

his pocket, fearing perhaps that she might resent his conduct and order the destruction of the remainder of his pets

The weary governess looked aghast at the brownish creature which was regarding her with some surprise from the top of the newspaper. She hastily brushed it on to the floor, where it instantly sought shelter beneath the seat.

"How horrible !" she said. "There is a black-beetle in the carriage."

Jackie and Vi, seeing at once by her expression that black-beetles were not popular pets in her eyes, sat as still as two little mice.

Jackie's mother shared Miss Forman's view of the situation, and endeavoured to dislodge the intruder by vigorously prodding at him with her parasol.

"It is too bad of the railway company," she said, "to put such dirty carriages on the line !"

Jackie silently kicked Vi, and both became intent upon the view from the carriage window, neither daring to look at the other for fear of giving way to the suppressed laughter which they were trying their best to stifle. In doing so he thoughtlessly crushed the precious box which contained the cockroaches, who, thus released from durance vile, made themselves quite at home in his pocket.

The train whirled along, past meadows wherein peaceful cows chewed the cud of contentment, through villages nestling round their time-worn churches like chicks about a mother-hen, over bridges, under bridges, until the cravings of two juvenile appetites sought to be stayed by lunch. Miss Forman produced a wicker basket which had hitherto reposed beneath the seat, and opened it. She shut the lid very quickly, for upon the very top of the sandwiches reposed the wandering cockroach, who had made his way through the wicker.