

## MILLIE LEAVES HOME

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"Good-night, Charlie," she whispered. "I'm so tired."

"I shall always be grateful, Mr. Bindle," said Charlie Dixon, grasping Bindle's hand.

"Leggo, you young fool," yelled Bindle. Charlie Dixon dropped his hand as if it had been electrified. "Next time you're grateful," remarked Bindle, as he ruefully examined his hand, "you put it down on paper; it won't hurt so much."

And they parted.

"That you, Bindle?" Bindle recognised the familiar tones as he groped along the passage of his house with Millie.

Mrs. Bindle looked up from the supper table as they entered the kitchen.

"I brought Millie 'ome, Lizzie," said Bindle simply. "There's been trouble. 'Earty's gone mad. I'll tell yer all about it later."

One look told Mrs. Bindle everything she wanted to know. All the baulked motherhood in her nature rose up as she took the girl in her arms, and led her upstairs.

Bindle sat down to his supper. Several times Mrs. Bindle entered the room to fetch various things, but no word passed between them. Bindle had been taken by surprise. He would have been even more surprised had he seen the expression on Mrs. Bindle's face as she coaxed and crooned over the girl lying on the bed upstairs.