

THE COMING OF THE LODGER 27

priate passage from the Scriptures, he invented one.

"I'm sorry," remarked Bindle, as Mr. Gupperduck moved towards the door. "I wanted you to play a thing I picked up at The Granville the other night. It was a rare good song, 'If You Squeeze Me Tighter, Jimmie, I Shall Scream. I can whistle it if——'" but Mr. Gupperduck was gone.

Then the storm burst.

"You're a disgrace to any respectable 'ome, Joseph Bindle, that you are," Mrs. Bindle broke out as soon as Mr. Gupperduck's bedroom door was heard to close.

"Me?" enquired Bindle in obvious surprise.

"What must he think of us?" demanded Mrs. Bindle. "You with your lewd and blasphemous talk."

"Wot 'ave I done now?" enquired Bindle in an injured tone.

"Talkin' about babies' legs, and—and—oh! you make me ashamed, you do." Mrs. Bindle proceeded to bang away the supper things.

"Steady on," admonished Bindle, "or you'll 'ave the Duck out o' bed."

"What must 'e think of me with such an 'usband?" Mrs. Bindle's aitches were dropping from her under the stress of her pent-up feelings.

"Well! speakin' for myself," said Bindle, relighting his pipe, which had gone out, "he most