

Poetry.

LABOR IS NOBLE.

You think your lot is hard because
You have to earn your bread:
Better wear out by labor, man,
Than rust till you are dead:
Better by far the boon of toil,
With joys that come not loth,
Than idleness and listlessness,
Than fortune-linked to sloth.
Think him not always blest who owns
Broad fields and mansion proud;
His days may know no comfort, man,
His heart may be low bowed;
For wealth, sir, often brings unrest,
And care that will not die;
And gold and lands and treasures vast
May bring one misery.
God made you, sir, to do and dare,
To own a steadfast heart;
To win rewards of labor, man,
And act an noble part;
He placed you here to do your best,
To do all good you can,
And show that steady industry
And honor make the man.
What though some pass you on the way
To gain the sought-for prize?
What though the clouds may gather, man,
And stormy be the skies?
True manhood, sir, is shown, when dark
The prospect may appear,
By marching onward—ever on—
With courage, not with fear.
Labor is noble, when it stands
Up for the right and true,
When'er it does the best it can
And brave all troubles through,
Its full rewards must some day come
To crown the toiler's head,
Who deems it better far to work
Than rust till he is dead.

Tales and Sketches.

TOM GILLETT'S FORTUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"No. I don't suppose there ever was a more hopeless case!"
Tom Gillett uttered a groan, and lighted a fresh cigar. He had been pacing up and down Waverley Avenue for two hours, looking at the condition of his affairs. He had a pretty fair view of them now on every side.
"I don't know that I ever saw a worse outlook," said Tom, at last.
Probably it was the first time he had ever brought himself face to face with the matter. By day he was so persistently agitated with the hope of catching a glimpse of Miss Matlack, or, at least, hearing the tramp of her poney, as it passed in or out to the stable; he was kept in such a perpetual flutter by the bare chance of some new phase in their unfortunate love-affair turning up, that he never had time to coolly regard this aforesaid love in the light of common sense.
But to-night he had set apart for this especial business "common sense." That's precisely what I will bring to bear on it," he had said.
After supper, therefore, Tom betook himself to the stately square on which old Peter Matlack's house frowned down with all the dogmatic authority of one hundred thousand a year, and brought common sense to bear. Matlack's house helped to set the matter plainly before him. It was built as a castle; a chateau of the time of the first Francis. Spoor, the architect, though its grim towers and battlements (with glimpses underneath of the steam-heaters through the basement gratings) suggested ancient feudal state; stately dames and knights gone out to joust or tourney. "People, however, always stopped to look at it, and went on with a muttered, "Matlack, Tea," precisely as the murmured "Slingsby, Whiskey," before the Ionic pillars of the house across the way. Such difficulties lie in our way when we would do those trappings of honor for which nature, we are convinced, has fitted us. Tom Gillett had no fancies about jousts or tourneys. It was enough for him to know that it was a lucky hit of old Matlack's, in Oolong and Souchong, that had boosted him in a week up into the Delectable Mountains, where dwell the millionaires. Grim towers and battlements, the butler, the very gold-mounted harness of Laura's poney, were only so many mile-stones to mark the hopeless distance between Tom's darling and himself.
It was a pleasant summer evening. The stately houses recognized each other across the wide-shaped avenue; climbing roses, costly azuleos, fringed and colored the brown-stone balustrades; daintily-dressed children peeped from the drawing-room windows; the very footmen, opening the hall-door, looked down on the plumed passer-by, as from unassailable golden heights, where only balmy breezes blow, and souls are borne to heaven on flowery beds of ease, whose rose-leaves are all smoothed.
Tom Gillett would then go round the corner to the narrow street on which his office stood. A little "pine building," ten by twelve; a carpeted room, with a cherry table, solitary bookcase, and three old chairs by way of

furniture. Outside, the glittering sign, "Thomas Gillett, M. D. Office hours 9 to 10, A. M." "Why mightn't I as well have put them all office hours?" muttered Tom, with a melancholy grin.
The two houses were both before him. No witnesses in court ever set out a case more plainly. Tom stood at the corner, swinging his cane, looking first at one and then the other. He was a neat, jaunty little fellow, with a joke always lying hid in his chubby face, and a suggestion of enjoyment of the good things of the world in his twinkling blue eyes and well-built clothes. A happy, good-fellowly fellow, people thought, as they passed him. In Tom's own eyes he was of all men the most miserable.
"Life is worth nothing to me without Laura. Laura I cannot have without money; and how, in heaven's name, am I to make money?"
There was no suppositions premise in his reasoning. He had gone to old Peter Matlack, and put his face to the test, that very morning. His own love, and his inability he knew better than most men. There was not an atom of muddy self-conceit in poor Tom to hinder his mental soundings.
As he stood within sight of the Matlack castle, he saw the old tea-man come down the steps, and walk away to his club. Jones, his neighbor, who was with him, sniffed the common air affably, with his hook-nose, as he went, as one of the dwellers on Olympus might, belated on the earth, and carrying to appear an ordinary mortal. But there was no pomp or affectation about Peter—a plain, blunt man, with steady walk, and keen, gray eyes. "He values his money, but not himself for it," thought Tom. "And he don't overrate its value either," with a sigh. "Life's but a topsy-turvy, ill-balanced boat, without the gold ballast in the bottom."
The two old men disappeared down the avenue, without seeing Tom. Five minutes after, Miss Laura's dainty little phaeton rolled noiselessly up the Nicholson pavement, and stopped in front of the battlements. She wore lilac. "Just like a hyacinth blossom!" ejaculated Tom, going madly on tip-toe to catch the shimmer of her soft silk, when she would step down. Her silks were always soft; her skirts never rustled. Some women attack the senses like a dozen cross winds; this one was a single note of music—dress, voice, gentle, slow-moving brown eyes were all in harmony.
As for Tom, tea, money, old Peter, all were forgotten. "She wears curls to-night! She looks like the Madonna del Sivo, with her hair plain. But with curls, she is—Laura!"
His ecstasy at that exhaled into silence. Now, whether Miss Laura had keener eyes than her father, and saw the stout little figure waiting at the corner, will never be known. It is certain, however, that, with her foot on the carriage-steps, she changed her mind, and, seating herself again, ordered the coachman to drive her immediately to the florists in the next street.
"Ah, you need not wait, Robert," she said. "It is but a step. I can walk home."
The result of which was that Dr. Tom beheld his lady-love, caged in a bower, full in his sight, with no other defence than roses and geraniums against him.
Mr. Feast, horticulturist for Waverley Avenue, was a man of intuitions. All he saw was a young lady, one of his best customers, bow formerly to Dr. Gillett coming in, and cross the heaps of empty flower-pots. But he knew he would sell no more bouquets that day, and, making some excuse, retreated to his back room, where he was speedily forgotten. As long as he was in hearing, Miss Matlack, who was really a stupid little body, talked of gloxinias and orchids, with aplomb and wisdom. Tom, who was shrewd and sensible, stammered "Laura!" grow red, stared at her in inexpressible silence, and otherwise conducted himself as an idiot. When they were alone, he waxed valiant, and she, shy.
"I went to see your father at his office, this morning, Laura. It's all over with me."
"Ob, Tom!" She clasped her hands. They were so little and helpless, that nothing was to be done but to grip them tight in both of his.
"Yes," resolutely. "I don't see a chance. If your father was arrogant, or unjust, it would interfere for us. But he talks such curiously hard sense—I beg your pardon, Laura. But I feel as if I'd run my head, and heart too, against a stone wall!"
"Poor boy! poor boy! But what hard sense, could he have on his side? Didn't you explain to him that we loved each other?" growing red again, and trembling to her finger-ends.
"Ob, of course. He knew that already. He was very courteous and pleasant about it. He had anticipated that a great many young men would feel impressed with the conviction that nature designed Miss Matlack as a good wife. A great many young men had so impressed. With regard to myself he would be quite candid. Personally, he had no fault to find."
"I should think not!" under her breath; whereas Tom found it necessary to hold the little hands so tight that Miss Laura drew them indignantly away.
"Personally he had no fault to find. My family was good, better than his own; my

social position, habits, character, all that could be desired. Still, the same could be urged in behalf of other suitors; and insuperable objection remained against me—want of money. My income barely paid my board and clothed me decently. He knew from experience the power and uses of money, and was determined that his only child should have the benefit of both. I replied that I had one argument in my favor which no other suitor could urge. You know what that was, my darling?"
" Laura, for her reply, blushed again; and slid her hands into their old resting-place.
" He said that the fact of your preference did not weigh so heavily with him as I probably thought it should do. He knew your character thoroughly. You were one of those gentle, loving, confiding women who turned like a vine to a fresh support, as soon as the first was removed."
" How little he knows me!" cried Laura, with a winsome laugh. Tom stroked her fingers tenderly, but he had a gloomy doubt that the old man was nearer right than he would acknowledge. " Her heart is brimful of love as a fountain of water, and it isn't natural she would keep it long for such a poor dog as I!" he reflected, with a fierce pang of jealousy. " I've no doubt," he added aloud, " if I could come to him to-morrow with an income one quarter as large as his own, he would receive me cordially. But in the meantime my income is just seven hundred a year."
" Oh dear!" sighed Laura, looking out through the dim glass walls at the gathering twilight. " Why, Tom!" with a sudden gasp of delight, " Doctor Nichol's practice is worth—worth—Well, you know how they live. I'm sure papa would be quite satisfied if you had as lovely a place as that; and as for me, I'd be content to live—in a kitchen; I would indeed. People come to Dr. Nichol's from all parts of the Union, and you're a physician as well as he; and I think papa would be quite as willing that you should make your fortune by science and all that sort of thing as—"

lack's face again, it was particularly difficult to carry out that resolve, as he had made that occupation the business of his life for the last two years; and besides she passed his door half dozen times a day.
He took down his books, and read vehemently for half an hour. But why should he spend the day studying the pathology of obscure diseases, when it might be fifty years before he even had a case? That reminded him of his sole remaining patient, little Sam Teast, the florist's boy, whom he had brought through the scarlet fever. It was a week since he had seen him. He was almost well. But he was fond of the doctor, and his father and mother were foolish in their gratitude; and gratitude and affection were like cordial to poor Tom to-day.
In default of taking the world by the throat, therefore, he put on his hat and sauntered round to Feast's. The florist met him at the door, Gillett fancied there was a new expression in his face of shrewd suspicion. Could he have overheard, or understood anything, yesterday?
" It is Sam's back that troubles him," said his mother. " He can neither stand nor lie comfortably. This cheer his father brought him, gives him the greatest pleasure for a day. He'd kerry it out in the sun and sit on it, first in one place and then the other. But it was sheer torture after a bit."
Tom began his examination of Sam's back zealously, while Feast watched him keenly. " He's no love-sick chap, that. First, he's a genuine, kind-hearted fellow, and then he's got the spirit of his profession in his blood and bones. There's nothing serious the matter with the boy, doctor," he said, aloud.
" Nothing but debility. A few weeks sunshine, and fresh air, will build him up. But this chair—" taking it up.
" It's the easiest I could find. But the backs and sides are stiff of any chair."
" If they could be made elastic—" Doctor Gillett turned the chair over, scanning it speculatively. He belonged to a family that had full use of their hands and eyes. " Send this around to the office, Feast. I think I can contrive an easier seat for Sam."
When evening came, and the hour when Tom had been used to rally forth to Laura for his daily rations of happiness, there was a short, fierce struggle in his mind. Common sense came, uninvited this time, and threw her unpying glare of light on the matter as never before. He could not conquer a fortune out of nothing. His boast in the morning had been the maddest folly. Then, if he could not honorably win Laura, let him take himself out of her path. " I'll not clog and damage her life with a hopeless attachment," thought Tom, the more bitterly, as he felt that perhaps the damage to Laura's life would be small. " She would have been a loyal, fond wife if she had married me. But she cannot live without something to love. In a month she will have forgotten me."
Whether this was just, or not, to Laura, it made the night none the less the most vacant and bitter of his life. Gillett went whistling up and down his office for an hour or two, and then stretched his arms over his head with a heavy breath.
" I may as well give the poor child a little pleasure; but it's all over for me," he said, and sitting down to the table took up the chair.
(To be Continued.)

THE MIXED ARROWS.
Cupid, one sultry summer moon, tired with play and faint with heat, went into a cool grotto to repose himself, which happened to be the cave of Death. He threw himself carelessly down on the floor, and his quiver turning topsy-turvy, all the arrows fell out, and mingled with those of Death, which lay scattered up and down the place. When he awoke he gathered them up as well as he could; but they were so intermingled that, though he knew the exact number, he could not rightly distinguish them, from which it happened that he took up some of the arrows which belonged to Death, and left several of his own in the room of them. This is the cause why we now and then see the hearts of the old and decrepit transfixed with the bolts of Love; and, with equal grief and surprise, behold the youthful, blooming part of our species smitten with the darts of Death.
A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.
It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle-butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant fore-castle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.
" How cool and clear it looks," said a tall powerful, young seaman; " I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"
" That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group; " we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner."
In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger, of the name of Leigh; they used to joke, and call him Sambo.
" You no swim to-day, Ned?" said he, addressing me. " Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like deebel." I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail-yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried out, " A shark! a shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.
" Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the fore-castle. " Go it, Sambo!" cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, " A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!"
" Lay aft, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.
" Swim for God's sake!" cried the captain, who was now on deck; " he has not seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!" My heart stood still; I felt weaker than a child, as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; the black was striking out like mad for the ship.
" Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices; " they never take black when they can get white."
I did swim, and that desperately; the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move; the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called la brasse, or hand-over-hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.
" He sees you now!" was shouted; " he is after you!" O the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship; fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

CHAPTER II.

MUSIC AMONG THE INDIANS.

TOM GILLETT rose, the next morning, after a sleepless night, on fire with his own resolve. Commonplace men rise, many a morning, with zeal and power enough to make a Columbus or a Luther burning in their blood—for an hour or two. Before he dressed, he wrote and dispatched a note to Laura, which he had concocted during the night.
" Laura," it ran, " I could bear your father's words, but not yours. He is a man, and just, he did not doubt me. I will never see your face again until I come with the fortune which you and he demand. Till then farewell.
" T. G."
Tragedy never furnished words so trenchant or so terrible, poor Tom thought, reading them over. If he had been a woman, he could have cried with pity over his own thwarted life. " God knows money is the curse of all that is best in our natures," he thought, directing the letter with scowling brow. " If Laura had been a chambermaid and I a baker, glancing at a happy pair in the area opposite, ' life would have been an easy path for us. Now to action!"
The letter was to post: then shaving came, and dressing for the day; afterward breakfast, which he could not eat, and the morning paper. By the time that was finished his three patients were ready for him, and when he hour for action came Tom was very busy in his ideas as to what the action was to be. Then was lunch; he began to be hungry. He looked out at the tranquil, sunshiny street, at the Misses Sleoman going out to pay morning calls, at the doctor's coupe opposite, listened to the barber Ben's plaintive tune upon the accordion. He could not take pay of this world by the throat and wring a fortune out of it. As for never looking upon Miss Mat-