

An old man sat at the table in his coat. He was really dirty. His beard was filled with bits of stuff. He had blue eyes and no teeth.

At the end of the table sat an old man in a wool coat—though it was summer and hot in the kitchen from the wood stove on which the pancakes were cooking—a man so incredibly dirty that it was hard to find a patch of skin on his face or neck not covered with soil or grease. He wore a matted beard---stuck with bits of dirt and sawdust and what looked like (and I found out later to be) dried manure and dribble spit and tobacco juice. All this around two piercingly blue gun-barrel eyes and a toothless mouth.