

one o' Ginger's twins 'as the measles, sure as eggs the other'll get 'em the next day. That's wot makes Ginger so ratty."

Bindle walked up to the van and examined it, as if to assure himself that it was in no way defective.

"An' where are we to take it, mum?" he enquired.

"To Mr. Llewellyn John, Number 110, Downing Street," was the reply.

Bindle whistled. "'E ain't movin', is 'e, mum?"

"The van contains a presentation of carved-oak dining-room furniture," she added.

"An' very nice too," was Bindle's comment.

"Outside Downing Street," she continued, "you will be met by a lady who will give you the key that opens the doors of the van."

"'Adn't we better take the key now, mum?" Bindle enquired.

"You'll do as you're told, please," was the uncompromising rejoinder.

"Right-o! mum," remarked Bindle cheerily. "Now then, Tippy, let's get these 'ere 'orses in. Which end d'you begin on?"

Tippitt and Bindle silently busied themselves in harnessing the horses to the pantechnicon.

"Now you won't make any mistake," said the lady when everything was completed. "Number 110, Downing Street, Mr. Llewellyn John."

"There ain't goin' to be no mistakes, mum,