

Better let me take Millie 'ome to Lizzie, look after 'er all right."

For a moment Mr. Hearty hesitated; with a glance at Millie's resolute face said:

"Millie, your uncle will take you to Aunt Elizabeth."

"That is where I was going, father," replied quietly, and Mr. Hearty felt that he been badly beaten, and by his own daughter, until this evening, he had always regarded as a child.

Millie leant heavily on Bindle's arm as they walked down the High Street. She did not notice that they were going in the opposite direction from the Bindles' house. Suddenly her eyes grew wide with wonder; coming towards them was Charlie Dixon, whose half-hour had been spent in torture.

"Millie!"

She smiled up into his face wearily.

"Now, young feller," said Bindle with forced cheerfulness, "don't arst questions. Millie comin' 'ome wi' me. It'll be all right, but," and he whispered to Charlie Dixon, "it's been—"
Bindle completed his sentence with a look.
"Now then, Millikins, say good-night to Charlie an' we'll be off."

Like a tired child she lifted her face to him, kissed, a flicker of a smile playing round her moist lips.