

"Wny can't you remember that you're goin' to a wedding."

"Nobody wouldn't know it from your looks, Mrs. B.," commented Bindle. "You look about as 'appy as 'Earty does when 'e 'ears there's goin' to be an air-raid."

"Oh, don't talk to me!" snapped Mrs. Bindle; and they continued on their way in silence. When about a hundred yards from the Alton Road Chapel, Mrs. Bindle demanded of Bindle that he throw away his cigar, which he did with great reluctance.

There was a small collection of women and children outside the chapel doors.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Bindle suddenly.

"Where?" enquired Bindle, looking first to the right and left, then on the ground and finally up at the sky.

"I knew we should be late," said Mrs. Bindle. "There's the carriage."

At that moment a two-horse carriage bearing Mr. Hearty and Millie passed by, and drew up at the entrance to the chapel. Mr. Hearty's white kid-gloved hand appeared out of the window, fumbling with the handle of the carriage. A moment later his silk hat, adorned with a deep black band, appeared; still the carriage-door refused to open. Suddenly as if out of sheer mischief it gave way, and Mr. Hearty lurched forward, his hat fell off and rolled under the carriage. A stray dog, that had been watching