

and they may have considered each other sentimentiously, and parted company on the worst of terms. Cæsar never could have stood that poodle, on this side.

But the picture is there still, for those who are curious to see it. Whether it would not hang more fitly in the little Castello in the hills, if it could be identified, is matter for discussion. If pictures could really speak, what would this one say ?

THE END