

"Put him in a tub of warm water, and wash him with soap and a flannel."

"Wash a dawg wi' warm water. I'll see him drowned in it, fust," said Polly retreating to her potatoes. "I never washed a dawg in a' my life."

"Do it for me this once, there's a dear kind creature," cried Martha, coaxingly, who wanted to establish a precedent and get the brute by degrees off her own hands. "I am so tired with my long journey."

"Tired wi' riding all night in a grand coach," laughed Polly, "a' only wish a' had sich a chance."

"Will you wash Jewel for me, there's a good girl?"

"No, a' won't," cried Polly, standing on her dignity. "Sich jobs belong to Lunnon servants. Us country folk be above stooping to sich dirty work. A' wud put soap inter's eyes, 'an choak um', by letting the water get down un's throat."