

A BILLETING ADVENTURE 287

"Are we downhearted?" was heard, followed immediately by the chorused reply:

"Nooooooooo!"

"My! ain't them boys jest 'It,'" muttered Bindle as he withdrew his head and proceeded with the work of reloading the van.

Two hours later the van was grinding down Putney Hill with the skid-pan adjusted. Ginger had gone home, Wilkes was on top, and Bindle sat on the tail-board smoking.

"Well, 'e got 'ome all right on the Ole Bird to-day," remarked Bindle contentedly. "My! ain't 'e a knock-out for 'is little joke. Beats me does Mr. Little, an' I takes a bit o' beatin'."