

they 'ad only known wot a exhibition they was making of themselves, and 'ow I pitied them, they wouldn't ha' done it. And by and by Ted wiped his eyes and put his arm round the gal's waist and ses—

“‘This is my intended, Miss Florrie Price,’ he ses. ‘Ain't she a little wonder? Wot d'ye think of 'er?’

“‘I'll keep my own opinion,’ I ses. ‘I ain't got nothing to say against gals, but if I only lay my hands on that young brother of 'ers——’

“They went off agin then, worse than ever; and at last the cook came and put 'is skinny arm round my neck and started spluttering in my ear. I shoved 'im off hard, because I see it all then; and I should ha' seen it afore only I didn't 'ave time to think. I don't bear no malice, and all I can say is that I don't wish 'er any harder punishment than to be married to Ted Sawyer.”

THE END