

airs. He actually knew quite a lot of things I didn't, though of course I didn't give myself away, and I got one or two useful tips from him. I was really sorry to say good-bye to him in the end.

And Master did just the same with that Russian he keeps at Sandringham, and with those long sausage-shaped things with short legs they call hounds in Germany. Of course I could fight and beat the whole lot of them if I tried, but I'm beginning to see it's rather a silly game to make enemies when