

150 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

terrific rate, until finally, with an awful thrust, he sends you nearly up the chimney.'

"'Amy, Amy! My salts, my dear,' the good dame cried. 'It is outrageous, indecent, immoral—positively awful!'

"Poor old dame, after that the waltz seemed tame to her."

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That afternoon we had been promised we would be allowed to churn the butter. We all said it was one of the delights of farming to make your own creamy pats, and it was the only thing about a cow that was really enjoyable. I noticed Mrs. Truckle looked pitying at us, but I thought it must be because we were going to deprive her of the pleasure. We gathered in the cool stone cellar, and hovered about, and stuck our fingers in the pans of cream, and jostled up against the bench which held them.

We seemed to be awfully in the way, or else the cellar was too small but Mrs. Truckle beamed upon us with her broad, beautiful smile, so we crowded up to the churn expectantly, all excepting Eileen. You couldn't expect her to relish anything like real work. She just gave a sickly little screech, and said: "Oh, I saw a mouse in there," and she went away.