

## Local Gossip

Elaine Collins, of Murrin Bridge, shows considerable skill as an artist. This young lady has the gift of being able to bear in mind things she has seen and heard—in other words a retentive memory. Elaine prepared a sketch entirely from memory after a talk on the Philippine Islands. There were a number of models, too, and these were cleverly worked into the whole picture showing the way of life in the Philippines.

Congratulations to Mrs. Jimmy Newman, of Condobolin, on the birth of a son, Trevor.

A great improvement has been noticed recently in Mrs. M. Barlow's house at Condobolin, which has been painted in colourful red and green paint. The house now looks as good as new.

Bill Burwick, a well known identity of Condobolin, was moved to Orange Mental Hospital for treatment recently.

The residents hope to see Bill about again soon.

Little Lorna Dargin, of Condobolin, is still in hospital after her prolonged illness, and looks like being there for a few more weeks.

The water was rough, making his progress slow and tiring; but the thought of life and freedom gave him strength. Once, as he twisted in a flurry of swirling water, he caught a brief glimpse of Kalene ahead of him off near the bank.

Lomax laughed again as he broke the surface and threshed with his legs. His faithful servant, the wildcat he had tamed, was waiting for him.

He was still laughing when he felt the sudden jerk on his wrists. His head went under and he swallowed some of the muddy water. He kicked his legs and thrust his head out into the air, but the strain remained on his tied wrists. The trailing rope had snagged in the branches of a submerged tree.

The water lapped over his face as the tension increased on the rope. Lomax choked and spluttered as his face went under. He tried to jerk the rope loose, but it only pulled him deeper. He kicked wildly to reach the life-giving air.

As he surfaced, he screamed at Kalene to help him. Fear, choking terror, went down with him as the waters closed again over his head. There was no reason why she should help; there was every reason why she should watch and gloat over his death.

But when he managed to poke his head out of the yellow swirl again his pulse raced with renewed hope. He saw the black body swimming to him. She was going to save him!

Again the rope dragged him down, but the thought of his mastery over the lubra sustained him. In a matter of seconds she would free him.

He tried to kick back under the water to make her job easier. He felt like laughing, but the force of the flooded river crushed in on his lungs.

Lomax could feel movement on the rope as Kalene fought for his life; it seemed to drag him deeper. A new fear came and assaulted his brain. The lubra was helping to drown him!

Frantically he struggled and after, an eternity of terror, fed air into his famished lungs as he worked his legs wildly to keep his face upturned. The rope pulled him back and down. He exerted every ounce of his depleted strength to snatch another mouthful of air.

It was then he saw Kalene. She babbled something he did not understand. She held up her hands—hands he had bruised and broken into useless things.

As the rope pulled him under Kalene swam slowly to the bank where Dent waited for her.

### GOD'S WORD IS NEEDED.

#### What do you think ?

Mrs. L. Kapeen, of Box Ridge, Coraki, makes some suggestions in her letter, "What do you think?" She says:—

"The *Dawn* is a book worthy of being printed and I find many of my people eagerly wait for its monthly appearance. But there is one great thing missing and that is the Bread of Life—God's Holy Word.

*Dawn* tells us to live up to a white man's standard but if we have not Christ we are nothing and gain nothing, because if we look into the book of Matthew: chap. 16, verse 26, we read—'for what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

So could not we have every month a little from the Bible?"