

chair. "It's the fashion here. Your master and mistress speak the same."

"I do'ant know what a' means," said Polly, pouring the water off the potatoes. "My master an' mistress are moighty kind folk, I can tell yer."

"Oh, I dare say, but London is the place for girls to live well, and get well paid."

"I do'ant care for the pay, so I be well fed an' comfortable," responded Polly. Then happening to cast her eyes upon Jewel, she exclaimed. "La! what be that?"

"A lap dog."

"What sort o' a dawg? a' looks for a' the world loike a bundle o' wool. A fooney dawg," and she ventured to touch its head with her forefinger; "wu'll a' bite?"

"Bite, no he has not spunk in him to do that. I want you to give him a bath."

"A what."