

door of the cabin a young woman, who silenced the dog, and encouraged the traveller to approach.

Being hungry and thirsty—the good work of the jaunting car—I needed, as the story-tellers say, no second invitation. I walked to the door, which was wide open to the stranger, like all true Irish doors. Accounting for myself, and naming my desire for a cup of cold water,



MISS EMILY FERRIS.

the young woman said, "Come in, sir; please come in. My mother and I will be glad to see you."

Not only cold water, but fresh buttermilk and a palatable bite of food did these good people give me. Three rooms, one story, an earthen floor, with the simplest of life's comforts; that was the house and contents. Good sense and good taste had made the most of these things.

In one room was a sewing machine which the daughter used in her trade—that of a dressmaker, she said. Thus they lived, these two, mother and daughter—all that was now left of the family.

Then I remembered something. The driver had spoken of these people. He had said that up this way lived a girl whose long illness and remarkable recovery some years ago had been the talk of the whole neighborhood. On that fact I based an inquiry.

"Yes," answered the young lady, "I am Emily Ferris, and on that bed I lay for fourteen weeks, unable to move."

The bed she spoke of was in one end of a narrow room, and looking through the little window on the far side of it, I could see the grasses and the flowers in bloom, showing that the ground outside was exactly level with the window and the top of the bed.

"Please tell me about it."

Now this girl evidently was (and is) one of those—all too few of them—who have no silly hesitation in speaking of experiences like the one I am about to repeat after her. She knew none of us lives to himself or dies to himself; that, living or dying, we belong to our fellows, who have a right to know of our joys and sorrows, so far as they may instruct or help them. In this pure, true spirit—which marked all she said—Miss Ferris told me the tale which I here

DAY	MONTH	DAY	WEEK
1		THUR.	
2		FRI.	
3		SAT.	
4		SUN.	
5		MON.	
6		TUES.	
7		WED.	
8		THUR.	
9		FRI.	
10		SAT.	
11		SUN.	
12		MON.	
13		TUES.	
14		Wed.	
15		THUR.	
16		FRI.	
17		SAT.	
18		SUN.	
19		MON.	
20		TUES.	
21		WED.	
22		THUR.	
23		FRI.	
24		SAT.	
25		SUN.	
26		MON.	
27		TUES.	
28		WED.	

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Full Moon...
Last Quarter.

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