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WEARY, FRIENDLESS AND FORSAKEN.—EXHIBITED AT ROYAL ACADEMY. OIL. TAKEN FROM LIFE.

JOHN SAMPSON'S CONVERSION.

BUT there!" said Sam'l, as he reached the end of his story. "There's a bra' many Christians, as they do call themselves, that do read the Bible in no better fashion than old John Sampson. * * * G'wan, Jess!"

He shook up the reins and awaited the question which he knew would not be long delayed. "Who was old John Sampson?" I asked.

"Another of the many people that I knew before you came into these parts," was the answer. "Wheal Dream had not been stopped in those days, and John Sampson came from over to Tallywarn to work there, and took lodgings with mother."

"And he did not read his Bible very wisely!"

Sam'l chuckled. "He didn' read it all first going away," he answered. "Mother was a woman of some conscience; she used to wonder whether it wadn' laid upon her to turn him to doors and starve, rather than have such a man under a Christian roof. I believe he was sober enough and no great swearer. Indeed, so far as I can remember him, he was a man that hardly ever talked about anything. But he never went to chapel, and all; and that pleased her, for she was always thorough herself.

"This went on for some little time. There was a bra' deal of talk about it in Pentreath, and, to begin with, very few would believe the story mother told. However, old Mis' Shewes dropped in one evening, all by chance as she made out, and sure enough John Sampson was sitting in the doorway reading away for dear life. So she went forth and told the news.

"Mother was pleased enough to have matters as they were for a time. However, after a bit, she thought 'twas a pity the old man shouldn' go further, having begun so well. So one Sunday morning, when he took up the Bible and was going out to sit on the little seat that stood against the front of the house, she spoke: "'Wouldn' 'ee like to come to chapel, John?' she said.

"He looked back with a curious bit of a smile.

"'No,' he said, 'I'd rather stop here and read.'

"Very soon John Sampson went into town one Saturday by Jimmy Hayle's van, and brought back a fat red book, which turned out to be a dictionary. After that he always had the two books by him at the same time. He would stop in the midst of his Bible-reading and turn over the leaves of his dictionary like a man told about him. For he went forth and borrowed another Bible and commenced again at Genesis. At the end of a year he had come to Revelation again, and then he went and borrowed another Bible. 'Twould be a bold thing to say a man was touched in the head and gone totelish because he was all the time reading the Scriptures. But what puzzled everyone was that John Sampson should never be willing to read the same copy more than once.

"At last, after much talk upon the subject, everyone was convinced that he really was a little bit dotty; for a man came into Pentreath selling cheap Bibles, and John bought three copies, varying in size like three children o' one family. He put two in his drawer, and went through the other in the usual way.

"Now, can'ee guess what he read the Bible for? No need to answer, for you would'nt be right if you guessed till Doomsday. Nor did anyone in Pentreath ever dream of what had worked the change until John Sampson died suddenly, when he was about half-way through the third of his Bibles. Of course, they searched his bureau and so on; and at last they found an old pocket-book. It was a piece cut out of the 'All Sorts' column of the Argus:

"'Anyone who discovers a printer's mistake in a copy of the Bible is entitled to receive a reward of one guinea.' And the secret was out."

DOMESTIC BLISS.—IN POSESSION OF MISS DUPONT, TORONTO. OIL. TAKEN FROM LIFE.

"He used to spend Sundays on the moors in good weather, and when it rained he would sit smoking in a little shed where the donkey-cart was kept. If he was by when mother prayed before sending us off to bed he would go outside and sit on the garden wall with his pipe in his mouth. I've known her to pull down the window and pray almost in a shout, on the chance that some word in season might strike him like a javelin and bring him to a proper frame of mind.

"He stopped in Pentreath for some years, and 'twas always the same with him. Then one day he came into the kitchen with a very strange look upon his face. 'Beggin' your pardon, Mis' Gurney,' he said, 'but could 'ee give me the loan of a Bible?'

"I can see mother's face now, for I was growing a big boy by this time. 'A Bible!' she said. 'Thee's want a Bible! Praise be for that! I'll give 'ee a Bible.'

"Well, she gave him a Bible, and after that she watched him pretty closely. And, 'Ah!' she said one day, 'the influence of a Christian family is a thing that must tell.' For old John Sampson stuck to that Bible like a limpet to a rock, and was all the time reading it. Mother noticed that he began at the beginning and read straight through, genealogies hunting for something. But he never seemed to find it—whatever it might be. And presently he finished the last chapter of Revelations, and shut up the book with the air of a man come to the end of a long job, and not too well pleased with what he'd done. He laid it down upon the table.

"'I suppose you haven't got another Bible in the house? I should like to get the loan of it, if you have.'

"'Why, man,' said mother, 'isn't your Bible, that I gave 'ee, good enough for 'ee? What difference is there between one Bible and another?'

"'If you've got another,' he said 'I should like to get the loan of it.'

"Well, mother was only too glad to have the old man read the Bible at all. She humored him and fetched out the great, big Family Bible. And he began again at Genesis and went right on to Revelation. He still kept the dictionary by him as he read, and would still turn away from his reading about once in ten minutes to hunt in that dictionary for something he never seemed to find. More than once mother hinted about his going to chapel, but his answer was always the same. 'No,' he would say, 'I'd rather stop at home and read the Bible.'

"And when he came to the end of the Family Bible a strange story began to be

TINY. MINNIE. MAUD.

Tiny and Minnie, toy black and tans; Maud, Italian greyhound. Tiny, 3½ lbs.; Minnie, 3½ lbs.; Maud, 11 lbs. The property of M. E. Bessey, Hamilton.

[Photo by Cochran, Hamilton.]

JUST WE TWO.

Just we two, love, only we two;
To drink the honey wine of life
And never taste the rue,
To find the sunshine ever fair,
The sky a tender blue,
And rich with joy the balmy air,
And love forever true.

Just we two, love, only we two;
To let the mad world swing along
As it is wont to do,
To see within each other's eyes
The happy thoughts pursue,
A perfect faith our paradise,
Each day our love renew.

Just we two, love, only we two;
To make of life a summer bright,
Where storms can never brew,
My heart to be in all the years
A shelter warm for you,
And May's sun drink the April tears,
While yet the skies are blue.

Just we two, love, only we two;
No matter if the world forgot
Our world would still be true.
For love would guard the holy spot,
The oak and not the yew
Protect the sweet forget-me-not,
And love forever woo.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND.

I had just come out of the postoffice, when I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar to me.

It was that of a man of about my own age, with bronzed features and a somewhat attenuated figure.

As I was trying to recall when and where I had seen him before our eyes met, I immediately perceived that our recognition had been mutual, for he came toward me with a frank expression of pleasure and held out his hand, saying:

"Halloa, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?" I don't know why he said this, and of course, I don't attempt to defend it; but it is a style of address affected by some men who are as profoundly astonished if they meet you in a restaurant as if they had run across you in the mines of Siberia. I felt a little bit annoyed at his want of originality; however, I smiled pleasantly, and said, as I shook hands:

"Well, if you come to that, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

We stood opposite each other for a few seconds, I simpering somewhat emptily at the nature of our greeting, and struggling to recall his name; and he, with his head slightly on one side, and an expression of courteously suppressed amusement on his face, as if my presence on the steps of the postoffice was one of those inexplicable freaks of chance for which it is hopeless to seek to assign any reasonable law.

I gave him a few seconds to digest his astonishment, and then, feeling that the silence was becoming a little embarrassing, I said inconsequently:

"Well, what have you been doing all this time?"

"Well," he replied, "I've been in Australia."

"Oh, ah!" I ejaculated, as if it had for a moment slipped my memory; "why you went there"—and I hesitated, as though calculating within myself the exact day of his unknown departure—

"Three years ago," he put in shortly, "and quite long enough it is, too."

I ran over in my mind my acquaintances of three years ago, but could recall no trace of a recollection of my new companion; so, to gain time and to gather fresh information I asked:

"And what sort of a time have you had?"

"Oh, much about the same as before," he answered, with a slightly puzzled air.

I candidly admit that the sensible thing for me to have done would have been to own up and admit that I had forgotten my friend's personality. Unfortunately, I am one of those painfully constituted people who shrink with nervous horror from anything in the nature of an explanation, and, in addition, I felt that I had gone too far to cry off without some appearance of insincerity. Besides, he seemed to congratulate himself so warmly upon what he insisted upon looking on as our providential meeting, that my lips were sealed, and I felt confirmed in the idea that if I let things slide a little longer, his name would recur to my mind.

He had slipped his arm through mine, as we walked up town with an easy sense of good-fellowship, and said: "Of course you'll dine with me this evening. Now, don't say you are engaged," he added, as I hesitated for an instant between my desire to have more of my companion and my disinclination to dine under false pretences; "you know they'll be awfully disappointed if they hear I have met you and let you off without a long talk, and I join them to-morrow."

I felt constrained to consent against my better judgment, and added, in a playfully solicitous manner:

"And how are they all?"

"Oh, they are all tip-top—all except the Colonel;" after a pause, and with a slightly subdued air—"I don't think he has ever quite got over that affair."

"Ah," I rejoined, shaking my head sympathetically, "one doesn't get over that sort of thing in a day, you know; but the others?"

"What others?" he said, bluntly.

I hesitated and rejoined, vaguely, "Were there not some others?"

He pondered heavily for a few seconds before replying: "Yes, I believe there were some others, but they made no difference."

I was just murmuring "Very likely not," when he turned to me abruptly, and said: "I hope you don't think he came badly out of that business?"

His hand seemed to relax its pressure on my arm, as if he was preparing himself for some censure or act of coldness on my part.

I felt touched by this little proof of his sensitiveness to my good opinion, and pressed his fingers as I rejoined, warmly: "I never, never heard any one speak otherwise than highly of his conduct in the matter."

He stopped and said, shortly:

"Why, who knows anything about it? I thought you and I had it all to ourselves."

"Yes, yes," I faltered, and added, "you know you have been away for some time, old fellow."

It did not seem to fit in very well; but he accepted it as an argument, and said:

"There is something in that, but don't let people talk about it. I know he relies upon you and me."

There was something so touching in the reliance of this unknown, that a glow of sympathetic affection warmed my heart, and I resolved on the spot that his confidence should not be misplaced. Come what come might, the secret of that old man's life should never be betrayed by me. Others might make it a subject of club gossip or tea-table tittle-tattle, but no word of mine should add one drop to the cup of bitterness that had been placed at his lips. There are passages in the lives of all of us which we would wish to have buried in oblivion—the thoughtless follies of youth, the unworthy ambitions of manhood and the selfish jealousies of old age; who is there that can stand up and say, there is no episode in his life he would not have expunged, forgotten, or condoned?

We had turned into a restaurant for a bit of dinner, and those thoughts passed through my mind as we ate our fish. My companion pondered sadly for a few seconds, and then, shaking himself together as though to throw off an unpleasant train of thought, said:

"Now, tell me about yourself, your wife and family."

Before I had time to reflect upon what might be the result of my disclosure, I blurted out the simple truth:

"I have no wife."

He looked intensely suprised, as he said: "My dear fellow, I am very sorry, I never heard"—He paused, inquiringly, and again I blurted out:

"I never had one."

A look of extreme pain spread over his face as he heard this. He leaned across the table, and laying his hand on mine, said, with infinite sympathy: "I see it all; I ought not to have asked you. Forgive me, old fellow, and forget that I have said those words."

I gave him a clammy hand and turned away, lest he should detect the conscious guiltiness of my face. I had become confirmed in a suspicion that had been gradually dawning upon my mind, that I had never set eyes upon my host before that day, and that I had been carried away by some inexplicable chance resemblance to some remote acquaintance, and by his own apparent cordial recognition of myself. There was no blinking the facts, however. Everybody that he mentioned was a total stranger to me, while every incident that I mentioned with a view to drawing him out seemed to find his mind a blank. My sole object now was to extricate myself from my false position without detection. I got absolutely and hopelessly involved in fable and falsehood, and after having thus lightly taken away the good name of the suppositious mother of my children, a sort of despair took possession of me, and a wild desire to avoid exposure or explanation at any cost.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my host geniality itself. We sat late and drank freely, and over our cups I blush to think of the people I married, the old friends I buried and the characters I took away. But he *could* have news, and what was I to do? Much of my information seemed to afford him matter for astonishment, and often he ejaculated:

"You don't tell me so," as I conveyed some specially startling piece of personal news.

However, the time for departure came at last, and my mind was torn with conflicting desires to escape detection and to ascertain his identity.

"You'll come and see us," he said cordially, as we shook hands preliminary to leaving.

"Yes, certainly," I replied: "but where are you putting up now?"

"Oh; the same old quarters," he returned.

"What is the best way to get there?" I asked, as a last and altogether desperate hope.

"You can't do better than take a cab," he said; and we parted never to meet again.

A BRAVE DEFENCE.

As our brigade advanced, crossing pasture land, sweeping through thickets, and fording a creek which seemed to be all turns and elbows, a man about ten feet from me on the left dropped dead. My companion was on the extreme left of the line, you see, and the man was a flanker. He had been shot from the window of a humble-looking cabin which stood in open ground about rifle-shot away.

"Sargeant, take ten men and clean those bushwhackers out and burn the house!" was the order I got from my captain, and a minute later I had a squad marching away.

There had been more or less fighting over the same ground all the forenoon, and the artillery and musketry fire had been pretty hot. We were now driving the line, and as we advanced we found many of the dead still lying where they fell. It wasn't lawful for a bushwhacker to hide away in a farm house and shoot a soldier in the back. Even if a battle was raging such a deed smacked of murder. If he could shoot it was his business to be in the lines opposed to us. Then if his bullets found a human target it was the chances of war, and if he happened to be captured by us he would be treated as a prisoner of war. We marched straight for the house, expecting that the bushwhacker had fled as soon as he fired his shot, but we had not covered over half the distance when a rifle cracked and one of my men dropped with a bullet in his heart. The nearest cover to the house was a stone fence one hundred feet in front of it, and a shed barn about the same distance from the back door. Dividing my squad, and now adopting all the precautions we could, all of us finally gained the shelters mentioned. It was a log cabin, a story and a half high, with two windows in front, one on each side, and a window in the rear.

How many men were in the house we could not say, but as soon as in position we opened fire on the doors and windows. Not a shot was fired in return for three or four minutes. Then one of my men at the wall, who had exposed himself, got a bullet in the shoulder and crawled away to hide under a bank of earth. Our bullets soon riddled doors and windows, and must have searched every part of the house. We expected to see three or four men dash out and make a run for it, or a white flag to be displayed in token of surrender, but all was grimly silent. About ten minutes after my man had been shot one of the men at the shed got his head out too far while shooting and received a bullet in return. It didn't kill him, but carried away the right half of his upper lip and mustache, passed through his cheek, carried away four teeth and split his ear.

That was two killed and two wounded, and all apparently by the same weapon. We knew it to be the ordinary rifle by the whip-like crack of its report, but there might be three or four men in the house for all we could determine. We kept blazing away at doors and windows on the chance of hitting some one, and from the silence of the next ten minutes I felt confident that we had disabled them. Then I gave the signal for a rush at the house. All of us were up and half-way there when a rifle barrel was poked through a broken pane and a flash followed. The ball grazed my cheek and struck the man behind me in the forehead and dropped him dead. Next moment we were at the doors, front and back, and they were banged open with a crash.

This is what I saw: A boy soldier lying dead on the floor with an arm torn off by a fragment of shell. On the bed was a grey-haired woman with a bullet wound in her face. Standing in the corner of the room, proud and defiant, with the unloaded rifle in her hands, was a girl of sixteen—a regular country belle in grace and beauty.

"I can do no more. Shoot us if you will!" she said.

"Ay! shoot!" added the mother. "There lies my only boy, killed by your guns this morning. I lie here wounded, and my gal Jin has dropped four or five of you to get even! One gal to a dozen soldiers! Come and finish your work!"

But we simply took the rifle, and left them with their dead.

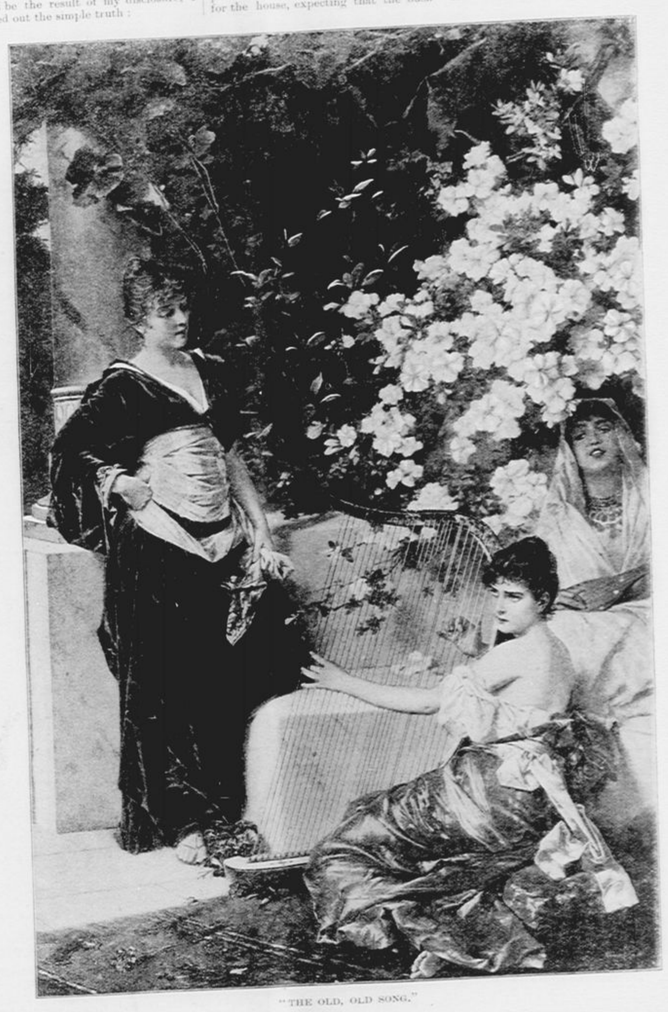
MAGNETISM OF DEATH.

"Forward!"

The horses have a hard ride, and a moment ago all showed signs of weariness. They press forward now as eagerly as if fresh food and rest were close at hand, and their demeanor soon convinces every old veteran that he will shortly smell powder. We are within half a mile of the timber when boom! boom! boom! go the guns of a battery under cover, and the shrieking shells explode over and above us.

"Left wheel—right wheel!" and down go the fences, and cavalry and infantry spread over the meadows and form a line of battle. As fast as the troops come up they file to the right or left, and our batteries come up and reply to those along the edge of the forest. An exploding shell wipes out a set of fours among the horsemen. Four troopers and three horses go down, while the fourth horse escapes even a scratch. He gallops away to the rear, with stirrups flying, and no hand seeks his capture, but it is scarcely three minutes before he re-appears. Ah! but he presents a fine sight now. With head and tail up, nostrils showing a bright red, and eyes fairly glowing with enthusiasm, he dances along our front with all the grace of a thoroughbred.

Watch him! His head is turned to the enemy and the magnetism of death is strong upon him! He has but to gallop away to save his life, but he has no thought of doing so. A shell screams over him, and he flings his heels high in air. A solid shot tears up the earth across his path, and he rears up and paws the air. We are going to advance. As our skirmishers rush to the front they try to save the horse, but he defies them. We can hear his shrill neighs above the sound of the guns, and as the smoke lifts we see him galloping to and fro,—wheeling,—rearing,—courting death on the field of battle. It comes as he suddenly halts and faces the foe. A solid shot strikes him fair on the chest, and bounding high in air, with a shrill neigh he falls dead, and next moment a skirmisher is using his body as a cover.



"THE OLD, OLD SONG."

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person would get about 2¾ acres.

According to the tenth census, out of a population of 50,000,000 over 17,000,000 were breadwinners, being a percentage of 34.8 of the whole.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white card board.

Technically, any inhabitant of the United Kingdom is liable to be called upon to undertake the uncongenial task of hangman. The salary is £1 a week as a retaining fee, and £2 after an execution.

The smallest city in the world is the miniature place known as Steward City, Alaska, U.S., its three inhabitants being respectively—Mayor, Chairman of the Board of Alderman, and President of the Common Council.