

those rough things he wears at Sandringham—they don't show my hairs as his uniforms and black suits do.

I know he understood, for he gave me a little push with his foot—just fancy if anyone but Master dared to touch me with his foot!—and said something about a lazy young rascal, but instead of coming home he turned to the Agent, and said, “Show me *everything*. I want to see everything, and arrange everything for the year, so that She may find everything ready when She comes down.”