

Bindle looked round to assure himself that he had attracted the attention of the whole table.

"Now this is it. 'The Lord said unto Moses come forth, and 'e come fifth an' lorst the cup.'"

Mrs. Dixon smiled, Millie and Charlie Dixon laughed; but Mr. Dixon threw himself back in his chair and roared. Mr. Hearty looked apprehensively at Mr. Sopley, who regarded Bindle with uncomprehending eyes.

"You've lost your money, Mr. Bindle, you've lost your money; it's *The Pink 'Un*, I'll bet my life on it," choked Mr. Dixon. "Best thing I've heard for years, 'pon my soul it is!" he cried.

"Mr. Bindle, I'm afraid you are a very naughty man," said Mrs. Dixon gently.

"Me, mum?" enquired Bindle with assumed innocence. "Me naughty? That's jest where you're wrong, mum. When I die, it ain't the things I done wot I shall be sorry for; but the things wot I ain't done, and as for 'Earty, 'e'll be as sorry for 'imself as Ginger was when 'e got a little dose o' twins."

"Bindle, remember there are ladies present!" cried the outraged Mrs. Bindle from the other side of the table.

"It's all right, Mrs. B.," said Bindle reassuringly. "These was gentlemen twins."

The meal progressed solemn and joyless. Few remarks were made, but much food and drink was consumed. Bindle made a point of cutting both the pineapples that adorned the table, delighting