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was, she quivered like a popple in a south wind; her knees gave beneath her, and she fell upon them by the side of my bed, and spoke brokenly, to herself, or to me, or to —

At any rate, I laid my hand on her head, and felt better — more eased — than for a whole year and seven months past. Then Uncle Shim called from the shed:

“Lize, where be ye?”

I have never known him to be absent about his work for an hour even, but that, on entering the house again, those were his first words. Hearing them, Aunt Lize rose quickly, found the door half-blindly through her tears, and, going out, shut it to — softly.

September 16th.

This morning, after a sleep such as I have not had for months, I found a good, sharp darning-needle run through a . . . paper and again through the hem of the sheet. . . seized it so quickly that it pricked me — a right smart jab; the sensation it gave me is a thing to remember. The needle and the prick have both done me good. She trusted me.

Afternoon.

About three o'clock, when Aunt Lize was out with Uncle Shim cutting fodder, and Twiddie had gone down the Pent Road to see the stage pass, I experimented with the needle.

I tried both legs — thighs and calves; ran it a half inch into each — and felt nothing. But the blood