

you fair perished to 'ave a roll on it, with chrysantuerums an' ohinarasters an' red-berried srubs growin' everywhere, and a sweet smell o' dead leaves an' clean earth, what give the old Vanguard points for sweetness, you can lay.

"Ain't it lovely, though a little damp, bein' so late in the year," says the married ladies, keepin' tight 'old o' their 'usbands, for Kew is a place to stray an' get lost in an' never find yourself till you want to, don't yer pipe?

"A few roundabouts an' shows 'ud make this a perfect paradise," says Leah, chuckin' a pork-pie paper an' some orange peel into the middle of a flower-bed, "with fire-works when it got dark."

I plucked up me dandy then, and arsked 'er if sho'd 'ave me for Adam to her Eve, an' she landed me one on the jaw that spoiled my chewin' for a week, 'cos I tried to get a kiss orf of 'er mouth that was as red as sealin' wax.

"Fair trade is wot I'm after," I says, with the water runnin' out o' my eyes. "Wot I want is to take you for better or worse," an' perish me pink! if she didn't h. 'h up 'er lower lip an' say she was surprised at my impudence, an' wanted to know wot encouragement she'd ever give me, what was goin' to stand up under the canopy wiv 'er father's foreman, Barney Solomon, in a fortnight from that day.

After that we did the gardens, pourin' into tropical 'ouses full of horkids, an' temperate 'ouses full o' ferns an' chrisanthums, an' intemperate 'ouses full o' nothing to speak o', but the 'ole show run orf me like rain down a 'oarding. All I wanted was to git into me own pocket an' 'ide, 'cos I'd bin made such a blushin' fool of, an' then the thought o' the dollar I'd paid for Leah an' the drinks I'd stood 'er got into my blood an' made me barmy. When we come pourin' out o' the Gardens an' raged into the place where we was to 'ave our blow-out, I couldn't do no proper justice to the biled beef with carrots an' dumplin's, nor the raspberry jam roll. My throat pipe seemed too narrer for anythink but beer, and then more beer an' gin, an' stout, an' nips o' Scotch, but beer particularly. I played the goat an' found myself singin' songs. Once they 'ad to 'aul me down from the table, which I'd got on to make