

Dixon's enlisted, an' Millie's as proud as an wot's laid an egg. 'Earty's a different m but it's Mrs. B. wot does me. She'd take edge orf a chisel. Gentle! I'd like to m the man 'oo'd got the pluck to try it on wi' M B." And Bindle laughed good-humouredly.

"An' to think," continued Bindle, looking quizzically from Dick Little to his wife, "think that I 'elped you two to get tied up."

Mrs. Little laughed gaily, and Bindle drank deeply of a large glass of ale at his elbow.

"I'm afraid you're a terrible misogynist," said Mr. Bindle, "said Mrs. Little.

"A wot, mum?" queried Bindle, with a corrugated brow.

"A woman-hater," explained Little.

"There you're wrong, mum, if yer'll allow me to say so; I don' 'ate women."

"But," persisted Mrs. Little, "you are always suggesting how happy the world would be without us."

Bindle removed his cigar from his mouth and bending forward towards Mrs. Little, remarked impressively, "You got 'old o' the wrong end o' the stick, mum. I ain't got nothink to say agin women. I likes the ladies."

"But," broke in Little, "didn't you solemnly warn me, Bindle? Now own up."

"That's quite correct," replied Bindle, with undisturbed composure. "I did as I would like a mate to do by me, I jest put up me 'and