

explain why he's not here still, and why I'm the King's dog and not you."

"No," said Cæsar very, very sadly, and his head, which had bristled up as he talked of his Master, hung low again, "I don't understand. How I wish I did. If only I could be with him just for one evening perhaps he would explain, but I am afraid there are some things little dogs can never, never understand."

"Does *She*?" I whispered. We always still speak of *Her* in