

came forth. "Will you 'ave both on us, *now*, M'riar?" he said.

Mrs. Biggles stared, gasped. "Biggles," she said faintly, "what—what's *that*?"

For answer his arms swiftly relaxed; he drew forth a battered but glittering trombone, holding it lovingly in the hollow of his arm.

"*Both* on us?" he demanded.

Then I knew: Biggles and "The Worst Trombonist in America" were one.

For an instant Mrs. Biggles recoiled, then: "Ow-h, Biggles!" she cried, opening her arms, "it ain't the cornick—but it's *you*!" And she embraced them both.

THE END