

The offender was taken cautiously within the folds of a newspaper, and cast outside the railway carriage, adrift into the great beyond. Jackie murmured something about cruelty to animals, but was promptly suppressed; the weather was too hot for argument.

Luncheon finished, the children's hands were decidedly greasy, showing fragments of their meal.

"Now then, wipe your hands," said Miss Forman, "and you can go on looking out of the window."

Jackie pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket with a flourish, and with it came three very fine and lively cockroaches, who manifested the greatest concern at thus suddenly finding themselves thrust before the public gaze. Murder was out.

"Jackie," said Miss Forman, "how did those black-beetles get into your pocket?"

He produced the broken match-box.

"I suppose they got out," he said sorrowfully. "I'm sorry, 'cos I wanted to see them eat the crumbs, after lunch."

This temporary diversion distracted general attention from the offending insects, who hastily retired to the darker corners of the carriage, where they remained, despite repeated assertions on the part of one or other of the ladies in the carriage that a black-beetle was invading her skirts. So, after all, the cockroaches did help to amuse the children, though not in the way they had expected.

Jackie and Vi conversed together.

"What'd you be doing if you were back at home?" asked the former.

Vi thought for awhile.

"I know," she replied, with a flash of merriment in her eyes, as she leaned forward and whispered in Jackie's ear: "I should be going to the pond."

Jackie became very serious.