

"Send him up? Sartinly you will, Master Guy. I'll take care of him. This here's the best road-up to the side of the rocks; 'tain't so rough as it is here."

"Lift him up," said Captain Campbell to the sailors who had rowed them ashore. "Gently, boys," he said, as the sick man groaned. "Don't hurt him. Follow Mrs. Tom to her cottage—that's the way. I'll be down early to-morrow to see him, Mrs. Tom. This way, Drummond; follow me. I'll bid you good-night, Mrs. Tom. Remember me to Christie."

And Captain Campbell sprang up the rocks, followed by Sibyl and Drummond, in the direction of Campbell's Castle.

Mrs. Tom, with a rapidity which the two sturdy seamen found it difficult to follow, burdened as they were, walked toward her cottage.

The home of Mrs. Tom was a low, one-story house, consisting of one large room and bed-room, with a loft above, where all sorts of lumber and garden implements were thrown, and where Master Carl sought his repose. A garden in front, and a well-graveled path, led up to the front door, and into the apartment which served as kitchen, parlor, dining-room, and sleeping-room for Christie and Mrs. Tom. The furniture was of the plainest description, and scanty at that, for Mrs. Tom was poor, in spite of all her industry; but, as might be expected from so thrifty a housewife, everything was like wax-work. The small, diamond-shaped panes in the windows flashed like jewels in the moonlight; and the floors and chairs were scrubbed as white as human hands could make them. Behind the house was a large vegetable garden, nominally cultivated by Carl, but really by Mrs. Tom,

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