

Drifting. The tide went out— Shining pebbles and shells that lay On the shore, at the beck of the white-armed spray. Went out with the tide. The tide went out— And a hundred ships asleep on the strand Sprang up, and away from the hateful land Went out with the tide. The tide went out— And a life as sweet as a life might be, Drifting away to the unknown sea, Went out with the tide. The tide came in— The pebbles and shells, with the waves' disdain, Flung from their arms to the shore again, Came in with the tide. The tide came in— The weary ships from their voyaging, Laden with many a precious thing, Came in with the tide. The tide came in— But the life, as sweet as a life might be, Came not back from the unknown sea— Came not in with the tide. —Emilie A. Washburn.

A FORTUNATE JEST.

A certain young man, living not a thousand miles from the city of London, had at the age of one-and-twenty, come into the possession of a large fortune. Immediately thereupon the fair-weather friends ascended about him, and sought to make him believe that they could make life pleasant for him. He was fond of company; full of life; with no restraint save his own conscience; and he was easily led on into the glare and glitter of convivial enjoyment. His mother had died when he was a youth of sixteen, and his father had lived but a year longer. And he had no near relative to guide him. Once he had loved a beautiful young girl, but his dissipated course had frightened her parents, and they had forbidden him their house until he could truly mend. This had so angered him that he had from the hangout from his heart, resolving that he would never be a slave! And he was living a brilliant, glorious life; he knew—or, at least, he told himself, he knew—deeper; and, in short, every vice that a wealthy spendthrift might find pleasing pleasure in, he indulged in. And the circle of friends elung closely. They swore by him, declared him a trump. They drank his wine, and robbed him of his money; and if a new source of pleasure could be found, they all went in for the enjoyment and he paid the bill! One day, after his eye had become diseased and his step uncertain, he met the girl he had once loved, in the street. He read pity in her sweet face, and saw tears in her eyes; and he tried to steal his heart; yet he thought of her until his wild friends were again around him. One day he went to the bank and drew out a thousand pounds. That night he sat down in his own apartments, with his own wine upon the sideboard, and his own cards upon the table and played with his dear friends! The wine flowed freely, he drank deeply, and the game went on recklessly. They played for high stakes, and played fast and late. On the following morning the young man awoke with a bursting head and aching eyes. By-and-by he called to mind the events of the night. He looked into his pocketbook and into his purse. Empty, both! And he remembered that he had given his checks to various members of the party for large amounts. He found the counterfoils, and they told him he had drawn his checks to the amount of over two thousand pounds! But what of that? Before night he had drunk brandy enough to steady his nerves and make him once more happy. Another evening came, and again his friends were assembled round his board. He had got up a grand supper for them this time! and after the various courses of food had passed in order, came the wine and the toasts. And one of the friends, to whom a large check had been given, got up to offer a sentiment. "Fill up! fill up!" he cried; "while I give you the toast of the evening! Here's to our sober and thrifty host! May he be ever as sensible as he is at this moment!" It was drunk with cheers—three times three. It was observed that from that moment the spirits of their host seemed to fail him. He became moody and abstracted. By-and-by some one bantered him upon it, and asked him what was the matter. He answered: "I was thinking, did Tom tell the truth when he said I was sober and thrifty?" And thereupon they all exclaimed: "Of course he did! Oh! was ever a man soberer or more thrifty?" "Because," pursued the host, pathet-

ically, I shouldn't want a friend to lie on my account!" "Oh! sensible to the last! Fill up!" But the host would drink no more. He bade the others enjoy themselves as much, and as long as they pleased, but they must excuse him. Without him, however, the sport lagged, and when they found there was to be no card-playing they soon dispersed. And after they were gone, the young man sat down alone and thought, and the word "Sober and thrifty!" "Sober and thrifty!" rang in his ears, and he repeated them aloud. And then he repeats: "May he be ever as sensible as he is at this moment!" And then, with a sighing of his clenched hand upon his bosom, he exclaimed, "Tom did not lie! I will not let him lie!" On the following day the youth went to the bank, and was elapsed for half an hour with the manager. On the morning of the next day a paragraph appeared in the papers, announcing: "We are rather pained to announce that F. B., the young man who was the inheritor of a fortune little more than two years ago, has lost every penny. Misfortune has befallen him; false friends have betrayed him; so that now his bill for less than a hundred pounds has gone to protest."

On the next day after this the young man was called by Fred, went to Tom Ambery, to whom he had given hundred and thousands, and asked him for the loan of a hundred pounds. "You my honor, Fred, I wish I had it, but, really, the youth wanted to hear no more. He tried half a dozen others, and with the same result; save that one man, who had won two thousand pounds from him at one sitting, offered to give him five pounds; but he wouldn't lend him!

Then Fred went to his rooms and sold off his furniture, and gave them up, and from that time was lost to sight for several months. It was getting towards Christmas time that a society paper came out on a certain morning with a paragraph which, to certain sets, was startling: "We are longing to state a sad mistake was made by us, months since, in the announcement of the capture of Mr. F. B. — a fortune. He had that time been very unfortunate, and, through some strange mistake, a bill of his went to protest; but he is all right now. The manager of the bank where his account is kept informs us that he will honor the young man's check for a hundred thousand pounds with pleasure. All is well that ends well."

Within four-and-twenty hours of that time Fred was in receipt of a dozen gushing notes, from as many different individuals, offering him any help in their power to give, and begging him to remember the old friendship. Only one of them did he answer, and that was the note from Tom Ambery: "Do you remember, Tom, that you once offered a toast in my rooms in honor of myself; and you called me your 'sober and thrifty host.' And I resolved in my heart of hearts from that moment that you had not lied!" And when the Christmas bells were ringing Fred led the dear girl of his old-time love to the altar, and took her hand in wedlock, promising that the night had passed, and that the morning had dawned upon a new and better life.

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. W. W. Corcoran's generous enterprise of bringing home to an American grave the exiled dust of John Howard Payne, recalls the aged philanthropist's reminiscences of the poet. He saw him first in 1829, when Payne called "The American Boscians," was playing in a Washington theatre. Mr. Corcoran, who was then a mere boy, says: "Whenever I could get twenty-five cents to pay for a seat, I went to see and hear the tragedian;" and his memory of his appearance and action is now fresh and clear, after a lapse of seventy-three years. Two years later he saw him again, when Payne fled to Georgetown from Baltimore, where he had been trying to defend a printing office from a mob. In 1830 the personal acquaintance of the two began, and continued on very intimate terms until Payne went as United States consul to Tunis and died there. Mr. Corcoran has selected the spot where the poet's remains are to rest. It is a triangular plot, near the eastern entrance of Oak Hill cemetery, on the crest of a hill, overlooking the valley of Rock Creek. The place is marked by a solitary, magnificent beech tree. The remains will be interred next spring with appropriate ceremonies, and a plain, massive monument erected above them, bearing only the inscription: JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Author of "Home, Sweet Home," Born June 9, 1792; Died April 10, 1812.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast, is advice given by Dr. Poole's Health Monthly. To relieve toothache apply to the troublesome tooth a tiny piece of cotton saturated with ammonia. A delicate child suffers most from neglect of its lower extremities. The worst result may follow from chilling the legs. By a law of transmission, a feeble mother enfolds her child in tending and fondling it, even if she does not nurse it. Do not eat in a hurry. Masticate your food well, and do not make the stomach perform work that the teeth were intended to do. A bit of cotton batting sprinkled with black pepper and wet with sweet oil and inserted in the ear will immediately cure earache. A treacherous of the white of an egg, well beaten and mixed with lemon juice and sugar, taken occasionally will relieve hoarseness.

The Marquis's Shot.

There is a good story told of the Marquis of Waterford (Lord Charles Beresford's uncle) and the way he served a young fellow whose indifference to the lives and limbs of other people when out shooting with them had gained for him somewhat of a reputation. The young man, though he ought to have been deprived of his gun license by special act of parliament, was the son of a duke of such high standing in the political world that nobody ventured more than a mild remonstrance with him for his carelessness, and while few cared to join a shooting party of which he made one, his position got him invited where men of more caution but less blood would have been excluded. It so happened that one October both the marquis and Lord Joceline Clinton—the young man in question—found themselves staying for the shooting at Wollerton park, Lord Joceline's place in Norfolk. There was a large party staying at the house, and more than one fortunate escape from Lord Joceline's reckless gun was the subject of talk in the smoking room. Several of the men had already been grazed on one or two occasions by shots fired at close quarters, and one who had been his nearest neighbor one evening had one of his whiskers and eyebrows singed off by a flash from a muzzle-horessly placed within an inch of his cheek. Lord Joceline paid small heed to the remarks he heard, and laughingly treated all that was said as a joke. But Lord Waterford smoked his pipe in silence, only joining in the talk so far as to console to a friend, who sat near him, his determination to put an end to the young man's exploits should it come in his way to do so. He said that Lord Joceline overheard the remark but said nothing. At all events, next day the party went out as usual, and as chance would have it, when shooting an outlying cover, Lord Waterford and Lord Joceline stood ten feet apart. In the midst of an exciting battle a rabbit started out of the bushes and ran between the two. Lord Joceline, disregarding all orders to the contrary, leveled and fired at it. The rabbit got safely away, but about a dozen of the shot intended for it lodged in Lord Waterford's legs. His neck happened to be turned at the moment, but wheeling around without a sign of pain, ere the reverberation had died away, he called out in a loud tone: "Whoever fired that last shot hold up his hand!" Lord Joceline, in the bravado of the moment, held up his hand with a laugh. Hardly had he done so when Lord Waterford raised his gun and let him have the contents of one barrel in his palm. Fortunately it was a defective cartridge, from which most of the shot had fallen, else it would have been a bad day for Lord Joceline. As it was, he carried away enough leaden pellets among his finger-joints to make a sadder and a wiser man of him, and cure him effectually of the pendency that had made him a terror in the shooting field. No one after that had ever cause of complaint against him.

The Tomato.

English travelers who write about this country, are usually surprised because the tomato is used almost as generally as the potato. Thomas Jefferson brought tomato seed from France, where he saw that that vegetable was extensively used as food for swine. Dr. Dio Lewis used to say that the two frequent eating of it by human beings produced salvation. The Italians have taught Americans that the tomato sauce makes macaroni more palatable. But there are many poor cooks who hide their shortcomings by putting the tomato in every dish; so that one chef recently said of another: "Oh, he'd put it into a church plate."

THE WELSH CHOIRS.

Origin of a Peculiar Custom—Welsh Love of Chorus—Singing How the Chorus Are Formed. The custom among the Welsh of holding musical contests is very old, having its origin in the meetings called Eisteddyodan (the plural of Eisteddod), which were a sort of competitive examination for the election of chief bards. These bards formed a very important and influential class in the community; they kept alive the national spirit of the people by stirring legends of the wisdom and power of their ancestors. In fact, their power was at times such as to make them the virtual rulers of the nation. As early as 940 A. D. King Howell Dda found it necessary to revise and limit their privileges. A century and a half later Griffith ap-Conah still further restrained their pretensions, and their power gradually waned until it vanished on the conquest of Wales by the English, when, as tradition says, the bards were ruthlessly exterminated—a tradition that is now happily relegated to the rapidly increasing number of historical myths. These Eisteddyodan were not held at any stated time, but when the chief bard became vacant from death or some other reason. They were gatherings to which all who could by any means attend, decided eagerly; they were always, at least in early times, held in the open air, some sheltered valley or sloping hillside being generally chosen for the purpose. Here the bards vied with each other in stirring up the patriotism and enthusiasm of their vast audience, by reciting in rugged verse the warlike deeds of the kings, and the wisdom of the sages of old, accompanied their recitations with the Welsh harp, called cyrwyl, or cyrwyl, when he who approached to the highest pitch the fervid and feeling that characterized all the people, was chosen chief bard by acclamations of the multitude. After the conquest of Wales by Edward I. in 1284, the powerful influence of the bards was broken. But he and the succeeding sovereigns, recognizing the value of such allies, endeavored to win them over to their side by the popular harp, wisely encouraged the poetical and the musical aspects of the Guild of Bards, while they carefully curtailed their political power. The last sovereign to make any special enactment concerning the bards was Elizabeth, who in 1588 issued a warrant for the holding of an Eisteddod, at Carbery. But the moment spirit was dying out, and from that time to the present, the efforts of these powerful bards have been chiefly directed to preserving the early traditions of the ancient poetry and music of their people, and to the encouragement of their modern national poets and musicians. In this latter respect they have not as yet been productive of any very important result; the mere fact of a poem or musical composition being by a native author, and in the native tongue, has been held sufficient reason to give it a hearing without any regard to its merits. At the present time, especially among the Welsh in Pennsylvania, they have taken a much better direction, namely, in the formation of large choirs for the study of the choruses of the great masters, and in this way they are doing a great work in spreading a love and knowledge of the masterpieces of Handel, Bach, Haydn and Mendelssohn. Scarcely any among all classes of the Welsh people has this love for choruses singing become, that it may with safety be said that no other people have such a widely diffused acquaintance with the very highest class of music as they have. This is the more remarkable, when we take into consideration the fact that both singers and listeners were, for by far the greater part, composed of miners and their wives and children. The members composing a choir are often scattered over a wide extent of territory, so that regular weekly or even monthly meetings of the choir are impossible. When a new chorus is to be formed, the various members will procure, if they can afford it, one copy for each member of the family, or, if the work is expensive, one copy for the whole family. Then the neighboring families will meet once or twice a week at each other's houses, the best reader among them is appointed leader, and they go to work with no instrument, but a pitch-pipe or tuning-fork, to master the figures of Handel or Haydn. When all these small parties have mastered the choruses which they do so thoroughly that they consent it to form a meeting of the whole choir is held, numbering from ten to three hundred, in some church, school or railway station, and the leader of the choir himself usually a minor—holds a grand review of the work done by his listen-

ants. The whole work is gone over carefully and thoroughly, and, after the singing of some of the old home songs in their mother tongue, the various groups separate for the long walk or ride through the woods and over the mountains, to repeat the process with another chorus. The choirs that live in the neighborhood of towns have, of course, many advantages over those that have to conduct their rehearsals in this fragmentary way, having the opportunity of frequent meetings and the constant presence of their regular leader, and, in some instances, the aid of instruments.

Roof-Top Life in New York.

What do you think of the queer lives led by juitons' families? I know a juiton who has charge of a big building on Broadway who has four little tots of children, and they don't get down into the street more than once a week or so. Two of them were born in the seventh story of an immense iron building just under the roof. One of them is now a certain knowledge has never been down in the street at all. That's a fact. It will be some days, it was in only last week. Where do you think the children's play ground is? It's the roof, and it's a very good yard it is, too, with flowers growing on it, and everything just like a good, big, paved yard. There is a high ledge around the four sides, so there is no danger of the comers' falling off. And there are clotheslines there, and tubs standing about, and everything lying on the ground, and everything seems as if you might easily imagine you were in an ordinary back yard. The children seldom see anything of the world down below, and their mother hardly ever goes for the father's hand till taking care of the youngsters. There is a narrow ladder life for you, with no danger of any-thing from prying neighbors. There is something attractive about it, too. Just think of the grand old clock striking up the whole place and turning the big iron door with himself inside. There he is, with his family about him, and all the world seems locked out. It is a grand old thing to see a man with the big door open and the door full of water. But even when the door is open the juitons are not always shut in from the world. They are a class of buildings in one of the grand old business centers of the city all about the same height, each building a six or seven story high, and each juiton has his own. When the doors are shut and locked and no outsider can by any possibility make his way in, the juitons' families begin to visit. The men burn their pipes and smoke cigars, their grand grand-children. There is something slightly ridiculous about that way of living, isn't there, having no neighbor dropping in through the door? It is something like the way of living of the old cave-dwellers in the South-west. —New York Times.

The Squirrel's Winter Habits.

John Burroughs, in an article in the Century, speaks as follows of the eating of the red squirrel: "I have said the red-squirrel does not lay in a store of food for winter use, like the chipmunk and woodchuck; yet in the fall he sometimes hoards in a tentative, temporary kind of way. I have seen his savings (butternuts and black walnuts) stuck here and there in saplings and trees, near his nest, sometimes carefully inserted in the upright fork of a limb or twig. One day, late in November, I counted a dozen or more black walnuts put away in this manner in a little grove of locusts, chestnuts and maples by the roadside, and could not but submit the wise forethought of the rascally squirrel. His supplies were probably safer that way than if more elaborately hidden. They were well distributed; his eggs were not all in one basket, and he could go away from home without any fear that his store-house would be broken into in his absence. The next week, when I passed that way, the nuts were all gone but two. I saw the squirrel that doubtless laid claim to them on each occasion. There is one thing the red squirrel knows amazingly that I do not (there are probably several other things), that is, on which side of the butternut the nut lies. He always gnaws through the shell so as to strike the kernel head-on and thus easily extract it, while to my eyes there is no external mark or indication in the form or appearance of the nut, as there is in the hickory nut, by which I can tell whether the edge or the side of the nut is toward me. But examine any number of nuts that the squirrel has nibbled, and you will find that they always drift through the shell at the one spot where the nut will be most exposed. It stands them in hand to know and they do know. Doubtless, if butternuts were a main source of my food, I should learn, too, on which side my bread was buttered.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes. Heavy armor-brooches are used for outside garment. Crocheted edges to fancy house jackets are a growing fancy. The fur set of a fashionable young lady is composed of a pelorine and a muff. Undyed beaver will be much in vogue for capes, collars, muffs and bands. Very plain skirts are much worn, but not to the exclusion of more elaborate ones. Colored handkerchiefs are brought out in the loveliest combinations of aesthetic colors. Plush is in high favor for carriage and opera wraps—in dark colors for the former, and light ones for the latter. Standing military linen collars, fastened with a gold or jeweled button, are first favorites in plain neck linings. White felt poke bonnets trimmed with white-mout velvet, white feathers and some gilt trim, are worn by young ladies. Small, white-tulle scarfs are twisted around the neck and taken down the front of the inside of the waist like a ribbon. Rich, very dark plum color, and golden brown are the shades most in vogue for velvet costumes for the promenade. Some of the latest imported French polonaises have Louis XIV waists and pockets covered with a cloud silk embroidery. Juanty, soft felt English hats much resembling those worn by gentlemen, a favorite novelty for ultra-fashionable young ladies. Marled-out fringes of chenille, in wide bands that are more like moss trimming than fringes, are the great novelty of the winter. On some of the Paris riding habits, when the passages of light color, a horse's head in bright color is embroidered on the collar, bands and the cuffs. A "Trombone" Dressing. A well-known courier for traveler was last week introduced by the landlady of the hotel in which he was stopping in Minnesota to the landlady's eldest and handsomest daughter. "This is my girl," said the landlady. "She's up and a coming, but you can't trust her. I'm trying to drive some business out of her head, and I'll do it or I'll break every bone in her body." She burst into tears and walked away. The traveler is a member, with his three trunks behind the wagon, driving over to the railroad station, overtaking walking the road a young schoolmaster, whose acquaintance he had made at the hotel. On his invitation the school teacher got upon the seat by his side and rode to the station with him. As the last trunk was being set on the platform, there was a terrible rumbling heard inside of it. The young teacher, riding to the traveler's side, exclaimed: "It's Nading for God's sake, Mr. —, let her out." The tray hurriedly unlocked his trunk, and a beautiful girl, the daughter of the landlady, stepped out of the trunk. She stood, trembling upon the platform, then burst into tears and sobbingly told her story. Her "foolish notions" were her love for the poor schoolmaster; and they had devised this plan for securing the signature of her father. She fell on her knees and begged not to be sent back. The traveler's heart melted, and he superintended a grand wedding for them at Sioux City. The only pay he got for twenty days' labor was in his example trunk was a kiss from the bride.

Chinese Filial Piety.

The mother of a young gentleman being ill, he secretly prayed that his own life might rebound hers. His prayer was, however, unsuccessful, for the lady died. Thereupon her son, unable to take up his abode at her tomb, owing to the duties he owed his father, visited it three times a day regardless of wind and rain; and when his father died he built himself a rich hut at the grave of his parents, with only sufficient room in it to allow him to crouch in a most ungracious attitude, and continued the last sad rite long after his three years' mourning had expired. He was found one day in this wretched dwelling by the local magistrate, engaged in promoting the Yi king for the benefit of the neighboring students. His example has had a most ennobling effect upon the people, and he is now rewarded by the bestowal of imperial honor. —Dr. Kiu (Chiu) Tze-tze. There are said to be three hundred professional gamblers residing at Havre-de-Grace, Maryland, who make a comfortable living by shooting red-head and canvas-back ducks.

Compensation.

Changes that are seeming losses, All with recompense are best. For the good to better growth, And the better into best. When the Spring's frail flowers wither, Summer roses take their place, And when blooming Summer leaves us, Bright-robed Autumn's radiant grace Takes the woods and fields with glory, Until Winter strips them bare; Then the white snow flowers blossom In the garden of the air. So, of the eunty of the morning Turn to glowing gold at noon; Royal loss of sunset yield them To the radiance of the moon. Though the darkness following daylight Seems only its brightness-mirrs, Yet the night is crowned with beauty In the grandeur of the stars. So we find full compensation For all changes life doth bring; Sun and shade alike are pleasant, And the world is ever fair.

PURGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Good-for-nothing—O. On the boat—Your heart. The crow is a shy bird, but he generally has eyes for alarm. The easiest way to "put up" a stove is to send it to the pawnbroker's. When a powder-magazine blows up if you, we suppose, he called flash literature. It is the greatest task a woman fills position when she is adding up a grocery bill. Earth has nothing softer than a woman's heart, unless perhaps it be a fountain in the primeval hills. "What troubled me?" said the man, was not that the girl's hand was, but that the sympathy of the father's hearting on were all again? "The largest bar of gold ever cast in the United States weighed forty pounds. An invitation to walk up to the bar would have been accepted by almost any man. "What happened?" asked Mrs. Shady. "Here is a man applying for leave for a strategic assignment who signed himself 'Your obedient servant,' and I have not even thought of firing him yet." In denying that young Tomlin had just received an inheritance of one of his mother's houses to the value of \$100,000, don't let us speak of those things; said the young man; I have thrown it all over the post?" Mr. J. J. H. Gregory says that an acre of land may contain six tons of worms. So it may; but if Mr. Gregory ever tried to dig a box of bait on ten minutes' notice of an invitation to go fishing in a dry time, he knows it don't. A few years ago a fat fellow asked old Sir Francis Burrell, while in Parliament, for some position, saying: "Don't you remember me? I used to be a page?" "Well," responded Sir Francis, you have grown into a volume! The sting of the bee, it is said, is scarcely discernible under a powerful magnifying glass. But the man who gets stung by a bee seldom has his microscope with him, and always imagines that sting to be about the size of a red-hot crowbar. "I thought I'd call round," as the fool said when it came through the window pane, "I'll get square with you," solemnly threatened the housemaid, hiding it in the cupboard. Then the boys called round, but the housemaid made them pay for the broken square. The London Landlady says that people who sneeze often are the healthiest. A sneeze sets the blood circulating and throws off a cold which is trying to settle. This medical opinion is evidently made in the interest of snuff, and the public is not yet up to it. One of Curran's friends, a notorious and lucky gambler, getting entangled in conversation with him, gradually lost his temper, and at last said, with great vehemence: "No man, sir, shall treat me with impunity." Curran corrected him by saying: "Play with you, you man!" A gentleman in India, putting on his boots, felt a horrid prickly object, like a centipede, in one of them. With great presence of mind, instead of withdrawing his foot he forced it violently down and stamped furiously, finally enduring exquisite agony in the process. But it was not until he saw a small blinking brush left there by a careless servant. A scientist says: "The paleozoic scorpions are distinguished from living species by having five veins in the wings instead of four," and "have a dorsal meso-axillary vessel." This is highly important; but a woman, when she sees one of these insects, will not agree whether it has five or fifteen veins in its wing. She will scream, draw her skirt tightly about her, and give the bug such a violent rap with an old shoe that it will have more of a washed than a washed aspect. Five hundred million pounds of wool is produced in the United States in 1882.