We have nothing to do with David until we find him at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary chool education with a classic finish of a year at Gillmonton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down and await the coming of the stage coach,

As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little clump of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it really seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swain. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of the day before, and this grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring mur-mured drowsily beside him, the birds floated across the sky overhead, and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depth, fell upon David Swain.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake and passed to and fro on horseback and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumbering to their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept, and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swain. A middleaged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed the young fellow looked charming in his sleep.

A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swain.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowling easily along, was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch-pin had fallen out and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves between the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and beside it David Swain. Impressed with the awe. which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow, and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her of a sudden.

'How soundly he sleeps," whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would argue health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth beside," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness.

Thus did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it, and having done this act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken

"To what purpose?" said the mer-chant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character!"

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep." While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his

breath become agitated; nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than act the magician, and awaken the young man to splendor who falls asleep in

"Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant behind. The old couple started, reddened, and

hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in his carriage and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for the unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swain enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was the merry kind of motion that caused-is there any harm in saying it?-her garter to slip its knot. scious that the silken girth-if silk it was -was relaxing its hold, she turned into the shelter of the maple tree, and there found a young man asleep by the

Blushing as red as any rose, that she she was about to make her escape on tip eye.

toe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead-buzz, buzz, buzz -now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swain. The sting of the bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed in concert hall, theatre, drawing room, him soundly, and drove him from be neath the maple hade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished with quickened breath and deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with

a dragon in the air. "He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew strong with him, that, shattered with its very strength, it should part assunder and allow him to see the girl among the phantoms? Why, at least, much to their amusement. It is singular than the strength of the strength did no smile of welcome brighten up his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all its vague and passionate desires he yearned to meet. Him, only, is explained by the fact that music of this kind is so often heard when there is could she receive into the depths of her heart-and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again. "How soundly he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came. Now the girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened at the identical time, to be looking for just such a young man as David Swain. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune-the best of fortune-stole so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew noth-

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smart-

These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villiny on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees.

But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the roughs whispered to his fel-

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?

The other villain nodded, winked and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that chap has either a pocketbook of a snug little horde of small change stowed away among his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloon's pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other. His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk and "So be it!" muttered the second vil-

lain. They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. silk gown, lest David should start up all Their two faces, grim, wrinkled and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would have hardly known themselves as reflected there. But David Swain had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," said one. "If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the

But at this moment a dog came scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of those wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master will be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the

The man with the dagger thrust the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills at a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and lett the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in

letters as durable as eternity.

As for David Swain, he slept quietly. neither conscious of the shadow of death, when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was with-

He slept, but no longer quietly as at first. An hour's repose snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now he moved his lips without a sound; now talked in an inward tone to the noonday spectre of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber; and there was the stage coach. He started up with all his ideas about

"Hafloo, driver! Take a passenger?" "Room on top!" answered the driver. Up mounted David, and bowled away

merrily for Boston, without as much as a darting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitudes. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood, all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep.

Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

A DARK HOUR IN JOURNALISM. "Where is your other shirt?" she saked, in tones of concern. "I have it on," he replied, calmly, and then he looked into his wife's face with a look of quiet enshould have intruded into a gentleman's durance and went down to the office to bed-chamber, for such a purpose, too, get out the paper.-[Burlington Hawk-

No other kind of music is so much played as dance-music; no other kind has a popular demand so great and con stant. Composed primarily for the ballroom, it is made to do service on all occasions, public and private, where instrumental music is a means of popular entertainment. It is heard with delight and street; at watering-places, public meetings, weddings and parties. Even Thomas, whose ambition has always been to interpret, with his famous orchestra, the best works of the greatest masters, has never been able to resist that popular demand which requires a Strauss walts on all of his programmes, except those of the few severely classical symphony concerts.

It may, then, be interesting to know who are the composers who held this lar that the great majority of those who listen with pleasure to the strains of a this kind is so often heard when there is no programme to indicate what the band is playing. Indeed, the musicians are often no better informed than the audience, since most of them are in the habit of reading the notes without noticing the name of the piece or of the composer on the printed sheet. And yet there are half a dozen or more composers of dancemusic whose names are scarcely less famous than those of the great master of musical composition. Neither Italy, which has delighted the world with its grand operas, nor France, which has taken the lead in the production of opera bouffe, nor England, whose popular songs have won such wide celebrity, has made any considerable contribution to the general stock of dance compositions. Little Italian music of this kind reaches the United States. Jullien's pieces have been played by the bands of all countries; but he composed little. Metra's music delights the French, but "Les Roses Waltz" is the only one of his compositions that has won a world-wide popularity. Dan Godfrey is the most popular English composer of dance music, but only a few of his waltzes have been heard outside of England. When we say that neither Italy, France nor England has taken a prominent part in the production of music for dancing, refer to compositions primarily written for that purpose, and not to those which are selected and arranged from other works. Of course every popular opera furnishes its quota of waltzes, quadrilles, etc., which are played in every ball-room and concerthall wherever the opera is known. But selections of this kind form neither a large nor the best part of the supply of dance-music.

world with dance-music is Germany, which also takes the lead in the produc tion of every other kind of instrumental music. Here almost every orchestral leader and band-master is a composer of light pieces, but the number of those who have become famous by their dance compositions is exceedingly small. Less than a dozen names will be recognized by the general music-lover in this country, but some of these are as familiar as household words. The best known are Strauss, Lanner, Labitzky, and Gungl. The elder Strauss, Lanner and Labitzky, who were contemporaries, have been dead for about a quarter of a century. The two former were Viennese and the latter a Hungarian. Their orchestras were heard all over Europe, and everywhere aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Each is the author of something like 300 compositions, including every form of dance-music. Many of these are the most lovely waltzes, which, in spite of the universal demand for new music of this kind and the great amount of it produced, are still played and listened to with delight and enthusiasm in every civilized country. Gungl's band has long been one of the chief attractions of Munich. He is now an old man, still creating those compositions which soon find their way into the repertoire of every orchestra. Many of the waltzes written in his prime are not surpassed in originality and beauty. Perhaps no composition of its kind has been more played or more enjoyed than his "Immortellen Walts," composed in remembrance of the younger Strauss. Scarcely less popular in this country has been "Dreams on the Ocean," the waltz which Gungl composed and brought out when he visited the United States with his band in 1848-9.

The country which supplies the

The name of Strauss is everywhere familiar. For half a century Strauss has been recognized "waltz king," and Strauss waltzes have been played by every band in Christendom. It is not however so generally known that this name is borne by four persons, all famous composers and leaders Vienna. They are all of one family, the elder Strauss, of whom we have already spoken, being the father, and the other three his sons. It was the bewitching waltzes of the father, Johann, who died in 1849, that first gave celebrity to the name. His charming "Songs of the Danube" was not less popular in its day than the "Reautiful Blue Danube, moved every lover of light music, has and first playing. Johann, the eldest son and the greatest of all dancemusic composers, was born in 1825. When a boy he played the first violin in his father's orchestra, but he soon organized a band of his own, which rivaled that of the elder Strauss, and which has won the plaudits of every capital of Europe. Of his published compositions, numbering nearly four hundred, the most widely-known and popular is "On the Beautiful Blue Danube;" but many of his other waltzes are equally charming. Josef Strauss, the second son, died in 1870, at the age of 43 years. He left nearly three hundred compositions. His waltzes have a beauty and freshness all their own, and they deserve their great popularity. His "Village Swallows" waltz is as lovely as any of the Strauss music. Eduard, the youngest of the family, is now delighting the Viennese

number. One of his earliest waltzes, 'German Hearts," showed that he had the genius of his father and brothers. From him the supply of new Strauss to live in has materially decreased within waltzes must chiefly come, since Johann the past few years, the difficulty conhas devoted himself in recent years to tindes to exist, and to be very serious the composition of light operas. The When things are at their worst, they are published compositions of the Strausses number about one thousand two hundred, of which between three and four their very worst in this city. The imhundred are waltzes. Much of the most popular dance-music of the last twenty than is commonly thought. It is supyears has been written by Carl Faust, a posed that, with the erection of apart-bandmaster of Breslau. His numerous mentileness, the opening of the clave rel galops have been more widely played railways, and the building of small than those of any other composer. Among living waltz-writers Keler Bela is taking a rank next to that of the Strausses and Gungl. His music is as original as it is Gungl. His music is as original as it is would be overcome. Some of these, beautiful. No waltz composed in the last perhaps many of them, have been overten years has won a wider popularity than his "On the Beautiful Rhine."

The Dismal Swamp.

The Dismal swamp is not a vast bog sunk in the ground into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows, On the contrary, it is above the ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is, in reality, an immense reservoir that, in its vast sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters that fail from the heavens and pours them into the five different rivers that flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the "Dismal" was a veritable charuel house that spreads its miasma throughout the country. On the contrary, it is the healthest place on the American continent. The Swamp is formed entirely of green timber. There is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying all around in the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone on the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing it turns into peat, and lies inhssoluble by air and water for ages perfeetly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tide and discomposition of rank vegatable; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet and the air is laden with a pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the 'anti-bellum" days ali planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its health. Mr. Redbick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteer years in the Dismal making shingles, and in all that time there was not a case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole lifetime, and they never knew a death caused by miasma or a solitary instance of agae and fever. The air is pure and sweet and the water, tinged to a faint wine bue by the juniper, is as potent a medical drink as are the famous watering places of the Virginia "mountain spas." It is often used by naval vessels going on a long foreign cruise, on account of the healthful properties and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating

tonic, with a very pleasant taste. Two Laws.

Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice down the country on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

"Wall," said the justice, "de facks fulness, an' ef I hangs yer tuint no fault ob mine."

only to examine me."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter de raigular justice, but yer see I'se been put on as a special. A special hez

"Do the best for me you can judge."

"Dat's what I'se gwine ter do. I'se got two kinds ob law in dis court, de Arkansaw an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right to choose fur his sef. Now what law does yer want; de Texas or de Arkansaw?"

"I believe I'll take the Arkansas." "Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur stealin' de mule"-"Thank you, judge."

"An' hang yer fur killin' de man." "I believe judge, that I'll take the Texas."

"Watl, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man"-

"You have a good heart, judge." "Au' hang yer for stealin' de mule. I'll jis take de 'casion heah ter remark dat de only difference 'tween de two laws iz de way yer state de case."-Little Rock Gazette.

WOMEN AS "SPOTTERS" ON RAIL-BOADS.—Women, it seems, are employed as "spotters" on the New York Central Railroad, and are provided with notebooks and ingenious little mirrors by which, with their backs turned to the conductor, they can see just how many passengers on a coach give up money or tickets for fares. The veils and wraps worn by them readily conceal their movements and disarm suspicion. A few days ago one of these spies got on a train go ing out of Utica. She took one of the front seats in a coach, and was seen to written by his son, while his "Sophie keep her hand to her face and peer into Waltz," whose plaintive strains have the little box which contained two mirkeep her hand to her face and peer into rors set at angles, so as to reflect all the been made still more famous by movements made behind her. The hon-the romantic story of disappointed love associated with its composition collected tickets and received money, movements made behind her. The hongiving, as he always does, a punched duplex ticket as a receipt for the fare. After he had left the coach the woman responded to the flirtations of a drummer who had noted her performances and wished to have some fun. The woman received his attentions cheerfully, and made room for him to divide her seat with him. The drummer was persistent in his attentions, and succeeded in inducing her to leave the train with him at one of the stations. Before he did this, he succeeded in turning her jacket pocket so that the little mirror, notebook, her instructions in her trade, schedule of fares and other articles of her trade, fell on the coach seat. The train passed on, and the "spotter" did not miss her "kit" until it was too late. The train boys captured the articles.

One man eloped with another's wife at with his magnificent orchestra. He has a spelling bee in Tennessee. It seems a published more than two hundred comspelling-bee has its sting as well as other positions, and is rapidly increasing the

The City as a Domicile.

While the difficulty of getting a place apt to grow less bad. The domicility means of living were, until recently, at provement, however, has been much less

dwellings in the upper wards, most of the obstacles in their way of securing a comfortable roof for a reasonable price come; but such a superabundance has been left as may well intimidate the most hopeful and courageous shelter-seeker on Manhattan island. Where shall we live? is a question not infrequently asked in other cities. Where can we live? is the question peremptorily and perpetually asked here. As a rule, no New Yorker can guess this year where he may be next year. Whatever his ereed, he is far less concerned about his condition in this world and in this city after the next twelvemonth. He may be living in Thirty-fourth street or Two Hundred and Fifth street, at Carmans-ville or New Brooklyn, at Washington Heights or Gowanus, at Hoboken or Staten Island, anywhere, indeed, within a radius of fifty miles of Union Square, and yet have changed his atmosphere and surroundings as effectually as if he

had crossed the continent. All the territory is virtually within the municipal limits. The metropolis extends to any and every point that may be reached in two or three hours of one's place of business, and so long as the New-Yorker can abide within this circle, he is taught that he should be content. He bids you good-bye hurriedly in office or counting-room, saying that he must be off in time for dinner. You wonder at his haste, since it may not be much after 3 o'clock, forgetting that the spot he calls home is quite likely to be sixty miles up the Hudson, in the remote valleys of New Jersey, or on the eastern shore of Great South Bay. His breakfast and business often lie so far apart that to connect them involves a considerable journey. When he shall be bodily transported as he now transmits thought, he will probably slip down to Quito for luncheon, and attend evening parties at the head of Baffin's bay. Outsiders imagine that the New Yorker

relishes this ceaseless traveling hither and you, this constant shifting of quarters, this lunching in Pine street and two of his neighbors.

in de case shell be weighed wideare time in obtaining residences. Many of could give to an irritated friend, who them are afraid to buy lest they be taxed to death, lest the neighborhood change, "Judge, you have no jurisdiction or the locality prove unhealthful. They are often forced from one quarter to another by unmanageable circumstances, by the endless mutations of trade and town. Their great wealth does not afford them protection; they have no guarantee de right ter make a mout at 'Spreme of permanence or peace, go where they may. Millions will not insure, in this may. Millions will not insure. They city, a tranquil and pleasant home. They who would live here contentedly and comfortably must, as one of our Celtic fellow-citizens might put it, go somewhere else.

If it be so with the rich, how much worse is it for men of small means; especially for those who have only what they earn, with no prospect of the smallest surplus. When apartment-houses began building, everybody said: "Now we shall have what has been so long needed. Desirable flats for small families can be rented for \$500 or \$600 a year." Flats can be had for such a price; but they are far from desirable in interior arrangement or as to situation, Situation in New York must be paid for, and paid for handsomely. There are not here, as there are in other cities, decent, respectable neighborhoods which lay claim neither to elegance nor fash ion. Everything in Manhattan is in extremes. A decent neighborhood is generally a fashionable neighborhood, and correspondingly high. We have scores and scores of streets in which no educated American could or would reside. In many of the nicest and pleasantest quarters there are blocks on blocks simply uninhabitable for well-regulated folk, and wholly surrendered, therefore, to noisome tenements, groggeries, squalor, rioting and ineffectual vsitations from

he police. No other town of any size in civilization which we can recall is so ill-provided in this respect. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that three-quarters of the built-up portion of the metropolis is either unfit for respectable residents or unattainable for persons of ordinary means. A comfortable house or apartment capable of accommodating from four to six persons cannot be had in a good neighborhood below Sixtieth street for much less than \$1,000; and the bulk of our middle-class citizens do not and cannot earn more than \$1,500 a year. The shape of the Island is partially responsible for this; but other controllable causes are gravely at fault. We are, as has been said, growing less bad, but there is some probability of New York becoming, as a domicile, what it should be, during this century at least. -N. Y. Times.

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube and the boat sank; my uncle was just upon the point of drowning. He got his head just above the water for once, took off his hat and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?" and down he went."

The Secretary of War has recom-mended Congress to appropriate \$100, 000 for the establishment of a new military post. But what's the use? We haven't enough soldiers to lean against the posts already established.

GENERALITIES.

he fashion of paper colars is much ower on account of the high price o

Hart the pedestrian won by his legs one week \$21,000. This is enough make Lydia Thompson green wi

A Guelph man owns a calf with seven which it would be no small job to count-

dress with the sinister purpose, we suspect, of resurrecting that old controversy about Jeff is.

When Boston man comes home

at 1.30 o'clock a. m., and smashes the furniture, they say he is in an inconoclastic mood. Out here the same man would be described as "bilin." "Anthony Comstock, in St. Louis, was severely criticised for improper re-marks, and yet this Tony would arrest

for having a bare thought. The season of the year has now arrived when a man who has not been able to afford an all wool undershirt begins to wonder how he's going to get his porous

plaster off. Always manage to live so as to leave something at death. A Chicago man of 93 years of age married the other day because he thought it far better to leave a widow than nothing.

Hanlan, the oarsman, is a very moral man. He does not drink liquor of any kind, chew tobacco, smoke, nor row

"What struck you as the most touching thing at the academy?" asked a lady of a youth who had been expelled from a boarding school. "The teacher's boarding school. "The rattan," sadly replied the boy.

The fact that nature only put one elbow in a man's arm, is sufficient to indicate that she never intended him to fasten the collar button on the back of his neck

CAMELS AND ARCHITECTURE. - Did you ever observe on the Nile how completely these lofty animals fit into the narrow avenues of airy palm trees with their tops of synclinal fan-tracery. Who knows whether the first pointed arches, built thousands of years ago in the land of camels, were not formed in close imitation of these much-supporting animals. The large quilt, gaudy with the pattern of a tinted cathedral window, on the top of yonder camel's load, is a very suitable drapery, and when seen during the sonorous concert, though not "heard for miles," of a loading or an unloading carsleeping in Putnam county; that it is his avan, easily lures you into the belief that idea of domesticity and repose. But it is you hear the grand organ in a colossal not a matter of election with him; it is "Gothic" abbey. This harmonizing of sheer necessity. He would like to have a the camel's shape with architectural dehabitat; most animals have one, but to him it is denied, because the vicinity of stance in a general law. I am thinking Manhattan does not, or will not, furnish of the leveling tendency of nature, which him with any. He occupies any spot he compensates in relative height for alti-can hold, and so long as he can hold it, tude. Animals, plants, architecture all with the permission of his landlord. His seem to conform to the law; pyramids, domiciliary fortunes, or misfortunes, are elephants, obelisks, giraffes, palm trees, beyond his control. He abides, not minarets, grasses, and wading birds. where he would, but where he must. His And the camel, carrying a mountain on a existence is consumed in following the body tall and narrow, and with the broad lead of furniture vans, in moving in and feet of a wading bird, and knotty thin moving out, in playing a grand game of legs like grasses, seems to combine more pussy-wants-the-corner with a million or forms of this compensation in itself than I will further detail. This leveling ten-Even our rich citizens have no easy dency of nature is the only explanation I asked me, "Why do all the tallest men of the United Kingdom keep walking in everybody's way in the London Strand? It is their fate, you see, being so tail, to keep in low places.—[Recollections of the Soudan.

No Company or Good Company.

This is a mosto worthy of the attention of all, both young and old, for human character is of such an impressible nature as to be easily effected by those with whom it comes in contact. The fellowship of the good is not only advisable, but desirable for the young whose aim should always be to higher standards than themselves Direct personal intercourse with men and women of high intelligence and refine-ment, and contact with those whose tendency and inclination is good, never fails to bring some happy effects and beneficial influence. Better far be alone than in the society of the lowminded and impure, as even gazing upon debased specimens of humanity, will in time taint, as it familiarizes and gradually assimilates the mind

The habits of those advanced in life are rarely changed, then how absolutely necessary is it to form good ones when young, as then from sympathy, unknown to them selves they gradually imitate and imbibe the tone and style of their associates. Such being the case, too much care cannot be taken in the selection of companions, who will have a beneficial after influence on the character. The most pure and beautiful admonitions and the best of rules with bad examples avail nothing; hence the great importance in the choice of those who are to be with and influence the young by contact and example. More genuine good and profit will be derived from even a short contact with the intelligent and educated, than from constant poring over books. Contact imparts either good or bad according to whom it s with.

A DINNER WITH THE QUEEN. -Regarded A DINNER WITH THE QUEEN.—Regarded from a gastronomic point of view, it appears that there is nothing particularly desirable in dining with the Queen, although it is a privilege much coveted by ambitious men. A distinguished divine, who occasionally preaches at Windsor, and dines and sleeps there afterward, said the other day that the dinner was a remarkable unsatisfactory affair to a hungry man. It is not considered etiquette to continue eating of any particular course after the Queen has partaken of it to her satisfaction, and as Her Majesty eats very little the courses are hurried over. After dinner there is hardly time to take one glass of wine be-fore coffee is brought. The Queen does not put her cup on the table, but sips a little as the servant holds it on the sal-ver. Then Her Majesty rises, sud of course the guests all rise and stand back from the table. The Queen then makes the round of the room stopping to talk the round of the room, stopping to talk for a few minutes to any one of the guests whom she may delight to honor, and then goes out, leaving the guests to amuse themselves as they like for the evening .- Hour.

A householder in Troy, in filling up his census schedule, under the column "where born," described one of his children, "born in the parlor," and the other, "up