

Poetry.

THE ENGINEER.

The engineer on his fiery steed,
Without bridle, or rein, or curb;
Goes rushing along on his headlong race,
With the speed of the carrier bird.

With a snort and a plunge, a whistle and jerk,
He starts on his wild career;
Up hill and down he rushes along,
With scarcely a thought of fear.

He rushes along with the lightning speed,
And the noise of the thunder's roar—
The sun may shine, the winds may blow,
Or the clouds their tribute pour.

It rocks not to him, this engineer,
With his hand on the lever so bright.
He watches the track as he rushes along
In the strength of his iron might.

'Tis God that guides that fiery horse
Along in the midnight drear,
Who watches with tender care the life
Of that brave-hearted engineer.

As he rushes on, over hill and dale,
Through the forests and fields as he may;
'Tis God that guides that tireless steed
As he thunders along on his way.

Through dark and rockbound tunnels,
Through midnight's wild and drear,
Plunges the heedless horseman,
With never a thought of fear.

Then up the long steep hillside,
Which his iron muscles strain,
With deep drawn breath and slow turned
wheel,
He lifts the loaded train.

Loaded with precious human lives—
What a care such a charge must be!
It is God the unerring that guides the train,
From the hillside to the sea.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Magaw was an early riser—a light could be seen in his room, which was attached to his office, nearly every morning before day-break. He had fallen into this habit by being almost invariably awakened at that hour by the rattle of a wagon passing out toward the suburbs. Some mornings, the monotonous vehicle failed to arouse the detective, but it was generally prompt on time and very rarely missed passing at that early hour. One morning the thought seemed to strike the detective that there was something strange in the regularity of his monitor. If the wagon came in from the suburbs at that hour, there would be no cause for thought over the matter, as it might be a market or milk wagon; but he never heard it coming—it always went out toward the Milwaukee plank road. While he was yet thinking of the matter, along came the cause of his thoughts, and he could not resist the temptation of having a look at it. He went to the window, and saw what seemed a wagon used by peddlers of confectionery, it had three springs, a dark green, covered box, with doors behind; the driver was a red-whiskered, sandy-complexioned fellow, of medium height, and from the solemn look of the man and the general appearance of the conveyance, he at once judged it to be a sort of public or city hearse. Later in the day he made enquiries touching the affair, and ascertained that the driver was the owner of a morgue and an undertaker's shop, which were located on the Avenue, and that the hearse he had seen was the conveyance in which all the unclaimed dead from the city hospital, pest house and morgue were conveyed to Jefferson, the Potter's Field of Chicago, located some ten miles out on the Milwaukee road.

That afternoon the detective called upon the owner of the morgue and driver of the hearse, and found him a jovial, good-natured fellow, notwithstanding his sad occupation—if any money-making occupation can be said.

"I suppose you encounter a great deal of adventure, and see many sad scenes in your daily intercourse with the dead and the living," said the detective, after they had been talking some time on the increase of mortality, despite the sanitary precautions of the Health Board.

"Well, yes," replied the man, "we (he used the plural, as all undertakers do) see our share of human nature here, especially when there's a body in the morgue; it is really a study to watch the expression of those who come thinking, vaguely, the body is that of some friend, and the pained look and sigh of relief they give when they find the sorrow is for some one else. It is a very selfish world, sir."

"Does the faculty ever obtain any of the unclaimed?"

"The doctors, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I believe they manage that business at the

hospital and pest house. I don't know much about it, but I think it is not very easy to get them, as some fellows tried to rob some bodies from me a few months ago."

"Ha! pray how did it occur?" asked the detective, with more eagerness than the circumstances seemed to call for.

"Simply enough. I was driving along one morning—it was quite chilly—and as I was passing by a saloon, some one called me by name, and looking around I saw a light in the saloon, in the door stood the man who called. 'Would you not like to take something warm, this cold morning?' he asked, when I turned round in the seat. Well, it was cold, so I answered back that I would. 'Come in,' says the man in return. Well, I knew the man did not keep a disreputable place, and not in the least suspecting anything, I went in, and as the man was very chatty, I stopped a little longer than I otherwise would; but when I came out I saw two or three men near the hearse, beside which there was also another wagon; the door of the hearse was open and one of the coffins was half-way out. I made an alarm, of course, and the fellows shoved the coffin back mighty quickly, and jumping into their wagon, they spanked away down the Avenue toward the city. I thought I saw two coffins in the wagon as it shot past me, but when I opened the door the three coffins I started out with were there."

"You did not recognize any of the men?" said the detective, in a very interrogative tone.

He was evidently much interested. It was also apparent, from his manner, that an affirmative answer would be more pleasing than a negative one.

"The truth of the matter is, I did think I knew one of the men, but I am not certain; and as they failed, I thought it best to drop the matter and say nothing about it."

The detective pressed the matter further, and ascertained that the man suspected was a habitue of Abaddon Hall. His name and description were also given the detective.

That same evening Magaw, disguised in loud apparel, dropped in at Abaddon Hall, and as he seemed half inebriated, and displayed any amount of loose cash, he soon had around him quite a crowd of admiring friends, who drank frequently at his expense and joined in his boisterous hilarity with assumed heartiness. Among those who drank deepest and laughed loudest was the man described by the morgue owner.

"Well, boys, what will it be, a story or a song," hiccupped the detective, after the last "round."

"Song! Song! Song!" shrieked a dozen voices.

The detective began a medley, which was vociferously cheered; but after singing a verse or two, he broke into these words, which he sang to the same air:

"During morn's dusky, misty dawn,
Along Milwaukee Avenue
We did the lonely hearse pursue—
The hearse then, to the grave-yard drawn,
The driver stopped, a drink to take,
While we off with the 'stiffs' did make."

As soon as he began the second line he noticed a change in the suspected man's countenance, and when he had finished, the fellow's face was as white as chalk and the muscles around his mouth twitched nervously. Magaw thought this sufficient for his purpose, so he called for another "round," and while the men were drinking, he slipped out of the hall. He managed the same night to send the fellow a note, in which he gave him to understand that the whole matter was thoroughly understood, and that already he and his companions in crime were under surveillance, liable to be arrested at any moment; but he (Magaw) thought the matter might be adjusted without trouble if they were to call at his office. This note had the effect desired, as three very hard and desperate looking roughs called upon the detective the following day, and acknowledged the abduction of the bodies, and wished to know upon what terms the matter could be settled. Magaw said he felt almost certain the State would not move in the case, as the State generally did not pursue far greater criminals than they were with much avidity, unless spurred on by public opinion or private individuals, and he would guarantee that Arbyght's friends would not take any action against them, provided they filed an affidavit, setting forth the facts of the case. An agreement upon this basis was agreed upon and entered into, and the day after, all the dailies published the following:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
Cook County,

Before me, _____, one of the Justices of the Peace for said county, personally came _____, who, being duly sworn according to law, deposed and said, that, on the third of last May, they, at the instigation of one Silas Spindle, and for a consideration of three hundred dollars, by him paid, did abduct and take from the city hearse, while on its way to Jefferson, two coffins containing two bodies, placing in lieu thereof two coffins containing clay and sawdust; and that they delivered the said bodies to the aforesaid Spindle, at the shop of one Alvan Relvason.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, at the city of Chicago, county aforesaid, this 19th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy _____, J. P.

This startling, unlooked for affidavit swept away the last lingering doubt that remained in the public mind touching the innocence of Richard Arbyght. Spindle was arrested, but was bailed out by Relvason, and that act but served to convince all who viewed the affair

unbiasedly, of the existence of a plot to ruin and hang the man whose only crime was his refusal to be despoiled of the result of that natural force denominated labor, which God had given him that he might not only perpetuate his existence, but live like a rational being. Justice had dawned at last, but was she not late in coming? The men had not been beaten; but where was he who had borne the brunt and suffered most?

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Does Richard Arbyght work here?" Felix Rulles looked up and saw a sylph-like figure before him. She was not more than thirteen years of age, though she had a much older look. She was diminutive in size, in body slenderly fragile; her skin was clear, her complexion delicately fair. Her face was small, much wasted, but unnaturally flushed; the eye was large, blue, and very brilliant. She was neatly and tastefully attired, and her white flaxen hair struggled through conventional restraints as if it despised restriction, and seemed to say, "I am (not) pleased with the coiffure now in fashion." The foreman gazed at her as if she were a visitant from fairy land; and well he might, for she did not seem of earth. She filled one with the impression of an etherealized mortal, slowly fading into spirit life. So slight, so frail, so agile she seemed, that one could scarcely believe her incarnate.

"No, my child he does not work here," answered the foreman, very sadly, and his eyes swept the ceiling of the shop quite slowly, as if he were mentally counting the joists.

"Where does he work, if you please?" she again asked, in a soft, pleading way.

"He has need of work no more," replied the man, speaking to the ceiling. The little thing looked at him a moment or two, and appeared to comprehend his meaning.

"I am very, very sorry"—a tear gushed out of either eye and rolled down her cheeks—"he was very kind and good, and I know he would help me to see Oscar. Oh, sir, it is hard, it is sad—I don't know what I shall do."

Rulles came near her, and asked soothingly: "Are you Oscar Wood's sister?"

"Yes, sir, and—"

"Then, my child, I will assist you," he broke out in a gulping voice.

"Who is she, Felix?" asked Relvason, coming up and giving the little thing a sharp look.

"She is Oscar Wood's sister, sir," responded the foreman, a little bluntly. He had no intention of being discourteous to his employer, but his soul had been touched by the girl's words and appearance, and the sad story her presence brought so vividly before him. Relvason stopped short, stared, turned red, and then pale.

"What does she want?" he stammered.

"She wants to find her brother, I—"

"What is that to us? What have we to do with it? Why should she come here?" he savagely asked in a loud voice.

"Oh, sir, I shall go away at once; I did not mean any harm," she said, evidently scared, if not terrified, at the angry impetuosity of the man. Felix Rulles looked at his employer in a dazed, wondering manner. Relvason detected the gaze of the foreman, and, as if ashamed of his conduct, he turned and walked briskly away.

Rulles conducted Amy Wood to the Mayor's office, where she told her story, and a very sad one it was. She had always been an invalid, was small, weak and sickly in babyhood, girlhood—ever since she came into this troublous world. Her father had died before she was able to lip or prattle the name of "papa;" her mother had to work hard to raise Oscar and herself, but God spared the mother's strength until Oscar was able to take her place. Their life had been hard and sorrowful from the beginning, but as Oscar grew older, more home comforts, sunshine and happiness began to surround them. But all this was ephemeral—vanished in a moment—the moment the full truth burst upon them. The mother never recovered from the shock, could never shut out from her mind the horrible reality, until the death angel's wings veiled her eyes for ever. Little Amy was then alone in the world; but she grew stronger under the affliction, and her heart yearned for the brother who carried her, loved her, played and studied with her when she was yet a babe. And she resolved to go to him, be near him, wait upon him, soothe him and love him in his darkness. It was a noble resolve—none but a sister would think of it, none but a sister would carry it into execution.

(To be Continued.)

FAITHFULNESS TO EMPLOYERS.

There is no greater mistake a young man can commit than that of being indifferent to the interests of his employer. It must be admitted that there are circumstances under which it would seem to be almost impossible to feel an interest in any employer's business, but, for all that, it is worth a trial. Be faithful in small things, be attentive to your duties, shirk no employment that is not dishonorable, feel that your employer is fairly entitled to every minute of the time which you have agreed to give him for a stipulated remuneration. The wages may be small, too small, but if you have contracted to work for a dollar a week, when your work is worth ten, stick to your bargain like a man, until your term of service has expired. It may seem very hard, but it will instil the great principle of being true to your vow.

RACHEL AND AIXA:

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—The Battle.

The Gauls were already dashing one over the other to secure their prey, when a young Morisca female, wrapped from head to foot in her sizar of white muslin striped with gold, sprang out of the litter with a poignard in her hand, exclaiming, "Death to the first who touches me."

The archers retreated before the sparkling look of pride and fierceness that shot from her large black eyes, but their indecision soon ceased.

"Ah, she is bedizened with jewels like the shrine of a saint," said one. "The bracelets for me," said a second; "the rings for me," said a third; "the necklace for me," said a fourth; "the woman for me," said the last, "for her eyes shine like stars." And he advanced towards the lady who had not yet deigned to utter a cry of distress or entreaty.

The clamour had attracted the attention of a knight of the Spanish army, a warrior of tall stature, who made his steed stem the current of the river. His armour, dented in many places, was stained with blood; he had nothing but the fragment of a sword, and his battle axe was raggedly notched along the edge.

Quickly turning his head, he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "Stop, vagabonds, pillage the litter but respect the woman."

The archers quickly turned on him; the knight stopped undecided; when the Morisca lady cast a hasty glance at him, and seeing he was wounded, and exhausted from loss of blood, "Flee, sir," said she to him, in the Castilian language, "you have only just time to escape from these miscreants. You are not in a state to defend me, and these brigands will not spare you."

But the knight quickly replied, "While my hand can wield even the stump of my sword, I will not abandon a woman to the mercy of such vagabonds." Then turning his horse round, he advanced quickly to the water-side, shouting the formidable war-cry of "Duguesclin."

With extraordinary vigour and agility, the knight attacked his enemies, till, utterly exhausted, he fell on his knees, still raising his shield to cover the Morisca. "Madam," murmured he, in a faint voice, while the English gave a shout of joy at seeing him defeated—"Madam, mount my good steed and cross the river; think not of me."

The lady smiled proudly, but did not stir. The English archers once more advanced, crying, "Surrender to mercy, Sir Knight." But with a last effort he gave his war-cry, "Duguesclin!"

The archers, exasperated, were now for despatching him, but one of them proposed to make him prisoner, and put him to ransom.

"Woe to whoever touches me, cursed scoundrels!" said the Castilian.

"Oh, never fear, we handle the wounded delicately, sir," answered one, and raising the visor of his adversary, he perceived a livid countenance. Uttering a cry of horror and affright, "A leper!" exclaimed he, "and I have touched him with my hands. May he be accursed!"

"A leper," repeated the young Morisca woman, approaching him, "so much the better; behold my best shield."

She cast a contemptuous look on the runaways, who appeared little disposed to dispute the precious prize with the wounded man; and, thinking herself again in safety, she turned her attention to her valiant defender, astonished at seeing a knight attacked with that hideous disease.

At length he said, "Is it not a common hatred that has led us both here, Lady Aix?"

The Morisca, on hearing these words, started up as if stung by a serpent. "You know my name?" exclaimed she, regarding him with deep attention. "Esau," added she, "is it you, in this knightly armour? Is it you who have saved me?"

"Yes," replied he; "although mortally wounded, I have saved you—because I wished to bequeath Don Pedro a living enemy."

"And you have done well, Esau Manasses," replied she. "Yes, I have come to be present at this great battle; I expected to see the last hope of Don Pedro annihilated, his last defeat accomplished, his last partisan fall under the feet of Don Enrique's horse, and now I fear the latter may be conquered. Do you not hear afar off those cries of 'St. George and Guyenne' rendering the sky like a tempest?"

"Oh, had all those princes and nobles done their duty like the despised leper, the cry of 'Castile for Don Enrique' would drown the clamours of the English!" replied Esau.

"But thou art bleeding to death, Esau!" said Aix, tearing off the scarf that encircled her form, and leaning over the wounded man.

"Take care, madam," said the latter, bitterly, "the blood of a leper is a contagion that destroys."

"When you came to my assistance, did you consider the chances of safety or danger?" asked the Morisca, staunching with her scarf the blood of her defender.

During this scene, the battle had continued to rage with fury, and the Morisca was unable to distinguish, amid the shouts and tumult, which side was victorious; but to have seen

the calmness of her countenance one would have thought that she attached no importance to the issue of the engagement; she awaited its termination with the stoical resignation of which true believers in the prophet have always given extraordinary proofs, the result of their blind faith in fatalism.

"Esau," said she, after casting a sullen and indifferent look on the field of battle, "Don Pedro may probably prove the conqueror this day."

"Don Pedro conqueror!" repeated the wounded man.

"Nevertheless," she continued, "if thou diest not of thy wounds, and wilt second my plans, we may yet trouble the triumphant king."

"I will take part in thy scheme, if I recover, Aix," answered Esau.

Just as the Morisca was about to reply, she started at hearing the cries of "Kill him, kill him; death to the leper." The archers and marauders, recovered from their first panic, and induced by cupidity, approached and surrounded them.

The archers stretched their bows, and took aim at the wounded man.

Esau endeavoured to persuade Aix to leave him to his fate, but in vain, and turning to the archers she discovered to them who she was, and threatened to stab herself if they persisted in killing Esau, promising, on the other hand, if they spared him, to surrender herself prisoner, and assuring them that King Mohamed, her father, would pay them an enormous ransom.

To this they joyfully acceded, and the Morisca was advancing to re-enter the litter, when a troop of Bretons came up to the Englishmen unperceived by them, whom they surrounded and disarmed. The Morisca was saved for the moment; but she quickly learnt that the new comers were themselves fleeing from pursuit, and were debating which to choose, a prison or death.

Aix, fertile in expedients, proposed that the Bretons should put on the cloaks of their captives, which were emblazoned with the Guyenne arms, and confine the men in the cellars of the farm, while they, thus disguised, could easily pass through the English battalions.

This advice was immediately acted on, and when the metamorphosis was complete, some of the Bretons dragged away the marauders, while others, at the entreaty of Aix, crossing their lances, made a litter for the wounded knight, and carried him into the farmhouse; then, leaving him to the care of the young Morisca, they departed.

"I am stifled; I want air, air," exclaimed Esau, as soon as the Bretons had disappeared. Aix ran to open the little window, and then raising the visor of his helmet, which painfully confined his face, she threw some cold water on his burning forehead. He then felt the fever that consumed him gradually subside, and life revive within him.

With ease of body returned all his rancour against Don Pedro, for whose downfall he uttered a fervent prayer. The noise of the battle reached him as he lay, and he was racked with uncertainty as to its progress. "Listen, lady Aix," he said, "does it not seem that they shout 'St. George and Guyenne'?"

The Morisca quickly mounted the stool of the sutler, and scanned the field of battle. "You are not mistaken, Esau," she said immediately, "the Prince of Wales has just defeated the Spanish cavalry, which is thrice as numerous as his own. I recognise him by his black armour, the symbol of death, and his unfurled ensigns, on which are emblazoned the lilies of France and the lions of England. But what does Don Tello, the haughty brother of the king?—Don Tello, who, yesterday, at the council, contemned, as cowardice, the prudent advice of Duguesclin, and caused it to be rejected—Don Tello, who urged the king to accept the battle offered by these famishing and despairing men—Don Tello, pursued by Edward, lance in rest, flies with the utmost speed of his charger, and carries all his knights with him. There is Don Sancho, sword in hand, who attempts to stop them in their flight. Yesterday he was less daring than his brother, Don Tello; to-day he is as much braver. The infantry of Don Sancho are dispersed by the flight of the cavalry. Fear gives them wings, they throw themselves into the river, and endeavour to swim to the opposite shore. The water is tinged with their blood," continued Aix, sorrowfully. "There is a tall English knight who has himself driven more than thirty Spaniards into the river, into which they dive, in order to escape from him. He seems to stop, at length, from weariness, and raises his helmet to breathe more freely. By the tomb of the prophet, I recognise his countenance!—it is our Seville accomplice, Burdett!"

"The cowards who do not know how to defend themselves better deserve their fate," said Esau. "But what does Don Enrique? what does Duguesclin?"

"A confused mass moves on the field of battle," continued the Morisca; "it is strewn with wrecks of armour and corpses, which bar the passage of each combatant. They fight hand to hand, foot to foot. Ah, I now perceive a knight at the head of a numerous troop of English men-at-arms, who drives the Genoese bowmen before him like sheep."

"Can it be Don Pedro?" demanded Esau, quickly.

"No; it is the banner of Sir John Chandos, the English Duguesclin. The right wing of