

Poetry.

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

When ago has cast its shadow
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day,
Then we shall sit and ponder
In the dim and shadowy past;
Within the heart's still chambers
The guests will gather fast.

The friends in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
Again to hold communion
As in the days of yore.
They may be stern and scabrous;
They may be bright and fair;
But the heart will have its chambers,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sister?
Who, then shall be our guests?
How shall it be my brother,
When life's shadow on us rests?
Shall we not, 'midst the silence,
In accents soft and low,
Then hear familiar voices,
And words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that still chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold,
When age has cast its shadow
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day?

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the Hand of Woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel—
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power thence with Beauty flows;
Woman's first the streamlet's guidance,
From its soul with body grows—
Grows on for the good or evil,
Sunlight st-amed or tempest hurried;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon this natal sod;
Yours to keep the young heart open
To the holy breath of God!
All true triumphs of the ages
Are from another love imparted;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Father, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XX.

"You are from Chicago, I believe?" Arbyght's new employer remarked indifferently, one day, as they met in the yard.

"I am," said Richard, quietly.

"Why did you leave there?" with audacious impudence.

"Why?"

"Yes!"

"To avoid unjust persecution."

"Humph!" grunted the employer; then fumbling in a side pocket he drew out a package of letters from one of which he took and handed to Arbyght an oblong piece of stiff card-board, on which was photographed a picture.

"Do you recognize it?" he asked with a malicious grin, as he observed Arbyght's perplexity and astonishment.

"Yes, I recognize it, but how or by what right it was taken is a puzzling question I cannot comprehend, can you?"

"How it was taken, or by what right, are questions that do not concern me."

"Well, perhaps you would not be adverse to disclosing from whom you received it?"

"It came from Chicago."

"Ah!" It was clear to Richard now.

"Yes, continued the sanctimonious Sander-

son Cairns, "and I think you had better go back and make a more commendable record before you again attempt to impose upon us.

We want no agitators here; we want no unions here. If my men dare to organize I will discharge every man of them, and fill their places with Chinese."

Arbyght's blood was boiling, but he restrained himself, being determined to betray no visible sign of the sea of indignation that foamed and seethed within him. Cairns was what might be termed a refined mass of brutal ignorance. He was a thickset man, with a projecting chin, dull, obtuse eyes, square mouth, flat nose, large ears—altogether presenting a very swinish appearance. It has been often noticed by physiognomists that men are frequently found, between whom and certain animals there is a striking facial resemblance, and it is further remarked that the resemblance extends to the disposition and character of the men in whom it is observed. This was the case with Sander-

son Cairns.

"Why do you not procure these Chinese?" said Richard, with confounding sarcasm.

Cairns was cowered, and tried to extricate himself in this manner:

"You see most of the men who work for me are of my own nationality, hence I feel for them and do not wish to see them suffer from loss of employment, although I am sure I could get my work done much cheaper by the Celestials."

"O! I see," answered the workman, not the force of your reason, but the force of your motive; your men are allied to you by national ties. Oh! yes; and for that reason you imagine you have an unquestionable right to fleece them. Now, if you have any regard for these men, why do you not pay them what they are worth; or do these national ties of which you boast exist only during the subserviency of the men; and are they to disappear as soon as the men question your right to dictate to them what their own muscles is worth? Your sympathy resembles the slime with which the wily snake smears its victim to render it easy of deglutition; the sympathy of the farmer for his sheep before he shears them, or the housewife for her geese before she plucks them. Now sir, you can give me my time; and labor is a commodity that should never beg for a market," and he tore the photograph in a dozen pieces and threw them upon the ground.

Richard Arbyght left Milwaukee and went to Peoria, in Illinois, but could obtain no work.

Whenever he entered a shop he was at once recognized and very frequently insulted. It would be useless to record the state of his mind. At times there was a cavernous hell in his soul; then Vida Geldamo entered and left no room for hate. One employer sympathized with him, and would employ him but he feared the rest—feared they would prejudice the minds of the consumers and leave him without a market. From this man he learned that Relvason had sent nearly every employer of note in the west, a printed letter in which he was represented as a man to be feared; that he was the paid agent of some secret Revolutionary League, the object of which was to overturn the government, and rob and murder the monied men of the country. Accompanying each letter was a copy of his photograph.

"'Twere better to conciliate an enemy or, therein failing, fight him in his own territory." These words occurred to the hounded son of toil with greater force every day, until he finally resolved to return to Chicago and "beard the lion in his den—the Douglass in his hall."

Forty-two miles northwest of Chicago, in a gently rolling prairie country, on Fox River, is situated the beautiful, flourishing and thriving town of Elgin. It is one of the pleasantest places in all the surrounding country, and is especially noted for watch manufactures. When the up express stopped here, a poor woman, worn out with travel and care of two small children, asked Richard if he would be kind enough to bring her a cup of warm coffee. He answered that he was only too glad to be of service to her. The coffee was procured, but while Arbyght was paying for it at the restaurant counter the train sped out of the depot and left him behind.

The next train was not due for some hours. If there is anything calculated more than another to make a man restless and uneasy, it is waiting for a train at a depot. Richard found it so, and to banish the ennui that oppressed him he took a stroll through the town, and lapsing into the transcendental he wandered beyond the suburbs before he was well aware of it.

The sun was about an half-an-hour high; the sky was clear; the atmosphere hazy, a gentle breeze, supposed by the intuitive aborigines to come directly from the court of the southwestern god, waftingly fanned the face of the declining day. Richard stood in the open country, with groves and snowwhite farm cottages, environed with clustering trees in the distance on every side, except towards the town. While he stood and gazed, entranced, on nature's loveliness, and contemplated the approaching death of old autumn, soon to be clad in the melancholy ceremonies of decaying, withered vegetation, brown, rustling leaves, and buried 'neath the frosts and snows of the coming winter, he became conscious of the approach of an awful something; a dull rumbling sound, as of muffled thunder, seemed to dance in the air; looking toward the north he saw approaching the down train from Chicago. On it came, with thundering force and lightning speed; on it came, like some fabled monster, some celestial messenger from the Olympian gods; now it shot round a sharp corner like a bolt from heaven, and came fully into view; now there issued from the iron lungs of the monster a blue, vapory breath, followed by a screech—a demonically appalling, truly unearthly screech. A violent plunging and prancing of horses, mingled with scared female voices, now claimed Richard's attention, and glancing down the road leading to the town, he saw two beautiful ladies, mounted on blooded horses that were pawing on the ground, championing, prancing and rearing fearfully. The train swept by with the rush and roar of a whirlwind. In passing, the same appalling, unearthly screech, but ten times more appalling and unearthly, rent the air. The spirited animals took fright and dashed up the road; Richard grasped the nearest one as they shot past, by the bit, and with much difficulty reined him up. The lady, a tall, graceful woman, fair complexion, large gray eyes, and dark brown hair, alighted hurriedly and begged him, for God's sake, to save her cousin.

Quick as thought he drew his knife, cut the girths and jerked off the saddle, then springing upon the horse he gave chase to the flying

steed, and soon gained upon him; but the fair rider, although she evidently had no control over the fiery, galloping snorting animal, did not appear at all alarmed. A glossy chestnut curl fluttered back like the topmost streamer of a vessel in the rushing wind; she stood erect and rose with easy grace and dignity. Suddenly the maddened horse, to evade a crowd of excited men and boys that had gathered on the road, leaped a low fence and sped across an open field toward a thickly wooded grove; seeing which, Arbyght leaped the same fence, a few rods back, and taking an oblique line sought to head of the runaway horse, the rider of which became thoroughly alarmed as she neared the grove; she knew that if the infuriated animal rushed in among the trees, that to her it was inevitable death. She saw the near approach of help, but she was now very close to the grove; she leaned forward on her saddle, set her teeth and prepared for the worst. Richard drove the sharp heels of his boots into the flanks of the horse he rode, and a vigorous spurt brought him to the side of the now almost inanimate girl; telling her to disengage her feet from the stirrups, he threw his arm around her, and lifted her from the saddle just as the horse dashed in among the tall trees; a sudden jerk with the left hand at the same instant reined the now doubly laden animal completely round. The girl had fainted. He dismounted and laid her gently down, tied the horse to a young sapling, and proceeded to reanimate his unconscious charge. To give her air, he threw back her veil—great heavens! it was Vida Geldamo that lay pale and motionless before him. He uttered a little cry of mingled love and terror, half joy, half sorrow; he took her cold, bloodless, tiny hands between his warm palms, pressed them tenderly, kissed them with soft violence, his heart fluttering in his breast like a wounded bird the while. He dropped the hands and darted off in search of water; found none, darted back again, took her hands again, wet them with his tears, rained upon them soul-ravishing kisses, and by the magnetism of his love electrified her into sensibility. She opened her eyes slightly—saw who was bending over her—opened them very wide, closed them again, perhaps to think, or perhaps his love and devotion was so genuine, so real, so full of reality, so unlike anything she had ever dreamed of, that she was rather pleased than otherwise, and did not wish to break the spell too rudely. Her face became rosy red, she opened her eyes again—"Oh! Mr. Arbyght." He was at her side in a twinkling, assisted her to sit up, and spoke so kindly that she soon grew out of the novelty and strangeness of the occurrence, and laughed gaily; but glancing at him furtively, she noticed his tear-stained cheeks, and then her own eyes filled; she turned away her head and silence fell upon them.

Some boys who had been nutting in the grove saw the riderless horse, and with some difficulty succeeded in capturing him, and now appeared leading him out of the grove. Richard hailed them, and secured the animal; he was now tame and submissive enough. Richard assisted Vida to mount, and in silence they started for the town—Richard walking and leading the horse with which he overtook her. After a little while Vida said, in a tone of surprise rather than inquiry, "What strange fatality brought you here?"

"Your advice," he answered, rather brusquely.

"My advice?"

"Yes, I am going back to fight my enemy in his own territory."

Vida hung her head and another silence ensued.

"You have relations here, I presume?" It was Arbyght that spoke.

"An aunt-in-law and cousin," she replied.

Another silence; Vida was castle-building. Richard was grave-digger. They met the cousin near the point where Arbyght had crossed the fence. An introduction followed; Miss Saunders seemed puzzled; Vida noticed her inquiring looks, and said, by way of answer "Mr. Arbyght and I have met before; he is an esteemed friend."

This remark did not in itself indicate much; but Vida managed to throw into it so much profound thankfulness, and not a little respect, that Richard was in Dante's seventh heaven at once. It was quite dark when the house of Mrs. Saunders was reached. A servant came out and took charge of the horses. Miss Saunders respectfully asked Richard to remain over night, as he had again missed the up-train. He declined. Vida insisted. He said that sooner than trespass upon her aunt's hospitality, he would prefer to remain at a hotel; but in that, if the truth must be told, his lips gave the lie to his heart. Vida would not be refused; she read the man. It is woman's speciality to read men, and it is astonishing what marvelous proficiency some of them attain in observing the inflections, the moods, the stops and pauses of the book. He accepted the offer thankfully. He was shown into a room brilliantly lighted. A woman, of about forty years, stood up at his entrance, and looked straight at him; the light shone fully in his face, and before either of the girls had time to introduce him, the woman advanced and said,

"Your name is Arbyght?"

Richard gazed at the olive features, the dark flashing eye, the defiant mouth of the woman, and replied promptly.

"If you are not my aunt Kate, my perceptions and judgment are sadly at fault."

Richard had found his father's sister. The recognition was mutual. The resemblance

between them was marked and striking. They would pass for mother and son anywhere. Richard remained there two days, and was treated like a prince. A gloom fell upon the whole household when he was gone. Time glided unheeding by while he was around; it now dragged tediously. This may have been because Vida had lost her vivacity. She would not sing or play the balance of the day—he left in the morning. Next day she went to the piano, but her touch awakened but the most plaintive and pathetic airs, and her voice was lower and softer than before; she avoided as much as possible any reference to Arbyght. Was she in love? She dared not ask herself the question.

When Arbyght reached Chicago, the men were completely demoralized, and were returning to work every day, but the leader's presence caused a reaction. A large meeting was held, the situation was discussed, new plans were laid, and the men became more determined and enthusiastic than ever.

Next day all those who had returned to work again left the shops.

The employers were now confused, and offered to compromise by giving half cash, and substituting the pass-book system for the order system. To this cunning proposition, the committee answered, "that under the present system they were very poorly paid, and lost over fifteen per cent. of their earnings by not being paid in cash, and that they considered the pass-book system even worse than the order system, since there would be no limit to their credit but the amount of their weekly wages, and with many wants staring them in the face, it was extremely doubtful if the employers would ever have any cash to pay if the stores were thrown open to the perhaps rash and thoughtless access of their wives and children, hence they felt bound to decline the compromise."

The employers "yielded" to the demand two days afterwards—more correctly speaking they simply restored rights or privileges which they had unjustly assumed or forcibly taken.

About a week subsequently, McFlynn, Trustwood and Wood were discharged upon trivial, trumped-up pretenses.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XIX.—A Royal Feast and a Perilous Leap.

"Here, then, you promise me that I am in no danger, boy?" demanded Mendes of Pierce Neige.

"Oh, White Star is as gentle as a lamb," answered Gil.

"What, is it called White Star?" said Bertrand.

"Yes," answered the boy, "on account of the spot that is on its forehead. Don't fear anything, his impatience and restiveness arises from his not having been out of the stable for some days."

Don Pedro himself could not help smiling at the grotesque contortions of poor Mendes, who could not resolve on getting into the saddle. After having for a long while walked round his fierce horse, after having had the stirrup held again and again, the miller at length took courage, and amidst the laughter of the crowd, which the merriment of the king seemed to encourage, he bestrode the animal, which plunged and reared in such a manner as to nearly unhorse him.

"I like a mule, an ass, an ox, or a camel, never mind which, better than so vicious a beast!" exclaimed Mendes, in a lamentable voice, and holding fast by the mane of his horse.

"Take care," said Don Pedro, holding the steed by the bridle with his own hand. "The worst is over since thy horse has not thrown thee at the first rear."

"But I am swinging like a thief hanging to the rope of the gallows," resumed the miller; "assist me at least with your advice; you, who are a good squire, what would you do in my place?"

"I will hold the bridle with a firm hand, good Mendes," said Don Pedro; "in lieu of clinging to the horse's mane, I would grip vigorously his sides between my two knees, instead of letting my legs hang like two empty bags, and I would render the animal as supple as the pope's mule."

"I will do as you tell me, sire," said the miller, "for when I ask advice it is with the intention of following it."

Bertrand faithfully executed all that had been prescribed to him, and the steed, feeling that he wasted himself in fruitless efforts, and that he had found his master, stopped rearing, to the great astonishment of the archers as well as that of the king.

In the struggle the knight had let the bag of money, and the pass which was to serve him as a safe-conduct through the gates of the city, fall to the ground.

Pierce Neige picked them both up and returned them to the miller, but he only took the parchment, saying, "Keep the purse, my boy, and distribute the marabolins to the archers as a reward for the good care they took of my mule; these brave soldiers have more need of money than I have."

"What means this?" said the king, surprised at this sudden fit of generosity.

"Every one acknowledges, as well as he can, the services rendered him," answered the miller; "and your archers, without intending it, have made me change my mule for this fine horse. I now perceive that I have gained by the exchange. I have now only to take leave of you, to thank you for your kind reception, the reward you have bestowed on me, and your last piece of advice."

"I think thou didst not much require it," said Don Pedro, "for thou art a better horseman than thou didst wish to appear; a person does not so quickly profit by lessons in horsemanship when he has been used to ride only on mules."

In fact, a vague suspicion crossed the mind of the king, who turned to consult the old nurse. But she had gone up again to the saloon.

"By St. Ives!" replied Mendes, "docile scholars profit by all lessons. I have followed your advice, and find my account in it. If you follow the advice that I gave you just now, you won't find yourself wrong."

"I begin to believe that, like a cunning miller, thou hast more than one kind of meal in the same sack, Mendes; who knows if thou are not charged with some secret mission?"

"I do not know what you mean," answered the pretended miller, smiling. "I had no other mission than the one I have fulfilled, which was intrusted to me by your foster brothers."

"That is what I shall know from them," replied the king; "but when will they re-enter Seville?"

At that instant Paloma appeared at one of the windows which looked into the court-yard, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Here are my sons, the watchman has just perceived them; in a few minutes they will be at the gate of the Alcazar. Retain the miller, don't let him go till he has met them face to face."

But Mendes, not judging it proper to run the chances of an interview, and perceiving too late that the hour of vespers had passed long since, "I have delayed long enough," said he, "I can wait no longer." Then profiting by the confusion occasioned by the nurse's words among the people that surrounded him, he resolutely set his fierce steed at a gallop, threatening with his stick whoever should oppose his flight. The little Pierce Neige alone had not suffered himself to be disturbed, and while the archers hastily ran to their horses, and the king, uneasy at this sudden departure, gave orders that, amid the confusion, were scarcely heard, the malicious little fellow had jumped on the crupper of White Star with the agility of a monkey, and galloped in the company of the miller without the latter being aware of it.

Bertrand had scarcely left the gate, when the four brothers perceived him from afar.

"Stop him, stop him!" they cried, "there goes the buldog of Brittany!"

"Duguesclin!" exclaimed the archers and almogavares, terrified and astonished.

"The buldog, whose teeth you have not drawn," answered Bertrand, turning towards them with incredible coolness.

"To your bows! to your cross-bows!" cried the king.

"White Star flies faster than arrows and bolts; ay, as swift as the wind of the desert," said Bertrand, laughing, while the arrows came whistling over his head.

In the meanwhile the four brothers, who had entered the city with the Bretons, to whom Duguesclin had given them, had stopped, and although unarmed, they hazarded exposing themselves to the impetuous shock of the charger, rather than leave a free passage to the terrible Breton, and by their shouts called to their assistance all the inhabitants of the neighboring streets. But at the moment that Bertrand came upon them with the velocity of a thunderbolt, the ten Bretons, having consulted each other by looks, sprang on the four brave young men, and threw them on the ground, exclaiming, "Let God and prisoners be neutral."

The brothers, surprised by this unforeseen attack, rose almost immediately, roaring with rage, and repulsed the adventurers, but it was too late. They then sprang on the track of Duguesclin, and arrived in sight of the Jaen Gate, just at the moment that the guard, commanded by Juan Diente, after examining the safe-conduct, was lowering the draw-bridge.

As to Pierce Neige, he had jumped from the horse to go to the assistance of his brothers; that error saved Bertrand, for had he retained his place, he might have denounced the Breton to the sergeant-at-arms. In the meanwhile he had seen his mistake, and in order to repair it, ran with extraordinary swiftness towards the Jaen Gate. On reaching it, panting and almost breathless, he cried, with all the voice he had left, to the porters who held the chains, to draw them up quickly. This order was so promptly executed, that the Breton captain, who had already passed three parts over the bridge, felt the planks tremble beneath his horse's feet, and immediately saw a frightful gulf half open before him.

This extreme danger would have paralyzed almost any other man, but Duguesclin, recommending his soul to God, struck the flanks of his steed with his stick, and urged him forward without finching or closing his eyes. The horse hesitated an instant, then, far from retrograding, at a single bound he leaped over the chasm.

Notwithstanding this perilous leap, Sir Bertrand did not lose his stirrups, and the horse came down on his feet, but not without