

## A MOUNTAIN MYSTERY SOLVED.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN THE THINLY SETTLED INTERIOR COUNTIES OF ARKANSAS.

At the foot of the Boston Mountains dwells a man named Mason. He is over eighty years old and his tall figure, white hair and patriarchal air give him an indescribable appearance. His house is a rough but comfortable log cabin, and the few acres around it afford ample subsistence. An excellent marksman, he has never abandoned the use of his trusty rifle, while the numerous deer and bearskins within and without the cabin bear ample testimony of his skill and success. With the exception of his wife he lives entirely alone. But his life has not always been thus desolate. Only a few years ago three children brightened his humble home, two boys, John and David, and one daughter Lizzie, who was the pride of the old man's heart and the light of his rude cabin. The sons were light-hearted boys, given to drink somewhat, but liked by everybody, while Lizzie was a rare wildwood blossom. Her soft blue eyes and flaxen hair played sad havoc with the hearts of the younger portion of the opposite sex in all that section, and many sought her hand in marriage, the fortunate young suitor being a young man named Charles McKinley, rather dissipated, not worth a dollar, yet handsome, a very forest Apollo—in short, just the kind of a man to win a young girl's heart.

The Mason family were anything but pleased with her choice, and spared no effort to break off the attachment the lovers had for each other. Lizzie, however, could not be moved. Entreaties and threats were alike unavailing. The former gave her courage to plead for Charley the latter made her cling closer to him. The young man was also firm. I will never give up Lizzie, he said with a big round oath, when questioned on that point. Finding all other efforts useless the Masons resorted to more violent measures. John Mason met Charles McKinley one day in the forest, and a terrible fight ensued, in which both were badly cut and bruised, but in which John was decidedly worsted. This stirred up additional bitterness and for a time threatened to draw the majority of the surrounding families into the quarrel and disturb the peace of the neighborhood. Lizzie sought to pour oil on the troubled water, and her gentle words melted the hardened natures that evil passions had filled with wrath. There was a reconciliation between her lover and brother, and there was general rejoicing in consequence, when an event occurred which changed amity into distrust and suspicion. The event was no less than the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Charles McKinley. He was last seen alive alone in the forest beyond the mountains, and was on the trail of a herd of deer. The most rigid search failed to discover him or any trace of his whereabouts. He had dropped out of sight and life as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. All sorts of stories were rife. One said he had been murdered, another that he had run away, still another that he was purposely hiding himself and would suddenly return. But as time went on and he neither came nor was heard of, the suspicion that he had met with foul play gained ground rapidly, growing into certainty in the minds of very many persons. Of course John Mason was accused of the murder, and though he strenuously denied the charge, the evidence against him was strong enough to warrant his apprehension. Once in the meshes of the law, it seemed as if a hundred circumstances came up all crying trumpet-tongued "Guilty!" Divers persons had heard him threaten to kill Charles McKinley; that young man had himself said that he did not consider his life safe so long as John Mason remained in the country. Even John's father admitted reluctantly that his son had declared his intention of riddling Charles McKinley with buckshot, while David corroborated the parent's statement. Thus the coils of circumstantial evidence closed tighter and tighter about the young man, and beyond his bare assertion, there was nothing to be said in refutation. The blow had fallen on the young girl with crushing effect. The sudden disappearance of her lover, the arrest of her brother on the charge of murdering him, almost drove her insane. She, however, shared the

popular opinion that young McKinley had been murdered, and that her brother was guilty of that terrible crime. Urged for a reason for her belief, she finally admitted that it rested on the slender foundation of a dream. She added that on the night succeeding the day upon which Charles McKinley disappeared she had dreamed that she saw her brother and him in a violent quarrel. The men were in a dark ravine; there was a mountain to their right and a deep dense forest to their left. She heard their words; she saw John strike McKinley with the butt of his rifle and fel him to the earth. That blow was fatal. The young man never spoke afterward. John hid the body in a dark cave in the mountains, and there it still remained! This dream made a powerful impression upon the young girl, and though many were disposed to laugh at it, even while admitting it told tremendously against her brother, nothing could shake her faith and confidence in its horrible reality. She insisted that it was true, though no trace of the body could be found in any of the numerous mountain caves after a most rigid search, and the vision rested only upon her individual statement. But her faith gave it tenfold power; her acts seemed to confirm her belief. From that moment she was a changed woman. Slowly she pined away. The color faded from her cheeks, giving place to a death-like pallor; her step, once light and elastic, became slow and languid; her eyes lost their tender glance, and sparkled with an unearthly lustre; she uttered no complaint. Like the gentle girl who loved the unfortunate Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, she passed to her early grave, forgiving all, beloved by every one, the victim of a broken heart!

John Mason broke jail and fled to Texas, his brother David going into exile with him. This settled all questions or doubts as to his guilt or innocence. Flight was accepted by one and all as a confession of guilt. Liberal rewards were offered for the capture of the brothers, David being considered an accessory to the crime, but neither was ever apprehended. From the Lone Star State they went to Louisiana, and in New Orleans fell victims to that dread scourge, yellow fever. Letters now in the father's possession contain the most fervent protestations of their innocence, and subsequent events clearly exonerated them from complicity in the taking off of young Charles McKinley. For, years later, when the main actors in this strange episode slept in their quiet graves, miles and miles apart, when interest in the scenes we have related had almost died away, or was recalled with awe at the hunter's winter fireside, the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the young man was brought to light. A party of hunters, while chasing a bear in an adjacent county, found his remains in a cave in which the animal they were pursuing had established his lair. There was only a hastily-looking skeleton of a man, rusty rifle, and rudely carved in the yielding rock upon which it rested, these words, "Lost, can't find my way out, Charles McKinley." That was all, but it told its own story. It solved an enigma that darkened many lives. It cleared from the foul stain of murder, though too late, John Mason and his brother.

This was the life-history—a record which, by the way, is authenticated and can be verified by other living witnesses—the old man told us, one evening as we sat beside the glowing fire in the big fire-place of his lonely cabin. The night-wind swept down the deep mountain gorges with the roar of an angry sea, the stars twinkled dimly overhead, the howl of the wolf echoed dimly far out in the shadows of the woods, while the darkness of night filled all space.—*Witt Springs (Ark.) Cor. N. Y. World.*

### Finding the Shears.

Mrs. Major Wheelock, wife of the old pioneer and eminently respected citizen of that name, leaned over the banister the other morning and answered him:

"The shears? Why, they are right down there somewhere. I was using them not five minutes ago."

The Major wanted them to trim off a horse-blanket at the barn, and he marched into the sitting-room and up to the family work-basket. Of course they were there. He tumbled a ball of yarn, a paper of pins, a half-made garment, a button

box and a pin-cushion off on the floor, made a dive among bodkins, worsted, threads, and darning-needles, and the shears did not turn up. He stood the work-basket on its head, but it was no good. Then he went over to the what-not and raked off three or four photographs, trailed down a lot of shells and knocked off two books, but the shears were not there. He was red in the face as he went into the hall and called out:

"I can't find hide nor hair of 'em, and I don't believe you ever had any!"

"Now look again—that's a good man," she replied. "I know they are right there."

The Major got down on hands and knees and looked under the lounge. No shears. Then he stood up and looked on the mantel. The nearest approach to shears there was a bent hair-pin. Then he walked around and surveyed each window-sill, and gave the work-basket another racket.

"I tell you there ain't no shears, or else I'm blinder'n a bat!" he shouted from the hall after he had given the hall tree a looking over.

"Why, Major, how impatient you are!"

"There's no impatience about it! I tell you the shears ain't here! No one can ever find any thing in this house! I had to look a straight hour the other day to find a gimlet!"

"If you don't see them in the bedroom I'll come down."

He entered the bedroom, glanced over the bureau and stand, pulled the shams off the pillows and whirled the pillows around, and then took down a hair-oil bottle from the bracket and looked into it. The shears were not in the bottle nor anywhere else. Stay! They might have been carried under the bed by the mysterious household tide which carries articles from room to room in an invisible manner. He crawled under, bumped his head on the slats, got dust in his throat, and was backing out with blood in his eye, when his wife called out:

"Why, what on earth are you after?"

"After! After!" he shouted as he almost coughed his head off, "I'm after them infernal shears!"

"Why, here they are! they were lying in my sewing-chair, right in plain sight."

"I don't believe it—I'll never believe it! I looked into that chair over ten thousand times!"

"Well, there they are."

"It's no such thing! You've lost 'em or pawned 'em or traded 'em for gum. You've no more order in your house than an old copper-shop!"

He walked past the chair into the hall and was going out when she called:

"Dear, aren't you going to take the shears?"

"Shears? What shears? I'm going over to the store and buy me a pair of shears, and if any human being in this house ever puts a finger on 'em they'll suffer for it! I'll see if I can't have a pair of shears in my house after being married for upwards of forty-three years!"

And he pulled down his hat and slammed the door with all his might as he went out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### "Van Bibber's Rock" and its Thrilling Story.

Just below the Kanawha Falls, in West Virginia, writes a correspondent, is an over-hanging rock of immense size jutting out about 100 feet over the seething whirlpool, and about the same height above. This was once the scene of a remarkable adventure. The Indians were in hot pursuit of Bibber, a settler and man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and all access to the river below and above being cut off, he was driven to the jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping-off place for him. He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture. He stood up boldly, and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there, he looked across the river—saw his friends—his wife with her babe in her arms—all helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement. She cried at the top of her voice: "Leap into the river and meet me!" Laying her babe on the grass, she seized the oars and sprang into the skiff alone. As she neared the middle of the river, her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons. "Wife, wife," he screamed, "I'm coming, drop

down a little lower." With this, he sprang from his crag, descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost. The wife rested on her oars a few moments to see him rise to the surface, the little canoe floating like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood. It was an awful moment; it seemed an age to her. Would he ever rise? Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat farther down the stream. He rose near her; in a moment the canoe was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured into them. The daring wife did not speak a word; her husband was more dead than alive, and all depended on her strength being maintained until they could reach the bank. This they did, just where they had started, right where the babe was still lying, cowering and laughing. The men pulled the skiff high up on the sand, and the wife slowly arose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, but she laid him down by his babe, and then seating herself she wept wildly, just as any other woman would have done under the circumstances. That babe is now a grandfather, and that rock is called "Van Bibber's Rock" to this day.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

### The Care of Clothing.

A clothes brush, a wisp broom, a bottle of ammonia, a sponge, a hand brush, a cake of erasive soap, a vial of alcohol, should form a part of the furnishings of every toilet. After all dust has been removed from clothing, spots may be taken out of black cloth with the hand brush dipped in a mixture of equal parts of ammonia, alcohol and water. This will brighten and cleanse. Benzine is useful in removing grease spots. Spots of grease may be removed from colored silks by putting on them raw starch made into a paste with water. Dust is best removed from silk by a soft flannel, from velvet with a brush made specially for the purpose. If hats and bonnets when taken from the head are brushed and put away in boxes and covered up, instead of being laid down anywhere, they will last fresh a long time. Shawls and all articles that may be folded should be folded, when taken from the person, in their original creases and laid away. Cloaks should be hung up in place, gloves pulled out lengthwise, wrapped in tissue paper and laid away, laces smoothed out nicely and folded, if requisite, so that they will come out of the box new and fresh when needed again. A strip of old black broadcloth four or five inches wide, rolled up tightly and sewed to keep the roll in place, is better than a sponge or a cloth for cleansing black and dark colored clothes. Whatever lint comes from it in rubbing is black and does not show. When black clothes are washed, as they may often be previous to making over, fresh, clean water should be used, and they should be pressed on the wrong side before being quite dry. If washed in water previously used for white clothing they will be covered with lint. In securing clothing against moths, if linen is used for wrappings no moth will molest. Paper bags are equally good if they are perfectly tight, and so are trunks and boxes closed so tightly that no crevice is left open for the entrance of the moth fly. As the moth loves darkness, it will not molest even furs hung up in light rooms, open to air and sunshine.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### Correspondence.

SYLVESTER, Mecosta Co., Michigan, July 10th, 1880.

Editors Deseret News:

Being called on a mission to the United States at the April Conference, I made preparations to fill the mission, and on the 13th of April, I in company with 35 other elders, left Ogden for the East, six of us for the United States, the rest for Europe. Several of the brethren left us for their fields of labor, when we arrived at Council Bluffs. We moved on as far as Chicago, where Elder Joseph W. Hurt and myself bade farewell to the brethren that were bound for Europe, and we went on board a steamer. It was seven p. m. when we put to sea, during the night the wind blew fearfully, the lightning was vivid, the thunder roared and the ship seemed as if she would

break asunder. After a rough night at sea we landed at Milwaukee, on the morning of the 17th. During the night two ships were wrecked. In the evening we went on board again and spent a sleepless night because of the rough sea. When we landed at Ludington we tried to get a place to preach in, but the people, that is those who had charge of the school houses and halls, said they did not want any of our Mormonism, and they would not let us preach in them. After holding two meetings in a private house, we left Ludington, and since then we have held a number of meetings in different places. In one place we were threatened with mobbing. An old gentleman told me of the mob and I told him to tell them to let that sort of work alone and come to meeting and we would preach that night in that place. We did so, had a good time and told the people to repent of their sins.

In many places they say that they would burn the School-houses to the ground rather than let Mormon Elders preach in them. There have been preachers in the country who have been preaching lies about the Mormons, and the people believe them rather than the truth. Hence they will believe a lie and be damned, for they can not endure the gospel of Christ. In fact many deny him as being our Savior. They have heaped unto themselves many teachers, blind leaders of the blind. It seems as if darkness covers this part of the land, and gross darkness the minds of the people. There are some few that believe the gospel. The prospects are not so bright in this place as they might be, but by the help of God I am determined to do my duty as an Elder in Israel. I am alone now in this part of the Lord's vineyard, Brother Joseph W. Hurt, having left me for Scotland. He left this place last Wednesday. He felt well and was in good spirits. There are a few Saints in this State who will emigrate to Utah this fall if all is well. The Saints seem to realize the sayings of the Prophet, "Come out of her, O ye my people." My address is, Sylvester, Mecosta County, Michigan.

Your Brother,  
JOHN W. JACKSON.

NORTH OGDEN, Utah,  
July 14, 1880.

Editors Deseret News:

To-day one of the finest jubilees ever witnessed in Utah is being celebrated at this place under the able management of Prof. Ellis, assisted by Mr. George Bramwell, with Peter Later Esq. as marshal of the day.

The Sunday Schools of North Ogden, Plain City, Harrisville and Hot Springs in concert, make a fine display with their appropriate banners, mottoes and well dressed children, all so happy and so gay. Bands playing, delightful singing of the schools make the town ring with gladness.

The procession is beautifully arranged, the numerous children and teachers, with the many conveyances present a fine appearance. After parading the principal streets they retired to the beautiful grove kindly proffered for the occasion by Mr. A. Short, where the schools sang in concert, and after prayer by Bishop L. W. Shurtliff, glees, songs and recitations were indulged in until 12 o'clock when the comfortable residences of the citizens of North Ogden were thrown open, with the substantial of life for the entertainment of the numerous visitors.

A public dinner is also prepared by the Ladies' Relief Society for those who choose to partake of the delicacies of the season, for it would be difficult to name anything they have not placed on those tables, superintended by James Ward Esq.

At 2 p.m. the vast assemblage are congregating at the grove; the exercises open by school singing in concert. Prayer by Bishop Maycock. Many anthems, songs, glees with organ accompaniment, recitations, readings, etc., the ten commandments and Lord's Prayer, articles of faith, etc., was well rendered. "How cheerily goes the day," was well sung by the North Ogden school, as was also Greeting Glee by the Hot Spring school. The picnic glee also by the Harrisville school. The Plain City school now beautifully sing. It is better farther on, which by the way is disputed by many present. Songs were sung by Miss Jones, Miss Wallace, Master Wallace, and words of commendation and praise were given by Bishop Maycock, Supt. Ballantyne, Bishop