

Neuton *italic* 1+2

(uppercase is still in progress)

Italic 2

"Speak to us, my dear Ralph," whispered Jack, tenderly, "are you better now?"

I smiled and looked up, saying, "Better; why, what do you mean, Jack? I'm quite well."

"Then what are you shamming for, and frightening us in this way?" Peterkin, smiling through his tears; for the poor boy had been really under the impression that I was dying.

I now raised myself on my elbow, and putting my hand to my forehead, found that it had been cut pretty severely, and that I had lost a good deal of blood.

"Come, come, Ralph," said Jack, pressing me gently backward, "lie down, my boy; you're not right yet. Wet your lips with this water, it's cool and clear as crystal. I got it from a spring close at hand. There now, say a word, hold your tongue," said he, seeing me about to speak.

"I'll tell you all about it, but you must not utter a syllable till you have rested a while."

"Oh! don't stop him from speaking, Jack," said Peterkin, who, now that his fears for my safety were removed, busied himself in erecting a shelter of broken branches in order to protect me from the wind; which, however, was almost unnecessary, for the rock beside which I had been lying had completely broke the force of the gale. "Let him speak, Jack; it's a comfort to hear that he's alive, after lying there stiff and white and sulky for a whole hour, just like an Egyptian mummy. Never saw such a fellow as you are, Ralph; always up to mischief. You've almost knocked out all my teeth and more than half choked me, and now you go shamming dead! It's very wicked of you, indeed it is."

Italic 1

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Text from Coral Island by R.M. Ballantyne, 1825-1894

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