

## Poetry.

## TRUST.

Brothers let us trust each other!  
 All that's great in heaven or earth  
 Fear would narrow, doubt would smother;  
 Trust must seal a brave soul's worth.

Laws, relations, social factions,  
 All that elevates more dust—  
 Yea, even angels' mightiest actions  
 Must be based and reared in trust,

Trust, and you, too, shall be trusted;  
 Heart to living heart will speak;  
 Neath free sunshine, brooks o'errusted  
 With stern ice-flocks, issue seek.  
 Evil still is evil's scion,  
 Kindness eye will bless the kind;  
 'Tis a maxim to rely on,  
 That men make the world they find?

Therefore, trust! If left free choice is  
 Betwixt hope and fear, choose well:  
 Nobler heart in hope rejoices,  
 Charity has wondrous spell.  
 High nor low should harbor malice;  
 Great brave souls with honor due;  
 The same sun which lights the palace,  
 Lights the meanest hovel too.

## PLANTING HIMSELF TO GROW.

Dear little bright-eyed Willie,  
 Always so full of glee;  
 Always so very mischievous—  
 The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him  
 Close by the garden wall,  
 Standing so grave and dignified,  
 Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered  
 With the moist and cooling sand,  
 The stalk of the great, tall sunflower  
 He grasped in his chubby hand.

When he saw us standing near him,  
 Gazing so wonderingly  
 At his baby-face, he greeted us  
 With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him.  
 He replied with face aglow:  
 "Mamma, I'm going to be a man;  
 I've planted myself to grow."

—*Mothers' Journal.*

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

## NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

## CHAPTER XXX.

"What light is that?"  
 "It's nothing—only a fire over in the West  
 Division."

The question was asked by an enquiring stranger stopping at the Sherman House, and easily answered by some half-asleep porter. This was on Saturday night—and that bright red light which burst upon the horizon and vividly illuminated the district around Jefferson street, and the southern bend of the river—though only a fire up in the West Division, nevertheless converted four magnificent blocks into a smouldering heap of cinders.

Sunday came—a bright, beautiful day; and enterprising, pleasure-loving Chicago, enjoyed a day of devotional recreation.

Sunday is a day of equality as far as exteriors go; the poor and lowly congregate under the same roofs with the proud and haughty rich, and feel for the time being, at least, that they are equal. An unparalleled event shortly occurred, however which forced absolute equality upon thousands.

Sunday night; an alarm of fire suddenly rings out upon the still air.

"Where is the fire?" asked some anxious individual.

"Don't know, in the West Division I think," was the reply carelessly given, and the man asked swept past, wrapped up in his own affairs. A fire in the West Division—nothing more, and yet it was the beginning of an end, the equal of which the world never saw.

It is not our intention to give a description of the great Chicago conflagration, except so far as it is interwoven with, and bears upon some of the characters who figure more or less conspicuously in the chapter of events and incidents entering into the thread of this narrative. The most we care about saying is that a thoroughly faithful description would leave nothing—absolutely nothing to exaggeration. We might multiply similes and metaphors, exhaust all vocabularies indicative or descriptive of fire and calorific, pile up a mountainous succession of cumulative and high-sounding polysyllabic adjectives, and by that means seek to attain a height corresponding to the occasion, but the probabilities are that words would be found unable to convey even an idea of the reality—and that exaggeration would be found simply impossible.

Sooty's cottage stood in the direct road of a column of fire which had leaped the river at Van Buren street, and moved southward, with a sudden, rushing roar—and so rapid was its strides that the cottage was on fire before the inmates were aware of it; and the probabilities are they would have perished, had not Paul Geldamo apprized them of their danger.

It needs no prophecy of mind to divine why Paul was, or happened to be there at that moment, but by some strange coincidence, detective Magaw came upon the scene a few seconds later. The family and Bertha were aroused, and safely extricated from the cottage—how-

ever, not before escape was out of at either end of the street—sparks, cinders, and circling tongues of fire were flying through the air in all directions, like a line of skirmishers that prepared the way for the inevitable ruin that followed.

The little party they rescued from the cottage, were not however, doomed to perish; they found an outlet through an alley into another street, along which they ran, closely pursued by the devilish fiend, which really travelled or sprang from building to building, and block to block, nearly as fast as they could run. Magaw, who was in advance, suddenly stopped and wheeled 'round—his face like marble, notwithstanding the fearful heat.

"Great heavens! the fire has headed us off," exclaimed Paul pointing up the street; where, sure enough, a stream of flame issuing from both sides of the street effectually rendered further progress impossible. Behind an ocean of rolling fire—ahead a sea of flame. It was an awful moment. No wonder the little party were stricken with cold, paralyzing terror. Escape seemed beyond hope. Already the stately, towering buildings on both sides of the street were on fire, and the smoke and hot air had become suffocatingly unendurable. They gave up all idea of escape and heroically prepared to meet their fate. Bertha clasped Paul wildly around the neck, exclaiming: "At least we will be united in death,—who shall part us now?"

Paul kissed her then, for the first time, and replied: "Oh, God! thus to die, if die we must, is a pleasure."

He looked toward heaven as he uttered these words, and it was as well he did so; and it were well if mankind ever looked heavenward—not only in fateful moments, but at all times. In dropping his eyes they chanced to fall upon the building upon the opposite side of the street, and through the blinding smoke he recognized it.

"As I live," he exclaimed, there is my father's ware-house; but it was already afire in several places. Paul looked at the building a moment, and then astonished the rest by shouting at the top of his voice:—

"Saved! Saved! Saved!" He then rushed toward the sidewalk, followed by the others. In almost a second he tore the cover off a man-hole in the walk, through which coal was conveyed to the cellar. He ordered the sergeant and detective to drop through quickly, and they obeyed; although they knew not how an escape could be effected in that direction—but then it afforded temporary relief, and even that was something, as we all wish to prolong life to the very last moment. Bertha and Mrs. Soolfire were next carefully lowered by Paul, who followed almost instantly. He was nearly smothered, but the cool air of the cellar soon revived him. They were now among casks, and general rubbish of all kinds; overhead they could distinctly hear the awful surging of the fire. Paul now led the way directly across the cellar, which proved to extend from the street they had just left, to the next parallel street, into which they soon emerged through a similar man-hole in the walk. The street in which they now found themselves was slightly afire, but they came out of the cellar directly opposite an alley, which led to a street the fire had not yet reached, and thus escaped.

When they had arrived at a place of comparative safety, the detective told the sergeant that a higher power had relieved them of their labors.

"As I came running up La Salle street, a man was seen madly rushing toward the fire. We tried to stop him but failed; he entered a store in the lower part of a large building, the upper stories of which were a crackling furnace of fire. We all expected he had perished, but in a moment or two he appeared, hatless, and waved aloft triumphantly a neatly tied-up parcel; but the next instant the front wall of the building fell outward, and we saw him no more."

"That man was?"

"Mr. Albuson," said the detective. The death he would have meted to Richard Arbyght, was meted to himself—he was crushed and buried beneath a falling building. This result was brought about through his cupidity, and the ill-timed remarks of his friend, concerning the unreliability of the safe in which his cash was deposited.

Bertha went to Elgin, to her aunt's. Paul telegraphed to his father that his colossal fortune had vanished in a day—and in reality, such was the case. His splendid residence, stores, ware-houses, bank, and other buildings, were all destroyed. And then his connection with insurance companies whose liabilities were uncountable, would sweep away what real estate he had left. It was this news that so expeditiously hastened his departure from England.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Alvan Relvason was what might be termed, in the strictest sense of the word, a lucky man. The great desolation that ruined thousands, left him comparatively untouched. The bulk of his property was located in the districts unharmed by the fire. He had some very valuable buildings in the South Division which were destroyed, but his good fortune did not by any means desert him even there, as they were insured in responsible foreign companies. Still, fortune is a fickle jade, and cannot be depended upon absolutely; there is no telling when she will desert, and frown upon her most favored—those upon whom she was wont to shower her choicest benedictions.

There is another peculiarity noticeable in the whimsical, eccentric maneuvers of her ever-changing character: when fortune does frown upon a man, her frown is inexorably relentless; she seldom, if ever, smiles upon him again. Moreover, she may toy with, and smile upon us all our lives—but in an instant unexpected and unwarmed, we are debarred forever from all participation in the favors she so lavishly bestowed.

A few weeks after the fire, Mr. Magaw accidentally met Miss Estella Relvason at the house of a mutual lady friend, and under the circumstances, an introduction was unavoidable. Miss Relvason was most superbly, if not extravagantly, dressed. Among other devices to enhance her appearance, she had suspended from a very heavy and artistically wrought gold chain which she wore on her neck, and unusually large brilliant and costly diamond cross flory, studded with diamonds. It was certainly a beautiful, a magnificent jewel. So thought Mr. Magaw when he first saw it; no one could form any other opinion; but there was something in the cross that riveted the attention and the gaze of the detective. There was something strange, odd, peculiar, about it, which would in all probability escape the notice of the ordinary superficial observer, but the detective was not one of that class. The strangeness or peculiarity, arose from a want of uniformity in the diamonds, and in the gold, or body of the cross. The diamonds in three arms of the jewel, were of that pure, white, transparent variety, generally termed diamonds of the first water; the diamonds in the other arm were not so pure, nor so white and even there was a slight difference in the color of the gold between that arm and the rest. There was still another difference; the pure white diamonds had over sixty facets each, while the others had not more than forty; consequently there was a difference in the refractive powers of some of the diamonds.

The detective appeared very anxious to conciliate Miss Relvason, but she was chillingly cold, formal, repellent. Mr. Magaw, however, was a close observer of human nature and knew full well that the direct, open road to a proud woman's heart or good graces, lay through her vanity, and he took advantage of that female idiosyncrasy.

"I am passionately enamored of brilliant and rare, exquisite jewelry," said Mr. Magaw, in an ingratiating voice, "but I must say I never saw anything so grandly, so chastely beautiful, Miss Relvason, as that diamond cross." The lady smiled; the words were gratifying to her vanity and they pleased her hugely.

"Oh! you are complimentary," she managed to say, with the faintest touch of "I thank you" in her voice.

"But not unjustly so," he replied. "Papa bought it in New York many years ago and gave it to me for a Christmas present; it is very old—came from France, I believe. When papa bought it one of the arms was missing, and though he searched the whole city he could not obtain a diamond of the same variety."

"Yes, I noticed that, and no doubt you will think it strange when I tell you I believe I have the missing arm of that cross?"

"Strange! of course I do, it can't be, it's impossible—but have you thought?"

The detective produced the arm of a cross flory; it had three points at one end, the diamonds were of the same pure white brilliant variety, the workmanship and gold were exactly similar and in fact there could be no mistake, it was the missing arm.

"I am delighted—I know papa will buy it of you—but how did you come by it?"

"It was given to me by a man who picked it up many years ago. He deemed it of no especial value, I suppose," answered the detective.

"You will sell it?"

"Possibly," slowly answered the detective, "for a consideration few men would care about giving," he added with peculiar emphasis.

The next day this note was delivered to him by a servant:

WEDNESDAY, 30TH.

Mr. Magaw. Dear Sir! My daughter informs me that you have in your possession the missing arm of a valuable cross, which I purchased years ago minus said arm. I have serious doubts about the genuineness of the part you hold but am willing to be convinced, and will esteem it a favor to have you call at my residence to-morrow evening. Will purchase the remnant, if genuine, at your terms. My servant will bring your reply.

Yours truly,  
 ALVAN RELVASON

Chicago, Ill.

To this note Mr. Magaw returned this answer:

WEDNESDAY, 30TH.

Alvan Relvason, Esq. Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your note of this date. If you desire to purchase the "remnant," you can call at my office at your convenience.

Respectfully,

W. P. MAGAW.

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Geldamo and Vida arrived home safely and took up their abode in a neat, unassuming cottage, far out in the suburbs of the West Side, which Paul had procured and fitted up for their reception from the proceeds of his own private bank account. Mr. Geldamo was now an old man—all the life and spirit were crushed out of him. He placed the whole of his affairs in Paul's hands with the simple injunction, "save, if you can, from the general wreck, sufficient to keep me from actual want

the balance of my days, which I fear are few," he faltered sufferingly.

Vida had lost her youthful appearance; she was indeed changed; an ugly looking wrinkle marred the classic beauty of her fair forehead, and under her eyes, trouble and sorrow had left visible traces—little marks of agony, and even around her mouth, which was ever tremulous with a lovely, chastening smile, grief had drawn a cruel line.

One afternoon she asked Paul to accompany her to the ruins of their once beautiful home.

"I would like to see the dear old place," she pleaded, in a subdued, melancholy way as a crowd of thronging memories, of pleasant scenes and days ago, rushed full upon her.

Paul pondered a few moments and answered: "I am more than ordinarily busy to-day, but will manage to come home early and we will go down in the evening."

"Very well, Paul, that will do just as well."

"The ruin will look romantic and have a weird beauty when flooded with the pale moonlight, whereas, if we were to go now, their unsightliness would, perhaps, be too suggestive," added Paul, either in favor of the evening visit or in extenuation of the postponement.

That evening the proposed visit was made; the air was soft and hazy, though not exactly warm, the white full moon was sailing grandly in the zenith, and shedding streams of mild, mellow light upon the ruins. It was romantic, strangely, weirdly romantic. The blackened wall of the mansion, the campanile rising grimly above them, the sashless windows through which shone the glimmering moonlight, the long shadow of the tower stretching across the lawn, a large wide chasm made by a partly fallen wall, large projections of stone which seemed to hang in the air—all conspired to give the place an appearance, resembling the ruins of some old castle or monastery. Moreover, the blasted, leafless tree added not a little to the strangeness of the scene.

"How ghostly it looks!" exclaimed Vida, a little tremor in her voice, a slight chill creeping through her body.

"You are not afraid, dear sister?"

"No, but I feel very queer; are you sure there is nobody here but ourselves?"

"Why, who should be here at this hour?"

"I suppose it is imagination"—a pause—"but I can't shake off the feeling, it is overpowering me."

"Nonsense, sister, but tell me, would you be much frightened if we really saw a spirit here?"

"Paul, how you talk! you know I don't believe—" she stopped very suddenly, a conviction burst upon her, vague and dim, to be sure, something like the echo of an inspired truth, but a conviction, nevertheless; she looked Paul full—point blank in the face, but seeing there no reflection of the thought that had just rustled, as it were, through her brain, she gave a deep sigh and as she trembled visibly, Paul led her to a rustic seat close by. Here, she dropped into a reverie, very profound and oblivious. When she raised her head again, Paul was not in sight. This circumstance gave her no alarm as she thought he had wandered off and was lost in the shade of the ruins. Again she became convinced of the presence of a presence; her heart began to beat violently and she seemed unable to rise or speak. Presently she heard some one approaching her and looking up she beheld—not Paul but the form and countenance of Richard Arbyght. Was it a vision? she knew not, neither did she fear; and then the apparition, if such it was, smiled benignly and sweetly upon her, and directly through every nerve of sensation in her body there vibrated and thrilled the cadences of a familiar voice which enunciated:

"Fear not, Vida, it is I in the flesh—not in the essence thereof."

(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.

At first the two lovers regarded each other without being able to utter a word. They were absorbed in mutual contemplation, as if fearful of losing a vision that they knew must soon pass away.

At length Diego Lopez whispered in the king's ear, "Time flies, sir." Then making a sign to his brothers to follow him, he withdrew to the bottom of the Morabethin, leaving only little Pierre Nieve to guard the door.

Don Pedro approached Rachel, and said to her, with a timidity that strongly contrasted with his bold character, "Thanks, dearest, thanks, for having come at my entreaty."

"Alas! dear sir," answered Rachel, in a supplicating tone, "it is not the Jewess, it is not the poor girl you formerly loved, who has consented to this interview. I am the wife of one of those knights who restored your kingdom to you; and I come to conjure you not to violate your oaths."

"Ah, must I then only hear, even from thy mouth, Rachel, words that separate us!" replied the king, trembling. "Have I not suffered enough, but must thou also strike me with the weapon of my enemies? What good have Burdett and his comrades done me in restoring to me my kingdom if I am to pay

such a price for it? They say I have become a powerful king, although I am compelled to suppress the only thought that consumes my brain; to let my heart chill far from the only love that could animate it; to flee from the only image that my dreams pursue during the night, and my memory during the day. Oh, my well beloved! our hearts are not changed; you have re-entered my kingdom: you dwell in a house that I have given to your master; and because a mere adventurer, who does not love you, who despises you, has sold you his name, I dare not, even I, King of Castile, be seen at your door, or seek to see you. Oh, this restraint cannot last, Rachel! Love has destroyed prudence, honor and ambition. I ought never to have consented to that marriage. I ought not to have listened to my ambition, even when urged by thy sweet voice. If I thanked Heaven for my victory over Don Enrique, it was because I hoped, through that victory, to have become sufficiently master of my re-conquered kingdom, to separate thee for ever from the Late Comer, to whom I had so dastardly yielded thee."

"Do you not remember, sire," said Rachel, trembling at the sound of her impassioned voice, "that my marriage was a positive condition of the alliance of the Black Prince and his barons?"

"I only remember our love," replied the king, passionately embracing her. "Oh! if thou consentest to it, dearest, the past may exist again for us."

"It is impossible!" answered Rachel, trying gently to disengage herself from the arms of Don Pedro.

"Ah, Rachel!" he exclaimed, "if thou didst love me as formerly, thou wouldst not say it is impossible."

"If I loved thee!" she repeated, in a sorrowful tone. "Time and absence have only rendered my love greater, stronger, purer. I have thought but on thee. I have prayed but for thee. I have dreamed but of thee. But besides a dream, in which the soul becomes languid and enraptured, there is reality. By the side of passion there is duty. I have struggled with my heart, and, however bitter and painful the struggle, I have triumphed. Don Pedro, know me rightly; I wish to fulfil to the utmost the duty I have imposed on myself."

"Ah," replied the king quickly, "if I wished to recover my crown, if I yielded to the will of the Black Prince, it was that I might one day be able to place that crown on thy brow."

"Woe to thee!" exclaimed Rachel, "if ever thou attemptest so rash, so senseless a project! It would be thy ruin. Rather forget me, for my love can bring only misfortune to thee."

"What sayest thou?" demanded Don Pedro, astonished at the energy with which she repulsed the brilliant future he had just proposed to her.

"Since I must avow it, Pedro," she answered, "from hearing every one say that I was thy evil genius, I have finished by believing it myself. Indeed, if we look back we shall see, from the day when, dismissing the daughter of Mohamed, thou didst make me enter the Alcazar of Seville, fortune deserted thee. Since we have solemnly renounced each other, fortune has returned. A whole people had risen against thee, and since, the most illustrious knights in the world have armed in thy cause, and restored thy inheritance. The people who had cursed thee, have greeted thy return with acclamations. In truth, thou seest well that I was thy evil genius."

"Say rather my good angel, Rachel; for thy noble and devoted heart has always been my best counsellor."

"But we see each other now for the last time, Don Pedro," said Rachel.

"On the contrary," replied the king, "we quit each other no more. It was that I might lead thee back to the Alcazar that I entreated thee to come hither."

"You will not persist in such a project," she said, retreating from his side, and joining her hands in despair.

"What shall prevent me?" exclaimed Don Pedro.

"The remembrance of your royal word," answered Rachel; "to violate it is to release the Black Prince and his barons from their oaths. It is to pay with odious ingratitude the services they have rendered you. Don Enrique is still alive, and as soon as the English barons have disappeared, he will again take arms against you."

"Have no such fears, Rachel," answered the king; "but tell me, dost thou consent to follow me?"

"Never," she replied, resolutely, endeavoring to extricate herself from his grasp; "in the name of your father, sire, let me go."

"It is too late!" exclaimed a guttural voice behind her, the sound of which made the two lovers tremble.

Gil Pierce Neige, "who had not been able to prevent the entrance of the stranger, bounded to the side of Don Pedro, with his brothers. "Aixa!" exclaimed the king and Rachel, simultaneously.

"Yes, Aixa!" repeated the Morisca—"Aixa, the slave of an English adventurer—Aixa, who comes to announce to you the approach of her well-beloved master!"

"Burdett!" murmured Rachel, with alarm. "Let him be welcome," said Don Pedro, calmly, and drawing his sword, he advanced towards the door.

Aixa, with a jeering laugh, cried, "gilt thy sword, Sir King; it is not with Captain Burdett alone thou hast to do—he has chosen