain from drinking in for a last time these delicious pages? How can she give to the flames those dear lines without first engraving them forever on heart? The calm is profound around her, and her soul is palpitating with youth and love. She reads:

"I see you when absent, Julie. I walk surrounded by the images my fancy creates. I see you, not motionless and cold, but warm, alive, always changing, always perfect. I draw around you in my dreams the most magnificent spectacles of the universe. How happy is he who is Julie's lover! All things charm him, because he sees her in them all. Loving her, he loves to live; he admires the world that she illumines; he cherishes the earth that blooms under her footsteps. Love reveals to him hidden meanings in all that surrounds him. He understands the infinite forms of creation; they all picture forth Julie's image; he hears the innumerable voices of nature; they all murmur Julie's name. Enraptured, he lets his gaze float out upon the broad sea of daylight, knowing that the same radiance bathes Julie's face, like a divine caress thrown over the most perfect of human forms. To-night, the first stars will make him tremble; he will think, 'Perhaps she, too, is looking at them now.' He breathes her in in all the perfumes of the air. He could kiss the earth that bears her. . . . My Julie, if I must fall under the proscriber's axe, if, like Sidney, I must die in the cause of liberty, death itself cannot hold in the nether world, where you are not, my unhappy shade. I will fly to you my darling; often will my soul return to float around you."

She reads and dreams. The night is winding. Already a pale, gray streak shows under the curtains; it is the dawn. The servants have commenced their tasks; she wishes to finish here. Were those voices she just now heard? No, the calm is profound around her.

The calm is profound, but it is because the snow deadens the sound of footsteps. Men are approaching; they are here: loud knocks shake the door.

She has not time to hide the letters, to close the desk. All that she can do, she does, she gathers up the papers in her arms and throws them under the sofa which has a deep valance around it. Some of the letters are scattered outside on the carpet; she shoves them under with her foot, seizes a book, and falls into an armchair.

The President of the Directory enters, followed by twelve patrons. He is a former choir member by the name of Brochet, whose limbs tremble as though with fever, and whose bloodshot eyes are perpetually rolling as though at sights of horror.

He signs to his men to guard the doors, and addresses Julie:

"Citizeness, we have just been informed that you are in correspondence with various agents of Pitt and with emigrants and conspirators in prisons. I come to seize your papers in the name of the law! You were designated to me a long time ago as an aristocrat of the most dangerous kind. Citizen Raputy, who stands before — he pointed to one of his men "has solicited that in the severe winter of 1784 you gave him money and clothing to corrupt him. Lenient magistrates, without proper public spirit, have spared you too long. But I am master now, and you shall not escape the guillotine. Give up your papers, citizeness."

"Take them yourself," said Julie, "my desk is open."

Sundry notices of births, deaths, or marriages, old bills, and business papers still remained in the desk, and Brochet examined them one by one. He turned them from side to side, and felt them as would a man uncertain of his ability to read, and at intervals ejaculated, "Bad! the name of ci-devant king is not erased. This is bad, bad!"

Julie concludes from this that the search is to be a long, minute one. She cannot refrain from casting a furtive glance toward the sofa, and she sees the corner of a letter peeping out from under the valance like the white ear of a cat. At sight of this, her composure suddenly ceases. The sceptics that all is lost brings a tranquil assurance to her mind and upon her face a calm quite like that of serenity. She fancies the men will see this point of paper that she sees, gleaming white upon the red carpet. It seems to lure the eye toward it. But she does not know whether the discovery will come at once or later, and doubt overpaces and amuses her. She even, in this tragic moment, watches the periods as they approach her own from the sofa, as though their movements were part of a game. Brochet, who has finished with the papers in the desk, becomes impatient, and declares that nothing shall prevent his finding what he seeks.

He overturns the furniture, examines the back of the pictures, and raps with his sword-hilt on the woodwork to discover possible hiding places. He finds none. He removes the glass from the mirrors to see if anything is concealed behind. There is nothing.

During this time the men are tearing up some of the boards in the flooring; they swear that a worthless aristocrat shall not make game of good sans-culottes, such as they. But not one of them has seen the little white point peeping out from under the valance of the sofa.

They take Julie through the other rooms of the house and demand all the keys. They break up tables, smash the wardrobes into fragments, rip open chairs and dismantle couches. And still they find nothing.

But Brochet has not yet given up; he returns to the bed room.

"In the name of God! The papers are here. I am sure of it!"

He examines the sofa, declares it suspicious-looking, and thrusts the whole length of his sabre through it five or six times. Still he finds no trace of what he is seeking, and with a frightful oath he gives his men the signal for departure.

He has reached the door, when, turning to Julie, with his fist extended toward her, he declaims:

"Tremble when you see me again! I am the sovereign people!"

He is the last one to pass out.

At last, they are gone. She listens to the sound of their foot steps dying out in the stairway. She is saved! Not his her impudence betrayed him? She runs with a gleeful laugh to embrace Pierre, who is sleeping as soundly as though the whole house had not been turned around him.

Julie shone for a time with considerable brilliancy under the Consulate; but in the midst of her splendor, she would often murmur at night sad secrets to the trees on the park. She was stronger to withstand the terrors of death than the tortures of love.

Her husband became a baron and a perfect under the Empire, and fifth Pierre died, a colonel of gendarmerie, at Versailles, in 1809. [From the French Romances.

An Indian Orator of Today.

A delegation of Snake Indians visited the reservation on the Umatilla reservation during the holidays. When they started for home Young Chief delivered the following eloquent farewell address to his visitors:

"We part to-night. Not as before, for some hate was between us. Now there is love. Once war; now peace. Once we swung the tomahawk, and sowed the deadly rifle at each other's hearts. Now the pipe of peace we smoke to show that the past is past and buried. In other ways it is different. There was a time when some of us lay in ambush against the whites. But we have all put aside the implements of war and cultivated the arts of peace. Our fathers swore eternal vengeance on the pale faces. This was because of the tradition handed us by them of an invasion of trappers and traders who valued not the Indian's life. They went to the sea and found their friends at Astoria by the great water, and left some to mourn their Indian dead. But we live side by side with him now, and from the rising to the setting sun we know no fear for whose we would put on the war paint and ride forth to return with scalps hanging at our belts. Our ponies no more carry us to bloody attack. We own the great father at Washington as our great chief. Him we obey. The past is forgotten. Major Jim, go to your people and say Young Chief sends them peace and good will."—[Portland Oregonian.

Bulky Blank Books.

"Well, no, it isn't exactly a pocket manual, but the clerk who will use it will do so without apparent effort," remarked dancer E. Meyer. The subject of our conversation was a blank ledger, a large affair, which he proved, fresh and bright in its canvas cover, beneath a weight. "It weighs about twenty-five pounds," continued Mr. Meyer. "Quite a bulky and heavy. Ever made much larger blank books than that, and for every use. Not long ago the Government made a requisition for twenty-four books, each of about 125 pounds. They were really what might be termed bulky. If the users had to lift them and to place them in the vaults morning and night we would have to raise a race of stevedore clerks. Fortunately for the clerks, janitors perform this service. They are not made for show, either, for they could not well be replaced by smaller ones.—[Philadelphia Call.

A Slight Error.

"You brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Pepper, as she reached out in the darkness and felt in the crib for the baby.

"What's the matter now?" growled Pepper, half asleep.

"Matter! Matter enough. Get up at once and fetch the baby."

"You're dreaming; the baby's in the crib."

"Fain I. You brought up the cat wrapped in a blanket and rocked it to sleep, and left the baby down-stairs on the sofa."—[Hallo.

To Be Expected.

Cholly—"Yaas, we missed each other in the crowd."

She—"That just like him. She's always losing things."—[Life.

IRON NERVE.

How Indians Were Awed by a Single White Man

Riding Into a Hostile Camp and Capturing His Man.

By 3 o'clock in the morning fully 300 Indians had gathered at the agency, says a writer in the Kansas City Times. Every one of them was armed with a rifle or revolver, and many of them had both. There was no drinking and but little talking. Scar Faced Charlie had escaped from the guard house at the fort the night previous and sought their protection. They were ready to fight a whole regiment sooner than give him up. They expected the soldiers to come and they had planned how the attack should be made. Scar Faced Charlie, armed with a Winchester, revolver and hunting knife, was the centre of a group at the agency. To reach him the soldiers would have to ride across the open grounds between the Indians. They would have to pass five tents and houses behind which the Indians could find shelter. The cry was raised for a new stockhouse would make a well pit for 500 Indians. At 9 o'clock the second detachment over to the fort.

"Don't come. You cannot take him with 500 men."

At 10 o'clock a single white man came up the road with his mustang going at an easy canter. While he was yet a mile off away the Indians recognized him as Wild Bill, and there was an uneasy movement among them. Every eye was watching him as he turned to the left and rode into the agency. He might have a dispatch for the agent, or he might want to make a purchase. When he did not draw rear at the store the uneasiness was more marked. The Indians gathered in groups and conversed in low whispers. As the rider reached these groups he raised a hand "howdy," but did not check his pace. At the same center and with his rifle indicated on the ground at the dwelling house, the famous scout rode down the avenue and made no halt until he reached the group. He nodded to two or three Indians whom he knew, and then said to Scar Faced Charlie:

"I have come after you. It is not far and my horse will carry double."

There was a man who had sworn never to be taken alive. Around him were 500 friends who had pledged to wipe out any force sent to capture him. Instead of 200 or 300 soldiers, here was one lone man. Everyone looked at him in blank amazement. He knew why they had assembled and yet he had dared to take the risks. He had a rifle and revolver, but he did not dare to put a hand to either.

"I will not go," replied the half-breed, but there was indecision in his tones.

"I am sent for you. I shall take you dead or alive. Give up your arms and come along."

For thirty seconds every Indian seemed to hold his breath, and all stood as rigid as posts. One well-aimed bullet would have settled the scout, but not a gun was raised to fire it. Half a dozen of these stalwart men could pick him off the grounds, to return at his peril, but not a foot moved. A regiment would have been attacked long ago. A company would have been whipped out with a volley. A squad would have been hacked to pieces with tomahawks. But one man and that man Wild Bill!

Scar Faced Charlie looked to the right and left and half raised his rifle. Then he looked it to the ground to his right, followed it by the revolver, and his hands to the ground with a groan and stepped forward and mounted behind the scout. The latter had entered the agency with a smile on his face. It was there as he rode up to the dwelling house; there as he delivered his message; there as he rode away with his prisoner behind him. When they were out of sight behind the rolling the Indians broke up into small groups and returned to their camps. They had been awed and overcome by a single man, but they feared that man more than a regiment of soldiers.

A Canadian Snow Storm.

In Ottawa a snow storm comes a great heralding. You look out of the window and see light flakes falling, and that is all, till the next day's paper announces that trains are from one to sixteen hours late. A visit to the post office discovers the fact that the Ross you mail is tied up for the day; cannot get in or out. Heavy snow falls mean a problem for the city drivers. Electric sweepers, with prodigious brushes slanting on before, go coursing down the main street in a dense cloud of their own making, startling the steed not heavy and halting an audience of gazing pedestrians all along the line. But car tracks are thus cleared at the expense of convenience to shopkeepers. Slights fall along danger ously towards the tracks, and all near street approach be forced to impede traffic. A pitched battle in consequence for one day between trade and car company ensued for and long, assisted by small boys. Snow heavily shovelled back on to the track was removed as rapidly by the giant sweepers, aided by lesser electric powers roaming back and forth through the battlefield. Compromise followed, and then peaceful industry, gangs of men taking the disputed snow away. Sidewalk ploughs quickly clear the way for foot passengers after a storm. One is startled by meeting a horse advancing smartly along the crowded sidewalk, scattering concourses in all haste into street and doorways, jingling past with plough and fire-hydrant with a throne of people in the furious in solid processional effect. The wall with path and is as smooth as concrete, stretching away unruffled in the less busy districts, down straight, tree bordered avenues, past tall snow-capped stone gateposts and fantastically snowed-up fences and houses. The pretty picture stays day by day practically unaltered, for Nature here has no idea of her business in the way of altering over her handiwork, as in Boston, where a snow storm is accepted with equanimity that make the best stalwart sweat then the first snowing, scraping, freezing, then snowing again.—[Boston Transcript.

Danger in the Bath.

Some of the facts recently brought to light on the philosophy of bathing are as interesting as they are important, and special mention may be made of the investigations in this line by M. Wertheimer of Paris, and recommended by him to the public. He shows that a sensation of cold on the skin acts on the circulation of the lower part of the trunk, that is to say on the veins, and also on the brain, in the same way as a mechanical or electrical stimulus of the sensitive nerves of the skin. This observation, it is declared, affords an explanation of the fact that a sudden immersion of the body in cold water after a meal, and while the process of digestion is going on, may be attended with danger, at such a time the abdominal system is the seat of intense physiological congestion, and the accumulation of blood in it is suddenly thrown back toward the nervous centres, and the consequence may be a disorder resulting in death.—[New York Tribune.

The Tables Turned.

The bullying manner sometimes assumed by certain barristers in cross examination in order to confuse a witness and make his replies to important questions hesitating and contradictory, is notorious; and many are the tales told of "cute" witnesses who have turned the tables on their persecutors. The following relates to a case of this kind:

In a civil action on money matters the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross-examination he was asked if he had ever been bankrupt.

"No," was the answer.

Next question was, "Now is — entirely and you never stop payment?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ah," exclaimed the counsel. "I thought we should get at it at last. When did that happen?"

"When I paid all I owed, was the answer.—[New York Mail and Express.

Why the Dog Wags His Tail.

All dogs wag their tails when pleased, and the movement is generally understood by their human associates as an intimation that they are very happy. The chief delight of wild dogs as with modern hounds and sporting dogs is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. When the presence of game is first detected is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is almost an unvariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chief joys among the agreeable emotions when in a wild state. Owing to some association of the nervous mechanism the sensation of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the emotion, whatever may call it forth.—[Chicago Herald.

They Needed No Pressing.

Cholly—"There was one thing in favor of the boiler plate trousers the old knights wore."

Chappie—"What was that?"

Cholly—"If they once got a creage there it would stay."—[Truth.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

[illegible]

Three times a year at least a captive elephant must have his hoofs cut and trimmed into good shape—once in the spring, once when it rains, with the circus in the summer, and once more when the boys leave for the winter quarters.

The sole of the elephant's foot is composed gradually covered during the year with a substance resembling horn, much like his three great toenails. This is allowed to grow long enough to crack and make the least lame. Accordingly one of the keepers stations the elephant on the ring and fastens his fastens himself on three legs while he stretches out the other behind him, resting it on a block of wood or box. With a scraper or a drawing knife the hoof is then attacked and shaved quietly down. Sometimes pieces of the hoof sometimes five or six inches long and nearly as thick are cut off without the elephant's being any pain whatever, or the knife taking a bit of flesh from the sole.

Frequently pieces of shoes, nails, spectacles and the like are found on the floor of the ground and these it is very important to have extracted, lest they should work their way inward and do serious harm. When the hoof is thoroughly pared the keeper walks a smaller hoofs with each and cuts them down to the quick, leaving the hoofs in good shape for the pavement. The elephant's appearance is well worth the attention and dismisses the patient.

It takes six hours to do this curious job in a proper manner, and the keeper is turned out when four hours have passed his assistants.—[Detroit Free Press.

[illegible]

Two little five year olds, Jim and Kate, were with Mrs. Moff, their mother. The black horses were [illegible] and [illegible] on a grand Party. The little girl with [illegible] who also [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the left [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] called [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]