

DAVID SWAIN.

Could we indeed know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity.

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.

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.

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.

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.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting place.

"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."

"This 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.

"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 him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, 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.

"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 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.

Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tip

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.

"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, 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.

"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.

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

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

"But how if he wakes?" said the other. His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

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

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.

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

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 withdrawn.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?"

"Where is your other shirt?" she asked, 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 endurance and went down to the office to get out the paper.

A DARK HOUR IN JOURNALISM.—"Where is your other shirt?" she asked, 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 endurance and went down to the office to get out the paper.

Dance-Music.

No other kind of music is so much played as dance-music; no other kind has a popular demand so great and constant. Composed primarily for the ball-room, it is made to do service on all occasions, public and private, where instrumental music is a means of popular entertainment.

It may, then, be interesting to know who are the composers who held this way over the masses, and contribute so much to their amusement.

The Dismal Swamp. The Dismal swamp is not a vast bog sunk in the ground into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows.

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 fack in de case shell be weighed wid carefulness, an' ef I hangs yer taint no fault ob mine."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter de raigular justice, but yer see I've been put on as a special. A special hez de right ter make a mout at 'Spreme Court of he chuses ter."

"Do the best for me you can judge."

"Dat's what I've gwine ter do. I've 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 self. 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."

"Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man!"

"You have a good heart, judge."

number. One of his earliest waltzes, "German Hearts," showed that he had the genius of his father and brothers.

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The City as a Domicile.

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GENERALITIES.

The fashion of paper collars is much lower on account of the high price of paper.

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

A English man owns a calf with seven distinct legs. She is a genuine article which it would be no small job to counterfeit.

When Boston man comes home at 1.30 o'clock a. m., and smashes the furniture, they say he is in an inconceivable mood. Out here the same man would be described as "bilin."

Anthony Comstock, in St. Louis, was severely criticised for improper remarks, 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 races.

"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 rattle," 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 palm trees with their tops of acynclinal 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 quill, gaudy with the pattern of a tinted cathedral window, on the top of yonder camel's load, is a very suitable drape, and when seen during the sonorous concert, though not "heard for miles," of a loading or an unloading caravan, easily lures you into the belief that you hear the grand organ in a colossal "Gothic" abbey.

This harmonizing of the camel's shape with architectural design in the Orient seems merely one instance in a general law. I am thinking of the leveling tendency of nature, which compensates in relative height for altitude.

Animals, plants, architecture all seem to conform to the law; pyramids, elephants, obelisks, giraffes, palm trees, minarets, grasses, and wading birds.

And the camel, carrying a mountain on a body tall and narrow, and with the broad feet of a wading bird, and knotty thin legs like grasses, seems to combine more forms of this compensation in itself than I will further detail.

This leveling tendency of nature is the only explanation I could give to an irritated friend, who 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 tall, to keep in low places.—[Recollections of the Soudan.

No Company or Good Company. This is a motto worthy of the attention of all, both young and old, for human character is of such an impressive nature as to be easily affected by those with whom it comes in contact.