BACK BONE.

When you see a fellow-mortal Without fixed and fearless views. Hanging on the skirts of others; Walking in their cast off shoes: Bowing low to wealth and favor, With abject, uncovered head, Ready to retract or waver; Willing to be drove or led : Walk yourself with firmer bearing; Throw your moral shoulders back ; Show your spine has nerve and marrow Just the thing which his must lack. A stronger word

Was never heard In sense and tone Than this, backbone.

When you see a theologian Hugging close some ugly creed, Fearing to reject or question Dogmas weich his eves may read: Holding back all noble feeling; Choking down each manly view; Caring more for forms and symbols
Than to know the Good and True; Walk yourself with firmer bearing; Throw your moral shoulders back: Show your spine has nerve and marrow Just the thing which his must lack. A stronger word Was never heard In sense and tone Than this, backbone.

When you see a poltiician Crawling through contracted holes: Begging for some fat position, In the ring or at the polls; With no sterling manhood in him; Nothing staple, broad or sound : Destitute of pluck or ballast; Double-sided all around; Walk yourself with firmer bearing; Throw your moral shoulders back : Show your spine has nerve and marrow Just the thing which his must lack. A stronger word Was never heard In sense and tone Than this, backbone. A modest song and plainly told-The text is worth a mine of gold : For many men must sadly lack

Tales and Sketches.

A noble stiffness in the back.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XV.

It was in the drawing rooms-great, large rooms fully twelve feet high, eighteen feet wide and thirty-six feet long. Between the rooms were columns and antæ, above which, and extending across the ceiling was an ellip tic arch. The columns and antæ were of the Corinthian order, the capitals being composition and the base and columns, scagliola, a deep cornice extending upon the ceiling and walls, ran round the rooms. In the centre of the ceiling of each room were large panels encased by a drop moulding, also running round the rooms; in the centre of these panels were magnificent rosettes, artistically and ornamentally finished, and from which descended the great gas chandeliers. The walls were papered with encaustic paper of self-tine upon a gold relief. In the front room was a large bay-window, its opening supported by white scagliols columns. The carpets were velvet, with dark green tinted ground and mosaic pattern in wood colors. The furniture was of dark walnut and rosewood, upholstered in damask and brocatelle, no two pieces being alike. At the piano, in the outer room, sat a young lady not more than twenty years of age, a bright, vivacious, sparkling, beautiful type of girlhood, a flower of that geranium school of beauty so peculiar to our country. The forehead was high arched and smooth, the face pre-eminently feminine, supernaturally sweet, earnest, confiding and dignified. The general expression of the features was delicate to a fault, but from her eyes there shone a steady lustre that gave unmistakable evidence of a stronger soul power than a physiognomical examination would accord her. A few feet from her, leaning against one of the scagliola columns of the bay-window, stood a young man about seven years her senior. He was of medium height, lanky body, slender limbs, the whole surmounted by a head so small as to render him an object of dread to every hatter in the city. His face was thin, his forehead narrow, high but retreating, his mouth and nose large for his face, which had a sharp, knowing expression. The most remarkable thing noticeable in the man, was his voice, which immediately arrested the attention of any who heard it, by its volume and pompous ponderosity. The smallest of words would roll from his lips with a largeness that made them sound like a whole sentence doubled or rolled up and issued with one effort from the mouth of a giant. The insignificance of the man, mentally and physically consider. ed, was largely overbalanced by the man acoustically considered; for no matter how much one despised the absence of mental power and masculine originality, still when he spoke, and the deep bass intonation of his voice broke upon the startled car like a sound from the largest pipe of the great Haarlem organ, you trembled, in spite of yourself, as

the prolonged vibrations rang through every

fibre of your body.

but the words were so unexpected and startling, that the person addressed almost sprang from her seat; "you have a magnificently beautiful, an elysian home here!" the voice continued.

"It is so considered," answered the beauty, abstractedly, her eyes following the retreating figure of Richard Arbyght, who just then passed the side window.

"And truly so considered," returned Mr.

"Papa is very kind and good," slowly replied the lady, more in answer to the former question than from a desire to continue the conversation.

"To my mind," again returned Allsound, with a mysterious air, "there is one thing still lacking to make your existence here completely happy."

"And pray what may that be?" queried Miss Geldamo, not that she cared, but that she felt in courtesy bound to ask.

"I think the amount of comfort and happiness derived from property, or a place called home, is measured by one's degree of ownership in it," he answered, after a little hesitation. Miss Geldamo colored slightly, but did not answer immediately, seeing which, Mr. Allsound ventured a little further.

"What I mean is, the climax of happiness, as far as a home is concerned, consists in being mistress of it." The lady colored still more, but replied promptly:

"I have no desire to ever be a greater mistress than I am now. I have all the liberty, all the power I am capable of keeping within lawful restraint; more, I fear, would spoil

"You do violence to your prudence, your discretion and natural goodness of heart; I am sure, if you were Czarina of all the Russias, you would not abuse your power. I, at least, would have no hesitancy in obeying your mandates; on the contrary, I would esteem it a privileged honor to be the subject, aye, the slave of so beautiful and enchanting a sove-

"Mercy! what noise is that?" cried Miss Geldamo, springing from her seat, at the same instant that Mr. Allsound threw himself upon his knees at her feet. "There it is again," she said, with bated breath, as a wild, unearthly shrick rent the outer air. The next moment the door was thrown open, and Mary Marmane, the house maid, appeared, trembling in every limb, her face horror-stricken and blanched with fright.

"What has happened, Mary? speak quickly!" said Vida, going towards her with rapid

"Oh! Miss Vida!" was all the girl could say, and turning, she ran quickly iuto the yard again, whither the others followed her almost as rapidly, only to see the girl clapping her hands, and uttering a despairing cry.

"Mary, what is the matter?" cried Vida, as she grasped the girl tightly by the arm.

'The tower ! the tower !" replied the girl, and looking towards the campanile, they saw a man clinging to the eaves, which projected over the heavy moulded geornice, the man's body swaying about three feet from the wall of the tower, and fully sixty feet from the flagged-walk below, upon which he was inevitably destined to be dashed, as soon as the weight of his body overcame the muscles of

Vids looked a moment in terror and awe, an awful paleness came over her face, then, turning to Mr. Allsound, she said, in tremulous tones, while a torrent of tears burst from her cves:

But she might as well have addressed a post, as Mr. Allsound was incapable of movement-his knees knocked together, his teeth chattered, and his whole frame shivered like an aspen-leaf. She turned from him in scorn, toward Mary, but Mary had disappeared. Sudderly, a man emerged from the roof of the campanile; Vida clapped her little hands exultingly, and cried, in childish glee:

"He is safe! he is safe!" The man looked around, but moved not.

"Why does he hesitate? why don't he save him ?" Vida cries to him, but he shakes his

head and disappears. The roof is too steep; he cannot reach him: it would be sure death to attempt it. A great blank falls upon Vida's soul, and her fluttering heart grew still, and then began to expand, as if it would burst her bosom. The man's strength was fast ebbing; he would soon fall. At this instant, Mary came running from behind the mansion, closely followed by young Arbyght. At the sight of the latter, Vida's face brightened slightly; she advanced towards him, extended both her hands, and said, with a look and voice so beseechingly imploring, that he never forgot, either the look, the act, or the tone.

" You will save him?"

"Miss, I will try," he answered quickly, then giving one glance at the suspended man, he cried, as loud as he could, "hold on two minutes longer and you are safe;" turning hurriedly, he seized the girl almost radely, and rushing with her toward the house, he said fiercely, "load on—on to the tower, to the tower.'

The girl needed not a repetition of the command; she sped on before him, like a frayed gazelle, bounding up the broad steps, on through other areades and vestibules, past antie columns of brocatelle marble in Ionic style, up the wide staircase with massive rail

stairs, until the first chamber in the campanile was reached. In this room was a large arched window, fronting the square formed by the angles of the main building and wing, and directly under the suspended man; the lower this." sash of this window Arbyght threw up with a sharp jerk, and then stepped out upon the projecting sill of stone. Putting his large, thick felt hat upon the doubled fist of the left hand, he drove it clear through the glass of both sashes, which he grasped with a firm grip, planted his feet solidly upon the stone sill, while his body swayed out from the wall forty-five feet from the ground; he was not a second too soon, for just then the man's hold, which had been slowly loosening for the last two minutes, suddenly gave way, and, with a half-suppressed cry, he dropped like a ball of metal—the strong, sinewey arm of the workman shot out, grasped the falling man around the waist; the sash bent outward, creaked, but did not break, Arbyght's arm dropped slightly and quivered with the weight and momentum of the descending man, but the rest of his frame remained as firm and immovable as a pillar of iron.

"Saved!" came up from the depth below, but so faint that it seemed the echo of a sigh. "Saved!" came from a room behind him, in louder but not less tremulous accents.

"Saved!" came from the man on his arm, in a husky, broken voice-" Saved!" he reechoed himself, as he deposited the man on a settee in the room

CHAPTER XVI.

The rescued man was about twenty-two years of age, tall, well-formed in limb and features, full face, high forehead, sparkling cyes, and laughing mouth. He was completely exhausted, and large drops of perspiration stood out upon his face like crystal beads glued to the flesh. After regaining his breath, he struggled to his feet, extended his hand to Richard, and, in a voice thick with emotion,

"You have saved my life."

"I had not a moment to spare," replied Richard, taking the extended hand, which the rescued man grasped and shook warmly.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you in words I won't try; it would be a beggarly failure, were I to attempt it, but I hope, ere either of us is dead, to convince you, by living acts, and not by dead words, of the thankfulness and appreciation of your daring and humanity, that this moments fills my breast."

"If the consciousness of having saved a life from destruction, is not sufficient reward for the performance of the act, then I hope

never to be rewarded." "Your words are as noble as your deeds;

what may I call you ?" "My name is Arbyght."

"And mine is Geldamo. From henceforth and forever, through light and darkness, through storm and calm, the friend of his preserver."

"Amen!" cried Mary, who having disappeared as soon as she saw Paul safe, now returned, followed Vida and Mr. Allsound.

"Oh! Paul," exclaimed Vida, falling upon her brother's breast, and bursting into a joyous flood of tears.

"You must thank our noble friend, Vida, Mr. Arbyght, my sister Vida."

She turned from her brother toward Richard, laid a soft, velvety hand in his horny muscular palm, and turning very red all of a sudden, said sweetly:

"How shall I thank yeu? We are all under lasting, ineffaceable obligations to you."

rally, through her tears. The effect on Richard was magnetically electrical—he essayed to speak, but only stammered, and, like a blushing girl, he dropped the soft, velvety hand and turned towards the window, his heart filled with conflicting emotions.

It was a strange scene : Vida, in full evening dress, half laughing, half crying and blush ing by turns; Paul, looking bewildered and not knowing whether to laugh or cry; Mary actually crying; Mr. Allsound looking ill at ease and vapidly stupid, and the hero of the hour attempting to see something in the vacuity of space.

Being at work in a close place and the day being quite warm, Arbyght had divested himself of all superfluous clothing and ran from his labors, and now appeared in black pants, fastened at the waist, and a tight-fitting cotton under-shirt, which adhered so closely to his person as to resemble the drapery in which sculptors are wont to clothe a statue; the corded muscles of his chest, neck and arms stood out, in bold relief, like the ridges of marble on the statues of Hercules. He stood there, a man of brawn, muscle and virility, the embodiment of masculine power and originality, force, courage and physical stamina, each and all of which attributes claim the ad miration of woman, and exact her love, for as woman actually adores perfect manhood, she admires and loves those masculine traits, or specialities, in which alone genuino manhood inheres; if, therefore, Vida Geldamo, or Mary Marmane, felt a secret, instinctively intuitive admiration for the brawny workman suddenly spring into life within them, it should only be regarded as the tribute woman ever pays to MAN, and not a desire, on their part, to in-

continently fall in love with them. Richard turned to go below and resume his work, but, as he did so, he discovered that not only was his left arm covered with and balusters, on through other arcades, ves- | blood, it was bleeding profusely. Vida made |

"Miss Geldamo," the man of voice began, | tibules, past other Ionic columns, up other | the same discovery at the same instant, but she did not scream or faint—she merely said, in a sweet, sad voice,

"Another third, to add to our debt of gratitude; Paul, a life-mortgage will hardly repay

Mary was at once despatched for water, a sponge and linen, and when they arrived, Vida, with her own hands, carefully and tenderly dressed the wounded arm, which, though tanned and browned, was as shapely and symmetrical as a woman's. While she worked, the dark eyes of the workman glowed upon her like a piece of incandescent steel, but as if conscious of his gaze, during the operation she never once raised her head, and, when through, she said childishly, but with a peculiar naivete, or unconscious ingenuousness:

"I must be your doctor; come again, when it needs dressing," then, with a very crimson face, she fled precipitately from the room.

Arbyght left immediately afterwards, promising Paul, ere he departed, to be at home on the following evening.

It would be useless to undertake or attempt a psychological analysis of Arbyght's mind, after he left the Geldamo mansion. To Richard himself, Richard was, at that moment, an incomprehensible mystery. At first, he felt a strange feeling, or sensation, creep slowly through every avenue of his body. This was followed by a vacuousness of soul, accompanied

by a sense of heaviness around the heart. Was Lovo at his mischievous tricks again? Alas! we fear so, as Richard concluded in his own mind, ere he reached Madame Yudall's that he would willingly run his arm through a double window every day in the week, provided Vida Geldamo would dress it.

Next morning he found his arm so inflamed and painful, that all idea of work had to be abandoned at least for that day. Early in the afternoon he received a letter, the perusal of which from thencforward changed the whole current of his being. Mad, bewildered with ecstatic joy, he rushed, almost flew to Soolfire Cottage. Grace was not in. He sat down and pondered meditatively; presently he grew calmer, and felt glad that Grace was out.

Shortly afterwards she came in and unmistakably manifested her pleasure at seeing Richard, and frankly told him so. He answered that the pleasure was mutual and then added,

"I have an incentive, of which you are not aware, that renders the pleasure of our present meeting at least to me, greater than any previous meeting." She regarded him with a puzzled and serio-comic expression for a moment or two, then breaking into a sweet silvery laugh, she replied:

"You are enigmatical—at least not clear. Explain."

"My language may seem inexplicable and no doubt it is, however I hope to be able to satisfy you that it was truthfully uttered."

"But why so verbose and circumlocutional? You horrid men always keep one in suspense. Now I was glad you came because I was so utterly, wretchedly lonesome that I cried all this forenoon, and went out after dinner to see if a walk in the fresh air would draw my soul out of the fathomless void of loneliness into which it seemed plunged. Oh! it is so hard, so sad to be all alone in this great wide world, alone, alone." Her voice was so sad and conveyed such a sense of loneliness that Richard was glad she ceased, but she broke out again before he could reply:

"There! I have been lucid and ingenuous, surely you will be equally so. Why were you so pleased to see me on this particular occasion? "Because I think neither of us are so much alone in the world after all."

You are as

not more so." "I would like to ask you a few questions,"

he said imploringly. "You can ask as many as you please provided we can reach this mysterious kernel that you have so impenetrably hidden with a rind of ambiguous words."

"To begin then, you are sure that you have no recollection anterior to your inceptive knowledge of Edna Relvason?"

"Nothing tangible or real; sometimes I have faint glimmerings of forms and scenes, but they come and go so rapidly and are so indistinct, intraceable and indefinable that they leave no sensible impression. It is like a flash of lightning penetrating a world of cimmerian gloom, lighting it up for an instant, but leaving it darker than before."

"Can you not remember an old grey haired man, taking you from the arms of a dark baired weeping boy?" asked Richard, with a slight tremor in his voice and an incipient tear in the corner of his eye. Grace gazed at him fixedly for an instant and then replied:

"Your question has given at least some form and shape to a memoric shadow that has often flitted uncalled through my mind, but it is yet too indistinct. I fear it is useless, I have often tried and ever failed to give shape to these misty forms."

"Do you remember to have ever seen a picture---you called mother?"

Grace looked at him in amazement, his voice was actually husky.

"No," she answered calmly. "The farthest back I can distinctly remember was whon I must have been nearly five years old. I had a gold locket or medal, I can't say which. When or how I came by it, I am unable to say, but I remember that Aunt Edna scolded me one morning for having lost it,-I also cried myself sick over it,-but it was never found."

"Could you tell that locket if you saw it?" the city as a conqueror."

asked Richard eagerly in a very low thick

Grace was startled at his look and manner, and wondered much at the strange questions he asked.

"I don't think I could, but why do you

ask these questions?" "Because," he replied, "I think I have that locket," he at the same instant handed to her his mother's locket,—she gave a little start, and examined it carefully.

"I am not certain," she said, "its first appearance struck me forcibly, but I could not positively say that this was the locket I lost."

Richard advanced rowards her, and taking the locket from her hands he opened it, and disclosed to hor astonished, bowildered, eyes what seemed a correct but faded picture of herself. She stood straight up and looked him full in the face, "Mr. Arbyght, what does this mean?" There was a queer brilliancy in her eye, a peculiar ring in her voice.

"It means," he answered, "that this is a picture of my mother, of your mother—and—'

"And," she interrupted hurriedly, "that you are my brother, and I your sister?"

"Do you not see it. Can you not believe it?" he replied with beseeching, loving emphasis.

She again looked him full in the face, and there saw an overflowing heart,—a brother's affectionate look, the imprisoned and pent up love of a lifetime bursting through the eyes, and throwing her arms wildly around his neck, she exclaimed in a torrent of tears:

"It is all a dream, but my soul tells me you speak the truth, I see it, believe it, my brother-Oh! my brother."

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA:

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Behold, here is enough to fill all the empty granaries of Seville," said she. "The old city might resist you too long if Don Pedro had a knowledge of these provisions, and could lay hold of them. But we are protected from that fear; If his galleys were to penetrate here by the water gate, as these caves and excavations are below the level of the river, I should only have to break the barriers of planks which you see and all would be inundated." Saying this, she pointed out to him a large wooden gate, with two folding doors, which formed the middle of a mound of earth, stones, and sand, which was piled sufficiently high to prevent flood-tides overflowing the bank.

"That is a happy invention," said the Breton knight, leaning against the barrier like a man overcome by fatigue, whilst he made the planks bend under the pressure of his shoulders. "Do you know, beautiful Aixa," add he, "you would be more worthy of commanding an army than many knights and princes of my acquaintance? It is really no disgrace to have been caught by surprise by the skill of so valiant and so noble a dame, and it will be glorious for me to come forth victorious from this ambush."

"It would be glorious, but difficult," said Aixa, "particularly when the lady has her will enforced by fifty determined armed men. What say you, Sir Bertrand?"

"Oh, madam, the more difficult a thing is, the less impossible it is," said the bold Breton, raising himself up and falling against the the robust captain.

"You are fatigued with standing," observed the Morisca, "but we have only pieces of rock to offer you as seats."

"Pay no attention to me, madam, I have been long accustomed to pain and inconvenience; but how can you live here, submitting to a rougher life than our adventurers?" "Oh. I rejoice in each fatigue, each danger,

each privation that I suffer, in the conviction that I shall ultimately make Don Pedro and Rachel repay them all by additional tortures."

"Are you then certain of success, madam," asked Duguesclin, as he pressed with greater force against the flood-gates, which seemed ready to crack and burst under the prodigious efforts, but the calm boaring and steady voice of the prisoner left no room for Aixa to suspect it.

"Am I sure of success?" repeated Aixa. "Why every moment brings it nearer to me. Has not heaven proved that it is with me by suffering you to fall into my hands?"

Dugueselin was silent. He seemed thunderstruck; yet all the while he kept twisting his wrists in order to loosen the cords that bound him, and pressing still more heavily against the barrier, till the planks creaked, and the hinges grouned in their grooves. The Morisca, absorbed in her idea of vengeance, heard nothing, but continued to address her captive.

"You may say what you please, Duguesclin, it is glorious for a woman to have made so good a lance as you a prisoner, but it will be disgraceful for a knight of your renown to remain in the custody of a woman."

"Can I avoid the evil destiny that Heaven has awarded mo?" replied Bertrand, in a peevish tone.

"Well, I will release you, brave knight," said she, in a low and measured voice, after approaching him, "if you promise to deliver up the Jewess, Rachel, to me when you enter