

and there's the other King who talked so solemnly with him over in Germany. And there's the man they call the Prime Minister. He doesn't know me, but I shan't forget in a hurry the day he came to Brighton. When he left I watched him from the window, walking on the front. It was then that Master said to me, "If you could talk, Cæsar, you could tell some surprising things, couldn't you?" I should think I could, but Master knew I wouldn't if I could. He always trusted me with all his secrets.