BY LYNN C. D'OYLE.

There, where the head of the Mule Horn falls in a cascade among the boulders, broken in its descent and turned aside so often by large, red, moss-grown rocks, past which, though falling, it merely seems to glide—handed down, as it were, from ledge to ledge, from rock to rock, from boulder to boulder, a tongue of crystal water falling, flowing on, almost without a murmur; where the valley of the stream, between mountain to mountain, lies open, save for the willows and the wild roses that cluster thickly on either bank and join hands across the water; where the There, where the head of the Mule Horn and join hands across the water; where the road down the mountain side is rough and rocky, over-grown with wild creepers and blocked here and there by fallen pines and tangled briars, till it is well-nigh im-passable, even on foot; and where now all passable, even on foot; and where now all is solitude and (save for the low murmur of the water) silence—there stood, only a few years ago, a sawmill.

Where now the bear and the elk come

down and drink and the breaking twig makes down and drink and the breaking twig makes several echoes, there, only a few years ago, those rocks re-echoed to the ring of the woodman's axe, the falling and rolling of heavy timber, the puffing of steam and the

hum of the circular saw.

And that is why, though countless pines And that is why, though countless pines hang dauntlessly out over the cliffs that bound this great ravine, its floor is clear of timber. A rough fence crosses the "neck" below—it made a pasture for the oxen. The tumble-down cabin and the inclosure within the stockade around it were respectively the abode and the "truck patch" of those to whem the mill belonged.

to whom the mill belonged.

Perhaps, some day, the solitude may again be broken (and permanently) by the everadvancing flood of civilization. Perhaps, even
some day, a busy and thriving town may
have sprung up in this now secluded spot.
Some such thought as this, and others,

vaguer and less well-defined, engendered of the solitary grandeur of the scene and the glow of a full, calm Autumn day in the rare mountain atmosphere, passed through my mind as I worked my way slowly up the valley, making toward the sawmill. I had come over from the camp where I was living about four miles distant. I was bent on tak-ing a holiday. With rod and tackle I had about four miles distant. I was bent on taking a holiday. With rod and tackle I had followed up the stream in search of mountain trout, for I knew that here they abounded. Yet, although I had cast my fly diligently into every likely nook of the stream and behind every boulder in the current, I had met with no better success than certain fighermon

mind every boulder in the current, I had met with no better success than certain fishermen of old had once obtained, (though no doubt they were the better craftsmen). Having come to a clear place, where the stream was not overgrown with briars, and where it opened out into a kind of basin of considerable, width I stood now the best considerable width, I stood near the bank and cast out over the water; meditated and cast—cast and meditated. Never so much

Turning around with the sudden conviction that in some mysterious way the solitude of the place had been invaded, I came face to face with an Indian. He stood close behind me, motionless, as no doubt he had for some time been standing, watching me fach (and fact in vain) fish, (and fish in vain.)

I had imbibed some of the local antipathy for redskins, and it was in no way diminished by the crafty way in which this particued by the crafty way in which this particular one must have come upon me. I asked myself what right had he to come prying about me, with not so much as a "How?" And yet the mere fact that he was a red man proclaimed that in reality he had more right there than I. We looked at each other for moment, rather dubiously on my part. a moment, rather dubiously on my part, quite impassively on his, but as he was apparently not disposed to break the silence, I turned to the stream once more. We exchanged never a word and I went on with my fishing, casting lustily over the water, now up stream, now down; and he looked on as before. Presently, however, I was surprised by the remark, very dryly expressed, by my hitherto silent friend:

"White man damn fool!"

In which sweeping category he, of course, included the whole white race and me in

particular.

Perhaps it was all the English he knew.

At any rate it was by actions alone, and not by words, that he futher explained him-

Taking my rod (a light split-cane) in his hands, he shook it—and grinned. Now the thoughts passing in an Indian's mind must be jocular indeed to bring such an expresbe jocular indeed to bring such an expression to his stoical and impressive face. And when he came to examine my artificial fly, he went still further—he smiled. A very huge joke indeed is required to win a red huge joke indeed is required to win a red smile. I knew what was passing within him; he was thinking that white men must have a very poor opinion of the sagacity of a trout. It may, or may not, (probably not) have crossed his mind that in our language the two words—fish and fool—are sometimes used syncnym usly.

Having stripped my fly from the hook, (a)

Reane's face—more often, and more pronounced. He was growing morose—at times almost savage in his temper. Will was but dimly conscious of it—utterly unconscious of the reason for it; but I began to believe the sooner he had some inkling, the sooner he went away, the better it would be for the peace of mind of Mrs. Keane's face—more often, and more pronounced. He was growing morose—at times almost savage in his temper. Will was but dimly conscious of it—utterly unconscious of the reason for it; but I began to believe the sooner he went away, the better it would be for the peace of mind of Mrs. Keane's face—more often, and more pronounced. He was growing morose—at times almost savage in his temper. Will was but dimly conscious of it—utterly unconscious of the reason for it; but I began to believe the sooner he had some inkling, the sooner he went away, the better it would be for the peace of mind of Mrs. Keane's face—more often, and more pronounced. He was growing morose—at times almost savage in his temper. Will was but dimly conscious of it—utterly unconscious of the reason for it; but I began to believe the sooner he went away, the better it would be for the peace of mind of Mrs.

used synchym or sly.

Having stripped my fly from the hook, (a proceeding which I submitted to, partly out of admiration of his impertinence and partly out of curiosity as to his next proceeding,) he began to amuse me (perhaps it was my turn) by jumping about in the neighboring grass, like a big tanned, overgrown schoolboy, until he had captured a grasshopper.

We and and her husband.

Presently I was laid up for a time in camp with an injured foot, and my visits to the valley were intermitted. It was the draw ing on for Winter when I went up once more to see my friends. The door of the cabin was opened to me by Mrs. Keane. She asked me to come in cordially, saying that her husband was away on the ridge, but would, no doubt, be in presently. of admiration of his imperation.

out of curiosity as to his next proceeding, he began to amuse me (perhaps it was my turn) by jumping about in the neighboring grass, like a big tanned, overgrown schoolboy, until he had captured a grasshopper. Having impaled the unforunate insect upon the hook, and taking the line in his hand, the hook, and taking the line in his hand, the hook are wards lower down the stream; a few yards lower down the stream; and to me very wan and worn, and began at once and in a low tone: "You have come to see Will? I am afraid you won't he went a few yards lower down the stream; then lying down at full length, he drew him-self slowly and cautiously to the brink, and lowered his bait—close in under the edge. In about a minute he had secured a fine fish.

catching a European mole and a Yankee one.

As I wazged my head sagaciously over this very identical distinction and difference, I passed on through a small patch of willows tangled with creepers, round a bend of the ravine, and came out in view of the old sawmill and the deserted log hut. But to my surprise (for I had been here once before, and quite lately) it was not deserted. On the contrary, it had been transformed into a decent dwelling, from the chimney of which smoke curled upward and threw its shadow upon the gray cliffs beyond. There was a good attempt at a garden round the house, and two young garden round the house, and two young

men were engaged with a yoke of oxen in extracting stumps.

I made my way up to them and was very cordially greeted; they might well be glad to see a visitor in so lonely a place. They were two brothers, named Keane, frank and pleasant fellows, who talked quite openly of their pleasure at having lighted on this lovely spot, and one so well adapted for their purpose—for the proximity of the camp would insure them a ready market for all "truck' produce.

"It's a strange thing," I presently said, half aloud, as I looked up the slope of the valley, "that this land hasn't been taken up before. It's been already cleared of timber by the sawmill, and it lies so that every inch of it can be irrigated with a little trouble—"

"Which is uncommonly pleasant, from our point of view," put in Henry, the elder of the two brothers. "But the fact is, the place has the reputation, as it seems, of being a little uncanny—not now, but in the Winter. There's something, but whatit is exactly we haven't made out, about a shadow that comes when snow has fallen. But I don't think we are quite the kind of men to

exactly we haven that cour, about a shadow that comes when snow has fallen. But I don't think we are quite the kind of men to be frightened by that sort of thing. And at

any rate, we are ready for it.

"Talking of being ready," put in Will, the younger, "I fancy that's what the dinner is,

at this present moment. Suppose we go in and have it?"

I had only known them half an hour or so, I had only known them half an hour or so, but they pressed me so heartily to join them in their meal that I gladly assented—though at first I had demurred a little, for I had gathered that there was a Mrs. Keane at the house, not in particularly good health, and was afraid I should be intrud-

ing.
"Not at all!" said Will. "On the control for the missus "Not at all!" said Will. "On the contrary, it'll be a great treat for the missus; she is such an uncommonly bright little woman, and so fond of seeing people. I'm afraid sometimes, do you know," a little anxiously to his brother, "that she'll find this place rather lonesome." And then to me again, "She was such a favorite where we came from."

He spoke earnestly, almost tenderly, and at the tone of his voice a shade seemed to fall upon his brothers face. But I had barely time to notice it before we had arrived at the log hut; and a moment later I was making the acquaintance of Mrs. Keane herself. She was a very pretty little woman, rather dark, and evidently of a lively disposition when in good health. Even now, beyond the fact that she looked a trifle worn, I could not see that there was much the matter with her. Will Keane himself seemed to think so, for, looking admiringly at her after a rather lively sally on her part at his expense, he spoke across the table to his brother: He spoke earnestly, almost tenderly, and his brother:
"The mountain air is doing the missus as

much good as we thought it would. She is a heap better than she was this time last week, ain't she?"

Yes, that she is," assented Henry, heart-'You see," turning to me, "that's why we came here. She was sort o'sickly 'way back in Illinois, and we thought the mountains might set her up some, and so we sold out there—though we did leave a real

good thing."
Altogether, they were a cheery and united Altogether, they were a cheery and united trio—such as, in that wild country, it did one's heart good to meet. I ventured to say as much to Will Keane as I was taking my leave in the afternoon, and to congratulate him on the happy disposition of his wife. "My wife!" he ejaculated, with round eyes, and then suddenly flushing up. "You mistake—I'm her brother-in-law. Her brother-in-law, man, don't you see? She's my brother's wife. Why, what on earth—"

I muttered all sorts of apologies for my stupid mistake, certiainly; and yet somehow, as I made my way back toward the camp, it perplexed me as I thought of it. I had been introduced to Mrs. Keane in hazy terms, and the equal familiarity with which

had been introduced to Mrs. Keane in hazy terms, and the equal familiarity with which both brothers addressed her had given me no clue as to their respective relationship to her. Why, then, had I unconsciously set tled within my mind that of the two Will was her husband? Somehow the idea clung to me that he had an entry to her inner life that was denied to the elder brother.

Often that Autumn I used to find myself over on the head of the Mule Horn. Will Keane and I became great friends; he was a trifle the younger, a fine, open, handsome fellow, overflowing with good heartedness and good humor, and many were the hunting excursions we made together,

thunting excursions we made together, (though neither of us was much of a hunter.) But I began to see that Mrs Keane was again falling off in health; I began to see that the shade came more often to Henry Kenwick Keane's face-more often, and more pro

Yes. Gone back East."

In about a minute he had secured a fine fish. Solemnly handing me the tackle, (and not the trout,) with the simple remark, "Injun no damn fool," he as solemnly and noiselessly withdrew altogether, and disappeared. I had met with a man who, though red, in this strange record plays an important role.

Also I had gained my first practical experience of how to take mountain trout. And if you say it is not the way to take trout, then I must assure you that there is as much difference between taking an English and a mountain trout as there is between catching a European mole and a Yankee one.

"Yes. Gone back East."

"What! And never came to see me?"

"Well, you see," she answered, flushing up, "he went off in rather a huff. The truth of it is "—she spoke hurriedly, and looking down, as with her fingers she picked at the edge of the table, "he had a fuss with Henry; packed up his things and went off in a huff. I never saw Will act so before."

"Henry drove him over the ridge to the fork," she continued presently; "I can't understand why he hasn't written to me"—she broke off, and flushed again. And somehow the whole pitiful little story seemed clear to me. "But here comes Henry," she added, getting up.

"There ain't much doing out on the claim through the Winter; and it's lonesome, so we've come into the camp to live—the wife and me."

"The shadow?" I asked, jokingly, membering what he had once said to me about it. "Frightened away by it, after

all?"
"The shadow?" he uttered suddenly and and fiercely, white to the lips. Then, suddenly altering and lowering his tone, "For heaven's sake don't say a word of such rubbish, about the—shadow, or any such rot, to my wife. She's weak and ill enough already, God knows." He was wan as death, and thin; worn, somehow, in these few weeks to the shadow of his old strong self. What he said about his wife was true. Mrs Keane was growing weaker; day by

What he said about his wife was true.

Mrs Keane was growing weaker; day by day she faded away. Henry was very tender and patient with her, but his demeanor toward other people was terribly altered. He was listless and seemed to have no heart in any work that he found to do. The men of the camp began to shake their heads about him, for, saddled as he was with a sick wife, he would find it hard to get along in the world and, in a place where everything was "high," they were gradually drifting into poverty. Not that there was any chance of their wanting the necessaries of life—the camp would not allow that!

The Winter was a very long and severe one

The Winter was a very long and severe one and Mrs. Keane grew worse. One night I was called to the little chain on the hill she was dying. It was just as Spring was opening up. As one man remarked: "She'd tuk the trouble ter live all through the Winter just ter die when she ought ter ha' hear up and deir."

een up and doin'."

I entered the cabin, but instantly drev back, startled. For she started up, calling out: "There! there—I see it. The shadow! Henry—the shadow!" And sank back again, murmuring feverishly to herself. She

again, murmuring feverishly to herself. She was delirious.
Presently, quietly, "There—I see it again.
There—straight up." Her eyes were set with a glassy stare at the ceiling. "No, don't frighten it away. Why! it's a man."
Henry sat beside her motionless, his face buried. And so, it seemed to us who watch-

ed, a long time passed.

Presently the lips of the sick woman again moved; for a moment no words came; then, feeble as they were, a cold shiver ran through me, and I felt the presence of a

being from another world.

"More distinct, now. Yes, I thought so. Ah, coming down. Down."

The color was returning to her pallid cheeks; slowly she raised her arms and consuders. slowly she raised her arms and opened them; to her lips, in death, there came a sweeter smile than any that I had seen there in life, as her last breath formed one word.

"Will."

Then the color faded away, and of a liv ing form only the marbel counterpart remained. But Henry Keane sat there still, his face buried deeper than before—a strong man, collapsed.

man, collapsed.

And though in no long space Spring had come at last, he did not go back to the Mule Horn. He sold his claim, and came to live in the camp; and in a listless way did little odd jobs. He was taking to drink.

But when the next snow fell, the family to whom he had sold out came, heak to the

But when the next show left, the family to whom he had sold out came back to the camp. They said it was "too lonesome, out there," And they in their turn sold out to a man from Iowa, who went to live there

to a man from Iowa, who went to live thinself.

When the following Winter set in, and the eternal covering of the mountain gradually spread downward till it draped the valleys also, he too returned.

"Its too wild like, out there, these long nights, for a man wi'no pardner," had been his sole remark, and he departed for the Fast, presumably to get a "pardner," for

East, presumably to get a "pardner," for in the vicinity of the Mule Horn they were scarce. Men began to fight shy of the

But Henry Keane was taking more and more to drink; and, that article in the camp being of the deadliest kind, he was passing from one stage to another, until it was for-gotton that he ever had been a decent mem-ber of the community.

As for me, I spent much of my time in shooting. On such expedition I

As for me, I spent much of my time in shooting. On such expeditions I sometimes met the Indian from whom I had received so good a lesson in fishing; for he came on to the Mule Horn now and again to hunt, spear, and trap. And sometimes, even, he would come and see me in camp—always would come and see me in camp—always leaving on such occasions with sundry little presents of coffee, sugar, and tobacco. He took much interest in my shooting, especially of blue grouse—strong flying birds; he could not shoot them, flying, with his rifle, and I verily believe that he was not aware of the difference between a gun and a rifle and difference between a gun and a rifle, and consequently put me down as a most extraor-

dinary shot.
So time passed on until late in the "Fall, when a stranger came among us.
"I've traded for a 'claim' up on the head
f the Mule Horn. What kind of a place

"It's a fine piece of land," I replied, "but somehow no one seems to stay on it. It has changed hands several times."
"It hav's that?"

"How's that?"
"I don't know, exactly. They stay there and make money, all right, through the Summer, but don't seem to be able to stand the Winter."
"Blamed fools," he said to me as we happen to be able to stand the Winter."

pened to meet, a few days later, and alluding to the former occupiers of the claim, "hadn't dug a well. How could they expect to stay the Winter? Why, all the natural

to stay the Winter? Why, all the natural water would freeze up, or snow under." And he went off, laughing at the foolishness of all men but himself.

Once more, a few days later, I went up the river in search of blue grouse; for a goodly number of them had lately come into the valleys, and they were beautiful cating. And once more I met my Indian friend, coming down.

He greated me with "How?" (which year.)

He greeted me with "How?" (which you will remember he did not at our first meet-

will remember he did not at our life. ing.)

Perhaps he was really turning back, or perhaps he wished to see me do a little more of my famous blue grouse shooting. At any rate he turned and came back with me up the stream. I had bagged several grouse by the time we reached the "neck." I generally gave him one or two on these occasions, and perhaps that had something to do with his tenacity, and then we passed out on to the flat—a favorite place for birds when no one was about.

But now several men were there. They had evidently been digging for water, as a number of large piles of earth and "hardpan" testified. We went up to where they were

testined. We went up to where they were now at work.

"It's a queer thing about this water question, anyhow," said the new proprieter, scratching his head perplexedly. "We've

dug thirty feet in three different places. I won't go lower than thirty feet. There must be water here lying closer to the surface than that. What do you say?"

It was my Indian friend that answered. "Injun heap water-witch. Show white man where to dig."

And going to the stream, he cut a fork of willow, leaving about three inches of the stem on the fork, as a point, and cutting off each branch at the distance of a foot; then, holding one of the ends in either hand, with the wrists turned upward so that the point stood to his breast, he began with measured strides to pace about the flat.

"Der you believe in that 'ar nonsense?" inquired the new proprietor of me, as he

"Deep you believe in that 'ar nonsense?' inquired the new proprietor of me, as he watched the proceeding with a cynical eye.
"I'm bound to say I do," I answered.
"I'll tell you why. When I was living in Tennessee, in a valley at the base of the Cumberland Mountains, a doctor well known throughout the district, and a great personal friend of mine, was digging a well. He lived about half a mile from me and on considerably higher ground. His men had reached a depth of about a hundred and thirty feet without striking water, when there chanced to come along a man known throughout the section as a water-witch."
"It's a queer thing your not finding any water,' he said to the doctor; 'it lays through this country in seams. You've gone too deep."

deep.'
"He took a for't from a neighboring peach tree, and 'divined' that a 'seam' passed a little to one side of the hundred and thirty

foot hole.

"You can't have missed it by many feet,' he said, standing on the spot which his rod had indicated, 'and you've gone about a hundred feet too low. Let me down your hole.'

"When he had been lowered down about one-fourth of the depth he called up to the men at the windlass to stop, and thrusting the point of the fork into the clay left it there, saying, 'That is where you must tunnel in.' nel in.

nel in.'

"And, sure enough, the men had barely commenced totunnelin when a strong stream of water burst through, soon filling the well right up to that level. And as that means about a hundred feet of water, the doctor had got what is practically an inexhaustible supply. That is a perfectly true story, and if you are interested in it I fancy you could easily obtain the proofs of its being authentic. And that is why I believe in 'water-witches.

"Wal," it's a queer thing anyhow," said the new proprietor, half convinced, and scratching his head—"but—look there! Geerewsalem! If there ain't the redskin

makin' a pint at last!"

For, about thirty yards below the cabin, and at a spot where the grass was scant and looked a trifle browner than elsewhere, the point of the divining rod had commenced to turn over. Another couple of paces, and it dropped, pointing to the ground. Without saying a word the Indian plunged the fork into the ground and withdrew. Marking out a circle six feet in diameter,

the men commenced eagerly to dig. Their progress was rapid; the earth handled easily as though it were not in its virgin rigidity but had been disturbed before.

but had been disturbed before.

Hardly four feet in depth had been dug away when the spadestruck something solid. It sounded like the root of a tree; but on being raised it proved to be a small box containing a few trinkets—among them three pipes, a worked tobacco pouch, a silver watch and chain, a pistol, several knives, and what had evidently been a photograph in a nickel frame.

and what had evidently been a photograph in a nickel frame.

The men began to dig again and brought to light a much larger box, which we at once pulled up eagerly out of the hole. We began to think that the Indian was a treasure-finder instead of a water-witch, but when we had removed the lid of the box we found that it contained rottime of a larger to larger.

that it contained portions of a human body.
"Whar's that 'ar redskin?" exclaimed one of the men, for it was evident that a crime had been committed, and naturally the first thought to strike us was that the Indian first thought to strike us was that the Indian who had pointed out the spot so accurately might likely enough have been at least an accessory to the deed. But, as we have said, he had disappeared as soon as he had stuck his rod into the ground. For my part I thought he had shown some signs of awe, and that as he had passed by me he had muttered, "Manitou! Manitou! The Shadow!"

It was perhaps well for him that he had thus withdrawn himself. In the first mo-ments of disgust and suspicion the men might have handled him roughly.

But when the news of the discovery spread

But as the self-convicted fratricide drew But as the self-convicted fratricide drew to the end of his confession he suddenly lifted his head; a wild light, almost of in-sanity, gleamed in his eyes, and a shudder seemed to haunt his voice, as he said: "But one night, when the first snow had fallen, I looked out at midnight from the

cabin door. The moon was full and high the centre of the valley was bright as day. And there, over the spot where he was lying dead, I saw, stretched out upon the snow, the shadow. The shadow of a man. And one night my wife saw it, too. Then, though she did not know, I think—God help me!—" (his voice fell)—" sometimes I think—she guessed."

guessed.

He made no appeal for his life; no attempt to evade his doom. In a few hours he had suffered the extreme and summary

penalty of Western law.

And I remember how white-haired Judge
Rush, looking back at the old sycamore, said :

"Boys, he's what I call 'effectually bound over to keep the peace."

There was a mystery about the discovery of the crime, and I was determined to sift it to the bottom.

The divining-rod in the hands of the Indian had been the means of bringing the chartly deed to light.

ghastly deed to light.
Did he know?—had he seen?

He was more communicative with me than he would have been with any other man, for we had been so long on friendly terms; but from his broken Euglish I gathered nothing but the reason for that passing agitation of his at the moment when, after sticking the divining rod in the ground, he had so hurriedly withdrawn.

He had been startled on noticing the spot which the rod had indicated. For it was a spot that he honored with a mixture of uperstition and reverence.

It seems that the valley at the head of the Mule Horn had, since it was cleared of timber, been known to his tribe as the "Valley of Manitou" or the "Valley of the Shadow," because when the valley was covered with more communicative with me than

because when the valley was covered with snow and the broad full moon looked down snow and the broad full moon looked down upon it a shadow lay upon the open flat—a shadow which was unnatural—the shadow of Manitou. The valley lies due north and south, and the cliffs which wall it in are so high and precipitous that the moon shines in upon it only for an hour or two each night; and when it crossed the meridian at no great altitude, and shone obliquely, then this shadow was thrown in a broad line up the ravine; but when the moon was full and passed high overhead, the shadow was concentrated as the orb approached the gravity. and passed high overhead, the shadow was concentrated as the orb approached the zenith, until there became vividly outlined, in the deepest purple upon the brightly-lit snow the form of a man stretched at full length. And it was to the spot where this shadow fell that the rod, in broad daylight, had pointed. pointed.

I had now heard so much about this shadow, openly and by inference, that I became possessed of a desire to see the uncanny thing

for myself.
"Look here," I said, when I found that my Look here, I said, when I found that my Indian friend had nothing more to reveal; "the next snow that falls we will go up there together and spend the night—at the full moon.

He consented.

We had not long to wait. Just before the moon was full, the snow came down. A day later I appointed to meet my friend at the "gap" by the stream, where we had first met and in the afternoon I started. Half way there I met the new proprietor coming down with a well-filled sack on his back.

"Coin' to speed a decident the sack of the sack

ack. "Goin' to spend a day or two in camp,"

"Goin' to spend a day or two in camp," he explained; "Ionesome up there it is, these sort o' nights, with nobody to talk to," and on he went, as so many of his predecessors had gone before him.

At the appointed spot I met the Indian, and together we walked up to the hut. All was calm and mantled in the purest white, save for the background of the gray cliffs, over which the gaunt pines peered from above. The solitude of the place was to me more oppressive than I had ever noticed it before. Almost it seemed as if the world had cooled, (as some day perhaps it may,) and that we two were the sole representatives of two long-forgotten races of men upon the once populous globe. And so we entered the hut. Small trace of his short occupancy had the late proprietor left there.

At twelve o'clock—for not till these world.

At twelve o'clock—for not till then would I stir-we opened the door and looked

out. The moon was high above us; not a The moon was high above us; not a breath from heaven swayed the over-reaching pines upon the silent cliffs; all around us was quiet and calm and pure. The earth lay covered with a spotless veil, as though to blot out all memory and record of crime or sin that here had been committed.

But there, in front of us, and upon the exact spot where we had expected to see it, lay a shadow—outlined, not(as I had expected it) in purple, but in deepest black; and we advanced upon it.

dvanced upon it.
Could it be fancy? No, it was too dis-

But as we drew near, I saw that it did not assume the figure of a man reclining, as I had been led to expect, and as my own tancy had at first dictated.

It was the shadow of a cross!

As we watched it it gradually lengthened out, and at last, as the moon fell below the pine tops on the cliff, faded away.

And my companion whispered, mysteri-

ously,
"Manitou!—Hanta-pah—Aryskoui!"—
(itisthemark of the God of War)—"Whacta!"

Affairs in Japan.

Latest advices from Japan go to show that the condition of things is not particularly assuring for the foreigners who have taken up their residence in the capital of the Flow-But when the news of the discovery spread to the camp, and the trinkets were handled, several men recognized them—one man one thing, one man another—as having belonged to Will Keane. And then people fell to discussing his sudden disappearance and to doubting that old story of his brother, (now a debased hanger-on of the camp,) who said that he himself had driven him over the ridge to the Fork.

They sought out Henry Keane, with doubt fast turning to suspicion. And that suspicion at once leaped to certainty. For he made no attempt to deny his guilt. Needless to recount a painful story of brotherly love quenched in a rising flood of jealousy: of long-stifled anger vented in sudden and blind fury upon the unconsciously-offending man rather than upon the erring woman; and of the huddling away stealthily by night of the relics of the crime in the well that Will Keane had just begun to dig but was never to complete.

But as the self-convicted fratricide drew impression that Mr. Summers had been guilty of an act of disrespect toward the Empress dowager. At once they became so hostile, and made such threats of violence, that Mr. Summers became alarmed and left for England. that Mr. Summers became alarmed and left for England. The next day after Mr. Sum-mers' departure, a Rev. Mr. Imbrey, while witnessing a friendly game of baseball be-tween the students of two of the schools, innocently stepped up over a low hedge-fence into the field. He was set upon by the rough students and beaten about the head and body and sustained injuries and knife cuts about the head. Whereupta this head and body and sustained injuries and knife cuts about the head. Whereunto this opposition will grow it is difficult to say. What makes the situation more serious is, that the students show no fear of the police.

A Bracing Truth.

There is no such thing as utter failure to There is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best. Were this truth more often emphasised, there would be more courage and energy infused into sad and desponding hearts. The compensation may seem shadowy and afar off, but it is not so. It attends every one who is conscientious, pains taking, and resolute, and will never desert him, whatever may be the fate of his exertions in other respects.

The celebrated English Benedictine, Father Ignatius, is to pay a visit to this country.