

three years ago: how fond Mrs. Biggles got of him against her better judgment, for she wasn't partial to dogs, and declared he would never set a foot in her house; and then she relented and let him in one day, and he was so delighted that his frisking knocked over her little parlour table that held her great-grandmother's black Wedgewood cream jug and bowl. But perhaps she had told me about it? No,—well, I must get her to tell the story; it was perfectly amazing how sorry she made you feel for the dog, though you couldn't help groaning over the black Wedgewood being smashed into little bits. You'd actually think from the way she described its feelings, she must have learned first-hand how heartbroken the animal felt at being driven out of the house with a mop. Yes, concluded Aunt Anne, Mrs. Biggles said that when she saw the look in Roger's eyes, she made up her mind that the worst thing a woman could do was to make a pet of anythink and then turn on it when it didn't mean no 'arm.

Doesn't it seem sometimes as if no one woman could have had all the experiences she tells about? But then it was impossible, when you listened to