

4 ADVENTURES OF BINDLE

turned into The Drag and Hounds "for somethink to take the bruises out," as he expressed it to himself.

"Catch me a-ridin' of an 'orse again without an air-cushion," he muttered as he came out of the public-bar wiping his mouth. He hailed a west-bound bus, and, climbing on the top and lighting his pipe, proceeded to enjoy the morning sunshine.

When Tippitt reached the extreme end of Wimbledon Common, Bindle rose from the grass by the roadside, where he had been leisurely smoking and enjoying the warmth.

"'Ad quite a pleasant little snooze, Tippy," he yawned, as he stretched his arms behind his head. "Wonder who first thought o' ridin' on an 'orse's back," he yawned. "As for me, I'd jest as soon ride on an 'and-saw."

They jogged along in the direction of Merton, Bindle walking beside the horses, Tippitt silent and apathetic, his cigarette still attached to his lower lip.

"You ain't wot I should call a chatty cove, Tippy," remarked Bindle conversationally; "but then," he added, "that 'as its points. If you don't open your mouth, no woman can't say you ever asked 'er to marry you, can she?"

"Married, mate!" Tippitt vouchsafed the information without expression or interest.

Bindle stood still and looked at him.

Tippitt unconcernedly continued on his way.

"Well, I'm damned!" remarked Bindle, as