THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER III.

"Gladys," said Mrs. Forsyth, "come with me to my room. I want to talk to you." Under some protext, I went to my room first, and, unlocking the box, took out the silken bag. As I did so Miss Carleon enter-ed the room. I placed the bag in her hand; a deep crimson flush overspread her face as she touched it. "How am I to thank you, Gladye?" she

asked, and her voice trembled.

"You can thank me best by letting me do something else to help you, Miss Carleon." She bent over me, her perfumed hair brushing against my face, and kissed me. It is no exaggeration to say that at that mo-ment I felt as though I could have died for

her. ** Did you-did you see any one near the holly-tree ?" she asked, with some little hesi-

I answered " No ;" there was nothing but the snow and the dark, silent trees.

the snow and the dark, silent trees. She sighed, looked wistfully at the little bag, and then bade me geod-night. Mrs. Forsyth was waiting for me in the most anniable of moods. A tumbler of white wine they stood on the table, and her easy-chair was drawn close to the bright fire. "Miss Carleon knows how to make her most comportable (fladue, "cho sid. "And

"Miss Carleon knows how to make her guests comfortable, Gladys," she said. "And now I want to talk to you—sit down. I know you are a sensible girl, Gladys, and you will understand what I am going to say. It is not a very long story. Squire Carleon, you must understand, succeeded to this es-"tate of King's Norton. It is a magnificent "domain—it extends for many miles—and the "revenue derived from it is magnificent also. I should say that the squire's income is quite Efferent housand per annum; and all this was left to him by his cousin, the late Pierrepont Carleon-left to him for his life-and at his death it goes to his daughter and only child, Philippa, on condition that she marries before she is twenty-five. Pierrepont Carelon had great ideas of founding a family. If Philippa does not marry before she is twenty-"five, the whole estate and revenue go at the squire's death to a distant relative, Algernon Lyndsay. Do you understand? The squire in any case keeps the property until his death. If his daughter marries before she death. If his daughter marries before she is twenty five, she succeeds him; if not, Al-geron becomes squire, and she has a triffing annuity of three hundred pounds." "It was a strange will to make," I said.

Mrs. Forsyth smiled grimly. "Pierrepont Carleon did not believe much in women," she returned. "His idea about them was that they always go by the rule of contrary. He wished the Carleons of King's Contrary. He wished the Carleons of Aring's Norton to become a great family; and he be-lieved quite honestly that Philippa, being a woman, would never marry if she thought she was wished to do so. Events proved he was not far from right. She is now twenty, and is single still."

"Why does she not marry?" I asked. "That is the very question—why does she

"Good purpose." "How can I possibly influence her?" I in-quired. "There is so great a difference be-tween us."

"You have common sense," said Mrs. Forsyth, impatiently, "and she has none. Common sense always gets the upper hand. Miss Carleon is twenty, and, naturally brought its separate festivities, old English enough, the squire is growing anxious about games and entertainments; we had "masks," enough, the squire is growing anti us about games and entertainments; we had "masks," her. She has two most unexceptionable and the Lord of Misrule was busy amongst lovers, and you must try to persuade her, us. During all this time I watched the when you know her better, to marry one of squire's daughter closely, and I could not them. Lord Estcourt is all that any girl in her distinguish the least sign of preference for senses could desire—handsome, accomplish-ed, amiable, and devotedly attached to her. sang with Lord Estcourt, the next hour she Captain Norman will, some day or other, succeed his uncle, Lord Chilvers. I like him the better of the two. There is not a single rsfue the other : no one could possibly have the better of the two. There is not a single refue the other; no one could possibly have fault or objection that can be raised to told whether she liked both, or only one. I either; but that obstinate, foolish girl will was fairly puzzled.

are so eager to be married ; but there is no consistency in women, and never will be. Good-night, Gladys. I thank Heaven that

never had any daughters to trouble me." Confused ideas of Miss Carleon and her lovers haunted me until I fell into a deep, lovers haunted me until i fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which I was roused by a pale wintry sunbeam peeping in at the window, and the sound of Christmas bells. Such a Christmas day it was—more beautiful, if possible, than the night that had preceded it, for a pale golden sun was shining on the snew. shining on the snow.

The old house seemed to resound with The old house seemed to resound with Christmas-greeting--how many strange hands graaped mine and wished me a merry Christmus, I cannot tell. How muny strange faces smiled at me, making subshine in winter, I cannot tell either. We had a breakfast that made me think

We had a breakfast that made me think of the days of Queen Elizabeth-so substan-tial was it, and in such old English stylish. Then we went over the snow to church.

The bells were chiming, the sun was shin-ing, the distant sound of Christmas chimes came over the trees; the roads were white and frozen hard, while from the trees icicles

hung like huge diamonds. The squire had suggested carriages, but Miss Carleon said nothing could be more beautiful than a walk through the woods down to Aberdare Church. I had set my-self to watch—and I watched keenly—to see if I could distinguish any mark of pref-erence on the part of Miss Carleon for either of her lovers, but I could not.

Lord Estcourt, by some skillful contriv-ance, managed to walk by her side to church; but, coming back, Captain Norman took his place, and Lord Estcourt positively offered me his arm. Did he know that I was only a "companion?" I longed to tell him, and feared that he would be annoyed when he discovered it ; but I could find no opportunity. The church was an ancient one, with a

square tower all covered with ivy. The sermon was all about the divine mystery of the day; and then, after a long walk in the pale sunlight and the clear, cold, crisp air, we went home to dinner. Those who saw the squire's banquet that day would understand how to keep Christmas. How many poor he fed I cannot tell. It seemed to me that the whole mansion was full of guests, and in the large stone hall half the poor villagers dined.

The day came to an end at last. Through it all I had watched the squire's daughter keenly, and I had come to the conclusion that she did not care in the least for either of the two men who loved her so dearly.

CHAPTER IV.

I wish the limits of my story would allow to tell of the grand ball the squire gave to 'his wealthy neighbors, at which Philippa Carleon looked so beautiful that both her lovers were almost beside themselves—where "That is the very question—why does sne not? And the answer, to my mind is quite Lord Estcourt, knowing that I was only a plain—because she is wished to marry. "companion," danced three times with me Now you, Gladys, I repeat, are a sensible girl, and I want you to try to get an in-fluence over Miss Carleon, and use it for a fluence."

some and accomplished young nobleman. Then all the village school children and the poor were lavishly regaled with bounte-ous Christmas-cheer. How many blessings were heaped on the squire's head it would be immediate for the squire's head it would be impossible for me to guess. Every day

As the days passed on, I decided that I "Perhaps she does not love either of liked Lord Estcourt best. He was not so them," I suggested, timidly. "Talk reasonably, Gladys Ayrton. Who gifted with the art of pleasing; he was prouder too, and more reserved. I liked him best. A bundred times each hour my wonder was how Philippa Carleon could possibly fail to love one so worthy of all love. The squire came to me one morning and told me that Mrs. Forsyth thought of leaving King's Norton now that the Christmas week

"No," I replied, hastily; "but I am quite sure no one could excel Lord Estcourt in grace and truth of manner. He makes think of King Arthur." Her face flushed ; a light I had never seen

"And I," she said, "know one as bril-liant and courtly as Lancelot, without stain

upon his name.

I remembered those words, and years in terwards I felt that they were true. Miss Carleon's birthday came round—it was the seventh of January—and we had an entertainment of almost royal magnifi-the moving the squire presented in the subject again. (TO BE CONTINUED). she kissed him, I heard him say : "You can make me so happy if you will,

Philippa; you might make me the happiest and the proudest father in the world."

and the products rather in the world. She smiled sadly, and shock her head. Alt that day I noticed in her a feverish, forced kind of gayety. The squire insisted that she should wear the rubies that evening; there was a bracelet beautifully set, and containing a portrait of the squire.

She came to me in laughing perplexity. "I must please papa," she said, " and I really do not know what dress I can wear with rubies ; come with me, Gladys, and see.

I went to her dressing-room-no qucen ever had & more sumptuous one-and from the depths of a huge wardrobe the maid brought out a number of dresses the like of which I lad never seen before. Amongst which 1 had never seen before. Amongst them we found a superb lemon-colored bro-cade. I sized it eagerly. "Will that do ?" she asked. "It is the very thing we require; the color is perfectly suited to you, and it will show the whise to creat advantage."

show the rubies to great advantage." There was plenty of time to alter it ; and that evening when I stood by her toilet-table her beauty fairly dazzled me. I remember fastening the ruby bracelet on her arm.

"It is rather light," she said ; and, look-ing at it again, I fancied the spring was not

Very secure. I could not be mistaken; nothing seemed to agitate her. But she was agitated that evening—her face was flushed, a strange light gleamed in her eyes. Once, just as we were leaving her dressing room, she caught

me in her arms. "Gladys," she cried, "do I look like myself to-night? Could anybody tell from looking at me that my heart beats so loudly that I can almost hear it."

"You look as though something unusual were about to happen," I replied: She repeated the word softly after me. "Unusual ! Oh, my love, my love, that it should be so !"

She murmured the words, but I heard them, and they set me thinking. It was a glorious evening. Philippa Car-leon, more beautiful than any other, moved amongst the throng like some grand and gracious young queen. When the ball was over, I was so thoroughly tired, that I only remember going to my room. I did not see Miss Carleon.

I thought she looked very pale and tired the next morning. She presided as usual at the breakfast-table, but her thoughts were evidently far away. The squire did not feel well, and was remaining in his own more Miss Calego spid to me. Miss Carleon said to me : room.

"Gladys, every one seems engaged or busy in some fashion. Come to my room, and let us spend the morning there." The room she called her own, into which no visitors were admitted, was on the

ground-floor; it was a cheerful, sunny apartment, full of flowers all the year round, elegantly furnished, and looking over a beautiful woodland scene. We went to it. She was so deeply engrossed with her own thoughts that I did not speak to her. She sat near the window, and her eyes were fixed on the white winter landscape. times a deep sigh would come from her lips. So two hours passed, and then there came a low tap at the door. Tirza, Miss

Carleon's pretty maid, came in. "One of the keepers," she said, "is waiting to see the squire, and will not leave without seeing him.

To my surprise, Miss Carleon's face grew deadly pale.

"One of the keepers wants the squire !"

some time, and then she came over to me, and, kneeling by my side, said : "Gladys, whatever happens-whatever

you hear or see-will you trust me?" I looked in her proud, noble, beautiful

face, and said, simply: "I should trust you, Miss Carleon, in spite of all the world, and in spite of my

own eyes and ears, if such trust were need-ed."

In the Earthquake.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman living in Summer-vile, S. C., at the time of the earthquake. The novel experiences told therein are of peculiar interest. Says the writer: "My wife and I, being fatigued, had retired unusually early. Suddenly a rumbling sound roused me. I hardly knew what it was, but started, instinctively, to get out of bed, when at that instant the whole house began to rock so that I was obliged to cling to the foot-board to steady myselt. I called to my wife and she sprang up in a dazed

"All this time the house seemed flying this way and that, at a lightning express rate. Everything was bumping and jam-ming against the wall; glass, china, clocks, mirrors, and mantlepieces were tumbling

mirrors, and mantipleces were tumbling down about us. Fortunately, nothing struck us, and thank's to our Heavenly Father's mercy, we managed to get out of the house. "When we stepped into the yard, we found our feet in water, and, not being able to distinguish in the darkness from whence it came, nor how much there was of it, thoughts of a possible coursehaling thoughts of a possible overwhelming tidal wave added to the horrors of the occasion.

"After the shocks had subsided, and I had somewhat recovered my scattered senses, I returned to the house to procure clothing for myself and family, for we were all barefooted and in our light sleeping garments. Then too, I wanted to see whether the kerosene from the overturned lamp had ignited. Fortunately it had not. The lamp, however, being broken, I hunted about in the darkness till I found my lantern which I lighted, and what a scene I be-held ! Furniture overturned and lying in smashed heaps ; the floor strewn with plaster, bricks from the chimney, splinters of glassware and mirrors, vases, crockery and bric-a-brac. The only whole thing left was a common goblet. "We have no near neighbors, and so

blew on our big horn to let those who lived on the adjoining plantation know that we were still alive, though to be sure, I was not certain but that they themselves might be dead.

"Then I carried out armfuls of clothing to my frightened, shivering family, and by the aid of sheets and quilts managed to rig up a sort of a tent for shelter, for you may be sure we had no desire to go back into the house, especially as now and then we were startled afresh by the rumbling motion. But we somehow managed to drag through the dreary hours of that horrible

night. "When daylight came and I was able to inspect the place, I found a complete wreck. My house, which was new and strongly built, had jumped from its foundation about fifteen inches from south to north-west, and one side was entirely level with the ground.

"In the yard I found six springs bubbling up, the water mixed with a quantity of beautiful gold-colored sand. My pumps stand about four feet high, and yet the in-ternal pressure was so great that sand and water were being forced up through the valves and out at the spouts.

"The 'branch' dividing my land from the adjoining plantation, and which, on the previous day, had been but a small stream was now running like a mill-race. Here and there on my land I found fissures split open in the earth, large enough for me to thrust in my hand and part of my arm. It was astonishing to behold the various effects of the earth-freaks, and one can well ima-gine how inexpressibly dreary it was for us "One of the keepers wants the squite, she said. "Send him here to me, Tirza." In a few minutes a strong, well-built young man entered the room, and bowed low as he caught sight of Miss ' arleon. "You want the squire, Hewson ?" she said. "He is not well to-day ; will you give ware save as the said. "To look for perfection in our own actions."

A MAN WHO WAS SCALPED.

He Says the Operation Caused Him Considerable Pain.

It has often been said that a man can not live after being scalped, writes a Fort Keogh correspondent. One of the Crow Indian scouts with Custer before that brave officer met his fate was caught by a party of Sioux alone on the prairie and scalped alive His enemies cut a pear shaped piece out of the crown of his head and left him writhing in crown of his head and left him writing in a rony, supposing he would of course d e. Notwithstanding all which the redskin re-covered, and and at last accounts was liv-ing with his people on the Crow reservati-and doing well. There is an old hunte-western Montana whose cabin is located on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, who had his heir maised some waves age by who had his hair raised some years ago by a band of savages, and yet he lives and thrives in most astonishing good health. The old fellows's name is Ganzio, and by reason of his advanced years would, in the natural course of events have white hair now, only that he

HAS NO HAIR AT ALL

to speak of. Still, what little he has got, is whitened or gray, the rest of his head, "where the hair ought to grow," being as bald as a billiard-ball. To be exact, Ganzio did not lose his entire scalp, but only a portion of it. The probabilities are that he could not have survived with the loss of the whole top of his head. Some few years age, when Sitting Bull was master of this country Ganzio was guide of an emigrant party en route to Fort Laramie, Wyoming

territory. The story of that dangerous expedition is an exceedingly interesting one, and as iclat-ed by himself runs as follows: "One day we were coming into the valley of Hut creek on our way to Fort Laramie, when we thought we saw Indians coming down the creek to the right. Instead of camping there, we thought it safer to water our stock and go on to the hills and make a dry camp in the bushes. I had been sent on ahead up the hill to reconnoiter, and took with me a boy named Kountze, from Omaha, merely for company. We sat down to wait for the wagons, which were slowly coming 'up out of the valley. When the wagons reached us

I STARTED ON ALONE.

through the rocks and pine bushes to seek a good camp. A few hundred yards further on I looked down a ravine to the right and saw five mounted Indians ride across the valley. I started to go back to the train, when at least a dozen Indians ran at me out of the bush, and you bet I ran and called for help. In a minute more two or three cf them shot at me. I felt a sharp stinging pain in my right leg and another in my left shoulder, and 1 fell. Then they were upon shoulder, and I fell. Then they were upon me in a minute, and one of them put his knee on my back, while another hit me a clip with a club. Another struck me with the butt of a gun, and then I became partly the but of a gun, and then I became party unconscious. Still I had reason and feeling enough left to know that I was being scalp-ed; for the hair held so tightly, and the pain was so awful that I could not die then even if I wanted to. I felt

A HOT STINGING PAIN all around the top of my head—the hair be-ing torn out by the roots, so to speak—and it was too much. I died, or at least I thought I did; but as it happened my scalp or part of it, was saved just as it was being torn off. The boys at the wagon had seen me running; saw the Indians and came at a run—thirteen of them, arriving just in tims to preventiche red devils finishing their work. to prevent the red devils finishing their work. The Indians, as well as my friends, thought I was dead, but I came to again, and what was left of my scalp was laid back in place. It was only half torn off you see, and the place is pretty well healed now." "What did you do with yourself after-wards?" I inourized

wards?" I inquired. "Why," I hurried into Fort Laramie, got

the attention of a physician, and went back to the states for a while; but the western fever came strong upon me again and I had to return to the mountains, where I have been ever since."

A Sailor's Yarn.

We had not been more than a week under the Island of St. Thomas, when we discovered a suspicious looking brig close in shore. We made all sail in chase, and soon came within a mile and a half of the shore, when she fired two shots at us. The elevation was great and the shot ied over us and between our masts. This incident reminded our captain of a "very remarkable circum-"Three guns were fired at a frigate I was on board of, from a battery, all at the same time. The three shots cut away the three topsail ties, and down came all our topsail yards upon the cap, at the same time. That the Frenchmen might not suppose that they had taken such good aim, we turned up our hands to reef topsails; and by the time that the men were off the yards, the ties were spliced and the topsails run up again." "Very queer, indeed, very queer," spoke up the second officer, Donaty by name, and a right royal fellow and good sailor was he, who had seen a deal of hard service ; "but "but I know a queerer circumstance than that, captain. We had put in the powder to the ir guns on the main deck, when we were fighting some gun-boats, in a frigate I was in, and as the men withdrew the rammer, a shot from the enemy entered the muzzle and completed the loading of each gun. We fired their own shot back upon them, and this

not accept either of them.

would be so absurd as to mention love when it is a question of fifteen thousand a year ? Why cannot she love one or the other, pray ? If she prefers a dark, handsome nobleman, something like one of the knights of old, one of the finest, most generous, and high-spirited men in England, let her marry Captain Norman." let her take Lord Estcourt ; if she wants

But suppose she does not really care for either.

"She has other lovers. Mr. Colehurst, one of the cleverest barristers in London, would give his right hand to win her. The Honorable and Reverend Theobald Duns-tan, Rector of West Tuston, has proposed tan, Rector of West Tuston, has proposed How happy I was! My tears and flushed to her several times. Surely she might choose face thanked him—words Ihad none. It was

nail at once.

"Possibly there is some one whom she with the gladdest and lightest of hearts. ves, and that makes her indifferent to these I soon became truly and warmly attached loves, and that makes her indifferent to these

She told me so to night; she says your face is true and good. When you grow more intimate and familiar with her, will you to decide in favor of one or other of these m sy to you." To decide in favor of one or other of these m sy to you." I could see, when I began to know him

"That I will, if she will give me an op-

married ; and at this rate it is pretty sure

leon. It is possible that she will never al-low me to speak to her on such a matter."

terrible thing it would be to lose fifteen She laughed gayly. thousand a year just because she cannot "Have you seen many gentlemen, Glac make up her mind to be married. Some girls Have you mixed much with the world?"

was ended. He looked very anxiously at me. "Miss Ayrton," he said, suddenly, "my daughter Philippa likes you very much. She is lonely at times when no visitors are here,

will you, as you are leaving Mrs. Forsyth. The live with us, not only as a companion, but buns- as a friend ?"

from amougst the number." tarranged so; the salary they offered me was With a woman's keen instinct, I hit the most hanrsome. I bade adieu to Mrs. Forsyth, and entered on my new occupation

gentiemen." 'I soon became truly and warmly attached 'to the old squire, and I saw plainly how 'The squire has spoken of nothing of the great was his anxiety about his daughter. kind to me," observed Mrs. Forsyth. He talked to me continually on the subject. 'Now, Gladys, Miss Carleon likes you. 'You must use your influence. Miss for She told me so to-night : she says ways for ton. If Philippa does not marry, houses and lands go from her to a stranger. I cannot bear to think of it. Advise her to marry honestly do your best to try to influence her Estcourt. She will not listen to me; she

better, that at some time or other the squire

portunity, Mrs. Forsyth." "I twill break the squire's heart if her I came to know Miss Carleon better, I felt twenty-fifth birthday should find her unliancy she carried an aching heart. She was to do so. It will shorten his life, I am sure. kindness itself to me; but, with all her grace The squire trusts to you, Gladys." and condescension there was a halo of dignity "It seems curious that he should trust around her that I never could break through to me; I am quite a stranger to Miss Car- I could not allude to her lovers when she never mentioned them herself. If by chance I introduced either name into conversation.

low me to speak to her on such a marter Mrs. Forsyth frowned angrily. "Have I not told you, Gladys, that you are one of those girls people trust without the conversation turned upon good-breeding. I said then, what I quite believed, that I said then, what I quite believed to and most knowing why? You are sure to gain an I said then, what I quite believed, that influence over Philippa Carleon if you will Lord Estcourt was the best bred and most

She laughed gayly. "Have you seen many gentlemen, Gladys?

your message to me ?'

For an answer the man drew a small parcel from his pocket, and took from it the ruby bracelet-the one that I had fastened on Philippa's arm the night before.

"I have no message but this, Miss Car-leon," he said. "I was on duty in the woods very early this morning, and I found this. It has the squire's portrait, so I brought it to him." To k

She turned away for a minute lest he should see the ghastly pallor that came over her face. Her whole frame trembled with agitation. When she spoke again her voice was quite changed, so great was the effort she had made to control all outward sign of agitation. She took the bracelet in her hand. I saw how it trembled.

"I am very much obliged to you, Hew-son," she said ; "the bracelet is mine, and I should have been grieved to lose it. Where did you find it ?" "By the little gate that leads to the cop-

pice," replied the man, with a bow. "I must have dropped it. I passed by there yesterday. I am very much obliged to you. I should like to ask a favor of you,

"Ask anything, Miss Carleon, that I can o," returned the man. "The squire might feel angry, and think do.

I was careless about his beautiful present, If he knew how and where I had it. Will you keep the matter secret for me?'

She triel to speak lightly, with a careless smile, but I saw that her lips trembled. "Most certainly," replied the keeper, "I

should not have mentioned it in any case. Miss Carleon.

Then I saw her put a couple of sovereigns

"You will remember ?" she said, gently. "I will, indeed, miss," he replied, earnestly, and the next moment he was gone.

She did not speak to me nor did we look at each other. I knew that if she had really dropped the bracelet it must have been after the ball was over last night; and what could Miss Carleon, the squire's worshiped daughter, the heiress of King's Norton, have been doing near the coppice at that time--alone, and in the silence, the darkness, the cold of that winter night?

There had been a silence, between us for thing, you see.

To look for perfection in our own actions. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect to be able to understand every

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

Not to make allowances for the infirmitics of others.

To worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied.

To consider everything impossible that we can not perform.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

It is a great mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

Where he Hid his Money.

Speaking of his husiness of hunting for lost treasure, Capt. Bridgewater told a re-porter how he had been sent to New Hampshire to hunt for the money of a retired sea captain who died very suddenly. He said : The captain had been a queer sort of man, very taciturn, and always taking trips out of town after his money. He wasn't a mis-erly man, and I concluded that he hadn't buried it. He slept in no one particular place, and I was pretty sure that there was no place in the house where he felt better contented than another. So I said : "Bring his clothes."

We went over them. The binding of one of his coats was wide, and his wife said as I tore it off. "He always sewed his clothes up himself. He was as handy as a woman with a needle. Queer." Then added, "Why he always wanted to wear that suit to the last. Poor dcar !" and she dropped a tear. In the meantime I had pulled out an oiled silk packet holding six bonds of \$1,000 each, and we found eighteen more in the same suit. His trips out of town meant some-

occurred three times running." The captain of the Rattlesnake having heard this yarn was immediately of a retir-ing disposition.

Saved the Baby.

There is nothing more beautiful than the last thought of a noble soul in its fatal selfsacrifice for another's life. Love has no higher type than this. An exchange prints the following affecting story of Lulu Car-penter, twelve years old, who was mortally hurt in the terrible cyclone at Sank Rapids, Minnesota, last spring. She had fled from the storm, but went

back after her baby sister, and was caught and transfixed by a huge splinter that pierced through her body. Her first words when her grandfather found her thus were

"I am dying, but I've saved the baby !' The poor girl lingered a day or two in de-lirium, and her last words, were,---

" Don't be afraid, Sissy ; nothing shall hurt you; Lulu will take care of you! Don't be afraid."

How many other acts of heroism were done in that awful storm no one but God Himself knows. Such deeds are surely recorded on high.