Hope, Sweet Hope.

BY DAVID S. NORRIS.

When tossed upon a foreign strand,
Away from friends and home and land,
What is't sustains the exiled band?
'Tis hope, sweet hope!

What nerves the arm of the slave
To battle mid the bold and brave,
While traitors fawn and cowards crave?
'Tis hope, sweet hope!

What makes the patriot's bosom swell,
When of his country's fame he'd tell?
'Tis something binding as a spell,
'Tis hope, sweet hope!

And, oh! when hatred tyrants frown,
And plant their flag o'er town and town,
What makes him fling to tear it down?
'Tis hope, sweet hope!

What spirit fires his manly breast
With pity for the brave oppressed?
What makes him bold, true, good and just?
'Tis hope, sweet hope!

The star that lights to victory's goal,
Like needle pointing to the Pole,
The stay of every wearied soul
Is hope, sweet hope!

God's Noblest Work.

Bel Arden one day gave out through his realm
That a thousand shekels and a jeweled dirk
Should be his who the best answer gave to this:
Which of all is Allah's noblest work?
So the wise magicians, and learned ones all,
The necromancers and alchemists,
The grave philosophers, hermits grey,
And sages worthy, a good yalat!—

Studied and pondered the question long
Weighed and balanced the question well;
Consulted nature, science, his craft,
And aught to inform in his way that fell,
Three days and nights they sleepless spent,
Then on the all-important day
Before Bel Arden they each appeared,
A learned procession in grave array!

First spake a scientist bent with age—
But his dim eye kindled into a glow:
"Of Allah's works, this beautiful earth
Is by far the noblest of all we know,
With its isles and continents clothed in green,
Which ever old ocean's arms enfold,
And its geologic record writ
In the solid rocks that are aons old."

Said a wise astronomer: "What! the work
More grand and noble in Allah's plan
Than the stars, the skill of His handicraft,
The sun and moon whose cycles we span;
Or Orion leading his glittering host,
The Pleiades set 'mid the bright array,
Venus, the torch of the heavenly throng,
Or the star-paved road of the milky-way?"

He ceased, and each in turn set forth
The noblest work in his mental view,
Till the day was nigh spent, and still
Greater and grander the subject grew,
When at last a white-haired hermit rose,
His form was bowed and his features wan.
"Of all created things," he said,
"God's noblest work *is an honest man!*"

"Thou hast well said," Bel Arden cried;
"Father, the gold and the weapon thine,
For the earth shall fall, and the stars shall fall,
The sun and moon shall cease to shine,
The wisdom of mortals come to naught,
Forgotten the crown and the sceptred rod,
But truth and virtue shall live for aye.
An honest man is akin to God!"

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

BY MISS SKEFFINGTON ("MELUSINE.")

CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED.)

'I remembered it well,' said Mr. McDonnell, dreamily.

'Do you mean,' said Mr. Gilmartin, who all this time had been holding an umbrella over Moy, for they were standing where there was no shade—do you mean that you recognize this place as your old home?'

'I do, indeed,' said Mr. McDonnell, solemnly. 'I'll show you all the picture—it's in one of the boxes we brought yesterday. I never part from it'

'Well, well, sir, only to think!' said Mrs. Hart; 'sure, it's like a real story.'

'Guess it's a long sight better than a real story,' said Mr. Cormac. 'To leave this place howling like a wild-cat, and come back with your pockets full of gold, and—' Suddenly he paused, for he remembered the wife for whom Mr. McDonnell was now mourning, so he concluded his speech with the words, 'and many other mercies.'

'Yes,' said Mr. McDonnell, 'many other mercies.'

He walked away by himself, and went and leaned on the wall.

'Poor gentleman,' said Mrs. Hart, 'he's oppressed-like with the suddenness of it all.'

'He'll be well before he's twice married,' said Mr. Cormac, with a shrug of his shoulders, while all the time the tears were chasing each other down his cheeks.

'Singular man!' said Moy, as she walked away into the shade of the house with Mr. Gilmartin; 'but he has a kindly nature, I am sure.'

'He's a splendid fellow,' said Mr. Gilmartin, warmly. 'But who is this?' Up came Barney (Dan Riley's little friend). He was gasping for breath. He had been many fields off by the river, where some men were mowing, but the sight of visitors on his mother's little lawn was too much for him. He had started off at a tremendous pace, and now paused in front of Moy and her companion.

'On a day like this you might take less exercise with more advantage, my good boy,' said Mr. Gilmartin, while Moy was trying to keep Barney from speaking till he had got his breath. She felt really anxious about him as she looked in his scarlet face.

'Thank ye, Miss,' gasped Barney. Then, after a moment, 'Oh, wisha! but it's hot. And please, Miss, who is that speaking to mammy?'

(Mr. Cormac, asking and answering questions, was gesticulating in a most amusing manner.)

'Mr. Cormac—a nice gentleman Barney, who has come home with your new landlord.'

'And where's our new landlord, please, Miss?' continued the inquisitive Barney.

'He is over there by the well. This is the very house where he was born. He has just discovered this. When you are older you will understand what he is feeling now.'

Barney's large eyes, exercising the greatest wonder, were fixed on her now. 'Sure, Miss Moy,' he said at last, 'do you mean that the gentleman who was rich enough to buy up all Mr. Hackney's property was born, just like one, in this very house?'

'Yes, Barney. You see he was a steady and industrious boy, and he got on well.'

'Sure, I'll try and be that, Miss,' said Barney, thoughtfully; 'though I don't believe I could do what he's done' (with a wave of his hand toward Mr. McDonnell); 'sure, that would be impossible'

'Never say that, my boy,' said Mr. Gilmartin. 'There was a brave man who said that 'impossible' was a bad word.'

Barney stared. 'Well,' he said at last, 'I'll never use it no more; and maybe some day I'll buy the bit of land for daddy and mammy.'

At that moment his mother called him to entertain Mr. Cormac, while she hurried in to prepare for her guests some 'refreshments' in her best sitting room.

CHAPTER XLV.

"Which sloping hills around enclose
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far famed river pours."

WARTON.

When they had all satisfied Mrs. Hart by taking something of what she had put neatly on the table, Mr. McDonnell (who had sat very silent, his head resting upon his hand, except when now and then he looked round the room, endeavoring to recall past scenes) proposed that, if Mr. Gilmartin thought the horses had rested long enough, they should go on to 'Glenrowe.' So, very soon, they were once more in the comfortable carriage, Mr. Gilmartin watching Moy as her anxiously, for she had become very pale.

'It's nothing,' she assured him with a smile, the first moment she could when their companions were speaking to one another. 'I feel too thankful and happy to mind even the great heat of to-day. But joyful as this discovery has been, I see how much our friend has been affected by it. His emotion is a little catching, isn't it?'

And so the cloud on Mr. Gilmartin's brow cleared away a little. Presently, as they turned a corner and saw a rather steep descent before them, and a lovely view across country, he said, 'We are not far now from a splendid salmon leap.'

'Indeed!' said Mr McDonnell; and then, evidently trying to rouse himself from his own thoughts, he went on, 'What a day this would be for two kinds of landscape painters!'

'Two kinds?' said Moy inquiringly.

'Yes,' he returned. 'Don't you know, some people see the south side—some the north? The Idealist sees the south side—the sun is facing him, all is mystery—everything throwing its shadow. The Materialist, the matter-of-fact artist, sees the north view—the sun is behind; he glories in being able to see into every hole and corner. I prefer the Idealist.'

This remark led to an interesting little chat upon art between the speaker and Mr. Gilmartin, who had not only visited every gallery in Europe, but had studied with a real love the literature of the subject. At last they arrived at 'Glenrowe,' which stood in a large and well walled park, rather celebrated for its beech-trees, and a fine salmon river, which swept round the foot of the lawn, and had been artificially widened just opposite the house.

A tiny craft was moored beside a painfully new boat house, over which Moy longed to train some ivy, but Mr. Cormac suggested Virginian creeper.

'Glenrowe' itself was a very large and handsome modern building. The Irish landlord, from whose trustees Mr. Hackney bought the place, had unfortunately entirely rebuilt the house just before the terrible famine. Even had the times been prosperous he would have been obliged to retrench, as he had rather outrun his income; but this, added to the years of famine and misery, followed closely by the passing of the Encumbered Estates Act, completely ruined him, and after the place had been held for a few years by the trustees, it was sold to Mr. Frederick Hackney, who had then sent down an army of decorators, and transformed 'Glenrowe' (at least the inside of the house) into a modern Queen Anne's mansion.

'I am heartily tired of the style,' said Mr. Gilmartin, as he and Moy stood alone in one of the great gloomy rooms. 'Fancy enduring those windows for a day, when plate-glass would give one such a glorious view of the country!'

'Besides, I don't think I could ever really like anything called by that wicked woman's name,' said Moy, smiling.

'Queen Anne?' 'Yes, she was an undutiful daughter,' said Mr. Gilmartin.

'I was thinking, too, of the Penal Laws. I don't want to be illiberal, or to carry righteous indignation even into the pattern of my furniture,' said Moy, brightly, 'but I'd rather not have the name of Anne connected with my surroundings. Indeed, I really like the old hall and kitchen of this house better than the modern grandeur.'

Mr. McDonnell came to ask the two to go and see the stables with him, but Mr. Gilmartin put his veto on Moy attempting this, and Mr. Cormac gallantly proposed staying with her.

'No fear of a sunstroke in this dark hole,' said he, as the two other gentlemen left the room; and Moy seated herself on an empty packing case, and advised her companion to take possession of another.

Here they held a sort of levee, for all the poor women for whom Moy had got employment in the great house came up to see her the moment they heard she was there.

'By-the-bye, you were going to tell me about your search for your cousin,' said Moy, glad to remember something that might set him off on one of his quaint descriptions, for he was apt to sit perfectly silent. His many long hours in the backwoods had taught him that habit.

'I'll be real pleased to tell you,' replied Mr. Cormac, rolling up his cuffs as if he was going to fell a tree. 'When father and mother and uncle and aunt made up their minds to leave, or were turned out (I don't know which it was), I had a cousin second or third cousin, on a mean-boat, and when we all left Cork he was away out on the Southern American coast somewhere. Well, of course, for a time I never thought anything at all about him, we two, Cis and I, being left alone with strangers; but when Cis got married, and my adopted father died, and his widow went to live with a sister in the States, and I had the saw mill all to myself and I was quite a'one, things came to a focus. I said to myself, 'Now then, Jim, my boy, you must turn up your sleeves, and go at it like a streak of greased lightning;' and didn't the dollars come then? Lor! for my work was meat, drink, washing, and lodging to me. I'd nothing else to care for. I was out and out alone. All I loved were far away, or 'gone where the good niggers go.' Bless them, they're in the best place, I'm sure! Well I began to wonder then about that cousin of mine, and asked all the chaps I met, in the towns in Canada and the States where I did business, if they ever met a 'Cormac' in their wanderings; and at last one fellow—I 'spect he's got a keeper now—told me, oh, yes! he'd met a Cormac out at the Cape; a very nice fellow, too; he could not remember his address, or anything particular about him, but he was quite positive he had seen and talked to him, and told me what he looked like; so I went home and thought of it, and at last made up my mind that the Cormac at the Cape was my uncle's son; that he'd heard that we were all dead, and had got tired of the sea, and settled in business, 'far from the scenes of his youth,' as the poet says. Well—would you believe it?—I made up my mind to go out to the Cape and satisfy myself. It was like an Irishman, some would say, to set off on such a wild-goose chase. Howsomever, I guess it wasn't quite so green, after all; for I meant if he was a decent chap, to take him into partnership, and let him look after the business while I went sometime to stay awhile with Charley and Cis and Carinna, here. So I settled things as well as I could, and made a bee-line for the Cape, with nothing to guide me in my search but the name and description of this commission merchant: a tall, thin, fellow, with black hair and blue eyes—just the cut of my governor. Well, to make a long story short, I found him; at least I found the man the jackanapes had described and thought of his name backwards, for instead of 'Cormac' it was 'Maccor.' You can fancy how I felt. Stars and stripes! It was a real blessing for man who'd misled me that he wasn't within forty miles of me, for I'd have run all the way for the pleasure of giving him a hiding; and it would not have been him that would have been to be pitied so much as those who heard him bellow.'

'It must have been very provoking,' said *Moy*, laughing. 'But did you never hear of your cousin.'

'No, never,' he returned, with a sigh; the first time he had sighed for many months, for he seemed always cheerful, like the little hungry boy taken into a garden to sweep up some leaves (after having a good slice of bread and butter), and, being asked if he liked his work, 'I loikes everything,' was his reply. So Mr. Cormac seemed ever happy and contented under all circumstances. It was no wonder that Carinna found sympathy in his child-like spirit.

'And so you returned to America?' said *Moy*, after a moment or two.

'No; Charlie and his wife were in Paris—poor Cis was terribly fond of Paris, so I thought I'd go home by way of Europe, and I took my passage in a fine steamer, and set off. But before we'd been many days on board the ship took fire. Eh, Miss, you may well start; it's an awful sight at sea. We don't think much of a fire in America. Squares and streets are burned down and built up again in no time. But it's a horse of quite another color at sea. Lor! I wonder if I live to be as old as Methuselah, will I ever forget that night, and the next three days? for one was almost as bad as the other. Didn't we all get powerful Christians then! At least we wanted to be, when Europe, Asia, Africa, dollars and greenbacks, were nowhere, but we just hovering between white sharks and kingdom come!' He paused for a moment, and *Moy* passed her hand over her eyes as she asked if there were many passengers on board.

'Yes, a good few; men coming home on business, officers and their wives and children, and some young fellows who had been out for a lark—hunting, and amusing themselves. One of them was an Irishman, and a regular brick. While the fire lasted he was a perfect Samson, and such spirits, such hope, wouldn't let anyone despair. Never let on that his left arm was burned through nearly to the bone—not he. I found it out only by chance, and then he let me dress it—a way I learned from the chief of the 'Black-feet;' and if I hadn't done it then the muscles would have all crumpled up, and a precious arm he'd have had. It was bad enough for some time. Well, when the fire was at last got out, they found the ship was so badly injured that it would be a miracle if we got safe to land. The men were at the pumps night and day, but we all knew if a storm came on we'd go down like a shot. Well, you can fancy the state we were in. Well-nigh worn out, the men were as white as this ceiling (it's a rare one by-the-bye), and women trembling, some of them crying, the children looking scared, and wondering what would come next. Not a priest or a person on board to speak a work to any one, when at last a lady in a quaking voice, says, 'Would some one read a chapter out of the Bible?' and down sits my patient among them all and begins to read. Well, Miss, when the old people were both alive and before Cis was married, mine was a real happy home, and a God fearing home, as they say, too; and I've sometimes thought, when the sun was stealing over the Indian corn, and the pumpkins looking like pure gold, and the grapes hanging over the very window—I've sometimes thought, as I sat so comfortable and at ease like, with my pipe in my mouth, and my heels upon the mantle-shelf, and dear little Cis reading for the old people about the Prodigal Son or the Good Samaritan, or some of these chaps—well, I've thought,' Lor! what a book that is! it smoothes one out and makes things easy, and goodness the best, after all.' You see, everything was going well with us; but bless you, Miss, I never felt how right straight from heaven the words came as when that young fellow began to read, 'Let not your hearts be troubled;' and, what's more, take my word for it, they weren't troubled after that. We just felt, whichever came, 'twould all be right; whether we got to shore or went to glory right off. And I b'lieve we'd all have gone, I do; I'd bet my boots we'd all have gone there, from the spirit that came into us as we listened to that chapter. Miss, your eyes are full of tears. Cheer up! I've done my sermon. The real facts were the best I ever had preached to me. Well, we all got safe to land, and I've a standing invitation to my patient's home somewhere in the south of Ireland.'

'Thank you very much for your interesting story,' said Moy as she brushed the tears from her cheeks and held her handkerchief for a moment to her eyes; for through the empty hall she heard the steps of the two gentlemen returning from the stables, and she did not want to welcome them with tears.

Mr. Gilmartin entered the room first. 'I think Mr. McDonnell must have the finest stables in the country,' he said. 'I have never admired anything so much since I saw Napoleon the Third's.'

'I want a few of the horses in them,' said Mr. McDonnell, with a smile. 'But I'll not be in a hurry. I'll just get a good, steady pair to drive Carinna and her nurse about the country. I've bought a nice mare for myself and ordered a pony for the child.'

Then, as Mr. Cormac took the owner of Glenrowe aside to speak about some luncheon which by his orders had arrived from the inn, Mr. Gilmartin said to Moy, 'I've got some good ideas for our new stables, though you, dear, have not gained any for your house.'

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lonely bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen, Erin-go bragh!"
—*Campbell's Exile of Erin.*

'You've come at last! you've come at last!' and little Carinna, risking sunstroke, came flying down the garden walk as Mr Gilmartin's carriage stopped at the O'Briens' gate. Mr. McDonnell lifted his little girl up and kissed her fondly. 'Carinna, darling,' he said, 'go and ask nurse to bring me my old leather desk.'

'Right away, papa?'

'Yes, dear, right away.' Off flew the child and they all went into the drawing room, where they found Father Fitzgerald and Mr. O'Brien.

'Something has happened to me to-day, sir,' said Mr. McDonnell to his host, 'which proves the wisdom of the oft-repeated saying, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' I went, as you know, to see some of my farms, and in 'Moneydonart' I found my old home. I have sent Carinna for the box which contains the picture of it; it was the only thing belonging to my father and mother that was saved for me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Idaho Has a Wild Man.

HE WEARS BURS IN HIS HAIR AND EATS GROUSE RAW.

The wild man has again made his appearance, says a Boise city despatch to the New York Times. Many of the people living in Long Valley, in Boise county, about seventy miles from this city, have reported having seen him in the timber of the surrounding mountains upon several occasions.

A sheep herder, while tending his flock, saw a man wandering along the ridges of the mountains, who would disappear as soon as he saw that he was observed. The herder hid in a tree, and was rewarded by a sight of the uncanny being.

He was a man about 5½ feet in height, with dark-brown hair reaching almost to his knees, matted and interwoven with burs. His beard was long and similarly adorned. He wore what was at one time a pair of gray duck overalls, but it was tattered and torn. In his hand he carried a short heavy stick.

As he was passing along a grouse flew up, and, quick as a flash, the wild man threw his stick, and with such unerring aim that the bird was killed. It was then eaten raw.

The herder hastened to his camp, saddled his horse, and pursued the wild man, and when he had overtaken him, endeavored to secure him by means of a lariat, but failed. The strange being ran with the speed of a mountain goat over rocks where no horse could follow. Since that time he has not been seen or heard from.

Makes a Shadow Talk.

Thomas A. Edison has completed arrangements to show his latest invention, the kinetograph, at the world's fair. The kinetograph is a remarkable device, but it is not very useful. It is an instrument by which every gesture of a speaker may be photographed, and at the same time every word he utters is recorded on the cylinder of a phonograph. The two devices are then connected, the photographic apparatus and the phonograph. By throwing the photograph on a screen and starting the talking machine the words and gestures of any speaker can be reproduced. The effect produced is that the figure on the screen is doing the talking. The deception is said to be very clever.

Mr. Edison is reported to have gotten up this invention for his own amusement as a relief from the usual round of laboratory work. The wizard is untiring in his experiments and when things went wrong or did not go exactly as he expected he would turn his attention to the kinetograph. After the thing was completed Mr. Edison's genius was brought to bear on the question of making it profitable, and in this he will doubtless be as successful as in perfecting the invention. Of course, after the photographic plates have been made and the cylinders for the phonograph are ready, something in the way of motive power is required to make the shadow talk and work his arms and make the wheels go round. Mr. Edison returned to first principles in this respect. He adopted the tried nickle and slot arrangement, which, while not novel, possesses the merit of being profitable and collecting in advance for all service performed. The 150 machines Mr. Edison will have at the world's fair ought to make a fortune, for the thing is new and in some ways kind to its patrons. There is no way to compel men to listen to an entire speech unless he wants to. If the speaker becomes tiresome all the audience has to do is to take its eye away from the telescope and walk off. MEANWHILE the thing so that only one person can get the benefit of a single contribution to the slot. This is done by inclosing the screen on which the phantom speaker is thrown in a telescopic device.

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for the next few weeks as a reward for their past favors, and as they have a larger stock of Men's Laced and Long Boots, Ladies Boots of the newest styles, Children's Boots—special lines—than they wish to have at stock taking, they will give an exceptional discount for Cash.

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