

now you're married. Been kickin' my shins all the mornin', she 'as, me with 'various' veins in my legs too."

Bindle looked at Millie; it was obvious that she was on the point of tears. Charlie Dixon was gazing down at her solicitously. Mr. Dixon was clearly annoyed. At the conclusion of Mr. Sopley's address he had cleared his throat impressively, as if prepared to enter the lists. Mrs. Dixon gazed anxiously at her son. Mr. Hearty looked at Mrs. Bindle. Mrs. Bindle's eyes were fixed on Bindle. Bindle rose deliberately.

"If ever I wants to get married again," began Bindle, looking at Mr. Sopley, "I'll come to you, sir, to tie me up. It'll sort o' prepare me for the worst; but I got to wait till Mrs. B. 'ops it with the lodger; not ole Guppy," he added, "'e's gone."

Mr. Dixon laughed loudly; into Mrs. Bindle's cheeks there stole a flush of anger.

"Well!" continued Bindle, "I promised Charlie that 'e shouldn't 'ave no speeches to make, an' so I'm on my 'ind legs a-givin' thanks for all them cheerful things wot we jest 'eard about. I ain't altogether a believer in 'ow to be 'appy though married; but this 'ere gentleman—(Bindle indicated Mr. Sopley by a jerk of his thumb)—well, 'e can give me points. No one didn't ought to 'ave such ideas wot ain't done time for bigamy. I can see now why there ain't no givin' an' takin' in marriage up there;" and Bindle raised his