

"What do you say to sausages?" he suggested, remembering her taste.

"I likes sausages," she said. "I likes the noise they makes in the frazzhengro of a wet day."

He showed her his stores.

"You see I've got enough for two."

"And you left all that yer when you bin up Tharney-hill? It's a wonder it wasn't took. Some of them dirty peerdies'll take anything. And if 'twas mast time, and the pigs was about, they'd smell it out, and make a fine mess."

"I'd no one to leave in charge."

"Allus 'ud have come. She'd do anything for you."

"She offered to come off with me," said Lyddon, and told the story of Allus's visit that morning.

"She's a funny little martel," was Mary's comment. "Look, it is a-clearin'! The birds is beginnin'. There's a bit of blue."

"There's all the summer before us!"

Mary began to take the boiling pot off the hook. He sprang forward and did it for her.

"What you do that for?"

"I don't want you to lift the heavy pot."

"I'm not so bad as that," she said. "Now for your shirt. We'll be able to dry it after all, if this yer rain kips off."

"I want to move to-day."

"What, the keepers bin after you?"

"No. I just want to get off. A large bit of England belongs to us—all the roads and all the way-sides."

"You'll soon find they doesn't when the gav-mushes and them comes after you and moves you on."