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Then Mrs. Truckle came back, and when she saw our plight she said:

“Poor lassies, ye be-ant a-used to it,” and she “felt” the butter, and said:

“Aye, but it’s coom,” and we forgot all our labor, and jumped up and peered into the churn as she took the cover off, and I said:

“Oh! does it come like that—black and white?” for I had caught sight of a funny little black spot in it, and she soused it around with her hands, and then lifted it out. And then we clutched each other, and gasped, for five little heads were sticking out of it, and five little mice had been entombed in our butter-making.

