

had their arms cut off to stop the blood poisoning. And to think it all came from my sitting down last evening to sew on buttons! Really, Mrs. Biggles just sat there with the tears streaming down, to think she had neglected to look over my garments, and had thus been indirectly the cause of the accident. And didn't I know perfectly well that any little sewing I needed would be just a pleasure to her or Olivia?

Good Lord!

I did the only thing I could do. When a man's mind breaks loose and begins to flap in the wind, he had better remain silent, hold on with both hands and look intelligent.

I thought the accident had happened that very morning, that I had been sewing the booby bag instead of buttons, that there was no night before; and I had no recollection of walking the floor, or of appearing sweet and gentle, and I didn't remember any swelling in my arm. Therefore I listened to Aunt Anne in wonderment.

What a talker Mrs. Biggles was! Olivia had a nervous headache this morning, but she couldn't help laughing and then crying over the story of a dog that Biggles brought home to her two or