

MILLIE'S WEDDING

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Mrs. Bindle sniffed and continued patting her hair with the palm of her hand. Bindle still stood regarding his crush-hat regretfully.

"You can't wear a hat like that at a wedding," snapped Mrs. Bindle; "that's for a dress-suit." Bindle heaved a sigh.

"I'd a liked to 'ave worn a top 'at at Millikins' weddin'," he remarked with genuine regret; "but as you'd say, Mrs. B.," he remarked, regaining his good-humour, "Gawd 'as ordained otherwise, so i' a 'ard 'at for J.B. to-day."

"Remember you're going to chapel, Bindle," remarked Mrs. Bindle, "and it's a sin to enter the House of God with blasphemy upon your lips."

"Is it really?" was Bindle's only comment, as he produced the hard hat and began to brush it with the sleeve of his coat. This done he took up a position behind Mrs. Bindle, bent his knees and proceeded to fix it on his head, appropriating to his own use such portion of the mirror as could be seen beneath Mrs. Bindle's left arm.

"Oh, get away, do!" Mrs. Bindle turned on him angrily; but Bindle had achieved his object, and had adjusted his hat at what he felt was the correct angle for weddings. He next turned his attention to a large white rose, which he proceeded to force into his buttonhole. This time he took up a position on Mrs. Bindle's right and, going through the same process, managed to get the complete effect of the buttonhole plus the hat. He next proceeded to draw on a pair of