

with the fact that Harvey was gone. She lingered, hoping that Mr. Knighton would ask when he went, and how.

"Shall we walk on?" suggested Knighton.

"But I tell 'ee" (the witch, indifferent to their correct indifference, estimated their interest perfectly) "when I zeed un coming an' going, I knawed young meäster might ha' been a bit sharper if 'er 'd tried, but how much sharper it passes I to zay. I did zay to I, it's a good thing vor Zquire an' country, vor Zquire 'll have Miss; and main glad I wer'. But zhure enough, it's all accorden to how a creätur's made what her makes out o' things, vor eäven a beätle wi'out feälers can do better nor wūrse."

After they had walked away her words came after them in repetition: "Can do better nor wūrse."

So they went on, but not, as before, with tranquil minds. At the knowledge that Harvey was really gone Alice could have wept afresh. She could not quite under-