

ADVENTURES OF BINDLE

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF THE LODGER

BANG! even Bindle was startled by the emphasis with which Mrs. Bindle placed upon the supper-table a large pie-dish containing a savoury-smelling stew.

"Anythink wrong?" he enquired solicitously, gazing at Mrs. Bindle over the top of the evening paper.

"Wrong!" she cried. "Is there anything right?"

"Well, there's beer, an' Beatty, an' the boys wot's fightin'," began Bindle suggestively.

"Don't talk to me!" Mrs. Bindle banged a plate of stew in front of Bindle, to which he applied himself earnestly.

For some minutes the only sound was that occasioned by Bindle's enjoyment of his supper, as he proceeded to read the newspaper propped up in front of him.

"You're nice company, aren't you?" cried Mrs. Bindle, making a dive with the spoon at a potato, which she transferred to her plate. "I