

PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



How Mr. Camel Got His Humps.

Old Google-I Explains the Matter to Mr. Albert Gator.

Now it happened, Little Ones, that on the first day of May old Google-I decided to clean his house, or cave, I should say, and the wild dwellers of the jungle did not venture near him, for they feared the danger and knew that the old dingo was in a very unpleasant mood. And, Little Ones, when you have grown up and live through a housecleaning season you will not blame old Google-I for being mentally unbalanced on the occasion of which I speak.

To begin with, the floor of his cave was nothing more than soil from which grew velvet grass—Nature's own carpet. I might say, but I won't. This grass had grown very high, and at night, when Google-I lay down to sleep, of course, it felt soft and comfortable to him, but when he awoke in the morning it was in a very different position, which, as it caused a good deal of pain and bother he decided to cut it. Accordingly he took the sharpest clamsheep he could find, got down on his knees, grabbed the high grass with one hand and cut with the other, just the way a barber cuts a boy's hair.

But suddenly the clamsheep slipped and cut Google-I's finger. He immediately jumped up, shouted something, which, translated into Russian, sounded like "holymonathawazandepwuninsky," and then started out of his cave for some dry leaves with which to poultice the wound. He had hardly put his foot outside the door, however, when he stepped on to a cake of soap he had carelessly left there a few minutes before, and he had hardly time to count two, when he was rolling down the hill which led into the Orinoco. He spun like a plumed and landed with a terrific splash in the placid waters.

Rescued by Mr. Albertigator.

A lay alligator, floating upon, murdered over to the spluttering jangler, grabbed him by the loose folds of his toga and pulled him up on the shore again.

"Oh—bup—Mister—bup—Albertigator—bup," gasped Google-I, the water dripping from every part of his body like a miniature cataract, "how can I ever repay you?"

Now, it happened that the Alligator knew that Google-I was known all over the jungle as an animal story jibber, and this was a good opportunity to hear one of his prevaricated yarns. So the armored reptile replied:

"You can repay me, Google-I, by telling me one of your 'just how' stories."

"If that is all you want, I will gladly tell you one; but first let us walk over to that sunny spot, where I can let my clothes dry, and while they're drying I'll tell you 'How the Camel Got the Twin Caraculuses on His Back'."

So they walked over to the spot indicated, and when the jingo had spread his wet garments on the sand he began:

"No doubt, Mr. Albertigator, you have heard of the Goo Goo Circus. Of course you have, for it was known all over the world, and under it, too. Well, among out zoological attractions was a Camel, with a straight back. In fact, all camels had straight backs at that time.

"Our tour through Zululand was a very disastrous one. They didn't seem to care for circuses down there, and, consequently, circuses down there, and Goo Goo. They cut down our rations frightfully, and they paid us few and far between. The poor Sacred Cow chewed her cud until she was threatened with the lockjaw. The Elephant's trunk was all ragged where he had chewed it. The Zebra had licked the stripes off long ago. But the poor Camel was the most deceived of all.

Red on Sawdust.

"They continually fed him on sawdust for brain, and when he had eaten enough sawdust to supply a doll factory for five years, it commenced to tell on him. You must know that everything we eat goes to make up our muscles and bones, but sawdust, instead of making bone, makes boards, and at last the poor Camel's back

was one solid piece of lumber. And now comes the sequel.

"One rainy night the Rocky Mountain Goat, unable to withstand the pangs of starvation any longer, devoured the entire canvas tent which sheltered the Camel. Consequently the poor animal, unable to loosen its fetters, had to stand in that pouring rain all night. And when the circus people got up the next morning and looked at the camel, they almost shook with fear. The Camel's back was bumped up like an arch. The rain had warped the timber in its back.

"Of course, the manager did not know how to remedy the difficulty, but he decided to exhibit Mister Camel in the side show. The other animals thought differently, and determined to bring the Camel back to its normal condition, if possible. They talked over it quietly for some time, and at last the Lion promised to do the thing himself, if the others would follow him. So they all followed the King of Beasts, who went over and loosened the Camel, and told him to follow the crowd down to the shore. On the shore they were building a new pier.

"A few piersiders stood about, and it was to the nearest of these clumsy creatures that the Lion led the way. When they reached their destination, the Lion whispered something to the Ground Hog, who quickly darted away. Then the Lion turned to his followers, saying, 'I have erected to the memory of the Sea Horse who ran 12 knots in 2:30. As an honor to him let us walk beneath his graceful heights, and so saying the Lion, with a wink and the way beneath the huge pier-driver. The others quickly followed, and the poor, warped-back Camel was the last on the line.

Sudden Transformation.

"When he had reached about the middle of the pierdriver, a grinding sound was heard, and, quick as a flash, the large iron weight, which hammers the big logs into sleepers, came down with a dull thud right onto the Camel's hump. And lo! the transformation was certainly peculiar. The center of the Camel's back was flat, where the weight had buried itself, but on each side of it there was a big hump. The little Ground Hog had gnawed the rope and the weight had flattened part of the Camel's back. Neither the Lion nor any of his followers could do more toward helping Mr. Camel, for there wasn't an animal present who could catch hold of the rope to pull the weight up again. So they decided to let well enough alone and all hurried off rejoicing.

BOY PUT A ROOSTER ASLEEP.

Queer Doings of a Chanticleer That Hypnotized.

"I know a little boy who used to perform the trick of putting a rooster to sleep very successfully," says a Western newspaper writer. "He had a bright young rooster, of which he was very fond, and which he often brought into the house. He would hold the rooster on his lap and with a piece of chalk draw lines from the tip of its bill to the back of its neck, pressing very lightly with the chalk. At first the rooster would appear asleep, but with its eyes fast closed, it would not sleep. Then the little boy would bring a light near to the rooster's eyes, and it would stretch its neck and crow a great many times, as if the sun were just coming up, although its eyes were closed all the time.

"Then the lad would lightly tap the rooster's bill and spurs with a lead pencil. The rooster would immediately ruffle up his neck feathers, flap his wings, thrust with his spurs and go through the motions of a furious fight. He would keep this up until stopped by being lifted from the floor and then sit down again.

"When the little boy would give the usual call which summoned the chickens to their meals, the rooster would try his best to pick holes in the floor, thinking he was making a fine meal of corn. If a few pieces of glass were brushed against his face and some buttons dropped upon his toes, he would scratch away at a great rate, as if doing his best to destroy a garden.

"Mr. Rooster was awakened by stroking the feathers on the top of his head backward, and then giving him a slight jolt and setting him on his feet."

TWO PENNIES FOR A LIFE.

Pathetic Incident in Streets of an Ohio City.

The incident happened on North High street, Columbus, O., but only a few of those who saw it, tells the reporter who recorded it, were witnesses to the tender bit of sentiment which made a commonplace occurrence a sweet little story.

A boy and a girl—two brother and wee sister—emerged from an alley and paused doubtfully at the curb before starting across the traffic-crowded street. She was the older, perhaps 9 years of age, and

the boy was not more than 6. In one hand she plucked two pennies and in the other she tightly held her brother's chubby fist. Their clothes were shabby and their faces were not clean. The eyes of both were fixed in ecstasy on a candy store just over the way, but it seemed as if the heavy wagons would never get through passing.

When the opportune moment came, she clasped her hand tightly and started on the perilous journey. She ran the faster and half dragged the awkward little fellow after her. Came trotting two monstrous dray horses, behind them a heavy wagon with ponderous wheels, and on the seat a man idly holding the reins and chatting to a companion beside him. The driver saw not the two small figures, across his path. The iron-shod hoofs would have beaten and crushed them down but for the hero.

He looked like a prosperous business man. His quick eye saw two babies' lives in his balance. Springing into the street, he seized the horses by their bits, and with the strength of an athlete, forced

the animals back almost upon their haunches. It was all done in the nick of time. The boy had fallen and would have been trampled in an instant more. The girl was crying over him. The gentleman picked up the baby brother, and carrying him in his arms, set him safely down on the curb before the candy store, the little girl followed at his heels.

In her small hand the two pennies were yet safely pinched. She looked longingly at the candy store, but only for an instant. Then she opened her palm, and, with tears coursing through her smiles, offered the gentleman two pennies for saving her brother's life.

He paused thoughtfully and wiped something away from his eyes with his handkerchief. Then he reached into his pocket and selected from a handful of change a silver coin. He took the little girl's hand in his, she took her brother's hand again, and the three went into the candy store together.

YANKEE LADS AHEAD.

Sir Thomas Lipton Says Americans Lead English Boys.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the Irish yachtsman and owner of Shamrock II, challenger for the America's cup, said, in a recent interview that, from the purely commercial standpoint, the American boy is much ahead of his English cousin. America, known as a young country, controlled by young men, teaches its boys to be men as well as boys, he declared in substance.

"I think," said he, "that the American boy is ahead of our own, and I'll tell you why. In America boys are turned out to shift for themselves at an earlier age than is the case in England, and I hold that the result of that system is to make the lads more independent and self-reliant than those who are kept under close parental control until later in life. The English boy is, I think, kept at home or at his studies too long, and I am speaking of the boys who are intended for a business career. We coddle our boys too much, instead of turning them out to mingle with older people, and harden themselves for the battle of life.

"One result of the American plan is that you find more young men in control in the United States than you do in England, which means that they have been longer out in the world than youths of their own age in England. What I said as to the advisability of sending every English boy to America when he is 17 years of age must not be taken too literally. But I believe the few boys' experience in American business methods would do the average English boy a very great deal of good."

Stands Nearly Eight Feet High.

The tallest man in the world, so he boasts, is named Edward Beapure, whose exact height in his stocking feet is 7 feet 10 1/2 inches. Beapure is 20 years of age, and comes from the province of Assiniboine, Northwest Territory.

Beapure is a great eater, and smokes to excess.

Jack Frost.

Somebody's been in the garden, Nipping the blossoms fair; All the green leaves are blackened; Who do you think was there?

Somebody's been in the forest, Cracking the chestnut burrs; Who is it dropping the chestnuts? Whenever a light wind stirs?

Somebody's been at the windows, Marking on every pane; Who made the delicate drawing Of lace-work and moss and grain?

Somebody's all the time working Out of the pond to blue; Bridling it over with crystal; Now can you tell me who?

—Child-Garden.

Walter's Close Squeeze.

Thrilling Logging Incident on a New Brunswick Stream.

A bright April sun warmed the hills and vales of New Brunswick, on that last day of the drive. The Hammond River flowed peacefully downward, bearing on its surface several thousand logs. The drive was owned by four separate concerns, and as many crews were working on the stream. Thirty-two in all, armed with pikepoles and peevies, were sacking the shores, breaking jams, or polling logs.

On the day previous, the last of the drive had been sluiced through the dam at Tabors, two miles above the Hillsdale bridge, where the drive ended. As the

"The jam!" I exclaimed. "He is trying to break the jam."

"Bully boy!" said Gil. "I'd never thought it, but he allers was forrard; hope he picks it."

"But if the head should come, it would be dangerous," I replied.

"Don't you worry; we will be there by that time. The head won't be let off 'till 3 o'clock, you know." As he spoke, Gil looked at his watch. "Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "It's a quarter of three now."

I glanced up along the river. A white streak above the nearest turn riveted my attention. Gil's gaze followed mine. "Heaven!" he said, "there's the dam-head now. Some fool has let it off too soon."

Sure enough, a majestic wave swept around the bend of the river, with a dancing crest of foam. The logs began to rise and fall; then were borne rapidly forward. It was a beautiful sight, and one that held me spellbound. When at length I turned I saw Gil running swiftly along the river. Then I

he is not so reckless now. Perhaps he remembers that he is one of the few who ever went under a jam of moving logs and lived to tell the story.

WELLINGTON C. BISHOP.

FISHING WITH AN "AQUASCOPE."

You Can Pick Out the Fish You Want, and He Can't Get Away.

Here, boys, is a way of fishing which has the advantage of novelty, and, besides, you have no bait to bother with, and so, of course, no minnows, or other "bait-stainers," to aggravate you by taking a lot more time than you require in the use of an instrument known as an "aquascope," but you can make one in a very few minutes. A long, thin wire, known as a "shir wire," is also needed. It should be long enough to reach the bottom where you intend to fish. On one end make a slip noose and bend the wire slightly at the top of the noose, so that it will keep its shape. The noose should be about six inches in diameter. The wire is to be slipped over the head of a fish, when a smart jerk will cause the wire to catch it tightly around the body; then you can pull it up at your leisure.

The "aquascope" is merely a device to enable you to see below the surface of the water. Were it not for the little waves and ripples caused by the wind and currents, you could see directly to the bottom, if the water were not too deep. Take a square cigar box and knock out the ends. Then fasten a square piece of glass, such as that which comes in boxes of honey, in the place of one of the ends of the box that you have removed. This you can do by tacking thin strips of wood to the sides and bottom of the box, on both sides of the glass. Then, by opening the top of the box you may fasten the inside strips.

Clean the glass carefully and put it in its place in the end of the box. Then stick putty around the edges of the box and let the putty dry. After it is thoroughly hardened, put a thick coat of paint over the putty, both sides and thoroughly. Remove all the paint and putty spots that may have got on the glass and polish it carefully. Then fasten down the box cover, and put up all the covers of the box. When the putty dries, your "aquascope" is complete.

Be sure that your wire is free from kinks, so that the slip noose on the end will work easily. Fasten the other end of the wire to a strong stick, two inches thick and three feet long. Wind the wire around the stick until the noose is only a few feet away from it. Now you are ready to start.

Take your place in the bow of the boat, and, leaning over, hold the aquascope so that the end which holds the glass is just under the water, and the open end next to your face. You can see the bottom quite clearly, and any fish which may be between you and it. Your companion must sit in the stern and paddle the boat along softly with the oars, making the very least possible noise.

Hold the aquascope with your left hand, and with your right the stick supporting the wire, which should be unwound until the noose is half way to the bottom. When you see a fish, slip the noose carefully over its head, jerk sharply upward with the stick, and you have it fast!

I saw Gil still running, and I heard him shout: "The dam-head is comin' Walter! For God's sake, run for shore!" Walter half turned, saw the surging flood behind him, then coolly went on prying. Just then the head struck the jam. The logs rolled and tumbled, piling up tier on tier; when all at once the great mass gave way. The boy had done his work well; the jam was broken.

But where was Walter? I saw him start

thought of Walter, and I followed Gil at the top of my speed.

The Jam.

Past as I ran, the dam-head went faster. All out of breath I rounded the last turn and came in sight of the jam. There was Walter, working away. Doubtless he had found the key log, on which the jam was suspended, for he was prying and rolling with all his might.

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But where was Walter? I saw him start

"Bobs" and "Kits," the Fire Carts.

"Bobs" and "Kits," says the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal, are two coal black kittens which love excitement. They are about six months old and were born at No. 4 Hood and Ladder house, Their mother had spent her whole life in the Fire Department, having lived at several

places. The kittens were born on the 4th of July, and were named "Bobs" and "Kits" in honor of the day.

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How a Box Trap is Made

If You Follow These Simple Directions, You Can Have Fun

In this time of the year, when the leaves are falling from the trees and the air is crisp and keen, every boy wishes to be out with a gun. If he has one. The game season has just opened, and, although many of our readers are too young to use a gun, and many who are old enough do not own one, all who live in the country can set traps, and that is just as much fun. You can enjoy yourself just as much as you would hunting, and you will catch a lot more game. I know all about it, for I have tried it. Of course, you have to learn to trap, but then you have to learn to shoot, too, and shooting at a target is very different from shooting at a rabbit running for his life or a squirrel going up a tree like a brown shadow.

The best thing about trapping is that by its aid you can catch wild things without hurting them, which is much less cruel than shooting them, of course. Wildrats, polecats, foxes, badgers, chipmunks, mice, possums, raccoons and woodchucks are, and you can tame them and keep them for a long time when you can catch them in this way. Squirrels, too, are very useful. You could not keep them, of course, even if they did not die, for they would always be terribly afraid of you. Altogether a box trap is one of the best implements that a boy can use to gratify his sporting tastes, and here is the way to make one.

How to Make a Trap.

Get a stout box about three feet long, two feet wide and two feet high. Remove the top and one end. The boards of which the box is made should be thick enough, say one inch, so that this will not weaken it. The open end of the box will be the front. In the center of the other end bore a hole an inch in diameter, and be careful to smooth the edges of this hole on both sides of the board, so that they are quite rounded. Take a piece of wire, one inch thick, and one inch wide, and nail it to the back of the box with the lower end three inches above the hole, so that it will extend two feet and three inches above the top of the box, as in figure 1. Now cut a round notch in the top of the board.

Take the top and side of the box that you have removed and put them together as strongly as you can, by adding a brace in the angle they form, as in figure 2. Take an old leather boot and cut out four strips, each three inches wide. Place the corners on the top of the box, at the edge of the cover is about half an inch away from the back end of the box. Then nail the strips of leather at equal distances apart—one end on the top of the box and the other on the back of the box, so as to make hinges.

Now drive a staple in the front end of the top, and fasten to it a strong cord, just long enough to reach the back end of the box, and run it over the middle of this, which is the "trigger" of your trap.

The "Bait Stick."

Take a round stick 12 inches long and a little less than an inch thick and sharpen one end to a point. This is your "bait stick." Cut a shallow notch an inch from the other end. Now your trap is ready to set. Put the 12-inch round stick through the hole in the back of your box. Now cut a slice of apple and place it on the sharpened end of the stick and your trap is baited. Now rest the cord on this notch on top of the box, and pull on the cord until the "trigger" will reach the "bait stick." This will raise the front and top of the box. Now put one end of the "bait stick" in the notch at the bottom of the three-foot stick and catch the other end in the notch in the end of your "bait stick" and your trap is set. The slightest jar on the bait will cause the trigger to slip out of the notch, and the bait stick, and then, of course, the cover will fall at once, and whatever has touched the bait will be caught.

You must use your own judgment as to the best place in which to set your trap and the kind of game you want to catch in it. If you want to trap animals for their fur, instead of turning them for pets, you can, of course, use a mouse and possums by baiting your trap with meat. To catch muskrats, set your trap by a brook and bait it with parsnips.

Try the Experiment, Some of You.

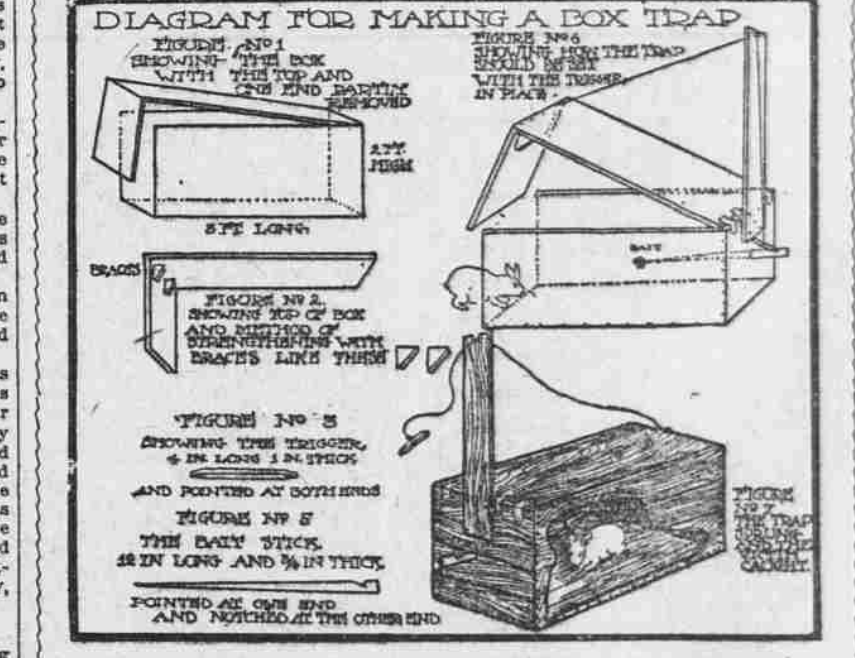
Most people would say that a sheet of paper would not float for any length of time on water, and certainly would not bear any weight. But experiment proves the contrary. Indeed, the number of things that can be done with floating paper will not only surprise old people, but will furnish amusement for children. A sheet of ordinary writing paper, if properly adjusted, will float for an apparently indefinite period.

Four half sheets which I soaked by way of a test," remarks a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, "were as dry on the upper surface, after having been on the water for ten days, as when I first placed them on the water."

"But what surprised me most of all was to learn the weight these floating papers can carry. One day, while I was experimenting with them, I rather carelessly placed a large wooden model on one of the half-sheets, expecting, of course, to see the paper go to the bottom immediately. This did not happen, however, and my curiosity prompted me to add greater weight. Recklessly I laid my four-bladed penknife on top of the spoon. To my astonishment the paper still remained floating, and even when I placed on more freight, in the shape of four one-cent pieces, it obstinately refused to sink."

Behandings.

Behand a bird and leave an affirmative. Behand a lower and leave the foot. Behand numerous and leave some. Behand a symbolic day and leave a flower. Behand a threshold and leave unwell. Behand a part of the leg and leave left. Behand death and leave a corpse. Behand an adverb and leave a female bird. Behand precise and leave a frozen liquid. The initials stand an early English settlement in the United States.



for the shore, vainly endeavoring to balance himself on the logs. Then I heard him give one despairing cry and disappear beneath the jam. "All is over," I thought; "nothing can save him now."

My heart was filled with horror, and I stood as if petrified. Then I heard Gil shout: "Keep under, Walter! Hold your breath and go with the current!" "Ah, then, the boy is alive yet! Thank God!" I said aloud.

Gil was frantically gesticulating when I reached his side, and I saw Walter rise to the surface again