

One day as I was riding my bike down the street in East Hanney with my dog, an Airdale following and poking his nose into every open door till it came to now where the old girl was paring her toenails or something, when she saw the dog she let out such a yell that the dog who was more interested in a half pound of butter that was on the table and grabbed it and headed for the open door, swallowing it as it hurriedly left and disappeared round the corner down the street. "Darn thy hide", yelled the old girl, "Thy guts won't chap for the want of grease", and lots of other very uncomplimentary words, which I did not recognize one of them as a Bible word.

The dog turned up the next morning with a guilty look and about half a pound heavier than it was on the day before.