

EVENTS.

"Miss Potter don't know everything, do she?"

"What's that you say?" inquires Miss Potter, tartly. "Miss P. knows all she ought to. Me and Mr. Tinsley——"

"Lor! I can guess tha' agrees Mr. Edwards."

"What was you drinkin' when we come up?" asks Jim.

"Me drinkin'," repeats Mr. Edwards innocently. "Quite a mistake."

"You don't mean to tell me," retorts Miss Potter, with some acerbity, "that you was a 'standin' in that there bar without a glass in yer 'and?'"

"It kind of 'urts me—your way of puttin' things," protests Mr. Edwards. "If you must know, I was 'avin a bottle of water—drinkin the King's 'eath."

"O, go on," implores Miss Potter.

"W'it keeps you warm," suggests Mr. Tinsley.

"Lemme recommen a glass o' water. It's purifyin to the blood."

"I don't mind so long's there's something in it," replies Mr. Tinsley.

"But Miss Potter, now," proceeds Mr. Edwards. "Complexion like hers——"

"It's not wha it was," interrupts Miss Potter, promptly. "You should ha' seen me when I was at Margate—shouldn't he Jir."

"Wish I had the chance," responds Mr. Edwards gallantly. "You said cold water, I think?"

"I'll cold water you in 'arf a minute," promises Miss Potter.

"No satisfying ladies," sighs Mr. Edwards. "Try sixpennyworth o' 'Silver Dew...'"

"What's that?" inquires Miss Potter, suspiciously.

"Counter sweepings—combined," is the grave reply.

"Jim," cries Miss Potter despairingly, "can you give me a drink?"

"I'll try," smiles Jim, entering the bar, whence a roar of laughter rings.

"By the powers above!" exclaims Mr. Edwards, with bated breath, "E're's Dick Murdock's missus loomin' along after him Dickie Dickie! Shut yet 'ead! 'E're's yer old missus." He turns hurriedly to the

bar, silencing the laughter and salies rounda agin to face a shawled figure.

"Evening, Mrs. Murdock. Looking for Dick, as usual."

"As usual Mr. Edwards. 'Ave you 'appened to see 'im?'"

"Some time back, I did, to be sure. goin' 'ome from work he was."

Mrs. Murdock dodges round the burly form that obstructs her view.

"Might I ask you kindly to turn about and jast cast yer eye inside?"

"Certingly," replies Mr. Edwards, obeying with alacrity. "A pity ettyget don't allow ladies in the bar."

"I never 'eard of Etty Gett," states Mrs. Murdock, grimly: "but if she's been taken in as bar maid 'ere, I shall certainly——"

"You mistake me," exclaims Mr. Edwards, hastily.

"Ettyget is an unwritten law for the benefit of ladies."

"Rubbitch," retorts Mrs. Murdock. "I'd nip in meself for two pins. If——"

"'Twouldn't be worth your while, ma'm. I can see Dick'"

Mrs. Murdock accepts his information doubtfully, but she departs.

"Dickie, Dickie" murmurs Mr. Edwards, as soon as safety permits, you kin stand straight."

"Mr. Edwards, remarks Miss Potter, you're a downright liar.

Mr. Edwards shakes his head deprecatingly. Smart words, Miss Potter, but not pretty.

"Ow came you to say you couldn't see Dick Murdock? inquires Miss Potter indignantly.

See him remonstrates Mr. Edwards. Of course I didn't see 'im. What'd you spose I kep 'me eyes shut for?"

Well, you are, begins Miss Potter, but her attention is distracted by the return of Mr. Tinsley laden with glasses.

'E're's your tippie, Fan. Mr. Edwards may I offer you two of Scotch

You may, my boy, and thanke, replies Mr. Edwards, affably. that's Silver Dew, that is.

Why didn't yer say so. Miss Potter sips approvingly.