


garden, and here I seem to feel the spiritual presence of Alexandra."

"I love this garden, sir," I said, "and I thank you for showing it to me," and I passed out of the presence of the Royal gardener. As I entered my hotel, a laughing group greeted me with the words: "Well, how do you like the King?" "What King?" I asked.



"King George of Greece. Look at him now!" I looked through the window and saw the one whom I had supposed to be the gardener, with his left foot on the stirrup, about to mount