

"Well, I 'ope 'e looks it," was Bindle's comment as he went out.

When time permitted, Bindle's method of fetching the supper-beer was what he described as "'alf inside and 'alf in the jug," which meant that he spent half an hour in pleasant converse with congenial spirits at The Yellow Ostrich.

When he returned to Fenton Street, Mr. Gupperduck had arrived. Depositing the jug upon the table with deliberation, Bindle turned to welcome the guest.

"Pleased to see you, Mr. Gutter——" He paused, the name had momentarily escaped him.

"Gupperduck; Mr. Josiah Gupperduck," volunteered the lodger.

"It ain't easy, is it?" said Bindle cheerfully. "Must 'ave caused you a rare lot o' trouble, a name like that."

Mr. Gupperduck eyed him disapprovingly. He was a small, thin man, with a humourless cast of face, large round spectacles, three distinct wisps of overworked hair that failed to conceal his baldness, a short brown beard that seemed to stand out straight from his chin, and a red nose. His upper lip was bare, save for a three days' growth of bristles.

"Looks like a owl wot's been on the drink," was Bindle's mental comment. "You can read 'is 'ole 'istory in the end of 'is nose."

"Been a pleasant day," remarked Bindle con-