Chapter X

Dickon

THE sun shone down for nearly a week on the secret garden. The Secret Garden was what Mary called it when she was thinking of it. She liked the name, and she liked still more the feeling that when its beautiful old walls shut her in no one knew where she was. It seemed almost like being shut out of the world in some fairy place. The few books she had read and liked had been fairy-story books, and she had read of secret gardens in some of the stories. Sometimes people went to sleep in them for a hundred years, which she had thought must be rather stupid. She had no intention of going to sleep, and, in fact, she was becoming wider awake every day which passed at Misselthwaite. She was beginning to like to be out of doors; she no longer hated the wind, but enjoyed it. She could run faster, and longer, and she could skip up to a hundred. The bulbs in the secret garden must have been much astonished. Such nice clear places were made round them that they had all the breathing space they wanted, and really, if Mistress Mary had known it, they began to cheer up under the dark earth and work

tremendously. The sun could get at them and warm them, and when the rain came down it could reach them at once, so they began to feel very much alive.

Mary was an odd, determined little person, and now she had something interesting to be determined about, she was very much absorbed, indeed. She worked and dug and pulled up weeds steadily, only becoming more pleased with her work every hour instead of tiring of it. It seemed to her like a fascinating sort of play. She found many more of the sprouting pale green points than she had ever hoped to find. They seemed to be starting up everywhere and each day she was sure she found tiny new ones, some so tiny that they barely peeped above the earth. There were so many that she remembered what Martha had said about the 'snowdrops by the thousands,' and about bulbs spreading and making new ones. These had been left to themselves for ten years and perhaps they had spread, like the snowdrops, into thousands. She wondered how long it would be before they showed that they were flowers. Sometimes she stopped digging to look at the garden and try to imagine what it would be like when it was covered with thousands of lovely things in bloom.

During that week of sunshine, she became more intimate with Ben Weatherstaff. She surprised him several times by seeming to start up beside him as if she sprang out of the earth. The truth was that she was afraid that he would pick up his tools and go away if he saw her coming, so she always walked toward him as silently as possible. But, in fact, he did not object to her as strongly as he had at first. Perhaps he was secretly rather flattered by her evident desire for his elderly company. Then, also, she was more civil than she had been. He did not know that when she first saw him she spoke to him as she would have spoken to a native, and had not known that a cross, sturdy old Yorkshire man was not accustomed to salaam to his masters, and be merely commanded by them to do things.

'Tha'rt like th' robin,' he said to her one morning when he lifted his head and saw her standing by him. 'I never knows when I shall see thee or which side tha'll come from.'

'He's friends with me now,' said Mary.

'That's like him,' snapped Ben Weatherstaff. 'Makin' up to th' women folk just for vanity an' flightiness. There's nothin' he wouldn't do for th'

'I wasn't listening,' said Mary. 'I was just waiting for you—and I heard it. That's three times.'

'My word! There's Mrs Medlock's bell,' said Martha, and she almost ran out of the room.

'It's the strangest house any one ever lived in,' said Mary drowsily, as she dropped her head on the cushioned seat of the armchair near her. Fresh air, and digging, and skipping-rope had made her feel so comfortably tired that she fell asleep.

'Yes, I do. I never saw a boy foxes and crows loved. I want to see him very much.'

Martha gave a little start, as if she suddenly remembered something.

'Now to think,' she broke out, 'to think o' me forgettin' that there; an' I thought I was goin' to tell you first thing this mornin'. I asked mother—and she said she'd ask Mrs Medlock her own self.'

'Do you mean—' Mary began.

'What I said Tuesday. Ask her if you might be driven over to our cottage some day and have a bit o' mother's hot oat cake, an' butter, an' a glass o' milk.'

It seemed as if all the interesting things were happening in one day. To think of going over the moor in the daylight and when the sky was blue! To think of going into the cottage which held twelve children!

'Does she think Mrs Medlock would let me go?' she asked, quite anxiously.

'Aye, she thinks she would. She knows what a tidy woman mother is and how clean she keeps the cottage.'

'If I went I should see your mother as well as Dickon,' said Mary, thinking it over and liking the idea very much. 'She doesn't seem to be like the mothers in India.'

Her work in the garden and the excitement of the afternoon ended by making her feel quiet and thoughtful. Martha stayed with her until tea-time, but they sat in comfortable quiet and talked very little. But just before Martha went down-stairs for the tea-tray, Mary asked a question.

'Martha,' she said, 'has the scullery-maid had the toothache again to-day?'

Martha certainly started slightly.

'What makes thee ask that?' she said.

'Because when I waited so long for you to come back I opened the door and walked down the corridor to see if you were coming. And I heard that far-off crying again, just as we heard it the other night. There isn't a wind to-day, so you see it couldn't have been the wind.'

'Eh!' said Martha restlessly. 'Tha' mustn't go walkin' about in corridors an' listenin'. Mr Craven would be that there angry there's no knowin' what he'd do.'

sake o' showin' off an' flirtin' his tail-feathers. He's as full o' pride as an egg's full o' meat.'

He very seldom talked much and sometimes did not even answer Mary's questions except by a grunt, but this morning he said more than usual. He stood up and rested one hobnailed boot on the top of his spade while he looked her over.

'How long has tha' been here?' he jerked out.

'I think it's about a month,' she answered.

'Tha's beginnin' to do Misselthwaite credit,' he said. 'Tha's a bit fatter than tha' was an' tha's not quite so yeller. Tha' looked like a young plucked crow when tha' first came into this garden. Thinks I to myself I never set eyes on an uglier, sourer faced young 'un.'

Mary was not vain and as she had never thought much of her looks she was not greatly disturbed.

'I know I'm fatter,' she said. 'My stockings are getting tighter. They used to make wrinkles. There's the robin, Ben Weatherstaff.'

There, indeed, was the robin, and she thought he looked nicer than ever. His red waistcoat was as glossy as satin and he flirted his wings and tail and tilted his head and hopped about with all sorts of lively graces. He seemed determined to make Ben Weatherstaff admire him. But Ben was sarcastic.

'Aye, there tha' art!' he said. 'Tha' can put up with me for a bit sometimes when tha's got no one better. Tha's been reddinin' up thy waistcoat an' polishin' thy feathers this two weeks. I know what tha's up to. Tha's courtin' some bold young madam somewhere, tellin' thy lies to her about bein' th' finest cock robin on Missel Moor an' ready to fight all th' rest of 'em.'

'Oh! look at him!' exclaimed Mary.

The robin was evidently in a fascinating, bold mood. He hopped closer and closer and looked at Ben Weatherstaff more and more engagingly. He flew on to the nearest currant bush and tilted his head and sang a little song right at him.

'Tha' thinks tha'll get over me by doin' that,' said Ben, wrinkling his face up in such a way that Mary felt sure he was trying not to look pleased. 'Tha' thinks no one can stand out against thee—that's what tha' thinks.'

The robin spread his wings—Mary could scarcely believe her eyes. He flew right up to the handle of Ben Weatherstaff's spade and alighted on the top of it. Then the old man's face wrinkled itself slowly into a new expression. He stood still as if he were afraid to breathe—as if he would not have stirred for the world, lest his robin should start away. He spoke quite in a whisper.

'Well, I'm danged!' he said as softly as if he were saying something quite different. 'Tha' does know how to get at a chap—tha' does! Tha's fair unearthly, tha's so knowin'.'

And he stood without stirring—almost without drawing his breath—until the robin gave another flirt to his wings and flew away. Then he stood looking at the handle of the spade as if there might be Magic in it, and then he began to dig again and said nothing for several minutes.

But because he kept breaking into a slow grin now and then, Mary was not afraid to talk to him.

'Have you a garden of your own?' she asked.

'No. I'm bachelder an' lodge with Martin at th' gate.'

'If you had one,' said Mary, 'what would you plant?'

'Cabbages an' 'taters an' onions.'

'But if you wanted to make a flower garden,' persisted Mary, 'what would you plant?'

'Bulbs an' sweet-smellin' things—but mostly roses.'

Mary's face lighted up.

'Do you like roses?' she said.

Ben Weatherstaff rooted up a weed and threw it aside before he answered.

'Well, yes, I do. I was learned that by a young lady I was gardener to. She had a lot in a place she was fond of, an' she loved 'em like they was children—or robins. I've seen her bend over an' kiss 'em.' He dragged out another weed and scowled at it. 'That were as much as ten year' ago.'

'Where is she now?' asked Mary, much interested.

'Heaven,' he answered, and drove his spade deep into the soil, 'cording to what parson says.'

'What happened to the roses?' Mary asked again, more interested than ever.

'They was left to themselves.'

Mary was becoming quite excited.

She ran out of the room, and Mary stood by the fire and twisted her thin little hands together with sheer pleasure.

'If I have a spade,' she whispered, 'I can make the earth nice and soft and dig up weeds. If I have seeds and can make flowers grow the garden won't be dead at all—it will come alive.'

She did not go out again that afternoon because when Martha returned with her pen and ink and paper she was obliged to clear the table and carry the plates and dishes down-stairs and when she got into the kitchen Mrs Medlock was there and told her to do something, so Mary waited for what seemed to her a long time before she came back. Then it was a serious piece of work to write to Dickon. Mary had been taught very little because her governesses had disliked her too much to stay with her. She could not spell particularly well but she found that she could print letters when she tried. This was the letter Martha dictated to her:

> My Dear Dickon:
>
> This comes hoping to find you well as it leaves me at present. Miss Mary has plenty of money and will you go to Thwaite and buy her some flower seeds and a set of garden tools to make a flower-bed. Pick the prettiest ones and easy to grow because she has never done it before and lived in India which is different. Give my love to mother and every one of you. Miss Mary is going to tell me a lot more so that on my next day out you can hear about elephants and camels and gentlemen going hunting lions and tigers.
>
> Your loving sister,
> Martha Phœbe Sowerby.

'We'll put the money in th' envelope an' I'll get th' butcher's boy to take it in his cart. He's a great friend o' Dickon's,' said Martha.

'How shall I get the things when Dickon buys them?' asked Mary.

'He'll bring 'em to you himself. He'll like to walk over this way.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Mary, 'then I shall see him! I never thought I should see Dickon.'

'Does tha' want to see him?' asked Martha suddenly, she had looked so pleased.

they give her a bit for herself, even if she doesn't plant nothin' but parsley an' radishes? She'd dig an' rake away an' be right down happy over it.' Them was the very words she said.'

'Were they?' said Mary. 'How many things she knows, doesn't she?'

'Eh!' said Martha. 'It's like she says: 'A woman as brings up twelve children learns something besides her A B C. Children's as good as 'rithmetic to set you findin' out things."

'How much would a spade cost—a little one?' Mary asked.

'Well,' was Martha's reflective answer, 'at Thwaite village there's a shop or so an' I saw little garden sets with a spade an' a rake an' a fork all tied together for two shillings. An' they was stout enough to work with, too.'

'I've got more than that in my purse,' said Mary. 'Mrs Morrison gave me five shillings and Mrs Medlock gave me some money from Mr Craven.'

'Did he remember thee that much?' exclaimed Martha.

'Mrs Medlock said I was to have a shilling a week to spend. She gives me one every Saturday. I didn't know what to spend it on.'

'My word! that's riches,' said Martha. 'Tha' can buy anything in th' world tha' wants. Th' rent of our cottage is only one an' threepence an' it's like pullin' eye-teeth to get it. Now I've just thought of somethin',' putting her hands on her hips.

'What?' said Mary eagerly.

'In the shop at Thwaite they sell packages o' flower-seeds for a penny each, and our Dickon he knows which is th' prettiest ones an' how to make 'em grow. He walks over to Thwaite many a day just for th' fun of it. Does tha' know how to print letters?' suddenly.

'I know how to write,' Mary answered.

Martha shook her head.

'Our Dickon can only read printin'. If tha' could print we could write a letter to him an' ask him to go an' buy th' garden tools an' th' seeds at th' same time.'

'Oh! you're a good girl!' Mary cried. 'You are, really! I didn't know you were so nice. I know I can print letters if I try. Let's ask Mrs Medlock for a pen and ink and some paper.'

'I've got some of my own,' said Martha. 'I bought 'em so I could print a bit of a letter to mother of a Sunday. I'll go and get it.'

'Did they quite die? Do roses quite die when they are left to themselves?' she ventured.

'Well, I'd got to like 'em—an' I liked her—an' she liked 'em,' Ben Weatherstaff admitted reluctantly. 'Once or twice a year I'd go an' work at 'em a bit—prune 'em an' dig about th' roots. They run wild, but they was in rich soil, so some of 'em lived.'

'When they have no leaves and look gray and brown and dry, how can you tell whether they are dead or alive?' inquired Mary.

'Wait till th' spring gets at 'em—wait till th' sun shines on th' rain an' th' rain falls on th' sunshine an' then tha'll find out.'

'How—how?' cried Mary, forgetting to be careful.

'Look along th' twigs an' branches an' if tha' sees a bit of a brown lump swelling here an' there, watch it after th' warm rain an' see what happens.' He stopped suddenly and looked curiously at her eager face. 'Why does tha' care so much about roses an' such, all of a sudden?' he demanded.

Mistress Mary felt her face grow red. She was almost afraid to answer.

'I—I want to play that—that I have a garden of my own,' she stammered. 'I—there is nothing for me to do. I have nothing—and no one.'

'Well,' said Ben Weatherstaff slowly, as he watched her, 'that's true. Tha' hasn't.'

He said it in such an odd way that Mary wondered if he was actually a little sorry for her. She had never felt sorry for herself; she had only felt tired and cross, because she disliked people and things so much. But now the world seemed to be changing and getting nicer. If no one found out about the secret garden, she should enjoy herself always.

She stayed with him for ten or fifteen minutes longer and asked him as many questions as she dared. He answered every one of them in his queer grunting way and he did not seem really cross and did not pick up his spade and leave her. He said something about roses just as she was going away and it reminded her of the ones he had said he had been fond of.

'Do you go and see those other roses now?' she asked.

'Not been this year. My rheumatics has made me too stiff in th' joints.'

He said it in his grumbling voice, and then quite suddenly he seemed to get angry with her, though she did not see why he should.

'Now look here!' he said sharply. 'Don't tha' ask so many questions. Tha'rt th' worst wench for askin' questions I've ever come across. Get thee gone an' play thee. I've done talkin' for to-day.'

And he said it so crossly that she knew there was not the least use in staying another minute. She went skipping slowly down the outside walk, thinking him over and saying to herself that, queer as it was, here was another person whom she liked in spite of his crossness. She liked old Ben Weatherstaff. Yes, she did like him. She always wanted to try to make him talk to her. Also she began to believe that he knew everything in the world about flowers.

There was a laurel-hedged walk which curved round the secret garden and ended at a gate which opened into a wood, in the park. She thought she would skip round this walk and look into the wood and see if there were any rabbits hopping about. She enjoyed the skipping very much and when she reached the little gate she opened it and went through because she heard a low, peculiar whistling sound and wanted to find out what it was.

It was a very strange thing indeed. She quite caught her breath as she stopped to look at it. A boy was sitting under a tree, with his back against it, playing on a rough wooden pipe. He was a funny looking boy about twelve. He looked very clean and his nose turned up and his cheeks were as red as poppies and never had Mistress Mary seen such round and such blue eyes in any boy's face. And on the trunk of the tree he leaned against, a brown squirrel was clinging and watching him, and from behind a bush nearby a cock pheasant was delicately stretching his neck to peep out, and quite near him were two rabbits sitting up and sniffing with tremulous noses—and actually it appeared as if they were all drawing near to watch him and listen to the strange low little call his pipe seemed to make.

When he saw Mary he held up his hand and spoke to her in a voice almost as low as and rather like his piping.

'Don't tha' move,' he said. 'It'd flight 'em.'

Mary remained motionless. He stopped playing his pipe and began to rise from the ground. He moved so slowly that it scarcely seemed as though he were moving at all, but at last he stood on his feet and then the squirrel scampered back up into the branches of his tree, the pheasant

'Does Dickon know all about them?' asked Mary, a new idea taking possession of her.

'Our Dickon can make a flower grow out of a brick walk. Mother says he just whispers things out o' th' ground.'

'Do bulbs live a long time? Would they live years and years if no one helped them?' inquired Mary anxiously.

'They're things as helps themselves,' said Martha. 'That's why poor folk can afford to have 'em. If you don't trouble 'em, most of 'em'll work away underground for a lifetime an' spread out an' have little 'uns. There's a place in th' park woods here where there's snowdrops by thousands. They're the prettiest sight in Yorkshire when th' spring comes. No one knows when they was first planted.'

'I wish the spring was here now,' said Mary. 'I want to see all the things that grow in England.'

She had finished her dinner and gone to her favorite seat on the hearth-rug.

'I wish—I wish I had a little spade,' she said.

'Whatever does tha' want a spade for?' asked Martha, laughing. 'Art tha' goin' to take to diggin'? I must tell mother that, too.'

Mary looked at the fire and pondered a little. She must be careful if she meant to keep her secret kingdom. She wasn't doing any harm, but if Mr Craven found out about the open door he would be fearfully angry and get a new key and lock it up forevermore. She really could not bear that.

'This is such a big lonely place,' she said slowly, as if she were turning matters over in her mind. 'The house is lonely, and the park is lonely, and the gardens are lonely. So many places seem shut up. I never did many things in India, but there were more people to look at—natives and soldiers marching by—and sometimes bands playing, and my Ayah told me stories. There is no one to talk to here except you and Ben Weatherstaff. And you have to do your work and Ben Weatherstaff won't speak to me often. I thought if I had a little spade I could dig somewhere as he does, and I might make a little garden if he would give me some seeds.'

Martha's face quite lighted up.

'There now!' she exclaimed, 'if that wasn't one of th' things mother said. She says, 'There's such a lot o' room in that big place, why don't

She went from place to place, and dug and weeded, and enjoyed herself so immensely that she was led on from bed to bed and into the grass under the trees. The exercise made her so warm that she first threw her coat off, and then her hat, and without knowing it she was smiling down on to the grass and the pale green points all the time.

The robin was tremendously busy. He was very much pleased to see gardening begun on his own estate. He had often wondered at Ben Weatherstaff. Where gardening is done all sorts of delightful things to eat are turned up with the soil. Now here was this new kind of creature who was not half Ben's size and yet had had the sense to come into his garden and begin at once.

Mistress Mary worked in her garden until it was time to go to her midday dinner. In fact, she was rather late in remembering, and when she put on her coat and hat, and picked up her skipping-rope, she could not believe that she had been working two or three hours. She had been actually happy all the time; and dozens and dozens of the tiny, pale green points were to be seen in cleared places, looking twice as cheerful as they had looked before when the grass and weeds had been smothering them.

'I shall come back this afternoon,' she said, looking all round at her new kingdom, and speaking to the trees and the rose-bushes as if they heard her.

Then she ran lightly across the grass, pushed open the slow old door and slipped through it under the ivy. She had such red cheeks and such bright eyes and ate such a dinner that Martha was delighted.

'Two pieces o' meat an' two helps o' rice puddin'!' she said. 'Eh! mother will be pleased when I tell her what th' skippin'-rope's done for thee.'

In the course of her digging with her pointed stick Mistress Mary had found herself digging up a sort of white root rather like an onion. She had put it back in its place and patted the earth carefully down on it and just now she wondered if Martha could tell her what it was.

'Martha,' she said, 'what are those white roots that look like onions?'

'They're bulbs,' answered Martha. 'Lots o' spring flowers grow from 'em. Th' very little ones are snowdrops an' crocuses an' th' big ones are narcissusis an' jonquils an' daffydowndillys. Th' biggest of all is lilies an' purple flags. Eh! they are nice. Dickon's got a whole lot of 'em planted in our bit o' garden.'

withdrew his head and the rabbits dropped on all fours and began to hop away, though not at all as if they were frightened.

'I'm Dickon,' the boy said. 'I know tha'rt Miss Mary.'

Then Mary realized that somehow she had known at first that he was Dickon. Who else could have been charming rabbits and pheasants as the natives charm snakes in India? He had a wide, red, curving mouth and his smile spread all over his face.

'I got up slow,' he explained, 'because if tha' makes a quick move it startles 'em. A body 'as to move gentle an' speak low when wild things is about.'

He did not speak to her as if they had never seen each other before but as if he knew her quite well. Mary knew nothing about boys and she spoke to him a little stiffly because she felt rather shy.

'Did you get Martha's letter?' she asked.

He nodded his curly, rust-coloured head.

'That's why I come.'

He stooped to pick up something which had been lying on the ground beside him when he piped.

'I've got th' garden tools. There's a little spade an' rake an' a fork an' hoe. Eh! they are good 'uns. There's a trowel, too. An' th' woman in th' shop threw in a packet o' white poppy an' one o' blue larkspur when I bought th' other seeds.'

'Will you show the seeds to me?' Mary said.

She wished she could talk as he did. His speech was so quick and easy. It sounded as if he liked her and was not the least afraid she would not like him, though he was only a common moor boy, in patched clothes and with a funny face and a rough, rusty-red head. As she came closer to him she noticed that there was a clean fresh scent of heather and grass and leaves about him, almost as if he were made of them. She liked it very much and when she looked into his funny face with the red cheeks and round blue eyes she forgot that she had felt shy.

'Let us sit down on this log and look at them,' she said.

They sat down and he took a clumsy little brown paper package out of his coat pocket. He untied the string and inside there were ever so many neater and smaller packages with a picture of a flower on each one.

'There's a lot o' mignonette an' poppies,' he said. 'Mignonette's th' sweetest smellin' thing as grows, an' it'll grow wherever you cast it, same as poppies will. Them as'll come up an' bloom if you just whistle to 'em, them's th' nicest of all.'

He stopped and turned his head quickly, his poppy-cheeked face lighting up.

'Where's that robin as is callin' us?' he said.

The chirp came from a thick holly bush, bright with scarlet berries, and Mary thought she knew whose it was.

'Is it really calling us?' she asked.

'Aye,' said Dickon, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, 'he's callin' some one he's friends with. That's same as sayin' 'Here I am. Look at me. I wants a bit of a chat.' There he is in the bush. Whose is he?'

'He's Ben Weatherstaff's, but I think he knows me a little,' answered Mary.

'Aye, he knows thee,' said Dickon in his low voice again. 'An' he likes thee. He's took thee on. He'll tell me all about thee in a minute.'

He moved quite close to the bush with the slow movement Mary had noticed before, and then he made a sound almost like the robin's own twitter. The robin listened a few seconds, intently, and then answered quite as if he were replying to a question.

'Aye, he's a friend o' yours,' chuckled Dickon.

'Do you think he is?' cried Mary eagerly. She did so want to know. 'Do you think he really likes me?'

'He wouldn't come near thee if he didn't,' answered Dickon. 'Birds is rare choosers an' a robin can flout a body worse than a man. See, he's making up to thee now. 'Cannot tha' see a chap?' he's sayin'.'

And it really seemed as if it must be true. He so sidled and twittered and tilted as he hopped on his bush.

'Do you understand everything birds say?' said Mary.

Dickon's grin spread until he seemed all wide, red, curving mouth, and he rubbed his rough head.

'I think I do, and they think I do,' he said. 'I've lived on th' moor with 'em so long. I've watched 'em break shell an' come out an' fledge an' learn to fly an' begin to sing, till I think I'm one of 'em. Sometimes I think

were dead, or if perhaps some of them had lived and might put out leaves and buds as the weather got warmer. She did not want it to be a quite dead garden. If it were a quite alive garden, how wonderful it would be, and what thousands of roses would grow on every side!

Her skipping-rope had hung over her arm when she came in and after she had walked about for a while she thought she would skip round the whole garden, stopping when she wanted to look at things. There seemed to have been grass paths here and there, and in one or two corners there were alcoves of evergreen with stone seats or tall moss-covered flower urns in them.

As she came near the second of these alcoves she stopped skipping. There had once been a flower-bed in it, and she thought she saw something sticking out of the black earth—some sharp little pale green points. She remembered what Ben Weatherstaff had said and she knelt down to look at them.

'Yes, they are tiny growing things and they might be crocuses or snowdrops or daffodils,' she whispered.

She bent very close to them and sniffed the fresh scent of the damp earth. She liked it very much.

'Perhaps there are some other ones coming up in other places,' she said. 'I will go all over the garden and look.'

She did not skip, but walked. She went slowly and kept her eyes on the ground. She looked in the old border beds and among the grass, and after she had gone round, trying to miss nothing, she had found ever so many more sharp, pale green points, and she had become quite excited again.

'It isn't a quite dead garden,' she cried out softly to herself. 'Even if the roses are dead, there are other things alive.'

She did not know anything about gardening, but the grass seemed so thick in some of the places where the green points were pushing their way through that she thought they did not seem to have room enough to grow. She searched about until she found a rather sharp piece of wood and knelt down and dug and weeded out the weeds and grass until she made nice little clear places around them.

'Now they look as if they could breathe,' she said, after she had finished with the first ones. 'I am going to do ever so many more. I'll do all I can see. If I haven't time to-day I can come to-morrow.'