

Not a cry of despair or shriek of alarm as she plunged downward. A dull sound came up to me, and when I peered over the cliff I saw the white waters carrying her mangled body down to the river beyond. At the cabin a mile away I found a man and his wife leaning on the fence in front. I told them what had happened. There was no alarm, no anxiety, no word of sorrow. They did not look at me, not even at each other. There was silence for a moment, and then, with eyes looking into the forest, the son replied:—

"Yes, that was mammy, fur shore!"

"Fur shore!" echoed the woman.

Are You
Going to Middleport, Pomeroy or
Portsmouth, Ohio? The Hocking Val-
ley railway is the best route.