

Putney Hill, will billet sixteen soldiers in her drawing-room, she will also cater for them.'"

"Cater for them!" almost shrieked Lady Knob-Kerrick. "Cater for sixteen soldiers! I haven't ordered sixteen soldiers."

"I'm very sorry," said the sergeant, "but it's—it's——" The man looked at the paper he held in his hand.

"I don't care what you've got there," said Lady Knob-Kerrick rudely. "Strint!"

Lady Knob-Kerrick had suddenly caught sight of Miss Strint.

"Yes, my lady?" responded Miss Strint.

"Did I order sixteen soldiers?" demanded Lady Knob-Kerrick in a tone she always adopted with servants when she wanted confirmation.

"No, my lady, not as far as I know."

Lady Knob-Kerrick turned triumphantly to the sergeant, and stared at him through her lorgnettes.

"You hear?" she demanded.

"Yes, my lady, I hear," said the sergeant, respectful, but puzzled.

"Don't you think, mum, you could let 'em stay," insinuated Bindle, "seein' that all the stuff's 'ere."

"Let them stay!" Lady Knob-Kerrick regarded Bindle in amazement. "Let them stay *in my drawing-room!*" She pronounced the last four words as if Bindle's remark had outraged her sense of delicacy.