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then insert it in one of the holes and give a sharp puff. This he did half a dozen times in quick succession. Then he would pause for a few minutes to allow the lamp-black to settle. He argued that if he puffed it all in at once, it would in all probability choke the occupants.

By the time they turned from the King's Road into Ebury Street, Bindle's task was accomplished—the lamp-black was exhausted.

"Victoria Station," he called out loudly to Tippitt. "Shan't be long now, mate. Another shower a-comin', better cover up these bloomin' 'oles," and he drew the tarpaulin over the rest of the roof. "Let 'em stoo a bit now," he muttered to himself. "That'll make 'em 'ot."

He had been conscious of suppressed coughing and sneezing from within, which he detected by placing his ear near the holes in the roof.

Opposite the Houses of Parliament, a lady came up to Bindle and handed him a key. "This is the key of the pantehnicon," she said loudly. "You are not to undo it until you reach Number 110, Downing Street. Do you understand?"

"Right-o!" remarked Bindle, "I got it."

"Now don't forget!" said the lady, and she disappeared swiftly in the direction of Victoria Street.

"No, I ain't goin' to forget," murmured Bindle to himself, "an' I shouldn't be surprised if there was others wot ain't goin' to forget either."

He watched the lady who had given him the