

The dog had treed a squirrel. They threw clubs at it for half an hour and returned to the pond.

Jim's waist and trousers were still lying on the bank where he had pulled them off. But they could not see Jim anywhere. Thinking him up to some trick, they plunged into the water and soon forgot all about him. After a while John began diving. One time he thought he felt something soft. He dived again and came up looking scared. "George, there's something in the bottom here. What if it's Jim?" He repeated the dive and brought the object up. It was Jim. They carried him to the bank and laid him softly down on his clothes. Then they dressed and hurried home, George being in the lead because of John's bow legs. When he reached the knoll overlooking the house George thought again of his brother's wedding.

Horses wet with sweat and stamping impatiently at the flies were tied to trees and the hind wheels of wagons. A crowd of young people sat fanning with might and main in the shade of an elm tree in the yard. Will had his chair drawn up in front of his new wife and was wafting whole hurricanes of coolness into her face when George came up.

"Where's ma?"

Will motioned into the house.

George had been calm and unexcited and had not shed a tear. But when he came to the door and saw his mother in a new white apron talking to the other women, he broke entirely down. He managed to sob out somehow, "Oh ma, Jim's drowned," and threw himself into her lap.

Alfred Powers, '10.