

"Because," continued Bindle quietly, "when you 'ave 'various' veins in your legs you ain't no good for the army. I went on tryin' till they said they'd run me in for wastin' time."

"I seen 'im!"

The remark came from Ginger, who, finding that he had centred upon himself everybody's attention, looked extremely ill-at-ease. Bindle looked across at him in surprise. Impulse with Ginger was rare.

With flaming face and murderous eyes Lady Knob-Kerrick turned to the sergeant.

"You will remove your sixteen soldiers and take them back and say that they were not ordered. As for you," she turned to Bindle, "you had better take all these things back again and tell Harridge's that I shall close my account, and I shall sue them for damages to my drawing-room;" and with that she marched out of the room.

At a word from the sergeant the men trooped out, putting on their caps and grinning broadly. Bindle scratched his head, took out his pipe and proceeded to fill it, signing to his colleagues to get the beds and bedding down to the van.

"Quick march!" The short sharp order from below was followed by a crunch of gravel, and then the men broke out into a song, "Here we are, here we are, here we are again." Bindle went to the window and looked out. As the sound died away in the distance, the question