

GRASPED BY DEATH.

If I doubt if a more terrible thing ever happened to any man than that which happened to me in the autumn of 1889. The memory of it all is with me now as though it were but yesterday; and sometimes I wake shrieking in my dreams, and lie awake all night, oppressed with a great agony of fear.

He covered his own eyes with his hand; I could see him shudder. Then he looked again; his mood was changed. With quick, firm steps, he advanced to the partition door, and entered the office in which I was.



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ments of the accounts, which if they had been suffered to continue in existence would inevitably have betrayed the dead man's crime. The safe was found open—it is still a mystery how he contrived to open it—ransacked of all the chief valuables it contained. On his desk was found a bag containing five hundred pounds in gold and in his pockets notes for a thousand pounds. But notes and gold to the value of ten thousand pounds, and securities to a very large amount are gone.

the first few moments of my resurrection—What was it else?—I actually was mad. I had a madman's strength, at an rate. I struggled like a madman, too—struggled to be free—and with such strength that I burst the box, forced the coffin's sides and was a prisoner no more.

Sure enough there was, in the inner room—in that inner room in which the safe was kept. I caught Mr. Burton by the arm. "Sir, come a little further. You shall see the criminal in his crime."

A WOMAN'S MESSAGE. CONVEYING WORDS OF HOPE TO THE AFFLICTED. Had Suffered From Heart Trouble and Liver Complaint, Which Wrecked Her Nervous System—Is Now as Well as Ever.

From the Carleton Place Herald. Truth, it is said, is sometimes stranger than fiction, and in no way has this phrase been better exemplified than in the plain unvarnished statement of Mrs. W. H. Edwards, of Carleton Place, to a reporter of the Herald a few weeks ago.

AN ENCHANTED BED. Which Takes Up Its Occupant and Carries Her Along. A queer story, says a Paris letter, about an "enchanted bed" comes from Creusot, the inhabitants of which are in a condition of great excitement over the affair.

A Light Breeze. During one of the recent windy days in New York a discussion arose between some gentlemen at dinner about the velocity of wind. Each related a boastful story of his own experiences. One of the party, a hardy westerner, said he was once riding in a train through Kansas.

Hooked His Fish Twice. A scared fish swims far sometimes, as the experience of H. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn of Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, proves. The man was fishing in a small cove, in Retfresshire, when he hooked a fair-sized fish, but lost it after playing it for some time, the fly having broken off, along with a little of the gut.

HE LIKED GENERALSHIP. Ordinary Fishing No Longer Pleas'd Him After His Experience. "Talk about fishin'!" the man with long white chin whiskers said meditatively, "seems to me there ain't any such thing ez sport nowadays. A feller makes up his mind ter go fishin' an' sets out on a rock an' holds 'is line over inter the water. Ef 'e gits a f'ie, all right, an' ef 'e don't get a bite, all right. The fish don't seem ter have the spunk ner ter the indignity they used ter."

"What do you want a man to do?" asked the storekeeper, satirically; "git into a divin' suit an' chase 'em with a rifle?" "No, but I'd like ter see somethin' more like fight on the part of the fish. It seems like a clean surrender as soon ez you drep the line in under the nose of a hungry fish."

"No, we didn't catch any. But it was wruth goin' home empty-handed ter make the acquaintance of them critters. Humph! he ejaculated, "when I think of that day's doin's an' then her feller tellin' 'at out how many they ketch it makes me feel ez if fishes nowadays must be reglar downright ignoramuses."—Detroit Free Press.

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