

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLASS.

I've a neat little farm of ten acres, and a little bit of ground. Can't be seen, though I say it who should not, in the country for miles around. And with two little children to greet me, and a cheery and loving wife, I lead in the every home under the pleasantest kind of a life!

Of which I owe all the good fortune and happiness, sir, to the time I was saved by the power of one sweet word from a life of vice and crime.

The only the simple story of a boy who was somewhat wild, but who loved his gentle mother with a love beyond that of a child, who was left alone in the world, sir, to struggle as best he might.

Just when he needed a father to counsel and guide him right. I fell among wild companions, and little by little, each day, I came to look upon my mother's teaching, from honor I drifted away, becoming a slave to drink, and when I had reached my manhood, I stood on a fearful brink!

For I entered a house one night, sir, just as the midnight hour. Was struck in a neighboring stable, and I know that an unseen power Guided my feet through the dark hall to the room of a sleeping child, who lisped, as I gazed upon her, "Mother, and sweetly smiled."

Thank God! With my soul sustained by the lightest heart and happiest mind I'd known for many a day, Eager to leave my life of sin, resolved to take up anew Far from the city's pitfalls, one that was honest and true.

And ever since then I've prospered—for the neat little farm I see in proof of the lock that followed—and I'm sure you'll agree with me in thinking my angel mother was watching over me that night. To guide, through the word of a little child, my wandering feet aright!

A story is told of Randolph, of Roanoke, that wonderful genius, which is so replete with piquancy as to induce me to believe in the truth. A bitter personal enemy of the great Virginia became the candidate of the party to which the latter belonged. He stood, as was the custom in the olden times, on that side of the court house which was taken up by his party friends, meeting with recognition those who cast their vote for him.

A dull, leaden sky. All day snow flakes have steadily fallen.

He sees the lights in his happy home; he sees the children, with their faces pressed against the panes, watching with delight the fall of the flakes, for to-morrow will be Christmas and the snow will add Kringle in his visit; and a smile lights up his dark face, for the snow that brings happiness to them brings him deepest sorrow.

As the little wanderer strolls on, he thinks of that land of mellow sunshine far over the sea, and of the happy home he had before his parents died; and, in contrast to this, he thinks of the home he has now, and of the wicked padrone who took him from his cherished country.

These last thoughts arouse him to a sense of business, and, clinking the few pennies in his pockets, he takes up his position at the entrance of a theater which is ablaze with light. Then, blowing his breath upon his stiff, cold fingers, he plays a few wild, sweet notes upon his instrument—a prelude to "Home, Sweet Home." He watches the gaily attired people pass into the building, but none seemed to notice the little figure shrinking in the shadow. None saw the groff, burly policeman who roughly grasps his shoulder and says: "Come, young man, along now!"

And Deppo, utterly disheartened, moves on. It has been a poor day for business; he does not dare to go home with the few pennies he has earned; and now the stern mandate of the officer has cut off his last chance of getting more. He pauses under a gas-lamp, and, by its flickering rays, he counts out his pennies over. Just then—enough for coffee and rolls; and he crosses over to a little restaurant, and is soon indulging in a bit of extravagance. Supper over, he plans where he shall sleep.

He remembers a box filled with straw which he has seen in his wanderings. He winds his way toward it, and, when ten strikes from the tall church-tower near by, Beppo is calmly asleep, his guitar pressed tenderly upon his breast. Twelve o'clock. As the last stroke reels out upon the frosty air, Beppo awakes from a troubled dream. His sharp ears catch the sound of voices, and he remains almost breathless.

"How are you going to work the job?" says some one in a hoarse whisper. "It's as easy as rolling off a log," replies his companion. "The girl leaves the kitchen window unfastened, and we're in the house as nice as you please. Have you brought all the tools?" "All in this bag," rejoins the first, and Deppo, wide awake now, hears something jingle. "Then, ho for old Howland's silver!" chuckles the second, and the two move off.

Beppo hears their footsteps die away. He comprehends it all, and there is to be a robbery, and wonders how he can prevent it. The name Howland he has heard before, and he knows that he may be the means of saving much. He arises from his cramped position, and stretching himself, reaches for his guitar. Then, shivering at the piercing winds strike through his tattered clothing, he glides swiftly down the street—on upon the bright light of a police station greets his vision. In broken sentences, he tells his story to the sergeant in charge, and the latter at once sends two officers out to investigate the matter. Beppo knows that he has done his duty—he can do no more. He notices, he steals out into the dark street. Two or three blocks passed, a strange feeling comes over him. The snow falls so fast that he can scarcely see before him. Sick and dizzy, he gropes his way up the steps of a private residence and falls fainting in the doorway.

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From the Ontario Press, N. Y. Early this morning I was awakened by a severe pain in the head, which was accompanied by a fever.

From Col. L. T. Foster. My wife, Mrs. Foster, was afflicted with a severe case of rheumatism, which was accompanied by a fever.

KENDALL'S SAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH. A Cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica, etc.

EDITOR OF "THE ITEMIZER." I received your issue of the 14th inst., and I was glad to find that the "Little Beppo" had been published in your issue. The letter from Dr. Bates created a great amount of excitement in this vicinity.

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