AN ANALYSIS OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES (PREFIX AND SUFFIX) USED IN FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S NOVEL "THE SECRET GARDEN"

A THESIS

Submitted to the State Istitute for Islamic Studies(IAIN)
Padangsidimpuan as a partial fulfillment of the requirement for the Graduate Degree of Education (S.Pd) in English

Written by:

RIZKI ANNISA HARAHAP

Reg. No. 16 203 00007

ENGLISH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

TARBIYAH AND TEACHER TRAINING FACULTY
STATE INSTITUTE FOR ISLAMIC STUDIES
PADANGSIDIMPUAN
2021

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2021

LETTER AGREEMENT

Term : Thesis
Item : 6 (Six) Exemplars

Padangsidimpuan, September 2021
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To : **Dean**
Tarbiyah and Teacher Training Faculty
in –
Padangsidimpuan

Assalamu'alaikum Warahmatullahi Wabarakatuh,

After reading, studying and giving advice for necessary revise on thesis belongs to **RIZKI ANNISA HARAHAP**, entitle **"An Analysis of Derivational Affixes (Prefix and Suffix) Use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden"**, the researcher assume that the thesis has been acceptable to complete the assignment and fulfill for the degree of Islamic Educational Scholar (S.Pd) in English, Tarbiyah and Teacher Training Faculty in IAIN Padangsidimpuan.

Therefore, the researcher hoped It could be defined my thesis in Munaqosyah. That is all and thank you for the selection.

Wassalamu'alaikum Warahmatullahi Wabarakatuh.

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ABSTRACT

This research is focused on analyzing the derivational affixes found in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden. This research is aimed to find out derivational affixes found in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden, to show the dominant kinds of derivational affixes used in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden.

Formulation of the problems are what are derivational affixes (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden and what is the dominant affixes (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden. This research is aimed to know what are derivational affixes (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden and to know what is the dominant affixes (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden.

This research used qualitative method, the data is taken from novel The Secret Garden. The technique used in collecting data is documentation method because the researcher collected the data from novel. The data collection used the following steps: read all through the novel, find the word that included derivational affixes, and coding each word that included derivational affixes and analyze the data are identifying the kinds of derivational affixes.

The result shows that, there are 432 words that include derivational affixes from first chapter through tenth chapter. From 432 words, there are 47 words of prefix and 385 words of suffix. It can be indicated that the dominant types of derivational affixes in The Secret Garden Novel is suffix.

Keyword: Derivational Affixes, Novel, Kinds of Derivational Affixes

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JUDUL SKRIPSI : **ANALISIS AFIKS TURUNAN (AWALAN DAN AKHIRAN) YANG DIGUNAKAN DI NOVEL KEBUN RAHASIA OLEH FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT**

ABSTRAK

Penelitian ini difokuskan untuk menganalisis afiks turunan yang terdapat dalam novel The Secret Garden karya Frances Hodgson Burnett. Penelitian ini bertujuan untuk mengetahui afiks turunan yang terdapat dalam Novel The Secret Garden karya Frances Hodgson Burnett, untuk menunjukkan jenis afiks turunan yang dominan digunakan dalam Novel The Secret Garden karya Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Rumusan masalah dalam penelitian ini adalah apa afiks turunan (awalan dan akhiran) yang digunakan dalam novel The Secret Garden karya Frances Hodgson Burnett dan apa afiks turunan yang dominan yang digunakan dalam novel The Secret Garden karya Frances Hodgson Burnett. Penelitian ini bertujuan untuk mengetahui apa afiks turunan (awalan dan akhiran) yang digunakan dalam novel The Secret Garden karya Frances Hodgson Burnett dan untuk mengetahui apa afiks turunan yang dominan yang digunakan dalam novel The Secret Garden karya Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Penelitian ini menggunakan metode kualitatif, data diambil dari novel The Secret Garden. Teknik yang digunakan dalam pengumpulan data adalah metode dokumentasi karena peneliti mengumpulkan data dari novel. Pengumpulan data dilakukan dengan langkah-langkah sebagai berikut: membaca seluruh novel, menemukan kata yang termasuk imbuhan derivasional, dan mengkodekan setiap kata yang termasuk imbuhan derivasional dan menganalisis data mengidentifikasi jenis-jenis imbuhan turunan.

Hasil penelitian menunjukkan bahwa, terdapat 432 kata yang termasuk afiks turunan dari bab pertama sampai bab kesepuluh. Dari 432 kata, terdapat 47 kata awalan dan 385 kata akhiran. Dapat ditunjukkan bahwa jenis afiks turunan yang dominan dalam Novel The Secret Garden adalah akhiran.

Kata Kunci: Afiks Turunan, Novel, Macam-Macam Afiks Turunan

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It is a pleasure to acknowledgement the help and contribution to all lecturers, institution, family and friends who have contributed in defferent ways. Therefore, in this chance the writer would like to express the deepest gratitude to the following people:

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The researcher realize that there are still many shortcomings in this thesis. Therefore, the researcher would be very grateful for correction to improve this thesis. Comments and Criticism are also expected from all the readers of this thesis.

Padangsidimpuan, September, 27th, 2021

Researcher

Rizki Annisa Harahap
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A. Background of the Problem

Humans are social creatures who need to communicate and associate with each other. In communication, people must use tool to understand each other. Communication can be made with any language and language can also be created due to support of every individual to communicate. The media of communication between one person with another is language.

In general, language is described as a system of sounds produced by speech tools to connect words that produce sentences. Language can be interpreted as a symbolic system in which sounds and meanings are assigned to one another, enabling humans to convey what they think and feel. Language consists of components that are arranged regularly according to certain patterns. The science of language and grammar is called linguistics.

Linguistics is the study of language in general. The science of linguistics includes several aspects which include Morphology, Phonology, Syntax, Semantics, and also several other sciences related to languages such as Sociolinguistics, Psycholinguistics, and Comparative Linguistics. One of the aspects that will be discussed is morphology.

Morphology is the study of changing words. Morphology studies and analyzes the form, structure and classification of words. Morphology is also called the study of how morphemes are formed as grammatical units and how changes in word form affect the meaning of a word. The smallest meaningful

element which words can analyze is known as a morpheme. There are various types of morphemes including root, affix, free and bound morphemes.

Affixation is the adding of bound morphemes to the base form of a word, to change the meaning or category or grammatical function of the word. Importance of affixation in linguistic are knowing locations of additions of word, concentrating on meaning study, and showing process affixation. Then affixation in linguistic is revealed in the following illustration. There are two types of affixation. There are inflectional and derivational.

Inflectional refers to the formation of new forms of the same word. The inflectional affixes are part of the bound morpheme which does not function to produce new words in the language, but is only used to show the grammatical function of the word.

Derivational refers to the formation of a new word from another word. Derivational affixes are affixes when added to a root or base word, they create a new word that is derived from the base word but has different meaning. Derivational affixes can change the word class of the items they add and assign words as members of various word classes.

Novel is literary work that form stories that generally have the purpose of entertaining readers. Novel is one of the learning media that is interesting and novels are generally long enough to learn new vocabulary. It means, by reading the novel, it can help to enrich vocabularies in English.

In this moment, the researcher interest to analyze about derivational affixes in the secret garden novel, in order to know types of derivational affixes

that used by the author. In the secret garden novel, there are words that are included in derivational affixes, both prefix and suffix. This research would increase the understanding of meaning that author try conveying to readers about derivational affixes especially in novel, hopefully.

So, from the explanation above the researcher conducted the research entitled "An Analysis of Derivational Affixes (Prefix and Suffix) Use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel The Secret Garden".

B. Focus of the Problem

This research focused to analyze derivational affixes (prefix and suffix) in chapter one until chapter ten use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel "The Secret Garden".

C. Formulation of the Problem

Based on the background of the problem above, the problems can be formulated as follow:

1. What are derivational affixes (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel "The Secret Garden"?
2. What is the most dominant derivational affixes (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel "The Secret Garden"?

D. Objectives of the Research

Based on the formulation of the problem above, the aims of the research are:

1. To know what are derivational affixes (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel "The Secret Garden".

2. To know what is the most dominant derivational (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel "The Secret Garden".

E. Significances of the Research

It is expected that the results can be advantageous in the following ways:

1. Theoretically

   The researcher hopes this research can give better understanding in the analysis of derivational affixes in novel.

2. Practically

   a. Student

      This research can add knowledge and understanding of affixation especially in derivational affixes, because derivational affixes can helps students enrich their vocabulary.

   b. The Researcher

      For other researcher, this study can help the researcher to increase knowledge about derivational affixes and also add the ability to write. Hopefully, this research inspires other researchers to develop or to conduct other research in the same scope with different subjects.

F. Definition of Key Terms

1. Derivational Affixes

   Derivational affixes are affixes that are used to form one word from another. Derivational often come from a different class of words from the original. Derivational affixes are the process of adding bound morphemes

such as prefix, infix, suffix to root. This addition will form a new word and change the meaning of the word.

2. The Secret Garden

The Secret Garden is a novel written by Frances Eliza Hodgson Burnett. She is best known for the three children's novels Little Lord Fauntleroy (published in 1885–1886), A Little Princess (1905), and The Secret Garden (1911).

G. Review of Related Findings

In this research, the researcher analyzed derivationl affixes use in The Secret Garden novel to make sure that this research is original, the researcher presented other researches that have close relation with this study.

The first is research is conducted by Maharani Sri Aryati, in her research, the most dominant of derivational affixes that found in the Land of Five Towers novel is suffixes. The roots from the words that has been classified based on the part of speech are adjective, noun, verb.[1]

The second research conducted by Rizka Irfandita Yuwono, in her research, the most dominant of derivational affixes that found in E.B White's Novel Charlotte's Web is suffixes. The application of the result, it is focused in teaching vocabulary and the part of speech materials in senior high school.[2]

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[1] Maharani Sri Aryati, "An Analysis of Derivational Affixes in the Land of Five Towers Novel by A. Fuadi Translated by Angie Kilbane" (Universitas Muria Kudus, 2014), https://media.neliti.com/media/publications/224535-none-fbf62eb9.pdf

[2] Rizka Irfandita Yuwono, "The Analysis of Derivational Affixes Found in E.B White's Novel Charlotte's Web and its Application in Teaching Vocabulary at the Tenth Grade of Senior High School" (Universitas Muhammadiyah Purworejo, 2017), http://202.91.10.51:8080/xmlui/bitstream/handle/123456789/1418/132120227-RISKA%20IRFANDITA%20YUWONO.pdf?sequence=1&isAllowed=y

The third research is conducted by Intan Andini. The researcher analyzed inflectional and derivational affixation in J.K. Rowling's Novel Harry Potter And The Philosopher's Stone. The result of her research showed that inflectional affixation is suffixes and derivational affixation are prefixes and suffixes.[3]

The fourth research is conducted by Nur Laila Siregar. The researcher analyzed derivational affixes in Vocational School English Textbook at the Grade XI SMK Negeri 1 Batang Angkola. The most dominant derivational affixes that found in the book is suffixes.[4]

The fifth research is conducted by Risma Karlinda. The researcher analyzed derivational affixes in short story entitled Gentlemen and Players by E.W Hornung. In her research, derivational affixes classified into two categories, they are class-changing derivational and class-maintaining derivational. The application of affixation in a short story Gentlemen and Player in Language Teaching is to teach vocabulary in English lesson at twelfth grade in Vocational High School. The researcher hopes that the students are suggested to learn the used of derivational affixation.[5]

From the reviews of related findings above, the researcher concludes that those research were analyze about derivational affixes that concern with

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[3] Intan Andini, "An Analysis of Inflectional and Derivational Affixation in J.K. Rowling's Novel "Harry Potterand the Philosopher's Stone" (Universitas Muhammadiyah Palembang, 2019), http://repository.um-palembang.ac.id/id/eprint/4854/1/372015040_BAB%20I_DAFTAR%20PUSTAKA.pdf

[4] Nur Laila Siregar, "Derivational Affixes Analysis of Vocational School English Textbook at the Grade XI SMK Negeri 1 Batang Angkola" (IAIN Padangsidimpuan, 2014), http://etd.iain-padangsidimpuan.ac.id/4094/

[5] Risma Karlinda, "The Analysis of Derivational Affixation in a Short Story Entitled Gentlemen And Players by E.W Hornung and the Application in Language Teaching" (Universitas Muhammadiyah Purworejo, 2014), http://202.91.10.51:8080/xmlui/bitstream/handle/123456789/2720/102120063-Risma%20karlinda.pdf?sequence=1&isAllowed=y

different object such as in vocatioanal book and short story , except for the first, the second, and the third research that has same concern with this research which is a novel but the third research analyzes inflectional and derivational affixes. Meanwhile, this research is concerned about analyzing the kinds of derivational affixes in the Secret Garden novel and to find out the dominant one.

H. Research Method

1. Kinds of the Research

   In this research, the researcher used library research to expand theories and references to sustain the analysis. The collected data are analyzed in accordance with theories chosen, and described based on derivational affixes.

2. Source of the Data

   The data source of this research takes from text of The Secret Garden Novel which contain derivational affixes from chapter one until chapter ten.

3. Technique of Data Collection

   In this research, technique of data collection used is document. Document is a data collection technique by mastering and analyzing documents, even written, image and electric documents. This means that the document is related to the object of research, namely the novel as a book or other mass media product.

   The researcher need notes to collect data, here are the procedures the researcher uses to collect data:

a. The researcher reads all through the Secret Garden novel.
b. The researcher finds the words which include derivational affixes from chapter one until chapter ten.
c. The researcher makes the coding for each kind of derivational affixes.

4. Technique of Data Analysis

The researcher used John W. Cresswel theory to analyze the data. There are six steps of technique of data analysis, they are as follow:

a. Organize and prepare the data for analysis.

The first step, the researcher organized and prepared the data which is the text from the Secret Garden novel, especially from chapter one up to chapter ten.

b. Read through all the data.

Next, the researcher read the whole data that analyzed attentively. Search the words which include derivational affixes on it. And put some notes on the words about the information of derivational affixes.

c. Begin detailed analysis with a coding process.

The researcher begun to detail analysis, and then the researcher made a coding for each derivational affixes. (P) for prefix and (S) for suffix.

d. Use the coding process to generate a description of the setting or people as well as categories or themes for analysis.

The researcher identified and interconnected the data to the storyline of the novel, the researcher generated codes for the description.

e. Advance how the description and themes will be represented in qualitative narrative.

The researcher provided a table that will show how the description and themes represented in qualitative narrative.

f. A final step in data analysis involves making an interpretation in qualitative research of the findings or results.

The last step is the researcher made an interpretation about the data that found.[6]

The researcher followed the six steps above, there is no exception because it is a whole steps.

I. Outlines of the Research

1. Chapter I introduction, they consist of background of the problem, focus of the problem, formula of the problem, objectives of the problem, the significance of the research, the definition of key terms, review of related findings, research method and outlines of the research.
2. Chapter II Review of Derivational Affixes, that consists of prefix and suffix.
3. Chapter III Review of the Secret Garden Novel, which consist of Definition of novel, elements of novel, synopsis of the novel and biography of Frances Hodgson Burnett.
4. Chapter IV Result Findings, Discussion and Checking Data Trustworthiness, which consist of result findings and discussion.

[6] John W. Creswell, *Research Design_ Qualitative, Quantitative, and Mixed Method Approaches* (New York: SAGE Publications Ltd, 2014) p.197.

5. Chapter V Conclusion and Suggestion, consists of conclusion and suggestion.

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES

A. Morphology

Morphology is one of branches in linguistics which concerned with the structure of word. It focused on the process of building new words, namely affixation.[7] Morphology learns about word forms and the effect of word form changes on word groups and meanings.

The basic construction in morphology is morphemes. Lieber defines a morpheme as the smallest unit of language that has its own meaning.[8] This smallest unit refers to the minimal unit of grammatical meaning or function. The meaning of unit refers to adjectives, nouns, verbs, and adverbs. Part of the grammatical functions include comparative, past tense, possessive.

Yule says that definition morpheme is a minimal unit of meaning or grammatical function.[9] It means, morpheme is the linguistic term for the most primary unit of grammatical form.

There are two kinds of morpheme. There are free morpheme and bound morpheme. According to Crowley, affixes are morphemes that are not free, in that they must always be attached to a root morpheme.[10] Affix is a bound

[7] Fitri Rayani Siregar, "The Students' Ability in Morphological Mastery (A Case Study of Sixth Semester Iain Padangsidimpuan)", p. 126. Retrieved from http://jurnal.iain-padangsidimpuan.ac.id/index.php/EEJ/article/view/1252/1053

[8] Rochelle Lieber, p. 3.

[9] George Yule, *The Study of Language*, (New York : Cambridge University Press, 2012), p. 67.

[10] Sukma Nur Andini and Leni Pratiwi, "Analysis of Derivational Affixes of Fuadi"s Five Towers Novel and its Contribution For Grammar Meaning Discourse", p. 27. Retrieved from https://media.neliti.com/media/publications/224535-none-fbf62eb9.pdf

morpheme which changes the basic meaning of a root word, they are derivational or inflectional, they can take before or after or in the base. There are two kinds of affixes, they are inflectional and derivational affixes.

B. Derivational Affixes

1. Definition of Derivational Affixes

According to Crowley, affixes are morphemes that are not free, in that they must always be attached to a root morpheme.[11] Affix is a bound morpheme which changes the basic meaning of a root word, they are derivational or inflectional, they can take before or after or in the base.Affixes were a morpheme which only occurs when attached to some other morpheme or morpheme such as the root or stem or base.[12] This means that affixes and bound morphemes have similarities. Affixes are a collection of letters used to change the meaning or form of a word.

Gerald says that affixes are classified according to whether they attached before or after the form to which they are added.[13] It means that affixes are divided into some kinds. In conclusion, affixes is a morphological process that is expected to change a root or base word into a new word.

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[11]Sukma Nur Andini and Leni Pratiwi, "Analysis of Derivational Affixes of Fuadi"s Five Towers Novel and its Contribution For Grammar Meaning Discourse", p. 27. Retrieved from https://media.neliti.com/media/publications/224535-none-fbf62eb9.pdf

[12] Fitri Rayani Siregar, "The Students' Ability in Morphological Mastery (A Case Study of Sixth Semester IAIN Padangsidimpuan)", p. 126. Retrieved from http://jurnal.iain-padangdisimpuan.ac.id/index,php/EEJ/article/view/1252/1053

[13] Gerald P. Delahunty and James Garvey, *The English Language: From Sound to Sense* (West Lafayette, Indiana: Parlor Press, 2010), p.123.

Derivational affixes are morphemes are that create (or derive) new word, usually by either changing the meaning and/or the part of speech.[14] Derivational is a process of forming words through addition or affix. Either the addition is in the form of a prefix, suffix, or infix. Derivational will produce a new word that has a different meaning from the root word.

According to Rahmadie, derivational affixes is the affixes that change the class of root or base.[15] It means that derivational affixes serve as an important means of creating new words in the English language. Based on O'Grady and John derivational affixes are bound morphemes which are used to create a new word with meaning and/or word-class of the word.[16] It means derivational affixes forms new word by using bound morphemes (prefix, suffix) and also changes the meaning.

Derivational affixes occur when a root is added by a morpheme that changes the category of the class but sometimes the morpheme does not change the class of the base word.[17] Derivational affixes have the function as verb marker, adjective marker, and adverb marker.[18] Apart from changing the meaning, the derivational affixes also change the

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[14] Sri Utami, "The Students' Ability In Using Derivational Suffixes In Word Formation", *Jurnal Cemerlang* Vol III, No 1, Juni 2015: p. 20. Retrieved from https://ejurnal.unikarta.ac.id/index.php/cemerlang/article/view/48/35

[15] Efrika Siboro and Barli Bram, "Morphological Analysis of Derivational Affixes in Brothers Grimm's the Story of Rapunzel", *Academic Journal of English Language and Education,* Vol 6 No 2, 2018: p. 73. Retrieved from http://journal.iaincurup.ac.id/index.php/english/article/view/1475

[16] Somathasan, *"An Innovative Method for the Study of Complex Word in English : A Linguistic Approach", International Journal of Applied Research* 3, no. 7 (2017): p. 852. Retrieved from http://www.allresearchjournal.com/archives/2017/vol3issue7/PartM/3-7-164-122.pdf.

[17] Efrika Siboro and Barli Bram, p. 73.

[18] Dedi Rahman Nur, "An Analysis of Derivational Affixes in Commencement Speech By Steve Jobs," *Script Journal* 1, no. 1 (2016): p.33, http://jurnal.fkip-uwgm.ac.id/index.php/script/article/download/18/pdf.

word class. In other words, the process of forming words by adding affixes to a word which causes the meaning and class of words to change.

Based on the definitions above, the researcher conclude that derivational affixes are the combination of affixes and roots sometimes to build up a word, sometimes can form new words with new meanings and can change their parts root speech.

2. Characteristic of Derivational Affixes

According to Rachmadie derivational affixes have any characteristics, they are:

a. The words with which derivational suffixes combine are an arbitrary matter. To make a noun from the verb adorn we must add the suffix "-ment" and no other suffix will do, whereas the verb fail combines only with "-ure" to make a noun failure. Yet the employ may use the different suffixes "-ment", "-er", "-ee" to make three nouns with different meaning (employment, employer, employee).

b. In many case, but not all, derivational suffixes changes the part of speech of the word to which it is added. The noun act becomes an adjective by addition of "–ive", and to the adjective active we could add "-ate", making it verb activate.

c. Derivational suffixes usually do not close off a word, that is after a derivational suffix you can sometimes add another derivational suffix and next, if required. For example, to the word fertilizer.[19]

3. Kinds of Derivational Affixes

According to Plag kinds of derivational affixes can be classified into two, they are prefix and suffix:

a. Prefix

According to Mark, prefix is bound morphemes that occur before others morphemes.[20] It means, prefix is the bound morpheme which is put before free morpheme, root, or base. Robert Sibarani states prefix is the affixes which are added to the beginning of word.[21] Prefix was attached at the beginning words to make new words and change their meaning.

b. Suffix

According to the Oxford Advanced Learners' Dictionary defines suffix is a letter, sound or syllable added at the end of a word to make another word.[22] While, Jayanthi said that suffix is a syllable placed at the end of a word to form a new word.[23] Next, Nirmala Sari

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[19] Sri Utami, p. 20.

[20] Twain, *"Morphology: The Words of Language"*, p.40.

[21] Robert Sibarani, *An Introduction to Morphology*, (Medan: PODA, 2006), p. 30.

[22] A. S. Hornby, *Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary: International Students' Edition*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 6th Edition, 2000), p. 865.

[23] Jayanthi Dakshina Murthy, *Contemporary English Grammar*, (New Delhi: Book Palace, 2003), p. 347.

said suffix is added to the end of free morpheme or other suffixes.[24] Derivational suffix is a type of suffix that can form a derivative of the root word, this suffix will also change the meaning of the root word drastically.

Suffixes are attached to the stem in the end.[25] It can be concluded that suffix is the affixes can be added to the end of a word. Commonly the suffixes change the meaning and the word class of the base words.

4. Examples of Derivational Affixes

a. Prefix

Table 1
Prefixes

No.	Prefix	Meaning	Example
1.	Anti-	against, opposed to	Antioxidant, anti-nuclear, antibiotic
2.	A-/An-	not, without	amoral, an-aesthetic
3.	Auto-	of oneself	autobiography, automatic
4.	Be-	Become	befriend, bespatter
5.	Bi-	Two	bimonthly, bilingual
6.	Contra-	Against	Contraception
No.	**Prefix**	**Meaning**	**Example**
7.	De-	to reverse something	degrade, decriminalize, de-activate, deform
8.	Dia-	Across	diameter, diagonal, diagnostic

[24] Nirmala Sari, *An Introduction to Linguistics*, (Jakarta: Departemen Pendidikan dan Kebudayaan, 1988), p. 96.
[25] George Yule, *The Study of Language*, (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2012), p. 59.

9.	Dis-	reverse of remove something	disagree, disappoint, dislike, disarm
10.	Ex-	Out	exclaim, ex-wife, ex-member
11.	Extra-	Beyond	extra-curricular, extra-mural, extra-sensory
12.	Fore-	before, in front of	foretell, forearm, foreword
13.	Hyper-	to a large degree	Hypertension, hyperbaric, hypersensitive, hyper-ball, hyperactive
14.	Homo-	Same	homosexual, homo-gen
15.	Il-, Im-, In-, Ir-	Not	illegal, impossible, inappropriate
16.	Inter-	Between	international, interwoven, intergalactic
17.	Mal-	Bad	maladjusted, mal-economics, malpractice
18.	Matri-	Mother	Matriarch
19.	Mega-	Large, one million	megatrend, megaton, mega-concert
20.	Mis-	to do something badly, incorrectly	misunderstand, miscalculate, miskick
21.	Mono-	One, single	monosyllable, monolog, monogamy
22.	Multi-	Many	multistage, multitasking
23.	Non-	Not	non-moslem, non-white, non-indonesian
24.	Ortho-	correct,standard	orthopedic, orthodox, orthography
25.	Post-	After	postgraduated. post-1945, post-test
No.	**Prefix**	**Meaning**	**Example**
26.	Pre-	Before	pre-wedding, pre-war, pre-1945
27.	Pro-	in favour of	pro-life, pro-democracy, pro-Europe

28.	Quasi-	Almost	Quasi-serious
29.	Re-	to do something again	re-design, re-read, recall
30.	Semi-	Half, partially	semifinal, semicolon, semifinal
31.	Sub-	under, secondary	sub-committee, sub-title, sub-way
32.	Super-	above, over	supernatural, superstar, superhero
33.	Tele-	linking across distances	telephone, television, telegraph
34.	Trans-	Across	transform, transfer, translate
35.	Tri-	Three	tricolor, tricycle, triangle
36.	Un-	reverse of remove something	Unconditional, unclear, unusual
37.	Under-	Beneath	undergrowth, undersea
38.	Up-	To higher state	upgrade, update
39.	En-	to do something (adjective become verb)	enable, ensure[26]

[26] Gerald Nelson, *English: An Essential Grammar*, 2nd ed. (New York: Taylor and Francis e-Library, 2002), p.128.

b. Suffix

Table 2
Suffixes

No.	Suffix	Example
1.	-age	blockage, postage, spillage, drainage
2.	-al	betrayal, dismissal, recital, removal
3.	-ant	claimant, contestant, informant
4.	-dom	freedom, kingdom, martyrdom, officialdom
5.	-ee	absentee, employee, refugee, trainee
6.	-er/-or	actor, creator, blender, writer, reader, teacher
7.	-ism	ageism, favoritism, racism, terrorism
8.	-ist	artist, cyclist, motorist, perfectionist, terrorist
9.	-ity	opportunity, publicity, responsibility, severity
10.	-ment	embranchment, environment, equipment, government
11.	-ness	coolness, happiness, dryness, smoothness, willingness
12.	-ship	citizenship, dictatorship, hardship, relationship
13.	-tion	demonstration, ignition, migration, recreation
14.	-ence	difference, assistance, confidence, consequence
16.	-able	achievable, profitable, reasonable, remarkable
17.	-al	accidental, industrial, musical, physical, whimsical

18.	-ful	grateful, hopeful, successful, tuneful, useful
19.	-ish	amateurish, childish, feverish
20.	-less	careless, homeless, hopeless,
21.	-y	cloudy, creepy, funny, rainy, sleepy
22.	-ic	economic, historic, optimistic
No.	**Suffix**	**Example**
23.	-ive	effective, active, constructive
24.	-ate	adjudicate, congratulate, hyphenate, populate
25.	-en	broaden, deafen, ripen, sadden, tighten, widen
26.	-ify	amplify, beautify, clarify, classify, identify, purify
27.	-ize	economize, realize, terrorize, modernize
28.	-ly	brilliantly, carefully, slowly, smoothly, terribly
29.	-wards	afterwards, backwards, onwards, upwards
30.	-wise	clockwise, health-wise[27]

[27] Gerald Nelson, p.129.

CHAPTER III

REVIEW OF THE SECRET GARDEN

A. Review of Novel The Secret Garden by Francess Hodgson Burnett

1. Definition of Novel

The word novel comes from the Italian *novella* which means story. Meanwhile in Arabic the novel is قِصَّة. Mackay stated that," A novel is a self-contained piece of fictional prose longer than 40,000 words."[28] In a novel there are emotions, impressions and effects, a more complex plot, a broader story. In the novel there is a description and in this case it really describes the conditions and situations in the existing story. It means novels are synonymous with various kinds of stories. A writer who writes on a novel is called a novelist.

A novel is one of genres of literary work which presents in detail the enlargement of character, or complicate social circumstances, or a relation between many personalities. It is compose of many different phenomenon and intricate relationships surround by a few people in the novel.

Novels give the meaning of drama not only to make readers interested in the story, novels relate imaginatively to human experience,

[28] Marina Mackay, *The Cambridge Introduction to The Novel*, First (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2011).

usually through a series of connected events involving a group of people in a particular setting.

2. Elements of Novel

Novel is a form of literary work in prose form and it contains several elements, namely intrinsic and estrinsic elements. There are five elements of fiction based on Mackay, they are:

1. Plot/Narration

   Plot is the chain of connected events that make up a narrative.

2. Setting

   It is the scene or scenes in which the action takes place.

3. Character

   These are the beings who inhabit our stories. Sometimes they are actual people but, just as often, they are animals and the other.

4. Point of View

   Point of view refers to who is telling or narrating a story. A story can be told from the first person, second person or third person.

5. Theme

   The central and dominating idea in a literary work.[29]

The researcher analyzed the elements of the Secret Garden Novel, the descriptions are below:

[29] Marina Mackay, *The Cambridge Introduction to The Novel*, First (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2011).

1. Plot/Narration

The Secret Garden opens by introducing us to Mary Lennox, a sickly, foul-tempered, unsightly little girl who loves no one and whom no one loves. At the outset of the story, she is living in India with her parents—a dashing army captain and his frivolous, beautiful wife—but is rarely permitted to see them. They have placed her under the constant care of a number of native servants, as they find her too hideous and tire some to look after. Mary's circumstances are cast into complete upheaval when an outbreak of cholera devastates the Lennox household, leaving no one alive but herself.

She is found by a group of soldiers and, after briefly living with an English clergyman and his family, Mary is sent to live in Yorkshire with her maternal uncle, Archibald Craven. Misselthwaite Manor is a sprawling old estate with over one hundred rooms, all of which have been shut up by Archibald Craven. A man whom everyone describes as "a miserable hunchback," Master Craven has been in a state

of inconsolable grief ever since the death of his wife ten years before the novel begins. Shortly after arriving at Misselthwaite, Mary hears about a secret garden from Martha Sowerby, her good-natured Yorkshire maidservant. This garden belonged to the late Mistress Craven; after her death, Archibald locked the garden door and buried the key beneath the earth.

Mary becomes intensely curious about the secret garden, and determines to find it. This curiosity, along with the vigorous exercise she takes on the moor, begins to have an extremely positive effect upon Mary. She almost immediately becomes less sickly, more engaged with the world, and less foul-tempered. This change is aided by Ben Weatherstaff, a brusque but kindly old gardener, and a robin redbreast who lives in the secret garden. She begins to count these two "people," along with Martha, Dickon Sowerby, and Susan Sowerby, as the friends she has had in her life. Her curiosity is whetted when she hears strange, far-off cries coming from one of the manor's distant rooms.

However, Mrs. Medlock, the head of the servants at Misselthwaite, absolutely forbids her to seek out the source of the cries. She is distracted from this mystery when she discovers, with the robin's help, the key to the secret garden. She immediately sets about working there, so that the neglected plants might thrive. Dickon, who brings her a set of gardening tools and promises to help her bring the secret garden back to life, vastly aids her in her endeavor. Dickon is a boy who can charm the animals of the moor "the way snake charmers charm snakes in India." He is only a common moor boy, but he is filled with so much uncanny wisdom that Mary comes to refer to him as "the Yorkshire angel."

One night, Mary hears the distant cries and, flagrantly disobeying Mrs. Medlock's prohibition, goes off in search of their source. She finds Colin Craven, Master Craven's invalid son, shut up in an opulent bedchamber. Colin was born shortly before his mother's death, and his father cannot be rato look at him because the boy painfully reminds him of his late wife. Colin has been bedridden since his birth, and it

is believed that he will become a hunchback and die an early death. His servants have been commanded to obey his every whim, and Colin has become fantastically spoiled and imperious as a result. Colin and Maryastrike up a friendship, but Colin becomes furious when she fails to visit him because she prefers to garden with Dickon. That night, Colin throws one of the infamous tantrums. Mary rushes to his room in a fury and commands him to stop crying. He tells her that his back is beginning to show a hunch; when Mary examines him, she finds nothing whatever the matter with him. Henceforth, she will maintain that Colin's illness is only in his mind: he will be well if only he makes up his mind to be.

Dickon and Mary secretly begin bringing Colin out into the secret garden. On the first of these outings, the children are discovered by Ben Weatherstaff, who has been covertly tending the secret garden once a year for ten years. Ben has done so out of love and loyalty for the late Mistress Craven: he wasa favorite of hers. Weatherstaff refers to Colin as "the poor cripple," and asks if he has crooked legs and a crooked back. Colin, made

furious by this question, forces himself to stand up on his own feet for the first time in his life. After this feat, Colin's health improves miraculously: the secret garden, the springtime, and Dickon's company have the same rejuvenating effect upon him thatathey did upon Mary. The children determine to keep Colin's improvement a secret, however, so that he can surprise his father with his recovery when Master Craven returns from his trip abroad.

The three children, along with Ben Weatherstaff, spend every day of the summer in the secret garden. Only one other person is admitted into the secret: Susan Sowerby, Dickon's saintly mother. Susan sends a letter to Master Craven, telling him to hurry home so that he might see his son; she does not, however, specify why, in deference to Colin's secret. Master Craven complies, and returns immediately to Misselthwaite. His first act is to go into the secret garden; he does so at the behest of a dream in which the voice of his late wife told him that he might find her there. Just as he lays his hand to the doorknob, Colin comes rushing out and falls into his arms. Father and son are reconciled, and the miracle of Colin's recovery becomes known to all.

2. Setting

   a. Places : India, England

   b. Time : there is no particular time that is mentioned.

3. Character

   a. Protagonist: Mary Lennox, and to some degree Colin Craven.

   b. Antagonist: The despair and sickness that brings the characters down.

4. Point of View

   The story is told through third person's point of view, the author told the story by using name, she, and he. She knows all of the actions of the characters.

5. Theme

   The dominant theme of *The Secret Garden* is healing. Both Mary Lennox and Colin Craven transform from sickly, friendless, and self-absorbed children to physically and mentally healthy ones.

B. Synopsis of Novel The Secret Garden by Francess Hodgson Burnett

The novel centres on Mary Lennox, who is living in India with her wealthy British family. She is a selfish and disagreeable 10-year-old girl who has been spoiled by her servants and neglected by her unloving parents. When a choleraaepidemic kills her parents and the servants, Mary is orphaned.

After a brief stay with the family ofaan English clergyman, she is sent to England to live with a widowed uncle, Archibald Craven, at his huge Yorkshire estate, Misselthwaite Manor. Her uncle is rarely at Misselthwaite, however. Mary is brought to the estate by the head housekeeper, the fastidious Mrs. Medlock, who shuts her into a room and tells her not to explore the house.

Mary is put off when she finds that the chambermaid, Martha, is not as servile as the servants in India. But she is intrigued by Martha's stories about her own family, particularly those about her 12-year-old brother, Dickon, who has a nearly magical way with animals. When Martha mentions the late Mrs. Craven's walled garden, which was locked 10 years earlier by the uncle upon his wife's death, Mary is determined to find it. She spends the next few weeks wandering the grounds and talking to the elderly gardener, Ben Weatherstaff.

One day, while following a friendly robin, Mary discovers an old key that she thinks may open the locked garden. Shortly thereafter, she spots the door in the garden wall, and she lets herself into the secret garden. She finds that it is overgrown with dormant rose bushes and vines (it is winter), but she spots some green shoots, and she begins clearing and weeding in that area.

Mary continues to tend the garden. Her interaction with nature spurs a transformation: she becomes kinder, more considerate, and outgoing. One day she encounters Dickon, and he begins helping her

in the secret garden. Mary later uncovers the source of the strange sounds she has been hearing in the mansion: they are the cries of her supposedly sick and crippled 10-year-old cousin, her uncle's son Colin, who has been confined to the house and tended to by servants. He and Mary become friends, and she discovers that Colin does not have a spinal deformation, as he has believed. Dickon and Mary take Colinato see the garden, and there he discovers that he is able to stand.

The three children explore the garden together and plant seeds to revitalize it, and through their friendship and interactions with nature they grow healthier and happier. When her uncle returns and sees the amazing transformation that has occurred to his son and his formerly abandoned garden now in bloom, he embraces his family, as well as their rejuvenated outlook on life.

C. Biography of Francess Hodgson Burnett

(Source photo from merdeka.com)

Frances Eliza Hodgson was born in November 24, 1849 in Cheetham, Manchester, England. After her father died in 1853, when Frances was 3 years old, the family fell on straitened circumstances and in

1865 emigrated to the United States, settling in New Market, Tennessee. Frances began her remunerative writing career there at age 19 to help earn money for the family, publishing stories in magazines. In 1870, her mother died. In Knoxville, Tennesse in 1873 she married Swan Burnett, who became a medical doctor. Their first son Lionel was born a year later.

The Burnetts lived for two years in Paris, where their second son Vivian was born, before returning to the United States to live in Washington, D.C. Burnett then began to write novels, the first of which (That Lass o' Lowrie's), was published to good reviews. Little Lord Fauntleroy was published in 1886 and made her a popular writer of children's fiction, although her romantic adult novels written in the 1890s were also popular. She wrote and helped to produce stage versions of Little Lord Fauntleroy and A Little Princess.

Beginning in the 1880s, Burnett began to travel to England frequently and in the 1890s bought a home there, where she wrote The Secret Garden. Her elder son, Lionel, died of tuberculosis in 1890, which caused a relapse of the depression she had struggled with for much of her life. She divorced Swan Burnett in 1898, married Stephen Townsend in 1900, and divorced him in 1902. A few years later she settled in Nassau County, New York, where she died in 1924 and is buried in Roslyn Cemetery.

CHAPTER IV

RESEARCH FINDINGS AND DISCUSSION

A. Research Findings

In this chapter, the researcher answers the problems that exist in the previous chapter. The researcher explores derivational affixes use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel The Secret Garden. This chapter describes the result and the data analysis. The analysis of the words of the novel is presented based on each type of derivational affixes.

1. Derivational Affixes in The Secret Garden Novel

There are two kinds of derivatonal affixes used in The Secret Garden Novel. The researcher analyze them based on Plag's theory, they are prefixes and suffixes. Prefixes used in The Secret Garden novel are A-, Dis-, En-, Un-, In-, De-. Suffixes used in The Secret Garden Novel are –able, -ment, -ness, -ful, -ly, -y, -er, -ate, -less, -ian, -ish, -age, and -ive.

CHAPTER I
THERE IS NO LEFT

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Disagreeable	Prefix (P)	Dis-	1
2.	Government	Suffix (S)	-ment	1
3.	Sickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
4.	Fretful	Suffix (S)	-ful	2
5.	Familiarly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
6.	Governess	Suffix (S)	-ness	2

7.	Shorter	Suffix (S)	-er	1
8.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
9.	Frightfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
10.	Crosser	Suffix (S)	-er	1
11.	Actually	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
12.	Imploringly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
13.	Awfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
14.	Mysteriousness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
15.	Alternately	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
16.	Partly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Hastily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
18.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
19.	Intensely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
20.	Scarcely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
21.	Heavily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
22.	Perfectly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
23.	Affectionate	Suffix (S)	-ate	1
24.	Surely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
25.	Disgracefully	Prefix (P)	-ly	1
26.	Stiffly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
27.	Asleep	Prefix (P)	A-	1
28.	Quickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

There are 33 words included derivational words in chapter I. It was found 3 prefixes, they are 2 words use Dis- and 1 word use A-. While the suffixes are 30 words, they are 1 words use –ment, 21 words use –ly, 2 words use –ful, 3 words use –ness, 2 words use –er, and 1 word use –ate.

CHAPTER II
MISTRESS MARY QUITE CONTRARY

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Scarecely	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
2.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
3.	Disagreeable	Prefix (P)	-able	5
4.	Presently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	4
6.	Rockery	Suffix (S)	-y	1
7.	Stubbornly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

8.	Uninterested	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
9.	Stiffly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
10.	Shoulder	Suffix (S)	-er	1
11.	Pityingly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
12.	Unattractive	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
13.	Beautiful	Suffix (S)	-ful	2
14.	Remarkable	Suffix (S)	-able	1
15.	Likely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
16.	Lonely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
18.	Highly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
19.	Fretful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
20.	Unresponsive	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
21.	Indifference	Prefix (P)	In-	1
22.	Gloomy	Suffix (S)	-y	2
23.	Unhappy	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
24.	Unless	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
25.	Involuntary	Prefix (P)	In-	1
26.	Cheerful	Suffix (S)	-ful	2
27.	Alive	Prefix (P)	A-	1
28.	Unpleasant	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
29.	Carriage	Suffix (S)	-age	1
30.	Steadily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
NO.	WORDS	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
31.	Grayness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
32.	Heavier	Suffix (S)	-er	2
33.	Asleep	Prefix (P)	A-	1

There are 44 words included derivational words in chapter II. It was found 15 prefixes, they are 5 words use Dis-, 6 words use Un-, 2 words use –In, and 2 words use –A. While the suffixes are 29 words, they are 16 words use –ly, 2 words use –y, 3 words use –er, 5 words use –ful, 1 word use –able, 1 word use -age, and 1 word use –ness.

CHAPTER III
ACROSS THE MOOR

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Heavily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
2.	Carriage	Suffix (S)	-age	9
3.	Asleep	Prefix (P)	A-	2
4.	Comfortably	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Exactly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
6.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
7.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
8.	Darkness	Suffix (S)	-ness	3
9.	Slowly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
10.	Presently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
11.	Apparently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
12.	Particularly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
13.	Tightly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
14.	Immensely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Massive	Suffix (S)	-ive	1
16.	Curiously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Unceremoniously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

There are 29 words included derivational words in chapter III. It was found 2 prefixes, they are 2 words use A-.While the suffixes are 27 words, they are 14 words use –ly, 9 words use –age, 3 words use –ness and 1 word use –ive.

CHAPTER IV
MARTHA

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Noisily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
2.	Gloomy	Suffix (S)	-y	2
3.	Fantastically	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
4.	Cheerfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

5.	Lovely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
6.	Haughtily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
7.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
8.	Kindness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
9.	Stoutly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
10.	Amazement	Suffix (S)	-ment	1
11.	Careful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
12.	Indignantly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
13.	Evidently	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
14.	Disdainfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Scarcely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
16.	Sympathetically	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Respectable	Suffix (S)	-able	1
18.	Disapointedly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
19.	Helpless	Suffix (S)	-less	1
20.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	4
21.	Horribly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
22.	Lonely	Suffix (S)	-ly	7
23.	Unrestrainedly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
24.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	3
25.	Friendly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
26.	Gradually	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
27.	Quietly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
28.	Mildly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
29.	Respectful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
30.	Untrained	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
31.	Readiness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
32.	Coldly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
33.	Gradually	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
34.	Homely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
35.	Healthy	Suffix (S)	-y	1
36.	Indifference	Prefix (P)	In-	2
37.	Incredulously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
38.	Outspokenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
39.	Amusement	Suffix (S)	-ment	1
40.	Certainly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
41.	Shortly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
42.	Easily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
43.	Enclosed	Prefix (S)	En-	1

44.	Cheerful	Suffix (S)	-ful	2
45.	Friendly	Suffix (S)	-ly	3
46.	Disagreeable	Prefix (P)	-able	1
47.	Affectionate	Suffix (S)	-ate	1
48.	Dreadfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
49.	Crustily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
50.	Actually	Suffix (S)	-ly	5
51.	Wonderful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
52.	Cheeky	Suffix (S)	-y	1
53.	Early	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
54.	Briskly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
55.	Alive	Prefix (P)	A-	1
56.	Curiosity	Suffix (S)	-y	2
57.	Busily	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
58.	Gardener	Suffix (S)	-er	1
59.	Frankness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
60.	Unattractive	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
61.	Uncomfortable	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
62.	Softly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
63.	Uncompanionable	Prefix (P)	Un-	1

There are 87 words included derivational words in chapter IV. It was found 8 prefixes, they are 3 words use Un-, 2 words use In-, 1 words use En-, 1 word use Dis-, and 1 word use A-. While the suffixes are 79 words, they are 59 words use –ly, 6 words use –y, 3 words use –ness, 2 words use -ment , 5 words use –ful, 1 word use –able, 1 word use -less, 1 word use –er, and 1 word use –ate.

CHAPTER V
THE CRY IN THE CORRIDOR

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Exactly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
2.	Quickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
3.	Entirely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
4.	Disdainfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Lucky	Suffix (S)	-y	1
6.	Thickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
7.	Actually	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

8.	Loudly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
9.	Closely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
10.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
11.	Comfortable	Suffix (S)	-able	2
12.	Inside	Suffix (S)	In-	2
13.	Healthily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
14.	Scarcely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Presently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
16.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Plainly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
18.	Stubbornly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

There are 20 words included derivational words in chapter V. It was found 2 prefixes, they are 2 words use In. While the suffixes are 18 words, they are 15 words use –ly, 1 word use –y, and 2 words use –able.

CHAPTER VI
"THERE WAS SOME ONE CRYING-THERE WAS!"

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Mostly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
2.	Comfortable	Suffix (S)	-able	3
3.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
4.	Scarcely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Lively	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
6.	Regularly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
7.	Entirely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
8.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
9.	Authority	Suffix (S)	-y	1
10.	Slowly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
11.	Surely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
12.	Difficulty	Suffix (S)	-y	1
13.	Heavily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
14.	Curiously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
16.	Softly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Alive	Prefix (P)	A-	1
18.	Lonely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

19.	Exactly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
20.	Stillness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
21.	Fretful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
22.	Childish	Suffix (S)	-ish	1
23.	Accidentally	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
24.	Governess	Suffix (S)	-ness	1

There are 28 words included derivational words in chapter VI. It was found 1 prefix, it is 1 word use A-. While the suffixes are 27 words, they are 18 words use –ly, 3 words use able, 2 words use –y, 2 words use –ness, 1 word use –ful, and 1 word use –ish.

CHAPTER VII
THE KEY OF THE GARDEN

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Immediately	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
2.	Bottomless	Suffix (S)	-less	1
3.	Blueness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
4.	Softly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Gloomy	Suffix (S)	-y	1
6.	Seriously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
7.	Slowly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
8.	Carefully	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
9.	Wistfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
10.	Wonderful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
11.	Heavenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
12.	Curiously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
13.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
14.	Positively	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Stoutly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
16.	Reflectively	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Reflective	Suffix (S)	-ive	1
18.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	4
19.	Homely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
20.	Thoroughly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
21.	Quickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

22.	Uncurl	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
23.	Lively	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
24.	Slyly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
25.	Indignantly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
26.	Prettier	Suffix (S)	-er	1
27.	Actually	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
28.	Nicer	Suffix (S)	-er	1
29.	Scarcely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
30.	Freshly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
31.	Newly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

There are 35 words included derivational words in chapter VII. It was found 1 prefix, it is 1 words use Un-. While the suffixes are 34 words, they are 27 words use –ly, 1 word use –less, 1 word use –ness, 1 word use -y , 1 word use -ful, 1 word use –ive, and 1 word use –er.

CHAPTER VIII
THE ROBIN WHO SHOWED THE WAY

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Mysteriously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
2.	Inactive	Prefix (P)	In-	1
3.	Actually	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
4.	Carefully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Thickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
6.	Contrariness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
7.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	3
8.	Slowly	Suffix (S)	-ly	5
9.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	3
10.	Governess	Suffix (S)	-ness	2
11.	Sharply	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
12.	Presently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
13.	Cheerful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
14.	Proudly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Curiously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
16.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	3
17.	Stiffly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
18.	Dislike	Prefix (P)	Dis-	1

19.	Wonderful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
20.	Delightful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
21.	Newly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
22.	Breathless	Suffix (S)	-less	1
23.	Lovely	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
24.	Merely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
25.	Adorably	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
26.	Untrimmed	Prefix (P)	Un-	1
27.	Inside	Prefix (P)	In-	1

There are 39 words included derivational words in chapter VIII. It was found 4 prefixes, they are 2 words use In-, 1 word use Dis-, and 1 word use Un. While the suffixes are 35 words, they are 28 words use –ly, 3 words use –ness, 3 words use –ful, and 1 words use -less.

CHAPTER IX
THE STRANGEST HOUSE ANY ONE EVER LIVED IN

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Leafless	Suffix (S)	-less	1
2.	Surely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
3.	Alive	Prefix (P)	A-	3
4.	Lovely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Stillness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
6.	Softly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
7.	Inside	Prefix (P)	In-	1
8.	Wonderful	Suffix (S)	-ful	2
9.	Lonely	Suffix (S)	-ly	5
10.	Slowly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
11.	Immensely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
12.	Tremendously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
13.	Delightful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
14.	Actually	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Cheerful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1

16.	Lightly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
17.	Carefully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
18.	Anxiously	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
19.	Fearfully	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
20.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
21.	Reflective	Suffix (S)	-ive	1
22.	Eagerly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
23.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	3
24.	Governess	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
25.	Dislike	Prefix (P)	Dis-	1
26.	Particularly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
27.	Excitement	Suffix (S)	-ment	1
28.	Thoughtful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
29.	Comfortable	Suffix (S)	-able	1
30.	Certainly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
31.	Slightly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
32.	Restlessly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
33.	Drowsily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
34.	Comfortably	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
35.	Asleep	Prefix (P)	A-	1

There are 48 words included derivational words in chapter IX. It was found 6 prefixes, they are 4 words use A-, 1 word use In-, and 1 word use Dis-. While the suffixes are 42 words, they are 1 word use –less, 31 words use –ly, 2 words use –ness, 5 words use –ful, 1 word use ive, 1 word use ment, and 1 word use -able.

CHAPTER X
DICKON

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
1.	Nearly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
2.	Faster	Suffix (S)	-er	1
3.	Longer	Suffix (S)	-er	1
4.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
5.	Tremendously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
6.	Alive	Prefix (P)	A-	2
7.	Steadily	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
8.	Barely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

9.	Lovely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
10.	Silently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
11.	Strongly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
12.	Secretly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
13.	Elderly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
14.	Merely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
15.	Flightiness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
16.	Uglier	Suffix (S)	-er	1
17.	Greatly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
NO.	WORDS	KINDS OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER
18.	Glossy	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
19.	Lively	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
20.	Evidently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
21.	Closer	Suffix (S)	-er	1
22.	Engagingly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
23.	Scarcely	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
24.	Slowly	Suffix (S)	-ly	7
25.	Softly	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
26.	Unearthly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
27.	Mostly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
28.	Gardener	Suffix (S)	-er	1
29.	Reluctantly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
30.	Suddenly	Suffix (S)	-ly	3
31.	Curiously	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
32.	Actually	Suffix (S)	-ly	2
33.	Disliked	Prefix (P)	Dis-	1
34.	Really	Suffix (S)	-ly	4
35.	Defiantly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
36.	Sharply	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
37.	Crossly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
38.	Crossness	Suffix (S)	-ness	1
39.	Delicately	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
40.	Motionless	Suffix (S)	-less	1
41.	Stiffly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
42.	Curly	Suffix (S)	-y	1
43.	Inside	Prefix (P)	In-	1

44.	Smaller	Suffix (S)	-er	1
45.	Quickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
46.	Movement	Suffix (S)	-ment	1
47.	Intently	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
48.	Eagerly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
49.	Fiercely	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
50.	Passionately	Suffix (S)	-ly	1
51.	Sorrowful	Suffix (S)	-ful	1
52.	Thickly	Suffix (S)	-ly	1

There are 67 words included derivational words in chapter X. It was found 4 prefixes, they are 2 words use A-, 1 word use In-, and 1 word use Dis-. While the suffixes are 63 words, they are 50 words use –ly, 6 words use –er, 2 words use –ness, 1 word use –less, 2 words use –y, 1 word use ,-ment, and 1 word use –ful.

2. The Dominant Types of Derivational Affixes in The Secret Garden Novel

Table 3
Summary of Prefixes in the Novel

NO	PREFIX	CHAPTER										TOTAL
		1	**2**	**3**	**4**	**5**	**6**	**7**	**8**	**9**	**10**	
1	A-	1	2	2	1	-	1	-	-	4	2	**13**
2	Dis-	2	5	-	1	-	-	-	1	1	1	11
3	En-	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
4	Un-	-	6	-	3	-	-	1	1	-	-	11
5	In-	-	2	-	2	2	-	-	2	1	1	10
6	De-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	1

ased on the table, there are 13 words use A-, 11 words use

Dis-, 1 word use En-, 11 words use Un-, 10 words use In-, and 1 word use De-. It conclude that the dominant types of derivational affixes use in The Secret Garden Novel in chapter 1-10 is A- with 13 words.

Table 4

Summary of Suffixes in the Novel

NO	SUFFIX	CHAPTER										TOTAL
		1	**2**	**3**	**4**	**5**	**6**	**7**	**8**	**9**	**10**	
1	-able	-	1	-	1	2	3	-	-	1	-	8
2	-ment	1	-	-	2	-	-	-	-	1	1	5
3	-ness	3	1	3	3	-	2	1	3	2	2	20
4	-ful	2	5	-	5	-	1	1	3	5	1	23
5	-ly	21	16	14	59	15	18	27	28	31	50	**279**
6	-y	-	2	-	6	1	2	1	-	-	2	14
7	-er	2	3	-	1	-	-	2	-	-	6	14
8	-ate	1	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
9	-less	-	-	-	1	-	-	1	1	1	1	5
10	-ian	-	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
11	-ish	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	1
NO	**SUFFIX**	**CHAPTER**										**TOTAL**
		1	**2**	**3**	**4**	**5**	**6**	**7**	**8**	**9**	**10**	

12	-age	-	1	9	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10
13	-ive	-	-	1	-	-	-	1	-	1	-	3

Based on the table, there are 8 words use -able, 5 words use -ment, 20 words use -ness, 23 words use -full, 279 words use -ly, 14 words use –y, 14 words use –er, 2 words use –ate, 5 words use -less, 1 word use -ian, 1 word use -ish, 10 words use –age, and 3 words use -ive . It conclude that the dominant types of derivational suffixes use in The Secret Garden Novel in chapter 1-10 is -ly with 279 words.

B. Discussion

After collecting data, the researcher needs to discuss the findings in order to clarify the answers of the problems that existed in previous chapter. The first problem in this study what are derivational affixes (prefix and suffix) use in the novel. In this research, the researcher only focuses on ten chapters of the Secret Garden Novel.

There are 47 prefixes and 385 suffixes in the novel from chapter one through chapter ten. Prefixes that found in the novel are A-, Dis-, En-, Un-, In-, and De-. Suffixes that found in the novel are –able, -ment, -ness, -ful, -ly, -y, -er, -ate, -less, -ian, -ish, -age, and -ive.

The second problem in this research is What is the most dominant derivational (prefix and suffix) use in Frances Hodgson Burnett's Novel "The Secret Garden". The most dominant prefix use in the novel is A- with 13 words from chapter 1 until chapter 10. And the most dominant suffix use in the novel is -ly with 279 words from chapter 1 until chapter 10.

This research is supported by Maharani Sri Aryati[30], she discussed about the most dominant of derivational affixes that found in the Land of Five Towers novel is suffixes. The roots from the words that has been classified based on the part of speech are adjective, noun, verb.

This research also supported by Risma Karlinda[31], who has discussed about derivational affixes in short story entitled Gentlemen and Players by E.W Hornung. In her research, derivational affixes classified into two categories, they are class-changing derivational and class-maintaining derivational. The application of affixation in a short story Gentlemen and Player in Language Teaching is to teach vocabulary in English lesson at twelfth grade in Vocational High School. The

[30] Maharani Sri Aryati, "An Analysis of Derivational Affixes in the Land of Five Towers Novel by A. Fuadi Translated by Angie Kilbane" (Universitas Muria Kudus, 2014), https://media.neliti.com/media/publications/224535-none-fbf62eb9.pdf

[31] Risma Karlinda, "The Analysis of Derivational Affixation in a Short Story Entitled Gentlemen And Players by E.W Hornung and the Application in Language Teaching" (Universitas Muhammadiyah Purworejo, 2014), http://202.91.10.51:8080/xmlui/bitstream/handle/123456789/2720/102120063-Risma%20karlinda.pdf?sequence=1&isAllowed=y

researcher hopes that the students are suggested to learn the used of derivational affixation.

Based on all the previous research above, they have similar finding, the researcher can conclude that derivational affixes are the combination of affixes and roots sometimes to build up a word, sometimes can form new words with new meanings and can change their parts root speech.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

A. Conclusion

After the analysis has been done, the researcher concludes that the Secret Garden Novel have two kinds of derivational affixes, they are prefix and suffix.

1. There are 311 words that include derivational affixes from chapter one through chapter ten. there are 31 words of prefix and 280 words of suffix.
2. The dominant derivational affixes in the Secret Garden Novel is suffix. The dominant of suffix in the novel is –ly. And the dominant prefix in the novel is Un-.

From the analysis, it can be concluded that analyze derivational affixes in the novel is more interesting. By reading the novel, it can increase a lot of new vocabulary.

B. Suggestion

From the conclusion above, the researcher recommends some suggestions. For the students, the researcher suggests that the students should learn derivational affixes because from this affixes can change the part of speech and also create a new meaning that can improve their vocabulary.

For the teachers or lecturers, the reseracher suggests the teachers or lecturers to apply the derivational affixes by separating the roots and

the affixes clearly to the students in mastering vocabulary. This research can be used as their reference to teach vocabulary.

For further researchers, the researcher suggests the other researchers to develop this research with different data source and better technique.

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APPENDIX I

NO.	WORD	KIND OF DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	DERIVATIONAL AFFIXES	TOTAL NUMBER

APPENDIX II

SCRIPT OF THE SECRET GARDEN NOVEL (1-10)

CHAPTER I

THERE IS NO ONE LEFT

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable(P) looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government(S) and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly(S), fretful(S), ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly(S), fretful(S), toddling thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly(S) anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess(S) who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governess(S) came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter(S) time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really(S) want to know how to read books she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully(S) hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser(S) still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

"Why did you come?" she said to the strange woman. "I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me."

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually(S) left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

"Pig! Pig! Daughter of Pigs!" she said, because to call a native a pig is the worst insult of all.

She was grinding her teeth and saying this over and over again when she heard her mother come out on the veranda with some one. She was with a fair young man and they stood talking together in low strange voices. Mary knew the fair young man who looked like a boy. She had heard that he was a very young officer who had just come from England. The child stared at him, but she stared most at her mother. She always did this when she had a chance to see her, because the Mem Sahib—Mary used to call her that oftener than anything else—was such a tall, slim, pretty person and wore such lovely clothes. Her hair was like curly silk and she had a delicate little nose which seemed to be disdaining things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her clothes were thin and floating, and Mary said they were "full of lace." They looked fuller of lace than ever this morning, but her eyes were not laughing at all. They were large and scared and lifted imploringly(S) to the fair boy officer's face.

"Is it so very bad? Oh, is it?" Mary heard her say.

"Awfully(S)," the young man answered in a trembling voice. "Awfully(S), Mrs. Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago."

The Mem Sahib wrung her hands.

"Oh, I know I ought!" she cried. "I only stayed to go to that silly dinner party. What a fool I was!"

At that very moment such a loud sound of wailing broke out from the servants' quarters that she clutched the young man's arm, and Mary stood shivering from head to foot. The wailing grew wilder and wilder.

"What is it? What is it?" Mrs. Lennox gasped.

"Some one has died," answered the boy officer. "You did not say it had broken out among your servants."

"I did not know!" the Mem Sahib cried. "Come with me! Come with me!" and she turned and ran into the house.

After that appalling things happened, and the mysteriousness(S) of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera had broken out in its most fatal form and people were dying like flies. The Ayah had been taken ill in the night, and it was because she had just died that the servants had wailed in the huts. Before the next day three other servants were dead and others had run away in terror. There was panic on every side, and dying people in all the bungalows.

During the confusion and bewilderment of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery and was forgotten by every one. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately(S) cried and slept through the hours. She only knew that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and frightening sounds. Once she crept into the dining-room and found it empty, though a partly(S) finished meal was on the table and chairs and plates looked as if they had been hastily(S) pushed back when the diners rose suddenly(S) for some reason. The child ate some fruit and biscuits, and being thirsty she drank a glass of wine which stood nearly filled. It was sweet, and she did not know how strong it was. Very soon it made her intensely(S) drowsy, and she went back to her nursery and shut herself in again, frightened by cries she heard in the huts and by the hurrying sound of feet. The wine made her so sleepy that she could scarcely(S) keep her eyes open and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for a long time.

Many things happened during the hours in which she slept so heavily(S), but she was not disturbed by the wails and the sound of things being carried in and out of the bungalow.

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly(S) still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard neither voices nor footsteps, and wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera and all the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead. There would be a new Ayah, and perhaps she would know some new stories. Mary had been rather tired of the old ones. She did not cry because her nurse had died. She was not an affectionate(S) child and had never cared much for any one. The noise and hurrying about and wailing over the cholera had frightened her, and she had been angry because no one seemed to remember that she was alive. Every one was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but themselves. But if every one had got well again, surely(S) some one would remember and come to look for her.

But no one came, and as she lay waiting the house seemed to grow more and more silent. She heard something rustling on the matting and when she looked down she saw a little snake gliding along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt her and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He slipped under the door as she watched him.

"How queer and quiet it is," she said. "It sounds as if there was no one in the bungalow but me and the snake."

Almost the next minute she heard footsteps in the compound, and then on the veranda. They were men's footsteps, and the men entered the bungalow and talked in low voices. No one went to meet or speak to them and they seemed to open doors and look into rooms.

"What desolation!" she heard one voice say. "That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child, too. I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her."

Mary was standing in the middle of the nursery when they opened the door a few minutes later. She looked an ugly, cross little thing and was frowning because she was beginning to be hungry and feel disgracefully(P) neglected. The first man who came in was a large officer she had once seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled that he almost jumped back.

"Barney!" he cried out. "There is a child here! A child alone! In a place like this! Mercy on us, who is she!"

"I am Mary Lennox," the little girl said, drawing herself up stiffly(S). She thought the man was very rude to call her father's bungalow "A place like this!" "I fell asleep(P) when every one had the cholera and I have only just wakened up. Why does nobody come?"

"It is the child no one ever saw!" exclaimed the man, turning to his companions. "She has actually(S) been forgotten!"

"Why was I forgotten?" Mary said, stamping her foot. "Why does nobody come?"

The young man whose name was Barney looked at her very sadly. Mary even thought she saw him wink his eyes as if to wink tears away.

"Poor little kid!" he said. "There is nobody left to come."

It was in that strange and sudden way that Mary found out that she had neither father nor mother left; that they had died and been carried away in the night, and that the few native servants who had not died also had left the house as quickly(S) as they could get out of it, none of them even remembering that there was a Missie Sahib. That was why the place was so quiet. It was true that there was no one in the bungalow but herself and the little rustling snake.

CHAPTER II

MISTRESS MARY QUITE CONTRARY

Mary had liked to look at her mother from a distance and she had thought her very pretty, but as she knew very little of her she could scarcely(S) have been expected to love her or to miss her very much when she was gone. She did not miss her at all, in fact, and as she was a self- absorbed child she gave her entire thought to herself, as she had always done. If she had been older she would no doubt have been very anxious at being left alone in the world, but she was very young, and as she had always been taken care of, she supposed she always would be. What she thought was that she would like to know if she was going to nice people, who would be polite to her and give her her own way as her Ayah and the other native servants had done.

She knew that she was not going to stay at the English clergyman's house where she was taken at first. She did not want to stay. The English clergyman was poor and he had five children nearly(S) all the same age and they wore shabby clothes and were always quarreling and snatching toys from each other. Mary hated their untidy bungalow and was so disagreeable(P) to them that after the first day or two nobody would play with her. By the second day they had given her a nickname which made her furious.

It was Basil who thought of it first. Basil was a little boy with impudent blue eyes and a turned-up nose and Mary hated him. She was playing by herself under a tree, just as she had been playing the day the cholera broke out. She was making heaps of earth and paths for a garden and Basil came and stood near to watch her. Presently(S) he got rather interested and suddenly(S) made a suggestion.

"Why don't you put a heap of stones there and pretend it is a rockery(S)?" he said. "There in the middle," and he leaned over her to point.

"Go away!" cried Mary. "I don't want boys. Go away!"

For a moment Basil looked angry, and then he began to tease. He was always teasing his sisters. He danced round and round her and made faces and sang and laughed.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does
your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle shells, And
marigolds all in a row."

He sang it until the other children heard and laughed, too; and the crosser Mary got, the more they sang "Mistress Mary, quite contrary"; and after that as long as she stayed with them they called her "Mistress Mary Quite Contrary" when they spoke of her to each other, and often when they spoke to her.

"You are going to be sent home," Basil said to her, "at the end of the week. And we're glad of it."

"I am glad of it, too," answered Mary. "Where is home?"

"She doesn't know where home is!" said Basil, with seven-year-old scorn. "It's England, of course. Our grandmama lives there and our sister Mabel was sent to her last year. You are not going to your grandmama. You have none. You are going to your uncle. His name is Mr. Archibald Craven."

"I don't know anything about him," snapped Mary.

"I know you don't," Basil answered. "You don't know anything. Girls never do. I heard father and mother talking about him. He lives in a great, big, desolate old house in the country and no one goes near him. He's so cross he won't let them, and they wouldn't come if he would let them. He's a hunchback, and he's horrid."

"I don't believe you," said Mary; and she turned her back and stuck her fingers in her ears, because she would not listen any more.

But she thought over it a great deal afterward; and when Mrs. Crawford told her that night that she was going to sail away to England in a few days

and go to her uncle, Mr. Archibald Craven, who lived at Misselthwaite Manor, she looked so stony and stubbornly(S) uninterested(P) that they did not know what to think about her. They tried to be kind to her, but she only turned her face away when Mrs. Crawford attempted to kiss her, and held herself stiffly(S) when Mr. Crawford patted her shoulder(S).

"She is such a plain child," Mrs. Crawford said pityingly(S), afterward. "And her mother was such a pretty creature. She had a very pretty manner, too, and Mary has the most unattractive(P) ways I ever saw in a child. The children call her 'Mistress Mary Quite Contrary,' and though it's naughty of them, one can't help understanding it."

"Perhaps if her mother had carried her pretty face and her pretty manners oftener into the nursery Mary might have learned some pretty ways too. It is very sad, now the poor beautiful(S) thing is gone, to remember that many people never even knew that she had a child at all."

"I believe she scarcely(S) ever looked at her," sighed Mrs. Crawford. "When her Ayah was dead there was no one to give a thought to the little thing. Think of the servants running away and leaving her all alone in that deserted bungalow. Colonel McGrew said he nearly jumped out of his skin when he opened the door and found her standing by herself in the middle of the room."

Mary made the long voyage to England under the care of an officer's wife, who was taking her children to leave them in a boarding-school. She was very much absorbed in her own little boy and girl, and was rather glad to hand the child over to the woman Mr. Archibald Craven sent to meet her, in London. The woman was his housekeeper at Misselthwaite Manor, and her name was Mrs. Medlock. She was a stout woman, with very red cheeks and sharp black eyes. She wore a very purple dress, a black silk mantle with jet fringe on it and a black bonnet with purple velvet flowers which stuck up and trembled when she moved her head. Mary did not like her at all, but as she very seldom liked people there was nothing remarkable(S) in that; besides which it was very evident Mrs. Medlock did not think much of her.

"My word! she's a plain little piece of goods!" she said. "And we'd heard that her mother was a beauty. She hasn't handed much of it down,

has she, ma'am?"

"Perhaps she will improve as she grows older," the officer's wife said good-naturedly. "If she were not so sallow and had a nicer expression, her features are rather good. Children alter so much."

"She'll have to alter a good deal," answered Mrs. Medlock. "And there's nothing likely(S) to improve children at Misselthwaite—if you ask me!"

They thought Mary was not listening because she was standing a little apart from them at the window of the private hotel they had gone to. She was watching the passing buses and cabs, and people, but she heard quite well and was made very curious about her uncle and the place he lived in. What sort of a place was it, and what would he be like? What was a hunchback? She had never seen one. Perhaps there were none in India.

Since she had been living in other people's houses and had had no Ayah, she had begun to feel lonely(S) and to think queer thoughts which were new to her. She had begun to wonder why she had never seemed to belong to any one even when her father and mother had been alive. Other children seemed to belong to their fathers and mothers, but she had never seemed to really(S) be any one's little girl. She had had servants, and food and clothes, but no one had taken any notice of her. She did not know that this was because she was a disagreeable(P) child; but then, of course, she did not know she was disagreeable(P). She often thought that other people were, but she did not know that she was so herself.

She thought Mrs. Medlock the most disagreeable(P) person she had ever seen, with her common, highly(S) colored face and her common fine bonnet. When the next day they set out on their journey to Yorkshire, she walked through the station to the railway carriage with her head up and trying to keep as far away from her as she could, because she did not want to seem to belong to her. It would have made her very angry to think people imagined she was her little girl.

But Mrs. Medlock was not in the least disturbed by her and her thoughts. She was the kind of woman who would "stand no nonsense from young ones." At least, that is what she would have said if she had been asked. She had not wanted to go to London just when her sister Maria's

daughter was going to be married, but she had a comfortable, well paid place as housekeeper at Misselthwaite Manor and the only way in which she could keep it was to do at once what Mr. Archibald Craven told her to do. She never dared even to ask a question.

"Captain Lennox and his wife died of the cholera," Mr. Craven had said in his short, cold way. "Captain Lennox was my wife's brother and I am their daughter's guardian. The child is to be brought here. You must go to London and bring her yourself."

So she packed her small trunk and made the journey.

Mary sat in her corner of the railway carriage and looked plain and fretful(S). She had nothing to read or to look at, and she had folded her thin little black-gloved hands in her lap. Her black dress made her look yellower than ever, and her limp light hair straggled from under her black crêpe hat.

"A more marred-looking young one I never saw in my life," Mrs. Medlock thought. (Marred is a Yorkshire word and means spoiled and pettish.) She had never seen a child who sat so still without doing anything; and at last she got tired of watching her and began to talk in a brisk, hard voice.

"I suppose I may as well tell you something about where you are going to," she said. "Do you know anything about your uncle?"

"No," said Mary.

"Never heard your father and mother talk about him?"

"No," said Mary frowning. She frowned because she remembered that her father and mother had never talked to her about anything in particular. Certainly(S) they had never told her things.

"Humph," muttered Mrs. Medlock, staring at her queer, unresponsive(P) little face. She did not say any more for a few moments and then she began again.

"I suppose you might as well be told something—to prepare you. You are going to a queer place."

Mary said nothing at all, and Mrs. Medlock looked rather discomfited by her apparent indifference(P), but, after taking a breath, she went on.

"Not but that it's a grand big place in a gloomy(S) way, and Mr. Craven's proud of it in his way—and that's gloomy(S) enough, too. The house is six hundred years old and it's on the edge of the moor, and there's near a hundred rooms in it, though most of them's shut up and locked. And there's pictures and fine old furniture and things that's been there for ages, and there's a big park round it and gardens and trees with branches trailing to the ground—some of them." She paused and took another breath. "But there's nothing else," she ended suddenly(S).

Mary had begun to listen in spite of herself. It all sounded so unlike India, and anything new rather attracted her. But she did not intend to look as if she were interested. That was one of her unhappy(P), disagreeable(P) ways. So she sat still.

"Well," said Mrs. Medlock. "What do you think of it?" "Nothing," she answered.

"I know nothing about such places." That made Mrs. Medlock laugh a short sort of laugh.

"Eh!" she said, "but you are like an old woman. Don't you care?" "It doesn't matter," said Mary, "whether I care or not."

"You are right enough there," said Mrs. Medlock. "It doesn't. What you're to be kept at Misselthwaite Manor for I don't know, unless(P) because it's the easiest way. *He's* not going to trouble himself about you, that's sure and certain. He never troubles himself about no one."

She stopped herself as if she had just remembered something in time. "He's got a crooked back," she said. "That set him wrong. He was a sour young man and got no good of all his money and big place till he was married."

Mary's eyes turned toward her in spite of her intention not to seem to care. She had never thought of the hunchback's being married and she was a trifle surprised. Mrs. Medlock saw this, and as she was a talkative

woman she continued with more interest. This was one way of passing some of the time, at any rate.

"She was a sweet, pretty thing and he'd have walked the world over to get her a blade o' grass she wanted. Nobody thought she'd marry him, but she did, and people said she married him for his money. But she didn't— she didn't," positively. "When she died—"

Mary gave a little involuntary(P) jump.

"Oh! did she die!" she exclaimed, quite without meaning to. She had just remembered a French fairy story she had once read called "Riquet à la Houppe." It had been about a poor hunchback and a beautiful(S) princess and it had made her suddenly(S) sorry for Mr. Archibald Craven.

"Yes, she died," Mrs. Medlock answered. "And it made him queerer than ever. He cares about nobody. He won't see people. Most of the time he goes away, and when he is at Misselthwaite he shuts himself up in the West Wing and won't let any one but Pitcher see him. Pitcher's an old fellow, but he took care of him when he was a child and he knows his ways."

It sounded like something in a book and it did not make Mary feel cheerful(S). A house with a hundred rooms, nearly all shut up and with their doors locked—a house on the edge of a moor—whatsoever a moor was— sounded dreary. A man with a crooked back who shut himself up also! She stared out of the window with her lips pinched together, and it seemed quite natural that the rain should have begun to pour down in gray slanting lines and splash and stream down the window-panes. If the pretty wife had been alive(P) she might have made things cheerful(S) by being something like her own mother and by running in and out and going to parties as she had done in frocks "full of lace." But she was not there any more.

"You needn't expect to see him, because ten to one you won't," said Mrs. Medlock. "And you mustn't expect that there will be people to talk to you. You'll have to play about and look after yourself. You'll be told what rooms you can go into and what rooms you're to keep out of. There's gardens enough. But when you're in the house don't go wandering and poking about. Mr. Craven won't have it."

"I shall not want to go poking about," said sour little Mary; and just as suddenly(S) as she had begun to be rather sorry for Mr. Archibald Craven she began to cease to be sorry and to think he was unpleasant(P) enough to deserve all that had happened to him.

And she turned her face toward the streaming panes of the window of the railway carriage(S) and gazed out at the gray rain-storm which looked as if it would go on forever and ever. She watched it so long and steadily(S) that the grayness(S) grew heavier(S) and heavier(S) before her eyes and she fell asleep(P).

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE MOOR

She slept a long time, and when she awakened Mrs. Medlock had bought a lunchbasket at one of the stations and they had some chicken and cold beef and bread and butter and some hot tea. The rain seemed to be streaming down more heavily(S) than ever and everybody in the station wore wet and glistening waterproofs. The guard lighted the lamps in the carriage(S), and Mrs. Medlock cheered up very much over her tea and chicken and beef. She ate a great deal and afterward fell asleep(P) herself, and Mary sat and stared at her and watched her fine bonnet slip on one side until she herself fell asleep(P) once more in the corner of the carriage(S), lulled by the splashing of the rain against the windows. It was quite dark when she awakened again. The train had stopped at a station and Mrs. Medlock was shaking her.

"You have had a sleep!" she said. "It's time to open your eyes! We're at Thwaite Station and we've got a long drive before us."

Mary stood up and tried to keep her eyes open while Mrs. Medlock collected her parcels. The little girl did not offer to help her, because in India native servants always picked up or carried things and it seemed quite proper that other people should wait on one.

The station was a small one and nobody but themselves seemed to be getting out of the train. The station-master spoke to Mrs. Medlock in a rough, good-natured way, pronouncing his words in a queer broad fashion which Mary found out afterward was Yorkshire.

"I see tha's got back," he said. "An' tha's browt th' young 'un with thee."

"Aye, that's her," answered Mrs. Medlock, speaking with a Yorkshire accent herself and jerking her head over her shoulder toward Mary. "How's thy Missus?"

"Well enow. Th' carriage(S) is waitin' outside for thee."

A brougham stood on the road before the little outside platform. Mary saw that it was a smart carriage(S) and that it was a smart footman who helped her in. His long waterproof coat and the waterproof covering of his hat were shining and dripping with rain as everything was, the burly station-master included.

When he shut the door, mounted the box with the coachman, and they drove off, the little girl found herself seated in a comfortably(S) cushioned corner, but she was not inclined to go to sleep again. She sat and looked out of the window, curious to see something of the road over which she was being driven to the queer place Mrs. Medlock had spoken of. She was not at all a timid child and she was not exactly(S) frightened, but she felt that there was no knowing what might happen in a house with a hundred rooms nearly(S) all shut up—a house standing on the edge of a moor.

"What is a moor?" she said suddenly(S) to Mrs. Medlock.

"Look out of the window in about ten minutes and you'll see," the woman answered. "We've got to drive five miles across Missel Moor before we get to the Manor. You won't see much because it's a dark night, but you can see something."

Mary asked no more questions but waited in the darkness(S) of her corner, keeping her eyes on the window. The carriage(S) lamps cast rays of light a little distance ahead of them and she caught glimpses of the things they passed. After they had left the station they had driven through a tiny village and she had seen whitewashed cottages and the lights of a public house. Then they had passed a church and a vicarage and a little shop- window or so in a cottage with toys and sweets and odd things set out for sale. Then they were on the highroad and she saw hedges and trees. After that there seemed nothing different for a long time—or at least it seemed a long time to her.

At last the horses began to go more slowly(S), as if they were climbing up- hill, and presently(S) there seemed to be no more hedges and no more trees. She could see nothing, in fact, but a dense darkness(S) on either side. She

leaned forward and pressed her face against the window just as the carriage(S) gave a big jolt.

"Eh! We're on the moor now sure enough," said Mrs. Medlock.

The carriage(S) lamps shed a yellow light on a rough-looking road which seemed to be cut through bushes and low growing things which ended in the great expanse of dark apparently(S) spread out before and around them. A wind was rising and making a singular, wild, low, rushing sound.

"It's—it's not the sea, is it?" said Mary, looking round at her companion.

"No, not it," answered Mrs. Medlock. "Nor it isn't fields nor mountains, it's just miles and miles and miles of wild land that nothing grows on but heather and gorse and broom, and nothing lives on but wild ponies and sheep."

"I feel as if it might be the sea, if there were water on it," said Mary. "It sounds like the sea just now."

"That's the wind blowing through the bushes," Mrs. Medlock said. "It's a wild, dreary enough place to my mind, though there's plenty that likes it —particularly(S) when the heather's in bloom."

On and on they drove through the darkness(S), and though the rain stopped, the wind rushed by and whistled and made strange sounds. The road went up and down, and several times the carriage(S) passed over a little bridge beneath which water rushed very fast with a great deal of noise. Mary felt as if the drive would never come to an end and that the wide, bleak moor was a wide expanse of black ocean through which she was passing on a strip of dry land.

"I don't like it," she said to herself. "I don't like it," and she pinched her thin lips more tightly(S) together.

The horses were climbing up a hilly piece of road when she first caught sight of a light. Mrs. Medlock saw it as soon as she did and drew a long sigh of relief.

"Eh, I am glad to see that bit o' light twinkling," she exclaimed. "It's the light in the lodge window. We shall get a good cup of tea after a bit, at all events."

It was "after a bit," as she said, for when the carriage(S) passed through the park gates there was still two miles of avenue to drive through and the trees (which nearly(S) met overhead) made it seem as if they were driving through a long dark vault.

They drove out of the vault into a clear space and stopped before an immensely(S) long but low-built house which seemed to ramble round a stone court. At first Mary thought that there were no lights at all in the windows, but as she got out of the carriage she saw that one room in a corner up-stairs showed a dull glow.

The entrance door was a huge one made of massive(S), curiously(S) shaped panels of oak studded with big iron nails and bound with great iron bars. It opened into an enormous hall, which was so dimly lighted that the faces in the portraits on the walls and the figures in the suits of armor made Mary feel that she did not want to look at them. As she stood on the stone floor she looked a very small, odd little black figure, and she felt as small and lost and odd as she looked.

A neat, thin old man stood near the manservant who opened the door for them.

"You are to take her to her room," he said in a husky voice. "He doesn't want to see her. He's going to London in the morning."

"Very well, Mr. Pitcher," Mrs. Medlock answered. "So long as I know what's expected of me, I can manage."

"What's expected of you, Mrs. Medlock," Mr. Pitcher said, "is that you make sure that he's not disturbed and that he doesn't see what he doesn't want to see."

And then Mary Lennox was led up a broad staircase and down a long corridor and up a short flight of steps and through another corridor and another, until a door opened in a wall and she found herself in a room with a fire in it and a supper on a table.

Mrs. Medlock said unceremoniously(S):

"Well, here you are! This room and the next are where you'll live—and you must keep to them. Don't you forget that!"

It was in this way Mistress Mary arrived at Misselthwaite Manor and she had perhaps never felt quite so contrary in all her life.

CHAPTER IV

MARTHA

When she opened her eyes in the morning it was because a young housemaid had come into her room to light the fire and was kneeling on the hearth-rug raking out the cinders noisily(S). Mary lay and watched her for a few moments and then began to look about the room. She had never seen a room at all like it and thought it curious and gloomy(S). The walls were covered with tapestry with a forest scene embroidered on it. There were fantastically(S) dressed people under the trees and in the distance there was a glimpse of the turrets of a castle. There were hunters and horses and dogs and ladies. Mary felt as if she were in the forest with them. Out of a deep window she could see a great climbing stretch of land which seemed to have no trees on it, and to look rather like an endless, dull, purplish sea.

"What is that?" she said, pointing out of the window.

Martha, the young housemaid, who had just risen to her feet, looked and pointed also.

"That there?" she said. "Yes."
"That's th' moor," with a good-natured grin. "Does tha' like it?" "No," answered
Mary. "I hate it."
"That's because tha'rt not used to it," Martha said, going back to her hearth. "Tha' thinks it's too big an' bare now. But tha' will like it."

"Do you?" inquired Mary.

"Aye, that I do," answered Martha, cheerfully(S) polishing away at the grate. "I just love it. It's none bare. It's covered wi' growin' things as smells sweet. It's fair lovely(S) in spring an' summer when th' gorse an'

broom an' heather's in flower. It smells o' honey an' there's such a lot o' fresh air—an' th' sky looks so high an' th' bees an' skylarks makes such a nice noise hummin' an' singin'. Eh! I wouldn't live away from th' moor for anythin'."

Mary listened to her with a grave, puzzled expression. The native servants she had been used to in India were not in the least like this. They were obsequious and servile and did not presume to talk to their masters as if they were their equals. They made salaams and called them "protector of the poor" and names of that sort. Indian servants were commanded to do things, not asked. It was not the custom to say "please" and "thank you" and Mary had always slapped her Ayah in the face when she was angry. She wondered a little what this girl would do if one slapped her in the face. She was a round, rosy, good-natured looking creature, but she had a sturdy way which made Mistress Mary wonder if she might not even slap back— if the person who slapped her was only a little girl.

"You are a strange servant," she said from her pillows, rather haughtily(S).

Martha sat up on her heels, with her blacking-brush in her hand, and laughed, without seeming the least out of temper.

"Eh! I know that," she said. "If there was a grand Missus at Misselthwaite I should never have been even one of th' under housemaids. I might have been let to be scullery-maid but I'd never have been let up- stairs. I'm too common an' I talk too much Yorkshire. But this is a funny house for all it's so grand. Seems like there's neither Master nor Mistress except Mr. Pitcher an' Mrs. Medlock. Mr. Craven, he won't be troubled about anythin' when he's here, an' he's nearly(S) always away. Mrs. Medlock gave me th' place out o' kindness(S). She told me she could never have done it if Misselthwaite had been like other big houses."

"Are you going to be my servant?" Mary asked, still in her imperious little Indian way.

Martha began to rub her grate again.

"I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant," she said stoutly(S). "An' she's Mr. Craven's
—but I'm to do the housemaid's work up here an' wait on you a bit. But you won't need much waitin' on."

"Who is going to dress me?" demanded Mary.

Martha sat up on her heels again and stared. She spoke in broad Yorkshire in her amazement(S).

"Canna' tha' dress thysen!" she said.

"What do you mean? I don't understand your language," said Mary. "Eh! I forgot,"

Martha said. "Mrs. Medlock told me I'd have to be Careful(S) or you wouldn't know what I was sayin'. I mean can't you put on your own clothes?"

"No," answered Mary, quite indignantly(S). "I never did in my life. My Ayah dressed me, of course."

"Well," said Martha, evidently(S) not in the least aware that she was impudent, "it's time tha' should learn. Tha' cannot begin younger. It'll do thee good to wait on thysen a bit. My mother always said she couldn't see why grand people's children didn't turn out fair fools—what with nurses an' bein' washed an' dressed an' took out to walk as if they was puppies!"

"It is different in India," said Mistress Mary disdainfully(S). She could scarcely(S) stand this.

But Martha was not at all crushed.

"Eh! I can see it's different," she answered almost sympathetically(S). "I dare say it's because there's such a lot o' blacks there instead o' respectable(S) white people. When I heard you was comin' from India I thought you was a black too."

Mary sat up in bed furious.

"What!" she said. "What! You thought I was a native. You—you daughter of a pig!"

Martha stared and looked hot.

"Who are you callin' names?" she said. "You needn't be so vexed. That's not th' way for a young lady to talk. I've nothin' against th' blacks. When you read about 'em in tracts they're always very religious. You always read

as a black's a man an' a brother. I've never seen a black an' I was fair pleased to think I was goin' to see one close. When I come in to light your fire this mornin' I crep' up to your bed an' pulled th' cover back careful to look at you. An' there you was," disappointedly(S), "no more black than me— for all you're so yeller."

Mary did not even try to control her rage and humiliation.

"You thought I was a native! You dared! You don't know anything about natives! They are not people—they're servants who must salaam to you. You know nothing about India. You know nothing about anything!"

She was in such a rage and felt so helpless(S) before the girl's simple stare, and somehow she suddenly(S) felt so horribly(S) lonely(S) and far away from everything she understood and which understood her, that she threw herself face downward on the pillows and burst into passionate sobbing. She sobbed so unrestrainedly(S) that good-natured Yorkshire Martha was a little frightened and quite sorry for her. She went to the bed and bent over her.

"Eh! you mustn't cry like that there!" she begged. "You mustn't for sure. I didn't know you'd be vexed. I don't know anythin' about anythin'—just like you said. I beg your pardon, Miss. Do stop cryin'."

There was something comforting and really(S) friendly(S) in her queer Yorkshire speech and sturdy way which had a good effect on Mary. She gradually(S) ceased crying and became quiet. Martha looked relieved.

"It's time for thee to get up now," she said. "Mrs. Medlock said I was to carry tha' breakfast an' tea an' dinner into th' room next to this. It's been made into a nursery for thee. I'll help thee on with thy clothes if tha'll get out o' bed. If th' buttons are at th' back tha' cannot button them up tha'self."

When Mary at last decided to get up, the clothes Martha took from the wardrobe were not the ones she had worn when she arrived the night before with Mrs. Medlock.

"Those are not mine," she said. "Mine are black."

She looked the thick white wool coat and dress over, and added with cool approval:

"Those are nicer than mine."

"These are th' ones tha' must put on," Martha answered. "Mr. Craven ordered Mrs. Medlock to get 'em in London. He said 'I won't have a child dressed in black wanderin' about like a lost soul,' he said. 'It'd make the place sadder than it is. Put color on her.' Mother she said she knew what he meant. Mother always knows what a body means. She doesn't hold with black hersel'."

"I hate black things," said Mary.

The dressing process was one which taught them both something. Martha had "buttoned up" her little sisters and brothers but she had never seen a child who stood still and waited for another person to do things for her as if she had neither hands nor feet of her own.

"Why doesn't tha' put on tha' own shoes?" she said when Mary quietly(S) held out her foot.

"My Ayah did it," answered Mary, staring. "It was the custom."

She said that very often—"It was the custom." The native servants were always saying it. If one told them to do a thing their ancestors had not done for a thousand years they gazed at one mildly(S) and said, "It is not the custom" and one knew that was the end of the matter.

It had not been the custom that Mistress Mary should do anything but stand and allow herself to be dressed like a doll, but before she was ready for breakfast she began to suspect that her life at Misselthwaite Manor would end by teaching her a number of things quite new to her—things such as putting on her own shoes and stockings, and picking up things she let fall. If Martha had been a well-trained fine young lady's maid she would have been more subservient and respectful(S) and would have known that it was her business to brush hair, and button boots, and pick things up and lay them away. She was, however, only an untrained(P) Yorkshire rustic who had been brought up in a moorland cottage with a swarm of little brothers and sisters who had never dreamed of doing anything but waiting

on themselves and on the younger ones who were either babies in arms or just learning to totter about and tumble over things.

If Mary Lennox had been a child who was ready to be amused she would perhaps have laughed at Martha's readiness(S) to talk, but Mary only listened to her coldly(S) and wondered at her freedom of manner. At first she was not at all interested, but gradually(S), as the girl rattled on in her good- tempered, homely(S) way, Mary began to notice what she was saying.

"Eh! you should see 'em all," she said. "There's twelve of us an' my father only gets sixteen shilling a week. I can tell you my mother's put to it to get porridge for 'em all. They tumble about on th' moor an' play there all day an' mother says th' air of th' moor fattens 'em. She says she believes they eat th' grass same as th' wild ponies do. Our Dickon, he's twelve years old and he's got a young pony he calls his own."

"Where did he get it?" asked Mary.

"He found it on th' moor with its mother when it was a little one an' he began to make friends with it an' give it bits o' bread an' pluck young grass for it. And it got to like him so it follows him about an' it lets him get on its back. Dickon's a kind lad an' animals likes him."

Mary had never possessed an animal pet of her own and had always thought she should like one. So she began to feel a slight interest in Dickon, and as she had never before been interested in any one but herself, it was the dawning of a healthy(S) sentiment. When she went into the room which had been made into a nursery for her, she found that it was rather like the one she had slept in. It was not a child's room, but a grown-up person's room, with gloomy(S) old pictures on the walls and heavy old oak chairs. A table in the center was set with a good substantial breakfast. But she had always had a very small appetite, and she looked with something more than indifference(P) at the first plate Martha set before her.

"I don't want it," she said.

"Tha' doesn't want thy porridge!" Martha exclaimed incredulously(S). "No."

"Tha' doesn't know how good it is. Put a bit o' treacle on it or a bit o' sugar."

"I don't want it," repeated Mary.

"Eh!" said Martha. "I can't abide to see good victuals go to waste. If our children was at this table they'd clean it bare in five minutes."

"Why?" said Mary coldly(S).

"Why!" echoed Martha. "Because they scarce ever had their stomachs full in their lives. They're as hungry as young hawks an' foxes."

"I don't know what it is to be hungry," said Mary, with the indifference(P) of ignorance.

Martha looked indignant.

"Well, it would do thee good to try it. I can see that plain enough," she said outspokenly(S). "I've no patience with folk as sits an' just stares at good bread an' meat. My word! don't I wish Dickon and Phil an' Jane an' th' rest of 'em had what's here under their pinafores."

"Why don't you take it to them?" suggested Mary.

"It's not mine," answered Martha stoutly(S). "An' this isn't my day out. I get my day out once a month same as th' rest. Then I go home an' clean up for mother an' give her a day's rest."

Mary drank some tea and ate a little toast and some marmalade.

"You wrap up warm an' run out an' play you," said Martha. "It'll do you good and give you some stomach for your meat."

Mary went to the window. There were gardens and paths and big trees, but everything looked dull and wintry.

"Out? Why should I go out on a day like this?"

"Well, if tha' doesn't go out tha'lt have to stay in, an' what has tha' got to do?"

Mary glanced about her. There was nothing to do. When Mrs. Medlock had prepared the nursery she had not thought of amusement(S). Perhaps it would be better to go and see what the gardens were like.

"Who will go with me?" she inquired. Martha
stared.

"You'll go by yourself," she answered. "You'll have to learn to play like other children does when they haven't got sisters and brothers. Our Dickon goes off on th' moor by himself an' plays for hours. That's how he made friends with th' pony. He's got sheep on th' moor that knows him, an' birds as comes an' eats out of his hand. However little there is to eat, he always saves a bit o' his bread to coax his pets."

It was really(S) this mention of Dickon which made Mary decide to go out, though she was not aware of it. There would be birds outside though there would not be ponies or sheep. They would be different from the birds in India and it might amuse her to look at them.

Martha found her coat and hat for her and a pair of stout little boots and she showed her her way down-stairs.

"If tha' goes round that way tha'll come to th' gardens," she said, pointing to a gate in a wall of shrubbery. "There's lots o' flowers in summer-time, but there's nothin' bloomin' now." She seemed to hesitate a second before she added, "One of th' gardens is locked up. No one has been in it for ten years."

"Why?" asked Mary in spite of herself. Here was another locked door added to the hundred in the strange house.

"Mr. Craven had it shut when his wife died so sudden. He won't let no one go inside. It was her garden. He locked th' door an' dug a hole and buried th' key. There's Mrs. Medlock's bell ringing—I must run."

After she was gone Mary turned down the walk which led to the door in the shrubbery. She could not help thinking about the garden which no one had been into for ten years. She wondered what it would look like and whether there were any flowers still alive in it. When she had passed

through the shrubbery gate she found herself in great gardens, with wide lawns and winding walks with clipped borders. There were trees, and flower-beds, and evergreens clipped into strange shapes, and a large pool with an old gray fountain in its midst. But the flower-beds were bare and wintry and the fountain was not playing. This was not the garden which was shut up. How could a garden be shut up? You could always walk into a garden.

She was just thinking this when she saw that, at the end of the path she was following, there seemed to be a long wall, with ivy growing over it. She was not familiar enough with England to know that she was coming upon the kitchen-gardens where the vegetables and fruit were growing. She went toward the wall and found that there was a green door in the ivy, and that it stood open. This was not the closed garden, evidently(S), and she could go into it.

She went through the door and found that it was a garden with walls all round it and that it was only one of several walled gardens which seemed to open into one another. She saw another open green door, revealing bushes and pathways between beds containing winter vegetables. Fruit- trees were trained flat against the wall, and over some of the beds there were glass frames. The place was bare and ugly enough, Mary thought, as she stood and stared about her. It might be nicer in summer when things were green, but there was nothing pretty about it now.

Presently(S) an old man with a spade over his shoulder walked through the door leading from the second garden. He looked startled when he saw Mary, and then touched his cap. He had a surly old face, and did not seem at all pleased to see her—but then she was displeased with his garden and wore her "quite contrary" expression, and certainly(S) did not seem at all pleased to see him.

"What is this place?" she asked.

"One o' th' kitchen-gardens," he answered.

"What is that?" said Mary, pointing through the other green door. "Another of 'em," shortly(S). "There's another on t'other side o' th' wall an' there's th' orchard t'other side o' that."

"Can I go in them?" asked Mary.

"If tha' likes. But there's nowt to see."

Mary made no response. She went down the path and through the second green door. There she found more walls and winter vegetables and glass frames, but in the second wall there was another green door and it was not open. Perhaps it led into the garden which no one had seen for ten years. As she was not at all a timid child and always did what she wanted to do, Mary went to the green door and turned the handle. She hoped the door would not open because she wanted to be sure she had found the mysterious garden—but it did open quite easily(S) and she walked through it and found herself in an orchard. There were walls all round it also and trees trained against them, and there were bare fruit-trees growing in the winter-browned grass—but there was no green door to be seen anywhere. Mary looked for it, and yet when she had entered the upper end of the garden she had noticed that the wall did not seem to end with the orchard but to extend beyond it as if it enclosed(P) a place at the other side. She could see the tops of trees above the wall, and when she stood still she saw a bird with a bright red breast sitting on the topmost branch of one of them, and suddenly(S) he burst into his winter song—almost as if he had caught sight of her and was calling to her.

She stopped and listened to him and somehow his cheerful(S), friendly(S) little whistle gave her a pleased feeling—even a disagreeable(P) little girl may be lonely(S), and the big closed house and big bare moor and big bare gardens had made this one feel as if there was no one left in the world but herself. If she had been an affectionate(S) child, who had been used to being loved, she would have broken her heart, but even though she was "Mistress Mary Quite Contrary" she was desolate, and the bright-breasted little bird brought a look into her sour little face which was almost a smile. She listened to him until he flew away. He was not like an Indian bird and she liked him and wondered if she should ever see him again. Perhaps he lived in the mysterious garden and knew all about it.

Perhaps it was because she had nothing whatever to do that she thought so much of the deserted garden. She was curious about it and wanted to see what it was like. Why had Mr. Archibald Craven buried the key? If he had

liked his wife so much why did he hate her garden? She wondered if she should ever see him, but she knew that if she did she should not like him, and he would not like her, and that she should only stand and stare at him and say nothing, though she should be wanting dreadfully(S) to ask him why he had done such a queer thing.

"People never like me and I never like people," she thought. "And I never can talk as the Crawford children could. They were always talking and laughing and making noises."

She thought of the robin and of the way he seemed to sing his song at her, and as she remembered the tree-top he perched on she stopped rather suddenly(S) on the path.

"I believe that tree was in the secret garden—I feel sure it was," she said. "There was a wall round the place and there was no door."

She walked back into the first kitchen-garden she had entered and found the old man digging there. She went and stood beside him and watched him a few moments in her cold little way. He took no notice of her and so at last she spoke to him.

"I have been into the other gardens," she said.

"There was nothin' to prevent thee," he answered crustily(S). "I went into the orchard."

"There was no dog at th' door to bite thee," he answered. "There was no door there into the other garden," said Mary.

"What garden?" he said in a rough voice, stopping his digging for a moment.

"The one on the other side of the wall," answered Mistress Mary. "There are trees there—I saw the tops of them. A bird with a red breast was sitting on one of them and he sang."

To her surprise the surly old weather-beaten face actually(S) changed its expression. A slow smile spread over it and the gardener looked quite

different. It made her think that it was curious how much nicer a person looked when he smiled. She had not thought of it before.

He turned about to the orchard side of his garden and began to whistle —a low soft whistle. She could not understand how such a surly man could make such a coaxing sound.

Almost the next moment a wonderful(S) thing happened. She heard a soft little rushing flight through the air—and it was the bird with the red breast flying to them, and he actually(S) alighted on the big clod of earth quite near to the gardener's foot.

"Here he is," chuckled the old man, and then he spoke to the bird as if he were speaking to a child.

"Where has tha' been, tha' cheeky(S) little beggar?" he said. "I've not seen thee before to-day. Has tha' begun tha' courtin' this early(S) in th' season? Tha'rt too forrad."

The bird put his tiny head on one side and looked up at him with his soft bright eye which was like a black dewdrop. He seemed quite familiar and not the least afraid. He hopped about and pecked the earth briskly(S), looking for seeds and insects. It actually(S) gave Mary a queer feeling in her heart, because he was so pretty and cheerful(S) and seemed so like a person. He had a tiny plump body and a delicate beak, and slender delicate legs.

"Will he always come when you call him?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Aye, that he will. I've knowed him ever since he was a fledgling. He come out of th' nest in th' other garden an' when first he flew over th' wall he was too weak to fly back for a few days an' we got friendly(S). When he went over th' wall again th' rest of th' brood was gone an' he was lonely(S) an' he come back to me."

"What kind of a bird is he?" Mary asked.

"Doesn't tha' know? He's a robin redbreast an' they're th' friendliest, curiousest birds alive(P). They're almost as friendly(S) as dogs—if you know

how to get on with 'em. Watch him peckin' about there an' lookin' round at us now an' again. He knows we're talkin' about him."

It was the queerest thing in the world to see the old fellow. He looked at the plump little scarlet-waistcoated bird as if he were both proud and fond of him.

"He's a conceited one," he chuckled. "He likes to hear folk talk about him. An' curious—bless me, there never was his like for curiosity(S) an' meddlin'. He's always comin' to see what I'm plantin'. He knows all th' things Mester Craven never troubles hissel' to find out. He's th' head gardener, he is."

The robin hopped about busily(S) pecking the soil and now and then stopped and looked at them a little. Mary thought his black dewdrop eyes gazed at her with great curiosity(S). It really(S) seemed as if he were finding out all about her. The queer feeling in her heart increased.

"Where did the rest of the brood fly to?" she asked.

"There's no knowin'. The old ones turn 'em out o' their nest an' make 'em fly an' they're scattered before you know it. This one was a knowin' one an' he knew he was lonely(S)."

Mistress Mary went a step nearer to the robin and looked at him very hard.

"I'm lonely(S)," she said.

She had not known before that this was one of the things which made her feel sour and cross. She seemed to find it out when the robin looked at her and she looked at the robin.

The old gardener(S) pushed his cap back on his bald head and stared at her a minute.

"Art tha' th' little wench from India?" he asked. Mary nodded.
"Then no wonder tha'rt lonely(S). Tha'lt be lonelier before tha's done," he said.

He began to dig again, driving his spade deep into the rich black garden soil while the robin hopped about very busily(S) employed.

"What is your name?" Mary inquired. He stood
up to answer her.
"Ben Weatherstaff," he answered, and then he added with a surly chuckle, "I'm lonely(S) mysel' except when he's with me," and he jerked his thumb toward the robin. "He's th' only friend I've got."

"I have no friends at all," said Mary. "I never had. My Ayah didn't like me and I never played with any one."

It is a Yorkshire habit to say what you think with blunt frankness(S), and old Ben Weatherstaff was a Yorkshire moor man.

"Tha' an' me are a good bit alike," he said. "We was wove out of th' same cloth. We're neither of us good lookin' an' we're both of us as sour as we look. We've got the same nasty tempers, both of us, I'll warrant."

This was plain speaking, and Mary Lennox had never heard the truth about herself in her life. Native servants always salaamed and submitted to you, whatever you did. She had never thought much about her looks, but she wondered if she was as unattractive(P) as Ben Weatherstaff and she also wondered if she looked as sour as he had looked before the robin came. She actually(S) began to wonder also if she was "nasty tempered." She felt uncomfortable(P).

Suddenly(S) a clear rippling little sound broke out near her and she turned round. She was standing a few feet from a young apple-tree and the robin had flown on to one of its branches and had burst out into a scrap of a song. Ben Weatherstaff laughed outright.

"What did he do that for?" asked Mary.

"He's made up his mind to make friends with thee," replied Ben. "Dang me if he hasn't took a fancy to thee."

"To me?" said Mary, and she moved toward the little tree softly(S) and looked up.

"Would you make friends with me?" she said to the robin just as if she was speaking to a person. "Would you?" And she did not say it either in her hard little voice or in her imperious Indian voice, but in a tone so soft and eager and coaxing that Ben Weatherstaff was as surprised as she had been when she heard him whistle.

"Why," he cried out, "tha' said that as nice an' human as if tha' was a real child instead of a sharp old woman. Tha' said it almost like Dickon talks to his wild things on th' moor."

"Do you know Dickon?" Mary asked, turning round rather in a hurry. "Everybody knows him. Dickon's wanderin' about everywhere. Th' very
blackberries an' heather-bells knows him. I warrant th' foxes shows him where their cubs lies an' th' skylarks doesn't hide their nests from him."

Mary would have liked to ask some more questions. She was almost as curious about Dickon as she was about the deserted garden. But just that moment the robin, who had ended his song, gave a little shake of his

wings, spread them and flew away. He had made his visit and had other things to do.

"He has flown over the wall!" Mary cried out, watching him. "He has flown into the orchard—he has flown across the other wall—into the garden where there is no door!"

"He lives there," said old Ben. "He came out o' th' egg there. If he's courtin', he's makin' up to some young madam of a robin that lives among th' old rose-trees there."

"Rose-trees," said Mary. "Are there rose-trees?"

Ben Weatherstaff took up his spade again and began to dig. "There was ten year' ago," he mumbled.

"I should like to see them," said Mary. "Where is the green door? There must be a door somewhere."

Ben drove his spade deep and looked as uncompanionable(P) as he had looked when she first saw him.

"There was ten year' ago, but there isn't now," he said. "No door!" cried Mary. "There must be."

"None as any one can find, an' none as is any one's business. Don't you be a meddlesome wench an' poke your nose where it's no cause to go. Here, I must go on with my work. Get you gone an' play you. I've no more time."

And he actually(S) stopped digging, threw his spade over his shoulder and walked off, without even glancing at her or saying good-by.

CHAPTER V

THE CRY IN THE CORRIDOR

At first each day which passed by for Mary Lennox was exactly(S) like the others. Every morning she awoke in her tapestried room and found Martha kneeling upon the hearth building her fire; every morning she ate her breakfast in the nursery which had nothing amusing in it; and after each breakfast she gazed out of the window across to the huge moor which seemed to spread out on all sides and climb up to the sky, and after she had stared for a while she realized that if she did not go out she would have to stay in and do nothing—and so she went out. She did not know that this was the best thing she could have done, and she did not know that, when she began to walk quickly(S) or even run along the paths and down the avenue, she was stirring her slow blood and making herself stronger by fighting with the wind which swept down from the moor. She ran only to make herself warm, and she hated the wind which rushed at her face and roared and held her back as if it were some giant she could not see. But the big breaths of rough fresh air blown over the heather filled her lungs with something which was good for her whole thin body and whipped some red color into her cheeks and brightened her dull eyes when she did not know anything about it.

But after a few days spent almost entirely(S) out of doors she wakened one morning knowing what it was to be hungry, and when she sat down to her breakfast she did not glance disdainfully(S) at her porridge and push it away, but took up her spoon and began to eat it and went on eating it until her bowl was empty.

"Tha' got on well enough with that this mornin', didn't tha'?" said Martha.

"It tastes nice to-day," said Mary, feeling a little surprised herself.

"It's th' air of th' moor that's givin' thee stomach for tha' victuals," answered Martha. "It's lucky(S) for thee that tha's got victuals as well as

appetite. There's been twelve in our cottage as had th' stomach an' nothin' to put in it. You go on playin' you out o' doors every day an' you'll get some flesh on your bones an' you won't be so yeller."

"I don't play," said Mary. "I have nothing to play with."

"Nothin' to play with!" exclaimed Martha. "Our children plays with sticks and stones. They just runs about an' shouts an' looks at things."

Mary did not shout, but she looked at things. There was nothing else to do. She walked round and round the gardens and wandered about the paths in the park. Sometimes she looked for Ben Weatherstaff, but though several times she saw him at work he was too busy to look at her or was too surly. Once when she was walking toward him he picked up his spade and turned away as if he did it on purpose.

One place she went to oftener than to any other. It was the long walk outside the gardens with the walls round them. There were bare flower- beds on either side of it and against the walls ivy grew thickly(S). There was one part of the wall where the creeping dark green leaves were more bushy than elsewhere. It seemed as if for a long time that part had been neglected. The rest of it had been clipped and made to look neat, but at this lower end of the walk it had not been trimmed at all.

A few days after she had talked to Ben Weatherstaff Mary stopped to notice this and wondered why it was so. She had just paused and was looking up at a long spray of ivy swinging in the wind when she saw a gleam of scarlet and heard a brilliant chirp, and there, on the top of the wall, perched Ben Weatherstaff's robin redbreast, tilting forward to look at her with his small head on one side.

"Oh!" she cried out, "is it you—is it you?" And it did not seem at all queer to her that she spoke to him as if she was sure that he would understand and answer her.

He did answer. He twittered and chirped and hopped along the wall as if he were telling her all sorts of things. It seemed to Mistress Mary as if she understood him, too, though he was not speaking in words. It was as if he said:

"Good morning! Isn't the wind nice? Isn't the sun nice? Isn't everything nice? Let us both chirp and hop and twitter. Come on! Come on!"

Mary began to laugh, and as he hopped and took little flights along the wall she ran after him. Poor little thin, sallow, ugly Mary—she actually(S) looked almost pretty for a moment.

"I like you! I like you!" she cried out, pattering down the walk; and she chirped and tried to whistle, which last she did not know how to do in the least. But the robin seemed to be quite satisfied and chirped and whistled back at her. At last he spread his wings and made a darting flight to the top of a tree, where he perched and sang loudly(S).

That reminded Mary of the first time she had seen him. He had been swinging on a tree-top then and she had been standing in the orchard. Now she was on the other side of the orchard and standing in the path outside a wall—much lower down—and there was the same tree inside.

"It's in the garden no one can go into," she said to herself. "It's the garden without a door. He lives in there. How I wish I could see what it is like!"

She ran up the walk to the green door she had entered the first morning. Then she ran down the path through the other door and then into the orchard, and when she stood and looked up there was the tree on the other side of the wall, and there was the robin just finishing his song and beginning to preen his feathers with his beak.

"It is the garden," she said. "I am sure it is."

She walked round and looked closely(S) at that side of the orchard wall, but she only found what she had found before—that there was no door in it. Then she ran through the kitchen-gardens again and out into the walk outside the long ivy-covered wall, and she walked to the end of it and looked at it, but there was no door; and then she walked to the other end, looking again, but there was no door.

"It's very queer," she said. "Ben Weatherstaff said there was no door and there is no door. But there must have been one ten years ago, because Mr. Craven buried the key."

This gave her so much to think of that she began to be quite interested and feel that she was not sorry that she had come to Misselthwaite Manor. In India she had always felt hot and too languid to care much about anything. The fact was that the fresh wind from the moor had begun to blow the cobwebs out of her young brain and to waken her up a little.

She stayed out of doors nearly(S) all day, and when she sat down to her supper at night she felt hungry and drowsy and comfortable(S). She did not feel cross when Martha chattered away. She felt as if she rather liked to hear her, and at last she thought she would ask her a question. She asked it after she had finished her supper and had sat down on the hearth-rug before the fire.

"Why did Mr. Craven hate the garden?" she said.

She had made Martha stay with her and Martha had not objected at all. She was very young, and used to a crowded cottage full of brothers and sisters, and she found it dull in the great servants' hall down-stairs where the footman and upper-housemaids made fun of her Yorkshire speech and looked upon her as a common little thing, and sat and whispered among themselves. Martha liked to talk, and the strange child who had lived in India, and been waited upon by "blacks," was novelty enough to attract her.

She sat down on the hearth herself without waiting to be asked.

"Art tha' thinkin' about that garden yet?" she said. "I knew tha' would.
That was just the way with me when I first heard about it." "Why did he
hate it?" Mary persisted.
Martha tucked her feet under her and made herself quite comfortable(S).

"Listen to th' wind wutherin' round the house," she said. "You could bare stand up on the moor if you was out on it to-night."

Mary did not know what "wutherin'" meant until she listened, and then she understood. It must mean that hollow shuddering sort of roar which rushed round and round the house as if the giant no one could see were buffeting it and beating at the walls and windows to try to break in. But

one knew he could not get in, and somehow it made one feel very safe and warm inside(P) a room with a red coal fire.

"But why did he hate it so?" she asked, after she had listened. She intended to know if Martha did.

Then Martha gave up her store of knowledge.

"Mind," she said, "Mrs. Medlock said it's not to be talked about. There's lots o' things in this place that's not to be talked over. That's Mr. Craven's orders. His troubles are none servants' business, he says. But for th' garden he wouldn't be like he is. It was Mrs. Craven's garden that she had made when first they were married an' she just loved it, an' they used to 'tend the flowers themselves. An' none o' th' gardeners was ever let to go in. Him an' her used to go in an' shut th' door an' stay there hours an' hours, readin' an' talkin'. An' she was just a bit of a girl an' there was an old tree with a branch bent like a seat on it. An' she made roses grow over it an' she used to sit there. But one day when she was sittin' there th' branch broke an' she fell on th' ground an' was hurt so bad that next day she died. Th' doctors thought he'd go out o' his mind an' die, too. That's why he hates it. No one's never gone in since, an' he won't let any one talk about it."

Mary did not ask any more questions. She looked at the red fire and listened to the wind "wutherin'." It seemed to be "wutherin'" louder than ever.

At that moment a very good thing was happening to her. Four good things had happened to her, in fact, since she came to Misselthwaite Manor. She had felt as if she had understood a robin and that he had understood her; she had run in the wind until her blood had grown warm; she had been healthily(S) hungry for the first time in her life; and she had found out what it was to be sorry for some one. She was getting on.

But as she was listening to the wind she began to listen to something else. She did not know what it was, because at first she could scarcely(S) distinguish it from the wind itself. It was a curious sound—it seemed almost as if a child were crying somewhere. Sometimes the wind sounded rather like a child crying, but presently(S) Mistress Mary felt quite sure that

this sound was inside(P) the house, not outside it. It was far away, but it was inside. She turned round and looked at Martha.

"Do you hear any one crying?" she said. Martha
suddenly(S) looked confused.
"No," she answered. "It's th' wind. Sometimes it sounds like as if some one was lost on th' moor an' wailin'. It's got all sorts o' sounds."

"But listen," said Mary. "It's in the house—down one of those long corridors."

And at that very moment a door must have been opened somewhere down-stairs; for a great rushing draft blew along the passage and the door of the room they sat in was blown open with a crash, and as they both jumped to their feet the light was blown out and the crying sound was swept down the far corridor so that it was to be heard more plainly(S) than ever.

"There!" said Mary. "I told you so! It is some one crying—and it isn't a grown-up person."

Martha ran and shut the door and turned the key, but before she did it they both heard the sound of a door in some far passage shutting with a bang, and then everything was quiet, for even the wind ceased "wutherin'" for a few moments.

"It was th' wind," said Martha stubbornly(S). "An' if it wasn't, it was little Betty Butterworth, th' scullery-maid. She's had th' toothache all day."

But something troubled and awkward in her manner made Mistress Mary stare very hard at her. She did not believe she was speaking the truth.

CHAPTER VI

"THERE WAS SOME ONE CRYING—THERE WAS!"

The next day the rain poured down in torrents again, and when Mary looked out of her window the moor was almost hidden by gray mist and cloud. There could be no going out to-day.

"What do you do in your cottage when it rains like this?" she asked Martha.

"Try to keep from under each other's feet mostly(S)," Martha answered. "Eh! there does seem a lot of us then. Mother's a good-tempered woman but she gets fair moithered. The biggest ones goes out in th' cow-shed and plays there. Dickon he doesn't mind th' wet. He goes out just th' same as if th' sun was shinin'. He says he sees things on rainy days as doesn't show when it's fair weather. He once found a little fox cub half drowned in its hole and he brought it home in th' bosom of his shirt to keep it warm. Its mother had been killed nearby an' th' hole was swum out an' th' rest o' th' litter was dead. He's got it at home now. He found a half-drowned young crow another time an' he brought it home, too, an' tamed it. It's named Soot because it's so black, an' it hops an' flies about with him everywhere."

The time had come when Mary had forgotten to resent Martha's familiar talk. She had even begun to find it interesting and to be sorry when she stopped or went away. The stories she had been told by her Ayah when she lived in India had been quite unlike those Martha had to tell about the moorland cottage which held fourteen people who lived in four little rooms and never had quite enough to eat. The children seemed to tumble about and amuse themselves like a litter of rough, good-natured collie puppies. Mary was most attracted by the mother and Dickon. When Martha told stories of what "mother" said or did they always sounded comfortable(S).

"If I had a raven or a fox cub I could play with it," said Mary. "But I have nothing."

Martha looked perplexed. "Can tha' knit?" she asked. "No," answered Mary. "Can tha' sew?" "No."

"Can tha' read?" "Yes."

"Then why doesn't tha' read somethin', or learn a bit o' spellin'? Tha'st old enough to be learnin' thy book a good bit now."

"I haven't any books," said Mary. "Those I had were left in India." "That's a pity," said Martha. "If Mrs. Medlock'd let thee go into th' library, there's thousands o' books there."

Mary did not ask where the library was, because she was suddenly(S) inspired by a new idea. She made up her mind to go and find it herself. She was not troubled about Mrs. Medlock. Mrs. Medlock seemed always to be in her comfortable(S) housekeeper's sitting-room down-stairs. In this queer place one scarcely(S) ever saw any one at all. In fact, there was no one to see but the servants, and when their master was away they lived a luxurious life below stairs, where there was a huge kitchen hung about with shining brass and pewter, and a large servants' hall where there were four or five abundant meals eaten every day, and where a great deal of lively(S) romping went on when Mrs. Medlock was out of the way.

Mary's meals were served regularly(S), and Martha waited on her, but no one troubled themselves about her in the least. Mrs. Medlock came and looked at her every day or two, but no one inquired what she did or told her what to do. She supposed that perhaps this was the English way of treating children. In India she had always been attended by her Ayah, who had followed her about and waited on her, hand and foot. She had often been tired of her company. Now she was followed by nobody and was learning to dress herself because Martha looked as though she thought she

was silly and stupid when she wanted to have things handed to her and put on.

"Hasn't tha' got good sense?" she said once, when Mary had stood waiting for her to put on her gloves for her. "Our Susan Ann is twice as sharp as thee an' she's only four year' old. Sometimes tha' looks fair soft in th' head."

Mary had worn her contrary scowl for an hour after that, but it made her think several entirely(S) new things.

She stood at the window for about ten minutes this morning after Martha had swept up the hearth for the last time and gone down-stairs. She was thinking over the new idea which had come to her when she heard of the library. She did not care very much about the library itself, because she had read very few books; but to hear of it brought back to her mind the hundred rooms with closed doors. She wondered if they were all really(S) locked and what she would find if she could get into any of them. Were there a hundred really(S)? Why shouldn't she go and see how many doors she could count? It would be something to do on this morning when she could not go out. She had never been taught to ask permission to do things, and she knew nothing at all about authority(S), so she would not have thought it necessary to ask Mrs. Medlock if she might walk about the house, even if she had seen her.

She opened the door of the room and went into the corridor, and then she began her wanderings. It was a long corridor and it branched into other corridors and it led her up short flights of steps which mounted to others again. There were doors and doors, and there were pictures on the walls. Sometimes they were pictures of dark, curious landscapes, but oftenest they were portraits of men and women in queer, grand costumes made of satin and velvet. She found herself in one long gallery whose walls were covered with these portraits. She had never thought there could be so many in any house. She walked slowly(S) down this place and stared at the faces which also seemed to stare at her. She felt as if they were wondering what a little girl from India was doing in their house. Some were pictures of children—little girls in thick satin frocks which reached to their feet and stood out about them, and boys with puffed sleeves and lace collars and

long hair, or with big ruffs around their necks. She always stopped to look at the children, and wonder what their names were, and where they had gone, and why they wore such odd clothes. There was a stiff, plain little girl rather like herself. She wore a green brocade dress and held a green parrot on her finger. Her eyes had a sharp, curious look.

"Where do you live now?" said Mary aloud to her. "I wish you were here."

Surely(S) no other little girl ever spent such a queer morning. It seemed as if there was no one in all the huge rambling house but her own small self, wandering about up-stairs and down, through narrow passages and wide ones, where it seemed to her that no one but herself had ever walked. Since so many rooms had been built, people must have lived in them, but it all seemed so empty that she could not quite believe it true.

It was not until she climbed to the second floor that she thought of turning the handle of a door. All the doors were shut, as Mrs. Medlock had said they were, but at last she put her hand on the handle of one of them and turned it. She was almost frightened for a moment when she felt that it turned without difficulty(S) and that when she pushed upon the door itself it slowly(S) and heavily(S) opened. It was a massive door and opened into a big bedroom. There were embroidered hangings on the wall, and inlaid furniture such as she had seen in India stood about the room. A broad window with leaded panes looked out upon the moor; and over the mantel was another portrait of the stiff, plain little girl who seemed to stare at her more curiously(S) than ever.

"Perhaps she slept here once," said Mary. "She stares at me so that she makes me feel queer."

After that she opened more doors and more. She saw so many rooms that she became quite tired and began to think that there must be a hundred, though she had not counted them. In all of them there were old pictures or old tapestries with strange scenes worked on them. There were curious pieces of furniture and curious ornaments in nearly(S) all of them.

In one room, which looked like a lady's sitting-room, the hangings were all embroidered velvet, and in a cabinet were about a hundred little

elephants made of ivory. They were of different sizes, and some had their mahouts or palanquins on their backs. Some were much bigger than the others and some were so tiny that they seemed only babies. Mary had seen carved ivory in India and she knew all about elephants. She opened the door of the cabinet and stood on a footstool and played with these for quite a long time. When she got tired she set the elephants in order and shut the door of the cabinet.

In all her wanderings through the long corridors and the empty rooms, she had seen nothing alive; but in this room she saw something. Just after she had closed the cabinet door she heard a tiny rustling sound. It made her jump and look around at the sofa by the fireplace, from which it seemed to come. In the corner of the sofa there was a cushion, and in the velvet which covered it there was a hole, and out of the hole peeped a tiny head with a pair of frightened eyes in it.

Mary crept softly(S) across the room to look. The bright eyes belonged to a little gray mouse, and the mouse had eaten a hole into the cushion and made a comfortable(S) nest there. Six baby mice were cuddled up asleep near her. If there was no one else alive(P) in the hundred rooms there were seven mice who did not look lonely(S) at all.

"If they wouldn't be so frightened I would take them back with me," said Mary.

She had wandered about long enough to feel too tired to wander any farther, and she turned back. Two or three times she lost her way by turning down the wrong corridor and was obliged to ramble up and down until she found the right one; but at last she reached her own floor again, though she was some distance from her own room and did not know exactly(S) where she was.

"I believe I have taken a wrong turning again," she said, standing still at what seemed the end of a short passage with tapestry on the wall. "I don't know which way to go. How still everything is!"

It was while she was standing here and just after she had said this that the stillness(S) was broken by a sound. It was another cry, but not quite like

the one she had heard last night; it was only a short one, a fretful(S), childish(S) whine muffled by passing through walls.

"It's nearer than it was," said Mary, her heart beating rather faster. "And it *is* crying."

She put her hand accidentally(S) upon the tapestry near her, and then sprang back, feeling quite startled. The tapestry was the covering of a door which fell open and showed her that there was another part of the corridor behind it, and Mrs. Medlock was coming up it with her bunch of keys in her hand and a very cross look on her face.

"What are you doing here?" she said, and she took Mary by the arm and pulled her away. "What did I tell you?"

"I turned round the wrong corner," explained Mary. "I didn't know which way to go and I heard some one crying."

She quite hated Mrs. Medlock at the moment, but she hated her more the next.

"You didn't hear anything of the sort," said the housekeeper. "You come along back to your own nursery or I'll box your ears."

And she took her by the arm and half pushed, half pulled her up one passage and down another until she pushed her in at the door of her own room.

"Now," she said, "you stay where you're told to stay or you'll find yourself locked up. The master had better get you a governess(S), same as he said he would. You're one that needs some one to look sharp after you. I've got enough to do."

She went out of the room and slammed the door after her, and Mary went and sat on the hearth-rug, pale with rage. She did not cry, but ground her teeth.

"There *was* some one crying—there *was*—there *was*!" she said to herself.

She had heard it twice now, and sometime she would find out. She had found out a great deal this morning. She felt as if she had been on a long journey, and at any rate she had had something to amuse her all the time, and she had played with the ivory elephants and had seen the gray mouse and its babies in their nest in the velvet cushion.

CHAPTER VII

THE KEY OF THE GARDEN

Two days after this, when Mary opened her eyes she sat upright in bed immediately(S), and called to Martha.

"Look at the moor! Look at the moor!"

The rain-storm had ended and the gray mist and clouds had been swept away in the night by the wind. The wind itself had ceased and a brilliant, deep blue sky arched high over the moorland. Never, never had Mary dreamed of a sky so blue. In India skies were hot and blazing; this was of a deep cool blue which almost seemed to sparkle like the waters of some lovely bottomless(S) lake, and here and there, high, high in the arched blueness(S) floated small clouds of snow-white fleece. The far-reaching world of the moor itself looked softly(S) blue instead of gloomy(S) purple-black or awful dreary gray.

"Aye," said Martha with a cheerful grin. "Th' storm's over for a bit. It does like this at this time o' th' year. It goes off in a night like it was pretendin' it had never been here an' never meant to come again. That's because th' springtime's on its way. It's a long way off yet, but it's comin'."

"I thought perhaps it always rained or looked dark in England," Mary said.

"Eh! no!" said Martha, sitting up on her heels among her black lead brushes. "Nowt o' th' soart!"

"What does that mean?" asked Mary seriously(S). In India the natives spoke different dialects which only a few people understood, so she was not surprised when Martha used words she did not know.

Martha laughed as she had done the first morning.

"There now," she said. "I've talked broad Yorkshire again like Mrs. Medlock said I mustn't. 'Nowt o' th' soart' means 'nothin'-of-the-sort,'" slowly(S) and carefully(S), "but it takes so long to say it. Yorkshire's th' sunniest place on earth when it is sunny. I told thee tha'd like th' moor after a bit. Just you wait till you see th' gold-colored gorse blossoms an' th' blossoms o' th' broom, an' th' heather flowerin', all purple bells, an' hundreds o' butterflies flutterin' an' bees hummin' an' skylarks soarin' up an' singin'. You'll want to get out on it at sunrise an' live out on it all day like Dickon does."

"Could I ever get there?" asked Mary wistfully(S), looking through her window at the far-off blue. It was so new and big and wonderful(S) and such a heavenly(S) color.

"I don't know," answered Martha. "Tha's never used tha' legs since tha' was born, it seems to me. Tha' couldn't walk five mile. It's five mile to our cottage."

"I should like to see your cottage."

Martha stared at her a moment curiously(S) before she took up her polishing brush and began to rub the grate again. She was thinking that the small plain face did not look quite as sour at this moment as it had done the first morning she saw it. It looked just a trifle like little Susan Ann's when she wanted something very much.

"I'll ask my mother about it," she said. "She's one o' them that nearly(S) always sees a way to do things. It's my day out to-day an' I'm goin' home. Eh! I am glad. Mrs. Medlock thinks a lot o' mother. Perhaps she could talk to her."

"I like your mother," said Mary.

"I should think tha' did," agreed Martha, polishing away. "I've never
seen her," said Mary.
"No, tha' hasn't," replied Martha.

She sat up on her heels again and rubbed the end of her nose with the back of her hand as if puzzled for a moment, but she ended quite

Positively(S).

"Well, she's that sensible an' hard workin' an' good-natured an' clean that no one could help likin' her whether they'd seen her or not. When I'm goin' home to her on my day out I just jump for joy when I'm crossin' th' moor."

"I like Dickon," added Mary. "And I've never seen him."

"Well," said Martha stoutly(S), "I've told thee that th' very birds likes him an' th' rabbits an' wild sheep an' ponies, an' th' foxes themselves. I wonder," staring at her reflectively(S), "what Dickon would think of thee?"

"He wouldn't like me," said Mary in her stiff, cold little way. "No one does."

Martha looked reflective(S) again.

"How does tha' like thysel'?" she inquired, really(S) quite as if she were curious to know.

Mary hesitated a moment and thought it over.

"Not at all—really(S)," she answered. "But I never thought of that before." Martha grinned a little as if at some homely(S) recollection.

"Mother said that to me once," she said. "She was at her wash-tub an' I was in a bad temper an' talkin' ill of folk, an' she turns round on me an' says: 'Tha' young vixon, tha'! There tha' stands sayin' tha' doesn't like this one an' tha' doesn't like that one. How does tha' like thysel'?' It made me laugh an' it brought me to my senses in a minute."

She went away in high spirits as soon as she had given Mary her breakfast. She was going to walk five miles across the moor to the cottage, and she was going to help her mother with the washing and do the week's baking and enjoy herself thoroughly(S).

Mary felt lonelier than ever when she knew she was no longer in the house. She went out into the garden as quickly(S) as possible, and the first thing she did was to run round and round the fountain flower garden ten

times. She counted the times carefully(S) and when she had finished she felt in better spirits. The sunshine made the whole place look different. The high, deep, blue sky arched over Misselthwaite as well as over the moor, and she kept lifting her face and looking up into it, trying to imagine what it would be like to lie down on one of the little snow-white clouds and float about. She went into the first kitchen-garden and found Ben Weatherstaff working there with two other gardeners. The change in the weather seemed to have done him good. He spoke to her of his own accord.

"Springtime's comin'," he said. "Cannot tha' smell it?" Mary sniffed and thought she could.

"I smell something nice and fresh and damp," she said.

"That's th' good rich earth," he answered, digging away. "It's in a good humor makin' ready to grow things. It's glad when plantin' time comes. It's dull in th' winter when it's got nowt to do. In th' flower gardens out there things will be stirrin' down below in th' dark. Th' sun's warmin' 'em. You'll see bits o' green spikes stickin' out o' th' black earth after a bit."

"What will they be?" asked Mary.

"Crocuses an' snowdrops an' daffydowndillys. Has tha' never seen them?"

"No. Everything is hot, and wet, and green after the rains in India," said Mary. "And I think things grow up in a night."

"These won't grow up in a night," said Weatherstaff. "Tha'll have to wait for 'em. They'll poke up a bit higher here, an' push out a spike more there, an' uncurl(P) a leaf this day an' another that. You watch 'em."

"I am going to," answered Mary.

Very soon she heard the soft rustling flight of wings again and she knew at once that the robin had come again. He was very pert and lively(S), and hopped about so close to her feet, and put his head on one side and looked at her so slyly(S) that she asked Ben Weatherstaff a question.

"Do you think he remembers me?" she said.

"Remembers thee!" said Weatherstaff indignantly(S). "He knows every cabbage stump in th' gardens, let alone th' people. He's never seen a little wench here before, an' he's bent on findin' out all about thee. Tha's no need to try to hide anything from *him*."

"Are things stirring down below in the dark in that garden where he lives?" Mary inquired.

"What garden?" grunted Weatherstaff, becoming surly again.

"The one where the old rose-trees are." She could not help asking, because she wanted so much to know. "Are all the flowers dead, or do some of them come again in the summer? Are there ever any roses?"

"Ask him," said Ben Weatherstaff, hunching his shoulders toward the robin. "He's the only one as knows. No one else has seen inside it for ten year'."

Ten years was a long time, Mary thought. She had been born ten years ago.

She walked away, slowly thinking. She had begun to like the garden just as she had begun to like the robin and Dickon and Martha's mother. She was beginning to like Martha, too. That seemed a good many people to like—when you were not used to liking. She thought of the robin as one of the people. She went to her walk outside the long, ivy-covered wall over which she could see the tree-tops; and the second time she walked up and down the most interesting and exciting thing happened to her, and it was all through Ben Weatherstaff's robin.

She heard a chirp and a twitter, and when she looked at the bare flower- bed at her left side there he was hopping about and pretending to peck things out of the earth to persuade her that he had not followed her. But she knew he had followed her and the surprise so filled her with delight that she almost trembled a little.

"You do remember me!" she cried out. "You do! You are prettier(S) than anything else in the world!"

She chirped, and talked, and coaxed and he hopped, and flirted his tail and twittered. It was as if he were talking. His red waistcoat was like satin and he puffed his tiny breast out and was so fine and so grand and so pretty that it was really(S) as if he were showing her how important and like a human person a robin could be. Mistress Mary forgot that she had ever been contrary in her life when he allowed her to draw closer and closer to him, and bend down and talk and try to make something like robin sounds.

Oh! to think that he should actually(S) let her come as near to him as that! He knew nothing in the world would make her put out her hand toward him or startle him in the least tiniest way. He knew it because he was a real person—only nicer(S) than any other person in the world. She was so happy that she scarcely(S) dared to breathe.

The flower-bed was not quite bare. It was bare of flowers because the perennial plants had been cut down for their winter rest, but there were tall shrubs and low ones which grew together at the back of the bed, and as the robin hopped about under them she saw him hop over a small pile of freshly(S) turned up earth. He stopped on it to look for a worm. The earth had been turned up because a dog had been trying to dig up a mole and he had scratched quite a deep hole.

Mary looked at it, not really(S) knowing why the hole was there, and as she looked she saw something almost buried in the newly(S)-turned soil. It was something like a ring of rusty iron or brass and when the robin flew up into a tree nearby she put out her hand and picked the ring up. It was more than a ring, however; it was an old key which looked as if it had been buried a long time.

Mistress Mary stood up and looked at it with an almost frightened face as it hung from her finger.

"Perhaps it has been buried for ten years," she said in a whisper. "Perhaps it is the key to the garden!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE ROBIN WHO SHOWED THE WAY

She looked at the key quite a long time. She turned it over and over, and thought about it. As I have said before, she was not a child who had been trained to ask permission or consult her elders about things. All she thought about the key was that if it was the key to the closed garden, and she could find out where the door was, she could perhaps open it and see what was inside the walls, and what had happened to the old rose-trees. It was because it had been shut up so long that she wanted to see it. It seemed as if it must be different from other places and that something strange must have happened to it during ten years. Besides that, if she liked it she could go into it every day and shut the door behind her, and she could make up some play of her own and play it quite alone, because nobody would ever know where she was, but would think the door was still locked and the key buried in the earth. The thought of that pleased her very much.

Living as it were, all by herself in a house with a hundred mysteriously(S) closed rooms and having nothing whatever to do to amuse herself, had set her inactive(P) brain to working and was actually(S) awakening her imagination. There is no doubt that the fresh, strong, pure air from the moor had a great deal to do with it. Just as it had given her an appetite, and fighting with the wind had stirred her blood, so the same things had stirred her mind. In India she had always been too hot and languid and weak to care much about anything, but in this place she was beginning to care and to want to do new things. Already she felt less "contrary," though she did not know why.

She put the key in her pocket and walked up and down her walk. No one but herself ever seemed to come there, so she could walk slowly and look at the wall, or, rather, at the ivy growing on it. The ivy was the baffling thing. Howsoever carefully(S) she looked she could see nothing but thickly(S)- growing, glossy, dark green leaves. She was very much disappointed.

Something of her contrariness(S) came back to her as she paced the walk and looked over it at the tree-tops inside. It seemed so silly, she said to herself, to be near it and not be able to get in. She took the key in her pocket when she went back to the house, and she made up her mind that she would always carry it with her when she went out, so that if she ever should find the hidden door she would be ready.

Mrs. Medlock had allowed Martha to sleep all night at the cottage, but she was back at her work in the morning with cheeks redder than ever and in the best of spirits.

"I got up at four o'clock," she said. "Eh! it was pretty on th' moor with th' birds gettin' up an' th' rabbits scamperin' about an' th' sun risin'. I didn't walk all th' way. A man gave me a ride in his cart an' I can tell you I did enjoy myself."

She was full of stories of the delights of her day out. Her mother had been glad to see her and they had got the baking and washing all out of the way. She had even made each of the children a dough-cake with a bit of brown sugar in it.

"I had 'em all pipin' hot when they came in from playin' on th' moor. An' th' cottage all smelt o' nice, clean hot bakin' an' there was a good fire, an' they just shouted for joy. Our Dickon he said our cottage was good enough for a king to live in."

In the evening they had all sat round the fire, and Martha and her mother had sewed patches on torn clothes and mended stockings and Martha had told them about the little girl who had come from India and who had been waited on all her life by what Martha called "blacks" until she didn't know how to put on her own stockings.

"Eh! they did like to hear about you," said Martha. "They wanted to know all about th' blacks an' about th' ship you came in. I couldn't tell 'em enough."

Mary reflected a little.

"I'll tell you a great deal more before your next day out," she said, "so that you will have more to talk about. I dare say they would like to hear

about riding on elephants and camels, and about the officers going to hunt tigers."

"My word!" cried delighted Martha. "It would set 'em clean off their heads. Would tha' really(S) do that, Miss? It would be same as a wild beast show like we heard they had in York once."

"India is quite different from Yorkshire," Mary said slowly(S), as she thought the matter over. "I never thought of that. Did Dickon and your mother like to hear you talk about me?"

"Why, our Dickon's eyes nearly(S) started out o' his head, they got that round," answered Martha. "But mother, she was put out about your seemin' to be all by yourself like. She said, 'Hasn't Mr. Craven got no governess(S) for her, nor no nurse?' and I said, 'No, he hasn't, though Mrs. Medlock says he will when he thinks of it, but she says he mayn't think of it for two or three years.'"

"I don't want a governess(S)," said Mary sharply(S).

"But mother says you ought to be learnin' your book by this time an' you ought to have a woman to look after you, an' she says: 'Now, Martha, you just think how you'd feel yourself, in a big place like that, wanderin' about all alone, an' no mother. You do your best to cheer her up,' she says, an' I said I would."

Mary gave her a long, steady look.

"You do cheer me up," she said. "I like to hear you talk."

Presently(S) Martha went out of the room and came back with something held in her hands under her apron.

"What does tha' think," she said, with a cheerful(S) grin. "I've brought thee a present."

"A present!" exclaimed Mistress Mary. How could a cottage full of fourteen hungry people give any one a present!

"A man was drivin' across the moor peddlin'," Martha explained. "An' he stopped his cart at our door. He had pots an' pans an' odds an' ends, but

mother had no money to buy anythin'. Just as he was goin' away our 'Lizabeth Ellen called out, 'Mother, he's got skippin'-ropes with red an' blue handles.' An' mother she calls out quite sudden, 'Here, stop, mister! How much are they?' An' he says 'Tuppence,' an' mother she began fumblin' in her pocket an' she says to me, 'Martha, tha's brought me thy wages like a good lass, an' I've got four places to put every penny, but I'm just goin' to take tuppence out of it to buy that child a skippin'-rope,' an' she bought one an' here it is."

She brought it out from under her apron and exhibited it quite proudly(S). It was a strong, slender rope with a striped red and blue handle at each end, but Mary Lennox had never seen a skipping-rope before. She gazed at it with a mystified expression.

"What is it for?" she asked curiously(S).

"For!" cried out Martha. "Does tha' mean that they've not got skippin'- ropes in India, for all they've got elephants and tigers and camels! No wonder most of 'em's black. This is what it's for; just watch me."

And she ran into the middle of the room and, taking a handle in each hand, began to skip, and skip, and skip, while Mary turned in her chair to stare at her, and the queer faces in the old portraits seemed to stare at her, too, and wonder what on earth this common little cottager had the impudence to be doing under their very noses. But Martha did not even see them. The interest and curiosity in Mistress Mary's face delighted her, and she went on skipping and counted as she skipped until she had reached a hundred.

"I could skip longer than that," she said when she stopped. "I've skipped as much as five hundred when I was twelve, but I wasn't as fat then as I am now, an' I was in practice."

Mary got up from her chair beginning to feel excited herself.

"It looks nice," she said. "Your mother is a kind woman. Do you think I could ever skip like that?"

"You just try it," urged Martha, handing her the skipping-rope. "You can't skip a hundred at first, but if you practise you'll mount up. That's

what mother said. She says, 'Nothin' will do her more good than skippin' rope. It's th' sensiblest toy a child can have. Let her play out in th' fresh air skippin' an' it'll stretch her legs an' arms an' give her some strength in 'em.'"

It was plain that there was not a great deal of strength in Mistress Mary's arms and legs when she first began to skip. She was not very clever at it, but she liked it so much that she did not want to stop.

"Put on tha' things and run an' skip out o' doors," said Martha. "Mother said I must tell you to keep out o' doors as much as you could, even when it rains a bit, so as tha' wrap up warm."

Mary put on her coat and hat and took her skipping-rope over her arm. She opened the door to go out, and then suddenly(S) thought of something and turned back rather slowly(S).

"Martha," she said, "they were your wages. It was your twopence really(S). Thank you." She said it stiffly(S) because she was not used to thanking people or noticing that they did things for her. "Thank you," she said, and held out her hand because she did not know what else to do.

Martha gave her hand a clumsy little shake, as if she was not accustomed to this sort of thing either. Then she laughed.

"Eh! tha' art a queer, old-womanish thing," she said. "If tha'd been our 'Lizabeth Ellen tha'd have give me a kiss."

Mary looked stiffer than ever. "Do you want me to kiss you?" Martha laughed again.

"Nay, not me," she answered. "If tha' was different, p'raps tha'd want to thysel'. But tha' isn't. Run off outside an' play with thy rope."

Mistress Mary felt a little awkward as she went out of the room. Yorkshire people seemed strange, and Martha was always rather a puzzle to her. At first she had disliked(P) her very much, but now she did not.

The skipping-rope was a wonderful(S) thing. She counted and skipped, and skipped and counted, until her cheeks were quite red, and she was more interested than she had ever been since she was born. The sun was shining and a little wind was blowing—not a rough wind, but one which came in delightful(S) little gusts and brought a fresh scent of newly(S) turned earth with it. She skipped round the fountain garden, and up one walk and down another. She skipped at last into the kitchen-garden and saw Ben Weatherstaff digging and talking to his robin, which was hopping about him. She skipped down the walk toward him and he lifted his head and looked at her with a curious expression. She had wondered if he would notice her. She really(S) wanted him to see her skip.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Upon my word! P'raps tha' art a young 'un, after all, an' p'raps tha's got child's blood in thy veins instead of sour buttermilk. Tha's skipped red into thy cheeks as sure as my name's Ben Weatherstaff. I wouldn't have believed tha' could do it."

"I never skipped before," Mary said. "I'm just beginning. I can only go up to twenty."

"Tha' keep on," said Ben. "Tha' shapes well enough at it for a young 'un that's lived with heathen. Just see how he's watchin' thee," jerking his head toward the robin. "He followed after thee yesterday. He'll be at it again to- day. He'll be bound to find out what th' skippin'-rope is. He's never seen one. Eh!" shaking his head at the bird, "tha' curosity will be th' death of thee sometime if tha' doesn't look sharp."

Mary skipped round all the gardens and round the orchard, resting every few minutes. At length she went to her own special walk and made up her mind to try if she could skip the whole length of it. It was a good long skip and she began slowly(S), but before she had gone half-way down the path she was so hot and breathless(S) that she was obliged to stop. She did not mind much, because she had already counted up to thirty. She stopped with a little laugh of pleasure, and there, lo and behold, was the robin swaying on a long branch of ivy. He had followed her and he greeted her with a chirp. As Mary had skipped toward him she felt something heavy in her pocket strike against her at each jump, and when she saw the robin she laughed again.

"You showed me where the key was yesterday," she said. "You ought to show me the door to-day; but I don't believe you know!"

The robin flew from his swinging spray of ivy on to the top of the wall and he opened his beak and sang a loud, lovely(S) trill, merely(S) to show off. Nothing in the world is quite as adorably(S) lovely(S) as a robin when he shows off—and they are nearly(S) always doing it.

Mary Lennox had heard a great deal about Magic in her Ayah's stories, and she always said that what happened almost at that moment was Magic.

One of the nice little gusts of wind rushed down the walk, and it was a stronger one than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees, and it was more than strong enough to sway the trailing sprays of untrimmed(P) ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin, and suddenly(S) the gust of wind swung aside some loose ivy trails, and more suddenly(S) still she jumped toward it and caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.

She put her hands under the leaves and began to pull and push them aside. Thick as the ivy hung, it nearly(S) all was a loose and swinging curtain, though some had crept over wood and iron. Mary's heart began to thump and her hands to shake a little in her delight and excitement. The robin kept singing and twittering away and tilting his head on one side, as if he were as excited as she was. What was this under her hands which was square and made of iron and which her fingers found a hole in?

It was the lock of the door which had been closed ten years and she put her hand in her pocket, drew out the key and found it fitted the keyhole. She put the key in and turned it. It took two hands to do it, but it did turn.

And then she took a long breath and looked behind her up the long walk to see if any one was coming. No one was coming. No one ever did come, it seemed, and she took another long breath, because she could not help it, and she held back the swinging curtain of ivy and pushed back the door which opened slowly(S)—slowly(S).

Then she slipped through it, and shut it behind her, and stood with her back against it, looking about her and breathing quite fast with excitement, and wonder, and delight.

She was standing inside(P) the secret garden.

CHAPTER IX

THE STRANGEST HOUSE ANY ONE EVER LIVED IN

It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place any one could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless(S) stems of climbing roses which were so thick that they were matted together. Mary Lennox knew they were roses because she had seen a great many roses in India. All the ground was covered with grass of a wintry brown and out of it grew clumps of bushes which were surely(S) rose-bushes if they were alive(P). There were numbers of standard roses which had so spread their branches that they were like little trees. There were other trees in the garden, and one of the things which made the place look strangest and loveliest was that climbing roses had run all over them and swung down long tendrils which made light swaying curtains, and here and there they had caught at each other or at a far-reaching branch and had crept from one tree to another and made lovely(S) bridges of themselves. There were neither leaves nor roses on them now and Mary did not know whether they were dead or alive, but their thin gray or brown branches and sprays looked like a sort of hazy mantle spreading over everything, walls, and trees, and even brown grass, where they had fallen from their fastenings and run along the ground. It was this hazy tangle from tree to tree which made it all look so mysterious. Mary had thought it must be different from other gardens which had not been left all by themselves so long; and indeed it was different from any other place she had ever seen in her life.

"How still it is!" she whispered. "How still!"

Then she waited a moment and listened at the stillness(S). The robin, who had flown to his tree-top, was still as all the rest. He did not even flutter his wings; he sat without stirring, and looked at Mary.

"No wonder it is still," she whispered again. "I am the first person who has spoken in here for ten years."

She moved away from the door, stepping as softly(S) as if she were afraid of awakening some one. She was glad that there was grass under her feet and that her steps made no sounds. She walked under one of the fairy-like gray arches between the trees and looked up at the sprays and tendrils which formed them.

"I wonder if they are all quite dead," she said. "Is it all a quite dead garden? I wish it wasn't."

If she had been Ben Weatherstaff she could have told whether the wood was alive by looking at it, but she could only see that there were only gray or brown sprays and branches and none showed any signs of even a tiny leaf-bud anywhere.

But she was inside(P) the wonderful(S) garden and she could come through the door under the ivy any time and she felt as if she had found a world all her own.

The sun was shining inside the four walls and the high arch of blue sky over this particular piece of Misselthwaite seemed even more brilliant and soft than it was over the moor. The robin flew down from his tree-top and hopped about or flew after her from one bush to another. He chirped a good deal and had a very busy air, as if he were showing her things. Everything was strange and silent and she seemed to be hundreds of miles away from any one, but somehow she did not feel lonely(S) at all. All that troubled her was her wish that she knew whether all the roses 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(S) 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(S) 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(S) to herself. "Even if the roses are dead, there are other things alive(P)."

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."

She went from place to place, and dug and weeded, and enjoyed herself so immensely(S) 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(S) 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(S) 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(S) 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(S) 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(S) 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(S) 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."

"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(S).

"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(S) angry and get a new key and lock it up forevermore. She really(S) could not bear that.

"This is such a big lonely(S) place," she said slowly(S), as if she were turning matters over in her mind. "The house is lonely(S), and the park is lonely(S), and the gardens are lonely(S). 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 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(S) 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(S).

"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(S).

"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(S)! 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."

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(P)."

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(S) had disliked(P) her too much to stay with her. She could not spell particularly(S) 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(S), she had looked so pleased.

"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(S) 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(S).

"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(S) of the afternoon ended by making her feel quiet and thoughtful(S). Martha stayed with her until tea- time, but they sat in comfortable(S) 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(S) started slightly(S). "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(S). "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."

"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(S), 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(S) tired that she fell asleep(P).

CHAPTER X

DICKON

The sun shone down for nearly(S) 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(S) 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(S), and longer(S), 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(S), if Mistress Mary had known it, they began to cheer up under the dark earth and work tremendously(S). 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(P).

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(S), 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(S) 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(S) 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(S) as possible. But, in fact, he did not object to her as strongly(S) as he had at first. Perhaps he was secretly(S) rather flattered by her evident desire for his elderly(S) 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(S) 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(S). There's nothin' he wouldn't do for th' 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(S), sourer faced young 'un."

Mary was not vain and as she had never thought much of her looks she was not greatly(S) 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(S) as satin and he flirted his wings and tail and tilted his head and hopped about with all sorts of lively(S) 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(S) in a fascinating, bold mood. He hopped closer and closer(S) and looked at Ben Weatherstaff more and more engagingly(S). 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(S) 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(S) 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(S) as if he were saying something quite different. "Tha' does know how to get at a chap—tha' does! Tha's fair unearthly(S), 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(S) 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(S) 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.

"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(S). "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(S) and looked curiously(S) 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(S), 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(S) a little sorry for her. She had never felt sorry for herself; she had only felt tired and cross, because she disliked(P) 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(S) 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(S) he seemed to get angry with her, though she did not see why he should.

"Now look here!" he said sharply(S). "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(S) that she knew there was not the least use in staying another minute. She went skipping slowly(S) 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(S). 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(S) stretching his neck to peep out, and quite near him were two rabbits sitting up and sniffing with tremulous noses—and actually(S) 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(S). He stopped playing his pipe and began to rise from the ground. He moved so slowly(S) that it scarcely(S) 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 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(S) because she felt rather shy.

"Did you get Martha's letter?" she asked. He nodded
his curly(S), rust-colored 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(P) there were ever so many neater and smaller(S) 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(S), 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(S) 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(S) Mary had noticed before, and then he made a sound almost like the robin's own twitter. The robin listened a few seconds, intently(S), 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(S). She did so want to know. "Do you think he really(S) 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(S) 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 p'raps I'm a bird, or a fox, or a rabbit, or a squirrel, or even a beetle, an' I don't know it."

He laughed and came back to the log and began to talk about the flower seeds again. He told her what they looked like when they were flowers; he told her how to plant them, and watch them, and feed and water them.

"See here," he said suddenly(S), turning round to look at her. "I'll plant them for thee myself. Where is tha' garden?"

Mary's thin hands clutched each other as they lay on her lap. She did not know what to say, so for a whole minute she said nothing. She had never thought of this. She felt miserable. And she felt as if she went red and then pale.

"Tha's got a bit o' garden, hasn't tha'?" Dickon said.

It was true that she had turned red and then pale. Dickon saw her do it, and as she still said nothing, he began to be puzzled.

"Wouldn't they give thee a bit?" he asked. "Hasn't tha' got any yet?" She held her hands even tighter and turned her eyes toward him.

"I don't know anything about boys," she said slowly(S). "Could you keep a secret, if I told you one? It's a great secret. I don't know what I should do if any one found it out. I believe I should die!" She said the last sentence quite fiercely(S).

Dickon looked more puzzled than ever and even rubbed his hand over his rough head again, but he answered quite good-humoredly.

"I'm keepin' secrets all th' time," he said. "If I couldn't keep secrets from th' other lads, secrets about foxes' cubs, an' birds' nests, an' wild things' holes, there'd be naught safe on th' moor. Aye, I can keep secrets."

Mistress Mary did not mean to put out her hand and clutch his sleeve but she did it.

"I've stolen a garden," she said very fast. "It isn't mine. It isn't anybody's. Nobody wants it, nobody cares for it, nobody ever goes into it. Perhaps everything is dead in it already; I don't know."

She began to feel hot and as contrary as she had ever felt in her life.

"I don't care, I don't care! Nobody has any right to take it from me when I care about it and they don't. They're letting it die, all shut in by itself," she ended passionately(S), and she threw her arms over her face and burst out crying—poor little Mistress Mary.

Dickon's curious blue eyes grew rounder and rounder.

"Eh-h-h!" he said, drawing his exclamation out slowly(S), and the way he did it meant both wonder and sympathy.

"I've nothing to do," said Mary. "Nothing belongs to me. I found it myself and I got into it myself. I was only just like the robin, and they wouldn't take it from the robin."

"Where is it?" asked Dickon in a dropped voice.

Mistress Mary got up from the log at once. She knew she felt contrary again, and obstinate, and she did not care at all. She was imperious and Indian, and at the same time hot and sorrowful(S).

"Come with me and I'll show you," she said.

She led him round the laurel path and to the walk where the ivy grew so thickly(S). Dickon followed her with a queer, almost pitying, look on his face. He felt as if he were being led to look at some strange bird's nest and must move softly(S). When she stepped to the wall and lifted the hanging ivy he started. There was a door and Mary pushed it slowly(S) open and they passed in together, and then Mary stood and waved her hand round defiantly(S).

"It's this," she said. "It's a secret garden, and I'm the only one in the world who wants it to be alive(P)."

Dickon looked round and round about it, and round and round again. "Eh!" he almost whispered, "it is a queer, pretty place! It's like as if a body was in a dream."

CURRICULUM VITAE

A. Identity

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