

but somehow lately he has seemed too tired to laugh much. I nearly went mad with joy when I heard him, and I caught hold of Daisy's ear and chased her round and round till we both dropped dead beat at his feet. "It's time to go home," thought I, "this weather is treacherous. I've got a touch of rheumatism in my off hind leg, and it's beginning to tweak. That's a danger signal."

"Come along, Master," I said, "it's damp under foot and there's a horrid mist rising, and I want to sit and toast in front of the