

## DUMB POETS.

There are whose fingers never strike the lyre,  
Whose voices never wake the world with  
song;  
Who hold no place among the poet choir,  
Who win no praise from the listening throng;  
Who walk the earth unglorified and mute,  
Yet full of music as a harp in tune,  
Who taste, but cannot tell, of joys acute,  
For whom all things are lovely 'neath the  
moon.  
Dumb poets are they; chords that underlie  
The floods of harmony that fill the world;  
Silent apostles, voiceless in the cry,  
But ready when truth's banner is unfurled:  
Sealed on the lips, but on the forehead too,  
Dumb poets are they, but are poets true.

We pass them by, these silent ones, and rush  
To crown the singer who has pleased us well;  
We cannot read within their eyes the gush  
Of feeling awakened by some hidden spell.  
But one doth understand them, even God,  
Who sealed the lips, but dowered with yearnings strong,  
And while we journey with them on the road,  
Calling them silent, He doth hear their song;  
He keeps their brows unwreathed with earthly  
bays,  
For crowns "unwove with amaranth" above;  
He knows each lip untried with human lays,  
Brings purer music to the strains of love:  
Dumb poets are they, but the time is near  
When they shall sing while angels throng to  
hear.

## THE FACTORY GIRLS.

Mrs. Sydney and her son sat over a late breakfast one morning in early spring, talking over a contemplated trip the lady was to take for her health.

She was a small, delicate-looking woman, with hands and feet of most aristocratic proportions, and she worshipped "blue blood" and good family connections.

She was very dignified in manner, and prided herself upon her simplicity of dress upon all but very great occasions.

"There is nothing more vulgar," she would say, "than the present fashion of over-dressing. A lady reserves her lace, velvet, and diamonds for full dress; a *parvenue* parades them in the street."

Her son, who sat opposite to her, was unlike her in every respect.

She was blonde; he was dark.

She was *petite*; he stood six feet, with the shoulders of an Hercules.

She was low-voiced; his tones were clear and ringing.

She was aristocratic; and he was a republican to his heart's core, believing, above all, in the dignity of labor, and proving his belief by refusing to live idly upon his mother's wealth, and by making his own way in the world as a manufacturer.

His mother pleaded for a profession, if he would be independent, but he said—

"I had rather be a good master to two or three hundred men and women working for me, than to be a poor lawyer, incompetent doctor, or dull preacher."

"Worthington," Mrs. Sydney had said, as they lingered over the table on the morning when they are introduced to the reader, "I must have a companion."

"I thought you were going with the Grams."

"I am. I mean a companion of my own."

"Oh, a maid!"

"No; a mere maid will not do. It would be absurd for me to start, in my feeble health, without someone who could be constantly with me."

"H'm! yes. I have seen advertisements for what you want."

"A lady who will be pleasant society, and yet who will expect to perform some of the duties of a maid, in return for her salary. I don't suppose it will be easy to find such a person here."

"Perhaps not; but in B—— you might find one."

"By advertising?"

"No; in the factory. It is rather a long drive for you, but we could be over there by noon, and the road is good."

"That odious factory," sighed Mrs. Sydney.

"Don't quarrel with the factory," said her son, good-humoredly. "It gives me my bread and butter. Some of these days I may sell out, and retire upon my income, but not yet. It is too soon, and I am too young."

"You know you will have my money, Worthington," said his mother, plaintively.

"Many long years from now, I trust," was the grave reply.

"But while I live it is enough for both. There never was a Walford in trade, and the Sydneys were all professional men."

"Well, well, mother, all the odium there is in it must be thoroughly incorporated in my system by this time. But we are wandering away from the subject under discussion. I think I can help you to find a companion."

"Really, dear, I am afraid a factory girl will not suit me."

"Perhaps not; but there are two new comers there who have been in better positions, and are driven there now by stress of circumstances."

"Who are they?"

"One, Miss Sadie Desmond, is the daughter of a music teacher in B——, who died a year ago. The young lady has tried in vain to get pupils enough to support her. B—— is not the place for her."

"The people who can afford music lessons for their children either send them to boarding school or to the seminary. So, for lack of pupils, Miss Desmond earns her living in the factory."

"You said there were two; has she a sister?"

"No; Miss Ford is a friend, I believe. They live together. Miss Ford has been a teacher for some time, and was a pupil teacher while she received her education."

"She had to give up on account of her health, and yet has no money to live on."

"You seem very familiar with the history of these girls, Worthington."

"That is one of my duties, mother. I have three hundred girls in the factory, and I owe it to each one of them, to inquire closely into the antecedents of every new comer."

"Yes, yes; you are quite right, no doubt, though I should think such matters could be left to overseers. But I should like to see these girls."

"Drive over with me this morning. It is warm and pleasant. The air will do you good."

"I will. I must make some selection soon, for the Grams call in May, and this is the second week in April."

Two or three hours before the discussion between Mrs. Sydney and her son, regarding the proposed companion, two girls in a small room in a small house in the manufacturing town of B—— were dressing hastily, and chatting as they twisted their hair and performed toilet duties.

"Did you have any answer to your advertisement, Sadie?" said one, the more subdued and quiet of the two, whose blue eyes were sad, and whose pale cheeks bore the deep flush, coming and fading, of weakness.

"None," replied Sadie Desmond, who was undeniably handsome and more stylish-looking than her friend. "I suppose there will be no release for me from this hateful, drudging life. How you can bear it so patiently is a mystery to me."

"I must bear it," was the quiet reply. "Dr. Graves says I must not teach for a year at least, and yet there is the vulgar necessity of eating"—and she laughed a low, sweet laugh like a child's—"not to mention lodging, clothing and such trifling matters."

"Don't I know?" said Sadie, bitterly. "When have I known anything but poverty and poverty's bitterest straits? My education was given me in charity by my uncle, and it is simply wasted in this miserable place."

"The music-teacher's place at the seminary is taken, and my father starved on the few private pupils he could obtain."

"Poor father! He always thought my handsome face and manner would win me a rich husband."

"Rich! Who are the rich men of B——? Manufacturers with wives and families, and Mr. Worthington Sydney."

She blushed at his name as if she waited to be questioned, but Effie Ford was looking from the window. Joining her, Sadie said—

"Mr. Sydney comes often to our loom, Effie!"

"We are green hands, you know. Perhaps he thinks we may spoil our work," was the quiet answer.

"He is very handsome, Effie."

"Yes, very."

"Unmarried, too, and very rich."

Effie went downstairs, with a word to her companion of the lateness of the hour.

"I wonder," thought Sadie, "if it is Effie's blue eyes or my dark ones that draw Worthington Sydney to our corner."

The young man himself could not have answered the question.

He stood in the office that overlooked the work-room, when every loom was busy, looking through the window, where, unseen himself, the overseer of the room could watch all those employed in it.

"You see," he said to an old lady, very plainly dressed, who stood beside him, "the two young ladies who are at the third loom to the right."

"The taller one, with dark eyes, is the music-teacher's daughter; the one facing her is Miss Ford."

"Suppose I go in and talk with them?"

"If you wish, you can do so, or I will send for them to come here."

"No. I will go in alone. The tall one is very handsome."

"Very. She seems strangely out of place to me here."

Mrs. Sydney crossed the room, pausing to speak to several of the busy girls, till she stood by Sadie Desmond's side.

"Can you tell me," she said, "where I can get a glass of water?"

"In the corner, by the closet where the hats hang," was the curt reply.

Effie looked up at the grey hairs, and said—

"If you will take a seat for a moment, I can get it for you. The clock will strike twelve in less than two minutes, and I can leave the room."

"Thank you," was the reply, as the old lady took a seat on a bench near the girls.

"Can't you find anything better to do in noon-hour than to wait on any old woman who comes in?" asked Sadie, contemptuously.

"Hush!" said Effie, with her quick, sensitive flush, "she will hear you."

But Sadie had noted that the old lady's dress was of a plain black alpaca, and her bonnet of straw, and was disinclined to pay attention to anyone wearing this garb.

When the clock struck, Effie hastened for the

water, while Sadie took out her luncheon on the bench, near Mrs. Sydney.

The old lady noticed that Effie took a napkin from her little basket, to polish the dingy tumbler, and rinsed it carefully before filling it for her.

"You are very kind," she said, as she received it. "I am tired from walking about the building."

"Perhaps you are looking for some one," said Effie, "and I can help you. It is confusing to a stranger to find a friend here."

"No, I was not in search of any friend."

"If you are looking for a place for a daughter," said Sadie, "you will find twenty applicants ahead of you at the office."

"Is the work very heavy?" asked the old lady, turning to Sadie.

"Try it and see," was the rude reply. "I was not brought up to it. Are you going to walk, Effie?"

"I think not," Effie said. "I shall sit here and rest."

Sadie rose and crossed the room for her hat, her tall, graceful figure and aristocratic face marking her in the midst of the group of girls on the same errand.

Effie sat down, feeling, she scarcely knew why, that there was a rudeness in Sadie's manner that she must apologize for, by remaining with the old lady.

"You do not look strong," Mrs. Sydney said, noting the delicate complexion and varying color.

"I have not been well, but I am gaining strength here. You must not feel discouraged," she said gently, "by what Sadie said about work here. If you have any friend who wishes a place, there are very often vacancies, and the work is not really heavy, though tiresome. The noise is the worst, and one gets accustomed to that."

"Have you been here long?"

And so, from question to question, Mrs. Sydney drew forth the simple, everyday story of orphanhood, early struggle with poverty and failing health, but not one complaint.

The two were talking earnestly in the deserted room, when Worthington Sydney came from the office to their bench.

"Well, mother?" he said, after bowing to Effie.

And the young girl arose, blushing deeply in her embarrassment.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Sydney, kindly. "You see, I do not want a place here for a friend, but I have business here, notwithstanding."

And Effie believed she must be dreaming when she was offered the position of companion to Mrs. Sydney, at a liberal salary, and the promise of travel.

"Can you come to me to-morrow?" the old lady asked. "I shall need your services in preparing for our travels."

And before the noon hour was over Effie was driving in Mrs. Sydney's carriage to her house, to prepare her belongings for an early start in the morning.

"She is lovely, Worthington," said Mrs. Sydney to her son, as they drove homeward, "and the voyage will do her good. To think of her being in a factory! Why, her mother was one of the Marstons."

"Am I supposed to be overpowered?" laughed the young man.

"But, really, Worthington, she is of good family," said his mother earnestly. "Her father was a Ford. I know the family. Poverty never appeals me, but I must confess I shrink from vulgar blood. Miss Desmond is handsome and stylish-looking, but she is no lady. Miss Ford is a gentlewoman, a lady at heart."

Sadie was mortified when she heard to whom she had been rude, but after all, there was consolation.

Mr. Sydney was not going with his mother, and black eyes might look more bewitching if the soft blue ones were not near.

She knew that she was very handsome, and if Mr. Sydney resented the rudeness to his mother, there were two years to undo the impression.

Circumstances came to Sadie's aid.

The uncle who had paid for her education died and left her an income, small indeed, but enough to save her from the necessity of further work.

She took a small house, and an aunt came to live with her.

And here, with perfect propriety, she received occasional calls from Mr. Worthington Sydney.

But the ambition to be rich, which had just filled her heart, gave place soon to a deep love for the young manufacturer, who had never exceeded a gentlemanly courtesy in his attentions.

In vain she exerted every accomplishment for his admiration—playing her choicest music, singing her sweetest songs.

In vain she chose becoming dresses, and decked her rare beauty for his eyes.

Ever before him was the memory of his mother's words, and involuntarily he traced the little signs that told of a cold heart and utterly selfish disposition.

But over the water came to him letters full of the praises of the gentle companion who had accompanied his mother.

"You would scarcely know Effie," the old lady wrote, when she had been abroad a year; "she has regained her health, and hers is that rare, delicate beauty that unfolds some new charm when least expected."

"She is so modest and retiring that one must watch closely to see how well educated and accomplished she is. Imagine my delight to find

knew French as well as I did, and she has conquered Italian in a wonderfully short time.

"Her music is the rare, real music that comes from the heart; and the tears often rise in my eyes when she fancies I am sleeping, and plays for hours as only a true lover of the 'divine art' can play."

Sometimes there was a more formal letter, signed "Effie Ford," telling that Mrs. Sydney was not well, and written by her companion's hand.

And after the formal introduction the writer would detail the events of travel since the last letter, unconsciously proving how she saw with an artist's eyes the beauties of scenery she described, or took a quiet, humorous view of passing events.

He would scarcely own it to himself, but Worthington Sydney watched for the letters from the "companion" with deeper and deeper interest, sending friendly answers that told of his gratitude for Effie's tender care of his mother, and pleasure in her letters.

Two years passed, and Mrs. Sydney began to write of coming home.

She was in Paris with Effie, and wrote to her son—

"Do take a holiday and come to escort me home. I have no friends who are returning at this time, and I do not care to travel alone."

Thinking it all over, Worthington concluded that he really needed a little rest and recreation, and he presented himself at the hotel in Paris much sooner than his mother had dared to hope.

She was alone when he was announced.

But a little later, a graceful young lady entered the room, whom he indeed scarcely recognized as the fragile girl in deep mourning who had bidden him farewell two years before.

The pallor of illness, the shifting color, were gone, and in their place was the glow of perfect health.

The sad eyes were replaced by animated ones full of happiness, and the fragile figure was rounded and graceful.

In her exquisite delicacy of feature, in the expression of refinement and intellect, and in the perfect grace of her manner, she appeared to Worthington to far surpass the more striking beauty of Sadie Desmond, who, two years before, had cast her quiet loveliness into the shade.

Happy days flew by quickly in Paris, and when Worthington Sydney told his mother the secret of his love, she opened her arms to fold Effie there closely, calling her "dear daughter."

And Sadie, when the bridal party returned to B——, knew in her heart that in her rudeness to the plainly-dressed old lady in the factory, she had forfeited her opportunity to be Mrs. Sydney's companion by her own error.

## HOW I WAS CURED.

You see I belonged to a set of men who, if they bought a new pair of gloves, had to "wet" them, as they called it; that is, they had to treat everybody that happened to notice the new acquisition.

I had bought a new hat, and as that was a very prominent article, of course I had to pay for it in drinks. I went round with my friends to about twenty restaurants, spent three pounds in refreshments and drinks, and at last went home tipsy, with my new hat converted into a shocking bad one, for every fellow we met considered himself privileged to smash it down flat on my head. My wife was a tall, handsome woman, and we had three as pretty children as you could find, bright-eyed, curly-haired darlings, of whom we were very fond.

Kate was a very proud woman, and when she perceived my condition (not the first time I had been so) her face grew as white as marble with passion, and to avoid giving vent to wrathful thoughts she silently left the room.

I was not too tipsy not to notice it, and the action stung me more than the harshest words. With an oath—I remember that plainly, because little Frank opened his eyes so wide—I left the room.

At the door I met Johnston, the watchman at the factory, and together we went into a restaurant to get some liquor. Then we sauntered around until it was time for him to go on watch. I rambled about for some time after he left me, and then lay down and went to sleep.

I was awakened by a monotonous noise resembling the slow tramp of a man wearing heavy boots, mingled by an occasional whirling sound.

It was still dark, and I could not divine where I was. I had not quite recovered from the effects of the liquor I had drunk the day before, and the first thought that came into my head was that I had been caught deserting from the army, and the monotonous tramp was the footsteps of the sentry. I had even got so far as to wonder if Kate would get my body when all was over.

I was lying on the floor, but I speedily arose and walked about to see where I was. I soon came in contact with large brass wheels, and as I drew near them the whirling sound increased, and the steady tramp grew larger. Just at this moment the first rays of the sun darted through a crevice of the wall, and then I knew my whereabouts—I was in the old clock tower of the factory.

I remembered then, as a faint dream, that Johnston had given me the key the night before, with the request that I would wind up the clock—he was tipsy himself, or he would not have