

- Joe Mitchell

One December day in 1888 Sabattis Mitchell's younger brother came here. He is a man of fifty five or more, short, stout, jolly, the very image of Sabattis, good at a story, a free talker. He had been over to Spectacle Ponds ("Spectable" he said) beyond Reed's (or "Reech's" as he <sup>now calls Lake & Union River</sup> called it,) after basket stuff when news came that his aunt Mrs. Dr. Sabattis Mitchell was very sick and he had started out. A drummer gave him a ride in to Georgie's Corner and this morning he walked out here to beg for money enough to get to Oldtown. We gave him breakfast and were repaid by his stories. I had seen him before on the Island that day Calista and I were up to Mrs. Dr. Sabattis's and he remembered me; but today he looked much older and was quite lame, walking with a stick.

Among his tales was one of camping at Riboogenus ("Rabbogenus" he said) with an older hunter. They were in an old bark camp near the falls, when they