

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 slugs 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' dis-
dain,
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.

—Emile A. Braddock.

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. 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 torn the image out 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 so. He drank deeper; and anon, he came to the gaming-table. In short, every vice that a wealthy spendthrift might find fleeting pleasure in, he indulged in.

And the circle of friends clung 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, however, his eye had become bleared, and he met a 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 steel 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 repeated: "May he be ever as sensible as he is at this moment!" And then, with a smiting 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 closeted 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 (we will call him Fred) went to Tom Amberly, to whom he had given hundreds and thousands, and asked him for the loan of a hundred pounds.

"'Tis my honor, Fred, I wish I had it; but, really—"

The youth waited to hear no more. He tried half 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 a certain set, was startling:

"We are happy to state a sad mistake was made a few months since in the announcement of the entire loss of Mr. F— B—'s fortune. He had at 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 different sum to give, and begging him to remember the old friendship.

Only one of them did he answer, and that was the note from Tom Amberly:

"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 1809, when Payne called "The American Roscius," 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 1840 the personal acquaintance of the two begun, 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 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 *Eisteddfodlan* (the plural of *Eisteddfod*), 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 Howel Dha 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 *Eisteddfodlan* were not held at any stated time—but when the office of chief bard became vacant from death or some other reason. They were gatherings to which all who could by any means attend, flocked 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 recounting in rugged verse the warlike deeds of the kings, and the wisdom of the sages of old, accompanying their recitations with the Welsh harp, called *crowd*, or *crowth*, when he who aroused to the highest pitch the ferid national feeling that characterizes all Celtic peoples, was chosen chief bard by the 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 as they were from old associations to the popular heart, 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 1598 issued a commission for the holding of an *Eisteddfod*, at Caerwys. But the ancient spirit was dying out, and, from that time to the present, the efforts of these associations have been chiefly directed to preserving the scanty remains 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 results; 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. So universal among all classes of the Welsh people has this love for chorus 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 learned, 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 fugues of Handel or Haydn. When all these small parties have mustered the chorus—which they do so thoroughly that they commit it to memory—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 miner—holds a grand review of the work done by his lieutenants. 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.

Feeling Waiters

In the course of an interview with a waiter, a Cincinnati Commercial reporter asked: "Well, how about this feeling?"

"Of course some people fee us. If they do not it is all right, and if they do it is all right; we treat all alike, and as for giving anything that is a matter for the guest to decide, not us. In New York the system has grown to considerable dimensions. If a man has a good place at Delmonico's cafe, or the Brunswick, he ought to make from four to five dollars a day from fees. If a party of gentlemen come in here and spend \$30 or \$40 for dinner, why, of course, a waiter is detailed to look after them exclusively. We are more attentive, just as the proprietor will be more attentive, to guests who come often and pay large bills rather than one who comes once a week to get a *demi-tasse*. But in Cincinnati people give out very little in fees. They are what waiters call miffs. They order one portion for three people. Of course we give them all the attention possible. Knowing that we can't get rich at it the proprietor of the St. Nicholas pays us \$5 a month more than Delmonico would. In the ladies' part of the house less is obtained. Ladies are running in and out of there all day. They like to sit in the window and watch the people. They order very little—a *demi-tasse* and some toast, a *tutti frutti*, or a glass of wine will be all they will want. Sometimes they fee and sometimes not."

Another waiter in another part of the city was interviewed, and asked whether ladies ever took anything strong to drink, and he replied:

"Oh, yes, ladies come in very frequently for a cocktail, or a punch, or some brandy, and sometimes champagne. But they will want it served in cups, so others will not see it. We had a great time the other day. Some ladies came in for champagne. They ordered it in cups. The waiter was not smart. Instead of filling the cups outside he brings them in and places them on the table. Then he brings in his bottle of Pommery Sec in his silver ice-freezer and opens the bottle with a great pop."

"The ladies are terrified."
"Everybody looks around for the champagne, and see the ladies drinking out of cups. Of course they all laugh. The ladies themselves are abashed."

A Curious Excuse for Murder.

Diphtheria in childhood is not generally received as an excuse for murder in riper years, but it has lately been alleged in extenuation of that crime in an Italian court of justice. The assassin is a youth of seventeen, who, some months ago, after a quarrel with the attendant of a cafe, drew a revolver, and discharged four barrels at the unfortunate man, killing him on the spot. The facts were not disputed; there were plenty of witnesses, and the only provocation alleged was that the barman objected to this impetuous youth's going behind the bar to look for a cane which he said had been left there by a friend. Minervini, the homicide, is very respectably connected. His father had been in parliament, and he seemed to think it altogether too strong that he—a "gentleman," as he repeatedly called himself—should be called to account for shooting a waiter. He said he had been struck in the course of the dispute, and that consequently he was blind with rage. But witnesses testified that he had left the place and returned to shoot, and the judge cogently observed that he was not so blind but that he could aim straight. Minervini's friends urged that he was of an un-governable temper, and his doctor testified that since treating him for diphtheria, ten years ago, he had had fits of rage—in one of which, it appears, he had threatened to shoot a cabman. The jury found him guilty, and, on account of his age, he was sentenced to the light punishment of five years' imprisonment. However, in five years' time he will still only be twenty-two.

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.

"What impudence!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy. "Here is a man applying by letter for a situation as coachman who signs himself 'Your obedient servant,' and I have not even thought of hiring him yet."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

Heavy armure brocades are used for outside garments:

Crenelated edges to fancy house jackets are a growing fancy.

The fur set of a fashionable young lady is composed of a pelerine 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 lingerie.

White felt poke bonnets trimmed with white uncut velvet, white feathers and some gilt braid, 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 fichu.

Ruby, 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 waistcoats and pockets covered with colored silk embroidery.

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

Marabout fringes of chenille, in wide bands that are more like moss trimming than fringe, are the great novelty of the winter.

On some of the Paris riding habits, when the corsage is of light color, a horse's head in bright color is embroidered on the collar, facings and the cuffs.

Light silks of pale sea green, delicate pink and lilac are combined for evening wear with dark garnet, dark blue, brown and royal purple velvets, with admirable effect.

In jewelry is shown a very novel lacinia in the form of a locus with sapphire eyes, the body of a light-colored lapis lazuli, the legs of gold, and the wings formed of tiny diamond chippings.

Coats of plush, with braid ornaments looped across the front military fashion, are worn by young ladies over a variety of skirts, and can be utilized both for the house and also out-of-doors wear.

Geometrical designs are now the most fashionable for all small articles. Dollies, for instance, are left quite plain in the centre, and in each corner a double triangle or interlacing circles or squares are worked.

Ribbon velvet is now very much used. It is generally arranged in three or five rows around a flat skirt, or else it forms small loops on the lower part of the skirt and waist. The richest of these trimmings is a broad band of velvet on a handsome plain silk skirt.

Magnificent coats and cloaks from Paris are in plush, velvet and Sicilienne, embossed and plain, trimmed with bands of natural feathers, cock's feathers in light tones and in greens shading to black. With the latter a slight tinge of gold is blended. This trimming is applied in bands of some six to eight inches wide.

A fancy has recently been in vogue among ladies who thought more of fashion than comfort to have the sleeves very tight. This freak, however, has been condemned not only by physicians, but by artists of modes—by the one because it destroys free circulation and renders the arm inactive, and, therefore, seriously affects the general health, and by the other because no woman in a vise can be graceful in her movements.

A "Drummer's" Rhapsody.

A well-known commercial traveler was 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 gal," said the landlord. "She's up and a coin", but you can't trust her. I'm tryin' to drive some foolish notions out of her head, an' I'll do it or I'll break every bone in her body." She burst into tears and walked away. The traveler next morning, with his three big trunks behind the wagon, driving over to the railroad station, overtook walking on the road a young schoolmaster, whose acquaintance he had made at the hotel. On his invitation the school teacher got up on 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 rumpus heard inside of it. The young teacher, rushing to the traveler's side,

exclaimed: "It's Nellie; for God's sake, Mr. —, let her out." The traveler hurriedly unlocked his trunk, and as he threw back the lid, the pale face of the landlord's daughter appeared rising 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 escaping the vigilance 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 nigger holes bored in his "sample" trunk was a kiss from the bride.

Ex-Empress Eugenie.

The Empress Eugenie is reported to be very wealthy. Her property really consists of three houses in the Rue de l'Elysee, valued at \$120,000, but mortgaged for \$100,000; two houses in the Rue d'Alba, valued at \$180,000, but mortgaged to the Credit Foncier for \$160,000; the estate of Les Jucheres; the Selferine estate, valued at \$300,000; but on which there is a charge of \$200,000; a small estate at Arnes, in the Pyrenees, valued at \$8,000; the Palais de l'Elysee, at Biarritz, valued at \$200,000; a small mansion in the Rue Courcelles; a chalet at Vichy; the palace at Versailles, valued at \$315,000, a life annuity of \$15,000, and the estate she lately bought from Mr. Longman.

Billiards Among Ladies.

Billiard playing, which has been more or less popular with ladies in Europe since the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, is indulged in very largely by New York belles, and is becoming more fashionable every day. There are many lady experts at the game in the city, including the wife of Albert Garnier, the famous professional, who is noted for making fancy shots. It is a matter of current society gossip that matches are often played between Murray Hill belles for such stakes as new gloves and toilet trinkets. "Sometimes," said a gentleman, "the sterner sex are invited to these little select evening entertainments and recklessly squander all their immediate pocket money in gallant wagers on their favorites."

New York's Old Men.

It is a curious fact connected with life in this city, remarks a New York correspondent, that you find very few old men here. Life is so hard on both physical and mental powers that men wear out here with wonderful rapidity. The only exception to this statement is found in our old capitalists. These men, having been endowed with nerve and skill to fight the battle for wealth, have gradually grown old in the conflict but have still retained their position as leaders. They have been able not only to master the competitors of youthful days, but have also held their supremacy amid the new coming generation. This distinction indicates great power both of body and mind, and hence the old men of this city are as a class men of note.

A very interesting and in fact remarkable old man is Peter Cooper, who was born in this city more than ninety-one years ago. He has been a plain man all his life, notwithstanding his immense wealth, and has not only worked hard but continues to attend to business. Mr. Cooper is a money-making man without being a money-loving man. He makes money naturally, and gives it just as naturally away. His parents were very poor and he was bound out in boyhood to learn the cabinet-making business. He worked at this for a while on his own account and then failed. Afterward he got into the iron and also the glue business, in which he built up a reputation which became a fortune to him. His glue is well known in the trade, but the institute has given him cosmopolitan fame. Pupils come here from all parts of the world to enjoy the benefit of instruction and such is the pressure for admittance that application must now be made six months in advance. A very fine feature in the institute is its free lectures, and when the course opened this season Mr. Cooper appeared on the stand and was welcomed with applause. He lives in neat but simple style and is one of the plainest of old fashioned people.

The Advantages of the American Press.

In the matter of late news the American press has the advantage of the European. Whatever happens in this country after 10 or 11 o'clock at night is too late for the morning editions of the London papers; but anything occurring there as late as 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning can be published in the morning papers on this side. In the same way the afternoon papers in this country may get the whole day's news from abroad while the European papers can get only half a day's news from this side.