

Silent Sounds.
You do not hear it! Unto me
The sweet low sound comes ceaselessly;
And, floating, floods the earth and sky
With tender tone.
You do not hear the restless beat
Upon the floor of childish feet—
Of feet that tread the flowery street
Of heaven alone.

At morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
I hear the patter, soft and light,
And catch the gust of wings, snow-white,
About my door.
And on the silent air is borne
The voice that from my world was torn—
That left me, comfortless, to mourn,
For evermore.

Sometimes floats up from out the street
The boyish laughter, bird-like, sweet—
I turn, forgetfully, to greet,
My darling fair:
Soft as the ripple of the stream,
Breeze-kissed beneath the moon's pale beam,
How strangely real doth it seem!
And he not there.

Ah, no; you cannot hear his call;
You catch no laugh, nor light footfall;
I am his mother—that is all;
And he who said,
"I will not leave thee desolate,"
Has, somehow, loosed the bonds of fate
And left ajar the golden gate
Which hides my dead.

—Nellie Watts McVey.

A SINGER'S ROMANCE.

A full, rich, powerful voice, crude as yet, and untutored, yet with the unmistakable attributes of genius, a voice which promised a glowing future.

"Sing it again, Nora—that's splendid," and the singer commenced again.

Full, swelling, passionate, until the voice died away in a trembling, weird-like moan.

SCENE.—A large, scattered workshop in the heart of the bustling, busy city. Time—Noon. Cast of Characters—Some twenty or more tired shop-girls, seated around the stove, eating their plain, coarse dinner. Not a very romantic affair, and yet from that shop was to come one who should weave a romance which I know to be true.

"If I had a voice like yours, Nora, I'd make it tell," cried Maggie Hunter, a good-natured girl, who sat by the fire, contentedly munching an apple.

"If I had your voice, Nora Neale, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd never rest contented in this old shop, but I'd make it earn my living for me. God didn't give you beauty, Nora, but He did give you a splendid voice, and it's your own fault if you don't make the most of it."

"Oh, do you really think it is good enough for that, Maggie?" and Nora turned her flushed face to the speaker.

"If I thought I should ever be a fine singer, I would work day and night for it. I would be willing to wear a calico dress all the days of my life, only to have success at last."

"No need of your wearing calico all your life. Your voice will earn you silks, if you only have sense enough to make it," returned her companion.

All through the long afternoon strange fancies ran through the head of Nora Neale.

The sharp click of the sewing-machine kept time to the busy thoughts whirling through her brain, and as she walked home in the dull, November twilight, a firm resolution filled her soul.

WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL TO WAIT on the door and assist the housekeeper. Apply at No. 46 Beacon street.

Nora laid the paper down. Outside the chill, drizzling, November rain fell drearily, making sad, desolate music; but inside Nora's heart was full of sunshine.

She knew the house well. Every morning, for over a year, she had passed it on her way to the shop, often stopping to hear the sweet melody filling the air.

How many times she had wished as she read the name of the great musician, that she could go to him and cultivate the voice God had given her.

And now, not only to enter his house but to live there! What matter if she was only the girl to wait on the door! Would she not constantly hear the glorious melody floating on the air, and could she not glean some knowledge from what she could overhear?

"No harm trying," said Nora, as she folded the paper carefully and went to her room.

just in time to hear him say, "Try that again, Miss Morton. The voice should linger a trifle more on the upper tone."

Again the clear bird-like voice of the pupil rang out, until the delighted teacher clasped his hands softly, exclaiming:

"Bravo, Miss Morton, that was finely rendered."

Nora listened eagerly, until the rustling of silk warned her that the lesson was finished, and she heard the lady rise to go.

That night, after Carl Matzell left the house, Nora having satisfied herself that the housekeeper was busy chatting to an old friend, stole softly to her room, and commenced the lesson she had listened to that afternoon.

Days and weeks glided away, and Nora steadily practiced the lessons she stole from her unsuspecting teacher.

A year had passed away since Nora had entered Carl Matzell's home. The housekeeper was out, and Carl was away.

Seated before the open piano, Nora played softly an accompaniment; then her full, clear, rich tones filled the room. Trilling, like she had heard Miss Morton, then bursting forth in full, clear melody.

The door softly opened, and Carl Matzell silently took the picture in. Waiting until the singer had finished, he exclaimed, softly:

"Very well done, Nora. Very well done, my girl."

Poor Nora; a deep blush overspread her face; then, suddenly, she became pale as death.

"Never mind, Nora, a happy accident has revealed to me the power of your voice. It is my wish for you to commence a thorough course of instruction, for I have every reason to believe that, with proper training, you will become one of the finest vocalists I have ever heard."

Nora knelt at his feet in gratitude, and impetuously kissing his hand hastened from the room.

"At last," she murmured, "at last. To think I shall really become what I have always longed to be. And Mr. Matzell! Oh, he is so good!" and happy Nora burst into a flood of tears.

Never did Carl Matzell have a more industrious pupil than Nora, and never was enthusiastic teacher more abundantly rewarded. Two years from the time Nora Neale entered Carl Matzell's home, as an humble maid, found her dressing for her debut.

Nora's voice trembled as she glanced at the surging mass before her, but one look at her teacher's face reassured her, and she retired amidst the wildest applause.

Nora Neale rode home that night a distinguished woman. Her appearance had been a complete success. But Nora was not perfectly happy. Foolish Nora had learned another lesson. She had learned to love her noble teacher. In vain she chided and reproached herself for her folly.

Late that evening Carl Matzell, opening the door of the music room, was surprised to see Nora sitting in the utmost abandonment, her head resting on the table, her rich robes sweeping the floor.

Sob after sob shook her frame, and Carl watched her tenderly, pityingly, while a deeper, warmer feeling crept into his heart. A new emotion thrilled him as he looked at the young girl.

That evening he had been proud of his pupil, had admired her as she stood before the delighted audience, but not until he beheld her, desolate and alone, did the love, long slumbering in his breast, wake to full life.

"Nora," he cried, softly, and Nora raised her tear-stained face from the table. "Nora, come to me," and Nora sped to the open arms, thankful for the love and protection offered her.

Many years have passed away since Nora Neale became the wife of the noble Carl Matzell, and every year but strengthens the love they bear each other; while in the whole city there is no happier home than that of the wealthy music teacher and his gifted wife.

Medical Intelligence.

Col. Witherspoon, to whom we have frequently referred to as the meaneast man in Austin, has been in poor health for some months past. The principal cause of his feebleness is his unwillingness to feed himself with sufficient copiousness.

A few days ago, while he was taking the air, he met Dr. Perkins Soonover. Witherspoon thought this was a good chance to get some medical advice without paying for it.

"How do you do this morning, colonel?" asked Dr. Soonover.

"Poorly, doctor, poorly. For some time past I have been suffering from weakness. As you see, I can hardly walk. What shall I take, doctor?"

"Take a hack," replied the doctor, gruffly, as he strode off. —Siftings.

She Knew Him.
Sarcastic wife— "Comin' home as usual, I suppose?"
Fond of staying out late husband— "Yes, certainly."
Sarcastic wife— "Well, put this letter in the first mail in the morning, and if you meet the milkman tell him to leave two quarts." —Judge.

WHALING.

An Old Sea Captain's Tale of its Rise and Fall.

Brisk Days in New England Ports Followed by Stagnation.

Forty years ago, before gas and mineral oil had come into general use, the pursuit and capture of whales was one of the most important industries in the country, and New-England was its home. Every spring a large fleet of whaling vessels sailed out of Vineyard and Block Island Sounds, to return in two or three years loaded to their decks with oil and bone. Their crews were composed of Americans, men who had been born and brought up in New-England, either on the mainland or on Nantucket, Block Island, Martha's Vineyard or some of the adjacent islands, with now and then a farmer's son fresh from the hayfield, or dissipated young men who were sent out by their friends in the hope that the voyage would work a reformation in their characters and tastes, and a foreigner was seldom seen among them. The wharves of New-Bedford, Sag Harbor and New-London resounded with the songs and cries of the stevedores as they hoisted out the barrels of oil and bales of bone from the holds of returned vessels, teams rumbled down on the piers laden with stores of provisions and rigging for outward-bound ships, and the ringing sound of the calking mallet as it struck the iron, the creaking of blocks and the flapping sails, all combined in one busy hum which lasted from morning till night.

Now all is changed. In the spring a few small vessels and perhaps one or two large ships, a mere ghost of the former fleet, creep out of the sounds between the headlands of Montauk and Cape Cod, and spreading their patched and worn sails to the breeze, stand out into the deep water in search of the "lords of the ocean." Their crews are composed of foreigners, mostly Portuguese from the Western Islands, and it is as rare to see an American among them as it was forty years ago to see a foreigner. The wharves are deserted and still, and in place of the many gallant ships which in the good old days filled the harbors, are a few small fishermen and coasters, and the arrival of a whaling vessel causes as great a commotion in the town as a visit from a royal personage. In years past the American flag was carried by whalers to the uttermost parts of the globe; now it is seldom seen off our coast. An old sea captain said recently:

"Forty years ago we were the greatest nation on the sea; now we are the greatest on the earth. The first attempt to capture whales for the purpose of getting oil which is contained in the blubber or outer covering of which we have any record was made by the French in the latter part of the fourteenth century. These whales were a small species, probably blackfish, which frequented the Bay of Biscay, and they were soon driven off the coast by the unceasing war which was waged on them. From this time until toward the end of the sixteenth century we have no record of the industry. About this time the Dutch founded a small village on the island of Spitzbergen, and whaling was carried on by them to some extent. The whales, however, were soon driven off and betook themselves to the coast of Greenland. The Dutch followed them, and for more than a century the Dutch oil trade flourished. In 1680 it reached its height. There were then 260 Dutch ships and 14,000 sailors engaged in the business, but from that time it began to decline and in the present century has been given up altogether by that people. Then it was taken up by the English, but they never made a success of it and now they have almost abandoned it. In 1815 they had 164 ships in the business, but at present less than twenty.

"The industry was early taken up by the New-England colonies, and was at first carried on in small boats from the shore. In the first part of this century the whalers were driven off the coast and became scarce, and larger vessels were fitted out for their capture. The principal whaling ports at this time were New-Bedford, Holmes's Hoil, Edgartown, Sag Harbor, Greenport and New-London. In 1854 the industry reached its height. There were then nearly five hundred vessels employed in the trade, and their aggregate tonnage was over 200,000 tons, but then it began to decline, and has never since regained its former magnificence. Now there are about 100 whalers hailing from New-England ports and about twenty from San Francisco. A large part of the New-England whalers are what is called 'plum-puddings,' that is, vessels which go out on short cruises, generally for a year. The San Francisco vessels are mostly large barks. They cruise both in the South Pacific and Arctic oceans, and generally ship their men for a three years' cruise. Of late years many so-called improvements have been made in the appliances used in the capture of whale, among which are the bomb gun and bomb-lance, but old whalers do not believe in these modern inventions and claim that nothing has yet been invented which is equal to the old-fashioned harpoon and lance.

"Whales are getting plentier and plentier every year and if there should ever be a big demand for sperm

oil you'd find there's plenty of whales left. But I'm afraid that time will not come in my day. A whaling trip's not exactly a pleasure trip, but one gets attached to the business, and although I'm over sixty years old now I believe I could throw an iron as well as I ever could. In the old days a captain would make enough money in a few trips to keep him the rest of his life, but now he's lucky if he makes enough to keep him a year. No, whaling's not what it used to be." —*New York Tribune.*

Delirium Tremens.

The late John B. Gough thus described his experience of this disease:
"As in the former attack, horrible faces glared upon me from the walls—faces ever changing and displaying new and still more horrible features—black, bloated insects crawled over my face, and myriads of burning, concentric rings were revolving incessantly. At one moment the chamber appeared as red as blood, and in a moment it was dark as a charnel house. I seemed to have a knife with hundreds of blades in my hand, every blade driven through the flesh of my hands, and all were so inextricably bent and tangled together that I could not withdraw them for some time; and when I did from my lacerated fingers the bloody fibers would stretch out all quiver with life. After a frightful paroxysm of this kind I would start like a maniac from my bed and beg for life—life! What I of late thought so worthless seemed now of unappreciable value. I dreaded to die and clung to existence, as feeling that my soul's salvation depended on a little more of life. A great portion of this time I spent alone; no mother's hand was near to wipe the big drops of perspiration from my brow; no kind voice cheered me in my solitude. Alone I encountered all the host of demonic forms which crowded my chamber. No one witnessed my agonies or counted my woes, and yet I recovered—how still remains a mystery to myself; and still more mysterious was the fact of my concealing my sufferings from every mortal eye. In about a week I gained in a great degree the mastery over my accursed appetite, but the strife had made me dreadfully weak. Gradually my health improved, my spirits recovered, and I ceased to despair. Once more I was able to crawl into the sunshine; but, oh, how changed! Wan cheeks and hollow eyes, feeble limbs and almost powerless hands plainly enough indicated that between me and death there had indeed been but a step."

Prince Bismarck at Home.

A North German periodical gives the following story of the great Chancellor at home as told by a Bible colporteur: "In one of my journeys I came to Varzin while the Imperial Chancellor was residing there. After I had done a long day's work—it was generally understood that my object was to spread abroad the word of God—I went to the inn. I was there asked if I would go to evening prayers at Bismarck's house, as the daughter of the host was going. I accepted the invitation, and when I got there I found myself in a spacious and very suitable room, which had been built for the purpose. It was well filled with servants, farm laborers, and villagers, some of whom, having seen me before, greeted me kindly and invited me to sit beside them. Soon afterwards Prince Bismarck made his appearance, and went through the assembly to the reading-desk, nodding kindly right and left as he passed. I was delighted to see him take the place as master of the house in such a way. He then commenced, 'I hear we have a Bibleman among us'; and he looked me straight in the face in a kindly way, whereupon, on course, all eyes were turned upon me. You will be so kind as to conduct service for this evening.' I rose up and answered, 'It would be displacing your highness for me to —' I could not say any more, when the prince interrupted me with, 'Ah, my good man, what does highness signify? Here in God's sight we are all poor sinners, so come here and take my place this evening, and conduct the service for us.' So, of course, I accepted his invitation, the prince taking his place amongst the audience; and when it was over he shook me warmly by the hand, and wished me God's richest blessing on my way."

Origin of "A One-Horse-Town."

The old Virginians were singular city builders, says Joaquin Miller in one of his letters. "All cities of the earth, except the two theocracies of Jerusalem and Salt Lake city, as a rule, took root at some port. But these "cavaliers" never seem to have cared for boats or anything but their horses to carry them. And so we find Jefferson and Monroe away out here 100 miles from the nearest port. And to this day these people literally live on horseback. You can not get an old Virginian to take the cars if the contemplated journey can possibly be made on horseback. And so it is that at all the towns you pass by you see horses hitched to the "racks" up and down the long straggling streets. Sometimes you see two dozen horses, sometimes ten, sometimes six, sometimes only a very few. It depends on the size and dignity of the town. Sometimes you see only one horse. And so that is a one-horse town. This is the origin of the expression "A one-horse town."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Song of the House Broom.
I sing the crisp song of the house broom,
So brisk and of nothing afraid,
The emblem of order and neatness.
In the strong grip of mistress or maid.
For whether to whisk, sweep, or freshen,
I sing and rejoice while at work,
And my honest home thrust is at rubbish and dust
Wherever they rally or lurk.

In drawing room, boudoir and chamber,
I'm at home as in kitchen or hall,
Upon doorsill, piazza, and stairway
"Swish! swish!" sounds my challenging call.

I'm the tyrant Sloth's Nemesis; swiftly
The chains of neglect I unloose.
Room, room for the broom, inactivity's doom,
Sworn foe to defect and disuse!
Over Axminster wool and rag carpet
My march I impartially take,
While my sister, the plumed feather duster,
Head erect, follows fast in my wake.

Not a corner so dark but I search it,
Not a cranny too deep to explore;
After which, shoulder arms! till the next
day's alarms
Call me forth, thorough-paced as before.
My queen, lovely woman, impels me,
I'm her slave or defender at need,
As many a foe will bear witness
Whom a broomstick hath put to his speed.

In her grasp, be it dimpled or bony,
I'm the sceptre or drudge of her will,
And my besom-like course, gatiers' steadfastness
or force
As her housewifely wishes I fill.
I am the sprite of arrangement,
I am the vassal of thrift;
To woman, for man's better comfort,
I am civilization's best gift.
While cleanliness—so runs the proverb—
Is to godliness nearest allied.
Room, room for the broom, amid sunshine
and gloom
The housekeeper's glory and pride!
—Nathan D. Urner, in *New York Sun.*

Persian Women.

Diplomacy, intrigue and influence in Persia are dependent in a large measure on the force of character displayed by the women. If a man wishes to influence another in an affair of importance, he manages it by confiding the matter to one or all of his wives, who in turn visit the wives of one who has influence over him, and by urging and presents seek to attain the object. Most of the important transactions of Persia are conducted in this manner.

In the Social Circles of Mexico.

There is great excitement in the higher social circles of Mexico. A number of innovators are attempting to introduce the Parisian bonnet, and many Mexican ladies are wearing them instead of the national and poetic mantilla. Mexican patriots see in this the entering wedge of national decay, and call upon the ladies to resist the blandishments of those who would bring them under the dominion of the Parisian milliner. The ladies, however, do not appear to be impressed by their appeal. —*Chicago Journal.*

Woman's Charm.

Every woman has some special charm, which she should find out and cultivate. It may be her eyes, her mouth, her hair, her brow, her form, her hand—or her foot. It may consist in some trick of smiling, or of a drooping lid; some grace of speech or of silence, of laughter or of motion. There are ugly beauties—the New York stage has one—and Fifth Avenue another—as ugly and as irresistible as that famous Countess of Berlin of whom Lola Montez used to tell. She had a dull eye, a rough skin, a dumpty form and a pug nose. But she had an exquisite voice and she understood the difficult art of conversation. She knew in what her strength lay, and she had cultivated her two gifts to the highest point. "Had I a daughter," Lola Montez said, "the first thing I would teach her should be that to converse charmingly is a far greater accomplishment than to play, sing or dance well." —*Fashion Bazaar.*

Woman's Glory.

"One of the few markets for a woman's work which is not overcrowded, and at which competent and fairly intelligent girls can earn good wages from the first day they enter upon the profession, is that which includes the working, cutting, and general arrangement of the human hair," said a leading New York tonsorial artist recently. "At present the hair trade, like other businesses, is very dull. Wearing short hair had a great deal to do with the depression, but now it is going out of fashion, thank goodness. It used to take six or eight people cutting hair all day to earn \$10. The average wages for female-hairdressers are \$8 a week, rising to \$18 and sinking to \$5. A girl who understands the whole business thoroughly in all its branches can command \$18 anywhere. One large artist in this city used to employ 140 girls, and paid out \$700 weekly in wages."

"Where do the profits of the profession lie?"
"In the false-hair department. We sell on an average three wigs a day, even during dull times. The ladies who have had their hair cut and are tired of it buy wigs or switches to wear in the street. Those whose hair is poor, or who suffer from baldness, wear them at all times. Girls who confine their attention to hair-working alone can earn from \$8 to \$10 a week. It is an art that needs some skill and no small amount of patience and perseverance to succeed with. The hair with which the wigs are made is collected by special drummers in Germany

and France. England and Belgium are but poor markets for hair, not because of its scarcity, for both English and Belgian women have the finest heads of hair in the world, but because they will not sell it. When collected it is put through a cleaning process severe enough to fetch the dirt out of an elephant's hide and then dyed several times over. The best hair-dressers never buy hair from the head or from private hands."

"What is the rarest kind of hair?"
"Perfectly white hair; it will command almost any price. Natural curling hair is also of considerable value. A good wig of white hair costs \$40. The material of which these wigs are made are clipped from the festive goat, and send from the human head. A peculiarly soft, silky kind of snow-white hair originates on the Angora rabbit. A perfectly white and abundant wig of white human hair would cost at least \$1000, which price few ladies would be willing to pay. Dead hair—that is, hair cut from the head after death—is never used by any tonsorial artist worthy of the name. Indeed, it cannot be used to any advantage, as it will neither curl, twist, nor manipulate. Hair cut from a living head is not dead, a fact which can be easily proved by taking a hair and stretching it out to its utmost capacity. It will then contract quietly back to its former position."

Fashion Notes.

Tucks are revived for frocks.
Bordered stuffs are worn again.
Silver and gold braid are much worn.
Striped chevrons come in new shades and colors.

The new cotton goods are as handsome as India silks.
Homespun promises to be popular for new costumes.

New hats and bonnets are as high as ever or higher.
Velvet surfaced waterproof garments are much worn.

Puffs and pads around the armholes are things of the past.
Summer homespun come in diagonals, stripes and plain ground.

Blue and green, giving a peacock effect, is used in Parisian costumes.
Jettied tissues have stripes with designs in round beads and pendants.

Parisian fashion decrees that each dress must have a mantle to correspond.
Galloons of loops and frayed ends of braid are employed for trimming mantles.

Violets will lose their popularity soon—as soon as they become plentiful in the fields.
For combination toilettes of which velvet forms a part the bonnet is of the velvet.

Iridescent and jet beaded tissues are shown in rich designs for panels and plastras.
The old-time fashion of trimming the edges of basques with bead pendants has been revived.

White petticoats are no longer worn directly under the dress skirt, except for indoor toilettes.
Another season of black hosiery predicted, but not to the exclusion of colored stockings.

Shirred bodices have sleeves to correspond, resembling the old time leg-of-mutton sleeves.
Fashion decrees that old and elderly ladies may wear colors as well as black and dark gray.

Short loose jacket fronts opening over long-pointed waistcoats are seen on some of the new spring street dresses.
Some of the new dresses have full overskirts shirred on to the long bodice, which is pointed back and front.

Dark blue, dark green, pansy shades, garnet, bronze and drab are worn by elderly as well as by younger women.
Velvet basque bodices may be worn with contrasting skirts of silk or wool and tulle or lace. The velvet should be of a dark color.

Neck trimmings are of the daintiest and most exquisite description, and will be a most becoming adjunct to many of the spring styles.
Immensely big buttons—too large to pass through a buttonhole—are used simply decoratively, being sewed on dresses that are fastened with hooks and eyes.

Statesmen in Street Cars.
Washington, says a correspondent, abounds in fine carriages and horses, yet two-thirds of the House of Representatives, half the Senate and nearly all the Supreme Court patronize the street cars. Senator Edmunds loves a seat at the front of the car, where he may turn his back on everybody and look out of the window. On cold days he carries a heavy blanket with him, which he spreads over his legs. His ride is a long one, from the Capitol to the outer end of Massachusetts avenue. "I was crowded out by the excess of civilization down at Thomas circle," he says, "and I have gone clear out under the shade of the woods at Kalarama." The Southern men use the cars without exception, unless it be Butler. He loves to roll home in a coupe. Hackmen find him a good customer. Sabin, of Minnesota, usually keeps his company and they chip in on fares.