

Sarah Jones

48 THE INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT.

to the vain expedient of fanning her with my hat; and observing that there was a little clear running water in a ditch just by, I laid her gently down, and went and filled my hat with some of it, with which I returned and sprinkled her face. But finding this to be equally ineffectual with all I had done, and despairing of any timely assistance, I sat down by her overwhelmed with anxiety and grief, and taking one of her hands, was bathing it with my tears, when I was roused by the clatter of horses; I looked up, and had the joy to find it was the servant returned with a surgeon. “For
“heaven’s sake!” cried I, starting up eagerly, “lose no time, if she is not

“ready