

A DOWNING STREET SENSATION 37

you may put your 'and on your 'eart," Bindle assured her.

"Cawfee money, mum?" enquired Tippitt.
"It's 'ot." Tippitt never wasted words.

"Tippy, Tippy! I'm surprised at you!" Bindle turned upon his colleague reproachfully.
"Only twice 'ave you spoke to-day, an' the second time's to beg. I'm sorry, mum," he said, turning to the lady. "It ain't 'is fault. It's jest 'abit."

The lady hesitated for a moment, then taking her purse from her bag, handed Bindle a two-shilling piece.

Tippitt eyed it greedily.

With a final admonition not to forget, the lady drove off.

Bindle looked at the coin, spat on it, and put it in his pocket.

"Funny thing 'ow a woman'll give a couple o' bob, where a man'll make it 'alf a dollar," he remarked.

"Wot about me?" enquired Tippitt.

"Wot about you, Tippy?" repeated Bindle.
"Well, least said soonest mended. You can't 'elp it."

"But I asked 'er," persisted Tippitt.

"Ah! Tippy," remarked Bindle, "it ain't 'im wot asks; but 'im wot gets. 'Owever, you shall 'ave a stone-ginger at the next stoppin' place. Your ole pal ain't goin' back on you, Tippy."

Without a word, Tippitt climbed up into the