

"Not many times," I tried to say reassuringly.

"I wan't never in 'em afore, and wouldn't be now, only my son Dan'el's wife's took oncommon bad, and he thinks I can cure her."

She remained quiet a while, and then somewhat reassured began to grow curious about her traveling companions.

"Have you cum fur?" she asked.

I explained that I had come a good many miles.

"All alone?"

"Only from New York."

"Going fur?"

"To Cavendish."

"Did you say Cavendish?"

"Yes."

"Be you a furriner?"

"No, I am English;" I felt my color rising as I answered.

"Well, you speak sort o' queer, but my old man was English, too, a Norfolk man, and blest if I could understand quarter he said for ever so long after we got keeping company. I used to say yes to everything I didn't understand when we was alone, for fear he might be popping the question; but laws, I knew well enough when he did ask."

She fell into an apparently pleasant reverie, but soon returned to the actualities of life.

"You're-not married, surely."