

"That all?" enquired Bindle contemptuously. "That won't take long. She was th' 'cause she wants to be 'appy, wot she's got right to be. If yer was a man, 'Earty, inste' of an 'oly greengrocer, yer'd understan' wi' 'er tellin'. If yer was to listen to the 'ymns o' the birds inste'ad o' them 'ungry-lookin' young women in the choir" (Mr. Hearty flushed). "Yer'd know why Millie was wi' Charlie Dix to-night."

"She wants love, 'Earty, an' she don't get it at 'ome. She wants 'appiness, an' you nev' even smile at 'er—not as that 'ud 'elp 'er much," he added, with a flash of the old Bindle. "You want to shove Gawd down 'er throat all the time, and it ain't the real Gawd 'oo was kind to children."

"She's my daughter and must obey me," said Mr. Hearty. There was determination in Mr. Hearty's voice. He felt he must assert his parental authority.

"Now, listen," said Bindle; and he proceeded to tell the whole story of Millie's romance and the part he had played in it. "Now 'ave yer anythink to complain about?" he enquired in conclusion.

"I forbid her ever to see him again," almost shouted Mr. Hearty. The story he had just listened to had roused him to anger. It had outraged his sense of the proprieties that his daughter should be walking the streets alone with a young man she had met casually in