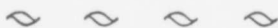


to be the most sumptuous one in the history of this generation of Biggleses. Everything is ready, but she fears that at the last she will become a mourner at the feast, and succumb to her grief before the children at the sight of the vacant chair. Her eyes are red, and she admits that she could see but dimly to stuff the turkey, and now that it is stuffed and trussed, she doesn't know how she will summon courage to put it in the oven, for there is something in its appearance so like—Biggles!



How can I begin to chronicle last night's events? My head is a seething maelstrom which refuses to disentangle things into logical sequence, and amid the eddying whirl the only piece of flotsam that I can see quite clearly is the certainty that Olivia would never kiss a creature she hated, could never kiss a man she loathed.

Yes, that is the miracle which has been wrought; how, I do not know, nor do I seem to care.

Yesterday afternoon I had firmly determined not to engage in a tussle with fate until that