

Poetry.

CHARACTER, NOT APPEARANCE.

Who shall judge a man from manners! Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less.

There are springs of crystal nectar, Ever welling out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown;

Man upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then: Masters, rulers, lords, remember That your meanest hind is a man;

There are foam-embroidered oceans, There are little weed-clad rills, There are feeble larch-high saplings, There are cedars on the hills;

Tolling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame; Titled business is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same,

Truth and justice are eternal, Both with loveliness and light, Secret wrongs shall never prosper, While there is a sunny right!

-Commonwealth.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In the next instant two sorely tried mortals were united in a long, silent, fearful, but a pre-eminently happy and heavenly embrace.

"How were you saved? how did it all happen?" were Vida's first coherent words.

"I owe it all to Bertha," she insisted that I should escape from prison and turn up dead; to use her own words, she said: "To live, you must die."

"Well, Vida," he said, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "This is not such a ghostly place, after all."

"It is a dear, delightful place," she said boldly, and tried to look imperturbable. She failed, however, but succeeded in looking beautifully confused.

Next morning, when Vida came down to breakfast, her father was struck at the wonderful change in her manner and appearance. The wrinkle had nearly disappeared from her forehead, and the little lines of grief and marks of agony, could be seen on her face no more.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SCENE—Magaw's office. Time—Evening. A knock, the detective opens the door, a man closely muffled enters.

"Mr. Magaw, I believe?" "I am so called; you are Mr. Relvason I presume?"

"I am sir." "Pray be seated," said the detective, presenting a chair. Mr. Relvason sat down, quite close to a plain hard wood table on which a few books, some papers and a quantity of writing materials were neatly and orderly arranged.

Mr. Relvason sat quite close to the table because the chair had been placed there by the detective, who, taking another chair, sat down on the opposite side of the table—facing his visitor. The room was very scantily furnished, a few chairs, an ordinary lounge and the table comprising all that could be seen.

From this room a door opened into an inner or back room, which served the detective as a sleeping apartment. The door leading into this lonely and forbidding looking dormitory, was open, and Mr. Relvason sat opposite to it—his face towards it. The place was lighted by a small metallic kerosene lamp, having a paper shade on the chimney. The light was not over brilliant, but was, for all, sufficiently bright to readily distinguish everything in the room or anything likely to occur therein.

"You doubtless know why I am here?" spoke Relvason in a pointed business like way, as if

he wished to come directly to the object of his visit.

"I might possibly surmise, but I have no reason to believe that I could positively name the cause or motive, to which I might attribute the honor of your presence," replied Magaw in a voice tinged with considerable latent sarcasm.

"Have you the missing arm of that cross with you?" asked the visitor in a constrained tone, evidently desiring to avoid the beating about the bush method of reaching the end in view.

"I have," answered the detective in an abrupt but firm voice. Relvason's teeth glistened in the pale lamp light, but it would be difficult to say whether the answer pleased or angered him.

"Would you like to see it?" "Certainly, otherwise I had not come." Magaw drew a small parcel from his pocket and began to unfold it. Relvason's lips parted wider, and the teeth shone more fiercely and the shaggy eyebrows fell and rose nervously during the operation.

"There it is, sir," said Magaw, placing the "arm" under the shade where the rays of light fell full and strong upon it. Relvason started as a man would were a gun fired unexpectedly and close to his ear. He ejaculated a vehement exclamation, seemingly of mingled surprise and alarm.

"By heaven it is the missing arm!" he at length exclaimed, but the detective noticed that his voice was slightly undulatory; it did not have the clear, uninterrupted flow or intonation peculiar to the speech of the man whose mind is at peace and ease.

"How—where did you obtain it?" "It was given to me by a man who had no use for it and who, perhaps, was not aware of its value."

"Well, I will not be particular as to how you came by it; how much do you want for it?"

Mr. Magaw leant across the table, a fierce smile on his face, a direful fire in his eye; looking with mocking, scornful triumph at the would be buyer, he hissed in his very face:

"Sixty thousand dollars, sir."

"Sixty thousand dollars—"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Magaw, "dollars, sir, dollars; I have no desire to discuss the numerical strength of Zamiel's legions, for just now the subject is dollars. Sixty thousand dollars is my price." The detective spoke with cool soberness and with an imperturbable nonchalance, unbearably provoking. Mr. Relvason had sprung to his feet and his face presented a physiognomical appearance, frightful to look upon—fearful to contemplate.

"You must be either a madman or a fool," he finally managed to say.

"Pray, be seated," replied Magaw with mock gravity; "let us talk the matter over." The fearful emotions depicted upon the great employer's face gave place to a contemptuous sneer, and presently he broke out in a loud derisive laugh. The detective stood up, eyed the man with fixed intensity for a moment or two: "Mr. Relvason, sit down." There was something in the detective's look, something in his voice which cowed the strong, haughty millionaire and enforced compliance.

"Well, what is your pleasure?" he ironically, sneeringly demanded, as he again sat down.

"You want this bauble," answered the other, speaking very deliberately, "but its value—to me—your under-estimate. Perhaps my figures are high—"

"I should think so," interposed Relvason, and he grunted a hollow mocking laugh.

"That may be a matter of opinion. Our knowledge of this missing—"

"Arm," suggested Relvason.

"Pardon me, sir—link—is the word. Oh! you need not stare so. Why should you start or seem disturbed; the difference between a link and an arm should occasion you no uneasiness. I was saying our knowledge of this missing link may not coincide; we may have different views regarding it, and this diversity of information respecting it may occasion our clashing opinions touching its value. But if I should give you all the knowledge I possess in connection with it, your views might doubtless be in a measure modified."

"Man or idiot—I care not what you be—I want no more of your insinuations or innuendoes. If you have anything to say, out with it. I am ready to hear any revelation you have to make." The tyrannical employer was now as collected and as soberly cool as the detective; apparently or externally so at least.

"It has a history, would you hear it?" "I will be gratified; is it romantic?"

"Yes, very," replied Magaw, taking no notice of the other's tomerarious bravado; then eyeing Relvason as a panther eyes its victim, he continued: "Yes, singularly—I might say bloodily romantic—I fear the air is chilly, Mr. Relvason."

"Never mind the air; I am subject to chills. Let us hear this wonderful and doubtless enchantingly delightful story."

"Fifty years ago," began the detective, "you were born near the little village of Silverville, Pa.; your father, William Relvason, had married Mary Morris a year or so previously, and two years subsequently she died, after having given birth to your sister Edna, who died in Cleveland a few years since."

"Your knowledge of my family history is singularly accurate," said Relvason with mock commendation.

"You will be better able to judge when I have finished," retorted the other. "Your

mother," he continued, "when dying, left you the cross flory of which this arm was a part."

"Man or devil, who are you," cried Relvason, losing for a moment his self-control.

"Your father," continued the detective, not noticing the interruption, "married again, and the result of the last marriage was Ethalind Relvason, who, in the course of time, married the youngest brother of your father's first wife. So it seems you have an uncle and brother-in-law in the same person, and that man (Mr. Morris) now lives near the same old village in the sight of which you were born."

"But what has all this nonsensical verbiage to do with the manner in which you came into the possession of this 'arm'?" You can spare yourself the trouble of reciting my family history, it is already familiar to me."

"You grew to be a man," pursued the detective as calmly and indifferently as if Relvason had not spoken; "your father died—of broken heart. A financial panic—one of those safety-valves to a rotten financial policy, ruined him. You know our monetary laws were then, as now, so arranged that the few grew rich at the expense of the many. But the desire to steal and plunder is so strong in the few—it being both factitious and inherent, that they became indiscreetly wild—stopping at nothing, they ignore the gauge of prudence attached to the social steam chest, and but for the agency of these periodic panics, acting as a social safety-valve, an explosion would in all probability plunge us into a condition, from which would result an inextricable confusion bordering on anarchy and chaos. You will, I hope, overlook this digression. After your father's death you were a penniless young man, with no aim in life except it was a desire to marry the beautiful Irene Adair—"

"Stop, I will hear no more, your impudence is insufferable. Permit me to bid you good night." The detective again fastened his eyes upon his visitor:—

"Mr. Relvason, you will hear more, you will hear all I have to say ere you leave this room. If you will not hear me, my story will be told to thousands who will be only too glad to listen."

"Go on," Relvason wrapped himself in his armor of dignity and assumed bravado, and sat down again.

"Irene Adair spurned your suit; she preferred another—the son of a Chicago merchant, whom she married. She lived happily with her husband; their wedded life being in reality a continued, unending honeymoon. Their married life was a perpetual love-feast, not marred or clouded by a single regret or sorrow except the decease of the wife's parents, and thus they lived until one terrible night the husband was—sit down, sir—was—be calm sir, be calm—was MURDERED!! most shockingly, foully, brutally, murdered."

"What is this to me—?"

"Nothing, sir, I assure you. 'Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung'; not only was he murdered, he was also robbed of twenty thousand dollars—his wife's and children's inheritance, and now I come to the spot where this story is connected with this trinket. Covered with blood, this piece of your cross was found upon the very spot where that man was murdered. And now, Alvan Relvason, I, the son of that man, yes I—flinging off his detective's disguise—"I, Richard Arbyght, brand you, Alvan Relvason, as the murderer of my father—yes, and mother also, and the robber of our property—villain, thief, murderer!!"

Both Relvason and Arbyght had arisen, and were now facing each other—the workman a personified, maddening fury—the employer the embodied quintessence of rage indescribable.

Arbyght's face glowed as if in burning fever, and his eyes shone with unwonted and unnatural brilliancy—seemed like incandescent carbon. Relvason's face was blanched and fearfully contorted, his eyes glared revenge, mischief, death.

"Liar, scoundrel, dog, die!" the employer fairly shrieked as he with flashing rapidity drew a revolver and fired at Arbyght, but the latter anticipated such a movement, as the light went out before the revolver was fairly out of Relvason's pocket, and though the ball passed directly over the spot on which he stood, it hit him not, because he was not there.

The echoes of the report had not more than begun to reverberate through the room ere Relvason uttered an appalling, prolonged shriek which terminated in a succession of choking gasps, as he fell forward on the table from which he rolled like an inert mass upon the floor. He had seen a sight which had frozen his blood, frozen his heart into stillness.

From the open door, leading to the sleeping apartment, a bright shadow or illuminated image of the murdered man seemed to advance towards the table. The features of the shade were vivid, plain and clearly distinct. So awful, thrilling and apparently real was the scene that Richard, though he knew that it was an illusion, could hardly disabuse his mind of an impression of genuineness. And yet it was the production of a phantasmagoria lantern in the hands of Sergeant Soolfire, who was in the back room and had listened to all the conversation.

Richard had that day received a note from Relvason to the effect that he would call upon him (Magaw), that evening. Arbyght had previously made Soolfire a confidant of the secret discovery he made the evening he first saw the cross flory on Estolla Relvason, and the Sergeant had undertaken to aid in bringing the culprit to justice.

The lamp was again lighted, Relvason's col-

lar was torn off, stimulants administered and other restoratives applied, and in a few minutes he was so far restored to animated life, as to be removed to his carriage and driven home, a more wretched, if not a wiser man.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. XXXVIII.—The Fowler caught in her own Snare.

The barons now began to exchange ironical glances, which Aixa observed, and suddenly comprehending the danger to which their suspicions exposed her. "Speak, speak, Ruy," she said to the mower; "dost thou not perceive that thy words may save me—that thy silence ruins me! Acknowledge the truth; confess that just now Don Pedro held the wife of another in his arms, and that when I would have stopped them in their flight, thou, by violence, didst prevent me."

Ruy put on a bewildered look, as if confounded at the enormity of the falsehood proposed to him, and a glance of pity at the same time at the madness or terror that must have dictated it.

That look irretrievably ruined Aixa. "Dost thou not hear me?" she continued; "have I invented a fable? In the name of Paloma, thy mother, speak, I entreat thee."

"I will say as you say, Aixa," answered he, mildly; "I will have seen, I will have heard whatever you wish, though my head were the forfeit."

She looked at him steadfastly, as if to discover his meaning; she was before judges prejudiced against her, and he alone who could give evidence in her behalf accused her.

"This man is her lover," said Burdett, with a smile; "it is in vain that she disowns him."

"My daughter the mistress of that wretch!" exclaimed the King of Granada.

"Do not believe him, my father," said Aixa, dismayed. "Ruy, thou art a Christian, art thou not? Dare to swear then, that we were here alone when the hangman came knocking at the gate; dare to swear that thou art my lover, as this pilfering adventurer asserts—"

"Poor woman!" sighed Ruy, interrupting her, and raising his eyes to heaven, "alarm renders her mad. But take courage, Aixa; you may deny me, you may repulse me, but I will not abandon you. I will defend you against your enemies, for you are a noble dame, and I count it an honor to be allowed to die for you."

This did the king's foster-brother continue to play the audacious part he had undertaken, though grieved and ashamed; but there was no other way to save Don Pedro from the snare the Morisca had spread for him. Thus was she the victim of her own wiles.

She remained crushed at that perfidious answer.

"Shame and malediction on thee, Aixa," said Mohamed, raising his hand indignantly against his daughter.

"Thou mayest be proud of thy triumph, Ruy," whispered she, "for thou hast driven my father from me—he who loved me more than his religion; but if it be a trial, it has lasted long enough. Thou wilt now, surely, end this horrible torture."

The mower, leaning towards her, whispered in his turn, "When Rachel knelt at your feet, madam, and implored your pity, what was your answer?" Then turning to Burdett, "Condemn not your slave, sir?" he said; "be merciful to her, for I have sworn that no one shall insult or chastise her."

Tom Burdett shrugged his shoulders disdainfully; then, at a sign from Juan the hangman, his two assistants, coming unexpectedly behind Ruy, tied his arms securely, and at the same instant a heavy hand was laid on the shoulder of the Morisca, who had remained as if stunned at the last answer of Ruy.

At that contact she shivered, and closed her eyes with horror; for she felt that she was in the custody of the hangman. Her agony was indescribable, because she knew the ignoble and shameful life to which she was about to be consigned—the debased wretches with whom she should be associated. She felt as if madness itself would be a relief to her burning brain.

"Young girl," said the hangman, unrolling his parchment, "I have listened to thee, patiently, before inscribing thy name among those of my vassals. I suppose thou hast nothing more to say."

"Nothing more to say!" she exclaimed; "but I am not she thou camest to seek, Juan; dost thou not recognise me? It was I who was at thy house yesterday. It was I who paid thee to do this work."

He told her that the money she had already paid was for having entered his domains; that now she had again fallen into his power so should only escape by redeeming herself in a similar manner.

With a ray of hope in her heart, she flew to her father, and besought him to redeem her from the power of the executioner, but in vain; he said he could not save her from dishonor, and that he had no longer a daughter. Then she appealed to her master, Burdett; to Edward of Wales, and cast imploring looks around; but all in vain, no one stretched out a hand to save her, and the myrmidons of the hangman proceeded, notwithstanding her screams and struggles, to carry her away.