

me a cloth to rub him dry, and hand me that basket to put him in."

"Why do you put 'um in the basket?" asked the wondering Polly.

"Till he gets dry by the fire, or else he would crawl among the ashes and make himself as dirty as ever."

"Well, I hope our Pincher won't find him out. He'd toomble ow'r the basket, an' chaw him up in a minit."

"I should like to see him do it," said Martha, more in earnest than joke. "He would get what would keep him quiet, I think. Who's that plain dark girl, Polly," she said, looking up from the dog, "that your old mistress calls Dorothy?"

"A plain dark gal. Miss Dolly plain. All the gentlemen calls her a booty. A's a great sight handsomer than yer mistrus, wi' her low forehead that ha' scarce room for her eyebrows. Sich small cunning looking eyes, an' a nose as long as the pump handel, an' thin sich a big bony