

MILLIE'S WEDDING

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rare lot for funerals." Mr. Hearty turned and gazed at Bindle uncomprehendingly.

It was Bindle who snatched the first kiss from the bride, and it was he who, in the vestry, lightened the depressing atmosphere by his cheerfulness. Mrs. Hearty in mauve and violet dabbed her eyes and beat her breast with rigid impartiality. Mr. Hearty strove to brush his hat into respectability.

Millie, clinging to her soldier-husband, stood with downcast eyes. Bindle looked at her with interest, as she stood a meek and charming figure in a coat and skirt of puritan grey, with a toque of the same shade.

Mr. Sopley shook hands mechanically with everybody, casting up his eyes to heaven as if mournfully presaging the worst.

"About the gloomiest ole cove I ever come across," whispered Bindle to Mrs. Hearty, whereat she collapsed upon a seat and heaved with silent laughter.

It was Bindle who broke up the proceedings.

"Now then, Charlie, 'op it, I'm 'ungry!" he said; and Charlie Dixon, who had seemed paralysed, moved towards the vestry door.

It was Bindle who held on Mr. Hearty's hat when he entered his carriage, and it was Bindle who heaved and pushed Mrs. Hearty until she was able to take her place beside her lawful spouse.