

pleasure of handing him over to his wife, worthless as a man must be who could basely desert her for months as he had done; but, as it was, Olivia and I could do nothing but feel pitying, and indignant with Biggles, and also with Mrs. Biggles for wanting him. But Aunt Anne succeeded in calming her by the assurance that for her part she should think that any person with common sense would know she was better off without him. And Mrs. Biggles's fount of tears dried on the instant, and with dignified utterance she remarked that no one couldn't possibly understand who 'adn't never 'ad a man to do without.

And scarcely had this remark reached our ears when it was followed by an ecstatic cry of, "Oh, *Maw!*" in a different feminine voice; and once more we halted and listened to the unmistakable sound of two women laughing and weeping for joy in each other's arms, and this was mingled with excited masculine ejaculations.

"Almira—*Biggles!*" whispered Olivia, pressing my arm.

"*Teeterley!*" I gasped.

I think we both had an impulse to turn and