

### The Horse and the Camel.

Jove sat upon his throne of state  
Viewing his subjects o'er,  
Meeting on good or evil fate  
As their various merits bore.

A horse approached the august throne,  
With grave, respectful tread;  
And bowing low, with reverent tone,  
Thus to the King he said:

Great father of both beasts and men,  
Of creatures old and new,  
Men say that I am most beautiful,  
And I believe it true.

Still there are changes I would have,  
My beauty to enhance;  
The gifts which I so humbly crave,  
Your grace will grant, perchance.

What changes would you have my child  
Tell me, I wait to hear,  
The god thus spoke, benignly smiled,  
And lent a gracious ear.

The horse began: More fleet were I,  
With limbs more long and slender;  
A swan-like neck arched gracefully  
An added charm would render.

A broader breast would give me strength  
And since thou hast decreed  
That I proud man should bear at length,  
A saddle is my need.

Good! said the King, an instant wait,  
Then forth he stretched his hand—  
The lifeless dust grew animate,  
And moved at his command.

It quickly to a shape had grown;  
The King pronounced it good,  
And suddenly before the throne  
The awkward camel stood!

Here, cried the god, are longer legs,  
A swan-like neck you see,  
A natural saddle, broader breast—  
Shall I give these to thee?

The horse stood shuddering with disgust  
Go forth, said Jove, still kind  
Without your punishment, though just;  
But, that you bear in mind.

The great presumption you have shown  
This creature new shall live;  
To him, henceforth as well as you,  
Continuing power I give.

Thus do we sometimes ask for change,  
Our present good deeming,  
A power that sees beyond our range,  
Oft blesses in denying.

### THE LOVE OF HER LIFE.

When Nellie Erle was a child she used to often go into the portrait gallery where the pictures of her ancestors hung and pause before one, of a handsome young man in cavalier dress. The painting possessed a strange fascination for her, and as she grew toward womanhood she said to herself:

The man I marry must look like Lionel Erle.

If she could have had her own way this might have happened, but her father, Sir Lionel, had made different plans for her, and in spite of all opposition insisted that she should wed Lord Rookborough, a rich young nobleman.

In vain did Nellie protest that she did not love him. Her father wanted to see her settled in life before he died and insisted that the marriage should take place. As the time approached for her nuptials Nellie was miserable and took to wandering out alone in the park. It was during one of these rambles that she suddenly came upon a young man leaning against a tree. As he turned she saw he looked exactly like the picture she had so much admired.

I am afraid I am trespassing, he said. My name is Lionel Erle. If you are Miss Erle we are cousins.

I did not know I had any cousins, Nellie faltered.

Because your father and mine are at odds, he replied. You see, we are poor, with the shake of the head. I am only a bank clerk off for a holiday and had the curiosity to take a peep here.

Then I shall not see you again, said the girl sadly, loath to lose sight of her ideal hero.

He held out his hand. Good-by, and was gone.

The wedding festivities were such as befitted Sir Lionel Erle's only child and the Lord of Rookborough. The social life of such a marriage, where the bride felt no love and the bridegroom a more sincere regard for his wife's possessions than for herself, went to swell the measure of social lies, and no one was horrified by it save our poor little heroine, and she wished she had never been born.

So the happy pair went off amid the usual shower of rice and slippers to spend their dismal honeymoon and learn day by day the bitterness of being tied to one another.

Years went slowly by to Nellie. Lady Rookborough. There were no children to cheer her dreary home, and her husband was with her but seldom. He had become devoted to horse racing and such like sports, and passed the time among those whose pure eyes was a reproach to him.

It was the tenth anniversary of

their marriage when news reached her that her husband was dead. He had been killed by the accidental discharge of a gun at Hurlingham.

How could she pretend grief at such an announcement? Her one feeling was that she had at last regained her freedom, and right glad was she to deliver up the burden of Rookborough hall to the next heir and go and live with her widowed mother in the old home of her ancestors.

Settled down there again as in her girlhood, free to roam as she would through the familiar rooms and long picture gallery, Nellie almost forgot the sad years of her marriage, and the thoughts and dreams of her youth came back to her. She felt again the happy, romantic girl of 16, as she gazed up at the pictured face that from her childhood she had loved and worshipped.

One day as she was meditating on that human likeness of this portrait and her once strange meeting with him, a thought suddenly flashed into her mind, and she hurried off to Lady Erle's room.

Mother, my cousin is Sir Lionel Erle now. Why does he not live here? It should be his now.

Your poor father settled it upon you, Nellie, answered her mother. It was not entailed, fortunately.

Nellie opened her eyes wonderingly. Her nature was romantic rather than practical; she understood little about the laws of property, and since her father's death, two years ago, had never once given a thought about what the heir ought to inherit. Her cousin was almost more of a beautiful dream to her than a reality, the human form of her pictured hero rather than her father's successor to the title. But now that the fact of his having inherited the title became clear to her, that the ancient state should go with it she felt to be only right and justice.

It is not right that I should have all and he nothing but the bare title, she said to her mother. He is Sir Lionel Erle, remember, and should have the inheritance of his ancestors. You are as fanciful and romantic as when you were a girl, Nellie. It is fortunate that your father has caused the whole property to be strictly entailed on you and your heir alone. The will was made at the time of your marriage.

Then since I have no children my cousin is my next heir. You and I will go and live in the dower house, mother, and I shall have Erle court given over to him at once.

She spoke with so much determination that Lady Erle had no argument to bring forward. Nellie wrote to her cousin by that night's post. The answer that came back was in this wise.

Do not think that I do not appreciate your wonderful goodness, but I cannot accept your offer. As I told you the night we met long ago, I am proud. I make enough money by my books now to supply my wants, which are simple. So I am not poor.

After this decided refusal Nellie grew very preoccupied and unhappy.

If I were a man and he a woman it would be easy to settle it, she would say to herself. I would ask her to marry me; but a woman must be dumb or the world is horrified.

Mother ask our cousin to come and visit us; he will do that at all events, she said at last.

So Lady Erle gave the invitation and he came.

Nellie received him warmly, but as she looked up at his face the blush of her first meeting with him suffused her cheek again; he was older, graver, but the same clear eyes with their dreamy sweetness gazed into hers and reawakened the one passion of her life.

That night she knew she loved him, and therefore she could never let him find it out, unless—ah, if he could love her.

But whether he loved her or not no sign of more than the merest cousinly affection was manifested in Lionel during his short visit to Erle court. He was charmed with the beautiful home of his ancestors, and his poetic nature revealed in the ancient rooms and all the thoughts they called forth; but Nellie steadily avoided pointing out to him her favorite picture; a strange shyness came over her when she thought of the fascination it always possessed for her and how like Lionel was to it. Oh, how like he was!

Nellie was very ill. For weeks she

had been gradually wasting away. There was no manifest disease, and the doctors were baffled, but for all that she seemed to be sinking rapidly out of life.

I am glad I am going to die, she said to her mother, who sat by the sofa; it will set things right, and Lionel will have his lawful estate.

Lady Erle's tears fell fast; her conscience was reproving her now for many years of enmity against the innocent heir. Must his rights be only purchased by the death of her only child.

Mother, said the invalid, after she had been laying quiet with closed eyes, just before I die, when there is no possible hope of my living, I want you to send for Lionel, that I may bid him good-by. Promise me.

She promised amid her fast falling tears. A week afterward Sir Lionel Erle received a telegram and in a few hours he was standing by his dying cousin's bed.

Lady Erle left them; she knew that the parting was a sacred one. Nellie held out her thin white hand.

Lionel, she said, now that I am going to die I want to tell you something which I never should have told if I had lived.

The young man flung himself on his knees beside the bed, laid his head down upon his folded arms and sobbed like a child.

Nellie, live! I love you so!

She touched his bowed head, but she could not speak.

He seized the fragile hand and covered it with kisses and tears.

Oh, my darling, live! For my sake live! I have so loved you all these years!

Nellie lay like one in a heavenly trance. Had love come instead of death to claim her? Presently she said in a faint voice:

I never imagined you loved me. Pride has been my curse, he groaned: If you had only been poor long ago I would have poured out all my heart to you; but you were rich and I poor, and I knew your generous nature would have accepted me to make me rich.

Not for that, but because I love you, Lionel—because I have always loved you.

He raised his bowed head and looked into her face.

Nellie, if I had only known! he cried despairingly.

I shall live now she whispered, and her eyes closed in gentle sleep.

THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL.

He hurried up to the office as soon as he entered the hotel, and without waiting to register, inquired eagerly:

Any letter for me?

The clerk sorted over a package with the negligent attention that comes of practice, then flipped one—a very small one—on the counter.

The traveling man took it with a curious smile that twisted his pleasant looking face into a mask of expectancy.

He smiled more as he read it. Then oblivious of other travelers who jostled him, he laid it tenderly against his lips and kissed it.

A loud guffaw startled him.

Now look here, old fellow, said a loud voice. That won't do, you know. Too spoony for anything. Confess, now, your wife didn't write that letter.

No, she didn't, said the traveling man, with an amazed look, as if he would like to change the subject.

That letter is from my best girl. The admission was so unexpected that the trio of friends who caught him said no more until after they had eaten a good dinner and were seated together in a chum's room.

They then began to badger him.

It's no use, you've got to read it to us, Dick, said one of them; we want to know all about your best girl.

So you shall, said Dick, with great coolness: I will give you the letter and you can read it yourselves. There it is, and he laid it open on the table.

I guess not, said one who had been loudest in demanding it; we like to chaff a little, but I hope we are gentlemen. The young lady would hardly care to have her letter read by this crowd, and he looked at his friend reproachfully.

But I insist upon it, was the answer. There is nothing in it to be ashamed of—except the spelling that

is a little shaky, I'll admit, but she won't care in the least.

Thus urged, Hardy took up the letter shamefacedly enough and read it. There were only a few words. First he laughed, then swallowed suspiciously, and as he finished it threw it on the table again and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes as if troubled with dimness of vision.

Pshaw, he said, if I had a love-letter like that—and then he was silent.

Fair play! cried one of the others, with an uneasy laugh.

I'll read it to you, said their friend, seeing they made no move to take it and I think you'll agree with me that it's a model love-letter.

And this is what it read:

MI OWEN DEER PAPA—I SA M PRAIRS EVERY NITE ANND WEN I KLS YURE PICTURE I ASK GOD TO BLESS YOU GOOD BI PA PA YOUR BEST GURL.

DOLLY.

For a moment or two the company remained silent, while the little letter passed from hand to hand, and you would have said every one had hay fever by the snuffling that was heard.

Then Hardy jumped to his feet: Three cheers for Dolly and three cheers more for Dick's best girl.

They were given with a will.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JUDGE WALTER T. COLQUITT.

Judge Colquitt was a young man of wonderful versatile talent. He was a superior and profound lawyer, a popular and unsurpassed stump orator and a very eloquent and instructive preacher. On one occasion an English nobleman was traveling through this country, and made some stay in Columbus. Superior Court was in session, and the Englishman was curious to how our courts were conducted, so he went to the court house. A murder trial was in progress, and Judge Colquitt was, as usual, in the defense. He made the concluding speech, and for two hours he thrilled the Court, jurors and spectators with his burning eloquence. The Englishman was charmed, and had many questions to ask about the eloquent orator, and sought his acquaintance.

On next day the Englishman learned that there was to be a political meeting that night at Temperance Hall. Being curious to know something of the political methods in America he decided to attend. The meeting was organized by a chairman and secretary, and Judge Colquitt was called for a speech. He ascended the platform with a grace peculiar to himself and entertained the large audience both by argument and anecdote, and all were much interested and often convulsed with laughter. Politics was the Judge's great forte, and gave him his fame in the United States Senate.

On the succeeding Sabbath the English attended services at the Methodist church, and as the regular pastor was absent at conference, Judge Colquitt filled the pulpit. His text was: "What is Truth" and language fails to convey any adequate idea of that sermon. The Englishman was profoundly astonished, and exclaimed to a friend: "Are the Americans all lawyers, all politicians and all preachers? If that man was in England, we would make him Lord Chancellor."—*Hamilton Journal.*

A SOCIABLE RURAL VIRGINIAN.

One morning just before the war, as my train drew up at Brandy Station, a chap in a butternut suit and a homemade wool hat rushed up and addressed me as I stepped to the ground:

Is you th'r clerk er this ye'r kyar?

I'm the conductor; what do you want? I answered.

I wan'ter go to Washinton on this ye'r kyar.

Well, get aboard, I said.

He climbed the steps and rapped on the door. When he rapped the second time some wag inside called out, Come in? There were at least fifty passengers in the car. He began at the front seat, shaking hands with everyone clear to the back end, and asking each. How d'yr do? and then How's ye'r folks? Of course it was a regular circus for the other passengers. He lived forty miles in the country and had never seen a train before. When he stepped off the car here in Washington I felt sorry for him, but will you believe it, that greenhorn is to-day one of the first merchants of Washington and is reported to be worth over \$200,000.

A MAN UP A TREE.

Many thrilling accounts are told by veterans of the annoyance caused our forces, throughout the army by rebel sharpshooters hanging on the skirts encampments during the late war.

Early on the morning of the—a skirmish line, composed mainly of the Forty eighth Illinois, was thrown out in advance of our army, lying near Jackson, Mississippi, confronting General Joseph Johnson. The men had constructed a few temporary shelters by stand rails upright, leaning against each other, the tops being bound together.

Behind one of these little fortresses—through in a rather exposed position—Captain F. D. Stephenson, of the Forty-eighth was sitting on a turned-up bucket, taking his morning coffee. As he threw back his head in drinking, a whiz was heard and a ball sped by within half an inch of his face, directly across the eyes, taking effect in a little dogwood tree beside him.

The captain rose quietly and taking a ramrod stuck it in the ground so that its top would be in the space lately occupied by his nose; he then went behind the tree and sighted from his bullet-hole over the top of the rod, thus ascertaining the direction taken by the ball in its flight. Directly in this line rose the top of a large oak, with great sheets and streamers of southern moss hanging dependent from its boughs.

Boys said Stephenson, evenly, our man is among the branches on that tree yonder. Now taking a soldier's cap and placing it on the end of a knotted stick, you all load up and lie low. When I shove this hat into view, he will fire again. There's your chance let drive.

When all was ready he slowly elevated the cap until just in sight from the tree.

A puff of white smoke burst from its leaves and the cap turned round on its stick support, turning the daylight through a large jagged hole in its crown.

A moment later, six Springfield rifles spoke from the rail pile and a man dropped from the oak tree, clutching wildly at moss and branches as he fell. His last shot was fired.

SHE WANTED PAPA.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old evidently lost and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going. Down to find my papa, was the sobbing reply.

What is your papa's name? asked the lady. His name is papa. But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him? She calls him papa, persisted the little creature. The lady then tried to lead her along. You had better come with me. I guess you came this way. Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa, replied the little girl crying afresh as if her heart would break. What do you want with your papa? asked the lady. I want to kiss him. Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone to find him.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Can't you say something pleasant to me? said a husband to his wife, as he was about to start for the office. They had a little quarrel and he was willing to "make up." Ah, John responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck; "forgive my foolishness. We were both wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and, John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."

WHAT IS FAME.

Der ain't no use tryin' a square shake in dissher country, said a tough looking young man.

What's de matter, p'lesse onto you again?

Naw. But I und'stan Jimmy de Bruiser's got twice't as big a phorty graph in the rogue's gallery as I have. Anybody knows I stand higher in de prossion dan he does.—*Washington Critic.*

HE COULDN'T STAND THAT.

Hello, it's 11 o'clock! remarked a traveling man as he set down the glass, guess I'll go home.

What's the matter? Afraid of your wife?

You bet I am.

What does she do when you're out late, call her mother?

Naw. Her mother don't live at our house.

Does she mount guard with a rolling pin?

No, she don't.

What does she do then?

Well, gentlemen, she just kicks a little and then she up and cries. Good night; I'm in a hurry.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A WIFE'S STRATEGY.—My dear, said a young wife to her husband, who had already fallen into the habit of going to the lodge in the evening, and who was just preparing to go out, I am going up street to interview the superintendent of the post office this evening. Ah! indeed; on what business, pray?

I want to see if he can give me any advice in regard to getting a habitually late male in on time.

The husband blushed, pretended he was looking for a newspaper in stead of his hat, and there was a member absent from the lodge that night.

SHE KNEW THE MEN.

Are you still tugging away at those gloves of yours?

Yes, dear.

You know it disgusts me to see you walking through the public streets making your toilet.

Does it, dear?

Why, do you know that I would just as soon see you pulling on your stockings on the street as your gloves?

Most men would, was all she said and he had nothing else to say.

CHARMING TOYS FOR BOYS.

One of the pleasantest children's playthings that we have seen for some time is called "the young protector pistol," a plaything, moreover, which "can be carried in the waistcoat pocket." Parents will be gratified to learn that in this pretty toy a pellet may be driven clean through a half-inch board at a distance of twenty feet. Scientific papers and mamma may find pleasure in calculating how far a pellet that would go "clean through a half-inch board" might permeate their own interiors. That this valuable addition can be made to the already rich treasures of a school-boy's pocket for the low price of seventy-five cents is a matter for agreeable reflection. The weapon, in our opinion, would be safe, provided one could be sure that a boy would endeavor to take aim at once with it, but if he were to try to hit some other object we would not guarantee that an accident might not happen. It is pleasant to read that "several thousands" of the "young protector pistol" have already been sold, and so great has been its success that its makers have been "induced" to bring out another pistol, costing 10c. more, which will "fire a ball sixty feet with the greatest accuracy." This beautiful instrument is only four inches long, and might be mistaken by the uninitiated for a Derringer. It is a comfort to think that every other boy one meets may have one of these weapons in his pocket. But the nicest of all playthings for children that has come under our notice is a "powerful six-chamber revolver," which can be obtained at a certain toy shop for \$1.15. Like the other pistols that we have noticed, it has the advantage of being without any guard for the trigger.

A papa with a revolver is not invariably a very safe person, but a boy, of course, always is. Children whose parents object to their using firearms may console themselves by buying at a well-known toy shop a sword cane having "all the appearance of an ordinary walking stick, the sword being inside the stick," for 20 cts. By the way, we wonder if there is any shop now where birch rods are sold.

THE ENGLISH SKYLARK.

The lark is, probably, if the whole truth were told, at first rather a disappointment to most Americans, who not unnaturally expect from "the bird that sings at Heaven's gate" a song of great variety and volume.

It was in Sussex many years ago, upon the cliffs overlooking St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea, that we first made his acquaintance. It was early morning, clear and calm after a night of storm, which had brought two wrecks on shore within sight, and the shock and roar of the waves were still so tremendous that we were fairly driven from our accustomed walk along the Marina, and turning inland by a road which tunneled its way upward, gained the level of the rich farming land above the town. As we emerged into the sunshine a bird rose singing from an adjacent field. "Can that feeble, monotonous chirp be a skylark?" thought we as he rose higher, still continuing to sing. His serious answered the doubt; for as if he had been on exhibition, he still rose with successive fluttering impulses in a widening spiral, till he was quite lost to sight in the cloudless sky, while his voice proved itself of more penetrating quality than had at first appeared, for it continued to reach us, faintly it is true, but with perfect distinctness.—*Theodore H. Mead in American Magazine.*