

DEATH-BED JUSTICE.

A Penitent, Full of Remorse, Gives up Fortune Stolen Years Before.

"For Mrs. Joseph Ashbrooke," a letter carrier threw down a heavy envelope, with three or four foreign stamps on the upper right hand corner, on the marble counter in the office of the Girard House, Philadelphia, and hurried away.

"A letter for you, Mrs. Ashbrooke," said the servant to an elegantly dressed woman. "A foreign letter," exclaimed Mrs. Ashbrooke, looking at the stamps and postmarks.

"It seems to be from Australia." She slowly tore the envelope open, and drew out the contents. She curiously unfolded a long and broad sheet of paper such as she had never received before.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Ashbrooke. "Why are you so pale?" "Because I seem to have received it out of the grave."

THE STORY OF THE LETTER. The story that the letter told was a weird romance. Thirty years or more ago Mrs. Ashbrooke's father, Henry Deven, was the American Consul at Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. Age and privation, however, broke down his health. He grew so weak and ill that he was forced against his own desire to enter a hospital.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Ashbrooke at the Girard House, "I was surprised when I received that strange letter. My mother, I know, had corresponded with Mr. Anderson after he left Brazil, though she never suspected that he had wronged her.

necessary. Poor man, how thorough must his conversion have been; how strong his faith to lend him the courage to do these noble things!"

POOR BRANDY.

"Brandy is dead!" So the men said, so the women said, and so the children called to each other as a piece of news.

When the undertaker came to bear the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a book-black.

And when the dead had been driven away, and the boy had disappeared, more than one man said: "After all, we might have made it easier for the poor old man."

A CONDUCTOR.

So many people fancy that to conduct wants only to take a stick and beat time. Certainly in very easy instances this may be sufficient, but in such cases without any conducting at all the bands would go on as the German street bands go on without any conductor.

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of mottled soap and the girl had left on the topmost stair, and his feet flew out like wild fire wings.

"No," said Biggs, "no liquor in mine. A 'stick' in my lemonade always makes me sleepy."

STAGE-COACH ROBBERS.

What the Passenger with one Eye did in a Tight Place.

There was an army officer, a sutler, a surveyor and two men who might have been mine inspectors in the stage when it drew up at Burt Hill to take on another passenger.

By and by the army officer mentioned something about road agents, and directly the conversation became interesting. Coaches had been stopped at various points on the line within a week, and it was pretty generally believed that a bad gang had descended on the route.

"Pop! pop! pop!" The passengers were dozing as the salute of the road agents reached their ears. The coach was halted in a way to tumble everybody together, and legs and bodies were still tangled up when a voice at the door of the coach called out:

Where was the man with one eye? The robber appeared to believe that we were all out, and he was just approaching the head of the line to begin his work when a dark form dropped out of the coach, there was a yell as if from a wounded tiger, and a revolver began to crack.

In a triangular fight at Chicago this week, one man was knocked down nine times, and another six, by the muscular antagonist who had undertaken to whip them both.

There was a painful lull after the last shot, and it lasted a full minute before the stranger turned to us and remarked in a quite, cutting manner: "Gentlemen, ye kin drop yer hands!"

Prof. Bergstrand, of the Royal Agricultural Academy of Sweden, has been experimenting with sunflower-seed cake as food for milch cows, and has discovered that it is particularly valuable for this purpose.

A small boy will dance on chestnut-burns and broken bottles and run airily over a wheat-field just after the wheat has been cut, and think nothing of it; but let the point of a nail work up a little way through the heel of his shoe and he howls and limps and thinks it is sufficient cause for him to remain away from school.

A fond Cincinnati father tells of his four-year-old boy who was presented with a trumpet, with which he was greatly infatuated.

A merry-time affair—A wedding at sea.

BORROWED WIT.

Mitery—Old cheese. Soleful—A new shoe. Agitators—Bent pins. Kneady men—Bakers. Fast fellows—Convicts.

It must not be supposed that the members of a brass band are not story tellers because they have no lyres. It is terrible to think that the reduction to two cent postage may encourage poets to attack us by mail.

A California lady has a pair of scissors which have been used by herself and mother for seventy-six years. No newspaper man in that family.

Dr. Willis announces the fact that "mothers-in-law are not laughed at in Persia." Same here. He must be a bold, bad man, without any hair, who would laugh at his mother-in-law.

Professor Winter of New York, urges: "Let the child learn the one universal language—the art of designing." A numerously jilted man is opposed to the plan.

A lady stood patiently before the receiving teller's window in a bank the other day, but no one took any notice of her till she attracted the attention of the money-taker by tapping with her parasol on the glass.

There is an old family custom in Switzerland, hallowed by centuries, which allays irritation in the heart forthwith, maintaining peace there—a custom blessed by God, and more likely than any other to keep a family together.

A poem going the rounds begins with the assertion that "the golden rod is yellow." Of course it is. It wouldn't be golden if it were blue.

A four-year-old boy who was presented with a trumpet, with which he was greatly infatuated.

IN A CHIMNEY OVER FIRE.

A Yarn Spun by a Florida Cracker of Old Indian Days.

I was once taking a ride through Suwanee Co., Fla., admiring the luxuriant vegetation, the lazy swing of the birds and the ripple of shining waters, when at an abrupt turn of the road I came across a dissipated-looking cabin, the only sign of life about it being a white-headed old "cracker," who was loling on the doorstep, viciously sucking at the stem of a sublimely dirty clay pipe.

He was almost petrified with fear at first and could not move from his position. Another moment and it was too late. The Indians had discovered him, and with fiendish yells were in hot pursuit.

When the Indians saw him disappear in the chimney, after their first yell of disappointment, they gathered heaps of bark and brush and made a roaring fire to roast the imprisoned foe, but he told me he frustrated their amiable design by taking off all his clothes, and laying them with the blanket, which he had strangely held on to all during the race, in the chimney below him, and this prevented the flames from reaching him.

The following story is told of an English nobleman, recently deceased: "The Duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate.

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A panther in the woods.—Our Hope and Wells correspondent tells the following story of a panther seen in that vicinity: "While Peter Fuller was going home his horse became suddenly frightened and ran home, a distance of about half a mile.

A clean record.—A new blank book.

STORIES ABOUT J. N. MALES.

THE LATEST MISSISSIPPI STORY.

In Yazoo County, Miss., on the 9th inst., a party of hunters killed a deer that had a human skull impaled on a prong of his horn, supposed to be that of a negro.

It is fortunate for the traveler that the wolf is one of the most suspicious animals in existence, in connection with any object with which its eyes, nose, or ears are unaccustomed.

A WAR HORSE'S WAR RECORD. Col. Cochrane's old army horse, "Nell," appeared in line with the 10th Veterans at their parade, wearing the same bride and saddle that she wore in the war, and was led by P. Lonergan, who was orderly for Col. Cochrane in 1863 and 1864.

A clergyman had a favorite and very intelligent dog, who committed a grievous fault one Sunday morning. His master, on returning from church, "did not beat him, but took hold of him and talked to him most bitterly, most severely.

A cat probably saved the lives of a captain of a canal boat, his wife and four small children recently. The canal boat was from Baltimore with 8,000 bushel of oyster shells on board.

ROSE EYTINGE'S DOG. The dog belonging to Miss Rose Eyttinge and her husband, Mr. Cyril Sears, which so mysteriously disappeared while the trouble was coming to this city from New York on Sunday evening, has not yet been heard from notwithstanding every effort being made in that direction.

A STREET FULL OF MILLIONAIRES.—So street in the world, perhaps, possesses more value to the square foot than Fifth avenue, New York, the abode of so many millionaires.