

might have so got on my nerves eventually that I would have thrown myself into the arena out of sheer spite at the lions, and then tried my best to disagree with them.

Anyway, Bull Dog or no Bull Dog, having made a light, I slid down from my berth — no thanks to the step-ladder — dangled a few wild seconds in the air, and then offering — yes, offering my stockinged feet to the Minotaur, I poked my head into the lower berth.

"What are you going to do?" gasped its occupant, *la grosse femme* whose fault it would be if my hair did change from the gold of a louis to the silver of a mere franc.

"You say you're stifling," I reminded her, politely but firmly, and my tone was like the lull before a storm.

"Yes, but —" We were staring into each other's eyes, and — could I believe my sense of touch, or was it mercifully blunted? It seemed that the monster on the floor was gently licking my toes with a tongue like a huge slice of pink ham, instead of chewing them to the bone. But there are creatures which do that to their victims, I've heard, by way of making it easier to swallow them, later.

"You also said no one cared," I went on, courageously. "I care — for myself as well as for you. As for what I'm going to do — I'm going to do several things. First, open the window, and then — *then I'm going to undress you.*"

"You must be mad!" gasped the lady, who was English. Oh, but more English than any one else I ever saw in my life.