The People's Vindicator.

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER, ESTABLISHED 1874.

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The People's Vindicator.

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J. H. COSGROVE,
Editor & Proprietor.

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Orders left at BULLARD & CAMPBELL'S will be promptly attended to.
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Poet's Corner.

With the Dead Leaves.

From the Japanese.

Watching the dead leaves drifting along
Urged by the keen wind's restless feet,
Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng,
Through the alleys and lanes of the rain-swept street,
Wanders my mem'ry back to the time
When I wooed my love with sigh and rhyme.

Then it was spring, and the sun-rays shone
On fresh young tints from a cloudless sky;
And I with my sweetheart strolled along
To tell her soul's deep ecstacy,
I kissed her smiles, and my thoughts love-mad,
Ne'er dreamed that the future could be sad!

But winter came and the green leaves fell,
My love's soul went to the Dreamland shore;
And the winter with the dead leaves sang the knell
Of the good true heart I should woo no more;
So when I hear the leaves and the rain
I think of my love and live again.

"THE DAYS OF PERICLES."

A Love Legend of Ancient Greece.

BY "CIGARETTE."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MURDERER.

It was midnight.

"Where hast thou placed the vagabond?" said PHALARIS to NIREUS in one of the richest chambers of his marmorean palace.

NIREUS was still armed, he had evidently but shortly arrived from the cottage of the deceased MARON. His bloody axe still in his hand, and his flushed cheek bespoke the exercise and excitement through which he had just passed.

"He is enchained in the darkest dungeon of the Hypogeum."

"And the maiden is being pursued?" inquired PHALARIS, sharply.

NIREUS arose from his seat and going to the southern casement, drew aside the golden valanced drapery.

"Yonder sails thy *Brigantine!*" said he pointing out to the sea.

PHALARIS looked forth on the quiet dominions of Neptune. The marinorama of the Ægean was grandly beautiful. Its peaceful bosom was smooth as the waters of a quiet brook. Not a ripple on her placid surface was seen to mar the serenity of the broad expanse, save where the swift Brigantine of the lord PHALARIS, was silvered in the smiles of the frigid moon, and glided noiselessly through the calm. The regular dip of her forty oarsmen impelled her swiftly through the waters. After contemplating the quiet landscape, he turned to his companion.

"Who is in command?" He asked.

"LEOSTHENES."

"When can they reach the fugitives?"

"If the winds continue low, in a day—if they rise—Never! Unless LEOSTHENES, "continued NIREUS, after a pause," can abduct the maiden in the Piræus before she reaches Athens her escape will have been successfully effected."

"Hell hounds!" muttered PHALARIS through his closed teeth as he dropped the curtains and resumed his seat, "I would give ten Attic Talents of gold to recapture that lovely girl."

He paused reflectively.

"Didst thou not say—they sailed towards Cynosura?" he asked in precise tone, a short time afterwards.

"I did," was the reply.

PHALARIS nervously paced the floor. For some time he walked in silence. Finally the wealthy Athenian approached his assistant.

"NIREUS," said he firmly, "we have a bloody business on our hands—and too serious to trust to LEOSTHENES alone, I shall immediately repair to Athens—the name of the vessel thou sayest is the CIMON—if she hath not arrived, I will watch for her without the haven, they cannot then escape me! Go NIREUS, prepare another vessel for my immediate departure—I have slaves enough in Athens to do my bidding, and do thou remain here until my return."

He then hastily left the chamber.

NIREUS proceeded to fulfill his master's bidding. A dozen slaves was seen a few minutes afterwards preparing a bark for their masters departure.

An hour afterwards and PHALARIS was on his way to Athens.

After the slaves had severally retired from the pier and his masters bark had almost vanished in the distance, NIREUS entered the dark mansion. As he reached the corridor, he was surprised by the presence of his mother. The only light that burned in the palace was the waxen taper that dimly lit up the hall and displayed the form of the gifted witch leaning against the wall with closed eyes, and breathing heavily. The son approached the aged dame.

"Gods!" he exclaimed, drawing back in astonishment, "thou art covered with blood!"

MARJURYX opened her eyes. Her right hand was bandaged—she held it in her left and pressed it, uttering a moan of pain.

"What ails thee good mother?" Asked the anxious youth. "Thou art still in——

"Hush!" whispered MARJURYX placing the forefinger of her left hand across her lips as a warning of silence.

"Nay, but speak!" exclaimed the impatient youth aloud, disregarding her admonition of silence, "PHALARIS has gone to Athens!—and we are alone."

The woman was electrified! It was but for a moment that she stared at the youth with her wild piercing eye.

"Gone to Athens!" she echoed inquisitively.

"But a short interval has elapsed since his departure," replied NIREUS calmly.

"A curse upon my Fate! The Gods frustrated me in every end!" exclaimed the witch in temper, and striding up and down the spacious hall.

"Good mother," said NIREUS affectionately, "thou art nervous, and I fear me thou hast some hurt; pray calm thyself and tell me what means this excitement—this blood—this bandaged hand—this—

"Bring me a chair!" said the hag interrupting the questioner, and still restlessly pacing the marble floors.

NIREUS entered the nearest chamber and brought forth a large arm chair, which he placed at his mothers disposal.

She was seated. The youth knelt at her feet. She carefully unwrapped the talismanic bandage that encircled her hand. NIREUS uttered a cry of horror!

A long gash ran across the palm of her bony hand, the ends of her four fingers were almost severed by deep cuts on each, while the whole was besmeared with coagulated blood.

"Ye Gods! good mother, how camest thou by these painful wounds?" said NIREUS, with an expression of repugnance, and turning his face from the ugly hand.

The hag shook her head as she rebound her painful hand. NIREUS was amazed as he beheld tears trickling down his aged mothers wrinkled cheek.

"Oh! NIREUS! NIREUS! NIREUS! we may be lost," groaned MARJURYX—and she sobbed aloud as she leaned her head against the back of the chair.

Lost good mother! what meanest thou? explain thyself!" imploringly said NIREUS, gently pressing her left hand in his own. "By heaven! thou art as mysterious to-night as a Preist of Eleusis!"

"Yea Lost! lost!" vehemently shouted the hag ignoring the presence of her kneeling son, and hastily rising from her seat. The goldstone beads that hung from her carcanet loudly rattled as she hurriedly paced the marble corridor.

"The prize is in our grasp, and yet—we may be lost," she muttered.

NIREUS wondered.

"Still the murderer wears his charm!" she vociferated in her shrill piercing voice.

NIREUS stood aghast!

The sorceress wildly rushed up and down the corridor, foamed at her mouth with fury, while the son stared in mute amazement.

The promised Revenge of the Gods, which for years I have lived but to gratify, now turns on me its venomous tooth! on me its mistress.

"She is mad," thought NIREUS.

"Actæon, by his own dogs was hunted and killed, and my Revenges like those Beotian hounds, have turned upon their mistress, and now they seize me in their bloody mouths!"

She tapped her wounded hand as she finished her last sentence and continued her restless gait.

NIREUS failing to obtain the information he desired, in despair threw himself in the vacant chair, determined to await symptoms of returning composure in the ruffled Prophetess. But he was startled by the wild suddeness of her weird voice, as she shrieked at her highest pitch:

"The murderer of BRASYLAS! The murderer of thy father! the murderer of thy mother! is incarcerated in the darkest dungeon of the Hypogeum!"

The youth was dumbfounded! he arose from his seat and approached the Enchantress. She stood in the centre of the hall with aspect wild and hair dishevelled—her eyeballs almost starting from their sockets, her aged frame trembling like an aspen, her bandaged throat and hand, and her blood-bespotted robe—she might have been taken for the Goddess of Fury.

"He lives! NIREUS, he lives!" She ejaculated again.

"Art thou mad?" asked the youth in calm measured tones.

The hags features contracted into a hideous grimace; it may have been intended for a smile of sarcasm.

"By the Monarch of the Shades, no!" she cried in a voice that might have came from Pendemonium. "Listen—I swore to be avenged on IOPHON, the slave—to night I entered his cell—the self same weapon he used on me, I held in my hand—I advanced to the alcove—his wretched form was stretched at length on his rocky bed. I was resolved to pierce the slave to his heart—and lo, there!——

"What! speak!" shouted NIREUS.

"There on his breast gleaming with almost supernatural brilliancy was a diamond——

"Well what then?" burst in NIREUS, impatient to hear her tale.

"Stay!—I made a lunge at the youth! the point of my stylet struck the enormous diamond—my hand slipped from the handle to the blade, and as I grasped it with all my force"—

"Thy hand was thus deeply cut," interposed her son.

"Nay—nay—nay! interrupt me not—yes, this was what cut my hand—but this is not all—listen! The slave arose," she continued, "I shrieked! for there on his breast glittered the diamond like a basilisk—!

Ye Gods! Thy tale is like the rock overhanging unhappy Tantalus!" cried the impatient youth.

Ay! like a basilisk! for with its blinding light I was benumbed! paralized! petrified!" and she folded her masculine arms for a moment as she paused.

NIREUS' impatience was evinced by a long drawn sigh. The hag advanced to her son—she placed her lips to his ear—in a whisper she concluded: It was set upon a GOLDEN STATUE OF ALCIDES!

"O! mother, thou art mad!" exclaimed NIREUS.

"He wore the self same charm worn by thy fathers murderer! Boy! I would know it again in an hundred centuries! Indelibly it is engraven in my memory.

A cold perspiration came over NIREUS. He sank in the chair as if unable to realize what he heard.

"I left his damned presence with hardly sufficient strength to regain this corridor—IOPHON, THE SLAVE, is THY MOTHERS MURDERER! And she knowingly shook her long slender finger before her face.

NIREUS turned pale.

"If thou doubtest my sanity," whispered the Seer, advancing to the chair and kneeling by the youth's side, "enter thou the prisoner's dungeon and test his invulnerability."

"I believe thee!" said NIREUS, starting to his feet and drawing his sword. "And if the amulet that guarded his hellish form was as dreadful as the hundred-headed dog at the gates of Hell!—by heaven I'd have his life."

He rushed towards the door that led to the subterraneum basement and was about to enter, when the hag seized him by his steel-plated gorget with her left hand and held him with a grip of iron!

Unhand me mother! By heaven I would—"

"Now thou art mad! Yea madder than I," expostulated the Sorceress still retaining her grip on his struggling frame. "Listen" she said in a tone contrasting strongly with the wildness of her former utterances.

"Well! what now?" Asked the youth.

"Is IOPHONE well chained?"

"Ay."

"With fetters and gyves of iron?"

"Ay."

"No possibility of escape?"

"None by the Gods!"

"Then let thine anger like the ebbing tide subside—now I bethink me it were best we retire for the night—the prisoner's safe—well shackled and no means of escape. Let us betake ourselves to our beds and on the morrow the nightly interim giving us ample time to devise our measures, we will then discuss the subject at our leisure—Put up thy sword—Hast spoken to ARMETA?"

"Not yet."

"Why art thou so forgetful?"

"I had not *forgotten it*" replied NIREUS sheathing his sword. "ARMETA's affliction is yet too green good mother."

"Nay boy," replied the Enchantress, "When affliction is freshest in our memory loving words revive our drooping hearts, just as parched plants are recalled from their languor by the misty exhalations of night! Repair then on the morrow to the shepard's cottage and hither bring thy future bride. Go NIREUS—rest thyself and leave IOPHON to me.

The youth obeyed his mother's injunction and left the corridor. MARJURYX extinguished the waxen taper, and in the darkness ascended the flight of stairs that led to her chamber.

* * * * * *

MARON was buried. ARMETA was inconsolable. A few days before and her future was pictured in all the glowing colors of a brilliant sunrise; now that sun had set, and instead of his wonted exhalations of gold—his fiery wake had left for her nothing but darkness and despair. Even the solitary horseman, her lover, who would often come within those desolate halls could not rouse her from her grief.

But sorrow has its end. Her tears ceased to flow, and one bright rosy morning NIREUS saw the first smile of pleasure linger on the corners of her lip as he entered the lonely cottage.

The youth thought this a good omen. He had been wishing to deliver his mother's message for some time; but her deep affliction warned him from it. On that morning her bereaved spirits revived, she conversed with less reserve and her sadness disappeared in part. NIREUS considered this a favorable opportunity for communicating his most ardent desires and he tenderly took the maiden hand in his own as she sat on the rustic bench on the balcony.

"I have been wishing to speak to thee for some time sweet ARMETA" said he. "But grief is a holy sanctuary and cautiously must we tread within its sacred precincts!"

"ARMETA's ear shall always be attentive to thee," replied the girl.

"Thou knowest what a world of love for thee is nurtured in my young heart "said the youth," thy sorrows, thy joys are also mine. Thou art like the bubling spring whose weeping waters flow in a vastly desert, or like, the lost pendant bough that lingers on a blighted vine—alone in this giglot world! My mother lives with the noble PHALARIS, Ease and luxury flow from his wealth like waters from the snowy mountain tops—Come sweet ARMETA, come with me to the Mansion of Delight—SHE bade me ask thee!—and there beneath the soothing influence of her matronly wings mourn through his early sorrow until that blissful day when Hymen will make thee my loving bride! Forget this rustic cottage, and these delightful meadows, the murmuring bourns and the crystal rillets and think of the gay assemblages of the beautiful and the brave who throng the great halls of martial Athens for there the bride of NIREUS must eventually live. When the frosted locks of winter come we will mingle with these festive gatherings from the Piræus to the father Ceramicus—then will we return again to these genial shores, where the warm rays of the summer's sun are cooled by the salt sea winds, and then if thy pleasure be to ramble again amid these collines and glades as thou didst in the days of thy girlhood—do so; and we together, like mated doves, will saunter over the grassy hillocks, beneath the lofty firs, with nothing to mar the delightful bliss of our happy young lives."

Sympathy in adversity is consoling; and the tender tones of the impassioned lover came over ARMETA's young heart like the sweet effusions from a blooming rose. Bereft of him she held so dear, she felt the loneliness of her state. Unpleasant it would be for her to remain in the almost deserted cottage. Its memories and associations brought forth a bitter pang. Every tree and shrub, every portal and casement, every object within and without the modest dwelling recalled to her saddened heart the loving face of old MARON. Now that her father was in his grave in NIREUS she placed her only hope of future happiness.

Her tapering fingers carelessly wandered with the wayward ringlet that hung upon her breast.

"I will go with the" was her simple reply.

The following day and ARMETA had taken up her abode with the sorceress beneath the roof of the Pelagian mansion of PHALARIS.

MARJURYX had long since been attached to the beautiful maiden, for beautiful indeed she was. She had not the faultless symmetry of the classic IOLLIA, yet she was none the less attractive. The violet is as much prized as the lilly, though not so beautiful—the sylvan freshness of the one would excite a tender emotion in the breast of manhood; while the queenly grace of the other would inspire the poet and artist.

MARJURYX received the maiden with every expression of love and regard. She became her constant companion, soothed and comforted her with her woman's art in the hours of her sadness, until the maiden learned to love her as a mother. The cold and rigid fixity of the seer's visage mellowed to a tender sympathy when she looked upon her future daughter. The handsome NIREUS too was prodigal with his visits, and assisted his mother in driving away the care still to be traced in the expressive features of the brunette.

ARMETA could not conjecture the cause of the attack on PHAON and CELIA, and after a days residence at the mansion she asked MARJURYX to explain the mystery.

It was a bright evening and they sat on the balcony above the pier looking out on the rutilating waves of the sea. The right hand of the enchantress was bandaged; and now and then she would press it in her left contracting her features as if in pain.

The sorceress did not wish to reveal the secrets of PHALARIS until his plans had been fully consummated—thus she answered the maiden, "Both youth and girl are public malefactors, PHAON had been sent to Athens to answer the charges against him before the tribunal of justice.

"What can be the charges good mother against these two unfortunates" asked ARMETA, "Whate'er they be, I believe them both as innocent as unfledged dovelets still nestling beneath their mother's wings! Ah! mother I knew them, the Gods ne'er created two such perfect beings as the noble PHAON and the lovely CILIA!"

"Sweet child," replied the dame, "thou art ignorant of the world. Oft are we deceived with a fair exterior. Beneath many a gentle breast, there beats a murderous heart! Insinuating manners and smiling words exhude from a villain's soul, like the sweet aromas from infectious flowers! Ha! beware this outward semblance of a virtue, for within, there may lurk like the spiey bracts hidden beneath the rose's velvet leaf—a vicious heart!"

She unbandaged her neck.

"See! this awful gash upon my aged throat.—I am disfigured for life! Behold this perfect youth to whom thou attributest such Godlike virtue stabbed me there! Ay twas he that did it! This noble PHAON! the cowardly——"

She ceased. She saw the timid girl shrinking from her gesticulating form and she suddenly brought her imprecations to a close.

"Nay! nay!" she continued in a softer tone "Thy PHAON's nobility must be to thee but as a passing dream! Let their memories fade within thee!

The witch was well versed in gentle knowledge and changing the subject she entertained the maiden with many of the pretty legends with which her skillfull mind was well stored.

The drooping Helios with one last look over the placid waters tipped with the fire of his glance the marble hartiness of the princely edifice, then sank within his Western bed—and the two females entered the door of their chamber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Wouldn't be Beat.

Yesterday, when a man from the region of Buckenort sat on the edge of the sidewalk, spitting blood, a policeman aproached him and asked: "Got a hemorage, have you?" "No, said the Buckenort man, looking up until blood ran from the corners of his mouth. "Somebody hit you in the mouth?" "No." "Cow hook you?" "No, sir; in a business transaction." "But hoss, I am an officer of this city, and it is my business to investigate such a bloody transaction." "I don't belong to this town. My name is Alf Hecks, and I live nigh Buckenort. I'll tell you all about this transaction. Some time ago I came up to this town with a lot of meat and a cow and a calf and a mule. Well, after looking around awhile, I sold the cow and calf and mule to a dentist. He told me to come back in a day or two and he'd pay me, but suggested to me that I could take it out in trade, as there wan't a bad tooth in my head, but thinks I to myself, "I'll try you." So I sits right down, and said, "Pull 'em out." "Pull what out?" says he. 'My teeth,' says I, 'the last one of them.' So I sot there and he lifted the last one. I hated to lose 'em, but I had to have my pay. But I ain't done yet. When I go home I'm going to send up the old woman and the children, and have the last tooth drawn out of 'em. Then if that don't square the the bill, I'm going to send up my brother-in-law and have his teeth pulled out. I won't be beat by any man that belongs to the Little Rock ring. I'm a Buckenort man, and I eat hog sassage.—[Little Rock, Ark., Gazette.

A New Departure.

DES MOINES, Feb. 7—The house of Representatives this morning, by a vote of 57 to 31 adopted resolutions for submitting a constitutional amendment to the people making elegible to the Legislature.

An old farmer out in Indiana says that for his part he don't know the present rage for trimming bonnets with birds is going to end. Only four or five years ago he bought his daughter a humming bird; next year she wanted a robin, the next a pheasant, and this season he declares he had to chain up his Thanksgiving turkey or she'd have had that perched on the top of her head.—[Andrew's Bazar.

They tell about a fence in Virginia which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

The only housework some girls do is when they dust around after a beau.