

The Charm of the Human Voice.

A word spoken has far more power to persuade and to move than the word written. This is especially true if it be well spoken—if it be uttered with the proper intonations and inflections and be enforced with the right gestures. The propositions which upon a printed page will be examined with a searching criticism, will when falling from the lips of a popular orator carry whole masses into some course of action. The reader will be able to detect the ill-concealed dishonesties of the reasoning. He will discern if there be any undisputed middle or illicit process of the minor premise. The hearer, however, has not time to make any such discriminations. His nervous system becomes electrified by the power which the speaker sends forth from eye and tongue and hand. An undescribable magnetism goes thrilling through him in rapid currents. He becomes charmed, enthralled, enslaved, ready to do or dare whatever the orator may bid. Much of this enchantment is due to the voice alone. Its swells and cadences not only delight the ear, but through that organ excite the imagination and captivate the reason. It is no wonder that when an Athenian audience had listened for an hour to the glowing periods of Demosthenes, they forgot their own weakness and the risks of war, and cried out as one man, "Let us fight Philip." It is no wonder that when the rude soldiers of Hungary listened to the melting accents of their young queen, that with gallant enthusiasm they burst forth with the cry, "We will die for our sovereign." The Savior of the world showed His appreciation of the power of speech when He chose the "foolishness of preaching" as the agency by which men were to be brought to an apprehension of his doctrine. The eloquence of the apostles—which was not the finished oratory of the schools, but the strong, earnest eloquence of sincere conviction—won converts by the thousand, and all down the history of Christianity have men been reclaimed from sin and persuaded into righteousness by the voices of their fellow-men. True, indeed, many while under the excitement which preaching has produced have made vows to which they afterward proved recreant. But far more have been induced to "right about face" and to live ever after with new aims and aspirations. The spoken voice is, however, far less potent than the voice expressing itself in the melody of music. The rich gushings of the throat can call up an intense force all the emotions of the human soul. We have seen large congregations stirred by the most profound excitement as rude, untutored voices swelled into solemn grandeur in a service of song. The words were of the simplest—having in them no magnetism whatever. The whole moving power lay in the vast volume of sound. There is no exaggeration in the old story of Orpheus beguiling the powers of the lower regions by the notes of his lute. There have been singers—there are singers now—who could perform feats quite as marvelous.—*Sunny South.*

A New Kind of Plant.

They're an intelligent couple—the Spilkenses; man and wife. "My dear," said the former, looking up from his paper the other morning, "what do they mean by a telegraph plant? I have some little acquaintance with botany and the vegetable kingdom in general, but in all the works I've read upon that subject I have seen no mention made of a telegraph plant."

"Yes, and precious little acquaintance it is, too," replied his wife, tartly, "or you wouldn't ask so stupid a question. Didn't you ever notice them bushes and weeds and things growin' round the bottom of the poles along the railroad tracks? Them's what they call telegraph plants. You're too refreshingly green for anything, Spilkins."

"Oh, I never thought of that," remarked Mr. S., with the air of a man upon whom sudden illumination has dawned; and a moment after he added, with a sly twinkle of the eye, for he enjoyed his joke, "then I suppose that is what might be called the vegetation of the pole-ar regions."

"Humor may be a very good thing, Mr. Spilkins," observed his wife, sharply, "but a little intelligence is a much better thing."

"Oh, yes—yes, dear," said Mr. S. weekly; and, after a moment's quiet reflection, he added: "No I never did think of that before!" with a look of admiration at his wife's superior wisdom.—*The Judge.*

A Curious African Plant.

Now that there is such a desire to acquire plants which contrast strangely with the ordinary types in foliage or form, it may please many readers to make the acquaintance of the Welwitschia Mirabilis.

This plant is one of the most extraordinary found on the globe. Its stalk attains the diameter of a large tree trunk, four feet or even more, but never rises more than a foot from the ground. You would take it for the stump of a felled tree, or an enormous fungus. From this stalk extend two leaves, which last as long as the plant, often a century, and acquire an immense size, occasionally six feet long by two wide. They are green, leathery, and by constant flapping in the wind, split at the end into thongs. The top of the stalk hollows in and is marked by a series of concentric circles. From this, especially along the outer edge, spring out branched flower stalks, bearing bright red buds, which finally become cones two inches long by one in diameter. This plant belongs to the Conifer family, genus *Gustum*. It was discovered on the west coast of Africa, near Cape Negro, by Dr. Welwitschia, who gave it his name. The negroes call it the Toumbo.

Cutting a Figure.

It is strange, for instance, what egregious asses men and women will make of themselves in dancing the figure of the german. The young people who are selected as leaders appear to cudgel their brains to invent or discover figures that are idiotic. Here is something observed at a large and fashionable german one night recently. The

dancers were harnessed together in silken ribbons, in groups of three abreast; on one side three ladies driven by a man, and on the other, three men driven by a lady. In this form to polka music they danced from one end of the room to the other. One can imagine how utterly absurd they looked, and yet the figure was considered very.—*New York Star.*

A New Industry.

"A new labor to give industry to the toiling masses," said a gentleman. "It is a company, established on the plan of like institutions in Berlin and Paris, having for its object the mending of socks."

The listener started away.

"Don't go. It's a fact. See, here is a circular from the company. They do not confine their attention to socks. Stockings, underwear for ladies and gentlemen, clothing of all kinds, for every age and for both sexes, will be mended."

"Why not add umbrellas and silk hats?"

"They have done so. Silk hats are not a circumstance. Broken china and strained bedsteads are not neglected. It is simply a company that manufactures nothing and repairs everything."

"Suppose the furniture mechanic should upset his glue pot on the seal-skin saucé which his neighbor was sewing on. You can't repair everything in one shop?"

"That's where you are not informed. The company are just starting. Their present specialty is clothing. They call at any address on receipt of a card and get the socks or other articles, take them to headquarters, mend them and return them with a bill. They will call for any dish or article of furniture and return it mended in like manner. But they have not yet got so large a factory that they can do so varied a business. They have no factory at all, only rented rooms. But they have arranged with boot-makers, fur-makers, dress-makers, cement-makers, furniture-makers, hat-makers, and makers of about every article of household utility who will do the work. The company looks after the repairs and guarantees the work, saving the owner all the trouble and sometimes much expense."

"Suppose a man splits a dress-coat?"

"They will handle the job, bringing it to him so neatly darned that he will not know where the darned slit is, and all for 50 cents a square inch of darning. That's a sample of their prices."

"But if they farm out the work why should a man not take his own work to the tailor?"

"Because he hasn't the time. He can get the work done by the company at the same price, and save all trouble except that of writing a letter and paying a bill."—*New York Sun.*

A True Story of a Diamond.

Chats about the gems on view brought out odd scraps about the way diamonds came into the market. A gem now in the possession of a police captain had, as too many of the more notable historical stones have, a queer, weird, blood-stained history. A miner at De Beers, Grindalund West, South Africa, abandoned his claim because the walls, huge masses of rock, left towering above the excavated ground, had fallen in, and to such an extent that it would not pay to have the claim cleared. He went to another rush, and months afterward found himself arrested or a charge of making away with a man named Comyns, last seen in his tent on the night before he "skipped the camp."

He was confined on suspicion, and yet, there being no corpus delicti, was not brought to trial. One day he was summoned on a Coroner's inquest and marched from his prison to the Court House, liberty, and comparative fortune.

The missing man had been found. It seems the claim had been taken into the area of a strong company, who found, inter alia, the dead, decomposed corpse of poor Comyns. How he had got into the claim was a mystery, but in his dead hand, where he lay crushed and shapeless by the huge masses of rock that tumbled on him so inopportune, was a nineteen-carat diamond worth \$16,000, a piece of purest water. The miner was acquitted, and diggers law gave him the diamond so found in his claim, which could not be declared legally abandoned until the month expired from his vacating his license.—*New York World.*

Styrax Japonica.

The most valuable of recent introductions from Japan is Styrax japonica, a shrub attaining a height of six or eight feet, and bearing a profusion of most charming white flowers of the size of an apple blossom. The species was first described in 1835 by Siebold and Zuccarini, in their works upon Japan plants. It has only recently been introduced into this country, however, and is not yet grown by more than two or three nurseries. It is bound to become a general favorite as soon as known. The most charming feature of the plant is its habit of bearing slender, horizontal branches, along the upper side of which are the leaves, while the chaste, wax-like flowers hang on slender pedicels beneath. Its period of flowering is late spring, the blossoms remaining for about two weeks. It is perfectly hardy in this latitude.

Keep Dry!

Is an admonition we see on boxes of perishable merchandise in transit, but it is also one which should be carefully observed by those who have a tendency to rheumatism. In addition to avoiding damp and keeping dry-shod, they who are subject to it should use Hostetter's Balsam, a blood depurative, and Voltaic Balsam, a blood purifier of merited merit. By promoting healthy activity of the kidneys and bladder it insures the expulsion through those channels of impurities in the blood which give rise to Bilious disease, dropsy, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, and rheumatic affections. It induces bodily comfort by day and uninterrupted rest at night; conquers diarrhea, drives bile from the blood into its proper channel, relaxes the bowel gently, but effectually, and is a reliable means of removing flatulence and hastening convalescence. May this salve in the mine, and residents of unhealthy localities, find it a safeguard under conditions unfavorable to health.

TOO MUCH IDLENESS, I have observed, fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatever.—*Burke.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.

There was a time, though far removed from ours, But this is truth all histories declare,— When infants decked the lion's mane with flowers.

And peace and love were reigning everywhere, Beauty no bought or borrowed charms did wear,

Put hardly her rounding form displayed,

While the rich, glowing cheek and rippling hair,

No such bright crave of artificial aid

Then comes the wild-wood rose, or ferns in forest glade.

A strength gigantic nerved the limbs of men,

Labors as pastime, hardships moved a smile, No hollow coughs disturbed night's stillness

No thoughts of gloom were bred by morbid life.

And life was lengthened out a wondrous while;

The young man stood for centuries in his pride.

Burged as is the peaked Egyptian pile,

Till by descendants girt on every side,

His blessings calm he gave, ere painlessly he died.

This was the Age of Gold;—but how its end

Was wrought, we tell, tell this strange and mythic tale:

A youth, resigned a lonely life to spend,

Found to his dolors a remedy in salt,

Lead in a girt whom fishes of the vale,

Could not in fresh-bloom beauty emulate;

Nor did the fair Pandoras reign to quail

When Mercury told the raptured youth that fate

To him this charmer gave, to be his wedded mate.

A bright present in her hands she bore,—

A box, of quaint and exquisite design,

Which, when her husband ope,—Oh, what a

Horror did that casket dire enshrine!

For from it forth few disease malign

That ever since on human frames has preyed,

And spreading o'er the earth, did man consign

To countless azzones who should invade

Each vital source, till all his stalwart strength

Then must the weakened frame and shortened

Sad legacies to all his after race descend,

Till now existence is but constant strife;

As still each shattered bark we strive to mend.

The Iron Age, with that Pandoras came,

Death o'er earth its grinding rule extend,

And countless azzones with poverty to tame

Souls that might else a place of pride and honor claim!

But when had dawn forth all the killing woes

That in Pandoras's fatal casket lay,

Lo! from its depths released, sweet Hope arose,

As breaks through cable clouds a sunlit ray,

And as she rose, she sang, "Mourn not for aye!

Some balm yet shall for all these pangs be

Not with vain show do Nature's stores display

These trees and herbs that beautify the ground,

Since in them lurk the charms to make your sick ones sound!"

To find the palm pledged in this promise dear,

Were many hearts through many ages fired,

Until, to search our country's forests here

A young physician came, with soul inspired,

And with honest heart, amidst scenes of

Great and little, midst sorrows and distress,

As a hermit in the woods he had

Nurtured in their veins the boon desired,

While o'er them many a summer's moon had shone,

And many a wintry snow those treasures had bestrown.

Long used to ponder o'er the ills of Man,

What rapture now in Piero's bosom rose!

For he had marked the source from whence began,

The worst and deadliest of our body's woes.

Asian's keen knife did well disclose

What organ from its duty warped away,

Becomes the spring from which environed

The principle of sickness and decay,

Though by a thousand names its work we may portray!

The Liver, formed to keep Life's ruby tide

Cleaned of each taunt, and play a guardian's part.

By drawing each corrupting germ aside,—

Was now compelled, by fell Disease's art,

To prove a traitor, and unseat the heart.

As when a soldier in a peasant's home to pour

On the way for dress Consumption's sake,

And fatal stings of many an ailment more,

Hope dabbled countless homes their slaughtered hopes deplore!

Then comes the wasted form, the sallow cheek.

The embittered tongue, and often-aching head,

And hence the livid face, with hectic streak

Displaying Nature's dangerous signal red.

Such blotschly blotsches and crumpling vyle,

Or hideous Scrofula does horror shed,

KIMING Love's glow, and freezing Friendship's smile,

Or the scorched heart consumes with black and burning bile!

At once Piero in his blast of Consumption saw

That which the very root of all should find,

As given by the workings of unerring law.

Dirks the foe to life thus life undimmed,

And with benignant force, and wisdom kind,

The shattered main-spring of our frames re-pair,

That Bill no longer, like a giant blind,

Might mischief work, but his true part should

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