

execute the last steps that brought her down the hill.

"Young meäster be gone post to Porlock; I zee un go."

It was not from Gor they would have wished to receive this information, but it was sufficiently important to make them pause to know if it were true.

Gor never spoke in high key, but now some flutter of triumph made her very bold in speech.

"Thee may call it 'witching,' Zquire, but I knawed he'd not be stoppen when I knawed what the old mad sdranger was asking o' Miss, vor the morning o' the day he cwome I caught a big black bŭg in my water-bŭcket, an' not a feäler it had like other bŭgs, an' I wer' just all in a wonder to knaw how much blame it was to he to be a-going, bŭmp, bŭmp, bŭmping 'er head agen things when her wer' a-made that way."

"What is she talking about?" asked Alice; but her mind was wholly occupied