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HOPE.

BY FRANK W. GODFREY.

Hope is a star that brightly beams
As o'er life's sea we glide,
With merry hearts and happy smiles,
Bound for the other side.
We do not fear the ocean waves,
Though far away from shore,
For hope does beam so brightly now
To guide us safely o'er.

The sky is dark and dreary now,
But still that orb so bright,
Does glimmer o'er the troubled sea,
And guides us on aright.
Shine forth, fair orb of golden light,
Though loud the thunder blast;
Beyond the clouds we see the land,
We'll reach the shore at last.

A SMALL MARTYR.

It was almost impossible to tell the material of which Tommy's pants had been originally made. Patch by patch is said to be neighborly, but patch upon patch, beggarly. Poor, little, beggarly Tom!

There was a hungry look in the boy's great honest eyes—for, despite his rags, it was known to the neighborhood that Tom was honest—that no amount of good food could banish. Heaven knows, the poor child needed food sorely enough, but his lonely little heart longed for something more than this. Could you have seen him all alone in the great churchyard, laying his poor, tired head down on his mother's grave, and wetting the green sod with the bitter tears wrung from his tortured heart, in his lonely agony, then you would have understood that Tom's greatest need was to be gathered up into some one's great, warm, caressing love.

He was only a baby now—this seven years old boy—prematurely old through his woeful experiences of the great world about him. How he comes into this world, and the reason of his coming, was as much a mystery to him as it is to—the most profound philosopher that ever undertook to elucidate the subject.

Neither could he understand the reason that one white, sweet face that had been laid away forever with the damp ground lying heavily and immovably about. He remembered the last words those pale mother's lips had said, and in his baby heart had treasured them as a sacred trust.

"Tommy, stay by the father; be true to him; try to make him better, so that we may be all together there."

Then, with the white face turned toward the open window, through which the distant blue sky was visible, the last spark of life went out, and Tommy's head rested upon the bosom of the dead.

An unsteady step had come up the walk through the broken gate, and a dark shadow had fallen upon the sunlit floor. Tommy lifted his head.

"Hush!" he said with his small finger on his lips; "after so much pain, she's asleep at last."

Over the bloated face a look of horror came, and into the bleared eyes the hot tears gushed and rolled slowly down the coarsened cheeks.

"Mary, O Mary darling! speak to me once more! O God! too late, too late!"

He cowed down over his dead—he clasped his hard hands in agony, tore at his uncombed hair—but there was no awakening; as poor little motherless Tommy had said, "She was asleep at last!"

He was too remorseful in this, the first hour of his grief, to think of Mary's child, but the thought came to him at last. He was not entirely alone. The boy, with his mother's dark gray eyes, was looking wistfully up to him. How often had he seen that look in the eyes once bright and loving, now dim and forever closed.

"Poor little Tommy," he said and folded the lonely little fellow to his bosom.

"I will never go away from you," the boy cried, his heart full of gladness at the unwanted caress. "She said—'be true to father, and try to make him better, so that we may be all together there.'"

He pointed with his little finger toward the blue sky, and the man shuddered, for to him the gulf lying between his present life and the one which he felt assured she had entered, seemed impassable.

For a little time, he kept sober; but there came a night when Tommy waited his coming in vain. The old life had not faded from the boy's mind. When he heard his step, he cowered down in silence, his little heart beating painfully, for well he remembered the cruelty of the heavy hand; and she was not here to turn aside the unmerited blow. Ah! it is an old story; no words are pathetic enough to do it justice.

The house in which Tommy lived, and where the father slept in drunken stupor, was near the levee in a great city. It was raining fearfully, but above the noise of the rain could be heard the mad roar of the river, as it dashed onward, past the alarmed city.

Of a sudden, a bell sounds, ringing, out clearly above the storm—above the deafening roar. There is a wild shouting in the street—mad voices crying out:

"Back! back from the river, for your lives, back! the levee is giving way!"

White-faced Tommy hears this, and tugs with all his might at the drunken man sleeping so near death's door.

"Oh, father, come!" he cries; 'waken; waken!"

A muttering curse is the only answer.

"We'll be swept away! Father the river is overflowing the town!"

No words apply to the boy's frantic appeal.

"Come, father, come! I hear the water rushing along!"

He clasped his father's hands, and tries, in his puny strength, to pull him from his miserable bed. He falls back himself helpless and discouraged.

"Oh mother!" he cries, "he isn't fit to go! I've done my best! I've tried to save him—to make him better; to make him good enough to come with me to you, up there; but he will not listen! Give him a little longer time, Oh, father, waken it is almost too late!

Too late, too late! The river is growing more fearful, the clamor of voices flying away, the streets, by all living beings, are deserted. Under the door some cold and creeping thing is fast coming. It steals in slowly, a little stream at first, then rushes on faster crosses the floor, and laps about the little bare feet.

"Oh, father, father, it is here!" and yet the faithful child stands firmly.

Upward, the water rises. It covers the cold feet, eddies about the ankles. It strikes a chill through the unclothed limbs a deep chill through the child's heart. For himself he is not afraid; but, O, God of mercy! must he go, and her wish unfulfilled? He thinks then of that unknown future; of the great gulf between the good and bad; of the fearful wickedness of his unkind father; of the angelic goodness of his blessed mother; and though he is too much of a child to clothe the thought in words, yet his baby heart realizes the terrible tragedy, and he cries aloud again:

"Father, oh, father, do not die, and so forever be kept away from mother and me!"

The sleeping man turns heavily.

"He is awakening—awakening at last!" the child cries, eagerly.

The water comes up to his waist. It creeps over the edge of the bed and wets the moldy straw. It reaches the sleeping man. He mutters wearily:

"Curse the cold! If I had a drink of whisky I might drive the chill away; but the last dime is gone."

"Oh, father come quick, come! The levee's broken away! It is water that you feel—it is that which sends the chill over you. Come father, come!"

"What! water roaring all about us? The cursed river in the room, and not a stream of old bourbon flowing by as I dreamed! Why didn't you waken me, Tommy? You know I am not fit to die! Here, let me rest my hand on you shoulder."

He staggered heavily to his feet. Crossed the room unsteadily, unlatched the door and went out into the fearful flood. In going out, he went down two steps. It brought the water to his shoulders. Tommy, following him closely, went down the two steps also. It brought the water over Tommy's head.

The drunken man rushed on, making toward the bluff that lay back from the river. There was a faint, drowning cry of "Oh, father," ending in a hoarse gurgle—a lifting up for a moment of a white face and two white, childish hands, and then the hands and face were gone—lost amid the rushing, boiling water.

A fearful bluff ting against the mad stream, a terrible struggle for a worthless life, and the sobered inebriate reaches the bluff. Then the horrible truth rushes upon him. Then he understands the faithfulness of his dead child—realizes to its fullest extent that he has sent that child to his death.

The morning came. Rocked on the swaying branch of an uprooted tree, they found the little martyr, his white face gleaming in the spring sunshine. But the pure, young soul had entered upon that everlasting spring of which he had so often dreamed, with his head lying on his mother's grave. Two graves then in the churchyard—two deaths in the household—and he responsible for both! Could he ever become through his terrible penitence, good enough to meet them up there? He seemed to see Tommy's tiny hands reaching out to him through the terrible gloom that had settled swiftly over him; he seemed to hear Mary's voice calling to him.

Let us hope that the child's death has not been in vain, for he for whom he died has turned his feet away from the road along which destruction marks the way, and his old haunts, where death still lurks, know no more. Heaven help him to become worthy of poor little Tommy, the martyr.

Times are growing dull with the gentlemen who at Washington write speeches for congressmen. Their labor is never easy, because when they assume a certain style for a member they are compelled to remember and presume it on subsequent occasions. They are frequently compelled to give a man a favorite poet, of whom, of course, he knows nothing; and on a hurried order to write another speech they refer to their diaries and see: "Congressman Smith of Muscallonge, wishes to have it done in the style of Charles Sumner, with five poetical quotations; gave him Shelley, about birds; found fault and wanted stars; heavy on statistics; rather hard as to price; wants plenty of reference to the "freedom of his district." Also a little wit for interruptions. Has agreed with Jones, of Calicoballico County, to interrupt him at right place."

A DOG'S VENGEANCE.

BY OLD GRAY.

I was always fond of dogs. Goldsmith, in his beautiful style, makes a touching and eloquent plea for the dog, where, in alluding to a sort of mania for dog killing which prevailed at the time of which he speaks, in consequence of unreasonable apprehension of the spread of hydrophobia, he says, among other fine things, that the dog is the only animal which will leave his own kind voluntarily to follow man. It is true, and the truth should bind man to be the dog's protector and friend.

An American brig, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportion, his intelligent head, broad, white chest, white feet, and white-tipped tail, the rest of his glossy body being black, made him as beautiful as his peerless namesake, who no doubt would have been proud to possess him. He was owned by a seaman named Lancaster, who was naturally enough extremely fond of him. The captain, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and who had an unaccountable and especial dislike to dogs, so much so, indeed, as if all his ancestors had died of hydrophobia, and he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors. This dislike he one day manifested in a most shocking manner, for as Napoleon had several times entered his room, and by wagging his great banner of a tail knocked paper and ink off his desk, on the next occasion the captain seized a knife and cut half the poor animal's tail off. The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and seeing the calamity, and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation he felled the captain to the cabin floor with a sledgehammer blow, which, had it hit the temple, would forever have prevented the captain from cutting off any more dogs' tails. The result was that Lancaster was put in irons, from which, however, he was soon released. The captain partly repented his cruel deed, on learning that Napoleon had once saved the owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the very largest of sharks. It averages more than twenty feet, and I have seen one twenty-seven and a half feet in length. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of all sharks.

But a few days elapsed after the catastrophe to poor Napoleon ere he became the hero of a most thrilling occurrence, the very thought of which has often thrilled me with horror. During the interval the noble beast was not at all backward in exhibiting his wrath at the captain by low growls when he approached. In vain did his master, fearful for the life of his dog, essay to check these signs of his anger. The captain, however, made the allowance he should, and offered no further harm to him.

One morning, as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the brig then running about ten knots.

"Man overboard! The captain overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw the swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude. By the time the boat touched water their worst fears were realized, for at some distance beyond the swimmer they beheld a white shark advancing upon him.

"Hurry! hurry, men! or we shall be too late!" shouted the mate. "What's that?" he exclaimed.

The splash which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea, the noble animal having been watching the cause of the tumult from the bow of the vessel. He had noticed the captain's fall and the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if conscious of the peril of his late enemy, and gratified at it. His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often shows the attachment of dog to man, when the latter is in danger. At last he plunged into the water, rapidly making his way to the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passable swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull boys, for dear life!" shouted the mate, as the boat now followed the dog, whose huge limbs propelled him gallantly to the scene of danger.

Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way, while ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal told what fearful progress he was making, while Lancaster, in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife, in his uprised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer, and the faithful animal who had saved his own life.

"What a swimmer!" exclaimed the men who marked the spread of the splendid animal. "The shark will have one or both if we don't do our best."

The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog the enormous shark was within three boats length of the captain, and had suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man, and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their rows of long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fearful howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly passed them.

"Saved! if we're half as smart as that dog is!" cried the mate, as all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and, smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water where the captain had also now sunk from view. But a few moments elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after Lancaster rose with the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them in and give me an oar!" cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes, as he came again and but a few minutes too late to snap off the captain's legs, while his body was drawn into the boat.

Foiled a second time, the shark passed the boat, plunged, and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of his wounds from Napoleon.

The boat was now pulling towards the brig, and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, feeble from his efforts, but able appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament his own cruel act, which had mutilated him forever.

"I would give my right arm!" exclaimed the captain as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could only repair the injury I have done to that noble fellow. Lancaster, you are now fully avenged, and so is he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though my inhumanity will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

HOW HE WORKED THE MARKET.

He was a tobacconist in Reidsville. They are up to snuff. One was in Greenville, Tenn., some time since, and orders were dull, and he found himself with but one bare ten dollar bill in his pocket. It was a fresh, green, pretty thing and was all he had. The next day was Sunday and he inquired for the principal church and went to the Presbyterian, walked solemnly down the aisle and took a seat in the amen corner. The hat passed around. He deliberately took out the ten dollar bill and unfolded it and dropped it in the hat.

A young man sitting by him nudged him. "Didn't you make a mistake?" he whispered.

"I don't think I did," replied our tobacconist.

"That was a ten dollar bill you put in."

"That was what I took it for."

"You're pretty liberal."

"Dunno, no use giving to a church unless you give something."

The whispering ceased and both settled down to join in the singing of the hymn. The next day business opened in Greenville for that tobacconist. He was overrun with orders. The young man he sat by happened to be the son of a prominent tobacconist who was a Presbyterian elder, and it is well known that the Presbyterians always rally around the man who is liberal with his money to God. Reidsville has had a good run on the Greenville market ever since. The old elders shut their eyes and go to sleep on a liquid of Reidsville tobacco.—Winston Republican.

MORRISSEY AND WOOD.

The death of John Morrissey and the failure of Ben Wood recall the celebrated bout between these two gamblers, when the latter won $124 000 from the former. The New York correspondent of the Buffalo Courier describes the occasion. Ben was in the habit of dropping into Morrissey's place occasionally for a little recreation, and one night, about ten years ago, he sauntered in as usual and fell afoul of the bank. Morrissey was there and many men about town, all of whom knew Wood's pluck and hang-on-attiveness, and the party settled down for some lively work. Wood had about $2 000 in his pocket, and as the betting was heavy he managed to get to the bottom in about an hour. In fact he was cleaned out. But his blood was up that night, and, as his reputation for pluck was at stake among the boys, he decided that once for all it should make or break. His ready cash was gone, but he owned valuable property on Tryon row, where the Staats Zeitung building now stands and he proposed to hypothecate the property to Morrissey against whatever sum, up to its value, he should lose. The offer was accepted, and the great night began. It lasted all night and up to 9 o'clock next morning, and, when a truce was finally called, Ben had won back the $3 000 he started with and scored about $120 000 ahead besides. With the money that Morrissey had advanced him on the hypothecated property, he turned around and gave John the worst whaling he ever received at the card table. Not a sign of wincing was shown on either side till physical exhaustion forced a cessation of hostilities. Both men were true grit to the last and neither showed the least ill-temper from beginning to end. It was on that occasion that Ben performed the extraordinary feat of smoking $90 worth of cigars in one night. Morrissey had a special brand of cigars at $1 each for his flush customers, and Wood, who is a tremendous smoker (or chewer, rather, for he merely chews) furiously at a cigar, and then flings it away, managed to spoil ninety of them while the fight lasted.

THE HORSE'S NAME.

One day my brother was out driving in the country when a stranger stopped him by exclaiming: "Hallo! that used to be my horse!"

"Guess not," replied my brother; "I bought her at a livery stable, and they told me she came from Boston."

"Hem!" said the man, "What do you call her?"

My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of 'Pink".

"Hem!" said the man; "that isn't her name."

Suddenly he cried out sharply, "Nelly!"

Quick as a flash, the horse pricked up his ears and looked round.

"Nelly," said the man, stepping in front of her, "Shake hands!"

Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take.

"Now give us the other hand, Nelly;" and she raised her fore-foot.

"There!" said the man smiling; "d've suppose that wasn't my horse?" What does my readers think?—Youths' Companion.

A SMART JEWESS.

Adolphus Fitzmelon was a "smart young man." It was his firm conviction that with the opposite sex he was irresistible. One evening Fitzmelon was at the opera, and in an adjoining box he espied a beautiful young lady, without a male attendant. He nodded to his companions, and remarked that he must make a conquest. So into the adjoining box he made his way, and unceremoniously seated himself by the young lady's side. She looked up in surprise. Adolphus smiled sweetly and begged pardon; he must have been mistaken; he had thought he recognized in her an acquaintance. She informed him he had been mistaken.

"Still," ventured Adolphus, 'I hope I don't intrude."

The lady made no reply, but turned her attention to the stage, where a scene was transpiring in which she was much interested. At length Adolphus addressed her again. Turning quickly, she said:—

"You annoy me, sir!" and her bright eyes flashed.

"Bless me!" cried Adolphus, drawing back with mock terror. "Don't eat me!"

The lady smiled a sweet, beaming smile, as she replied.—

"Be not alarmed, sir. I am a Jewess, and my religion forbids me to eat pork!"

Unfortunately for Adolphus his friends heard the rejoinder, and he is not likely soon to hear the last of his rejoinder, and he is not likely soon to hear the last of his passage with the beautiful Jewess.

EDITH'S FIRST LOVE LETTER.

The Treasure That the Major Carries in his Pocket with her Picture.

[From the New York Sun.]

Everybody knows that mothers lay by as a precious store the first little stockings the baby wore, and regard them with ever-increasing pride if the baby lives, and cherish them as sacred souvenirs if the baby dies; and the Major has often wondered whether men have any joy that is the counterpart of this one that seems peculiar to women.

When the May days began to lengthen and brighten Mrs. Scatigubu took the baby off into the country, where it might have, during the eventful second year of childhood, the benefits of fresh air and food and ample playground, with green grass to roll upon. Daily the Major receives letters containing bulletins showing how the infant is flourishing, and detailing also some of its remarkable adventures. For instance, one day last week came this:

"This morning Edith strayed into the kitchen while I was in the dining room, and the first I knew I heard an awful scream, and little Edie came running in with her right hand dreadfully burned. How she did it I don't know, but she must have put her hand right on the stove, for the whole palm is one great blister. She takes it bravely, and I have got the hand all done up in cotton batting and flannel, and every now and then she holds it up to me like a tiny white boxing glove, and says plaintively, 'Burner, burner.'"

"Baby's hand must have healed rapidly, for two days later this came:

"While Edith was standing on the back steps this morning, trying to catch a butterfly, she fell off, and it didn't hurt her a bit, but mother says it will cost as much as seven dollars to replace the pots and plants that Edith fell upon; baby is so heavy you know."

And she is developing traits that in other people's children would doubtless indicate an alarming and precocious ferocity, but which in this case seems only to show a rare degree of courage. Here is a bulletin that says: "Baby caught a fly this morning, and tore it in pieces." Another: "Edie stepped on an ugly spider to-day and crushed it; and on the same day it is recorded that she "said 'Papa' in her sleep."

Yesterday there came a letter that was bulkier than usual, and the Major, as he opened the envelope, wondered what was in it. A little piece of brown paper dropped out, covered all over with pencillings of no character or meaning, but softly drawn, evidently by the baby; and reading along down the letter the Major came to the daily bulletin: "As I sit here writing the baby is on the floor, quiet, for a wonder, and busily engaged with a piece of brown paper and a pencil; and I ask her what she is doing, and she says 'Write papa;' and here is the baby's letter, enclosed to mine."

So this little piece of brown paper, scribbled all over with soft pencillings, is Edith's first letter, and to papa; and it must be confessed that the Major is very proud of it, and he puts it carefully away with the picture of Edith that he carries in his pocket, and thinks to himself that he has, may be found the counterpart of that peculiar joy of women, and been admitted to the highest order of humanity; Cynthia treasures the little stockings; Philip treasures no less the letter, written in a hand that none but him can decipher, and as he reads it over again he reads between the lines that, after all, this is a very pleasant world to live in.