

Humphrey's, when a blatant shout reached us from the darkness of the road. It resembled the croak of a bullfrog more than the sound of a human voice, yet it appeared to me like: "M'riar!"—and I was not surprised that Mrs. Biggles, in her state of nerves, uttered a little shriek when she heard it.

There was a tense, petrified silence, then: "Be that *you*, M'riar?" resounded near at hand, and Mrs. Biggles darted ahead.

When we overtook her she was embracing a stocky little man who stood in the road, stolid, unresponsive, silent, clasping in both arms a strangely shaped object in a green baize cover.

"It's Biggles!" cried his delighted wife. "'Old the lantern, Joe."

The light fell on that odd, woodeny figure, standing unmoved like an image, save for the rapid blinking of a pair of small, dark eyes. And this was Biggles! Where had I seen that broad, flat nose, the pursed-up projecting mouth, with its peculiar fixed smugness, the large, mallet-shaped head?

Suddenly one side of his upper lip lifted and a brief remark in the same hard croaking tone