

because he was so large and so beautiful, was called the King's Lion.

He was walking up and down his cage, with a very proud step, as if he knew that everybody had come to look at and admire him; while backwards and forwards ran a pretty little black Spaniel, who jumped and frisked about, and sometimes even would pretend to bite and snarl at him; but all the time they were in reality very good friends, and the great Lion would put down his huge head, and let the little thing spring about it. Sometimes he seemed to kiss his great eyes; sometimes as if he was going almost to jump into his great mouth; and sometimes he would lie down quite contentedly between his huge paws.

This astonished every body very much, and