

CHAPTER II

ITALY was no good to me. I had done it all before. There are not many corners in Europe of which Dandy and I are ignorant. I have seen his little footmarks in the snow and the dust in places where few of your so-called travelled folk have ever been. For my sake he has cheerfully suffered quarantine in half the ports of the south. I know Odessa as if I had been born there, waiting for Dandy's release. And when at last he did come out, a mere shadow of what he was, his ribs, a scale of them, protruding from his sides, he executed so violent a war dance of joy as exhausted all the strength left in him. In two minutes he was lying breathless in my arms.

I swore to him it should never happen again. "A man wouldn't put up with it, Dandy," said I. "Why should you?"

I think he saw the force of it all at the time; but when a few months of good feeding had gone by and I was for setting off East once more, he had forgotten all about Odessa.

"No, you're not coming this time," I said to him. He shook his tail and laughed. He didn't believe me. "Oh—that's all very well," I went on, "but remember