

14 THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

that God-forsaken spot, Odessa," If you please, he laughed again. "I don't care," said I. "You're not coming. Get off that box, it's going to the station."

In time he began to realise it. There came a gradual dropping about his ears. He found his coat-brush in the corner where it always was. His leash was still hanging in the hall. I could see him thinking it out, with a puzzled frown between his eyes as if he were saying—"There's some mistake. He forgets I went with him last time—of course, there's some mistake"—whereat, half-convincing himself that there was, his ears pricked up and he began his get-ready-to-go-out dance, a wild exhibition of terpsichorean art, on his hind legs.

"You're not coming, Dandy," said I, and I looked him steadily in the eyes. At last he knew, and I had to turn away. It was too piteous, the expression then that twisted his face.

With his tail a limp and a foolish-looking thing, he stood upon the doorstep and saw me drive off. I waved a hand out of the window at him, but I could not look back.

It was that wave of the hand that did it. He knew I had been playing him a joke. There I was, beckoning to him just before it was too late and, roaring with laughter—so I am told—to think how nearly I had taken him in, he leapt after me.

When I got out of the taxi at Victoria, to my amazement, there he was, splashed with mud behind our wheels from nose to tail.