

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

SLEEPING CAR PORTERS.

SOMETHING OF THIS WELL KNOWN STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE.

Men He Has Received Tips from—Talmage as a Liberal and Sociable Passenger—Jay Gould Don't Give Up Freely—The Porter's Experience in Europe.

A row of white metal buttons, a black or yellow face, a haughty air, a tip; or, perchance there be few travelers abroad, the same buttons, the same face, but no meanness, no tip. Thus has been described the sleeping car porter of America. He isn't such a bad fellow, after all. He is a good judge of human nature, and when his almost unlimited experience in casual study of it is considered there can be no wonder that the sleeping car porter looks with disdain upon that which makes greater men stare; that he is sometimes curt in manner and at others surly. When curt he is out of patience; when surly he has ridden 400 miles without a sign of a tip and with the loss of a half dozen towels and a pillow. These the poor fellow must account for, he well knows, and with nothing of recompense from the weary traveler, whose every beck and call he has answered until his legs are going back on him, it is no wonder that he is sour and that his answers to the troublesome old lady's many demands are lacking in spirit and fully unsatisfactory to the fussy bunch of femininity, who would ask the porter to fan her all day and never put up a cent.

The old porter—not the tall, greasy fellow who stands at the end of his car for the first week or month or year—but the old porter, the fellow whose locks have become gray in the service, can tell many an interesting story between the hundred fragmentary remarks to inquiring passengers while the train lies in the station just before going out on its run. He remembers all about the great men he has looked after in his day; he can tell you to a half number the size of this president's boot or that governor's shoe; he can tell you what the company is making on this run or that run if you ask him in a confidential way; he knows a green traveler when he sees him, and can spot a man who was never in a sleeper before the moment he rests his eyes on him; he knows the newly married couple as they pass sheepishly up the aisle and cast blushing glances at each other.

Just before 9 o'clock most any evening one can find young and old sleeping car porters in plenty at the Union depot. There are numbers of them there as early as 5 in the afternoon, but in order to see the old fellows in the greatest number it is well to be on hand after 8 o'clock. If you catch one of the old porters in a bright mood at this time and ask him the name of the richest man he ever waited on in a sleeper he will promptly say Jay Gould. The great railroad magnate does not ride in a common sleeper with the herd of earth any more, but he used to, and there are few of the real old porters now running who did not black the famous financier's shoes and brush his clothes some time or other, before the great Gould had risen to his present greatness. The question at once arises, "Was Gould a liberal passenger?" The old porter would answer emphatically that he was not.

The Brooklyn divine, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, is a general favorite with sleeping car porters the continent over. This good old gentleman travels a great deal in filling his lecture dates, and he frequently finds it necessary to rest his weary bones on one of the bunks of a sleeper. Before turning in he always makes it a point to get acquainted with the porter and have a merry chat with him. When he arises in the morning he gives his large shoes a careful looking over, smiles one of those broad smiles of his, and if the porter happens to be about he remembers him. If the porter isn't handy the great divine looks him up and calls his attention to the fact that he is about to be tipped. Talmage, like many great men who occasionally get off to themselves where they are either not known or not recognized, stoops to gabble with persons of a degree that his good folk in the City of Churches would not care to see him mingle with.

European travelers in this country find high favor in the porter's eyes, for they tip liberally. Theatrical parties are in bad odor with the sleeping car fellows, for it is said they never think of the porter. But with all his disappointments and had luck the black servant grows gleeful when he discovers a brand new green on his car. Such a person is generally a "fish." The experienced porter rarely makes a mistake in picking him out, and handled well he always develops something worth working for. In the first place, the shoes must be blacked several times daily; all signs of dust or lint must be kept away from the young man's clothing and bits of choice scenery along the line of the day's ride should be placed out to the blushing bride.

The green traveler who has never been in a sleeper before is of little profit to the porter, but he furnishes that student of human nature a world of amusement. The sleeping car porter of America is a national emblem. He will live here, but when he attempts to cut a wide swath abroad he is a failure. It is said that one of the guild once thought Europe would be a fine field for an attentive and experienced servant like himself. He went to France, Russia, Germany, England and Italy, but he found none of the liberality of the traveler who rode with him in America. After going all over the countries named he at last brought up at Genoa. He looked about the town and in his walk came upon the hall of the town council. He entered the anteroom, and while standing there caught sight of a bust at one end of the apartment. He went over and stood in front of it; then he got on his knees, and removing his hat, raised his eyes to the bust and said: "I thank you for discovering America."

It was the bust of Columbus that the homesick porter bowed to. An American witnessed the scene and, taking compassion on his emblematic countryman, paid his way back to the United States.—Kansas City Times.

Ben Butler is sued for \$250,000 damages for alleged slander. The hotelists were opposed to Reed's election as speaker. Contributions to the Lynn, Mass., fire sufferers reached \$100,000.

EASTERN ITEMS.

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE BUILDING BURNED.

Express Robbery at Fort Worth—Big Fire at Boston—Cyclone in North Carolina—Report of the Life Saving Service.

Keyport, New Jersey, had a \$50,000 blaze. Six people burned to death in a Philadelphia fire. Blaine has had another severe attack of lumbago.

Robert Banner is in love with his new filly, Sunol. Judge Terry's brother is going to Washington to fight the Nagle case. The Cronin trial was interrupted by the death of juror North's daughter.

Alfred Russell, of Detroit, will succeed Stanley Matthews on the supreme bench. The Methodists will hold their next national missionary convention at Boston.

Warner's medicine plant has been sold to an English syndicate for \$5,000,000. Financial troubles caused State Geologist Favette, of Indiana, to commit suicide.

Eastern papers comment on the president's message with the usual partisan bias. Only three absentees were reported at the opening session of the national house.

Two Solomon Mountain, Colorado, miners were blown into a thousand pieces. Mrs. Parnell says that her distinguished son has begged himself for his country.

The Quebec coroner is getting after soothing syrups as the cause of slaughter of infants. The barbed wire syndicate scheme fell through, several larger firms refused to combine.

The Pacific express office at Fort Worth was robbed by an unknown expert of \$6000. A bungling sheriff tried to execute W. H. Harvey, at Guelph, Ont. The victim slowly choked to death.

Andrew Banks, of Baltimore, an ex-member of the legislature, has failed. Liabilities, \$350,000; assets, \$100,000. The Germania was lost at Long Branch. The drunken captain, Windhorst, and eight sailors were drowned.

The protracted rains and present floods have disheartened the Virginia farmers. Corn is rotting in the fields. Snow lies several inches deep over the Mohawk valley, and large areas in Minnesota and the borders of the great lakes.

The Denver & Fort Worth, and the Union Pacific's Colorado lines will be absorbed by the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf. Boston's conflagration last week destroyed \$10,000,000 in property, two acres of magnificent structures, and several lives. The republican house caucus in its vote for speaker, stood: Reed 85, McKinley 38, Cannon 19, Henderson 14, Burrows 10.

New York's grand jury recommends the abolition of the underground system of electric wires. A suit for \$200,000 royalties is pending between barbed wire companies before Judge Gresham.

The dressed beef senatorial investigating committee is hearing testimony at Washington. Twelve men were seriously injured in last week's football matches, owing to desperate playing. Many lives were lost and settlements devastated, by a cyclone in Buford county, North Carolina.

The famous Durant-Bonnybel case at Denver, upon which millions were depending, was won by the Bonnybel mine owners, and wine flowed like water at Denver's bars. The industrial congress, in session at Washington, opposed Reed's election to the speakership on account of his relations with corporations.

The sum of \$85,000,000 is owing the federal government on judgments on various courts. An appropriation of \$10,000 is asked for to look them up and collect where possible. Four little girls, the children of Hugh Dunn, found a keg of powder at Elliottville, Virginia, and in some way set it off. All four were blown to pieces. Their mother has gone crazy.

Minneapolis suffers from a disastrous and tragic fire. The Tribune's eight-story building burned. Many lost their lives by suffocation, burning and jumping. The loss is nearly half a million.

The entire herd of cattle of nearly 15,000 head, belonging to ex-Senator Dorsey, in Northern New Mexico, are advertised to be sold at mortgage sale at Clayton, N. M., December 2, to satisfy a claim of \$65,000. The outward indications (color, hair, length of horns, ears, tail, etc.) of stock are not always to be relied upon as certain in indicating the excellence of an animal for the purposes required, and when a breed is bred strictly with a view to having it excel in the exhibition of superiority of the outer characteristics it is sometimes due to a loss of vigor in the stock, the result of the sacrifice of the more important individual characteristics of utility. Breeders have made mistakes in adhering too closely to the color marks, or rather in giving a greater number of points to those sections that really are not so important compared with others.

Dr. T. M. Hoskins, of Vermont, writes that two years' trial seems to confirm the statement that the larvae of the Anthomyia (A. ceparum, A. brassicae, A. raphani) may be very greatly checked in their ravages by the free application of fine air-slacked lime, or of unleached ashes, along the rows, in close contact with the plants. The application must be free in order to be fully effective. The doctor has not found an application half an inch deep for two inches on each side of the row (or about the roots for cabbage) to do any harm to the plants, or a much less quantity to be fully effective. He tried Mr. Gregory's chicken remedy on onions, but found it did not answer; while the application of ashes, especially as soon as rain fell sufficient to bring the alkali into action, seemed to stop their working very promptly.

PORTLAND MARKET.

THE GENERAL TRADE CONTINUES SATISFACTORY.

The Demand for Transportation Facilities Greater Than Ever Before—Large Increase in the Iron and Steel Industries.

There is continued evidence of an unusually large volume of general trade in the local market for this late stage of the season, and there was more than the usual satisfaction in the observance of Thanksgiving. That the activity in business is general, is shown in the aggregate bank clearings, the total of which for the past month shows an increase over those of the corresponding period last year of \$508,000,000. Another evidence is the extraordinary demand upon the transportation facilities of the country, which some of the railroads have been unable to fully meet. It is said that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have built six thousand new cars this year, and that other of the great transportation lines have had to make large additions to their equipment. And yet a continued scarcity of freight cars is reported on some lines. The enormous crops and the unprecedented volume of trade during the autumn have made the requirements for transportation facilities much greater than ever before. Hence the necessity for enlarged equipment, which, in turn, has made itself felt in the iron and steel industries. Thus the capacity of the iron furnaces in blast on the 1st inst. was, in round numbers 169,000 tons per month, a gain of nearly 10 per cent. in a month, and of 17 per cent. compared with the output a year ago. It is stated by the highest authority that the weekly production of iron is now larger than that of Great Britain, and as there is no accumulation of stock, it follows that the consumption must be correspondingly large.

Stanley has arrived at Bagamayo. Adeline Patti has sailed from London for New York. Martin Faugner Tupper, the poet, has died in London.

A heavy snow storm is raging in England's midland counties. London is agitated over the alleged disappearance of Parnell. Several persons were poisoned by mistake in a Mexico City hospital.

La Lou, Bonlangat deputy, has introduced a bill taxing foreigners residing in France. A plot has been unearthed to assassinate Herr Tiza, the Hungarian prime minister. The king of Portugal welcomed Don Pedro with great pomp upon his arrival in Lisbon.

The influenza is spreading in the Crimea, Siberia and through the valley of the Volga. Gladstone has written a letter strongly favoring the local option principle in temperance efforts.

Stanley has sold the copyright of his forthcoming work on the Emin Bey relief expedition for £9000. Hayti is again threatened with revolution, on account of the sectional character of Hippolyte's new cabinet.

Empress Frederick has been studying archeology with Dr. Schlemann in Greece, and has visited Olympus and Mycene. A cable dispatch from Rio de Janeiro says that Dom Pedro was ill when he left Brazil and was accompanied by a physician.

Ninety-one social democrats are on trial at Elberfeld, Germany, for belonging to a secret society. Among them are five deputies. Gladstone addressed a great meeting of liberals at Manchester, saying that he favored giving home rule to all parts of Great Britain.

The platform of a theater at Weihen, in the province of Shantung, China, collapsed during a performance, and 200 persons were killed. Popular feeling in Spain presages a revolution similar to that in Brazil, having for its object the peaceful establishment of a republic.

Although the republican propagandists are very active in Portugal, it is denied that the revolution in Brazil has given impetus to the agitation. The epidemic of influenza in St. Petersburg is spreading. Half the population is suffering, among them the czar, zarina and two of their children.

European coffee buyers in Orleans have been obliged to recall their offers because of the determination of the producers to hold all coffee on hand. The new Brazilian government has finally repealed the old flag. This action has given rise to some irritation. France has recognized the republic.

It is reliably reported in Cairo that the Mahdi is perfecting a plan in conjunction with the Emir by which they shall make a combined invasion of Egypt. Mr. Balfour, secretary for Ireland, writes that the inferences drawn from his statement regarding Catholic education in Ireland, are without foundation.

There was a terrible explosion at the Konstantin petroleum pits at Batow, Russia. Fifteen workmen were instantly killed and four seriously injured. The disgusted spectators of a bull fight at the City of Mexico demolished an arena because a bull refused to fight. Many persons were injured by the flying boards.

Sir Edward Guinness has given £200,000 for the erection of dwellings for the laboring poor of London. He also gives £50,000 to be similarly used for the benefit of the poor of Dublin. The Russian government has abolished the provisional council of nobles of the Baltic provinces, thus suppressing the ruling aristocracy. Ordinary assemblies have been substituted.

Admiral Raib Pasha of the Turkish navy has been despatched to Crete with the proclamation of the sultan, granting amnesty to those implicated in the recent revolution on that island. At the suggestion of the pope, Gounod will write a new solemn mass, specially for the opening of the new organ, which has been built in St. Peter's. The mass will be sung by 4000 chorals.

Influenza, now prevalent in St. Petersburg, is declared by eminent medical authority, to be the forerunner of cholera, similar signs having preceded the last five cholera epidemics there. In Austria a great snow storm is raging, seriously impeding railway travel. Three thousand sweepers and twenty-four snow plows are unable to clear the tracks in the neighborhood of Vienna.

I had often rowed across to see it. The idol—if idol it were—had crumbled considerably, but otherwise the house was unaltered. The spring near the door was always fresh and sweet, and the mica had not fallen from the panes. It was a good place to picnic in when we went to the island to fish, and I felt very much provoked when I heard one day that it had become the property of an old woman, Dilsey More by name, who had been the village fortune-teller for years. She had bought the island of the town for a mere song, and soon established herself in the queer little structure, whence she came at intervals to pursue her trade, going from door to door to beguile servant girls of their small change by promises of rich husbands, selling bead necklaces and a candy for which she averred she had a special recipe.

I can see her yet, with her eager egyptic face framed in a red hood, her quick step, her long lean arms, and the basket she always carried on her back—a flat basket made for that purpose. I detested her, for she had spoiled my play-place. And the older people spoke of Dilsey as of one whose ways were dark, and who was little better than a heathen in her practices. Shortly they happened to place the Witch's Island.

I was by this time a tall girl of fourteen, and I handled the oars better than many boys. I often rowed around the island, and sometimes saw Dilsey at her door making her bracelets or beading her candy. All day long I had nothing to do but to enjoy myself. Masters came to teach me in the morning—and that was part of my pleasure, for I loved to learn. I was well and tenderly reared, I am sure, and the liberty accorded me in my actions, though very great, never harmed me.

The north-bound passenger train on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas road was "held up" last week near Perry station, I. T. The express and mail cars were robbed. The passengers were not molested. Reports of a discouraging nature concerning the cattle market have been coming into San Francisco from the interior of California, Arizona and Nevada, and popular opinion has been that this winter would see a great scarcity of beef in the market. Inquiry among leading wholesale butchers, however, shows that there is no reason for apprehending a rise in beef.

DR. FLINT'S REMEDY is the best remedy known for insomnia, or sleeplessness, which afflicts so many persons, and which leads to so many serious nervous diseases, particularly to insanity. Descriptive treatise with each bottle; or address Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

FOREIGN FLASHES.

Influenza Epidemic in Russia—A Bill to Tax Foreigners in France—Stanley Arrives at Bagamayo.

Long centuries ago, in a famed city across the sea, a great cathedral stood. A witness to the beauty that had wrested From marble, bronze and wood.

One day the sunlight, through a slanted window, Upon a shadowed arch a moment shone. There came to those whose eyes were lifted What none before had known.

It was a sculptured face of such transcendent And other loveliness, that those who saw Deemed they had looked upon a Heavenly vision. And held their breath for awe.

And day by day, for many years thereafter, Men came from far and near, happy to sit And wait beneath the arch for the brief sun-ray That should illumine it.

And felt them remind for all their waiting. If they could catch, just for a moment's space, Whereon to speak, to dream, to live, a single Swift glimpse of that fair face.

This is the story: When the great cathedral Was being built, one day, with meek respect, There came a man, aged and feeble, unto The master architect.

And asked that of the work so sweet and sacred Some humblest portion might be granted him, His feebleness and age compassionate, Yet fearing that his dim.

Uncertain slight and trembling, eager fingers, Might some fair design, some perfect view, The master, in the high roof's vaulted shadows, Set him his work to do.

Day after day, with sweet, untrifling patience, In his obscure and humble place he wrought; From his more highly treated fellow-workers Winning scant speech or thought.

At last, one morning, still and cold they found him. His right hand's cunning gone; the mystic grace Of those whose lives, his face upturned Unto that other face.

That he had wrought; the face of one woman. For so they learned, who had loved and lost In each man's hand's prime, of her care and sorrow His happy path had crossed.

And as they gazed, the artists and the sculptors, The craftsmen all, whose skill was making fair And grand the vast cathedral, on the beauty So strangely carved there.

"Grandest of all!" they cried; and then they whispered: "Who works for fame or gold doth something miss; Unobscured praise or blame, in shadowed silence, Love hath wrought this!"

"Grandest of all!" they cried, "before whose perfect Ideal beauty all our hostings cease. Hall to the love that thus for love's sake only Hath wrought our Art's masterpiece!"

So in the Temple of the Ages, build'd Out of men's lives, it comes to every one Some way to find there is no work so noble As that which love hath done.

—Carrietta Perry, in N. Y. Independent.

THE WORK THAT IS BEST.

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THE WITCH'S ISLAND.

How I Was Handsomely Rewarded for a Little Kindness.

You may look as long as you please for Witch's Island, on any map you choose, without finding it.

It is only a great bare rock, with some grass and a few stunted pine trees at one end, and near them, and in the middle, a little hut, with the roof the shape of an old-fashioned beehive. It had two rooms on the lower floor, and in the dome a loft or garret. Each room had a window, and the loft two round holes at either end. In all the windows, instead of panes of glass squares of mica had been cunningly set.

The chimney was in the middle, and arranged to warm both lower rooms, which were semi-circular. The outer walls were built of stone. Within all was smooth as an earthen pot, and of a very dark brown; nobody knew what had been done to it.

The story of its building was this: Many, many years before a queer little man had come to town. He was yellow as a Chinese, but was not of that nation. He had a bag with him, which he carried on his back. When he was spoken to he grunted and nodded. Having walked down to the shore he stood looking at the island for awhile, and then went to the baker's shop and pointed to a loaf and laid some pennies on the counter. The baker took five of them and gave him the loaf. After this he returned to the shore and bought an old boat and rowed out to the island. Every day he rowed in for his bread and to fill a black jug with whisky, and they often saw him fishing. Shortly he was noticed building something. It was the hut described. He built it of those stones that lay about the island, and plastered it with mud, and from that time on seemed to live on bread, whisky, fish and such fruit as was to be found upon the ground in any farming country, in lanes, or orchards.

In the course of time he died, and the clergyman was rowed over to give him decent burial. The reverend gentleman was horrified by finding a queer lump of hardened mud in the shape of a squat human figure set up at one end of the room. He declared that this was an idol. In this day people would have carried it away as a curiosity, but in that they felt trembling, and no one ever dared to go over to the island, which at that time was nameless.

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I was an orphan, my only relative—the only one I had ever known—was my old grandfather. He had been an officer in the late war, and his wound had resulted in a malady which confined him to his bed. There was no lady in the house, and my teachers were all men. An old servant-woman took charge of my bodily comfort, and I did as I liked about social matters. My chief chum had been a boy of my own age whose mother earned her livelihood by doing plain sewing. He was a very handsome little fellow, though his clothes were generally old and patched and darned in a very striking manner. He had had some schooling and I loaned him all my books. A more innocent friendship never existed between two young people, though I suppose, as our social position was so very different, it would never have been permitted had my grandfather been able to be about. As it was, it would soon come to an end, for Rawdon Holly was going to sea. Many of the boys in that part of the country became sailors, and after that we seldom saw much of them.

We were out in our boat together—he and I—one afternoon, when, looking across the water toward Witch's Island, I noticed that all the doors of the hut were shut, and remembered that Dilsey had not been over to the mainland for some days.

There lay her boat tied to its stake, to prove that she had not left the spot. "Old Dilsey must be sick," I said. "And what on earth can a sick woman do with no one to help her? It takes old Corporal Dodge and a man-nurse to wait on grandpa. I think it is my Christian duty to see what is the matter. Let us row over."

Rawdon agreed with me, and each pulling an oar, we reached the island in a few moments, and advancing to the hut knocked at the door. No one answered, and we opened it. The front room was empty, but in the back room we saw something lying on the floor. It was poor Dilsey!

"Thank God!" she moaned, as I knelt beside her. "I've lain here three days. I expected to starve to death. That pesky ladder broke under me while I was going up to the loft for yarn. I ain't had a mouthful for three days. My bones is broke."

I had sense enough not to try to move her. I brought a pillow for her head; sent Rawdon to the mainland for a doctor, and made a bowl of gruel, which I fed Dilsey, so that she was much better when the doctor arrived. She had, indeed, broken several bones, and needed good nursing.

On hearing this I sat down at the little table in the outer room, wrote a note to my grandfather, telling him what had happened, and saying that I should stay with Dilsey until a nurse could be found. This proved a hard task, for the common folk greatly feared "the witch," and could not be brought to enter the hut. I remained with Dilsey a week, and Rawdon rowed over every day with messages from my grandfather, who approved of my action, and, after the nurse came, I crossed daily to supervise her. Dilsey got about at last, but found herself unable to use the oars, and very often after that I took my boat to the island to take her to the mainland.

She expressed her gratitude in few words, but frequently added: "You'll never regret it."

One day I missed her from her door, and, thinking I might be needed, went up to the house again, this time alone, for Rawdon had sailed away. I found Dilsey in bed, a placid look upon her face and her cheek upon her hand. At first I thought she slept, but I could not waken her; she never awoke again.

A day or two after I received a letter from a certain law firm. Dilsey had made her will weeks before, and had left me her island, the hut and all its contents.

I was delighted with the bequest, though it was a great joke in the village, and I resolved that the hut should be well cleaned and made a sort of summer bower of. I took some hardy plants to the island and planted them, and I wrote to Rawdon and told him all about it.

Before Rawdon Holly sailed away he had engaged ourselves to each other. "A poor sailor is no match for you, I know," he said, "but I'll be captain and owner yet." And I told him that when I was sixteen I would tell grandfather all about him, and that he would, no doubt, let him come to see him in his room.

To this day I do not know what grandfather would have said about Rawdon, for on my sixteenth birthday he lay very ill, and in a few weeks passed away.

I had not thought of his death as near at hand, and I was greatly shocked and deeply grieved, but another shock awaited me. My grandfather, while fully resolved to leave all that he possessed to me, had delayed the making of his will. His property reverted to a brother, who came down to take possession of it. The new owner, Mr. Campion, was a hard-featured man of sixty, with no kindness of manner to redeem his plain face. He looked at me with disfavor.

"For my part," he said, "I'd never take in other folks' children; but since brother Humphrey died it, I suppose you've got to be taken care of. I shall sell this place, but I'll take you home. You're big enough to help about, and you ought to be grateful enough to do all you can, for I'm not obliged to take you or keep you, Miss What's-your-name. I've forgotten what you're called."

"My name is Kathrine," said I. "I've always been called by your brother's name—he must have given it to my father when he adopted me—and I should be ashamed to take this property if I was as rich as you, and knew that it was meant for another person. My dear grandfather—so I will call him—said again and again that it was all mine. But law is not justice; so take it and keep it; but as for me—thank you for nothing. I can take care of myself. I have a house of my own, on my own island."

"Oh!" said he. "You can ask them about my property," said I; and away I went, packed up my clothes and books and keepsakes, and hired a boy to take them to the Witch's Island at twilight.

That night, all alone on a barren rock, with the waves beating about it, I felt lonesome enough I can tell you. I had a slice of cake with me, and that I ate for supper; and I had brought a little bamboo lounge, that was quite my own, and had a silk cushion upon it, and on that I slept at last; and when day broke I was quite cheerful. I wrote a letter to Rawdon, telling him what I had done, and then I made up my mind to get rid of the lump of mud on the

heart. Dilsey had never moved since it was an idol. I wanted some of it, but it was unsightly, and she would not make one hate it; and the thing was as hard as a rock and as heavy as a stone, and the only way I could manage to chip off bits with a hatchet and send them away.

I had removed two or three hundred pounds from the sides before I knocked my head—somehow the queer, crooked thing seemed to frighten me—but but I shut my eyes and whacked away as big as I could, and my intention was to chip off bits with a hatchet and send them away.

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