

Down the garden path came the servant girl called Jane, whose erring feet had broken through their first tunnel. In her hands was a mysterious parcel, large, and neatly tied, and addressed to Masters John Thompson and James Burton. She handed it to the boys and stood looking on with feminine curiosity to know its contents, and not even Jack's suggestion that it might be a dynamite machine could induce her to go away.

Jim whipped out his knife and cut the cord, tearing the paper off and revealing a large box. Two heads bumped together in the feverish anxiety to examine the contents.

"My stars!" exclaimed Jack, when he had grasped the inward gloriousness of it all. "What a nobby rig out. It's a telephone, and wire, and cells, and all the jolly shoot. It *can't* be for us!"

"Can't it?" was the reply. "I don't see why it shouldn't, anyhow. Hello! Here's a note!"

He tore it open and read it. Then he laughed a little awkwardly.

"It's all right," he explained. "We're to rig it up between your show and mine and let him know how it works. But I say, Jack, somebody's been telling tales out of school. I'll warrant it's that beggar Art."

"What d'you mean?" asked Jack. "Who's it from, and what's the blabbing been about?"

He snatched at the note, with no excessive formality of courtesy.

"Crumbs!" he exclaimed. "He's a brick; but, oh! I say, I wonder how he knew we called him *that*."

For the note ended:—

"From your Old Friend,
"GRUMPING."

[THE END.]