

## A DOWNING STREET SENSATION 33

"'Ere, stop 'im, somebody! 'Old 'im!" he yelled. "I touched the wrong button. Whoa, steady, whoa, ole iron!" he shouted. Then turning his head to one side he called out: "Tippy, Tippy, where the 'ell is the brake? For Gawd's sake stop 'im before 'e shakes me into a jelly!"

Tippitt's animal jangled up beside that on which Bindle was mounted, and both once more fell back into the ponderous lope at which they had started. With great caution Bindle raised himself into an upright position.

"I wonder wot made 'im do a thing like that," he said reproachfully. "Bruised me all over 'e 'as. I shan't be able to sit down for a month. 'Ere, stop 'im, Tippy. I'm gettin' orf."

Tippitt stretched out his hand and brought both horses to a standstill. Bindle slipped ungracefully over his animal's tail.

"You can 'ave 'im, Tippy, ole sport, I'm goin' to walk," he announced. "When I get tired o' walking, I'll get on a bus. I'll meet you at Wimbledon Common;" and Tippitt, his cigarette hanging loosely from a still looser lower lip, reached over, caught the animal's bridle and, without comment, continued on his way westward.

"Well, live 'an learn," mumbled Bindle to himself. "I don't care wot a jockey gets; but 'e earns it, every penny. Fancy an 'orse bein' as 'ard as that. Catch you up presently, Tippy," he cried. "Mind you don't fall orf," and Bindle