

Poetry.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark ;
Do you delve upon the soil ?
Make your mark ;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand
Make your mark.

-Chatterbox.

THE BELLS OF LIBERTY.

Ring out the great decree of God,
Ye bells of liberty !
Proclaiming to the nations all,
That "man is to be free ;"
Rifig out from golden throats the notes
To float from sea to sea ;
Let them travel with the sunlight,
Ye bells of liberty !

Sales and Sketches.

THE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER III.

Over all is spread a mantle of revelry.
It was the last day of the carnival in Florence—that city which boasts of being the Paris of Italy—and gaiety was at its height.
The principal streets were crowded with an immense mass of human beings, who, dressed in the fantastic costumes which the festival allows, might have been mistaken for a vast flower garden, by one who gazed on the swelling multitude from the lofty and isolated tower of the cathedral, which rises far above every other church, and, in its costly material of black and white marble, forms a striking feature in every view of the city.

tory rolled along, filled with laurel-crowned heroes, while Bacchus, the god of wine, surrounded by Silenus and all his crew of drunken fauns, played such mischievous pranks as won exclamations of delighted surprise from every beholder.

Many vehicles were driven by harlequins, who distorted their faces into the most ridiculous grimaces to excite laughter, and in one of clumsy and uncouth form sat a party of old women, with their features concealed beneath the most hideous masks, employing for their coachman an indescribable monster, who assisted them eagerly as with shrill cries they pelted every passer-by with handfuls of plaster comfits.

There was one more car brilliant than all the rest, which excited general observation. It was of most symmetrical form, highly gilded, and drawn by six milk-white Neapolitan steeds, hardly larger than greyhounds, and caparisoned in housings of blue and silver, while within sat two who might have proved fit models for the sculptor, so perfect were they in limbs and features, for they were both unmasked, and sat erect in youthful beauty.

These were the sons of Cosmo, Grand Duke of Florence ; and although Giovanni and Garcia were the children of a despotic father, yet murmurs of applause and even words of blessing burst from the excited Florentines as they proudly gazed on these descendants of the illustrious house of Medici. Garcia looked a fit representative of the god Apollo, whom he personated ; and as he sat in the chariot, with his long hair flying to the breeze, his dark-browed eye flashing with diamond light, his clear and polished temples wreathed with laurel, and his graceful form leaning against a golden lyre, he might have been well mistaken for the fabled son of Jupiter.

For some time these high-born youths moved with the cavalcade, nodding to the patriotic groups at many of the windows, winning favorable notice from the numerous fair faces that smiled from the passing equipages, and discharging real comfits on the delighted populace, to whom such delicacies came, like "angel visits, few and far between." At length the restless Garcia grew tired of the absurd scene, and drawing his gilded reins tightly together, he directed the coursers to a deserted street, where the procession always turned.

"Come, Giovanni," said he, "leave off gaping like these plebeian crowds, and let us hasten on to meet my mother and Gioletta, who has promised to see the pageant with me for a short while," and as he spoke he looked inquiringly towards the listener, adding, carelessly, "My mother will give you a seat in her chariot."

Giovanni made no reply, although hurt by his brother's disingenuousness ; and irritated by his silence, Garcia laid the lash on his horses, and drove so furiously as to endanger the lives of the foot-passengers, till, roused by his indiscretion, Giovanni suddenly seized the reins, exclaiming, "Be not so rash, Garcia ; listen to me !"

"I will hear nothing !" exclaimed the angry youth, throwing aside the full quiver, which his brother in earnest gesture pressed on his arm ; and seizing the sharp-headed arrows, he flung them away with such force that several goaded the haunches of his horses, already becoming restive, and before another minute, and ere Garcia could take strong hold of the reins, they leapt and plunged with spirited action, and at length, in the presence of all that multitude, threw the brothers from the light car, and tearing down the open street, left them overwhelmed with dust and confusion.

In a moment they sprang to their feet, and the gentle Giovanni, declaring that he was alone to blame, brushed the dust from the dress of his scowling companion, and laying his hand on his arm, said, gaily, as his eye sought something in the distance, "How fortunate that my mother has just shown herself, and Gioletta, too. Come Garcia," added he, pointing, as he spoke, to a handsome carriage, which now approached, "let us hasten to meet them, and we will soon forget this ill-timed accident."

"Take your hand from me !" cried Garcia, in a tone which made the timid Giovanni tremble. "You have no sense of shame. To be tossed out before all the city, covered with the dust which every beggar has trodden on, and still smile as if nothing had occurred ! Giovanni, I have no patience with you !" So saying, he disappeared suddenly among the crowd, and left his brother wondering at his excited behavior and going on vacancy, until he was roused by the voice of his mother calling him by name, and felt the soft tap of Gioletta's whip on his shoulders, while her laughing eye spoke a welcome which should have rewarded him for Garcia's unkindness.

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With a heart ill at ease, Giovanni took his seat in the chariot ; his eye wandered with a restless expression over the merry groups, his cheek paled with anxiety, and even the soothing tones of Gioletta could not move him to conversation, till, guessing from his delicate hints the angry departure of her rash and hot-headed son, the duchess proposed turning home to the palace.

CHAPTER IV.

This, sure, but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

When they reached the court-yard, a page informed Giovanni that his brother, accompanied by several young nobles, had been hunting for the last half hour in an adjoining forest ; and throwing off his attire of the huntress-goddess, he mounted a fresh and spirited horse, seized his rifle, and spurring the animal sharply in his desire of offering reconciliation, he soon reached a turn in the road which opened on a sunny glade, around which the hunters were stationed, behind the majestic trees, waiting with breathless anxiety the approach of the deer.

Just as Giovanni reached the open space, an old buck came dashing by with the speed of lightning, and forgetting that he had no claim to the prize, the delighted youth sprang forward, raised his weapon, took aim, and fired. The wounded animal, faltering in its course, writhed for a few moments in the last agony, and then fell dead at its destroyer's feet. Furious with passion, Garcia rushed from the spot whence he had seen the hasty transaction, and regardless of the tempting vicinity of another deer, which at that very moment flew across the path, followed by the anxious pack of hounds, and the still more anxious band of hunters, he rushed upon his brother, and grasping him rudely by the arm, exclaimed, "Fool ! what mean you by coming thus in my way ? This morning's insult was enough ; and now"—as he spoke he raised his hand and fiercely struck Giovanni in the face, crying passionately as he did so, "now feel a younger brother's anger."

"A blow !" shrieked out the bewildered and half-stunned youth, reeling beneath its violence. "A blow !" and the signal word seemed to fill him with fire, for in a moment, with quickened wrath, he raised his weapon, but ere the fatal act was committed, the infuriated Garcia drew a dagger from his side, and with a wild howl of passion, as he uttered some fearful imprecation, the shining blade glistened in the sunlight, and struck the spell-bound and bewildered Giovanni through the heart. Life struggled painfully for a moment ; once his hand was outstretched, and his blue eyes opened kindly, as if in forgiveness ; they closed again, his arm fell nerveless, a quivering sob broke from his lips, one struggle more, he fell back like dead—it was indeed death !

Oh ! spark of the divine essence—soul of man—how dost thou become dim and clouded at that unhappy moment, when, cherishing anger, as the flint bears fire, thou forgettest the law of love, and yielding to the wild claims of passion, imbruest thyself with the blood of a murdered fellow-creature ! All after-existence seems an unending blank, no matter whether it be brief or prolonged, for Acts are exempt from time, and we Can stretch eternity into an hour, Or stretch an hour into eternity.

At first the hapless youth stood like one stupefied, rage and hatred glaring in his eyes, and his whole frame trembling with the hideous emotions within. Suddenly hope seemed to prompt him to action, and eagerly springing forward, he raised the pale corpse, muttering, as he did so, "There may be life still—there must be life still !" and kneeling with convulsive quickness, he loosened Giovanni's hunting-dress, laid his hand on the bare breast, so lately beaten with love and joy, and called him repeatedly by name in tones of the most thrilling application. At length he felt that the weapon had been too true, and dashing himself on the ground, he gave way to the stormy excess of misery—tore up the grass now wet with his victim's blood—yelled aloud, as if silence was a horror, and wrung his clenched hands with infuriated strength.

None can imagine the dark eternity of thought undergone in the few moments before that young but sin-laden youth, raising himself from the maddening spot, and looking around with a fearful glance, yet carefully avoiding the pale face of him who lay at his feet, came to that determination which almost freezes the blood to thank of. Oh ! crime what an apt teacher art thou ! or how else could one, who was before so open-hearted, though passionate, shut his breast against every human feeling and determine, even in the chill presence of his victims, to deny firmly that he knew aught of the dreadful deed.

Cold dew covered his brow, as he muttered, low, "I am not altogether undone. The poison rankles within ; I feel its horrid torture. I am giddy, blind ! But one triumph is still left me—I will keep this fearful secret ; none shall know I murdered him !" and, with a shuddering glance towards the spot where lay that form of stony-lifeliness, he seized his dagger, now tinged with the life-stream, leapt upon his horse, and plunging into a road in the direction of the city, was far advanced through its narrow streets before the tired hunters, recovering from their excitement, returned unto the place where they had left the brothers, and discovered its only occupant, the murdered Giovanni.

(To be continued.)

I WILL IF YOU WILL.

The Kay House is a pleasant little hotel, standing half way up the side of a mountain in New Hampshire.

In the parlor there one July evening were four persons—Mrs. St. John and her daughter Elly, Miss Emily May and Mr. Milburn. As Elly St. John went to the piano, these two last slipped out on the balcony, and stood listening as Elly sang :—

"Could we forget, could we forget !
O that Leche were running yet !
The past should fade like a morning dream,
In a single drop of the holy stream.
Ah ! we knew what you would say,
But we are too tired to hope or pray ;
For, hurt with careless far and fro,
Body and soul cannot forget.

"Can they forget, will they forget,
When they shall reach the boundary set—
When, with the final pang and strain,
They are parted, never to meet again ?
Ever to them shall rest be given,
Senseless on earth, or happy in heaven.
That which has been might be yet
If we could only learn to forget ;
But the stars shall cease to rise and set,
And shall fall from heaven ere we forget.

Elly sang with an intensity and pathos which borrowed none of its force from within, for she was a good-natured, inconsequent sort of a girl, who had never had a trouble in her life. The gift of musical expression is often quite independent of feeling or experience. Elly's music hurt Emily cruelly, and stirred and roused the old sorrow which had just begun to fall asleep for a little. She had loved deeply and fondly a man who had grown tired of her and left her, because he was greatly her inferior.

Much as she suffered, I rejoiced when her engagement with Lewis Leighton was broken. I had known Lewis from his earliest childhood, and had always disliked him as a selfish, conceited prig. The last time I heard of him he had turned Catholic, and joined the Jesuits ; and I only hope that he will get well snubbed during his novitiate. Had Miss May married him, her disappointment would have been unspeakably greater than it was. As she leaned over the balcony while Elly sang, and looked into shadows and starlight, her heart was wrung as with the first anguish of loss, the sickening sense of her own blind infatuation. "Oh God !" she said to herself, "when will the bitterness of this death be past ?" Then she became conscious that Mr. Milburn was speaking to her ; but he had more than half finished what he had to say before she realized that he was asking her to be his wife.

He spoke at a very unfortunate moment. He and Emily had been very good friends that summer. They had wandered in the woods, ascended Mount Washington, and been to Glen Ellis together. She had liked him, but she had never dreamed of him as a lover, and when he presented himself in that light she was shocked and startled, and a little provoked.

"O hush !" she said sharply. "It never can be—never !"

"Do you then dislike me so much," said Evert Millburn, trying to speak quietly.

"No," she said, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "I have liked you—you have been good to me ; but all the love I had to give is dead and buried, and there is no resurrection."

He made no answer, but she felt that she had hurt him.

"I am very sorry," she faltered, "I never meant—"

"I understand," he said quickly. "It's no one's fault but my own. Goodnight." And they touched hands and parted.

Evert went up to his own room, where his friend, Dick Bush, was sitting in the dark. Dick was a boy of nineteen. He had been trying to work his way through college, and Mr. Milburn had brought him to the mountains for his vacation. Dick made a hero of Evert, and he had been mortally jealous of Emily May.

"Dick," said Mr. Milburn, after a little. "We will go over to the Glen to-morrow."

And then Dick understood the case, and mentally abused Miss May as a cold-hearted flirt, which epithet she did not in the least deserve.

Evert and Dick went away early in the morning. Emily heard the stage drive away, and turned her face to the pillow and thought bitterly of the horrible perverseness of things in this world.

She knew that Evert was good, and manly, and sensible. He was in a fair way to win reputation at the bar ; and, if not just, handsome, he was attractive and gentle, manly.

There are dozens who would be proud and happy to accept his love ; and nothing would do but that he must throw it away on me, thought Emily impatiently. "But it's never worth while to pity men very much. They mostly get over their troubles very easily if there is no money lost." From which it may be inferred that Miss May was perhaps a bit of a cynic.

Emily May lived with her mother in an inland town in New York. She had a little property of her own ; and with what she could earn by her pen, she managed to dress herself, pay for a summer's journey now and then, and keep her own horses, over her head.

It was her way to look after her sick neighbors, poor or not, to visit now and then at

the hospital and the country house ; and do what her hand found to do. She made no fuss, and laid down no rules, and was under no ecclesiastical "direction" in particular ; but I am inclined to think she was as useful, and far more agreeable, than if she had made herself hideous in a poke bonnet, and committed mental suicide.

When her holidays were over that summer she came home and settled down quietly to her work.

She was busy at her desk one day in October when a carriage drove rapidly up the street, and Dick Bush jumped hurriedly out and rang the bell. Emily went to the door herself, upon which Dick's hurry seemed suddenly to subside ; and when he came into the parlor he appeared to find great difficulty in expressing himself, and Emily, greatly wondering, asked after his friend Mr. Milburn.

Dick's tongue was loosed. "Oh, Miss May," he said, with a shaking voice, "Evert is dying."

"Where ? How ?" said Emily, startled and sincerely sorry. "Now Dick had been rather melodramatically inclined. He had meant to act like the hero of a lady's novel, and administer a severely inflexible reproof to the woman who had trifled with Evert ; but in Miss May's presence he found this plan impracticable, and wisely refrained.

"He went out shooting with a fool of a boy, and he, the boy, fired wild, and Evert was badly hurt, and fever set in ; and oh ! Miss May, he keeps asking for you and won't lie quiet ; and the doctor said if you could you ought to come, for it might make a difference. There's his note and thore's Mrs. Milburn's."

The doctor wrote succinctly that considering the state of the case, Miss May's presence might keep the patient quieter, which was all-important. Mrs. Milburn's note was an incoherent, blotted epistle, begging this unknown young lady to come and save her boy.

Emily could not refuse, her mother hurried her off, and in two hours she was seated beside Dick on her way to Springfield. Her reflections were not pleasant. Every one would talk, and suppose there was a romance. Elly St. John would be sure to know about it, and Elly was such a little chatterbox ; and to try and make a mystery out of it would be still worse.

Then she had "nothing to wear." And how would she get along with Evert's mother and sister ? And who would take her Bible class on Sunday ? And what was to become of her little book promised for the spring trade ?

"I dare say it's all nonsense his wanting me," she thought. People never mean what they say in a fever. I remember Pat Murphy insisting that he would have a hippopotamus handy in the house ; and if Mr. Milburn comes to himself how horribly embarrassing it will be.

On the whole, Miss May's feelings were rather those of vexation than of romance.

They rode all night, and when Emily reached the door of the handsome old-fashioned house in Springfield she was conscious of looking like a fright, and wished herself anywhere else.

The door was no sooner opened than she was embraced by a little old lady in black and a pretty girl in an elegant morning dress. Both were in tears, and had evidently been for some time on the verge of hysterics ; and Emily at once set them down as the sort of women who are never of any use.

"Oh, my dear ! it's so good of you—so very good of you," said Mrs. Milburn.

"I am sure you will be his guardian angel," said sentimental Hatty.

"Not at all. Mr. Milburn and I were very good friends, and I shall be very glad if I can do him any good," said Emily in a matter-of-course tone ; and then the doctor made his appearance, and begged her to come up stairs.

"If he could be kept quiet there might be a chance for him," said the doctor, "but so much depends on nursing ;" and the doctor ended in expressive silence. Evert was moaning and sobbing, and begging that some one would send Emily May with one drop of water.

The nurse, who to Emily's critical eyes, looked anything but capable, was fussing over him in a way that was enough to drive any sane man mad. Emily poured out a goblet of water with a steady hand, and as she tinkled against the side of the glass she held it to his lips.

"There is water," she said in her ordinary sweet cheery voice, "Now if you will try to be quiet I will stay with you."

She could not tell whether he recognized her or not, but the nervous feverish distress, and excitement seemed in some measure to subside, and after a time he seemed comparatively quiet.

Now nursing a wounded man in a fever sounds very romantic in a novel, but its real details is anything but a romantic business.

Emily May at Evert Millburn's bedside felt herself in an entirely false position ; but she took good care of him, for there was nothing else to be done. The nurse went off in a huff with Miss Emily and the doctor. Mrs. Milburn and Hatty could only cry and rustle about and overset things with their dresses. Evert would grow restless as Emily left him, so that the charge, in spite of herself, fell into her hands.