

'An' we've gotten Lyddy made a grand lady sin' thou wert here last year,' she said, with a twinkle in her eye. 'Thou made a mistak', doctor, if thou thowt as oor Lyddy 'ud wear th' willow fur thee. She's drivin' her own kerrige up theer near Waveney, an' seems as happy as a queen.'

'How did it come about?' Holgate asked, with deep interest. He had heard of the marriage, but knew no particulars.

'It began last September, when he wur livin' i' the Haven wi' his mother an' sisters, as foine ladies as ivver you saa! Lyddy got in wi' them, an' they wur vera friendly, an' the young gentleman, he got into the way o' coomin' here of an evenin', an' so a bit o' loove grew up atween the twa. He's as foine a chap as yo ivver seed. An' i' the winter they had 'er up stayin' wi' them at the Hall, where she's th' mistress noo; an' they're a' as happy as can be. He has plenty money. Yo' ken the big mills up at Thornleigh belangs to him. Ay, the girl's gradely weel off noo, an' she knaws it, doctor. Theer nivver wur a greater change in enny won than in oor Lyddy, she's that gentle an' kindly; an' she mak's him a good woife, as weel she may. So tha sees, doctor, she's made a better match, after a', than thou'd 'a been, eh?'

'She has indeed. I never was so glad to hear anything,' Holgate said sincerely.

'Bless me! theer's some won at the door, an' it after ten. Theer's fowk, doctor, as 'ud pour beer into their insides mornin', noon, and neet if they cud get them silly enow to give it 'em,' said