

and confessed the truth: (and more!) that instead of sewing on buttons, I had been working night and day with a bleeding 'eart on the sleeping-bag that I had promised Jenny to burn!

Hysterical laughter startled us: we stood still and listened. It was Mrs. Biggles's voice; and Aunt Anne's, persuasive, expostulatory, rose above it, demanding why she was sitting on the cold ground, and why she laughed. And again Mrs. Biggles's voice broke into laughter or grief, we couldn't be sure which, and then: "There's something so simple and hinnercent about young people!" she cackled, and relapsed once more into hysterics.

And again Aunt Anne reasoned and entreated, and by the time we had drawn nearer, the two women were walking together, but Mrs. Biggles's words were broken by real sobs. "I'll tell you the truth, *Miss 'Umphrey*," we heard her say, "the real truth! It's *Biggles*!—I want *Biggles*!" and her voice broke into a pathetic wail.

Now, if Biggles had been an inanimate object which could have been purchased in a shop, I would cheerfully have paid a large sum for the