

**THE WELL-TO-DO ISLANDERS**

There are, all told, forty-two dwellings on the island, and every householder is well-to-do. Every year the island exports 150,000 bushels of oysters, the average price being fifty cents a bushel. The fish and game bring as much more ; and aside from this, the life-saving station and lighthouse employees receive liberal wages ; making the income of each householder fully \$750 per annum. And this amount is never spent. In this community there is not a man who is in debt. Their wants are few, the change of fashions is unnoticed ; a suit of store-clothes for Sunday will last for years ; they wear the best of oilskin and rubber boots, but the luxuries of life, such as jewelry, pianos, upholsteries, mural decorations—they know nothing of.

Every man is a carpenter in his way ; but the plumber, the lawyer, the soldier, the merchant and the tradesman or policeman would starve if they lived on that island ; and wonderful as it seems there is no doctor and the people die only of old age. The community is as peaceful as the inhabitants of Rasselas' Happy Valley. There is no justice of the peace, no constable, no machinery of the law, for amongst this law-abiding, God-fearing set, there has not been a crime committed within the memory of man. A single incident will serve to illustrate better than an epic poem the incorruptible, genuine morality of these people.

It is doubtful if this incident has a parallel in any other community in the Union.