

Drifting. The tide went out— Shining pebbles and shells that lay On the shore, at the beck of the white-armed spray.

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 assembled about him, and sought to make him believe that they could make life pleasant for him.

His mother had died when he was a youth of sixteen, and his father had lived but a year longer.

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.

One day, after his eye had become diseased and his step uncertain, he met the girl he had once loved, in the street.

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.

On the following morning the young man awoke with a bursting head and aching eyes.

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.

"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.

"I was thinking, did Tom tell the truth when he said I was sober and thrifty?"

"Sicily, I shouldn't want a friend to lie on my account!"

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.

On the following day the youth went to the bank, and was delayed for half an hour with the manager.

"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.

On the next day after this the young man was called by Fred, went to Tom Amberley, 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 having a sad mistake made in the announcement of the nature of Mr. F. B.'s fortune. It is not that time been very unfortunate, and through some strange mistake, a bill of his went to protest; but he is all right now."

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 Amberley: "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 Boscain," was playing in a Washington theatre.

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.

It was drunk with cheers—three times three.

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 at near his determination to put an end to the young man's exploits should it come in his way to do so.

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.

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.

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 Eisteddyddan (the plural of Eisteddfod), which were a sort of competitive examination for the election of chief bard.

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.

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English travelers, who write about this country, are usually surprised because the tomato is used almost as generally as the potato.

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.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Heavy armor-brooches are used for outside garment.

The far 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.

Colored handkerchiefs are brought out in the loveliest combinations of aesthetic colors.

White felt poke bonnets trimmed with white-moss velvet, white feathers and some gilt band, 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 sash.

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.

Jantry, soft felt English hats much resembling those worn by gentlemen, a favorite novelty for ultra-fashionable young ladies.

Marl-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 well-known comedian had traveled last week introduced by the landlord of the hotel at which he was stopping in Minnesota to the landlord's oldest and handsomest daughter.

"This is my girl," said the landlord, "she's up and a comin' but you can't trust her. I'm tryin' to drive some business out of her head, an' I'll do it or I'll break every bone in her body!"

The mother of a young gentleman being ill, he secretly prayed that his own life might rebound hers.

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.

So the youth of the morning Turns to glowing gold at noon.

Good-for-nothing—O, On the best—Your heart.

The crowd 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 it can't, we suppose, be 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 a lovely girl!" said the man, who was not that the girl's hand was, but that the sympathy of the father's heart was all right.

The largest lot of gold ever sent in the United States weighed forty pounds.

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