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Bindle sat
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CHAPTER XXI

CONCLUSION

“SO 'Earty comes round in the mornin' an' says 'e's sorry, an' Millikins she be-'aves jest like a little princess, 'oldin' 'er 'ead as 'igh as 'igh, an' agrees to go back, an' everybody lives 'appy ever after, everybody 'cept me. Since that night Mrs. B. 'as given me pickles. I don't understand it,” he added in a puzzled way; “seems as if she's sort of 'uffy cause she dripped a bit.”

“I think that is what it must be,” remarked Mrs. Dick Little. “You must be gentle with her.”

“Gentle! You don't know Mrs. B., miss, I mean mum. When Mrs. B.'s at one end o' the broom an' you're within range o' the dust she raises, it's nippy you got to be, not gentle.”

Mrs. Little laughed.

It was a fortnight after the events at Mr. Hearty's house that had led up to Millie's leaving home, and Bindle was seated with the Littles in their new flat in Chelsea Palace Mansions.

“Yes,” continued Bindle, after a pause, “them two love-birds is engaged, and Charlie