

criminal to the attic, where Mrs. Biggles would not be likely to find me, and where I could meditate undisturbed. There my eye fell upon the sleeping-bag. I had forgotten it, forgotten Joseph and Jenny; now their trials came back to me, the trivial petty quarrels, so foolish, so needless, so easily made up. I stood over the bag in deep thought, recalling Joseph's suggestion with a bitter smile, then I sat down beside it, threaded the needle and began to sew. It was tough work, but I made three stitches, marvelling at the amount of imaginary misery which must have inspired Joseph to accomplish so much; then at the fourth I found myself subsiding into a strange dogged calm, and being wrapped in thought I absently ran the eye of the needle into my thumb. One might suppose that in my condition a trifling accident would scarcely cause pain, but this one did; indeed, I jumped up, flung the bag from me, squeezed the thumb and said things; and then I kicked the precious sleeping-bag about the floor with infinite relish. I suppose I must have made considerable noise, and have kept up the pastime long enough to attract Mrs. Biggles, for presently she appeared with a bottle of liniment in her hand.