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afflicted with an orphan nephew, the laziest of mortals, whose shortcomings kept the bustling old lady in a fever from morning till night. A wild young sister of Mrs. Tom's had run away with a Dutch fiddler, and dying a few years after, was soon followed to the grave by her husband, who drank more than was good for him one night, and was found dead in the morning. Master Carl Henley was accordingly adopted by his living relative and, as that good lady declared, had been "the death of her" ever since.

A young girl of sixteen, known only as "Christie," was the only other member of Mrs. Tom's family. Who this girl was, where she had come from, and what was her family name, was a mystery; and Mrs. Tom, when questioned on the subject, only shut her lips and shook her head mysteriously, and spoke never a word. Although she called the old lady aunt, it was generally believed that she was no relation; but as Christie was a favorite with all who visited the island, the mystery concerning her, though it piqued the curiosity of the curious, made them like her none the less. A big Newfoundland dog and a disagreeable chattering parrot completed the widow's household.

Mr. Tom's business was flourishing. She made a regular visit each week to the mainland, where she disposed of fish, nuts, and berries, in which the island abounded, and brought back groceries and such things as she needed. Besides that, she kept a sort of tavern and place of refreshment for the sailors and fishermen, who sometimes stopped for a day or two on the island; and for many a mile, both by land and sea, was known the fame of Mrs. Tom.

Such was Campbell's Isle, and such were its owners and occupants. For many years now it had been quiet and stagnant enough, until the development of audry