AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

A TALE OF CANADIAN BACKWOODS LIFE.

The morning succeeding that dreadful Christmas night, dawned clear and beautiful. It was one of those gloriously bright awakenings in mid-winter, for which Western Canada should be famous The heavy snowfall over night had heaped the white crystals many feet deep alike in the forest and the clearings. Even the tree-branches were weighted down with the bright particles, indicating that the wind had blown itself out before the snow had ceased falling

The san, bursting into radiant flame over the eastern margin of forest, transforms the

whole landscape into a fairy-like scene of splendour. In the transparent, frosty air, every icicle, touched by the sun's rays, suddenly turns into a sparkling diamond, every snow crystal a lesser gem, every encrusted tree-leaf a cluster of brilliants—until the general effect of the whole is dazzling in the extreme.

As far as eye can reach an Aladdin's gar den, more splendid and marvellous perhaps than ever Oriental imagination dreamed, lay spread out, like some magical transformation scene, over the evergreen forests of

Responsive to the change from a long night of cold and storm to a morning bright and beautiful, every living thing warms with fresh life, and the myriad soun a which fall upon the attentive ear attest the annaual joy in the newly awakened day. Every frost-nipped bird and beast sends forth a blessing after its manner.

Away off in the forest depths one hears

the heavy booming of the juffled grouse; from all the tree-tops come the twitterings of the numberless cross-bills and pine finches; and from the settler's out-houses rises, lustily and cheerily, the clarion notes of the guardians of the poultry-yard.

Now, some human being, oblivious of the ghostly visitation of the night, starts the machinery of the mill, and the sharp noise of the steel saw, as it begins to eat its way through a solid pine log, puts to flight all lesser sounds. The mill hards are now lesser sounds. The mill has de are now gathering for the day's labour, and a lestanding in little knots discussing the myster-ious crys said to have been heard by one sharp-eared fellow above the roaring storm of the preceding night. Before much opin-lon has been elicited, the door of M. Brooke's house opens and that gentleman, accompanied by the stranger guest, emerges and walks slowly across to where the men are gathered.

Both men look serious and somewhat careworn, evidence, not yet effaced, of the events of the previous night. They had come to a mutual understanding regarding the search for Redlaw, which the detective was anxious should begin without any delay. He had greater expectations of finding him dead, however, than alive.

Mr. Brooke selected Hart and Peters from among the men and sent them home for their rifles, telling them they were wanted

for a bit of a tramp in the woods.

The remainder of the men, although wondering great'y what was in the wind, were obliged to go to work as u ual. In a few moments the two men selected returned equipped for the expedition, and the party of four started immediately, the detective taking the lead, and making direct for the westerly side of the clearing, he having moticed the night before that Redlaw's footsteps were pointed in that direction. These tracks were still faintly perceptible and they had only to follow them which ever way they led.

"This is much better than I feared," remarked the detective, "I was almost sure the track would be quite obliterated, and thus our work made much more difficult. We have only to follow up these foot prints and Redlaw is ours."

"You are more confident than I am," onswered Mr. Brooke "There are several possibilities in the case to be considered and some of them are pretty weighty. For instance, he may be dead of exposure; or he may have been torn to pieces by wolves; or he may have reached the London Road. in which case he is likely to be safe for the rifle. present Or his tracks may grow indistin guishable presently. You see already how the footprints of wild animals cross and recross the trail we are following?'

The detective acknowledged the justice of this opinion, but said that the search must be kept up unti! the man was taken, track or no track.

The four men were now some distance within the grim borders of the interminable swamp which stretched away for a hundred miles to the borders of the northern lakes, and without further words they set themselves to follow Redlaw's footsteps, which led at first in a straight course through bush and thicket, over fallen trees, across little frozen lakes, into the very heart of the silent, dim, mysterious region, shut out from the sunshine of the clearing by rank upon rank of heaven-towering tree whose dark, evergreen crowns intercepted the sun's rays, allowing but a few struggling beams to find their way down

Hour after hour passed and still the trail led the way deeper and deeper into the gloom By and by they came to a spot where Redlaw had stumbled and fell, and where he had probably rested for a spell. After p ssing this point the toot prints no longer led in a straight course, but grew uncertain and finally actually doubled back for a short distance. The party began to hope that they would not have to proceed much far-The foot prints gave evidence that Redlaw was nearly exhausted

Every one kept a sharp look-out for the object of their pursuit with their hands near the locks of their rifles. They expected to have to cope with a desperate man, perhaps armed, who would not allow himself to be easily taken, and who would doubtless hold his own life, as well as theirs, very cheaply. The detective had done his best to nerve them to their work by his personal assurance that Redlaw was undoubtedly the murderer of Sampson.

Their abhorence of that deed was all the stimulus required to spur them forward with the greatest eagerness to bring the criminal to justice. Yet they all felt that the task was a very dangerous one.

They m ved on s'owly but surely along the difficult path, in Indian file, which was now headed by the younger man, Dick Hart The party had now entered a still gloomier part of the forest, aregion of dense, haunts me—I'm lost—doomed—O Heavens!

scrubby firs, growing at the bottom of adcep valley, or rather basin, which in the summer season would be simply a cold, boggy marsh. The trees in this place, from the nature of the soil, were twisted and contorted into every hideous, weird and fan tastic shape imaginable. Peters grew frightened at the threatening aspect of this ghoulish place, and all the party, more or less, felt the uncanny and diabolical influ-

Dick Hart, who had gradually drawn a few paces in advance of the rest of the party, suddenly care to a halt with a sup pressed exclamation. He held up his hand and then motioned that all should listen. Then they heard the confused sounds of some kind of a conflict taking place some distance off on the opposite side of a dense thicket of luxuriant creepers. They could distinguish quite elearly the howls and ye'ps of some wild animals, horribly interpolated with human cries and the dull thud

The party, now hurrying forward, pressed through the thicket and beheld a sight that not one of them will ever forget while he

Standing upon a gigantic fallen tree trunk was the tail figure of Redlaw, brand ishing wildly a heavy club. Surround ing him on every side were a number of wolves who were tearing and snat ping and snarling in a most vicious and lo de curdling fashion. Redlaw's clothing was tern to tatters and from his naked limbs the

bleeding flesh was hanging in long strips.

Every metant a wolf, more daring than his fellows, would leap at the forlorn wretch, snapping his hungry jaws, only to receive a stinging blow from Redlaw's bludgeon, felling it to the earth with a yelp of pain. The man seemed perfectly indifferent to the suf-fering he was himself undergoing. In fact he seemed to regard the whole scene in the light of a huge joke But his appearance was frightful in the extreme.

His eyes were glaring and bloodshot, froth

oozed from the lips, and he had by chance drawn a bloody hand across his cheek, leav-ing a ghastly streak. But more horrible than all this, were the occasional bursts of maniacal laughter, interlarded with the words of some old forgotten song, which rang through the forest with an awful mockery of mirth. The wild figure would every moment or two strike a hideous cari cature of a jaunty attitude, and skip along the tree trunk, dealing his blows right and left amongst the wolves and chanting some such gibberish as the following, addressed to first one wolf and then another:

" 'Pray, sir, don't you be impudent, Else I shall show you the difference soon'.

(Take that, you devil! And that! And

this!") Then would follow a series of blows from the bludgeon which knocked over two o tack in a moment.

"'Sir, let me tell you, you're mighty rid!culous O, to be sure, here's the cat in the pan.'

(Here now, this is for your mother-in-law! Take it home.)

'Let me come at him now! Kate, dear, do let me pat him now!'

(Hey you brutes! Take that now! And hat too! oh, oh!)"

And then followed a shrick of wild laugh-

the their followed a since of which taughter which was as much like real mirth as a fit of palsy is like a minuet.

"Poor devil," whispered the detective to Mr. Brooke, "his mind's gone—he's mad.

The conflict so unequally carried on could have but one ending but for the interposition of the detective and his party. They had stood dumb founded for a few seconds stood dumb-founded for a few seconds gaz-ing at the unwonted battle, too surprised to interfere But even while they were stand-ing watching, an immense wo'f leaped up and caught Redlaw by the hand and jerked him from his perch and would have torn him to pieces in an instant, had not Dick Hart recovered himself sufficiently to shoot it dead with a well-directed snot from his

two others in rapid surcession, and three welves lay dead upon the trampled and bloody ground. The remainder, unwillingly enough, slunk away among the lushes. When the party reached the place where Redlaw lay they found him senseless from

They could hardly recogn z in the mangled and bloody mass of flesh and rags, the resolute and dangerous Red.aw of the day before. The change a few hours had wrought was almost incredible.

Mr. Brooke cut a couple of light poles and some twigs and with them constructed a rude stretcher upon which they placed the inanimate figure, and not knowing moment the last breath would be drawn. the party set out on their return journey, two men carrying the stretcher alternately

They had many miles to cover ere the settlement could be reached, and progress over the rough, log-strewn path was recessarily slow and tedious. Redlaw, as condition and gave slight signs of life These were an occasional low groan elicited by some of the unavoidable jolts. The men omewhat awed by the woeful condition of th fugitive, maintained silence amongst them

When within a mile or so of the clearings the detective noticed that the mained man was gradually reviving. He began to utter unintelligible words and to toss rest. lessly to and fro on the stretcher. In detective walked along by the side of the body and occasionally put his head down to catch, if possible, the import of some of the mutterings. By and by the sentences be came less scrappy and more connected. By carefully latening the detective made out

something like the following:

'O, my head! my head!-a horrible dream-I thought I had killed old Sampson 'Tilda helped me-In the night we went away-O how we loved each other, 'Titda and I-I wanted go money-But she did -Told me it was buried in the mill - All for her-for her-Ah me! She never cared

for the old miser-true always-to me. Then ensued silence for a time But Redlaw broke out in a changed mood and a

"Ha! there's that awful shape again-it

look!its right here! Oh! oh!oh—Seared

This time the delirious outburst ended in a prolonged shrick of agony inexpressibly pitiful, because it was so muffled by weak ness.

And now the party rapidly approached the verge of the clearing. Strange to say, the closer they approached it the worse be-came Redlaw's mental condition. Whether the fact was owing to increased delirium caused by his wounds becoming inflamed, or whether it was owing to some inward perception that he was approaching the scene of his recent crime, his bearers could not say. But it was a fact, let the cause be ascribed to what it may, that the culmination of Redlaw's troubles was reached just as the houses of the settlement came into view at

the threshold of the swamp.
Suddenly flinging his torn arms apart, he feebly strove to spring off the stretcher, the while glaring wildly at something that seemed to terrify him. He was so weak, however, that the detective and Mr. Brooke had no difficulty in holding the sufferer in his place. In a moment a terrible shudder passed over his frame, his head fell back, the lips gasping, "O, it's come!—Help! Help!"

But no mortal help was of any avail to the nan known to the detective as Redlaw, as, with the suppressed cry, his spirit laid down its earthly burden forevermore.

The following day the dead body was consigned to its last resting place in a small churchyard on the London Road. The simple settlers, deeply as they abborred his crime, never dreamed of denying his remains this lass privilege. But no stone or other monument designates where they lie buried.

When the events just described became general y known in Milhollow, the mill loomed up a terror to everybody. No one could be induced to enter its precincts even in the daytime. No one wanted to see the ghost of the murdered miller, and the certainty of its near proximity (no one doubt-ed the fact when the story was told with circumstanti slity) made all the people in the Settlement uneasy.
One family after another moved away to

other places, which were rapidly springing nto existence all through the country.

Mr. Brooke and his family were the last to leave, and after his departure Millhollow was completely deserted save by the bats and its reputed ghostly tenants, from that time to the present.

Years passed away and its owner, Sampson's widow, gave no sign of her existence. No one ever found a satisfactory clew as to where she had gone, or as to her relations with the dead Rediaw.

So Milhollow was suffered to crumble silently into dust, its evil repute forever olinging to its dismantled and storm-worn

No explanation is here attempted of the apparition that the three men saw in the mill. Many minds can admit nothing but what can be explained and demonstrated. To such, as I can do neither, my story must appear perfectly idle. I have contented myself to relate the facts as they are said by some of the parties concerned to have occurred, and I shall leave the task of accounting for them to tho e who are more learned than myself in the lore of the learned than myss...
"Night Side of Nature."
R. W. Douglas.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL. Paraffin-oil will soften boots and shoes

that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable. Half a pint of boiling water poured upon a quarter of an ounce of quassla-chips and

sweetened with sugar or treacle will destroy flies, and is perfectly harmless to human beings or animals.

All case-hardening is superficial, as its name implies. The best method of case-hardening is packing the article to be treated in a tight box of iron, with ground bone, prussiate of potash, and charcoal, and heating for several hours to a red heat; then plunge into water.

A soft silver solder may be prepared by melting one part of lead; when the latter is fluid, add two parts of tin, using a small piece of resin as a flux In soldering fine work, wet the parts to be joined with chlora flux. The pointed flame of the blow-pipe occurred welcomed Johnston with shouts of is best, and should be directed on the parts approval, and placing him upon the shoul-

Immediately on being stung by a wasp, place the hollow barrel of a key round the sting and press until it begins to hurt. On removing the key, the sting will be found lying outside the puncture it has made, and inside the ring formed by the pressure of the key barrel. All pain ceases at once, no swelling takes place, and in a few minutes it is difficult to find again where one has been stung.

When brass castings are of too complicated a form to be ground, filed, or machined they may be finished by the action of acid, either alone or followed by a varnish. After cleaning the casting by heating it and plung ing it into acidulated water, it is immerse in a bath composed of two parts of nitric acid and one part of water, or one part of sal ammoniac, one of sulphuric acid, one of nitric acid, and one of water. The casting is then plunged into pure water, then into hot soap-lye, and dried in hot sawdust.

There is perhaps no test of the purity of vater so crucial or searching as its use in the operation of brewing For successful brewing it is indispensable to have a water almost wholly free from organic mutter, as the latter in any but the most minute quantity induces a premature and unhealthy fermentation of the brewer's wort. The brewer, in fact, requires a water free from bacterial life, so that in the process of mashing the diastatic action of the malt may take place unmolested by the chemical changes which are incidental to the life of bacteria.

man at the telephone, the other day shouted: Hello, there; why in thunder don't you speak louder?" An angelic voice replied. "What did you say?" "Oh!" exclaimed he, recognizing the voice of the daisy at the central office. "excess me; I thought I was talking with my wife

Col Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labor he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you?" "Tast's it," sobbed Johnny, "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even kno v why you did it."

FOLLOWING HIS FALSE WIFE.

E. T. Johnston's Death After his Wife's Sutcide and the Murder of her Betrayer.

The death of E. T. Johnston of Indianapolis revives the story of his strange and pairful history, a history which exemplifies the adage that truth is sometimes stranger that fiction. He is the man whom Senator Voorhees successfully defended at Greenville, Tenn, a few months ago on a charge of murder, the details of the case, Mr. Voorhees says, being the strangest he had ever known. Johnston was a prominent lawyer and politician, with a wife who was a member of one of the best families of that city. His health falling, he procured an appointment as Pension Agent in Tennessee, taking with him his wife and son. During his stay there his wife fell a victim to seducer, a man named Henry, who had left his family in New York and settled in Ten-nessee as agent for some mine owners. Johnson believed to the day of his death that it was through some meameric power that this man obtained the influence which he did over his victim. After the occurrence, and before Johnston became aware of the full state of the facts, the wife returned to Indianapolis and during her stay there, while the husband was still at his post of duty in the South, she confessed her crime in a series of letters. Stunned by the terrible revelation and wavering as to his proper course, Johnston went there from Tennessee, and after consulting with one friend, their paster held an interview with her. In this tor, held an interview with her. In this interview he told her that while he could not so far forget her wrong as to then take her again to his arms as his wife, he was yet so much devoted to her and hers that no word of intimation of the terrible truth should ever escape his lips; that he would con-tinue to support and care for her in every particular, making her even a larger allowance for maintenance than before, and doing all that he could to render her comfortable. Whether he could ever do more than this, by accepting her again in the nearest and dearest relations of life, he could not then tell.

He then left her, promising to return on the following morning and complete in legal form the agreement which he had outlined. The next morning came, but with it the announcement that she was dead-dead by her own hand. She had dressed herself in purest white, placed his picture upon the mantel so that her last look should fall upon it, laid herself upon a bed, arranged it, laid herself upon a bed, arranged ner clothing with the utmost car", and shot herself through the heart. Johnston's first thought, on hearing of her suicide, was as to the best manner in which he could prevent the facts from becoming known. He decided immediately to protect her memory at all cost, and announced as the cause of her suicide, insanity. The theory was gen-erally accepted, for no suspicion of the terrible truth had yet come to the minds of any citizens or friends of the family. The in-dications were favorable to the success of his plans, but some of his political enemies induced his wife's father to believe that she had been murdered by her husband. This startling suspicion spread through the community, creating in ease feeling and excit-ment, yet in the midst of it all the husband persistently remained silent, refusing to give any explanation of the few auspicious cumstances which had come to the surface, preferring to even live and die under the suspicion of wife murder, rather than tell the facts of her shame. The father, how-ever, persisted in his groundless suspicion, and bringing the case into court, compelled him to pro uce the correspondence which had passed between them, and thus the ter-

rible story became known.

Johnston, though promptly acquitted, left
the city a broken hearted man, and, returning to Tennessee, took up again the burden of life in his duties as pension agent. While there, he found himself harrassed by the constant attacks of the man who had ruined his home and happiness, who, not content with this, was now deliberately maligning the character of the dead wife, as erting as a climax to all his course that the original crime was committed only at the instance and urgent solicitation of the woman no dead. This last assertion was more than Johnston, in his excited condition, could bear and arming himself with a shot gun, he started in search of the seducer and tra-ducer, and finding hlm, blew his brains out. ide or zinc solution. B rax can be used as The people of the town where the tragedy ders of excited men carried(hin in a triumph at manner to the Court House, offering ten fold the sums required tor his bond, and threatening to tear down the jail should he be for a moment imprisoned. trial was had he was triumphantly acquitted the jury scarcely leaving the box before a verdict in his favor was rendered.

This wanthe beginning of the end. Johnston, who had struggled for months against the dread destroyer, praying only to live that his act might be sanctioned by the law, sank rapidly from that time, week by week month by month, welcoming the death which should place him beside her whom he loved to the last.

"Have you any occupation? Do you do any work?" the magistrate asked the prisoner, who was charged with vagrancy. "Yes, your honer, I am an actor" "Ah, well, then, you don't work, you play." Ah, yes, your honor; you only see me on the yes, your nonor; you only see me on the stage. You should see me when I'm trying to collect my salary." The magistrate en-tered "day laborer" against the prisoner's name, and gave him an honorable discharge.

"Ob dear!" exclaimed Mrs. F., after vainly endeavoring to pour hot water out of the empty teakettle, "how did I forget to fill it, I wonder! I'm getting to be a perfect simpleton. I wish I did have a little common sense." "But, my dear," interrupted Fogg, "suppose you had. Do you think you'd know what to do with it?" "Do with it?" echoed Mrs. F., "many things. 1 might want to be married again, you know and it might save me from making a foot of myself a second time.'

A young man who had been away from his native place for many years, during which time he had grown from a boy to a man, went back to mak a visit not long since, and was surp ised at his triends all s ying, "I wouldn't have known you." But one man knew bim, and didn't express any astonishment The young man said. "You are the first one I have found who knew me." "Know you," said the old triend, "I would know you it I found you in my soup" The young man thought a moment, and remarked. "That's the kind of cookroach I

MERRY RIPPLES.

Pink and blonde babies continue to be

Never suppress an orator. A cackling goose saved Rome.

Woman was made after man, and she has been after him ever since.

People we must put up with-hotelkeep ers and pawnbrokers.

"A miss is as good as a mile," and a deal better. You can't miss a mile.

Some men are like eggs. You can't tell whether they are good or bad until they An impressive witness at the police court

-"Judge, you know me. Im an honest, full-blooded Irishman, and I'm the husband of twolve children." "What's a croquette, father ?" "Well, at our boarding house, John y, it's hash

under a new name." It is said that cows only live fifteen years,

but you can never get people who r side at boarding houses to believe it. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a tough anser maketh the boarding house to

rage like the measles in a country school; house. Master Georgie (allowed for the first

time to see his two little sisters, with a vivid recollection of the fate of the kittens) Which will ma keep? I say that one. "Say, sis, what are you all dressed up or?" "I'm going to be bapt zed to day."

"Are you going to take ether?" Each inhabitant of mitey England con sumes ten pounds of cheese per aunum. This is the average for landsmen. We are not informed how much is eaten by skippers Young mother (displaying the baby)—
"In't she a dear little thing, Mr. Podsnip?' Podsnap (father of a large family)
—"Yes, they're very expensive. I've
got six of 'em."

"Have you ever been sea sick ?" asked a young man of his big best girl. "No, but I came mighty near it once." "How was that?" "I saw two men kissing each other. Ugh !"

Teacher—" Now, Susie, you may read the next verse." Susie—" Cast thy bread upon the waters." Teacher—"Susie, why should we cast our bread upon the waters?" Susie—" To feed the fish, ma'am."

An exchange says: "A young lady writes to inquire how long a gentleman should be acquainted with her before she allows him to kiss her. Long enough for the father and big brother to have gone to bed.

"Has George yet hinted that he is fond of you?" asked the girl's mother. "No," she replied, thoughtfully, "and I doubt if he ever will. He complained last night that his corns pained him, and it was not ten o'clock."

Mamma (with much show of indignation): Mamma (with much show of indignation).

"I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed." Charlie (who is fond of Bible stories): "Well! the Lord called Samuel three times and he didn't get mad about it, did he?" "Vesuvius is again in a tate of eruption,"

read a boy to his grandmother, who was in-terested in Canadian matters. "Well, I declare to goodness," she answered, "that's what comes, of being so foolish and not getting vaccinated."

Tailor—" Married or unmarried?" Cus-"One pocket concealed in lining of vest."
Customer—"Eh? What's that?" Tailor
(explaining)—"To hide your change, you
know, at night. I'm married myselt." It is always safe for a society girl to be

asked to play on the guitar in company. By the time she has shown her handsome arm to good advantage in tuning it, the E string will break, and then she can excuse herself without profanity and ask some one to pl y on the piano. "What is it, my friend," cri d Judge

Pittman, the temperance lecturer, gazing ferociously around him, "what is that causes n en to desert the firesite, break up homes, and bring endless misery to all the human race?" "Skating rinks," responded a small boy in the corner. A young mother, traveling with her inwrites the f

"We are doing firsthusband at home : rate and enjoying ours lves very muc't. We are in fine health. The boy can crawl about on all fours. Hoping that the same can be said of you, I remain, etc., Fauny," "Den't be a fool, my dear," remonstrated

a husband to his wife, who was letting her jaw swing loose in the breeze. "I won't, Mr. Jenkins, I won't' she answered; " people wouldn't know us spart if I did." H went right down town "Well, we are penniless, or mighty near

it," he said, as he reached home and threw the evening paper to his wife. "Wh the evening paper to his wife. "Wh-what is it?" "The Mechanics Bank has busted, and we had \$4 000 on deposit there."
"But, Richard," she said, after glancing at the article, "the president says he hopes to. pay all depositors in full." "And didn't I say the same to my creditors when I failed in the grocery business, and did a single one of them receive five cents on the dollar?" he howled.

Judge (to negro woman who had been summoned as a witness)—"Is this man your husband?" Woman—"He's my step-husban'. 'Judge-"Wuat?' Woman-"I says dat de gennerman i my step-husban'."
Judge---'How do you make that?" Woman -"Wall, sah, yer see dat jes' 'bout de time my fust husban' wuz buried, dis gennerman come er steppin' er long an' I married him.''

He was in a sober mood, a state to which he had of late been a stranger, and th cold love yearnings toward his patient and long suffering wife were slowly returning. dear," he said, as though half ashamed of making the confession, "I don't like pulmaking the confession, "I don't like pulling yer around by the hair of yer head this mornin'. I don't know wot's a comin' over me." His favorite child's face was fairly radiant, and as the happy light shone in her eyes, the little 5 year old said : "Oh, ma, sin't pa getting good ?"

Solicitor, and elderly B nedict consulting him as to certain matters in connection with his (E. B's) approaching marriage with young bride—E B.; "Now, then, regarding the marriage settlement; how much should you say I ought to settle upon the lady?" Solicitor (blandly) -" Well, you know, as you really want my opinion, I should say, settle upon her as much money as you have to dispose of; you see, her sound husband may not, perhaps, have a