

him to rest, so I yawned and flopped down beside his chair as if I were too stiff to stir.

He had a dreadful fit of coughing, and then when it was over he bent over and patted my head and said, "I'm a bit tired to-day myself, old man. I suppose we'll have to do as we're told, you and I, and keep quiet and warm indoors. But it's no good talking. I've a long-standing engagement for this evening that I must keep. . . . Well, well, give me a cigar, I'll promise to rest for a bit. No, no, Cæsar can stay, of course."