

barked and snapped at the people at the door. I knew Master wanted me.

“Let Cæsar come in at once,” I heard him say, and they stood back and let me through. I made one of them skip as I passed, I can tell you. I was in a bit of a temper for I’m not used to being kept waiting.

Master was sitting up in a chair. There were three or four black-coated men around him, and the room smelt so funny. She was there, standing beside the chair. I saw he had his