

"Get me some warm water then, an' a piece of soap," said Martha sulkily.

"Yer must get it yersel, for a' must hurry up with the taters."

The crafty Martha found for once, the simple country girl had got the master of her.

"Never mind," thought she; "I will make her wash him yet."

When Polly returned to the kitchen, she found her London friend on her knees beside the keeler, in which she generally washed her dishes, cleansing the dust from Jewel's woolly coat. The dog looked a pitiful spectacle shivering in the water, his hair out of curl and clinging to his pink skin.

"What an object he do look," said Polly. "A' never seed any think so ridiculous. Why do'ant yer let the poor beast alone?"

"He's a pest, I hate and detest him," said Martha giving the poodle a vicious shake, "but the job has to be done. Give