of white steam and mist from out of the sloughs that crept toward the road like veritable wraiths, then the children would spur their tough surefooted "broncs" along, and fled swiftly homeward as though pursued.

Sunny and smiling in the daytime, quite early in the evening white mists would curl up slowly out of the bogs and spread like smoke till before darkness had fallen all of the northland would disappeard behind a veil of fog. Then from out the enveloping fog, with the darkness closing in on all sides, would arise that single, low, long wail, answered presently by its own weird echoes and the chorus of the coyote brethren.

Many were the tales told of the bog lands, and he who told not what his eyes and ea rs had seen and heard, repeated the tale of another. Always in those tales the unearthly cry was heard, the blaze and fury of fire-eyes, long white fangs and jawa dripping with gore -- these were seen in the ghostly night. Endless were the legends of the travellers who had lost their way in the marsh lands. Some told of a white lady who floated over the bogs, with a great pack at her heels, and she it was who turned to mist and flung her veil forth to blind those who might pass. Hers, so they waid was the first voice of the night.

It was in the black slough in the very heart of the bog lands, that they had found Lilla, wife of Axel Swenstrom, and whether those black marks upon her white neck were made by the fangs of the ghostly pack or as some averred were from the thick fingers that had choked her to death none could say, and long since Axel had disappeard. People gave his shack a wide berth, and it was one of the first of the farms listed with the