

I believe Ma' er wanted an even temperature, but instead of that as soon as we got to London, I saw him changing to go out again somewhere into the wet and cold. I suppose he had to. It was one of those terrible things he calls "a long standing engagement." I'm glad I have no long-standing engagements, and can curl myself up and go to sleep just when I want to. I'm glad I am only the King's little dog. Oh! I'm so glad I'm not a King.