

to go with and diagonally across it. I fancied the cataract but a few rods below me, and more than once I thought, 'It is hopeless! I am lost!' But then I would gather fresh courage and struggle madly on, and at last I won,—my outstretched hands touched the earth. It crumbled horribly as I clutched it, and I was all but whirled away again, for I was clean exhausted; but I dug my fingers into it and catching hold of the grass managed to clamber up. I had almost gained my feet when I slipped and fell on my side, my feet in the water again, my arm twisted under me. There was a sharp pain in it, and it was harder than ever to get upon my feet; but at last I did so, and did not feel safe until I had put several yards between me and the river. Then I dropped senseless on the grass.

"When I became conscious again I perceived at once that my arm was broken and that inflammation had already set in. I got up, and set out to find the road. Every fresh stumble in the dark caused me excruciating pain, and when I reached the road I was quite faint, and glad enough to sit down on a boulder. A vehicle soon approached, and I called to its occupant to stop. He took me in, and by the greatest good fortune he proved to be a doctor. When I had told him my circumstances he asked where he should drive me, saying that if my folks had heard of the accident they would regard me as one raised from the dead. His words gave me an idea. I told him I had no folks; the one friend to whom I should have felt bound to communicate my escape had perished, and that I intended to remain