

his companion was too well bred to worry him with any fantastic notion about a potato bug's soul.

He would scold her, all the same; he would craftily scold, and see by her retort whether she had been trying to torment him.

"You blab nonsense," he declared. "And why do you? Why, when someone is hurt?"

He grew positive that someone had been hurt; and it troubled him greatly that he did not know who it was. He struggled to get up and run. He must run fast, run somewhere, run until he should find the person who had been wounded.

"I know!" he exclaimed. "It's Winnie. A fine, brave spirit, and she needs me. I must go."

"No, Hal," a quieting voice answered. "She doesn't need you. Not any more—never any more."