

to contain the concentrated essence of frenzied despair, and that sent such thrills of horror through the town, and caused the young to hurry for safety to their comfortable homes. "My daughter! Oh! my daughter."

Aroused again by sympathy for human suffering, a solemn resolution was made, as soon as spring returned, to spare no reasonable effort to discover the body of the daughter who all seemed to take for granted was dead.

So, when the snow had nearly disappeared under the persuasive power of April's sun, and the violets and buttercups began to rear their dainty heads through the dead leaves and lingering winter snows, parties were organized for the search. For three days they scoured hill and dale, forest and moor, but with no success. On the morning of the fourth day they determined to make a final effort. One party started for the thicket on which the stranger witnessed the singular contest mentioned at the opening of our story. One of them in advance of the others, entering the thicket, had his attention engrossed by a beautiful bird of brilliant plumage. Attracted by its gorgeous beauty, he followed it. Of the mysterious incidents of this story, none is more strange than this, that the bird by its actions seemed to be designedly leading the searcher to a definite spot. It advanced, returned, flew from side to side, looked intelligently at the man, chirping all the while, then again advanced until it finally rested on a tree, and turned its little head from side to side, but looking steadily at a spot on the ground directly beneath him.

Gazing at the spot indicated by the bird, the man perceived a dark mass of tangled hair that appeared through the dead leaves. Hastily drawing away the mass of leaves that had gathered there, he drew back with a cry of dismay at the sight that met his eyes. Hearing the cry, the others hurried forward, and were transfixed

with horror at what they beheld. Could it be that that cold, still, ghastly form lying in a pool of water formed by the melting snows, and partially eaten away by the rodents that dwelt in the marsh, was all that was left of the bright, beautiful Edna, that for many years graced and gladdened the town, and tripped its streets with the lightness and grace of the doe. These sturdy men were seen stealthily to brush away their tears as they recognized that such was the fact. As gently as the dead clay of royalty was this poor form raised by those rough men. Tenderly they bore her to her home, and subsequently laid her away in her peaceful grave, over which the fierce winds of winter howl, and the summer breezes softly murmur, unheeded by her in her tranquil repose. Then began enquiries as to who had been guilty of "the deep damnation of her taking off," but all in vain. This proved another instance refuting that standing lie, so often repeated and so constantly disproved, that "Murder will out."

Who the lone fisherman was, what brought him out so early that morning, whether or not he designedly appeared on the scene of a lison with his innamorata, though wishing his presence to appear as if by chance, and a desperate and deadly struggle between two rivals ensued, it has not yet become known. Who was the fisherman? Who his foe? Why was it that the girl was the only one found dead? Who was the stranger who so fiercely rushed to the scene of the combat? What became of him? Why did he never again turn up? Was he also murdered and his body thrown over a precipice, or hidden in a ravine? These are all questions that naturally suggest themselves, and seem incapable of solution.

It is true that, on application, a detective was sent from Toronto to unravel the dark problem. He looked extremely wise, scrutinized the faces of the innocent men in a suspicious