"I'm going to keep calm with you," he said deliberately, "because, so far as I can see, you've taken leave, for the present, of your senses. You'll be sorry for it when you come back to 'em. Now then, let's make out a list. 'For not answering when called, one shilling.'"

He wrote this carefully on a page, regarding it with satisfaction at the finish. "See what that means? That means, for every time you pretend to be deaf when I shout at you, you'll be docked a bob at the end of the week."

" I see."

"Just as well you do," remarked Baynes threateningly. "We will now proceed to the next item: 'Food not cooked to W. B.'s satisfaction, one-and-six.' How many t's in 'satisfaction'?"

"Many as you like."

"Impudence," he continued, writing as he spoke, "one-and-three. Wait a bit; I haven't finished yet. 'Clean collar not ready when required, sixpence.'"

"There won't be anything left," mentioned his wife, "if you put many more down."

"Rests with you," giving a careless gesture. "All you've got to do is to see that none of these rules are broken. I shall take the trouble presently of copying out the list, and you'll do well to stick it up on the wall in some prominent position, so that you can