

Poetry.

BLUSH NOT, HONEST TOILER.

Oh, blush not, honest toiler!
No cause for shame hast thou,
Though horny skin be on thy hands,
And sweat drops on thy brow,
Although thy face may be begrimed
With coal dust or with soil,
'Tis a noble mark of usefulness;
Then blush not, sons of toil.

Oh, blush not, honest toiler!
The time will come ere long,
When right will triumph over might,
And justice over wrong.
By any action vile;
That worth will be acknowledged yet,
Then blush not, sons of toil.

A SONG OF AGE.

Summer is gone, and Autumn
Is red on the corn and heavy,
Yet skies are sweet and clear
As in the youthful year,
The forests full and leafy.
But in the Northern cloud
Sits winter dark and rude,
And Summer's golden glory
Who will remember
In the long, long, dismal hours,
The days of December?

The morning hopes of childhood,
The visions pure and tender,
To the broader day of youth,
To the keen high light of truth
And reason we surrender;
But as we touch the goal
Black Winter numbs the soul,
And manhood's gleam of glory
Who will remember
In the long, long, dismal hours
In the days of December?

Ah! were such life life only,
Better not be than be thus!
To see through this brief day
Hope fall from hope away
And to blank Nothing leaves us.
O still our vague unrest,
God's voice within the breast!
For in God's eternal Summer
Who will remember
The long, long, dismal hours!
And the days of December?

Tales and Sketches.

ALICE LINLY.

CHAPTER IV.

"What do you think, Ally?" exclaimed Willie, bounding into the parlor one evening. "Harry has got me a situation in a lawyer's office! I'm going to be a lawyer myself, one of these days, and a famous one I'll make too," frisking about before her, and disclosing as he spoke two rows of shining ivory.

"Indeed! but what are you going to do about school?"

"Oh, I'm going to study at night! Harry's going to teach me, and you, maybe," peering roughly up into her face.

It was an old trick of his, and Alice stooped down and kissed his rosy mouth with a fond smile.

"You are the very best sister," exclaimed the boy, "and when I grow up you shall have nothing to do and sit all day and every day, or walk, or ride, and go to as many concerts as you please! Don't tell—but I saw Harry buying tickets at Osborn's as I came along, for the concert to-night—I wonder who he's going to take. I thought you, of course, or I would have pulled his nose!"

"Hush, hush, wild Willie!" exclaimed Alice, unable to help smiling at the purposed mode of revenge for neglect of her.

"Oh, yes," replied the boy, "you never think Harry does wrong! But you don't ask me to what office I'm going!"

"Well then—whose?"

"Mr. Conrad Etherington's! Harry says you've seen him before; but how you stare—how will you look!"

"Only see how I have pricked my finger," she replied, assigning that as the cause of her agitation.

"Well, I declare! I never saw you make such a fuss before for a trifle!" said the boy. "Here let me kiss the place to make it well! Isn't Mr. Etherington handsome?" he continued, still bending over the taper finger.

"I don't know, I forget."

"Don't know—forget! Maybe you never saw him then. Harry says there's not such another man in the world. By George! but he's superb! as you ladies say."

"Why, Willie, how your tongue does run," interrupted his mother, who was slowly recovering health and spirits.

"Oh, no, mother darling," was the coaxing reply, as he bent fondly over her, and kissed either pale cheek.

Harry's step was heard in the entry, and away bounded the lovely boy to meet him.

"Why, how soon you've come; going to a concert though, eh! That accounts for it," with a knowing look, Harry laughed merrily.

"You are entirely too precocious for a brother of mine. I shall have to ship you off, youngster."

"Not till you tell me who you're going to take," responded the boy.

"My little meek-faced Alice for one," he replied, placing his hands caressingly around her snowy neck.

"Dear Harry! how kind," murmured the girl, with a glad tear in her eye.

"And for whom is the other?"

"Miss Dora, if you please," drawing her up to him, and chucking her under the chin.

"Thank you, dear brother! Oh, I'm so glad," and the girl caroled after the fashion of a dancing master for pure joy. It was so seldom that she went out. She was formed for society—to adorn it—by her beauty, her wit, and her playfulness. She was very unlikely to be coquetry in her disposition; a thousand little ways and wiles to attract the admiration of which she was so fond.

"Must I get ready now, Harry, and what must I wear?"

"Oh, anything you please. I don't think you'll make your fortune to-night."

"You don't know that," replied the girl, archly, bounding away to smooth the bright curls of golden hue, which lay carelessly upon her dimpled neck. An hour elapsed, and the two girls stood ready and waiting.

"To think of having to wait for a man!" chuckled Willie. "I have always heard that women made men wait."

"But now you find you are mistaken," laughed Dora, tying the strings of her hood.

"Will you be very lonely, mother?" whispered Alice, kneeling beside her parent. "If you think so I will stay."

"Oh, no, darling! bless you," tears starting to her eyes. "Go—it will do you good. Willie is very pleasant company."

"Well, then, sweet mother, good night; don't sit up for us if we are late," and she rose and passed her small hands through her brother's arm.

He smiled and said, "They say birds of a feather flock together; but I've got two of very different species, I perceive. Dora, at tired for conquest, and my little Ally, for what? I'm sure I cannot tell, with that simple cottage bonnet. Why have you put back all those bright curls which used to gambol so luxuriously around your rosy face? Cheer up, Ally darling, and get fat again, or I won't own you. No one would have dreamed, two years ago, that your frolicsome countenance would become so meek, so Madonna-like in expression. But here am I standing when we should be travelling, and at a pretty rapid rate too, I perceive," looking at his watch.

"Alice, dear," exclaimed Harry, during a suspension, "there is Mr. Etherington! Willie's 'governor,' that is to be."

"Where?" her pale lips pronounced, as she turned her head in the direction indicated.

It was indeed he—her lofty idol; that idol she had so long struggled to uproot from her fond, dreaming heart. His brilliant eye rested for a moment on Harry, then passed to Alice, whom he attentively regarded. The heart of Alice Linly ceased for the moment its pulsations—she felt the color come and go in her face—the seat seemed sinking beneath her. She knew, though her eyes were downcast, that he was winning his way to them.

"Do you know who that gentleman is who is coming this way?" asked Dora Linly, in an excited tone.

"Yes," replied Harry, "it is Mr. Etherington. Good evening sir," he continued, as the young lawyer paused beside them, and held out his hand in friendly greeting. Alice heard that low, rich voice she had never hoped to hear again—and it was speaking to her. Poor girl! The wild revolution of feeling was too much for her self-possession. She strove to answer, but her voice died in her throat. She struggled, stammered, and was silent. The deepest bloom which had ever tinged her face [settled] there. She felt as though she must give way to the wild emotions which agitated her; but with a brave effort she restrained herself, and confined to her tortured bosom all her distress.

Compassionating what he thought extreme timidity and bashfulness, Etherington turned to her sister, and it seemed with better success, for when Alice recovered herself sufficiently to meet the reproachful eye of her brother, and saw her idol completely engrossed by Dora, who, with the most bewitching and natural coquetry, retained him by her side through the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER V.

"I am going to bring Etherington here to-night," observed Harry to Dora, the next day after dinner.

"Are you?" exclaimed the girl, the warm blood mantling on her cheek. "How do you know—did he ask?"

"What!" replied her brother. "You must learn to put plain questions, child." Mr. Etherington did ask to come—and I am going to indulge him."

"You must set your cap for him, Dora," said Willie. You can't guess what a grand house he lives in. I went there this morning; and such a heap of furniture, and books, and pictures, and statuary, and such a lot of servants. But all these things are not half so fine as the man himself; and he said something about—about—no, I won't tell you. So you need not look so eager," taking up his cap, and bounding from the room."

Dora followed him into the entry. "Come,

what did he say Willie? That's a good boy."

"Oh, yes! very good now," laughing archly. "He said—he said—good bye," he shouted, as he escaped with a mischievous flourish from the house, leaving Dora crimson to the temple with resentment and vexation.

She was roused by the appearance of her sister, who was about returning to her duties. How sadly that pale, quiet face contrasted with the blooming Hebe countenance beside it.

"Good afternoon, Dora; be sure and look your loveliest," and, with a light, bitter laugh, she passed out; but not with the buoyant heart of her little brother.

"How lovely she looks!" was the thought of Dora, as she wended her way up the narrow staircase, with the full intention of following the advice, which she perceived not was given in bitterness of spirit; for Alice was but mortal, and the "unruly member" would sometimes rebel.

And Conrad came, and was introduced to Mrs. Linly, who smiled pleasantly, and again to Alice. She answered his low, earnest salutation with tolerable composure, for she had prepared herself for it, and then seated herself in a quiet corner, and bent low over the garment she was making.

"Why Dora, how long it takes you to settle yourself," exclaimed Willie, rather peevishly, as though not pleased with the arrangements which placed his favorite sister so much in the shade, opening his book as he spoke, and nestling beside her.

The girl addressed flung back her golden curls with a careless, saucy laugh, and, seating herself, claimed and obtained from her visitor undivided attention, and tasked his wits with her lively sallies and eager inquiries.

"Well! I never thought you were so forward before," exclaimed Willie, after Etherington's departure, "why nobody had a chance to say a word."

"For shame, Willie!" said Alice, in a low voice; "that is unlike you."

"Oh, well! I did not mean any harm; but it is so strange—"

"What is strange, Willie?"

"Oh, nothing!" answered the boy, picking up the book which he had thrown down.

Time passed on, and Etherington became a regular, almost a constant visitor. On two or three occasions he had attempted to pursue his acquaintance with Alice; but her wild and frightened manner, when he spoke to her, and the embarrassment which overwhelmed her, deterred him from further advances.

"I cannot conceive why you lose all self-possession when Etherington addresses you," Harry had once remarked. "The man must have bewitched you. I remember you showed the same strange fear at Mrs. Horton's, a long time ago, and begged her not to introduce you."

"No one can conceive what I suffer," murmured Alice to herself that night, as she knelt in the accustomed place, and strove to calm her troubled heart with searching and self-communion. "To see him thus day by day, and hear that fine voice so earnest, so calm, so deep. I wonder if he loves Dora? It must be so, for he comes so often; and she—oh, she cannot help loving him! no one to whom his heart was given could!"

CHAPTER VI.

"I am going to the 'Philharmonic' to-night, sis," exclaimed Dora Linly, springing towards the door as Alice entered one cold, clear evening.

"Are you? Oh, that will be delightful; who is going to take you?"

"Mr. Etherington!" replied Dora, with a triumphant smile.

Alice sighed, laid by her bonnet and cloak, and seated herself in the dim twilight by her mother's knee.

"Will you plait my hair, Ally dear?" whispered her sister, coaxingly—winding her arm round her waist.

"Plait your hair," exclaimed Alice—"what! all those pretty curls?"

"Yes, all! Mr. Etherington said last night that he should like to see the effect, and begged me to do it. I asked him how, and he said he was not particular, that your's might serve as a model."

How Alice's heart throbbed, and she murmured chidingly to herself, "How foolish, how silly."

"He has sent me some of the most beautiful crimson flowers you ever saw," continued Dora.

"They will look very well in your fair hair," replied Alice.

"So I think, and now will you come upstairs, sis, for it grows late?"

They went up together, and the small fingers of Alice parted the wifful curls, and wove the massive plait which was to adorn the head of her sister. And then she wound it round the little silver comb, and twined the dark crimson bell-like flowers therein; and lastly, imprinted a tender kiss upon the pure, unstained brow beneath.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Etherington, as Alice led Dora into the room, blushing and smiling like a June morning.

"So beautiful!" whispered Alice, with heartfelt joy and pride in the loveliness of her sister, speaking for the first time unspoken to.

His earnest eye fell suddenly upon her upraised face with thrilling expression. Alice

startled, crimsoned, and with a whirling heart and brain turned away. There was that in his glance which haunted her; it might mean nothing—and she sighed heavily as she took up her work, and seated herself by her mother.

Willie crept close to her, slipped his hand in hers, and looked up in her pale face. She whispered quickly, "What now, darling?"

"Why I am angry!" exclaimed the boy petulently. "I wish I was a man, I would take you to every concert. I do not like Mr. Etherington any more, to think he should prefer Dora to you. Such a great, wise man should get a more sensible girl for a wife."

"Hush, hush, Willie," but the boy would not be so easily silenced. "Dora, too—I don't believe she cares a straw for Mr. Etherington—only she is getting so vain."

"Willie!" again said Alice, and this time with a grave face.

"Ally, let me say what I've got to say, and then I'll be good," pleaded the boy, "and not say anything more for an age. You are a great deal handsomer than Dora, and I do wonder why you don't have any beaux. Such a lot of men as are coming here after her. If I were a man I'd never have anything to do with girls who courted me, but seek out some quiet darling, sister Alice!"

"There, that will do, Willie," said his mother, smiling. "You'll have Ally as vain as a peacock presently."

"No fear of that," exclaimed the boy confidently. While speaking he had gradually worked the sleeve of his sister's dress above the elbow, and now drew her arm forward in the light.

"What are you after now, Willie?"

The boy laughed.

"I wish Etherington was here now," he said, "to see how much prettier Ally's arm is than Dora's. But Ally, you used to have a host of dimples here," pointing to her elbow.

"They are all gone now, Willie," she said, smiling faintly.

"Too bad," replied her brother, "you must get fat again. I really think you are paler than ever."

"Very likely," thought the girl, but she said it not, but looked up with a cheery smile, for her mother was by—that mother whom she so fondly loved, and who so idolized her "summer child."

"Do you know," said Willie, later in the evening, as he sat alone with his sister, his thoughts reverting to the old subject—"do you know that I don't think Mr. Etherington cares a farthing for Dora?"

"Why, Willie, what are you dreaming about to-night? Why don't you think so?"

"Because I often notice that all the time he is listening and talking to Dora, he keeps looking at you; and when you speak so sweetly to mother and bathe her head—and when you keep telling me about my lessons—his large, full eyes follow you, and he looks so pleased and admiring. I see!" said the boy, with a knowing shake of the head.

"Why, Willie!" and Alice dropped her work, and fairly burst into tears.

"Oh, Ally! I did not mean to hurt you—forgive me—please do—I could not mean to offend you. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, darling! only leave me."

A few moments and the penitent boy had kissed her and gone away; and Alice wiped her streaming eyes; but the glad showers still fell, and again did she exclaim, "How silly! how foolish!" but not this time with such emphasis. The "fairy alchemist" was creeping into her true heart once more.

The next evening brought a lady-visitor with Mr. Etherington, whom he introduced as his sister, Mrs. St. Clair, a fine, fashionable looking woman of about thirty-five.

"You must excuse this intrusion," she said, addressing Mrs. Linly, "but Conrad has given such descriptions of your family circle, that I could not resist the pleasure of making acquaintance," and the world-weary lady laid aside her shawl and bonnet, and spent, perhaps, the first calm, happy, rational evening for years, in the humble family circle of the Linlys.

She was evidently a votary of society, and accustomed to command admiration and homage; but her mind had been well cultivated, and charmed alternately by her fascination of person and manner, and the soft accents which fell from her lips. Dora especially listened with delight to the glowing pictures her fancy created; but the lady, it seemed, took an especial interest in the quiet Alice, whose large eyes were never raised save when addressed. How could she talk, for Conrad was by her side, and though "he nothing spoke," her heart was singing for joy; and the long, golden-tipped lashes pressed the grave cheek lovingly, lest some glad beam should escape and betray her secret.

"Oh, what a sigh, sis!" exclaimed Willie to Dora, as the door closed over their visitors.

"Who is it for?"

"Dora sighs that the bright star has faded, and she cannot follow," said Harry mischievously; and the tender mother sighed to see how the world, all deceitful as it is, was charming the girl, and arousing vain desire in her young breast.

A few more days passed, and then came cards for a party at Mrs. St. Clair's, followed in the course of the evening by a visit from that lady and her brother, "To obtain in person their answer," she said, "and overrule all objections."

Mrs. Linly said "Nay" at first; "such gay

society was not for them, whose every moment should be occupied in earning their bread."

"But this once!" asked the lady, who showed a warm disposition to patronize.

"One indulgence would but arouse wishes for more," was the reply.

And the lady pleaded so winningly, and smiled so sweetly on the mother's "summer child," and Dora's glad eyes sparkled so at the thought, and even Harry spoke a word in favor of it, that her resolution gave way at last.

"Your mother's consent gained, of course you will come, dears," said Mrs. St. Clair.

"Oh, yes!" said Dora; but Alice was silent.

"My dear Miss Linly, you will come?"

"I think not," she murmured, with hesitation.

"Oh, yes! you must. The brightest ornament of my rooms to disappoint me—that must not be."

Still the girl was silent. She stood rather apart, and Conrad came, and standing over her, whispered in his thrilling tones, "Will you not come?"

She raised her eyes a moment to those bent so earnestly upon her, but the veined lids drooped instantly, and the warm color stole up to her temples. It was his first request, and could she refuse it?

(To be Continued.)

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

I am extremely shy, and, therefore, never go into society. I am shy with men, and still more shy with women. In the presence of ladies, what few faculties I have been blessed with by nature, leave, and I am hopelessly and helplessly lost. The smile, the voice, the glance of one of the fair sex, serves me as it did Marlow in Goldsmith's comedy; I can neither look, speak, nor smile. My real name is Timothy Truelove, but my friends and acquaintances call me Tim the Sly, or Tim the Bashful; and this only makes me more shy and more bashful. Unless some fair one takes pity on me, and does the courting, and pops the question, and takes me to church and marries me, I shall live in single blessedness, and go to the grave a bachelor, in spite of myself.

For the worst of it, I want to be married. Nearly all the people I know are married—have wives to share their joys and increase them; to share their sorrows and lessen them; to console them in trouble, and nurse them in sickness. Some of them have lovely children, to make home all that is lovable, beautiful, mirthful and happy. But I live alone, with no one to cheer, or comfort me; I would rather have some one, even to plague, than endure this life of weary loneliness and miserable solitude in the midst of a busy and social world.

Clubs are of no use. My shyness prevents me from enjoying them. I haven't the faculty of conversation, I do not care for billiards, hate bagatelle, abominate cards, and cannot play chess. I am in fact a domestic creature; fitted to make an agreeable husband, if I can only get a wife. But I can't.

Pondering over my lonely and desolate state, I at last determined to make "a bold stroke for a wife." I would advertise. I did. *Ah mihi miserum!* Ah, wretched me! I did. I gave a not too flattering description. Young, which I am, only twenty-four; tolerably good looking, which I am; with a good income, which I have; but not mingling with society, and therefore, not brought into the company of eligible parties. I had notwithstanding these advantages been compelled to remain single. Any young lady, of similar condition and position, would find this a rare opportunity, as everything was *bona fide*. I added that I was of good temper, amiable disposition, courteous, and gentlemanly in my demeanor, and should make a good husband. All of which is true to the letter, as they say. I added that *carles* could be interchanged.

Unhappy me? I was overwhelmed with replies. From the "maiden of bashful fifteen" to the "widow of fifty" and from fair ones of intermediate ages, they came pouring in upon me, with offers that might have tempted an anchorite to leave his cave, and if the law permitted, marry them all. I was bewildered. One had flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and an annuity of nine hundred a year. Another had raven tresses, was like Maud, tall and stately, although she was only seventeen; had no fortune, but could sing, play and dance well, and what she lacked in money could make up in her accomplishments. A third had been compared by her artist friends, to Guido's *Madonna*, so the needn't say another word about looks; in other respects she was all the most exigent and fastidious could desire. A fourth was not good looking, but then, she was endowed with all the virtues under the sun, and "beauty is but skin deep," and "handsome is that handsome does." I threw that letter and *carles* into the fire. A fifth—but why go on to the crack of doom? They were nearly all of the same character, and all promised to make the best wife under the sun, and all were equally suitable to fill the vacant place on my hearth. The number of widows who replied was astonishing. Some had children and some had none; I soon decided against the applicants with "incumbrances," as these flowers of the home are ungraciously