

from the carriage, and led her into the chapel. Mrs. Bindle reminded Mr. Hearty of his duty. Putting his hat on his head, he entered the chapel door. It was Mrs. Bindle also who reminded him of his mistake.

"It's a good omen, Uncle Joe," whispered Millie as she clung to Bindle's arm.

"Wot's a good omen, Millikins?" enquired Bindle.

"Tha, you should take me in instead of father," she whispered just as Mr. Hearty bustled up and relieved Bindle.

There was a craning of necks and a hum of voices as Mr. Hearty, intensely nervous, led his daughter up to the altar. Bindle followed, carrying Mr. Hearty's hat and umbrella.

"My! don't 'is Nibs look smart," Bindle muttered to himself, as he caught sight of Charlie Dixon standing at the further end of the chapel.

The Rev. Mr. Sopley had come up from Eastbourne specially for the occasion, Millie refusing to be married by Mr. MacFie. The ceremony dragged its mournful course to the point where Millie and Charlie Dixon had become man and wife. Mr. Sopley then plunged into a lugubrious address full of dreary foreboding. He spoke of orphans, widowhood, plague and famine, the uncertainty of human life and the persistent quality of sin.

"'E ain't much at marrying," whispered Bindle to Mr. Hearty; "but 'e ought to be worth a