

its nest, and its piercing sweet song grew fainter and fainter up in the blue.

Buried to her waist under planks and smashed boards sat Susie, upright and in her senses; her arms were free, but she was pinned to the earth. Close beside her was visible the white upturned face of Allie. "She's asleep," said Susie, sedately. "I shan't wake her till they pick us up; the Sister said the guard would look after us, so he'll be here in a minute," and she waited patiently with the serene undoubting faith of childhood. Presently her eyes caught sight of part of a face—that of the farmer's wife who had sat opposite; and Susie heard her smothered groans, for the poor woman was quite buried, even across her face lay a long board, above which her eyes rolled from side to side piteously. As far as she could, the pinned-in child stretched her little arms, and feebly tried to move the board away; it was a painful struggle, but at length she succeeded in pulling it off.

"God bless you, child! I'm buried alive. I can't move a limb; and I couldn't speak, I was suffocating."

"There's a lot of people coming, ma'am," said Susie, presently.

Help had come. The whole country side was soon on the ground. An engine appeared on the line bringing doctors from the nearest town, and Susie sat quietly watching a strange scene. Then it came, at last, to Mrs. Trent's turn to be dug out.

"Leave me alone!" gasped the good soul. "Look after them two children, first;" and Susie was speedily released, none the worse beyond a multitude of sorry bruises—but Allie still slept on.

"Shall we take *her* to the Cottage Hospital, sir?"

"No use," said the doctor, gravely; "we want every corner there for the living."

"Now, ma'am, you're a brave good woman, and we'll do our very best for you!" and tenderly the jolly farmer's wife was dug out, 'mid her screams and groans, for she was badly injured.

"Blest if it ain't the missus!" shouted the hoarse voice of Farmer Trent, who was among the rescuers.

"Jacob! Husband! Take me home, and bring them little ones too. She," pointing to Susie, "saved my life when I was choking;" and then Mrs. Trent quietly fainted away.

"But Allie must come, too," said Susie, firmly, when honest Jacob Trent, in obedience to his wife, tried to lift her little self into the long corn-cart in which Mrs. Trent lay on a mattress; "she's asleep, but we can wake her up, you know."

Not so, Susie; little Allie's eyes will never open in this world again, but Jacob Trent was not the man to say so.

"You come along o' me, and sister will sleep on. They'll watch her careful, don't you fear;" and with a quick hoist Susie was, before she could realise it, in the corn-cart.

It was many weeks before Susie knew that Allie's sleep was still unbroken. By-and-bye, when the daisies were growing over her bed, the farmer's wife, jolly no longer, but recovered, took Susie to see it; and then she brought the child back to Clover Farm for good and all.

"She saved *my* life. I'll see if I can't do the same by her, and save hers from poverty and misery."

### THE WATER WE DRINK.

MR. PEREGRINE BIRCH, M.Inst.C.E., delivered a lecture upon the above important subject at the Sanitary Institute, on Friday last.

Mr. Birch, after referring to the honour done him by the Council of the Institute in asking him to speak upon this subject, said that the main theme of his address would be the water supplied to London. He considered this was a subject of special interest at the present time, when it seems likely that at no distant date the numerous private undertakings, which have so long supplied water to the wealthiest and most enlightened city in the world, may become the property of the municipality, and so modified, improved, or abandoned as may seem right to the County Council. Moreover, the sources of the water supply of London offered, by reason of their variety, peculiar advantages for the consideration of the general subject. Mr. Birch then proceeded to give an outline of the different methods which had been employed in the past of obtaining water for London since 1582, when the works at London Bridge were started, followed by the construction of the New River in 1616, and later on by the establishment of intakes on the Thames at Charing Cross, Vauxhall, Battersea, Chelsea, Hammersmith, and Kew; and pointed out that until early in the present century, when cesspools began to be abolished and the houses drained by means of sewers directly into the river, the Thames water supplied from the above places was drunk without complaint, and was even able in the City to hold its own against the spring water supplied by the New River Company. The conclusion to be drawn from this fact being that the sewage, gradually soaking through the ground, reached the river sufficiently purified as to be harmless. With the advent of the sewers began the troubles of the water companies, and gradually, after trying filtration on the sites of the old intakes, all the water companies moved up the

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