

forcely. "But what induces thee to prow amidst human gore like a vampire? Darest thou say it is a generous sentiment of pity or remorse—a spark of chivalry or honour? Art thou not ashamed, thou the conqueror of an army, to fear a vanquished man?"

"No, Aixa! I am not ashamed of my hatred to Don Enrique, nor of the joy his death has caused me. Heaven selected victims, in striking Don Enrique and Mohamed. Submit, then, to thy fate, Aixa."

"Submit, because thou art conqueror!" exclaimed she. "Kiss, like a beaten dog, the hand that drove me from the Alcazar of Seville! the hand to which I owe the death of my father, the only being I loved in this world! No; thy victory, far from destroying the hatred I have vowed against thee, will only render it more implacable."

"Go, then, unhappy woman," answered Don Pedro, "I would rather have thee for an acknowledged enemy than for a doubtful friend. I despise all thy senseless menaces."

The Morisca, taking these words as a challenge, rose with a sudden bound, and sprang towards the King of Castile. "Before despising my threats," said she, in a voice of inspiration, while her wandering eyes seemed to plunge into an unknown future, "wait, and see how I avenge myself. I tell thee, Don Pedro, on this fearful battle-field, every time thou meetest me, our encounter will be signalled by some sad and fatal event."

"Fatal to Don Pedro, or to Aixa!" demanded the king, with a forced smile; "for I find thee in my path, and I see sleeping there last sleep my two fiercest enemies."

"Have a little patience!" replied Aixa, in a dull voice. Then turning to the body of her father, she put her arms round it, and motioned to her two servants to assist her in carrying it. With a menacing air, she repeated, "Patience, O conquering king!" and, with her sad load, she walked slowly and sorrowfully away.

As she directed her steps towards the river the escort was to cross, Burdett rejoined her, and, in a whisper reminded her of her promise. The two Granadians, at a signal from Aixa, delivered to the freebooters the jewels he had stipulated for. The body was then placed on the bank, and the Morisca knelt to offer the prayers which had been before interrupted by the appearance of Don Pedro.

The servants of the latter, who carried the body of Don Enrique, stopped with their burden at some paces from her; the king was still with them, absorbed in an ecstasy of triumph.

Suddenly Aixa uttered a shrill scream, in which was expressed joy, surprise and superstitious alarm. She had just felt the heart of her father beat under her hand. "He lives!" she exclaimed, "he lives! Heaven has heard me, and pardoned me." With trembling hands she removed the coat of mail that Mohamed might breathe more freely, and kissed his lips, to impart warmth and life to them.

All at once in the mysterious silence of the night, an unaccountable noise reached the ears of the King of Castile.

The bank, like the plain, was covered with bleeding bodies, whose feet were bathed by the water. The noise that had alarmed Don Pedro resembled, at first, the clattering of horses' feet in the sand and mud, then it seemed like the clank of armour. Instigated by an irresistible curiosity, Don Pedro cast an eager and uneasy look on the bushes that bordered the river. He thought he was dreaming when he saw them swerve aside, and a polished steel helmet appear in their place. A knight, mounted on a steed with a breastplate of iron, rose from the bosom of the reeds; and behind him there appeared other warriors, who seemed, as they advanced, to increase in size.

Don Pedro, amazed, ran towards the Morisca who was calling on her father in a plaintive voice, and placing his hand on her mouth without speaking, continued to watch the strange squadron, to which the river had thus afforded an invisible asylum. At length all the armed knights, like phantoms evoked by a supernatural power, placed themselves in line on the shore. The moon had pierced the black clouds, and cast a pale light on this strange scene.

The knight, who seemed to be the chief of the silent squadron, then turned his head towards the holders of the forest. "Forward, my faithful friends," said he, in a soft, deep voice, "we will yet meet my brother again."

Don Pedro, bewildered with amazement, recognised Don Enrique, the vanquished, the dethroned, the slain—Don Enrique, whose raised visor allowed his pale, but fierce and threatening countenance to be seen—Don Enrique, who seemed more alive than himself. He tried to speak, but his voice choked in his throat, dread and horror paralyzed the effort of his will. Soon, however, recovering from that strange access of fright so new to his firm and intelligent mind, he rose with the intention of securing the prey that seemed to brave him, but Don Enrique and his escort had disappeared; they had gone off at a gallop, flying like arrows, and were lost in the depths of the woods before Don Pedro had recovered from his alarm.

"Thank Heaven, my father lives!" cried Aixa; then regarding the king with astonishment. "Why art thou so pale, Don Pedro?" she asked.

"Because I have seen my brother again, living, free, and armed," answered he, in a voice full of anguish.

"And didst thou not call thy knights to thy assistance?" coolly demanded the Morisca.

"I was alone, Aixa. By a word I could have surrounded him with an army, but he might have laid me dead at his feet before one of my knights had been awakened."

"What, then, has become of thy courage?" said Aixa, disdainfully. "Did I not tell thee just now to have patience? Remember my prediction, Don Pedro. We have met tonight for the first time since thy return into Spain. Thou seest that I know how to keep my promises. A sad event for thee has marked this meeting, since thou hast witnessed the awakening of Mohamed and the resurrection of Don Enrique."

"Thou art, indeed, a prophetic of misfortune," he replied.

At that moment the voice of Burdett summoned Aixa from a distance to remount.

The Morisca turned to her two faithful servants, saying, "Carry my dear father safe to Granada, as though he were not come to life again." Then saluting the king with her jeering laugh, "We shall yet meet again, Don Pedro," said she, and remounting her mule, she tranquilly rejoined the escort, while her former lover followed her with his eyes, his heart bursting with anguish.

(To be Continued.)

HOW THEY LIVE IN SWEDEN.

The houses are strong, being built of strong thick walls, generally of brick, with high stone foundations. They are small, generally of one story, and meant but for one family. Their houses are not so very simple, but they are simply furnished, there often being, especially in the northern part where the houses are frequently of logs, and covered with turf or straw, no more than one room in the house, and in that only the coarsest home-made furniture. The sleeping-room (there is rarely more than one) is provided with ranges of beds in tiers, one above another, the women generally sleeping below, and the men above. You rarely see any carpet, but the floors are sprinkled with a clean white sand, which dries up moisture, gives off no dust, and may easily be removed. Sometimes the floors, as in Germany, are painted, or of wood mosaic, though this luxury, except in large mansions, is very rarely indulged in. Occasionally, the best rooms will have a little carpet, but never more than two strips, which cross each other in the centre. The land is, generally, good, and four-fifths of all the people subsist by agriculture. Great quantities of wheat, rye and barley are raised; the stubbled fields being now seen to stretch out in all directions. Much of this grain is exported to Germany and Great Britain. Large droves of cattle, sheep, geese and ducks, may also be seen in the fields, though the stock is far inferior to that of Denmark, where it was a real pleasure to see the magnificent droves in their pastures. The cattle and poultry are, commonly, kept in the same field; the ducks and geese being around the ponds, while the sheep and cows are scattered through the meadows, a shepherd boy commonly sleeping in some fence corner. In the evening, these flocks are driven to the barn-yard, where they present a lively scene for a few hours after sunset. I spent a little time at the country residence of a large land-owner in this neighborhood, where the noise of ducks and geese, in his barn yard, was like a perpetual horse-fiddle serenade.

MECHANICAL HINTS.

Many mechanics complain of inability to set a machine to be driven at right angles from the line or counter shaft, without continual trouble with friction from the shifter on the belt, and the slipping of the belt to the tight and loose pulley. The operation is a simple one, and just as effectual as to drive in a direct perpendicular or horizontal. Take the center of the off or contributing side of your pulley and drop from it a plummet; let this line decide the center and perpendicular of the side of the tight and loose pulleys which takes your belt at a right angle below. Unless your eye is accustomed to the appearance of the belt, from either side, you will condemn the position without trying, but if you are careful to get an exact perpendicular in the manner described there can be no mistake.

STAR DEPTHS.

The mind of man utterly fails to realize the immensity of space, and no one unaccustomed to the use of the telescope can have any adequate idea of the difference presented by the heavens when viewed by the naked eye, even upon a clear night, and the scene which is disclosed to the eye and mind of the astronomer. How difficult it is to realize that each star in the solemn depths of the universe is a sun like our sun, but separated one from each other and our own by distances almost beyond the power of man to compute!

Only about 3,000 stars can be distinctly seen and counted by the naked eye, while an ordinary telescope reveals the presence of something like 350,000. Herschel's great 18-inch instrument, it is estimated, shows 180,000, while the great Rosse telescope, by its vast penetrating power, is supposed to open to our vision not less than 700,000! And yet, when the whole heavens is swept by this telescope, we have only penetrated a distance into space from our stand-point on this globe

which, when compared to the immensity beyond, is no more than the space occupied by the room where we write or read it to the immensity of depth penetrated by the last mentioned instrument.

THE LEARNED CARPENTER.

Samuel Lee, Professor of Hebrew at the University at Cambridge, England, was seventeen years of age before he conceived the idea of learning a foreign language. Out of the scanty pittance of his weekly earnings as a carpenter, he purchased a book, and when this was read he exchanged it for another, and thus advanced in knowledge. He had not even the privilege of balancing between reading and recreation, but was obliged to pass directly from bodily fatigue to mental exertion. During the six years previous to his twenty-fifth year he omitted none of the hours usually appropriated to manual labor, and he retired to rest regularly at ten o'clock in the evening, and yet at the age of thirty-one years he had actually taught seventeen languages. This illustrates, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

BOYS LISTEN TO THIS.

True as Gospel is the following, said by Robert Collyer, of Chicago: "It is true that the working successful men of to-day were once poor, industrious self-reliant boys. And the same thing will be repeated—for from the ranks of the hard working, economical, temperance and persevering boys of to-day, will emanate the progressive prominent men of the future."

"Every man doing any sort of work in Chicago to-day, was raised a poor man's son, and had to fight his way to his place. Not one of them, as I can ascertain, was a rich man's son, and had a good time when he was a boy. All boys should grow as strong as a steel bar, fighting their way on to an education, and then, when they are ready, plunge into life with that traditional half-dollar and a little bundle tied up in a red handkerchief, as I have known great men start. I tell you that in five and twenty years, when most of us that are in our middle ages have gone to our retribution, the men of mark in this country will not be the sons of those whose fathers can give them all they wish for, and ten times more than they ought to have, but will be those who are brought up in farm houses and cottages, cutting their way through the thickest hindrances of every sort; and all the brown stone houses will be as nothing to bring out the noble man."

FACTS WORTHY OF SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

Labor and capital are at present, and have been in most instances and in most localities, directly opposed to each other. Labor, the source of all wealth, is the exertion of human power, muscle, or brains for the purpose of producing the necessaries and comforts of life, and with perseverance, temperance, and economy will produce a competence that will insure intelligence and happiness. Such being the object sought, all labor should be protected, knowing, as we do, that capital will not protect it. The only resource that is left us is combination, through perfect organization.

To the thinking, reasoning, educated mechanic, poorly paid labor is more crushing and degrading than to the ignorant one, whose wants and passions are easily satisfied, for none can deny that labor is repugnant when it is forced by poverty and want. With a fair remuneration it can be ennobled, made honorable and attractive. To produce such a condition of affairs should be the ambition of every man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. It can be accomplished only through organization.

NINE HOURS FACTORY ACT ASSOCIATION.

The committee of this association held a special meeting on Saturday night, in order to hear a report of an interview which a deputation from the Arbroath Nine Hours Factory League had with the Hon. W. E. Baxter, M. P., at his residence at Ashcliff. The object of the deputation was to ascertain what views the honorable gentleman entertained regarding the probability of Mr. Mundella's Factory Bill being passed next session. During the interview Mr. Baxter stated that he was personally in favor of the bill; but it would entirely depend upon the nature of the report brought in by the inquiry committee whether the Government would support it or not. If the report was unfavorable, then he thought it would be a very difficult matter indeed for Mr. Mundella to get his bill passed without the assistance of the Government, as, being a private member, he could only get one of the Wednesday evenings which were set apart for introducing private measures, and he had known members having to wait from April to August before they could secure one of those evenings. Mr. Baxter also informed the deputation that the Inquiry Committee was composed of two medical gentlemen of high standing, along with Mr. Redgrave, chief factory inspector, and from his knowledge of these gentlemen, he had the fullest confidence that they would carry out their mission in a faithful and straightforward manner. The honorable gentleman also expressed an opinion that signed petitions had

not much weight with the Government or the House; as it had been found that they often contained very absurd and ridiculous signatures. A public meeting, with a petition signed by the chairman on behalf of the meeting, was in his opinion a far more preferable mode of making their minds known to the Government.

I WISH TIMES WOULD GET BETTER.

BY PATRICK RUSSELL.

I wish times would get better This cry is repeated eternally. I wish times would get better, the owl cries, while at the same time he is doing all in his power to frustrate the wish; just as much as if he had no other object in view:

1st. Working long hours, and his employer can say, "look, you have earned so much in so many days, think you that I will advance your wages above the par of other laborers?" while at the same time this man really worked at the rate of nine days per week.

2nd. The amount of work made by over-exertion, and thrown on the market, where there is already too much, and still would be even if every man was stinted to eight hours per day, for at least six months, has a direct tendency to keep the market value of an article at cost price, and consequently if he was bent to purposely frustrate the wish, he could not do it more fully and completely.

Why does he not join a union, which is the surest way of "making better times?" There men combine together for self-protection. There is no man, however badly informed or ignorant he may be, but knows that of himself he could never ask for an advance of wages without the aid or assistance of his shopmates.

I wish times would get better, is the cry of union men, who never attend a meeting. These men would seem to think that because there is a skeleton of a union in existence, of which they form the flesh, that this skeleton will walk about, make a great noise, perform wondrous achievements in advancing wages, and other very unseemly things for a skeleton to do, and because the skeleton cannot really do it, they say, "Oh, I never knew that union to do any good," when, in truth, all the fault is theirs. Better to put flesh and blood into the skeleton, so that it can "Whoop, whoop, big injun, me," by every member attending the meeting of his union. Then the cowardly whine, "Oh, I never saw that union do any good," will be replaced by the more wholesome and manly cry, "Tis a bully little union; we'll have every man to do his duty, and not an owl shall pierce the night air with his 'tu-whit, tu-who.'"

It is most surprising that members who have sworn to advance the interests of the union, all that in their power lies, should do all in their power to thwart the intentions they have sworn to fulfil. This may appear not to be so in the eyes of those members themselves, but the facts in the case will, I think, bear out the argument.

Is it not by members absenting themselves from meetings that no power is left in a union, or, if left, is but nominal? Will ten or fifteen members legislate for, probably, one hundred or thereabouts, without some of those ninety or eighty-five members grumbling? and this grumbling begets and engenders strife and ill feeling in the union, where every member is sworn to have nothing in his heart but brotherly love for his brother member, and the absentee member conduces to bring all this strife and ill feeling about. Again, whose interest does he serve by being absent? He does not serve his own, and he cannot serve the interest of his union; but on the other hand, directly contributes to the disorganization of the union, by being absent from its meetings. There is scarcely a doubt but if members attended every meeting of their union, that scarcely an owl would be left in North America to-day, and the wish, "that I wish times would get better," would be certainly realized.

This subject of attendance at meetings is a most painful one to dwell upon; I have many reminiscences of it. I remember once, when a circus was in town on meeting night, and it was to remain in town for three days, and members had two evenings to attend the circus, that out of eighty members we had ten in attendance at the meeting.

On another occasion, some political excitement caused a general stampede, so that not a quorum could be obtained, when there was really very urgent business to be brought before the union. I could cite several more instances of a like nature. This was certainly a most flagrant violation of their obligation, and the incalculable injury done the cause of organization must be immense. It is not the least wonder that the cry would be raised, "I wish times would get better;" but there is a wish ahead of that wish, and it is this: "That I wish every member would do his duty; or, I wish that every man was a true man, and there would be no need then for the contemptible whine, "I wish times would get better."

Another subject, in close alliance with this, and it is this: that members almost seem to forget the purposes for which they meet, or ought to meet, the purposes for which the organization was first brought into being, viz: "That men meet to argue the best method whereby their wages may be increased, and this should be the ultimatum of every meeting. Instead of this being the case, to go into a meeting of a Coopers' Union, you would imagine the meeting to be a session of a Grand Jury sitting on the personal crimes and mis-

demeanors of their fellow members. This certainly is not the spirit for which the International Union was brought into existence, nor will it do much toward furthering the wish, "I wish times would get better."

The only way to make this wish effective, is by members punctually attending every meeting of their union. This, in time, will convince all outside the union that you are really in earnest, and will, in a great measure, be as instrumental if not as effective to induce said outsiders to become members of the organization, as holding conventions or mass meetings, and it will be the most effective way of fulfilling the wish, "I wish times would get better."—Coopers' Journal.

THINGS OF TRUE VALUE.

The mechanical impulses of the age of which most of us are so proud, are a mere passing fever, half speculative, half childish. People will discover at last that royal roads to any thing can no more be hid in iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to any where worth going to; that if there were, it would that instant cease to be worth going to—I mean so far as the things to be obtained are in any way estimable in terms of price. For there are two classes of precious things in the world; those that God gives us for nothing—sun, air and life (both mortal and immortal life), and the secondarily precious things which He gives us for a price; these secondarily things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money; they never can be cheapened. No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's establishment at half price. Do we want to be strong? we must work. To be hungry? we must starve. To be happy? we must be kind. To be wise? we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier, or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon, too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time, do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are, in their own essence, unconquerable, and, besides, did not want any sort of conquering; they wanted using. A fool always wants to shorten time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them. Your railroad, when you come to understand it, it is only a device for making the world smaller; and as to being able to talk from place to place, that is indeed, well and convenient; but suppose you have, originally, nothing to say. We should long ago have known that the really precious things are thought and sight, not space. It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man no harm to go slow; for his story is not at all in going, but in being.

OCCUPATIONS.

From the tables of occupation recently prepared at the census office, Washington, it appears that the number of persons "working for their living" in the United States, on the 1st of June, 1870, was 12,506,923, which speaks well for the industry of the nation, and of these, more than three-fourths were born in the United States, the balance representing all the rationalities of the world, from the Norwegian to Ah Sin. Agriculture, as it should, leads all other occupations in point of numbers, nearly six million persons being tiller of the soil, beside those classes whose calling connects them with agricultural pursuits, as vine growers, gardeners, herders, dairymen, and counsellors others. The manufacturing and mechanical interests of the country are represented by 344,590 carpenters and joiners, 153,107 miners, 141,774 blacksmiths, 171,127 boot and shoemakers, 161,820 tailors, tailoresses and seamstresses, 92,084 milliners, dress and mantua-makers, 85,123 painters and varnishers, 41,789 coopers, 44,354 butchers, 42,835 cabinet makers, 42,464 carriage and waggon makers and trimmers, 32,817 harness and saddle makers, 54,831 machinists, 89,710 brick and stone masons, 41,582 millers, 23,577 plasterers, 39,860 printers, 47,296 saw-mill hands, 30,524 tanners, 29,042 wheelwrights, 26,070 brick and tile makers, 28,286 cigar makers, 27,680 bakers, 28,702 tanners, carriers and leather finishers, 27,106 fish and oyster men, and 25,831 marble and stone cutters. The number of manufacturers, by which term it is meant persons who work in, or are connected with factories or mills, is 360,410. The number of traders and dealers is 326,368, which includes all trades and persons having connection with them. Under the head of transportation, 370,622 persons are registered, the two largest numbers in any calling being railroad employes, 154,027, and hackmen and teamsters, 120,756. Those whose duties it is to render personal or professional services are numbered as follows: Laborers, 1,931,666; domestic servants, 971,043; teachers of all kinds, 136,570; physicians and surgeons, 62,383; laundresses and laundresses, 60,906; clergymen, 43,874; lawyer, 70,736; journalists, 5,236; dentists, 7,744; restaurant keepers, 35,241; hotel keepers, 26,394; barbers and hair dressers, 23,935; employees of restaurants and hotels, 33,382; hotel clerks, 5,243; hostlers, 17,581; livery stable keepers, 8,609; nurses, 15,697; boarding and lodging house keepers, 12,785; musicians, 6,519; officers of the army and navy, 2,866; civil officers of federal, state and municipal governments, clerks and employes, 67,913.