

Rudd acquiesced.

"Tell me what it feels like to do as you like," said the gardener. "Whew!" he whistled, "but I must get on with my work."

The next time he came round the gardener asked Rudd where he lived, and when Rudd said at Caston he wanted to know if the sea there was still wet and blue, as it used to be a thousand years ago.

"How do you know what it was like a thousand years ago?" Rudd asked, and the gardener said that he could not explain it, but he did.

When Rudd asked him where he lived, the gardener said he was a guest of the Queen, who was a very hospitable lady and liked him so much that she couldn't bear to let him go.

"But I thought the Queen lived in London," Rudd said.

"She does," said the gardener, "but she has a number of palaces—or, as you might say, hotels—for her guests, in other parts of the country."

"Is she very nice?" Rudd asked.

"Very," said the gardener. "God save the Queen!" and he laughed.

"Is that *Punch*?" he added, looking at Rudd's book. "Does it still come out? Fancy seeing *Punch* again!"

"Of course it comes out," said Rudd. "Father gets it every week. You can buy it at the station. I saw some there."

"I'm not much of one to go to the station," said