

And then she begins to think about other people's dogs!

And after a while she opens the kitchen door a crack and peeps out to see if he's badly hurted, and if he's a proper puppy dog she'll see him sittin' off at a safe distance, with his 'ead hangin' down most mournful, a-waitin' to see if he can't think what he done before it's time to say he's sorry; then he stiffens up and cocks one ear and then the other, and tries his tail very slow and cautious, and first thing she knows the door is wide open and she's got him in her arms tellin' him he mustn't never never do it again.

And does he do it again?

Of course he does, because he doesn't know any better, but not with the same chiny tea-pot; that's broke, but there's other things that goes, one by one, and by that time she's got so used to 'avin' him around that she jest thinks he's good warm flesh and blood, anyway, and the precious things is mostly baked clay. Besides she's got used to doin' for him, so she couldn't 'ave the 'eart to give him to anyone else.

Poor Mrs. Biggles! The dear woman little recks how I listen to her prattle, and what faint