

accommodate him, and looked so like something from the other world all the time, that I had not the heart to refuse the poor fellow. Before we had been three days out at sea he was taken ill, and has been raving and shrieking ever since, as you know."

"What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"Well, I haven't much experience as nurse myself, but I think it's brain fever, or something of that kind; Sibyl, however, thinks that bitter remorse for something he has done is preying on his mind, and girls always know best in these cases."

"He is, if I may judge by his looks, of humble station," said Mr. Drummond, in an indifferent tone.

"Yes; there can be no doubt of *that*, though he appears to have plenty of money."

"Has he given his name?"

"Yes; Richard Grove."

"Hum! Well, it would be unpleasant to have him die on board, of course," said Drummond.

"Oh, I think he'll live to reach our destination; he does not appear to be sinking very fast."

"We must now be quite near this island home of yours, Captain Campbell; I grow impatient to see it."

"We shall reach it about moonrise to-night, if the wind holds as it is now."

"And what, may I ask, do you intend doing with this—Richard Grove, when you get there? Will you take him into your Robinson Crusoe castle and nurse him until he gets well, as that enterprising canoe-builder did Friday's father?"

"No, I think not. There is an old lady on the island, who is never so happy as when she has some one to nurse. I think we'll consign him to her."