

**Unconquered.**  
However strong and skillful art thou, my foe,  
However fierce is thy relentless hate!  
Though firm thy hand, and sure thy aim, and straight  
Thy poisoned arrows leave thy bended bow  
To pierce the target of my heart,—ah! know  
I am the master you of my own fate.  
Thou canst not rob me of my chief estate,  
Though fortune, fame, and friends, and love, and life,  
Love shall go.  
Not to the dust shall my true self be hurled,  
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,  
Thou canst not force my soul to wish thee ill—  
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 shone softly, and the flickering fire-light 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 merging of the old year into the new. The dainty clock, upon which a laughing, gilded love is perched, announces that the year of 1793 is ended.

At the moment when the hands conjoin, a little phantom appears. A pretty child issuing 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 hate and without fear."

She kisses him and carries him back to the bed he has left, and then reseats herself before the desk. She gazes first at the flames glowing on the hearth and then at the letters, from which faded flowers are dropping. It costs her much to burn 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, so wroth is she of contending for her life; but she thinks of him, hunted, proscribed, denounced, at this very moment hiding in some hay-loft at 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 snugly asleep in the next room, and the two servants have retired to the upper regions. The deep silence of the season of snow reigns without. The sharp pure air 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 infuses 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 flames before the beloved syllables that cover it are ten times spelled.

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 spire of Saint Germain-des-Près silhouetted in the moonlight; then she takes up again her work of slow 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 Juliette'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 Juliette's image; he hears the innumerable voices of nature; they all murmur Juliette's name. Enraptured, he lets his gaze float out upon the broad sea of daylight, knowing that the same radiance bathes Juliette'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 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 ending. Already a pale, gray streak shows under the curtains; it is the dawn. The servants have commenced their tasks; she wishes to finish hers. 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 District enters, followed by twelve patriots. He is a former chair-mender by the name of Brochet, whose limbs tremble as though with fever, and whose blood-shot eyes are perpetually rolling as though at sights of horror.

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

"Citizens, we have just been informed that you are in correspondence with various agents of Pitts 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 Bapaix, who stands before"—he pointed to one of his men—"has admitted that in the severe winter of 1789 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, citizenship."

"Take them yourself," said Juliette, "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!"

Juliette 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 anguish suddenly ceases. The certainty that all is lost brings a tranquil assurance to her mind and upon her face a calm quite like that of security. She is sure the men will see this point of paper that she sees, gleaming white upon the red carpet. It seems to force the eye toward it. But she does not know whether the discovery will come at once or later, and doubt occupies and amuses her. She even, in this tragic moment, watches the patriots as they approach or turn 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 wood-work 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 Juliette through the other rooms of the house and demand all the keys. They break up tables,

smash the window panes in fragments, rip open chairs and disembowel 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 Juliette, 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 footsteps dying out in the stairway. She is saved! Nor has her imprudence betrayed him! She runs with a gleeful laugh to embrace Pierre, who is sleeping as soundly as though the whole house had not been in turmoil around him.

Juliette 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 trials of love.

Her husband became a baron and a perfect under the Empire, and little Pierre died, a colonel of gendarmerie, at Versailles in 1859.—[From the French in Romance.]

## An Indian Orator of Today.

A delegation of Snake Indians visited the red men 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 once hate was between us. Now there is love. Once war; now peace.

Once we swung the tomahawk, and aimed 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 cultivate the arts of peace. Our fathers swore eternal vengeance on the palefaces. 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 foe for whom 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 James E. Magee. The subject of conversation was a blank ledger, a huge affair, which reposed, fresh and bright in its canvas cover, beneath a weight. "It weighs about seventy-five pounds," continued Mr. Magee. "While it's bulky and heavy, I've 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 replace 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."

"Tain't. You brought up the cat wrapped in a blanket and rocked it to sleep, and left the baby down stairs on the sofa."—[Halo.]

## To Be Expected.

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

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

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

### WATERING COWS.

How many farmers who have noticed a falling off in the milk supply attribute it to the proper cause—a lack of water. Yet this is generally the source of the trouble. The cows are neglected or forgotten and are supplied with water only at milking times. The increase in the supply of milk after a heavy rain is often ascribed to the improved condition of the pasture, when it is in reality due to the increase in the water supply. Milk is largely composed of water, and as the process of secretion is a slow and continuous one the trouble of furnishing a liberal water supply will be amply repaid.—[New York World.]

### COAL ASHES FOR CLAY SOILS.

For the purpose of making stiff soils friable, sifted coal ashes, where they can readily be had, are better than sand, writes T. D. Early. They are more easily disseminated through the mass, and contain a small proportion of mineral salts, though their merit is chiefly mechanical. I had a patch of clay that was almost like putty after a rain. I could do nothing with it. It scorned vegetable manure, and the spade cut it as smoothly as skim-milk cheese. We dumped the winter's ashes on it. Two years afterward it was dug over. The soil seemed greatly improved, and manure was added, and as an experiment, more than anything else, melons were planted there. They were successful in a wonderful degree. More than that, the friability of the soil has remained permanent.

### FEED FOR HORSES.

Oats with good timothy hay well cured and free from mold and cut when the blossom is just past, make the most healthful and nutritious feed for horses. On good land and with good culture oats will yield as profitable a crop as any other grain. The trouble is that it does not get as good treatment as it deserves, and thus it fails to satisfy the growers. The average yield of oats under good culture may easily be fifty bushels of grain to the acre, and even more. As much as seventy-five bushels to the acre has been repeatedly grown by good farmers. When the hay crop is light horses may be kept in excellent condition by feeding any kind of straw, cut into chaff, moistened with water, and mixed with corn and oats ground together. Two quarts of the ground grain at each meal three times a day will keep a horse in fair condition with moderate work. If the work is increased, the grain may be increased one-half. Oats is one of the most profitable grain crops if well managed. It is quite easy to seed the land with grass or clover with this crop.—[New York Times.]

### GOOD MUTTON.

Good care, good food and a careful selection of the animals for breeding purposes are essential. The average farmer needs to learn this. He is generally far too content with a careless, indifferent management of his sheep, and does not realize that it is on these three points that his profits depend.

It is attention to these points that has made the English sheep what they are today. Neglect of any one of them will be fatal. To produce good mutton suitable food must be fed from the beginning, and the lambs must not be permitted to become stunted in their growth. When pasture is short, green food should be raised to be fed. In winter dry hay and corn are generally given the sheep often in insufficient quantities. If the lambs are to be fattened corn alone is fed under the mistaken impression that it is the best food. Corn is very good if fed in conjunction with other food, but by itself it makes fat at the expense of juice. If farmers expect mutton to become popular they must feed turnips or some other succulent food that will give the meat the juiciness and flavor which is at present so painfully lacking.—[New York World.]

### CHANGES INFLUENCE MILK.

During last winter the Nebraska Experiment Station carried on several experiments to determine the influence of changes of food and temperature on quantity and quality of milk of dairy cows. The results of these experiments have just been published. The following are the conclusions arrived at:

1. The use of the Babcock test was so nearly accurate in the work required, that the chemical analyses for butter fat showed no appreciable difference worth taking into account.

2. The change of food showed plainly in the quality of the milk, as a ration of poor quality showed less

in per cent. of fat present, and one of rich nutritious food caused increase in per cent. of fat.

3. The final result shown was, that there was little change produced in the total fat day by day, but that the changes in per cent. of fat were fully compensated in changes in the milk yield of the cows.

4. The study of the record shows, as might be expected, a few anomalous or unexplainable circumstances which it will take other and more extended experiments to solve.

5. The study of sudden storms and cold waves included ten observations. Of these, seven showed the diminished yield of milk, and in three the yield was constant. The fat diminished in per cent. in five observations, remained constant in four, and increased in one observation. In each case the cows were warmly stabled.—[Farm, Field and Fireside.]

### GOOD ROAD HORSES SCARCE.

The lack of good road horses indicates that stallions capable of siring such animals are few. It is too true that the qualities which go to make up a good driver are seldom found combined in the product of breeding farms, and only a wide search would enable one to find such a stallion. Present stagnation in the horse market has made the ordinary breeder apathetic, and he had adopted the unprofitable policy of allowing his mares to go idle or else breeds them to inferior stallions because the service fee is nominal.

This condition would prevent those who understand it from buying a stallion capable of siring good road horses, and the result is that there is not a decent sire in many localities to which mares can be bred. Progressive breeders who would like to improve their stock are prevented from doing so by the action of their brethren who believe a horse is a horse, and if one is better than another it is due to special dispensation of Providence.

The Scotch have a plan which could be profitably adopted in this country and would be the salvation of small breeders. In brief, it is the leasing of a stallion for the season on the guarantee of a certain number of mares at a price agreed upon. Farmers there form associations and secure the services of the best stallion the class of mares in their vicinity will warrant, and there is not another country where small breeders are so uniformly successful.

Let farmers in any district in this country form a co-operative organization of this character and send a competent committee to some prominent breeding locality and select such a stallion as will serve their purpose. Lease him for one year or term of years, and the production of road horses, as far as their vicinity is concerned, will be a question solved.—[New England Homestead.]

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Horses are made gentle by kindness.

See that the colts have comfortable beds.

Developed sires are coming to the front.

Don't forget to feed the horses generously.

A really choice stallion is the cheapest to buy.

The broad mare should be the best obtainable.

Exercise the youngsters and break them to harness.

Hens and pullets should be kept in separate pens, as the amount of food required for the growth of the latter will make the hens too fat.

Chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese should not be killed until their crops are empty, that is, about twenty-four hours after their last meal.

Hens with plenty of grass and insects lay the richest dark-yolked eggs, while those without green food and meat lay eggs with pale yolks, which are deficient in albumen.

The fattening process requires about ten days if the birds are kept in the dark. As soon as they are in proper condition they should be killed before they become feverish and lose flesh.

For rump the Poultry World recommends bread steeped in strong, hot ale, and washing the nostrils and head clear of phlegm and mucus with a solution of lime and borax in new rum or whiskey.

Land plaster or gypsum is useful about the stables. It fixes the ammonia, and so makes the manure more valuable and absorbs all bad odors. It also helps toward making the premises look tidy—an item that sometimes is not sufficiently considered.

## Just to Remember By.

Each heart has its hoard of treasures  
Safe hid from the curious eye,  
Its tokens of bygone hours,  
Just to remember by.

A rose from the old home garden,  
A ring that the loved used to wear,  
A mother's well worn Bible,  
A dress of sunny hair.

A locket, a bunch of violets,  
Together the treasures lie,  
Dear fragments of long lost days,  
Just to remember by.

There are yellow, time stained letters,  
All tied with a ribbon blue,  
A box of battered playthings,  
A baby's tiny shoe.

How oft in the hush of twilight,  
Each keepsake we view with a sigh,  
Then tenderly put them back in place,  
Just to remember by!

—[Alma F. Hayden, in Boston Transcript.]

## HUMOROUS.

The man of note is one who never pays his debts.

The neighbor's bulldog may teach a man to lead a chased life.

The cook-book recipe is too often like the disappointing novel. It does not come out right.

"Who is your tailor?" "Hush! He isn't mine. It's all I can do to keep him from owing me."

The man who falls in love with a woman for her voice may have to stop his ears against it afterward.

Mr. Gaily—"You know man proposes—" Miss Waitlong—"No, I don't. I've only heard that he does."

When a washerwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.

Blinkers—"I don't see how you can laugh at Saphen's insane jokes." Winkers—"You would if you knew his pretty sister."

Cholly—"Wellly, I must select some fad. Now, what would you advise?" Grace—"I think dolls would suit you exactly."

Father—"Did you get a student lamp, my son?" Son—"Yes, father." Father—"Well, go and buy some midnight oil to use in it."

Kathryn—"Frank was saying sweet nothings to you again last night." Hattie (showing a jeweled finger)—"Do you call that nothing my dear?"

Mistress—"So you are going to leave my service! Now, what motive impels you to go away?" Servant—"It's no motive, madam; it's a soldier."

Tom—"Well, a girl can't be expected to keep a diary." "And why not, pray sir?" "Because diaries are supposed to be secrets, and women can't keep a secret."

"Tis better to have loved and lost—" began the young poet. "Than," put in a surly old hen-pecked Benedict, "to have loved and won—as I did."

Ada—"Wasn't Charlie nearly drowned when he fell off the yacht at Newport?" Elsie—"No; of course he could swim beautifully; he had his duck trousers on."

He—"It was very rude of you to try to show your contempt for me before all those people." She (sweetly)—"I was not trying to show it; I was trying to conceal it."

Mrs. Younglur (at the grocer's for the first time)—"I want some egg plant." Grocer—"Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Younglur (severely)—"And I want some that is fresh laid, too."

Cholly—"The doctaw has ordered a complete rest, has positively forbidden me even to think, danteherknow." Cynicus—"Did he have the gall to charge you for that advice?"

"So you and George have been staying with my dear old friends Sir Isaac and Lady Linerusta Walton! Didn't you find them very nice to you?" "Yes; especially when we were leaving."

"There is one thing can be said for Blabson's wife; she never lets anyone say unpleasant things to her about people." "She's true to her friends?" "No; but she does all the talking herself."

Hocus—"What happened when you told your mother-in-law to mind her own business?" Pocus—"I don't exactly know. When I recovered consciousness I found myself in the hospital."

Father—"I have just found out that the strange young man who comes to see you has been borrowing money right and left." Daughter—"Isn't that lovely? He must be a nobleman in disguise."

Poor Pay—"I'm in a lot of trouble. The landlady says I'll have to settle up or leave." Dead Broke—"Why, you're in great luck, old man. My landlady says I must settle up before I can leave."