## GRASPED BY DEATH.

pened to any man than that which hap-pened to me in the autumn of 1889. The I was. F I doubt if a more terrible thing ever hapmemory of it all is with me now as though wake shricking in my dreams, and lie awake all night, oppressed with a great caught more than you think. agony of fear.

I was a clerk in Burton's Bank at Exeter. For some days I had been queer and out of sorts. More than once I had been conscious of what seemed to me to be a sudden numbness of the limbs. For instance, on two separate occasions I had been in.

capable of rising from my office stool.

My wife and fellow clerks noticed that I did not seem to be in my usual health, and my wife in particular had been urgent in entreating me to take my annual holiday he gave the my without delay. But I had some complication I had heard. ted accounts to balance, which I was unable to leave undone; and that more especially since they had given me an infiinitude of trouble, the sought-for balance being exactly the thing I could not get.

It was the evening of September 14th. It was a Friday. I had decided at the last moment to remain at the bank after the rest had gone, for I had arranged that if the agony which I endured then? only I could get the accounts all right, I morning with my wie.

It had been a hot day, that Friday-a terrible day-and all day long I had been there was I, wrapped in the garments conscious not only of a curious unwillingness, but of an absolute incapacity, to move. In some extraordinary way my limbs seemed, in a measure, to have passed from Now she called upon God for mercy and

all alone in the bank; the rest of the or bedewed my face with her kisses and establishment had left a good bour ago. I was leaning forward on my desk, racking all these years! My own! My dear?' instant-a flash of lightning-I became agony as I lay there? conscious of a singu'ar sensation which was stealing over me. It was just as though

The strangest part of it was, that while Philipson, the chief of police. in that sudden, awful visitation I had lost front, that is-for not only could I not even | well. close my eyes, but I could not even change look straight in front of me with what I felt instinctively must be a fixed, horrible, glassy stare. But what there was in front could hear; indeed, my hearing seemed to The funeral is already arranged. He died find nothing that was not nighteously my and ran to Mr. Burton's as certainly I be unnaturally keen. For instance, Bur- from valvular disease of the heart, a dis- dear husband's own.' ton's Bank is in the Cathedral Yard. Not ease of whose presence I had long been only could I hear every footstep which aware.' My train reeled as I listened to passed, even on the other side of the Cath- the glib announcement. 'Doubtless his edral-no slight distance for the sound of death was accelerated at the last by a suda foot to travel-but I could hear the traffic | den shock.' that went up and down Fore Street Hill for in the horror of all that followed it was of a surety the worst of all-I could think. come phememenally clear. Instantaneously | line of sight. I knew what had come upon me. It was catalepsy. I was in a cataleptic fit.

I felt no pain-physical pain, at least. In that tense I was like a man whose physical side is dead, but whose mind still lives. And as I sat there hour after hour, dead,

my agony of mind rose to such a climax that I cannot but think that it transcended whatever agony of body the most morbid imagination has at any time described. It grew dark so dark that my eyes be-

came useless for any purpose of sight, and yet they would not shut. It became silent, too, the intense silence of the night. But all at once, when the night was still-

est, a sound struck on my ears-a peculiar sound, as of someone who walked with muffled steps. And then-could it be! Yes! A window was being opened.

I cann: t doubt that the only thing which which had kept me from promptly falling on to the floor when the fit bad first taken | Mr. Fellows, will kindly take it down, and me, was the fact that I was leaning so foreward that the greater part of my weight | Captain Philipson. Mrs. Wheeler, you was on the desk. So leaning forward on the desk, I stayed.

Just in front of me was a glass partition, on the other side of which was the inner office, in which the safe was kept. It was the window of the inner office which was being opened now. By what I cannot but suppose was a providential accident accident, since I could not alter the direction | years.' of my glance, the safe was right in my line of sight. And so, although I could not and the sa'e I could see him plainly.

At first all was dark. Then a light was struck, and someone, tearing a shaded lantern in his hand, appeared in my line

It was Philip Morris, our head cashier, and practically the manager of the bank! I shall never forget my unutterable he. What could bring him here at such an | details of his horrid lie. hour, in such a way? He wore a light dust-coat, which was unbuttoned down the front, so that I could see his dress clothes shirt. He carried a small leather bag in his

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket; with these he unlocked the safe. From it he took a quantity of notes-I could hear them rustle—and several tags of gold. which jingled as he dropped them in his bag. Then he turned right around, so that I saw him full in the face.

"If Wheeler could only see me now"-I should mention that my name is Wheeler. The allusion was to me "I think he would soon unriddle the mystery of his accounts. Well, the game is up, I suppose. I had my fling, even if the result is penal servitude for life. I flatter myself that few men would have had the dexterity to carry it on it was I could not at first perceive. I that, even in my state of death, I feared I for so long a time.'

in his hand, and suddenly stopped short. His eyes were fixed on the g'ass partition.

On his face there was an expression of the most awful, ghastly fear. His lips seemed parched. He gasped for breath.

seized with a convulsion; but he had suf- heard me, came to my assistance. To- And then? What happened then? To ficient con'rol over himself to ward off that.

He spoke at last, and his voice was like the unearthly utterance of a strangled man.

He spoke at last, and his voice was like that unearthly utterance of a strangled man.

He spoke at last, and his voice was like that I had that while, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenties that whole, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenties the spoke at last, and his voice was like that while, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenties the spoke at last, and his voice was like that while, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenties the spoke at last, and his voice was like that while, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenties the spoke at last, and his voice was like that while, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenties the spoke at last, and his voice was like that while, mentally, I struggled with inconceivable eagerness to cry out, I suddenties the spoke at last, and his voice was like that while, mentally at last and his voice was like that while, mentally at last and his voice was like that while, mentally at last and his voice was like that while, mentally at last and his voice was like that while, mentally at last and his voice was like that while, mentally at last and his voice was like that while, mentally at last and his voice was like that while the way is a last and his voice was like that while the way is a last and his voice was like that while the way is a last and his voice was like at last and his voice was like that while the way is a last and his voice was like that while the way is a last and his voice was like that while the way is a last and his voice was last and his voice

rible!

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 par-

'I suppose you think you have caught it were but yes erday; and sometimes I me? he cried. 'I congratulate you or your cleverness. But perhaps you have Suddenly he seemed struck by my im-

mobility. He came a step nearer. 'Why do you sit there like a wooden block, you hypocritical old fool? Do you hear? Can't you speak? You think you have trapped me very neatly, eh?'

He pause i. He came a step nearer.

'Can't you speak, you fool?' Wheeler!

He laid his hand upon my shoulder. He

shone the lantern in my tace. Suddenly he gave the most dreadful shriek that ever 'My God!' Le cried. 'He's dead!'

In his sudden tear the lantern fell from his hard with a crash. He gave me a push which sent me flying head foremost to the floor. And where I fell, like a dead man I lay.

I lay on my own bed in my own bedroom. Oh, what had I done to deserve

There was my wife on her kness beside would s'art for Penzance the following the bed; there was a candle which flickered on the chest of drawers, although daylight had a'ready streamed into the room, and which er to'd the dead.

How my wife wife wept! How she mourned in the sudden anguish of her woe! for strength, and now she got upon the I suppose it was past six o'clcck. I was | bed and pillowed her head upon my breast 'Richard!' she cried, 'Richard! After

my brains to think where the error could be, when—shall I ever forget it?—in an would break. Who shall conceive my

A little later there was this scene. Five men came into the room. There some malevolent spirit had woven a spell, was Dr. Leverson, my own medical attendand deprived me of the power of motion. I ant; Wilfrid Burton, the banker, whom, was spell-bound, rooted to my seat, as | man and boy, I had served for thirty years; helpless as though I had been struck by Mr. Fellows, the lawyer to the bank; Philip Morris, that accursed thief and

It was Mr. Burton who spoke first. His the use of my limbs, I had preserved my voice was dry and cold—very different faculties intact. I could see—straight in from the kindly, pleasart voice I knew so

'Before we go any further, I suppose, the direction of my glance. I could only Dr. Leverson, there is no doubt that this wretched man is dead?"

Dr. Leverson smiled a superior smile. 'Richard Wheeler is certainly dead. I

'Gcd,' said Mr. Burton, with a solemri'y, and over the bridge, right away to St. the unconscious irony of which was hid-Thomas's on the other side. And werse - eous, 'saw fit to strike down the criminal at eous, 'saw fit to strike down the crim nal at the moment of his crime.'

I wonder what Philip Morris looked like My brain, like my hearing, seemed to be- as he heard the words. He was out of my

'And now,' continued Mr. Burtor, 'proceed to the business which has brought us here. I need not point out to you, Doctor Leverson, that all that passes here is in the strictest confidence,' I presume that the Doctor bowed his head. . The bank has been the victim of'-the speaker's voice trembled and I felt that my wife covered her face with her hands-of the most terrible dishonesty. To what extent the affair has gone I have been able to ascertain, but I fear we have been robbed to the extent of at least a hundred thousand pounds.'

A hundred thousand pounds! No wonder I could not get the accounts to balance ! That villain had robbed us of one hundred thousand pounds at least, and I lay speechless there.

'Mr. Morris will repeat the statement which he has already made to me. You. we will have it attested in the presence of need not stop; it will only be painful for your feelings. Indeed, I think you had better go away.'

'Sir,' said my dear wife-oh how her dear voice rang through my brain-'whatever Mr. Morris may have to say, I shall never believe that of my dear husband, who was a God-fearing man for nearly thirty

'Ah, Mrs. Wheeler, how appearances may deceive. I had full as much confidence immediately see who it was that entered, in him as you. Before you think that I misdirectly the intruder erme between myself judge him, hear what Mr. Morris has to

Philip Morris began his tale. It flashed upon me in an instant that he had availed himself of my supposed decease to fasten amazement when I perceived that it was | tion of pathos in his tone as he filled in the

'I had been spending the evening at Mr. Fisher's'-Mr. Fisher was one of the minor canons, a bachelor, who was reputbeneath, and the diamonds gleaming in his ed to have a taste for whist, and for hours which were perhaps a little uncanonical - ed down, I never knew. It seemed to me "I was returning home, when on passing a hundred years. A dreadful thought paused. the bank, I noticed that there seemed to came to me not cace, but again and again. be a light in the office in which the safe is with recurring torce. kept. The window, as you know, is but a few feet from the ground; I have often knows the mysteries of death? It is not pointed out how easy it would be for a thief to get in that way.

'I know you have!' said Mr. Burton. The hypocrite went on.

within was to much observed in his occu- should live, and I be dead? pation to notice what I did. I looked 'It is not strange that my pen should someone was in the inter office, but who ed then-racked me with such intensity escape. climbed through the open window, and should go mad. And then? What then? When he saw me he gave the most awful | burst. scream I think I ever heard, and fell down -dead. So soon as I had recovered from the issues of life and death for power to not see my hand before my face. We was the fly lost in the loch. arched. He gasped for breath.

In the place where it was first thought he would be and called for help. A constable, who is and pain.

In the place where it was first take care.'

'Wheeler! Is it you? For God's sake But there is more that must be said,' ly awoke. I know no other words to use. my heels. don't look like that! Your eyes are hor- Mr. Button took up the strain. 'In the I knew I was alive—alive and imprisoned Suddenly



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## CHASE & SANBORN,

BOSTON,

MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

ments of the accounts, which it they had the first few moments of my resurrectionbeen suffered to continue in existence would | What was it else? - I actually was mad. I inevitably have betrayed the dead man's had a madman's strength, at an rate. I contained. On his desk was found a bag | was a prisoner no more. containing five hundred pounds in gold, and in his pockets notes for a thousand pounds. But notes and gold to the value brought us here.'

apology. You are welcome to search the of the clothes I wore, forgetful of them, house from basement to attic. You will ever, I went down stairs into the street,

For five days I lay there—dead. Words suffered then. Far better had I indeed never met a creature on the way. been dead.

On the second day they came and measured me for my coffin. Think of it-a they p'aced me in that narrow box, they | hestened. cracked their little jest.

'A tight fit, isn't he?' said one. 'Ah,' replied his fellow," they'd have given him as tight a fit if he had lived ; four

strong walls for life. 'Who'd ever have thought that old Dick Wheeler would have come to the gal'ows? 'Well,' again replied his fellow-how loathed that man !- 'I would for one. never knew a psalm-singer yet that wasn't a robber and a thief.'

When that choice pair had gone, my wife came in and looked at ma as I lay in my last bed. She had a wreath in her hand, which she placed upon my breast, and a white rose, which be token innocence, which she placed within the wreath. She stooped and kissed me on the brow; and, as the did so, she burst into a flood of

'Oh, God!" she cried; "show that my

dear husband was not a thief!" The next day, the fifth, they came and screwed me down. Imagine that! I learn. ed from what they said that they teared that it in that hot weather I was left for a longer time exposed, decomposition would set in. When they had already placed the lid upon my coffin, my wife came running in. I learned that they had come in her

absence to shut me forever from her sight. They imagined that if she were there she might object to what they did. Her appearance disconcerted them. She made them immediately remove the lid, and bade them withdraw from the room, so that she might have final solitary communion with

She knelt down by the side of my coffin and prayed. She expressed the most profound belief in the innocence of the man his guilt upon my head. But I had never who had been her husband for nearly imagined that anyone in his circumstances, thirty years; and she besought the Most could have carried the matter through with | High that He would expound that inncso easy an air. There was even an affecta- cence and make it clear to man. Then she stood up and kissed me on the lipskissed me a last good-bye!

Then she left me, to the full as brokentearted as she herself, and the undertaker's men returned and screwed me down.

How long I remained in that box, screw-

Suppose that I? indeed, was dead Who conceivable that when the body dies, the mind, which has such a mysterious affinity with the soul may live? If I were dead, searched my house to find. and the shame should live! Was it possible 'To my surprise, I found it was un- that through the long cycle of years, the latched. I opered it. Whoever was sons which were still to come, my mind

looked up; It was Richard Wheeler. time! Even dead, I thought my brain would

I tried to scream. I struggled as with

grate were found the half-consumed frag- in that box! And I do believe that for

crime. The safe was found open-it is struggled like a madman, too-struggled still a mystery how he contrived to open it to be free-and with such strength that I -- ransacked of all the chief valuables it burst the box, forced the coffin's sides and

I stood upon my feet.
As I did so I d'scovered that my display of strength must have been a sort of frenzy, of ten thousand pounds, and securities to a for, indeed, I was so weak that at first I very large amount are gone. We have could not stand. I sank back upon my still to find out where. I am very sorry to bed. But only for a moment. There was tell you, Mrs. Wheeler, that to search this | that within me which gave me strength. I house is one of the purposes which have was filled with an overmastering desire to proclaim my innocence, and bring home to 'Sir,' said my wife, 'you need make no the criminal his crime. Wholly regardless

I must have cut a pretty figure as I ran cannot describe the agony I endured. Con- but Mr. Burton's great house was within a and I then began their use although with ceive it, if you can. Picture yourself in my | couple of hundred yards of my more mod- but little confidence in them. By the time position; conceive what you would have est residence; the hour was late, and I I had used three boxes I began to feel a

banker's habits and his house. I knew use of the pills, and I still continued that often, when the rest of the household to improve. I began to sleep well, living man! On the fourth day they brought | was fast asleep, Mr. Burton would sit for my heart ceased to bother me it home, and I was placed within. There hours writing in the study which opened on and my nervous system which had were two of them that brought it, and as to the lawn at the back. To this room I

It was as I supposed. There was a bright light within. I turned the handle creature. I now feel as well as I ever did of the French window; it yielded to my in my life. I have used in all eight boxes touch. Without pausing for an instant to reflect on what the consequence of my act | if I feel anyways depressed. Yes, she said, might be, I burst into the room.

As I entered, Mr. Burton was sitting writing at a table. When he saw me he rose from his seat. He clutched the edge of the table. He gazed at me, speechless, unable to believe that what he taw was

'Wheeler !' he gasped at last; 'R'chard Wheeler!

'Yes, sir, 't is I! Not dead, but living. This is no ghost you gaze upon, but a creature of flesh and blood, to whom God has given strength to declare his innocence, and expose all other's crime.'

I poured out my tale. He was too bewildered at first to grasp the meaning of Pills are a specific which speedily restore my words. It was all so unexpected and the sufferer to health. These pills are so strange, that he was unable to realize that he was not the victim of some dreadful dream. But it became plain to him at last. my blood run cold.'

'But it is the truth; and things are revealed to me which to you are hidden. I rose up, still in my grave clothes, trembling like a leaf. 'At this instant the thief is at his work again. and tampers with the safe. Mr. Burtor, I entreat you to come with me to the bank; his villainy shall be proned tonight.' 'Come with you-to the bank at this

hour ?' But I had my way. The banker lent me some of his own clothes, and a great coat was thrown ouer my shoulders. The coachman was roused; a carriage was ordered out. Within a few minutes we were seated in it, and were being driven swiftly towards the bank, through the silent streets, to catch the criminal in the very moment of his crime.

The carriage was drawn up some little distance from the bank. We get out. Mr. Burton had the key of the private door. We approached swiftly yet silently as well. Our chief object was not to give the alarm. On the very threshold Mr. Burton

'I am afraid that this is a wildgoose chase that you have brought me on. Some folks would even call it by a stronger name.' 'Can you hear him? Hark! He rustles a

bundle of notes! They are those notes which were missing, and which you 'Hear him, Wh eler? Are you mad? When he is in the private office—if he is anywhere at all-we are out in the street.'

'I can hear him, if you can't. Give me the key or open the door. Every moment Hesitatingly-I believe he doubted my sanity even then-Mr. Burton put the key

stood inside. It was pitch dark.

'I reed no light. Remember my eyes

Suddenly I paused a moment. 'See; there is a light!'

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?" Then I stole by the outer door into the effice in which I had been overtaken by that strange mockery of death. Through the glass partition, sure enough I saw at a glance that Philip Morris, lentern in hand, was at his old work, busied with the contents of the safe. I leaned right forward on the desk, and tapped with my finger on the bite, all right. The fish don't seem ter glass. He approached the partition; I have the spunk ner the ingenuity they used saw him trembling as he came.

When he was quite close, in my grave clothes I rose straight up, and looking him straight in the face—his pallid, panicstricken face-I raised my arm above my head, and in a loud voice, cried out:

'Thou thief!' A wild shrick rang through the night ; and sometimes in my ears I seem to hear

When Mr. Burton and I ran in, we found him stricken by a sudden agony of conscience-stricken fear, a bundle of tanknotes in the frerzied grip of his right hand, lying in a fit upon the floor.

## 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.

Truth, it is said, is scmetimes stranger

From the Carleton Place Herald.

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. Mrs. Edwards is well known in this town, having lived here for nearly twenty-five years. The story she related we will give in her own words. She said: "In July of 1894 I was taken ill with fever, caused by blood poi oning, and laid hovering between life and death for eight weeks. After the doc-tor succeeded in breaking up the fever, my heart Legan to trouble me, jaundice and liver complaint also set in, I could not sleep and my nerves were terribly unstrung. During my illness, after the fever left me, I was attended by co less than three doctors, but their medicine seemed of no avail as I lay for months in a terribly emaciated condition and never expected to be around again. This state of affairs lasted until about Christmas, when a friend suggested to me to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. My husband procured a few boxes little better and began to get an appetite. I was well acquainted both with the This encouraged me to persevere in the received such a fierce shock was again fully restored. My liver trouble also disappeared, in fact I became almost a new and still continue to take an occasional pill am thankful to think that I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because I believe no other medicine could have so effectually built me up. I am perfectly willing that this simple statement of mine should be published, and hope some poor suffering creature may see it and be restored to

health as I was." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an imor shattered nerves, and for all these Pink never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full rame "Dr. Williams' Pink 'How awful!' he exclaimed. 'You make Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits, and should always be refused. Get the genuine and be made well.

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.

"There was what is called out there a light breeze' blowing. I had occasion to look out of the window, and the moment I put my head out off went my hat." "What did you do?" asked one of the

"Well, gentlemen, several people told me not to worry, that the breeze was strong enough to take it there. I sort of wondered what they meant, but that hat was handed to me by the station agent at our next stop, about forty miles from where it blew out of the window. We came along pretty fast, too-I guess about fifty miles an hour. But then eighty miles an hour for wind is called 'a light breeze' in that country, and the hat went by the 80-mile route."-Harper's Round Table.

Hooked His Fish Twice.

A scared fish swims far sometimes, as tne experience of H. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn of Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, proves. The man was fishing in a small cove, in Renfrewshire, when he hooked a through the open window, and saw that tremble as I recall the thought which rack- which we waste increases his chance of fair-sized fish, but lost it after playing it for some time, the fly having broken off, along with a little of the gut. The fish-He came a few s'eps forward, the lantern went in. Directly I entered the man Mad throung the acons in the womb of his hand, and suddenly stopped short. out a sound, the door swung open. We An hour later he hooked a fish in a another and distant place. This trout weighed 'Hadn't we better have a light? I can- two and a half pounds, and in its mouth

captured from the place where it was first hooked the fish had to round a point that projected far out into the loch and then go across a bay some 200 or 300 yards wide. It looks as if the fish, on treeing itself, had made a mad rush from danger it knew about till it thought it was safe, then pro-

ceeded to bite again as usual.

HE LIKED GENERALSHIP.

Ordinary Fishing No Longer Pleased Him Alter His Experience.

"Talk about fishin'," the man with long while chin whiskers said meditatively, "seems to me there ain't any such thing &z 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 ti'e, all right, an' ef 'e don't git a

"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 drop the line in under the nose of a hungry fish.'

'Well, take a bass fur instance! There's a fish thet'll fight ye till dooms-

'Yes, but it's a kind of des'prit, ourea sonin' struggle. Soon after I cast my line I felt a tite an' pulled. Fust thing I knew my line broke. I tried it again, an' got another bite. Line broke again. The third time it was all just the same way. Zeb Tompkins was with me at the time, an' he had exackly the same kind o' luck. 'Zeb,' says I, 'there's comethin' mighty strange about this Lere.' 'Mighty strange is what it is,' says he. 'Git a boat,' says I, 'an' I'll go over an' find out jes what the matter is.' Zeb got the boat, an' when I got to the spot he cast his line. The water was as clear as crystal, an' I could see clear down ter bottom. There was ten cr a dozen bass waitin' fer it. Ez coon ez it sank they put their shoulders to a stone thet was layin' near by an' rolled lt over onlo it so's ter fasten it. Soon ez Zeb felt the shock he gave a jerk an' broke the line. Then one of the fish took a stone in his mouth an' rubbed the bait till it come off the hock and then et it. Zeb tried it over, an' exactly the same thing happened, only this time it was another fish's turn to come forward an' git the bait."

"You didn't catch many fish at that

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

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, whi'e the priests, who are completely mystified. have dispatched a "mission," for the purpose of holding an investigation and pronouncing an opinion in the matter. As usual, it is a girl who is the cause of all tle wonder. In the present instance, she has only seen 14 summers, and dwells in a hovel with her parents. As might be expected, she is decribed as being of an extremely nervous temperament. At night this maid is subject to fits of hysteris, by which, as the tale goes, her couch is affected. By some curious sympathy it is said to bound along the floor, poverished condition of the blood, or weak overcoming the resistance of anyone who may endeaver to check it in its wild career. As an instance of the power of this phenomenal agency, it is asserted that while the bed was on the move with its occupant, the latter was tightly held by a neightor, to prevent her giving it any impetus, but that all the same the couch pursped the uneven tenor of its way without let or hindrance. On another occasion an athlete volunteered to keep the bed within due bounds, but, aithough he struggled manfully, it hurried on "like a runaway horse,' dragging him with it. On the other hand, it is averred that when the damsel's father or mother seek to repose on the couch it comports itself like other beds, and indulges in no eccentricities. Large crowds from the surrounding country are visiting the scene of these alleged occurrences.

Tested.

Purchaser-But those trousers look as if they had been worn.

Mr. Shickhiemar-Vorn? So dey haf. Mein frendt, may I ask your peesness? Purchaser-I'm a boilermaker.

Mr. Shickheimar-Vell, let me ask you someding more. Vood you send oudt a poiler from your shop mitoudt testing it? I guess not! Vell, dat is de way I do mit effrey pair of drousers I sell. My son Ikey alvays vears dem a veek to test dem before we offer dem for sale.

