THEHERALD

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

At Newberry, S. C.

BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

Terms. \$2.50 per Annum.

Invariably in Advance.

The mark denotes expiration of sub-

What shall we wrap the baby in? Showlest linens not half white enough, Web of right fineness no fairy can spin,

Softest of colors may cover his bed-Delicate hues of the sky and the rose, Tints of all buds that in May-morns un-

When on the bosom of sleep drops his head; He must have something more heavenly in-

Nothing that fingers have woven will do; Looms of the heart weave love ever anew Love, only love, is the right thread to spin: Love we must wrap the baby in.

Selected Storp.

THE NICK OF TIME.

Of all arrant flirts, Alice Truesdell bore the palm; and of all desperate lovers, Dr. Fowle. course there were other lovers at the young lady's command, or she could not have flirted; but all her flirtation seemed to be directed solely to the end of vexing this single lover, whose grave, quiet, repressed demeanor never let her exactly know whether he were a lover or not, and drove her first to some action that almost betrayed her own feelings, and then to one that should give the lie to that betrayal, and set everything at

You sould hardly say why Miss Truesdell had so many suitors. She was not so very good-that is, she was as good as most people, but not a jot better; she was not pretty-at least not till she laughed and showed her white teeth, and a dimple deep as love ever nestled in, or till she lifted her great gray eyes and let you see how lustrous they were under that trick of dropping lids. No, it could not have been her beauty that was the charm; it was voice, smile, face, figure, all together; her personality, gay spirits, teasing modes, sweet ways; her infinite variety that attracted everybody coming within its sphere. She sang a little, she danced a little : whatever she did she did well, and so, of course, she flirted to perfection, and played off one lovlookers on might think, as a juggler tosses his golden balls. But

One of them thought very poorly of it, and was determined to bring Miss Alice to close quarters in a short time, not in the least aware that all the others had made exactly the same determination, and had found that to determine was one thing and to do was another. Man might propose, but Miss Alice must dispose; and Miss Alice-as, indeed, they each and all fondly hoped—was a match for any one of them. If she danced with Gregory, just as Gregory felt encouraged and began to whisper the burning words, she dropped her fan with a glance at Mallory who darted to restore it, and was detained with thanks and gay words and replies just long enough to make it impossible for Gregory to take up the thread where she the road impatiently. She quite had broken it. If she walked with forgot her freak with the old clock Dr. Fowle, it was only after she had allowed Mr. Bolles to know that she would be strolling in that cried. "Ten minutes past eight! direction, where she was always And I shall not wait another moso pleased to meet him when he ment. I will have my bulrushes, came up breathlessly, and found the doctor muttering anathemas am a little late, I don't care; it between his teeth-invocations to not so very anxious; and I don't

you could put off forever when he once made up his mind to a thing, and so Miss Alice began to learn. And when one night, as he bade her good-bye, Mallory and the rest being there, he told her, in a grave but authoritative undertone, quite unlike that of the usual lover, that he wished to see her next morning at eleven o'clock, if she wanted to deny him she could not. But, to tell the truth. she did not exactly want to. The young men had seemed so inconsequent and stupid that evening; ideas grew still less. She feared you did," she said, touching the As soon as banker number two

TEMPERIO



A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1876.

Nettie Armitage had seemed so she would lose her way, and not horse with the whip herself. "But had disappeared, the clerk was

frivolous; they had, each in turn, be back at all, she wished she had you would be indictable at com- called in. come in and interrupted the Doc- waited for Mallory; but she plod- mon law."

> mean, then? Who's dying?" "Not Mr. Mallory-to my knowledge; that is, I haven't seen him | sir ?" sol, came near breaking her ankle, to-day. A child here in the and at eleven o'clock by her watch sat down and cried-hot, bitten woods."

The doctor urged the horse himself, bending forward, his gaze fixed before him, and not uttering

another syllable. to me again?" said Alice at last. "I meant to be back at eleven

He turned and saw the tears ready to gush, and as they gazed perhaps they extinguished the bones, and was upon the point of flame of his wrath. Somehowhe never knew how any more than Alice did-the next moment the reins were under his feet, his arms The young man considered and were about her, and the tears were acted, and the consequence was bound, having found the highway, | being crowded back by kisses.

door of a little hut for a cup of forward? Aren't you glad I came table of the banker at the countryout here for bulrushes?" whisper- house. The house was in coned Alice, as they suddenly drew sternation, and search for her up at the little hut.

God bless her?" cried the voice of dressing-table, conveying the custhe old woman from within. "He's tomary prayer, and one enclosed alive yet, and you've come in the from the young clerk, stating that, hesitated; but she was no coward | very nick of time?"

Miscellaneous.

HOW THE BANKER LOST HIS DAUGHTER.

A London correspondent far nishes the following readable sto-

A very good sell is related of wealthy banker here, who is very good-natured, but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest and highly intellectual. For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the feeling of good will. He was as poor as -his salary, and had no connections to push his after-fortunes. and so, like most English clerks, he would rise to a hundred and inches. twenty pounds a year, to go on for eight years, at ten pounds a year rise, and marry when he got two hundred pounds a year, henceforth

to vegetate for the rest of his life. The banker, on Sunday afternoons, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young tor. man to visit his family at his su burban villa, as the conversation of the young man was so correct sulky. and so clever it could not but be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake, evidently, but it was a good natured error, and we can only wish, all of us, that there ty. The Lord will keep the acwere many more committed. I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful daughter of nineteen, but that may always be understood in any English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were, of course, no attentions on the part of the young man, other than extremely delicate, reserved, and proper. The youth, in spite of the two or three days' invitation to the banker's seat, to breathe the fresh air pay his provision bill? and clear his lungs of London smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his

"I cannot make out what is the matter with my young clerk," said the banker to a confrere who was in the back office with him in some papers.

should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said banker number two. "Don't you Dr. Fowle did stop, long enough see what's the matter? He is in to take the little body and lift her

"In love! bah! He is modesty and propriety itself."

"I tell you it is a fact, and with "Mallory!" gasped Alice, in a rich old fellow's daughter, who amazement, "and if it was," she would no more think of having said, the old spirit uppermost, as him for a son-in-law than you soon as she could speak again for her scalded lungs and throat,

and be hanged to him. Thank

"It would be nothing to me if you for the hint."

"So, sir, you are in love, and "Nothing to you! What do you | pining away for the object of your affection: that's your secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before,

The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you; but I'll give you a bit of advice. If the daughter is fair, she is worth running a risk for. Look here there are £500, and two months' "Aren't you ever going to speak leave of absence. Run away with girl. Bah! don't look so stupid. I did the same thing before you, and it has not hurt

The clerk fell upon his marrowmaking a clean breast of it when the old gentleman rose and left precipitately, to avoid a sethat the next day week there "Aren't you glad I put the clock was no daughter at the dinnerwas made in all directions. "Oh, God bless you doctor, and note was, however, found on her

believing the banker had mean to give him a hint with regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his public consert owing to appearance, he had acted on his suggestions, and that, ere his ticket. father-in-law received the letter. he (the clerk) would be his son-inlaw. The pill was a bitter one,

and the joke a terrible one against him, and the city men are very averse to a joke against them, so it was hushed up, and has only get to the ears of the purveyors of scandal, and to your correspondent, who records it as a trait

snaked off his left arm. Don't insult a poor man. Hi muscles may be well developed.

Don't color meerschaums for a błast furnace!" living. It is simply dying by I asked one of the boys who were er's eyes. It will injure the pupil.

"It'll sweep the country !" Keep cool, and you will have

Don't boast of your pedigree. Many a fool has had a wise ances-

Don't buy a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little

DON'T!

Don't throw dust in your teach

Don't worry about the ice crop.

of London life.

enough.

Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for those living.

Don't publish your acts of charicount straight.

Don't mourn over grievances Bide your time and real sorrow Don't put on airs in your new

clothes. Remember your tailor is Don't be too sentimental. A dead heart properly cooked will

make a savory meal. Don't ask your pastor to pray without notes. How else can he

Don't linger where 'your love ies dreaming.' Wake her up and tell her to get breakfast.

Don't put off subscribing for this paper. Send in your name with-

out further delay. Women need exercise in mor

ways than riding or walking, even; after the youth had just brought they require to use their hands and arms, to throw out their "Well, you are rather green, I chests, to put the whole body in motion. No health lift, no gymnastic is half so good for this purpose as making beds, and sweep. ing, dusting and arranging rooms Then there is something peculiarly agreeable in the thought that an intelligent hand touches and smooths sheets and pillows, evens everything off nicely, removes with care dust from vases, bottles, books, and secret nooks and corners, leaves the toilet apparatus in order, and takes away whatever "Oh! the haughty old fool; my is unsightly. The time required "Let him die!" exclaimed the clerk is as good as his daughter, is very little, indeed, when the nificent!" work is done with regularity, and the satisfaction is immense.

[Jennie June.

A MAN OF PARTS.

A FEW OF THE STORIES THAT WILL BE TOLD BEFORE THE CAMPAIGN IS OVER.

"What do you think of the ticket." asked Mr. Magruder, in the boarding house, last night.

"Toler'ble." said Mr. Maguffin, "toler'ble. Down in the custom house this morning I saw a clerk behind the counter trying to stave off a lot of fellows who wanted to get their invoices verified. I asked him what he thought of it and he stopped work at once."

"Think of it?" he said. "It's a blazer; it will draw like a house

"Think Gov. Haves will be a reformer?"

"Reformer! I don't know anything about that, but just look at his war record. I was in the regiment that served under Haves at Shiloh. The Governor was a brandishin' his sword and urging his boys on, when along came a bullet and knocked off his right arm. He just shifted his sword to his left hand, had a tourniquet put on the stump of his right arm. and then plunged into the fight again. Good ticket? I should say to be worked by hand, and which

Over in the appraiser's office I side, like the spokes of an exaggefound the enterprising young man | rated wheel, by which it is operathat used to put the figures in Charley Lawrence's invoices. I asked him what he thought of the

"Think of it? It's a roarer." "Believe the Governor will pitch

in for reform ?" "I don't know what he will pitch in for; but will you just cast your eye on his war record? I was in a regiment that served under him at Antietam. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and shouting to the boys to get in, when along came a bullet and shutting out of view the cheerless just shifted the sword over to his right hand, had a hasty tourniquet put on the stump of his left arm, and then bolted into the fight again. Draw? He'll draw like a

cise, on their way home, passed by Happening in at the post office rastlin' the mails, how the ticket levers standing out in the dark

"Do you suppose Hayes will reform the government?"

"Hey? I didn't catch that," and the young man put his hand up to

I repeated the question.

"Oh, yes; reform. Well, now, I really can't say whether he'll be a reformer or not; but will you just let your eye rest on his war record for a moment? I was in a regiment that served under him at Gettysburg. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and hollerin' to the boys to let 'emselves loose, when along came a bullet and carried away his right leg. The Governor stopped just long enough to have his leg coopered up, and then he drove into the battle again. Good ticket? The country was

Then I dropped in at one of the United States court rooms, up stairs, and asked one of the officials what he thought of the ticket.

"A boon to the country, sir, a sweet boon."

"Think he'll root out the cor- in a high state of irritation his ruption that defiles the service?" "Just how much rooting he'll do much drouble with the ladies when I am unable to state; but may I dey come to buy mine rose. Dey invite you to consider for a mo- wants him hardy, dey wants him ment his war record? I was in a doubles, dey wants him moondly regiment that served under Hayes dey wants him fragrand, dey in the Wilderness. The Governor | wants him nice goler, dey wants was brandishin' his sword and call- him ebery dings in one rose. I ing on the boys to rush forward, hopes I am not what you calls one when along came a bullet and lop- uncallant man, but I have some ped off his left leg. The Governor dimes to say to dat ladies, Madam, I didn't even get off his horse. He never often sees dat ladies dat was just tied a waist belt around the beautiful, dat was rich, dat was leg and went shead again. Will good temper, dat was young, dat the people vote for him? My was clever, dat was perfection in frieed, they'll have to enlarge the one ladies. I sees her much not." ballot boxes."

In a room across the hall I met a United States Marshal making out a bill for extra charges. I asked him about the ticket.

If men would set good exam-"Magnificent!" he said, "magples, they might hatch better hab-"Think the Governor is likely

to reform the administration?"

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements tenper cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Advertisements not marked with the num-ber of insertions will be kept in till forbid

Special contracts made with large adver-sers, with liberal deductions on above rates

and charged accordingly.

No. 33.

reform question much considera-

tion; but let me ask you to look

at his war record. I was in a regi-

Cold Harbor. The Governor was

brandishin' his sword and whoop-

in' the boys forward, when along

came a shell and struck him square

on the breast. It burst inside of

him and tore him into fine hash.

We raked him into a rubber blan-

ket, and were carrying him to the

bivouac of the dead, but the Gov-

ernor wouldn't have it. He jump-

ed out of the blanket and sprung

on his horse and went forward,

brandishin' his sword. Will he be

elected? Just you wait and see!"

gruder, the Governor is, or was, a

man of parts; much so; but

don't believe they can get him to-

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

On the corner of Market and El

Dorado streets, Stockton, Cal., is

a vacant lot, sometimes used to

store agricultural machinery upon.

Nearest the El Dorado side stands

a new-fangled hay press, designed

has a series of long levers on the

The other night, early in the

evening, an immigrant, without

means to get lodgings, spied this

press and concluded it would fur-

nish a safe and economical retreat

for the night. Accordingly he

crept in through the small door,

shutting it after him, and curled

himself up in a self-satisfactory

posture and went to sleep, to

dream, perhaps, of picking up

golden nuggets upon the streets

of the El Dorado. Above his head,

sky, was the "follower," which,

when the machine is operated, de-

scends slowly but powerfully in-

side the press, and compresses the

About eleven o'clock a couple of

young men, sadly needing exer-

the press, and noting the inviting

like appealing arms, concluded to

run the machine round a few

times, just for a lark. They did

so. There was a sound of subdued

tumult inside-a smothered impre-

cation and a piercing yell in quick

succession. As soon as the twain

could recover from their surprise,

they opened the door through

which the bale is projected, and

by the light of a hasty match, dis-

covered the flattest-looking immi-

grant who ever left the banks of

the Missouri in quest of adventure

He was considerably flatter than

the traditional boarding house

pancake, and was compressed in

smaller compass than a can of des-

sicated vegetables. The "follow-

er" was hastily drawn up, and the

stranger doubled up and pulled out.

The result proved that he was

more scared than hurt, and the

amateur agriculturists gave him

half a dollar to secure a more safe

LADIES AND FLOWERS .- A Ger

man florist related the other day

troubles in this way: "I have so

Anonymous letters are the ille-

gitimate children of mental vaga-

bonds. .

and comfortable dormitory.

in the Pacific wilds.

hay in a compact bale.

[N. Y. Sun.

gether in time for 'lection.

Anatomically speaking, Mr. Ma-

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch

Terms Cash.

TO RESTORE DROWNING PERSONS.

1. Lose no time. Carry out ment that served under him at

these directions on the spot. 2. Remove the froth and mucus

from the mouth and nostrils. 3. Hold the body, for a few seconds only, with the head hanging

down, so that the water may run

out of the lungs and windpipe. 4. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest. 5. See that the tongue is pulled

forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip. 6. If the breathing has ceased

or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing; forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter and expand them by the elasticity of the ribs. Remember that this is the most important step of all.

To do it readily, lay the person on his back, with a cushion, pillow, or some firm substance under the shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands over the lower part of the breast bone and the upper part of the abdomen, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure twenty or thirty times a minute. A pressure of thirty pounds may be applied with safety to a grown per-

7. Rub the limbs with the hands. or with dry cloths, constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm.

8. As soon as the person can swallow, give a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm tea or coffee.

9. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.

DRESSING EXPENSIVELY .- They tell an anecdote at Washington of certain Congressman who proclaimed that a rigid system of economy must be practiced, as the various failures here, there, and everywhere had dwarfed the a-

mount of his annual income. The "But what am I to do for party dresses?" asked the anxious wife. "Leave that matter to me, my

dear, and I will arrange it to your satisfaction," soothingly replied the legislator. Calling in a reporter, he set be-

fore him a tempting array of edibles, with wine enough to send warmth through his veins and generous throbs to his heart. "Now, my friend," said the M. C., "I want to employ you to de-

scribe my wife's dresses this win-

ter-or rather, she will describe them, and you can insert the description in your various papers. Here's \$10 for your trouble, and a seat at our table when you're hunand the reservoir beneficial The result is that Mrs. M. C.

appears clothed in such gorgeousness as was only known to Solomon in all his glory; yet her wardrobe is exceedingly circum-

A DINNER BULLETINED.-People don't go now to see a base ball match: they stand around the bulletin board of a daily paper in excited crowds, and shout at each note of the progress of the game. By the way, wouldn't this be a good suggestion for giving a public banquet on an economical scale? Two persons could partake of the feast, and as the courses came along the bulletin boards might make successive announcements like the following: "At the soup."

"Just finished the fish!" "They're devouring the poul-

"The rosst beef just removed." "Pitching into the pudding!". "Dessert on the table."

"Sherry is being sipped." "One bottle of champagne gone." "Another bottle!" "Half another!"

"Brandy and water called for." "Both gentlemen now under the

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

How sweet to wait upon those

Experiences are more necessary we love, and to help them to rest. "Now, really, I hadn't given the to some persons than to others.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.

Poetry.

WHAT SHALL WE WRAP THE BABY IN?

Silks are too coarse and velvets too rough,

What shall we wrap the baby in?

What shall we wrap the baby in?

loose ends again.

that-hour," she replied, bending her head a little, that he might plunged out, eager as though it er against another as prettily, the not see the color creeping up. what did the lovers think of it? and on foot? Not a step. That hour in the afternoon, behind a pair of bays, would suit me very well." Vary Young thought it would suit him too. you will come at eight o'clock tomorrow, I shall have my bulrushes and be back in good season." company that it is the witching ming of the big house door;" and hanging at her side, and her hat tied on, was looking up and down

Ascalapius, she called them. But Dr. Fowle was not a man

Vol. XII.

fairy-like tales of recent discoveries

in science she had shrugged her

shoulders at them till the situation

struck her ridiculously, and then

she had laughed with the mer-

riest of them and pouted at the

Doctor. But now, as he was

going, she slipped her hand in his

arm and sauntered down the lawn

with him. The night was a

night in June, when, if ever,

nights are perfect; the air was

laden with the breath of honey-

winds that curled around them

seemed to come from distant lands

of everlasting bloom, so sweet

they were; and the stars hung

their lamps through the clear

dark close above the thick tree

tops. She fancied that tight that

life was too delicious a thing to

be indulged in freely, and she

murmured something of the fancy

with half a laugh. "There are

times when we all feel that life is

more than we deserve," he an-

swered. "To-morrow - it may

be. Shall I feel the same my-

She laughed uneasily. "You

"At eleven o'clock to-morrow,

"At eleven to-morrow." And

she went back to the house, wish-

ing it were eleven to-morrow now;

and then, in a gay freak, as she

heard the hall clock strike, she

ran down the hall and set the

hands forward an hour. Bring

him the quicker," she whispered-

"bring him the quicker," and went

They were talking of the flags

and bulrushes that grew by Lend-

er's Lake, a sheet of water in the

neighboring woods; and she was

eager to hear the details of the

direction there, for she shared the

popular frenzy raging just then

for bulrushes, and thought of all

things she should like some great

bunches of the soft brown velvety

"I believe, if I rose early," she

said, "I could be there and back

"Why eleven?" said Mallory.

"Oh, I have an engagement at

"I am at your service," he said.

"Will you come along, Nettie?"

"At five o'clock in the morning,

"Very well, Mr. Mallory.

"We'll not fail," said Mallory.

"And to that end, I assure this

hour of night, when the sweetest

sound the ear can hear is the slam-

As eight c'clock in the morning

came, Miss Alice, with her shears

the night before. "It is a very

Mallory or no Mallory. And if I

will seem as though a body were

know - I'm afraid - I'm really

afraid I was gushing last night,

and I do so despise a gusher! And

he may only want-may only want

to engage me to scatch with old

Miss Steeres the night she takes

ether for that operation!" And

thereat the little body was off for

Lender's Lake, with precious

small idea of the exact where-

abouts of that pretty sheet of wa-

ter. "I've a tongue in my head,

As Miss Alice continued, her

I suppose," said she.

indecorous way to serve me,"

with that they all departed.

things in the vases to-morrow.

before eleven o'clock."

she asked.

back to the others.

self to-morrow, or will fate-"

mustn't ask me riddles,"

then," he said, lifting his hat.

suckle and mock-orange;

tor when he was telling her such | ded on after her best senses of lo-

cality, tore her gown with briers,

lost her veil and broke her para-

When she had finished crying.

she looked up, and there, glisten-

ing double through her tears, lay

Lender's Lake, blue as a sapphire,

she could not keep her appoint-

rushes that she had intended to.

She forgot fatigue, and was off for

the edge of the lake, not so easily

reached, after all, and with a tri-

umphant handful of the brown

relvet wands and of great blue

flags, was presently homeward

and staying only to ask at the

Nobody answered her rap; the

door was open-she pushed it

wider and peeped in, but started

back at the sound of a groan, and

a quick sharp sob, a perfect storm

of sobs. A moment Miss Alice

where pain was concerned; she

took heart of grace and walked

in, and found the brown old berry

woman with her little boy, her

grandchild, bleeding to death in

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I never

"With the axe! with the axe!

knew you lived here. What is the

ust now!" cried the woman. "And

I can't stop it, and I'm alone, and

can't leave him, and he'll die-

"Oh, no, no?" said Alice. "Wha

Let me see. Lay him down. Get

a towel"-for she remembered still

her school lessons in physiology.

And, before the woman knew what

had happened, Alice had rigged a

tourniquet with the handle of

hair brush, and was checking, in

some degree, the flow of blood

with which the boy's vitality was

ebbing. "Now don't let it slip,

and I'll run and find the doctor.

I drop. Perhaps some team will

overtake me. Den't despair, th

child shall not die!" and she kiss-

ed the brown old woman, and

were her own little brother.

she called back.

know just where the doctor is,

She knew nothing of the kind

she only knew where he had been.

"She's gone to Lender's Lake with

Mr. Mallory." Aunt Huldah had

said, looking up and down the

road, with a vague idea that her

looking would excuse the culprit-

"for bulrushes, I heard them say."

The doctor's ejaculation would

have horrified Aunt Huldah if she

had heard it; but bidding her

good-morning, he had turned about

determined to have nothing more

to do with Miss Alice Truesdell.

And then a sort of rage had flash-

ed up and swept over him, and he

vowed to himself that he would

reduce the little rebel, and sprang

into his chaise and urged his horse

to a run. And that was the way

t chanced that, less than ten min-

utes after Alice left the hut, she

saw something rolling up the high-

way enveloped in as thick a cloud

as ever an ancient god traveled

in; and he saw a little object fly

ing down to meet him, curls and

ribbons streaming behind, dishev-

eled to the last degree, and with

only breath enough left to say as

he leaped from the chaise, "Don't

stop! He's dying! Back there

nto the chaise, and spring up be-

side her. "Who's dying!" said he,

sternly-"Mallory?"

"what would you do?"

have you done? Only cold water

oh, he'll die!"

matter? How did he do it?"

courage came back at once.

the ment, she could show by the bul-

the hollow of the hills. Her

by flies, tired out, and lost.