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THE LITTLE RED ROOSTER AND THE OLD BLACK HEN.

Said the little red rooster, "Gosh all hemlock, things are tough.

Seems that worms are getting scarcer, and I cannot find enough. What's become of all those fat

mystery to me.

There were thousands through that rainy spell, but now where can they be?"

The old black hen who heard him didn't grumble or complain;

She'd gone through lots of dry spells, and had lived through floods of rain.

So she flew up on the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet,

As she said, "I've never seen the time there wasn't worms to get."

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm.

The little rooster jeered, "new ground, that's no place for a worm."

The old black hen just spread her feet; she dug down fast and free.

"I must go to the worms," she said, "the worms won't come to me."

The rooster vainly spent the day, through habit, by the ways,

Where fat, round worms had passed in squads, back in the rainy days. When nightfall found him supperless, he

growled in accents rough, "I'm hungry as a fowl can be-conditions

sure are tough.

He turned then to the old black hen and said, "It's worse with you,

For you're not only hungry, but must be tired, too.

I rested while I watched for worms, so feel fairly perk.

But how are you? Without worms, too? And after all that work?"

The old black hen hopped to her perch and dropped her eyes to sleep! And murmured in a drowsy tone, "Young man, hear this and weep: I'm full of worms and happy, for I've din-

ed both long and well. The worms are there as always-

But I had to Dig Like Hell." -Author Unknown

MOORINGS.

ably and was about to walk away When Whartonby was a small boy when he saw her, on a different bench he fell over the brass fender in his across the pond, holding the little father's study face forward into the dog, alone. Instantly something fire. That was why at twenty-seven seemed to strike him near the heart. Congo forest trails knew the She could not possibly be sitting there white gleam of his helmet and the white gleam of his helmet and the patter of the bear brown feet of his Christmas Eve! No mother sat alone bearers. That was why forty certain in Kensington Gardens on Christmas geographical societies, certain geolog-Eve-unless- Suddenly he heard himical associations in London, announced self grinding the gravel beneath his to their patrons the lectures of an heel, standing before her with his hat English gentleman with several cap-ital letters after his name. That was why at fifty it was Whartonby's wont to sit alone in Kensington Gardens and watch the younger fellows hoisting sail for foreign ports Round Pond. and dispatch.

She did not even seem surprised. She covered her face with her hands With their schooners tucked comfort- and did not answer. He stood there ably under their arms they would turning his hat round and round. And lurch down to the water's edge, and presently she said: "No, he isn't dead. cargoes would be stowed with efficien- He's not all mine, you see." artonby stood still and groped would be overhauled, small boats shipped, and davits swung inboard, "What on earth do you mean?" he there was sure to be a bucketful said at last. "Aren't you his mother ?" "Oh, yes!" she answered. The face that looked up at him seemed to float against the backhis eyes he became an observer. He became so adept that he was able to tell what sort of a mother a boy had ground of gathering dusk. He felt a dumb desire to serve it. And he

indeed, for any other fellow; those of a collier. Perhaps they have gone last. After all, she had a right to days when her cheery shout of to-oh, they might be anywhere. know it. He would tell her at once, that very afternoon. And that afterdays when her cheery shout of "Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?" seemed to ring with He'll bring him back-he gets tired of noon she did not come. For three something very like dismay; the fact that the blue-striped galatea uniforms him. He only does this to torture-me."

Whartonby experienced a feeling of breathlessness as he was plunged into realms of which he hitherto had were now certainly several sizes too small for their doughty wearer, all provided him with ample material for conjecture. Days when they did not appear at Round Pond became days guessed nothing.

of anxiety. Could anything untoward have happened to them? When they no doubt," he said vaguely. She gave him a look of utter sup-

finally arrived he began to fancy that plication.

they were late, he was annoyed with them, the moment he saw them safe and sound for having given him need-less and unjustifiable anxiety. Then the absurdity of the thing would flash over him and he would smother a

laugh. One would suppose he had a right to these three-like pantomine clowns who, when he clapped his hands, played their small act for his

entertainment and were gone. He mused for a time upon comparative possession. After all, as little as he The whole thing seemed utterly unreal to him. The idea of her just acown them, he owned them more than cepting the situation as she had ac-cepted it before was too fantastic. he would ever possess any other boy cepted it before was too fantastic. Then suddenly she said in a heavy Things didn't happen that way any whipser of awe, "Yes, yes—she die— more. There were telephones, tele-she dead," and looking cautiously beand his mother. The unconscious grouping of himself with them gave more. There were telephones, tele-graphs, cables, the police. People could protect themselves from this sort of thing. He would take steps. him a companionship of spirit which he valued the more because of its obscurity. He became fearful that they would see him watching them and would perhaps move their activities But the moment he suggested such a such as he had never known he went thing to her she said: "Oh, no! no! to some other place. The possibility Please do nothing at all. It would of this drove him to various small deceptions. Concealment became of anger his father and make trouble. truth? Of course. Madness on his He would reach me in some other paramount importance. He dared not way, through Johnny; perhaps even part to have supposed that it would risk a single exchange of glances with a worse one."

Whartonby was convinced she had destroyed herself. And almost im-"Surely no one could be such a devil," Whartonby said; "surely you have done nothing to deserve such treatment." the boy's mother for fear she would become aware that his presence was mediately he went to Scotland in search of equability of mind, for the too regular; and he could not face that look which he had seen in the eyes of children when they gazed up-

"I've done nothing wrong, if you mean that," she answered. "But I've always maddened him. You know there are some men whom women he cared to admit. The obscurity of on his own misshapen visage. He decided upon some shooting in the tale only seemed to make its pathos deeper. It followed him to Scotland. And there he began to be honest with himself at last. This Scotland, and after a month on the hills he thought of his obsorption in instinctively fear. It was so with me those three devotees of Round Pond from the beginning. There was al-ways something in his nature which pain within his soul meant but one as really imbecile. Nevertheless, when afternoon came the second day thing. The woman whom he loved was beat me to my knees. And although dead. In his case the normal order of of his return he found himself seek-ing the bench where he had used to I hid it from him as best I could, he things had been reversed, that was all. always knew it, and it made him de-To most men love came first and death watch them from behind the great spise me." brought bitter sense of loss; to him

"That must have been because he death had come first and knowledge And, fearing that he would drift back knew what a bully he was, what a of love after. But the bereavement bluff he was. He probably knew that there was little enough in him to

fear," he answered. "I don't know," she said uncertain-ly; "there was a power about him, the place for a week. Then, pretend-ing to himself that he was not lookhad blurted out his longing to wrap her in warm furs! How quaintly amused she had been at his uncouth-ness. But she had been gracious, she ing for them, he wandered down the path and sat with his back to Round Pond. After a while he got up irrit-

Whartonby groaned. He had seen had put him always at his ease. this situation from afar more than thought of how they might have been once-it disconcerted him. together, in a thousand ways: at the

"Do you know the collier's name?" he asked; "we could at least keep play, and at dinner, bending toward one another over the small golden track of it. perhaps, in the papers." She shook her head. table with its fruit and napery; motoring perhaps on a summer even-ing, down to Devon, where they could "How do you manage?" he asked smell the sea; lying on the downs in

her gently. the burning sun, warmed less by its rays than by this companionship, which diffused its warmth and glow "I have a position," she replied. "I teach music."

"Would you care to give your hus-band's name?"

She gave it in a low voice. "Please do nothing," she said.

finding suddenly that he was totally But when he left her he immediate- devoid of philosophy, utterly without ly took steps to discover with what refuge from his sense of loss, he went company and in command of what back to London in despair. Not ship her husband was, and to what port that ship had sailed which bore "the skipper" and his father on the ed even if she had lived. She had high seas.

"And then_ "Well, you see Mum couldn't come for me herself on account of being blind, so she sent the money for Mrs. days he haunted the place. Finally, making up his mind to face her right-Twigham to bring me." "Blind!" Revelation after revelaeous indignation, he called at the lodgings whose address she had once tion broke upon Whartonby's mind. "You say your mother replied to Mrs Twigham? She wasn't—wasn't

mentioned, and which, by the great-est good fortune, he had happened to dead ?" "He'll take good care of him, I have doubt," he said vaguely. remember. In response to his ring a blond girl of not more than fifteen "Zuzu!" "Yes, sir—our little wooly dog. Zuzu knew the way everywhere: to the shops and the studio and here to Round Pond. She could take Mum anywhere she wanted to go, almost. So of course when Zuzu died, mother couldn't not shout for ages and ages summers opened the door. He had some difficulty in making her under-

"Oh, yes. She knows them best of all. She will be sure to come."

He

"How do you know that she will come—that she will come—here?" "Because she comes here every night, looking for you."—By Amory Hare.

"No, sir; Zuzu was dead." "Zuzu!"

An Annual Migration.

An official of one of the great transatlantic steamship lines says that during the present year no less than 500,000 Americans will visit Europe. That is 80,000 more than made the trip last year and two or three times as many as used to cross

the ocean in the years before the war. Who make up this great army of whole affair had stirred him more than traveling Americans, an army that grows steadily larger, and may before long number a million persons every year? Some of course, go on business errands, but most wander in search of pleasure or of educative experience.

A great many thousand are teachers or students who see in a visit to the cities of Europe an addition to their knowledge of life, a broadening of their culture or an extension of their human sympathies. Other thousands are Americans of the first Other generation, returning to or second refresh their memories or make the acquaintance of their ancestral homes. Still others are mature Americans now in their prosperity able to spend money on luxuries, and eager for the unusual experience of a tour among strange and foreign peoples and a sight of places and of famous buildings of which they have read and heard. If there are some who go abroad because it is "the fashion," or because they like the little prestige that a traveling person commands in a quiet and provincial community, that is no more than our knowledge of human nature would lead us to expect. This great annual migration of

about them everywhere. For days he imagined himself busy with the dear seekers after culture and pleasure means a great deal to the European business of her service. And then, nations also. Our people spend something like \$500,000,000 on their travels, almost half as much as we pay Europe for all the goods we im-port from that continent. That is a very considerable addition to the yearly income of Europe; it is enough to support outright two or three mil-to support outright two is the content of the ear. Good seed corn always is worth good money but next spring it will be in content then ever travels, almost half as much as we

FARM NOTES.

-If the sod orchard needs mowing, the mower will make it much more pleasant for the apple pickers than dragging ladders and crates through tall grass and weeds.

-Lambs that will be finished for the late October and arly November market should be drenched for stom-ach worms and then put in a good fresh pasture. Second crop clover is preferable.

-The man who has never selected fruit and exhibited it at the county fair or farm products show does not know how good or how poor the fruit he raises really is. The cash premiums do not nearly pay for the work, but the educational value is inestimable.

-If you are having trouble with control of the potato aphis try using five pounds of dissolved soap in the mixture of 100 gallons of water and one pint of nicotine sulphate. Ordinarily, however, one pint of nicotine sulphate added to 100 gallons of bor-deaux mixture will be effective if the vines are well drenched.

-The honey flow in most parts of Pennsylvania has been unusually heavy this summer, say apiculturists of the Pennsylvania State College in urging beekeepers to be sure that there is plenty of super room in which the surplus honey can be stored. It is expected that the heavy flow will continue if frost is postponed.

-Sweet corn stalks from which the ears have been picked should not be allowed to stand in the territory infested with the European corn borer. They should be cut and ensiled or shredded if possible. In small gardens they may be cut or pulled, put in a shock in the middle of the patch, and then burned as soon as dry enough.

-Roup is one of the common fall and winter poultry diseases. It is caused by damp and drafty houses, also by a lack of vitamin A in the ration. Feed vitamin-carrying feeds, ration. Feed vitamin-carrying feeds, like cabbage, grasses, clovers, legume hays, and cod liver oil. Five to ten per cent. alfalfa leaf meal in the lay-ing mash or one-half to one per cent. of cod liver oil helps to keep the birds healthy and free from roup.

-Perennial borders should be looked after now and put in good condition, say landscape architects of the Pennsylvania State College. Most plants may be moved with safety after the blooming period is over, and practically any well-developed plants may be made vigorous and will pro-vide additional plants for the border if the roots are divided. This work should be done now.

-How are your seed corn prospects? Just as soon as possible be-gin picking seed corn from the standing stalks. Do not let it lie in a pile or stand in bags or crates. Husk the

plication.
"You don't think he'll—he'll get to like the life, do you? It's in him, you see, to like the sea, to want the ships. You don't think the time will come when he won't want to come back?" Whartonby recoiled from the whartonby recoiled from the thought, which suddenly appeared perfectly possible. Aloud he said:
"Of course not; I couldn't forget you myself."
And he knew that this was true.
but when, hoping to make better going by asking the question in several kinds of patois, she finally smiled brightly and said, "Of Finland—I of Finnish people," he gave up in despair.
"Lady," he said slowly, "very tall—high" (he waved his hands indicating height) "—little dog—you understand he knew that this was true. high" (he waved his hands indicating height) "—little dog—you understand 'dog'?" And very solemnly be bark-ed until she cried out something in her mother tongue, laughing loudly.

back to Round Pond. What could have

happened? Had she found out the

not eventually have reached her.

He thought of the absurd way he

was the same.

of kind before the trip was over. Whartonby had followed this practice for more years than he cared to think about. With his hat pulled over by the way the boy approached the business in hand, the business of ships on Round Pond. His heart went out to those ship-captains who wet their wide-shouldered young man accomfeet and looked apprehensively at a slippered lay sitting on a bench be-neath a lace parasol. He openly envied those who shouted explanations of their activities to ears that seemed always listening to hear when the voyage would begin; and the sea-captain who was uniformed in blue and white galatea, whose companion called from her bench, "Whenever do we come to the month of the Orinoco?" or "Isn't it about time we picked up the Lizard?" set astir in him a sensation almost amounting to pain, was so keenly jealous of his good fortune.

It was, of course, inevitable that he should concentrate his attention upon these two, for it was they whom he most envied. The lady's bearing had a quality which interested him from the first, a sort of eager restraint, as if she were always expecting something delightful to occur in just a moment, but feared lest some one should discover her to be too frankly joyous in anticipation, and so was ever veiling the smiles behind her eyes. Dressed with the most fastidious good taste, the simplicity of her attire gave her tall form dis-tinction. Her hands were strong and beautiful, moving, it seemed to Whartonby, with a sort of gay agility above a bit of lace crochet that apparently had no beginning and no end. She and her young explorer, his schooner under his arm, with would appear at almost the same moment every day when it was not too wet to sit in the open, and strolling slowly to Round Pond would discuss such matters as might pertain to voyages of discovery. They had a small woolly dog on a leash, the loop of which was slipped over the lady's arm at the elbow, and this little creature seemed possessed of the same quaint restraint which pervaded the personality of the lady herself, for it neither strained forward against the leash nor fell behind, but kept a light steady pressure upon the collar, moving with a kind of diminutive decorum which amused Whartonby very much. It became his habit to await the coming of these three, to watch them for an hour before darkness drove him to his club, where, if he was not joined by some "damned old derelict like himself," as he called them, he found that he was apt to ponder pleasurably all that he had ob-

"I wish you would let me buy you a fur."

forsythia-bush. They did not appear.

again into his attitude of dependence

upon them, he deliberately avoided

Years before, he had watched a panied by a tall girl in blue serge entering a furrier's shop, to return not long afterward with a luxuriant pelt of silver fox about the latter's throat. He never forgot the look on both their faces. They had always seemed to him, since, the king and queen of all creation.

"I-I beg your pardon?"

"I was saying that I wish you would let me buy you a fur," he said in confusion. "A fur-?" she said, and a slow

smile came floating up to him. this one so bad as that?"

"She'll think me an escaped luna-tic," he thought; and then, aloud: "I'm afraid I'm confused-forgive me. I saw one bought once. It made an impression. I always wanted to buy one—a silver fox preferably. Could you tell me what has happened to your boy? You confessed, I think, to being his mother."

"Of course," she admitted.

Was the woman without human understanding?

"You seem to forget that, while you know what has become of him, I do not!" he said severely.

"But you are wrong," she answered almost humbly; "if I knew what had become of him I would have told you at once.

"What on earth do you mean?" he said angrily. "You say you're his mother?'

"I am, of course, his mother. But, you see, that rather means that he has, of course, a father."

Having stumbled upon his omission of this thought on his part, Wharton-by was staggered. With a kind of reluctant mistrust he grudgingly admitted the existence of this complication. ation. Then he said impatiently: 'Well, what of it?"

Her lips trembled.

"Only, that his father is not—is not fond—of me," she said.

"What!" he cried stupidly.

"I had gone to our lodging for his coat—I was only gone about ten min-utes in all. He was making the voyto the Orinoco. When I came age back he was gone."

"You mean he was kidnapped? By his father?" "Yes."

"But why should you think that?"

"Because it has happened before." "Good Lord! What have you done about it?"

That was th ship, at least.

Whartonby traced the whereabouts of an obscure collier by diligent search of the shipping news and occasional application to the officials of a certain transatlantic line who wondered what in the world could interest old "Con- dark, an unseen mark was reached, go" Whartonby in the location of one of their tramp steamers. Three months after he had found her alone Whartonby in the location of one of their tramp steamers. Three months after he had found her alone by Rond Pond he was sitting over his coffee looking through the shinning to hold to. But that only Three tide coffee looking through the shipping when he came upon an item news which sent him striding from the room and out into the darkened streets.

"S. S. Saturnia sinks off Queenstown, after collision in fog."

Going to Round Pond he stood looking down into the dark water, upon which a film of ice was forming. In-to this merciless and immutable element had disappeared all that made the warmth and meaning of life for that poor lonely creature who had come here with the small, wooly, de-corous dog every day of her bereavement. She, at least, had not recoiled from the sight of his disfigurement. Was that because there was in her some unseen scar, some accident to her spirit as definite as the actuality which had befallen him in the fire? If she had felt any repugnance at the sight of his ravaged features, how perfect had been her consideration. He had not thought of himself as maimed or even marked since first they began to talk to one another.

And all his gratitude came rushing to his face, so that he felt he must find her and let her see it at once. But now what must be done? He

congratulated himself for having foreseen this possibility and withheld the fact that he was following the ship's whereabouts. Now at least, if she did not happen to see the item in the news herself, he would have time to think how best to soften the blow.

"He has had him longer than ever before, now," she said next day when he came to their rendezvous in the late afternoon, " but he always brings him back. He'll be at my lodgings one of these days."

And Whartonby detected a note of something amounting almost to affection in her voice in speaking of the brute who was subjecting her to this damnable ordeal.

"Do you mean to say you don't hate the man?" he demanded in acute irritation.

"Sometimes I do. Not when I remember he'll surely bring Johnny back, though." "What a child of basic instincts you

are!" he muttered.

She smiled. He did not know that type of woman whose heritage is ac-ceptance. That smile of hers! He felt that it was too non-combatant. Such a nature is too easily robbed. He was tempted to chide her. But the thought of all she was to endure before long smote him. Yet each day

been the one lyric note in his singu-larly inarticulate existence. In some fashion, coming to that place with the hope of meeting her each evening, had become the day's completion. As a ship to its mooring his spirit rounded some bucy of the outer seas and drifted noiselessly up the wind, till, in the the mooring made, and he rode the made the similitude the clearer. With-out this tie he felt old, without direction, adrift.

For weeks he avoided Round Pond with its poignance of association. But on Christmas Eve the hour and season found him strangely lonely, and he deliberately sought the place with the intention of recapturing the very things that gave him pain to recall. Coming down the familiar path he

mused on the indifference of Nature. Everything was the same-just the same except for her presence. There were the usual explorers with their ships; the same little busy figures bending over the rim of the Pond; one of them was squatting on its heels, and one-one was running toward him! He strode suddenly forward to meet it, filled with a tremendous amazement.

"Oh, sir! How d'you do?" small straight figure stood before him shyly. "We haven't seen you for a long while, sir. I'm glad you're back. Whartonby made one long step to the nearest bench and crumpled down onto it as if some one had kicked his

"Where, in God's name, did you come from? Out of the sea?" He

The boy settled himself comfort-ably beside him, and shook his head. "From Liverpool," he said simply. "But how? When?"

"But how? "When Mrs. Twigham wanted her oney.' "Mrs. Twigham?"

"Yes. My pater left me with her in Liverpool. She keeps house for

tragedy might have been avoided had you written one word. I could have come to fetch you home to her."

"Mrs. Twigham had orders about my writing to Mum. The pater was my writing to Mum. The pater was going to bring me back as usual as soon as the ship got in. Everything was as it had been before excepting the pater's getting drowned." "He didn't take you to sea with him this time?"

"No, sir; you can see that, because, of course, I was in Liverpool all the time and that's why I'm here now."

"Of course," said Whartonby dully. "Well, go on." "Well, then, Mrs. Twigham didn't know what to do, because, of course, she wanted her money."

lion people on the usual scale of living abroad.

Whether they like America or not, a question that is often debated, the Europeans are glad to have us visit them, for the stream of gold we dis-tribute among them, if for no other reason. To most Americans the experience of a foreign tour, however brief is useful. Though there are some who waste their time and money unworthily, a few travelers have a real purpose in their voyaging and pursue that purpose with a commendable industry and seriousness.

One thing all Americans abroad ought to remember. They are in Europe as unofficial representatives of their country. The ideas that Europeans have about America and Americans are largely derived from what they see of our citizens who come among them. The American who behaves in foreign cities and villages with propriety, modesty, cour-tesy and a regard for the feelings and the social customs of those whom he meets will do his country a real serv-ice in helping to mollify the preju-dices that may exist against it and in creating an active good-will toward our people that may often in the future be of real value to us.-Ex.

Swindled Out of Millions.

In view of the many opportunities open to the thrifty for the sound investment of their money---such as savings banks, reputable building and loan associations, the savings departout uncertainly and drew the boy ments of trust companies, well man-down beside him. aged bond houses, etc.--it is a little Busmess bureau that gullible Philaover \$20,000,000 in 1926 through the knavery of unscrupulous promoters. Undoubtedly the amount would have been considerably greater but for the energy of the State bureau of securities, which has consistently opposed the efforts of these tricksters to dispose of their worthless paper in Pennsylvania. Persons who have a little money to invest, but who are not versed in financial dealings, should make it a point to consult the officials of well-established banks or trust give them honest and disinterested advice, says the Philadelphia Record. There is no lack of excellent stocks and bonds that make a satisfactory return on the investment, and suspi

cion should always be aroused by glib promises of abnormal profits. There but there is still far too much of it.

The Prince of Trees.

ponder pleasurably all that he had ob-served the lady to say and do upon that particular occasion. The regu-larity with which they came and went, winter and summer; their absorption in each other, as if she had no eyes,

will be in greater demand than ever.

-When kept under proper conditions no farm animal pays better than sheep, and there is new interest in Carolina has sold out his supply of rams.

"The fact that sheep produce both a crop of lambs and a crop of wool adds greatly to their value and significance on the farm." says R. S. Curtis of the animal husbandry department of the North Carolina State college. "The wool from a good sheep will pay for its keep, especially where the necessary feed is produced on the farm. In most cases from 20 to 40 sheep is a sufficient number for the average farm. There is usually enough pasture going to waste to sup-ply such a small flock of sheep during the pasture season, and it is easy to make provision for the winter feed." Mr. Curtis states that sheep are not so different from other farm animals. The two most serious problems before the sheep grower are the roaming dog and the active stomach worm. latter may be overcome by a change in pastures and the use of the bluestone treatment, while the dog may at night. Placing the sheep in the corrals is one of the necessary farm chores in good sheep practice. "Other than these two things, the

growing of sheep is a pleasant, sat-isfying and profitable job which most any member of the family may have in charge," says Mr. Curtis. "The flock may be built by using a purebred ram on a flock of common grade ewes, and any farmer can follow this startling to be told by the Better plan with little initial or subsequent Business bureau that gullible Phila-delphians are believed to have lost can be secured from a flock of 30 sheep, according to actual demonstrations.'

A new method of docking lambs, which appears to give excellent results, has been noted recently in several agricultural journals. This method consists of cutting off the tails with an emasculator, an instrument probably familiar to most stockmen by sight. It might be described as a modified shear with a crimped edge, which severs the arteries in such a way as to prevent excessive bleeding. The companies, who can be relied upon to claim is made for the emasculator, as a docking instrument, that it is handier than the hot iron, does not cause so great a shock to the lamb, and does not cause as much loss of blood as the knife.

A comparison of the three methods recently made in the Colorado Agriis much less of this peculiar form of cultural college flock showed favorcrookedness than there used to be, able results from the use of the emasculator. Lambs docked with either the knife or the emasculator were well healed, when examined two weeks later, while those docked with There is no tree in the world that surpasses the white pine in beauty, stateliness, individuality and useful-ness. It is the prince of North Amerthe hot iron were not entirely healed

knees from under him. He reached

groaned.