

was dreadfully muddy, he looked very much pleased. "I'd shake hands if I was fit, doctor," he said, "for you're to be congratulated. I haven't struck such a spring as that since I've been well-digging—clear as a bell, comes up out of a solid rock, so't you can keep it cleared out as easy as a wash-basin; and tastes as good as champagne, and a sight better, to my thinking! When I get that well walled up you may bury me in it if it ever caves in, and you're about made up, if a good well was all that was wanting to complete your comfort."

Oh, how pleased we all were! As soon as the water had run in and settled enough for some to be drawn up, we all drank everybody's health in it; and it was just as different from the spring in the wood as fresh bread is from stale; and I know about both. Of course we made Helen take the first drink—she had been lying by the window watching—and she was as much delighted as any of us. I heard her tell Sarah that evening that for some time past she had been afraid to drink much water, for it was so warm and had such an unpleasant taste, and that once or twice it had made her feel really ill. "But I am so very thirsty to-night," she said, "that if you could draw me up a little I should not be afraid to drink it, it is so different from the spring-water."

So Sarah and I took a long string and a little tin pail, and I held the end of the string while Sarah let the pail down and drew up a pailful of beautiful clear water; and after Helen had had her drink they gave me some in the basin—"for helping," Sarah said. I cer-