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 hursied away. A clerk tapped a bell. "For Mrs. Ashbrook," he said, as he tossed the letter to a dapper colored servant who popped up in response to the silver sound. "A letter for you, Mrs. Ashbrook," said the servant to an elegantly dressed woman. "A foreign letter," feebled, and who had disappointed everyexclaimed Mrs. Ashbrook, 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. Up in the left hand corner she read in neat, in the rooms below, and cared not for precise little letters, Bolton & Bolton, solicitors, Melbourne, Australia' The paper began with a formal "Madame," in a cramped hand, and as it went on the writing grew worse and ended in a long scrawl that the lady took to be the law firm name again. It was all hard to make out, but some of the words were clear enough to awaken Mrs. Ash brooke's intense curiosity. She remained at it until she had mastered it all. Then. pale, and trembling, she called her husband and said: "I have been made an heiress to \$25,000, and so, too, has each of my two sisters."
"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. He had in his employ as confidential clerk or agent, George him as a dog. W. Anderson, who had been born in There was n Pennsylvania and drifted to South America. Mr. Deven had been living in Brazil for many years and had acquired a large estate. Two daughters were born to him there. Before the one who afterwards became Mrs. Ashbrooke was born his wife sailed for home and his latest child first saw the light on shipboard. Mrs. Deven had not been at home a month when she received advices that her husband was dead. He away, and the boy had disappeared, had been sick for a few days only. When his affairs were settled up a large amount of money was found to be missing. The estate was sold out and the matter forgotten.

Mrs. Ashbrooke heard of it in childhood, but it left her mind years ago. She heard no more of it again until the letter from Australia came. The letter recalled it all and cleared up the mystery. The lawyers wrote that they had been the solicitors of George, W. Anderover the earth. He wound up in Aus-

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

The penitent, full of zeal, said that he a deed of trust drawn up dividing \$75,-900 among the children of the man whom he had wronged. Two men dur- ductor's desk, pouncing upon the clariing his life had learned of the embezzlement, but never spoken. He required, as a condition precedent to the payment of the money under the trust, that the fact of the restitution be published, so that he might stand confessed before the world and his memory be cleared It happened in our days to one of the before these men. A few days after everything had been arranged he died, and his solicitors in carrying out his wishes wrote to Mrs. Ashbrooke.

EVERYTHING FOR JUSTICE.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Ashbrooke at the trirard 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 ur. He had kept track of us in that way, no doubt, though the correspondence dropped long ago. It will be necessary before I can come into the trust to prove my iduntity, as I was born after my mother had left Brazil. I never saw him and he never sawindeed, hardly heard of me.

"There were only three children altogether, my two sisters and myself, and Mr. Anderson had known the others personally. But he wished to do justice among us all. Of course I shall take the neccessary legal steps at once to show who I am. The solicitors naturally require that everything be done in regular order. I have not seen the deed and do not know exactly where the property is. The chief points of the instrument, however, have been made clear to me, and I do not apprehend to see him come. any difficulty. Mr. Anderson's will, I learn, has been placed on file in Melbourne. I should not speak of the mat- A 'stick' in my lemonade always makes quality and flow of the milk we noted. ter at all, except that it seems to have me sleepy." been his wish. But be kind to his "I suppose you would call it a memory. Do not say more than is stick.

Poor man, how thorough must his conversion have been; how strong his faith to lend him the courage

to do these noble things!" "What becomes of his fortune be yond that which he has left to you and your sisters?'

"Beyond that? There was no more He gave up everything for justice's sake."-[Philadelphia Times.

POOR BRANDY.

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

A drunken good-for-nothing. A socalled man whose brain had become dis olved in liquor, whose mind was enbody by not dying in the gutter, instead of having the roof of a tenement house over his head.

Why should anyone grieve when such a vagabond passed away. The world may owe him room for his bones to rest, but nothing further. So in "Brandy's" case men said that he was well out of the way, and women clattered their dishes

the presence of the dead. When the undertaker came to bear the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a boot-black. Some said that "Brandy" looked well in a coffin; others spoke lightly about his face having at last lost its ruby color, and the dead pauper was why should he have been? One can be a man or he can be a vagabond. If he face to face and said:

"Brandy was low-down, and he died like a beast, and you are all sneering at him! Did anyone among you ever give him a chance? Did he have a home when he was a boy? Did men try to encourage him and guide him aright. Is there a man in this room who ever took him by the hand and spoke one kindword? Didn't everybody look upon

There was no answer. Brandy was low-down!' "Aye! hungry, and poor and homeless, and among you could have stood out against know all about it in Heaven! Let me help to carry him down.'

And when the dead had been driven more than one man said:

"After all, we might have made it easier for the poor old man. I wonder that some of us never sought to make a man of him, instead of helping him down."-[Detroit Free Press.

A CONDUCTOR

So many people fancy that to conduct

wants only to take a stick and beat time. Certainly in very easy instances this son, who had died in March of this may be sufficient, but in such cases with-year in a hospital at Melbourne. He out any conducting at all the bands had confessed when dying that he had would go on as the German street bands embezzled \$42,000 intrusted to him by go on without any conductor. Thus I Consul Deven. After Er. Deven's death have seen Mme. Trebelli conduct a chorus his faithless agent wandered restlessly in St. James' Hall, and certainly this amiable artist stands too high in her profession to try and aspire to what is not her business. So the Viscountess Folkestone certainly accomplished a more dif-Age and privation and the wear of ficult task in training a number of young wandering, however, broke down his ladies, and forming a stringed orchestra. He grew so weak and ill that which under her able guidance perform he was forced against his own desire to not very difficult, but very pleasing, enter a hospital. His nurse here was a pieces with a wonderful dash. I do not Sister of Charity. She seemed to him, think that one member of the whole orthe solicitors wrote, to be the only friend chestra is as old as 25 years—and a rethat he had ever known. She awak-ened in him thoughts of religion. At playing great and difficult scores, the his own desire a clergyman was called reading of which is already a great difto his bedside after a time and he was ficulty, the judging of the right movebaptised into the communion of the ment, the entry of instruments that have Roman Catholic Church. In telling of sometimes 50, 60 bars to count, and the his faults the embezzlement of thirty look at the conductor's eye to guide them years ago found a place. The priest at the precise moment of entry—when crack. The robber went down at the to take a drink before breakfast one told him that no forgiveness could be it comes to making the orchestra underhad for such a sin until he had made stand and execute the intentions of the restitution so far as lay in his power. composer, then it is when the great composer shows the stuff he is made of. would do everything required. He had How often have I seen Berlioz—and this cue. Pop! pop! went the reis what I meant when alluding to his nerves-jumping down from the cononets and exclaiming: "Your two instruments are not in tune." Then each of them gave his A, when with unfailing certainty not only did he perceive an infinitesimal difference, but instantly told them, there and then, how to remedy it. greatest conductors living, Hans Richter, that the orchestra, when he first led it, meant to play him some pranks, for, be it known, that is just what orchestras in general are mostly inclined to do The moment a new conductor comes before them they try any sort of tricks to see how he will get out of it. The first thing that happened was that the hornist played a passage badly, and when Richter remonstrated he very obligingly

said: "Perhaps you would not mind driver. His contempt for such a crowd showing me what I am to do?" "With could not be measured. M. Quad. Switzerland, hallowed by centuries. "With pleasure," said Richter, took the horn out of his hands, and showed him. After he had done so to several other instruments they were satisfied as to what they wanted to know, and now it is sufficient for him to lift up his hand, and they understand and instantly endeavor for this purpose. It contains from 13

his feet flew out like wild flerce wings, and he struck each stair with a sound

"Then," remarked Fogg.

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.

"Howdy," said the new passenger as he crowded in.

As he stood for a moment in the light of the station lamp all saw that his left eye was gone. He wore no shade or patch to conceal the loss, and those who gave him a second look felt that the fire in his remaining eve was bright enough to answer for two. Dark as it was in the stage, he seemed to have "sized up" every man inside of a minute, and, seeming to be satisfied regarding the crowd, he settled himself back in his seat and had no remarks to make.

By and by the army officer mentioned something about road agents, and directly 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 and were still ripe for business. man with one eye had nothing to say. Once or twice he raised his head and no more than a dog in their minds, and that single eve blazed in the darkness like a lone star, but not a word escaped his mouth. The captain had said what becomes a vagabond let him lose the re- he would do in case the coach was spect of men. All had a heartless re- halted, and this brought out the others. mark except the boot-black. He stood It was firmly decided to fight. The at the head of the coffin and looked from passengers had money to fight for and weapons to fight with.

The man with one eye said nothing. At such a time and under such circumstances there could be but one interpre tation of such conduct.

"A coward has no business travelling this route," said the captain in a voice which every man could hear.

The stranger started up, and that eye of his seemed to shower sparks of fire, but after a moment he fell back again without having replied.

If he wasn't chicken-hearted, why whispered the boy as he laid his hand didn't he show his colors? If he in-en the coffin, "He was ragged and tended to fight where were his weapons? He had no Winchester, and so far as without one single friend. What man any one had been as he entered the coach he was without revolvers. Everyit any better? Poor old man! They body felt a contempt for a man who calculated to hold up his hands at the order, and permit himself to be quietly despoiled.

'Pop! pop! halt!"

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:

"No nonsense, now! You gentlemen climb right down here and up with your hands! The first man who kicks on me will get a bullet through his

We had agreed to fight. The captain had agreed to lead us. We were listening for his yell of defiance and the click of his revolver when he stepped down and out as humbly as you please. The sutler had been aching to chew up a dozen road agents, and now he was the second man out. The surveyor had come designing and artful enough withintimated that he never passed over the route without killing at least three highwaymen, but this occasion was to be an exception. In three minutes the one who drops his hands wont ever know pay attention to me?" she asked, pet-

what hurt him!" were all out, and he was just approaching the head of the line to begin his the coach, there was a yell as if from a worked too hard, and in order to prove wounded tiger, and a revolver began to it cited an instance of having forgotten him, ready to be transferred to the boat lay at a Fair Haven dock. first pop. His partner was just coming around the rear of the coach. He was a game man. He knew what had happened, but he was coming to the resvolvers, their flashes lighting up the night until we could see the driver in

It didn't take twenty seconds. One of the robbers lay dead in front of usthe other under the coach, while the man with one eye had a lock cut from his head and the graze of a bullet across his cheek. Not one of us had moved a finger. We were five fools in a row. 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!" We dropped. We undertook to thank us, and climbed up to a seat beside the from school.

covered that it is particularly valuable or wife, recites aloud the Lord's Prayer. they understand and instantiy endeavor for this purpose. A poem going the rounds begins that to carry out his instructions.—[Temple to 16 per cent of fat and 35 to 36 per the assertion that "the golden red is yellow the assertion that "the golden cent of protein substance. It has, there- low." fore, a nutritive value considerably What to him was love or hope? above that of feeding stuffs, is of What to him was joy or care? He agreeable taste, and free from bitter and stepped on a plug of mottled soap the from injurious matters. Careful exgirl had left on the topmost stair, and periment also disclosed that it improved the quality and increased the quantity of the milk, from which was obtained like a drum, and the girl below with the butter of undoubted excellence. The

BORROWED WIT.

Mitery-Old cheese. Soleful-A new shoe. Agitators-Bent pins. Kneady men-Bakers. Fast fellows-Convicts. Always on top-The peg. Pipes it off-The smoker. Hard work-Breaking stone. Good gore-A blooded horse. Takes things easy-The tramp. A high choker-The hangman. Expounders-Retired pugilists. Warm work-Catching sunshine.

Dead broke—A shattered mummy. In the days of Pharaoh "the darkness that might be felt" was probably a slouch hat.

The man who can play two cornets at the same time fully enjoys a "regular old toot."

nembers 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. Eight hundred postmasters will be appointed this winter. There will be great activity among the mails at Wash-

ington. An exchange says that the fashion of dog funerals is growing steadily in the city. Sure enough; the sausage season has opened.

A California lady has a pair of scis-

and mother for seventy-six years. newspaper man in that family. Littie Fritz (to the cook): "Anna, how do you spoil sauce?" Cook: 'Sauce? Yes; but, Fritzie, there are

good many kinds of sauce. A Boston man has discovered that it was not for his legs he would float. Parties going in swimming would be

wise to leave their legs on the shore. Foraker is making two speeches a day. Mr. Foraker, at the close of the campaign, may not find himself Governor of Ohio, but he will be eminently qualified for matrimonial life.

Dr. Willis announces the fact that Persia." Same here. He must be a bold, bad man, without any hair, who would laugh at his mother-in-law.

The movements of United States flagships are said to be largely governed by women. If this is true, it is easy to see why our navy, small as it is, is still disappointment, they gathered heaps of a terror to all foreigners.

"Yes," said Farmer John, "my summer boarders' complain that the nights are cold, but they certainly have no right to expect me to take the blankets off the tomato vines such weather as this.'

In one chapter. Boy-melon-shady spot—secludad nook—yum! yum! him. all gone-boy sighs-colic comes-boy howls-mother scares-father jawsdoctor comes—colic goes—boy well wants more-(notice of funeral hereafter).

Professor Winter of New York, irges; "Let the child learn the one universal language—the art of design-A numerously jilted man is oping." posed to the plan. He says girls beout teaching. A lady stood patiently before the re-

ceiving teller's window in a bank the other day, but no one took any notice five of us were down and in line and of her till she attracted the attention of hands up, and the road agent had said: the money-taker by tapping with her "Straight matter of business. First parasol on the glass. "Why don't you ulantly. "I am sorry, ma'am, but we Where was the man with one eye? don't pay anything here; next window. The robber appeared to believe that we please," was the polite response.

One of the symptoms of exhaustion from overwork is loss of memory. A round, and the Duke carefully put his jewelry and a sewing machine. work when a dark form dropped out of St. Louis drummer claimed that he was

A tramp reached into the pantry window of an out-of-town house the other side the ducal florin. This was too night and tried to steal a pound of but- much for his Grace, who dipped his ter, but it was so strong it drew him in hand into his pocket again and pulled and whistled for the dog. The tramp vows that he will nevertackle any more country butter.

In a triangular fight at Chicago this week, one man was knocked down nine ded a third florin, which was capped by times, and another six, by the muscular antagonist who had undertaken to whip them both. They must have fancied that they were knocked into the middle little snob triumphantly laid three of next week-it was so very like a knocked-ober day.

A small boy will dance on chestnutourrs and broken bottles and run airily over a wheat-field just after the wheat has been cut, and think nothing of it: him, and we wanted to shake hands, but let the point of a nail work up a litand somebody suggested a shake-purse tle way through the heel of his shoe and for his benefit, but he motioned us he howls and limps and thinks it is into the corch, banged the door after sufficient cause for him to remain away

Switzerland, hallowed by centuries, which allays irritation in the heart Prof. Bergstrand, of the Royal Agri- forthwith, maintaining peace therecultural Academy of Sweden, has been custom blessed by God, and more likely experimenting with sunflower-seed cake than any other to keep a family together. as food for milch cows, and has dis- The last to go to bed, whether husband

Of course it is. It wouldn't be golden if it were blue. The poem further says "the corn is turning brown." But it doesn't say whether Brown trod on the corn. We know some men who turn when their corns are trodden on.

A fond Cincinnati father tells of his scrubbing things laughed like a fiend animals to which it was fed all took to with a trumpet, with which he was he surveyed.' The next morning Mr. take in the property from Washington it greedly from the first, and in each greatly infatuated. All day the boy case a speedy improvement in their tooted away delightedly, and at bed-"No," said Biggs, "no liquor in mine. physical condition, as well as in the time when his grandmother told him to put the trumpet down and say his A marry-time affair—A wedding at I'll tell you what let's do, gryn'ma you only partly inclosed and had no roof." pray and I'll keep on blowing.

IN A CHIMNEY OVER FIRE.

A Yaru Spun by a Flerida 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 ing the skull had not been but on 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 lolling on the doorstep, viciously sucking at the stem of a sublimely dirty clay pipe.

As I was tired and very thirsty, I rode up and asked him if he could give Scienter. me a drink of water.

Hardly looking up, he hospitably pointed to a bucket and said: "Light, stranger, take the gourd and help your-It must not be supposed that the self." water, offered him a cigar and took a seat on the doorstep beside him. The in the earth with some fluttering pie cigar seemed to have a magnetic influence upon him, loosened his tongue and he told me of a most surprising adventure he had once had with the

Indians during the war of 1837. One cold day in December he had gone into the woods to look at his traps tows it behind. So suspicious are and, it being a time of supposed peace, had left his trusty gun at home. It was an unusually cold day for Florida and, besides his heavy clothing, he had a large thick blanket thrown around him. deprive this ravenous animal of sors which have been used by herself He had reached a point about five miles from his house, when, looking through the woods, he saw a large body of Indians moving in his direction.

He was almost petrified with fear at first and could not move from his position. Another moment and it was too The Indians had discovered him, late. is a man's legs which drown him. If it and with fiendish yells were in hot pursuit. Now came a wild race with a human life at the stake; up hill and down hill, through briars and tangled woods, the savages gaining at every He knew they would catch him step. long before he could reach his own house, so bent all his energies towards a dismantled monastery that had been erected by the Spaniards more than a century before. Of these ruins only mothers-in-law are not laughed at in the tall chimney remained. With a supreme effort he managed to scramble up this chimney, and climbing nearly to the top was, as he thought, beyond the reach of his foes.

When the Indians saw him disappear in the chimney, after their first yell 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 grievious fault one Sunday morni had strangely held on to all during the His master, on returning from chur race, in the chimney below him, and "did not beat him, but took hold of h this prevented the flames from reaching and talked to him most bitterly, m

"But," said I, "I should have thought long time in the same serious and the clothing would have taken fire and proachful strain," and the dog was burned up.

"So 'twould, stranger, said he, "but ye see it war powerful warm whar I war, an' I sweated so smart like that it kept them arfixins' soakin' wet, an' the tator by the reverend gentleman h fire couldn't ketch on. After they thought I war all burnt up, they left an' I clim' down and went home. That chunk of rock in thar kem outer that self-same chimbly.'

"Good-by, old man," said I, as I remounted my horse, "you can discount bushel of oyster shells on board. T Eli Perkins every time."-[Correspond- heavy load strained the boat and ence Philadelphia Times.

THE DUKE AND THE DUDE. The following story is told of an Eng-

Duke was once in church when a col- water, the people on board bar lection was announced for some charit- escaping with their lives and a hand able object. The plate began to go of clothing, leaving behind money hand into his pocket and took out a people on shore opened their doors florin, which he laid on the pew before the homeless and forlorn party. plate. Beside him sat a little snob, cat was either drowned or got to s who noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongout another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His Grace quietly ada third sovereign on the part little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation, and then the sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florings. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly toward his rival as if he would say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put produced.—[Philadelphia Inquirer. one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket."-[Family Herald.

A PANTHER IN THE WOODS.—Our Hope many millionaires. The figures as take and Wells correspondent tells the fol- from the tax-books of the current y lowing story of a panther seen in that show that the city derives a revenue vicinity: "While Peter Fuller was go- over \$1,000,000 a year from this ing home his horse became suddenly avenue, between Eighth and Eight frightened and ran home, a distance of second street. The total amount of about half a mile. Mr. Fuller, with figures printed is \$49,449,000, it be two or three others, armed with guns forty per cent, less than the actual value and accompanied by a dog, returned to of the property. Taxable property investigate. They saw something mov-supposed to be assessed at sixty p ng; then heard several frightful screams, cent. of its real value, at which rate and finally saw the animal, which they estimation of the tax department offici had now no difficulty in recognizing as place the actual value of the proper a panther, run up a tree. They thought on Fifth avenue, not including the home was the safest place and left the which is exempt from taxation, at \$83 four-year-old boy who was presented panther undisturbed, monarch of all 228,600. These figures, however, of Platt, who was sleeping in an unfinished Square to the end of Central Park; house a short distance in the woods, in many instances the records of p said that he was treated to a serenade tions of assessable property could be of six or seven screams, which somewhat frightened him, as his house was porters.—[N. Y. World. Saratoga Saratogian.

STORIES ABOUT IN MALS.

THE LATEST MISSISSIPPI STORY,

In Yazoo County, Miss., on the inst., a party of hunters killed a de that had a human skull impaled on grong of his horn, supposed to be the of a negro. The prong had entered the cavity occupied in life by the eye, and had grown up around the bone, show cently. There are various conject as to how it got there, but the m prevalent opinion is that the animal wr wounded and brought to bay by negro, and had killed the later in conflict which ensued, the prong en ing the eye and piercing the brain, 7 body of the deer showed signs of oth wounds. He was about as large as a 2-year-old calf. — [Memphis (Tenn.)

SUSPICIOUS WOLVES.

It is fortunate for the traveler that the wolf is one of the most suspicio animals in existence, in connection will I dismounted, took a drink of any object with which its eyes, nose, ears are unaccustomed. A stick plant of lien tied to it is often sufficient preserve the carcass of a slain buffalo deer for the hunter. When a Siberia finds his sleigh pursued by wolves h very frequently fastens a coat or s spare garment to a piece of string, ar wolves of this novel object that this often sufficient to keep them from vancing ahead. When trapped sensation of confinement seems native vigor and energy, and it has be known passively to allow itself to b dragged from the trap to meet its fate. [Chambers' Journal.

A WAR HORSE'S WAR RECORD.

Col. Cochrane's old army hos 'Nell." appeared in line with the 10 Veterans at their parade, wearing same bride and saddle that she wore the war, and was led by P. Lonerga who was orderly for Col. Cochrane 1863 and 1864. "Old Nell" enter the service in May, 1861, with the !! Indiana Regiment, with which passed through the West Virginia en paign of 1861 and the Peninsular ca paign of 1862. The Colonel bought in the spring of 1863, and rode here tinuously through the campaigns 1863, 1864, 1865, to the surrender Appomattox. She was 33 years last June, and is justly entitled to called a veteran. She was sent ho from Richmond with the regiment June, 1865. She has the mark several wounds received in the ser —[Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph.

SCOLDING A DOG TO DEATH.

A clergyman had a favorite and v intelligent dog, who committed severely. He talked on and on for deeply impressed with his own to depravity that he refused all food, a died in the course of a day or to This story is told in the London Spec

SAVED BY A CAT.

A cat probably saved the lives of captain of a canal boat, his wife a four small children recently. The car boat was from Baltimore with 8,0 her to leaking. It was in the night All the family were on board asleep a were roused from slumber by fraatic cries of the cat, which was sw ming for life in six feet of water. T lish nobleman, recently deceased: "The boat sank five minutes later in and decamped .- [Hartford Post.

ROSE EYTINGE'S DOG.

The dog belonging to Miss Rose Ey inge and her husband, Mr. Cyril Seark which so mysteriously disappeared while the trouble were coming to this d from New York on Sunday evening, h not yet been heard from notwithstan ing every effort being made in the direction. The animal was a specimen of a bull-dog, and had almost the intelligence of a person. He wa thoroughly trained to his part as "Bill" companion in Oliver Twist, and it was said by Mr. John Holmes, Busines Manager of the Arch Street Theate that his absence will be seriously fel Miss Eytinge seems quite put out of the loss of her pet, and has offered liberal reward for his recovery. was to have appeared on Satur night next, when Oliver Twist is to

A STREET FULL OF MILLIONAIRS.street in the world, perhaps, posses more value to the square foot than Fif avenue, New York, the abode of

A clean record-A new blank book.