

been worried. Unfortunately my French isn't what it might be, though I've certainly travelled enough in France with Master. As a matter of fact I rather despised French ways and French dogs and the silly French language that they seem to understand just as well as I do English, till Master compelled me to make friends with that French poodle at Biarritz, and then I was sorry I'd not made better use of my opportunities.

“‘To understand everything is to forgive everything,’ Master said slowly. ‘If only people