## WE'LL BATTLE OUR WAY. ...

BY J. B. SWETT.

There are rough reads to travel, And mountains to clime And a fooman to battle We must swim across rivers, And dare the wild sea. While before us, defiant, Our foeman will be : But we'll never surrender The spoils of a day-Through the light and the darkness Wo'll battle our way.

There are storms to beset us. Of rain and of snow, There are false lights to lure us, To ruin and woe. There are wolves in the forest That on us would prey, But with hearts all undaunted We'll battle our way. Through the direct of perils, By night or by day, Through the light and the darkness We'll battle our way.

Let us never turn backward. Or kneel to our fears, For our mission is onward, Through troublesome years. We must murch to the city Of beauty and light, Must valiantly fight. To the gates of the city By night and by day, Through the light and the darkness We'll battle our way.

### Tales and Sketches.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN. Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER VI.

"I tell you, I will not stand it any longer, your conduct is unbearable, I have patiently borne with you long enough, and now I am determined that you shall occupy your proper position in this house or leave it.'

The speaker was a woman, and the words were spoken in a sharp, commanding and somewhat insulting tone. She was evidently in a fearful rage, a condition into which her intense nervous temperament frequently plunged her. She was fair to a fault, with dark hazel eyes, aquiline features, and narrow. wedge-like forehead. Beautiful, eminently so, at least that was the general opinion of the majority of the male society in which she moved. Ordinarily she wore a serene and placid look, but there is a fearful difference between appearance and reality, and Miss Estella Relvason was no exception to the rule; for although calm and quiet exteriorally, there was an under current below, that at times broke through the barriers of social restraint with impetuous and turbulent fury.

The person whom she so bitterly addressed, had just entered the room, but stopped short and regarded her cousin—for such was the relation they were supposed to bear to each other-with a look of bewildering astonish-

The person that had just entered was an slight, graceful, spirituelle, the face sweet and confiding, the forehead high and arched, her beautiful golden chestnut hair was thrown back with a graceful abandon, like a sheet of broken sunlight, and falling upon and covering her shoulders of matchless symmetry and whiteness, like a drapery of oriental splendor. "Why, cousin, what have I done?" she

faltered timidly. "Don't ask me what you have done, I hate

your duplicity."

"Cousin Estella, what can you mean?" "You can cease calling me cousin. It is time this masquerading was over and done with. I am not your cousin."

"Not my cousin, Estella?" No I" with emphasis.

"Then who am I?" exclaimed Grace with blanched cheek and bated breath. "I know not, I care not," snawered the

Estella, with a look of triumph.

low chair and covered her sound escaped her fingers of her n silence a

pursued Estelle.

Grace took the letter from its faded receptacle with trembling hand, and read as follows to

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 7th, 1850. Dear Brother .- You ask, who is the child I wish you to take under your protection, in case I should not surnive my present illness. In roply I would say she is

nobody merely the daughter of some mechanic whose name I have forgotten. I took a fancy to the child and adopted her. She has no living relative that I am aware of. Her people will never trouble you, for she

Yours, &c.,

EDNA RALVASON. ALVAN RALVASON, Chicago.

When Grace finished reading this letter, she threw it upon the floor contemptuously and said, with a firmness really surprising under the circumstances:

"Miss Relvason I see I have been living a false life. I will do so no longer. I have been living an aimless, useless life. I will do so no longer. In the hollow glittering role I have played there will be a gap which you can doubtless fill. I have no name, no home, no friend but the Friend of the Friendless; but not for all your father's wealth or the splendor or grandeur of his home, would I change places with such a being as you. Better, a thousand times, stinging poverty with a stainless soul, than all the wealth of a million worlds chained to a-living lie, and a reputation that requires the spangled fictitious garment of wealth to shield it from the merited scorn and odium of the world."

The haughty Estella sprang to her feet, her eyes flashed fire, her bosom rose and fell like the undulating waves on the sea shore, then burst from her lips, white with passion, a torrent of splenetic, vituperative rage, but it spent its force on the walls and furniture, for Grace had gone. Half an hour afterwards she left the house forever, taking with her nothing but the plainest dress, hat and shawl in her wardrobe, and a few trinkets of no intrinsic value. She went out into the streets of the great city friendless and alone; her only armor, a pure unsullied soul, her only friend and protector, her God. She paced the streets, at first, with a rapid nervous step, but as time wore on, her step became slow and undecided. She wandered on, on, apparently in search of something, which she found not, principally because she knew not what she sought. Everything appeared to her like the unreal, undefinable sequence of a dream. The lamp-lighter, with ladder and torch in hand. flitted rapidly in a sig-zag manner through the strects, leaving behind him a faint line of flickering lights, that grew larger and larger as the king of darkness lowered his mantle closer and closer to the earth. Still the nameless homeless girl wandered unceasingly on ; but as it grew darker she evidently felt alarmed, and occasionally stopped and looked wistfully around, but nothing met her tear-dimmed eyes but the ever-surging, impetuous rushing crowd. The same clatter of wheels, and confused hum of voices ever assailed her ears. The merchant, the laborer, the mechanic, the wagoner, pushed by, regardless of the sad countenance and weary, heavy heart of the now terror-stricken Grace, who though alone in her miscry, was nevertheless not unobserved. A woman showily attired, middle-aged, with a forbidding, libidinous look, stealthily watched and stealthily followed close upon her. The poor girl, unconscious of impending danger, continued to wander on, unmindful of the basilisk orbs that so closely followed her every movement.

She finally left the busy thoroughfares and entirely different type of woman. She was entered a street on which very few people that he was; or had there been less of the were moving, and these mostly mechanics, who were fast hurrying to their homes after the labors of the day. Before she had proceeded two blocks on this street, her feelings overpowered her, and she burst into tears. She drew her shawl partly over her face to shield from the passers her uncontrollable emotion. She wept, not for the home she had voluntarily left, but because of the vacuity or terrible sense of utter loneliness in her heart. Her grief, though subdued, was intense. She cast her eyes heavenward with a longing, supplicating expression, as though she would penetrate the illimitable starry space of God's eternal abode. She prayed for consolation and protection, and immediately her troubled soul grew calmer. With renewed hope and a lighter heart she was about to move on; when a hand was laid lightly on her arm. She started and turned suddenly around.

"Good evening, Miss," said the woman who had watched and followed her for the last half hour. The woman spoke kindly, and in the indistinct light of the street, Grace even thought her look was kind, pleasing and sym-

pathetic "Good evening, madam," said Grace in

return. "You appear in trouble," said the woman. She then added by way of inquiry: "Perhaps u are a stranger in the city, and may have your way ?"

ace looked at the woman, doubting er it would be safe to trust her, but her met by a tender re-assuring smile.

looking for a respectable boardingswered Grace, very adroitly; evadted questions of the woman.

ny dear, how lucky you are, select boarding-house, only a short om here. None but the most reand I might say refined, persons are my house. I have been down town ome purchases, and am just returning

you with a room, although it is entirely contrary to my accustomed, and I might say heretofore unbroken rules, to take strangers urder my roof without the best of recommendations, but I see you are stranger and evidently in trouble, and I can never bear to see one of my own sex suffer while it is in my power to relieve them."

"You are very kind and good. Indeed you are; and yet I hope you will not be offended when I say I am almost afraid to accept your generous offer, for I know not whom to trust." "Oh, I don't blame you," answered the

woman; but she added, "you can ask any of the neighbors about my house if you think I am not telling you the truth."

The poor defenceless girl again looked toward heaven but answered not; seeing which the woman changed her tactics. She put on an offended appearance, and said rather reproachfully:

"I beg your pardon, Miss. I thought I was doing you a favor by making the offer, but I see you do not so regard it. I would scorn to further push my friendship upon you. So good evening," and she turned to go.

Oh, don't go. Do not leave me. I am sorry if I offended you. I will go with you and trust you. Why should I fear?" she added. "I know God will protect me."

The woman bit her lips but answered not, and in silence they proceeded together down

Beware, Grace, beware! It were better for you, or any woman in misfortune or distress, to seek protection or consolation from the untamed tiger than from one of your own sex. In woman's darkest hour, when the hand of sorrow is heaviest upon her, when all seems desolate, she may receive sympathy from man, but from her own sex, never.

The above conversation, or the greater part of it, was accidentally overheard by a young man returning from work, who, in passing, noticed the tear-stained face of the girl, and whose more experienced eye detected the true character of the woman. Prompted by an interior impulse, he stepped into the shadow of a large tree and overheard most of the conversation, and when Grace had concluded to accompany the woman, he emerged from the shade and followed at a respectable distance.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Richard Arbyght had no difficulty in securing work, although trade was rather dull and hands anything but scarce at the time.

He entered the employ of a man generally considered one of the "solidest" in the Chicago Board of Trade. Mr. Relvason, such was the name of Richard's new employer, was an extensive packer, and had a large interest in several oil refineries. He employed, directly and indirectly, some three hundred coopers. He had also a controling interest in several grocery and dry goods stores, on which he frequently gave orders to his employees in partial or entire payment for their services.

Richard's first acquaintance in the great metropolis of the West was the foreman of the shop in which he was to work. Felix Rulless, the foreman, was a man of rather pleasing manners, but very eccentric and vacillating, traits of character by no means natural to the man. They were doubtless acquired or grew upon him through years of an earnest, persistent desire to please his employer and the men at the same time. Had Mr. Relvason been an employer with any just conception of the rights of his workmen, or had he been less tyrannous and exacting, Felix Rulless would not have become the weak, vacillating man "milk of human kindness" in the composition of the gray-haired foreman, these traits had never become vitalized in his being and made part of his nature.

Young Arbyght was very favorably received and kindly treated by the foreman, Rulless, who not only broke, by his bland and genial manner, the natural reserve incident to the first appearance of a stranger amongst strange shop-mates, but also secured for him a quiet, respectable boarding-house on State street. and in various other ways endeared himself to the "young man from Philadelphia," as he was facetiously called by some of the men.

For the first few days nothing transpired outside the usual routine of shop life. On the fourth day after Richard's arrival in the shop, an incident occurred, which, though casual and apparently of no moment, still had a deep effect upon the mind of our hero. The men had been toiling hard all day, but towards evening they evidently seemed disposed to rejoice that the day was so nearly spent. They entered more generally into conversation, and the younger men became somewhat hilarious and boisterous, and hailed each other,

# "From out their youthful lore, With scraps of a slangy repertoire."

The older men, although not really in the caste of the dramatis personæ of the general uproar, still enjoyed the sportive ebulliency of the younger spirits. Richard did not partake of this recreative feast, being as yet not entirely assimilated to his new surroundings. However, it pleased him hugely, as he well knew that recreation for the mind was relief for the body, and that the terribly exhaustive demands workingmen are necessarily compelled to make on their muscular system are in a measure lessened, or rather the system is better enabled to withstand them, if the mind is directed from the ills of the body.

'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.'

home, and if you desire it I will accommodate And if workingmen could only bring to their labors a light heart, they would bring from them a less tired and weary body.

For these reasons Righard was glad to see the men work and be gay and happy at the same time. Suddenly, as if an earthquake had swallowed the shop, the men were mute and still, the songs were broken off abruptly. Jokes and pune, half maderwere smothered with a suppressed cough, the hum of voices ceased, and there prevailed a sepulchral silence. The cessation of modulated sounds was so sudden that Richard was startled, and looked around in wonderment, but could see no cause for the strange preceeding. He however noticed a man in the middle of the shop, his right foot on the seat of a shavinghorse, the elbow of the right arm resting on the raised knee, and the hand supporting the chin. He was leisurely smoking a large briarroot pipe, and was regarding our hero with a sharp, penetrating stare.

Richard looked at the new comer curiously enough, as he immediately divined who he was. He also believed his unexpected appearance upon the scene occasioned the sudden muteness among the men.

Mr. Relvason advanced into Richard's berth, and asked him roughly and bluntly if he was a stranger in the city.

"I am, sir," answered Richard, with cool, polite stiffness. The tone appeared to offend the "lord of

the shop," and he said with curt sharpness: "How long have you been here ?"

"Four days, sir," replied the other, with the same imperturbable gravity of expression

"What's your name?"

"Richard Arbyght." "Richard what?"

"Arbyght, sir."

"The devil!" "No, sir, but Arbyght," said Richard, in

the same quict manner. "Where did you come from?" roared

Relvason. "Philadelphia," replied Richard, as cool as

ever. "Young man, you must be more respectful when talking to me. I am owner of these

shops. You will please remember that fact. Do you hear "."

"I do, sir. Your relation to these shops was presumed by me to be what you have kindly informed me it is, when I first saw you; and, sir, if I have not shown you the respect and deference due your position, it is because my conception of the amenities of sociality and the deference one man should show another, is defective, although it has

never been so regarded before." "You are quite an orator," said the boss. with a sneer which was not lost upon Richard, who replied with equal irony :

"You are quite complimentary; thank you, sir."

The foreman here put in an appearance, and shook his head suggestively at Richard, but the young Trojan's blood was up, and he stood like a stag at bay, awaiting the next attack.

"I like your impudence, young man, but while you remain in my employ I wish you to remember that you are the employed and I the employer."

"Where shall I store the surplus stock," asked Rulless, in a vain effort to break off the conversation. But Arbyght was not to be choked off. He folded his muscular, sinewy arms on his massive breast, and looking his employer unflinchingly in the face, he said:

"Mr. Relvason, I would be very sorry indeed to be impudent to any man, much less to the man between whom and myself there should exist friendly and harmonious rela tions, and in the present instance, allow me to say that in my opinion the imputation is misapplied. What you are pleased to call impudence, I am pleased to truthfully term the expression of impartial justice to myself, and the vindication of my own sense of honor; for I would have you remember that I, too, am a MAN as well as you. When you wish me to not forget that I am the employed, I understand you to mean that I should not forget that I am the inferior. Now, sir, you must pardon me if I tell you frankly that I cannot comply with your injunction. Aside from our external surroundings and artificial ornamentation of mind and body, and standing in our primal naked individuality, I claim we are equals. We meet on terms of equality. We meet as buyer and seller. I have a commodity which you desire to purchase and which I am willing to sell for a consideration which vou are disposed to give in exchange for it. Such being the case, where arises the difference in our social positions? . Why should I be the inferior, Our coming together was mutual, and together we will remain only just so long as our relations prove mutually

agreeable." "You are a dangerous man, sir, a fire-brand

that must be extinguished!" and Mr. Relvason, with knit brows and scowling visage left the shop.

"For God's sake," said the foreman, "don't talk in that way again."

"Why not? Have I said aught but the truth ?"

"Truth or not, such language will not take here. Your sentiments are mine exactly, but such broad cosmopolitan ideas will wither and die in the barren soil and vitiated atmosphere of this locality, and not only that, but entail destruction on the sower."

"Well, my good friend," said Richard;

phere purifying, and the sooner it were done the better."

The yard man called the foreman before he

had time to reply. When the foreman again entered it was to

inform the workmen that no more loud talking or singing would be allowed in the shop. This, he said, was the direct order of Mr. Relvason.

The men were naturally indignant, and muttered and grumbled loudly. Some even indulged in appellatives that were anything but flattering to the employer.

Richard said nothing, but the word "slaves" came through his set teeth with a sharp, hissing sound. The foreman shook his finger deprecatingly,

The storm soon blew over, but it left traces that were never obliterated.

From that hour young Arbyght was the hero of the shop, and this incident, though quite trivial in itself, was but the "beginning of the

(To be continued.)

## RACHEL AND AIXA:

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. X1 .- The Conspirators.

The renegade-trembled, and thought he felt madness pass like a flash of lightning through his brain. The grief he suffered made his hair stand on end, and all his limbs were bathed in a cold sweat; a burst of convulsive laughter escaped him, and his distended eyes gazed on the imaginary shade of Rachel; he placed his hand over his heart, the palpitations of which made him feel the icy and cutting sensation of steel entering his flesh.

Meanwhile the other three persons had advanced as far as the porch; standing round the treasurer, they threw the cowls back on their shoulders, and Samuel recognised Aixa, Burdett and Zedekiah.

When Esau had subdued his agony a little, he resumed: "But it is impossible that Rachel can be dead! Do not mock me, Ben Levi. Itis only a few hours since I saw her; she was then well, serene, and almost cheerful. Death could not have seized her so suddenly. Ah, you deceive us! Yes, it was a crime to think of delivering her up. Who would dare to demand that innocent child for a victim? Who could help loving her? To whom did she ever do any harm? She only lived to assist the weak and suffering. Oh, if a dastardly revenge has pursued and reached my poor Rachel, I will exact sanguinary justice! But no, I am mad. Rachel is not dead. Ben Levi, I will see her." And with a countenance disconcerted by doubt and suffering, he made a sign to Samuel to rise.

"Come, be calm, companion," said Burdett to him.

"It is a trial that Heaven has sent you," added Zedekiah. "Gird your loins against grief, and think of the salvation of your brothrer, that they may forgive you your abjura-

But the immovable renegade disdainfully smiled, "What matters all their projects to me if Rachel is dead?" he replied. "My life, my.strength, my courage, my ambition, I have lost all in losing her." And fainting, he leant against a pillar; then meeting the dark and hateful glance of the king's favorite, he recollected her rivalry with the young Jewess, and a dreadful suspicion crossed his mind.

Oh, I have yet strength to avenge her he exclaimed. "Rachel, if it be true that I am not to see thee again, I promise thee that thy enemy shall not long rejoice at thy death."

But as he advanced towards the Morisca, who fiercely awaited him, Samuel, in a tremulous voice, said to him, "Accuse no one, my son. It was I who acquainted Rachel that the king insisted that she should be taken as a hostage to the Alcazar. Dishonor there awaited her. She proferred death."

"So she has been the victim of the tyranny of Don Pedro," said the renegade. "On him alone, then, vengeance must be taken."

The Morisca laughed. "Wilt thou be the dupe of, so gross a story, Esau Manasses?" she said; "the thing might be believed if the daughter of this good Samuel had not so plainly betrayed her love for Don Pedro. Thou knowest as well as myself, brave Esau," continued the favorite, with a venomous smile, "that this beautiful chaste Jewess loved the king."

.... Insult, not. her memory, madam." interrupted the renegade.

"May my words be a consolation to thee, Esau," said Aixa; "but I do not believe in the death of Rachel."

"You do not believe it!" exclaimed Esau and Samuel at the same time.

"I will not believe it," she returned, "until Li, have contemplated, the closed eyes of thy daughter, Samuel; until I have touched her cold forehead; until I have assured myself that her stiff lips allow not a breath to escape them. This proof I even demand, for alread the suspicions of Esau Manasses turn towa me, and I will not be suspected. Be fra Samuel, and avow that thou hast hidden daughter to withdraw her from all dange avoid trusting her either with the renegade the Morisca Aixa. That I am certain is

whole truth." "Oh, if thou hast thus deceived me! if th "your soil needs fertilizing, and your atmos- hast thus trifled with my grief and despair