herself understood, and soon let them know that she wanted to stay and live where she was. She gave her name as Lucille, which soon became Lucy, but never said a word about who she was or where she came from. Well, she made herself agreeable to everyone in the house, and as nobody had the heart to turn her off, she gradually worked into the family; but just from her looks, let alone the way that she tackled the housework, it was plain to be seen that she hadn't been brought up to do anything unless it was sewing, at which she was a fine hand.

"All this time folks was trying to find out about her, but without much use. Come to find out, there was a ship's boat come ashore, and was stove on the rocks about two miles up the bay, but if she came in that she must have been a better swimmer than you or I ever see, and there was never a woman hated the sight of salt water worse than she did. When she got quite smart at talking English she used to go around in the village quite a bit, where she was well known as the French lady. It seemed as though she had settled down for life, and one of Deacon Johnson's boys had begun to show her some attentions, when something happened that set everybody's tongue to waggin' again. It was a little less than two years from when she first came when she came running into the house with a loud cry, and fainted as soon as she got inside the door. When she came to she was so excited and scared out of her wits, and talked such a jumble of English and French, that it took considerable time and patience to find out what was the matter. At last it came out that she had seen 'them,' and who she meant nothing could get her to tell, and they,—whoever they were,—had come to take her away. As there were no strangers in the village, nobody took any stock in her story, which people thought was a crazy notion; but she was in dead earnest, and nothing could tempt her outside the house for fear of being carried away or killed. She would not even have gone to bed, either, if one of the girls—Hettie, I believe was her name—had not promised to stay with her. Everything was quiet enough, and they both had gone to sleep, when Hettie was waked up by a kitten mewing outside the door. As the creature didn't stop, she got up with the idea of letting it in, for the sake of quiet. She opened the door, but the cat had gone down the stairs, and was mewing away there as loud as ever. It wasn't no use to call the little beast, and rather than have the whole house disturbed, Hettie started out as quiet as could be to put it out of doors. when she got down into the kitchen the cat was gone again, and she hadn't been looking for a minute, as it seemed, before she heard the most terrible noises from overhead. First there was a scream and a kind of scuffling sound, and then two or three screams that were smothered all at once, and a sound like something falling, and groans that made the poor girl think that her turn to be murdered might come next. She was too scared to stir or open her mouth; but that was no matter, for the noise had waked everyone up. The old folks came out of the kitchen bedroom, and the boys came down from the loft. Old man Allen that was then, got the blunderbuss, and one of the boys managed to strike a light for a tallow-dip, and they started for upstairs, where everything was as still as death. When they came to Miss Lucy's room they found the door open, and she was lying inside as if she was dead, with her hands and face all bloody; and when the light was brought in out came the cat, that had been making the racket, as mad as all possessed. When Hettie opened the door the plaguy creature had slipped in by her and jumped on the bed. She must have stirred round and woke up the French lady, who probably thought that she was come for, and made a grab which caught the cat instead of Hettie. As the animal was not used to such handling it probably did some lively scratching, that was enough to make the poor woman, who