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Who wants a New Hat?

I Wait for Thee.

The heart is swept—the fire is bright, The little sings for thee;

Come, come, love, home, thy task is done, The clock ticks listening,

They talk to him—where's my tea here; Where'er thy footsteps roam,

Ab, now along the crisp walk fast, That well known step doth pass,

Humble Worth. Tell me not that he's a poor man,

Is his word to be relied on? Has his character no blame?

INSUBORDINATION, OR THE SHOEMAKERS DAUGHTERS.

Mr. Hardamer's blood went up to fever heat at this piece of bold disregard of his presence.

What's the matter with your coffee, Ike? said Mrs. Hardamer, unable to contain herself.

Why don't you drink it, then? she asked, in a loud, angry voice.

Just at this moment her eye detected a movement of Tom's, not to be mistaken.

What's the matter here, Ike? he exclaimed, with an expression of both anger and alarm upon his countenance.

Why, you see, Ike, there, the impertinent scoundrel! undertook to play off his pranks at the table, and Bill and Tom must both join him in it.

One couldn't drink the coffee, another said the fish was spoiled, and Tom, there, turned up his nose at the butter.

'You villains! what do you mean?' said Hardamer, losing all command of his feelings.

'You want me to settle this affair, madam,' said Hardamer, to his wife, in a low tone, not so low, however, but that the boys heard it distinctly.

'I could see her gibbeted!' exclaimed Genevieve, in return, who had also begun to look with favorable eyes upon the young man.

'I'm not kind in you to talk so to me, Genevieve,' said Genevieve, mildly.

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'I tell you it was not good enough, madam!' replied the husband, much excited.

'Well, I tell you how it was, sir!' responded his high-tempered wife.

'Go to—' But he kept in the angry word, and retreated in disorder to the front shop, where he resumed his work at the boot he had been dressing up, and choked in his indignation as best he could.

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after she had taken her into her family as sempstress.

This remark was occasioned by a short sketch of the scene that occurred in Mrs. Hardamer's parlor, on the night Anne was taken so seriously by task by the mother and daughters; a sketch, given at the request of Mrs. Webster, who had, from a word inadvertently dropped by Anne, suspected that she had not been rightly treated.

'I have no doubt of it,' replied Mrs. Webster. 'My question was only indicative of surprise. But who was the young man, Anne?'

'His name, I believe, was Ilerton.'

'Ilerton?' said Mrs. Webster, in a tone of surprise. 'Does he keep a dry goods store on Market street?'

'Indeed, ma'am, I do not know anything about him. He seemed like a gentleman; and, my impression of him, derived from hearing him converse for half an hour, has made me wonder, more than once, how he could be interested in either Gertrude or Genevieve.'

'You're quite ready with a confession, Henry, but I think I'm a little ahead of you. You think Miss Hardamer quite an interesting young lady. Am I not right?'

'Not exactly, replied the young man, somewhat confused. 'But how in the world did you know that I went there?'

'I don't know, sir, but I have seen you there several times. I don't know how you got there, but I have seen you there several times.'

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time, and have known too many not to be able to judge of any one after an half hour's acquaintance.

'Why, Henry?' said Mrs. Webster. 'I never knew before that you were so vain of your discriminating powers. Most men are satisfied if they can find out a woman's real character, after having lived with her some twenty years, or more. But you can see quite through them in half an hour! You are, really, more of a novice in these affairs than I had thought you.'

'No doubt I seem to you a little demented; but indeed, I wish you could see this Miss Earnest—I'd be willing to leave the matter to your judgment, binding myself to abide the decision.'

'Under these circumstances, I might be unwilling to countenance your romantic love affair.'

'But I cannot find out where she is. At Hardamer's I can, of course, learn nothing more about her,' said the young man.

'Would you like to see her if you were to meet her anywhere?' said Mrs. Webster.

'Of course I would. Her sweet face is always before me, and her voice has been like music in my ears ever since.'

'Really, Henry! I am concerned for you. I'm afraid Cupid has struck you in the eye, and partially blinded you.'

'Perhaps he has, Mrs. Webster. But if that be the case, it is not my fault, if I see with a perverted vision.'

'Well, Henry, I do not know how to advise you at present. But something may strike me, after I think about it; so I shall expect you to come and see me pretty often.'

'I shall surely do that, Mrs. Webster; for there is no one else that I can talk to on the subject so near my heart.'

'I was going to say, that I was sorry you had become so infatuated with this mysterious stranger; but, in this, perhaps, I would be wrong. I have, however, a young lady here, who is going to reside with me, I expect, for some time, and I did flatter myself that you would find her particularly interesting.'

'Who is she, Mrs. Webster?' he asked, with an apparent interest.

'Not like the other did when you were there, Miss Anne. Nobody cares for us as you did. But there we were all so glad you've got a better place, and would have you back again to be abused and insulted for the world. But Genevieve and Gertrude have got nothing by it, for Mr. Ilerton don't come there at all any more, and we know it's because he didn't find you there.'

'Why, Jimmy! What are you talking about?' exclaimed Anne, taken by surprise, for she had never mentioned to any one in the house, the unpleasant interview between her and Mrs. Hardamer.

'But who told you that I was abused and insulted?' she asked.

'Why, Millie heard it all, and told us about it. It would have done your heart good to have heard how the boys went on. Ike, and the rest of 'em, say they'll make the house too hot to hold 'em all, now you, the only friend they ever had there, have been forced to go away.'

'Indeed, Jimmy, I hope the boys won't do anything wrong on my account,' she said, with much concern.

'They've got a standing grudge against the whole family, and are going to have it out now you ain't there to hold 'em back as you used to do,' replied the little boy.

'But you are not going to have any thing to do with it, Jimmy?'

'O, no, indeed, Miss Anne, that I ain't! I'm too little. And, myself, how I shouldn't like it right to do it, myself, though I'm glad when they cool 'em off a little, since you've been away.'

'Did you see that Mr. Ilerton had stopped going to see the young ladies?' asked Anne.

'Yes, indeed, he has. He asked for you one night, so Millie says, and they were quite hot about it; and so he just up and told 'em that you were worth a dozen such as them.'

'That cannot be, I am sure. Mr. Ilerton, certainly, did not talk in so ungentlemanly a manner.'

'I don't think it was any more than the truth, and I'm sure I hope he did say it,' replied Jimmy, warmly.

'You are wrong,' said Anne to her little friend. 'You must not desire to have any injured, or wounded in their feelings, because they do not treat you well. You know that such injuries spring from revenge, and revenge is murder in disguise.'

'That is true, Anne, and if all of us want simply about discharging every present duty, leaving the past and the future alone, how much happier would we be.'

'In the simple fact of performing our present duties,' replied Anne, 'must come all of our real happiness that ever can come. It is the great secret of happiness. But the prevailing misery in life shows how far the true principle of living for happiness is departed from.'

'There is a little boy in the passage, who wants to see Miss Earnest, said a servant, entering the room, and interrupting the conversation.

'Bring him in here, then, Nancy,' said Anne; who conjectured that it was her little friend Genevieve's maid.

'Why, Jimmy!—how do you do? I'm glad to see you!' she said, in the next minute, as a pale, meagre looking boy, poorly clad, came forward with a timid and hesitating step, looking earnestly, at the same time, into the face of Mrs. Webster, with an expression that asked, as plain as words—'Am I wrong in coming here?'

'This is the little boy, Mrs. Webster, of whom I have told you,' said Anne.

'Why haven't you been to see Anne before, my little fellow?' said Mrs. Webster, kindly. 'I thought she told me that you liked her very much; or, at least, that you were in the habit of saying so.'

'And, indeed, I do, said the child, his eyes filling with tears, but I didn't like to come.'

'You found courage at last, it seems; she replied with an encouraging smile.

'Yes, ma'am. I wanted to see her so bad, that I at last ventured to come here.'

'Anne must have been good to you, you seem to like her so well.'

'Indeed, indeed she was then! And, now she is the only friend I've got,' the tears again starting to his eyes.

'Well, it would be a pity to intrude upon two such fine friends; and so I will retire,' said Mrs. Webster, smiling.