

Poetry.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

Pause not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us.
Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintending goes up into heaven!

Tales and Sketches.

THE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, mother, wherefore speak the name of death.
It was a most glorious evening of an Italian autumn.
The mellow sunlight, that inimitable artist, colored with his setting beams the long range of the snowy Apennines, till their glittering points shone like crimson beacon-lights against the deep blue eastern heavens;

daughter, who had sprung up like a flower in her brief path of wedded love: and although she daily "guzzled of heaven," and pictured the bliss of reposing with the dear departed, maternal love still bound her with its sweet thralldom, and she felt, when, alas! it was too late, that she was willing to be immersed still longer in the prison walls of this earth for the sake of her lovely and dependent Giulietta.
Some days had elapsed since the invalid had learned from her physician that the shadows of the grave were resting upon her, and yet she could not find courage to introduce the subject which lay nearest her heart, and...

and studies suited her age, till she grew to be so great a favorite that even the stern and inaccessible duke frequently relaxed from his chilling dignity to bestow a kind caress on the lovely orphan.
With her constant companions, the duke's two sons, she played the game of love most successfully; and when, in their hours of relaxation, Giovanni and Garcia were permitted to attend her to the favorite haunts of their boyhood, the dispute was ever who should ride nearest at her side on horseback in the narrow paths, or prove most successful in culling for her the most numerous wild flowers that grew on the mountain's steep ascent.
The young brother, Garcia, was of a mood that liked not to be disturbed. The dark frown of jealousy, "whose sting is sharper than a serpent's tooth," began already to whisper in his ear its hateful suspicions; and the fair girl was frequently startled in the midst of her pleasures as she caught the kindling expression of his eye when he apparently detected her in some slight attention to the more gentle Giovanni.
In their occasional contentions, Giulietta could not but observe the rule which Garcia, although the youngest, exercised over his brother; and although she felt flattered and was grateful for his devoted attentions, yet there were times when her girlish spirit prized the scale of preference, and then she could not but avow how the balance weighed in favor of the quiet, elder brother; till, though her heart was yet blind to its emotions, love had become fresh, full, the most mature of blossoms, yet a blossom.

"I thought that you had already engaged Rosa Romano," she answered, coldly; "for so I understood from—" but before she could finish the sentence, the tall tale tears would have flown, and she hastily turned from her companion.
"Dear Giulietta, what ails you? What has vexed you?" inquired the distressed youth, as he placed his arm around her waist and sought to draw the weeping girl nearer; but conscious that she repressed his familiarity of manner, he added, despondingly, "Ah, I see that you love him, him only. Away with the hope that has been so long cherished in this weak bosom. I fancied that your heart might be won; I dreamt of the bliss of claiming you as my own; I thought that with my humble advantages I might succeed. Fool that I was! Who would not prefer the noble, winning, persuasive Garcia, to the timid and silent Giovanni?" and just pressing the burning spot on the maiden's cheek with his quivering lip, he almost pushed her away, as he murmured, falteringly, "Think not of me; be Garcia's—be happy!"
"Never—never! you wrong me by the thought" burst from her full heart, as the agitated girl listened intently to his words, and in a moment discovered the slight train of deception which had been laid to ensnare her affection.

Before Mrs. Nellie had closed her eyes that night, she had arranged plans for that campaign against her liege lord, who slept the sleep of innocence at her side.
But the moment to give no more chance. So, after breakfast, when Tom drew on his boots, and gave his slippers the usual toss under the sofa, she gently said, "Tom, dear, hadn't you better put the slippers in the case?"
"No, let 'em alone; they'll be handy to-night."
"But, Tom, they look so untidy."
"Why, no, they don't. A thing looks as well in one place as another. What's the use of a man having a home if he can't keep things where he wants to?"
"What's the use of keeping a woman on her feet all day to pick up things after you?" asked Nellie, without the least show of temper.
"Don't pick 'em up. Just let 'em alone, and then I can find 'em when I want 'em," declared Tom, as he gave her a kiss and took himself off.
And at the moment the door closed on him, Nellie's red lips compressed again, and her brown eyes wore the same look they had worn yesterday.
"War is it, then?" she said to herself. "Now master Tom, we shall see who wins the field."
She set quietly about her morning's work, and when Tom came home to dinner, everything was in its usual good order. It remained so; and Nellie busied herself with her sewing until nearly time for Tom to return for supper. Then she arose; put away her work; and prepared to open the campaign.
First, she put Tom's slippers where he always left them, under the sofa. Then she tossed the shawl upon the piano, and his hat hat on the centre-table. She brought some of her dresses and flung them across the chairs and on the sofa. Her furs and sables reposed on Tom's special arm chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under the sofa; while her own slippers lay on the mantle.
And then, thinking that ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she set down to crocheting. Presently the door opened and in walked Master Tom. He gave a slow whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unusual disorder, and at Nellie sitting in the midst with her crotchet work, and then came into the room.
"What, house cleaning, Nell?" he asked.
"Oh no. Why?" said Nellie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.
"I thought maybe you had been, that's all," remarked Tom, dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.
Nellie quietly pursued her work. Presently Tom said:
"Paper come this evening?"
"Not yet," answered Nellie.
Tom gave half a sigh.
"Nellie, I met Granger in town, and he said he'd call around this evening."
"Very well; probably he won't come before tea. It will be ready soon," said Nellie, working away in demure innocence.
"Hadn't you better pick up things a little before he comes?" said Tom, looking first at Nellie, and then around the room.
"Oh, no just let 'em be," said Nellie sweetly.
"But they look bad," said Tom.
"Oh, no they don't," said Nellie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks just as well in one place as another."
Tom's face reddened.
"I never saw your room look like this before," he said hesitatingly. "I shouldn't very much like to have any one step in."
"Why not?" said Nellie. "We might as well keep things handy.—What's the use of having a house, if you can't keep things just where you want to?"
Tom's face grew redder and redder. He tried to look sober and then broke into a laugh. "O, that's your game, is it?" he said; "trying to beat me with my own weapons, are you, little woman?"
"Well, don't you like the plan," said Nellie.
"No, by George, I don't," cried Tom.
"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you will keep your things in their places, I will do the same with mine, and whenever you don't—"
"O, I will," interrupted Tom—"Come Nellie, I'll own up like a man—you've beat this time. Only just straighten up this room, and I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make up, as the children say."
Nellie rose, and laughingly held up her sweet mouth for a kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers, confusion was suddenly banished, and when Granger came round to spend the evening, he decided that no one had a prettier wife or a tidier house than his friend Tom Carter.
Wise little Nellie, having once gained possession of the matrimonial field, took care to keep it until Tom was cured of his careless habits.
Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse, but Nellie, instead of scolding, only had quietly to bring something of her own and lay it down beside whatever Tom had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately. For Tom seldom failed to talk a hint.
And if some other little woman, as wise and tidy as Nellie, takes a hint, also, this story will have served its purpose.
How ladies write private on a corner of their postal cards.

MANAGING A MAN.

Nellie Davis was the prettiest, best, sweetest little girl in Hillsdale, and when Tom Carter fell over heels in love with her, no one blamed him in the least.
And when the parson gave consent, and they went to housekeeping in a cozy bird nest of a little house on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty bride.
And, truth to tell, Nelly Carter was very happy.
It is a pretty thing to go to housekeeping for the first time, with everything spick and span, new and shiny, and if you have some one you love very much for a companion, it is much pleasanter.
Now Nellie did love the great blubbery Tom Carter with all her might, and there was only one thing to mar her peace. She was the very pink of tidiness and Tom the most careless fellow alive.
He kept his person neat and nice—but he kept his personal belongings anything else. In vain did Nellie braid a handsome merino case, and tack it behind the door for Tom to put his slippers in. Tom would insist in tossing everything in some other place. Now Mrs. Nellie was only human, and Tom's ways annoyed her considerably. She resolved not to spoil the peace of her cozy home by scolding, but how to cure him she could not tell.
She bore with him with the patience of an angel, till one morning, when he had gone up town she went into the parlor, broom in hand, and there lay Tom's big shawl right across the centre table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the trifles that lay on the marble top.
"Now, I can't have this, and I won't," said she, as she raised the shawl from the delicate treasures, and discovered the ruins of a favorite Bohemian vase.
"I don't know what to do, but this I won't have," she continued, with a little bit of wifely snap, which every good wife must have, if she expects to get along at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal, man.
"Some way must be discovered to cure Tom of such performances as this," went on Mrs. Nellie, and she removed the ruins of the vase, and all the morning she went around at her work with scarlet lips closely compressed, with a little frown in her brown eyes, which argued well for Mr. Tom's domestic subjugation.
"Women's wit, having a will, seldom falls to the way," said a determined little woman who was just then passing, "based line in subordination might it will surrender at once."