**CHAPTER VI**

**The Furniture That Gaed Gyte**

Noo it in the early oors o Whit Monday, afore Millie wis turned oot fur the day, Mr. Haa an Mrs. Haa baith raise an gaed sounless doon tae the cellar. Their darg there wis o a private natur, an hid somethin tae dae wi the speecific gravity o their beer. They’d scarce gaen intae the cellar fin Mrs. Haa fand she’d forgotten tae bring doon a bottlie o sarsaparilla frae their jynt-chaumer. As she wis the expert an heid bummer in this maitter, Haa verra richt gaed upstairs fur it.

On the lobby he wis bumbazed tae see that the fremmit body's yett wis ajee. He gaed on intae his ain chaumer an fand the bottlie as he’d bin telt.

Bit on gaun back wi the bottlie, he saw that the snibs o the front yett hid bin pued back, that the yett wis in fack anely on the snib. An wi a glimmer o thocht he conneckit this wi the fremmit's cheil upstairs an the hints o Mr. Teddy Henfrey. He clearly myndit haudin the caunle while Mrs. Haa pued thon snibs owernicht. At the sicht he devauled, gap mooed, syne wi the bottlie aye in his haun gaed upstairs again. He chappit at the fremmit cheil's yett. There wis nae repon. He chappit again; syne haived the yett ajee an gaed inbye.

It wai as he expeckit. The bed, the chaumer aa weel, wis teem An fit wis mair fey, even tae his wechty intelligence, on the bed chaumer cheer an alang the rail o the bed wir haived the claes, the anely claes sae far as he kent an the bandages o their guest. His muckle slouch hat even wis cockit jaunty-like ower the bed-post.

As Haa stude thonner he heard his wife's voyce camin ooto the foun o the cellar, wi thon faist telescopin o the syllables an back speirin cockin up o the hinmaist wirds tae a heich note, bi which the Wast Sussex clachan body shaws growin roose. "George! You gart whad a wand?"

At thon he turned an hashed doon tae her. "Janny," he said, ower the rail o the cellar steps, "'tas the truth what Henfrey sez. 'E's not in uz room, 'e en't. An the front door's onbolted."

At first Mrs. Haa didnae unnerstaun, an as sune as she did she set on tae see the teem chaumer fur hersel. Haa, still haudin the bottlie, gaed first. "If 'e en't there," quo he, "'is close are. An what's 'e doin' 'ithout 'is close, then? 'Tas a most curious business."

As they cam up the cellar steps they baith, it wis efterwirds fand oot, thocht they heard the front yett lowsed an steekit, bit seein it steekit an naethin there, neither spakk a wird tae the ither aboot it at the time. Mrs. Haa gaed bye her man in the lobby an ran on first upstairs. A body sneezed on the staircase. Haa, follaein sax steps ahin, thocht that he heard her sneeze. She, gaun on first, wis unner the notion that Haa wis sneezin. She haived ajee the yett an stude luikin the chaumer. "O aa that’s unca!" quo she.

She heard a snocher close ahin her heid as she thocht, an turnin, wis bumbazed tae see Haa a dizzen feet aff on the tapmaist stair. Bit in anither meenit he wis aside her. She booed forrit an pit her haun on the bowster an syne unner the claes.

"Cauld," quo she. "He's bin up this oor or mair."

As she did sae, a maist byordnar ferly happened. The bed-claes gaithered thirsels thegether, lowped up o a suddenty inno a kinno hillock, an syne lowpit heidlang ower the boddom rail. It wis as gin a haun hid catched them in the mids an flang them aside. Straicht efter, the fremmit cheil's hat breenged aff the bed-post, wi a furling flicht in the air throwe the better pairt o a cercle, an syne steered richt at Mrs. Haa's face. Syne as faist cam the sponge frae the wash staun; an syne the cheer, haivin the fremmit cheil's jaiket an troosers careless aside, an lauchin dry-like in a voyce unca like the fremmit cheil's, cowped itsel up wi its fower legs at Mrs. Haa, luikit tae takk aim at her fur a meenit, an breenged at her. She skirled an birled roon, an syne the cheer legs cam saft bit firm agin her back an steered her an Haa ooto the chaumer. The yett slammed tee forcey an was snibbit. The cheer an bed luikit tae be performin a daunce o delicht fur a meenit, an syne richt awa aathin wis quaet.

Mrs. Haa wis left near tae feintin in Mr. Haa's airms on the lobby. It wis wi the maist unca tcyauve that Mr.Haa an Millie, fa’d bin waukened bi her skreich o begeck, won her doonstairs, an gied her the ordnar cure fur sic times.

"'Tas sperits," quo Mrs. Haa. "I know 'tas sperits. I've read inpapers of en. Tables and chairs leaping and dancing..."

"Take a drop more, Janny," spakk Haa. "'Twill steady ye."

"Lock him out," reponed Mrs. Haa. "Don't let him come in again I half guessed--I might ha' known. With them goggling eyes and bandaged head, and never going to church of a Sunday. And all they bottles--more'n it's right for any one to have. He's put the sperits into the furniture.... My good old furniture! 'Twas in

that very chair my poor dear mother used to sit when I was a little girl. To think it should rise up against me now!"

"Just a drop more, Janny," quo Haa. "Your nerves is all upset."

They sent Millie ower the street throwe the gowden five o'clock sunsheen tae steer up Mr. Sandy Wadgers, the smith. Mr.Haa's complements tae him bit the furniture upstairs wis behavin byordnar fey. WidMr. Wadgers cam roon? He ws a clivver cheil, Mr. Wadgers, an unca skeely He tuik a seerious view o the maitter. "Arm darmed if thet ent witchcraft," wis the view o Mr. Sandy Wadgers. "You warnt horseshoes for such gentry as he."

He cam roon unca sair made. They wintit him tae lead the wey upstairs tae the chaumer, bit he didnae seem tae be in ony hash. He’d raither spikk in the lobby. Ower the wey Huxter's prentice cam oot an stertit takkin doon the shutters o the tobaccay windae. He wis cried ower tae jyne the claik. Mr. Huxter follaed ower in the coorse o a fyew meenits. The Anglo-Saxon knack fur parliamentary government grew strang; there wis a rowth o blether bit nae rael action. "Lat's hae the facks first," quo Mr. Sandy Wadgers. "Lat's be siccar we'd be richt in caain ajee thon yett. A yett un-bust is aywis open tae busti, bit ye canna un-bust a yett aince ye've busted it."

An s o a suddenly an maist winnerfu the yett o the chaumer upstairs lowsed itsel, an as they luikit up in bumbazement, they saw camin doon the stairs the rowed up body o the fremmit cheil glowerin mair blaik an teem than iver wi thon unca muckle blae glaiss een o his. He cam doon stiff an slaw, glowerin aa the time; he wauked ben the lobby glowerin, syne devauled.

quo he, an their een follaed the pynt o his gloved finger an saw a bottlie o sarsaparilla teetle the cellar yett. Syne he gaed inno the parlour, an o a suddenty, faist,veecious, yarked the yett in their faces.

Nae a wird wis spukken til the hinmaist echoes o the slam hid deed awa. They glowered at ane anither. "Weel, gin thon disnae beat aathin!" quo Mr. Wadgers, an left the ither unspukken.

"I'd go in and ask'n 'bout it," spakk Wadgers, tae Mr. Haa. "I'd d'mand an explanation."

It tuik some time tae bring the landlady's man tae dae thon.At the hinnereyn he chappit, lowsed the yett, an won as far as, "Excuse me--"

"Gyang tae the deil!" quo the fremmit cheil in a muckle voyce, an"Caa tee the yett eftir ee." Sae that smaa excheenge eyndit.