

Just as the servant girl came to summon them to tea, the door bell rang sharply and in bounced cousin Roderick with his bag and overcoat, and a loud salutation of "What cheer, blokes?"

His mode of entrance was sufficient to show that Uncle James was not with him, and as he hung up his overcoat and threw his cap into a corner, he explained :

"Uncle met me at the station and sent me on. He told me to say that he can't get home till about eight. We are to have our tea, and not wait for him. Come on, blokes!"

The "blokes" accordingly adjourned to

sight, and there was a young chap got in, and he stowed his dog, a grand little terrier it was, up in the rack, so as the guard wouldn't drop on him, you know—"

"More likely the dog would drop on the guard up there," said Jack, kicking at Cuthbert, who was neglecting his duty of listening to Roderick.

"Stop it, can't you!" cried Cuthbert.

"Well, give me some more tea then, not such slush as the last, and more sugar. Get out, I'll make it myself!"

"You won't!" quoth Cuthbert, rising up with the sugar basin. "I'll sugar your head for you."



HE LOOSED HIS HOLD ON THE BOX INSTANTLY, AND SHRIEKED HYSTERICALLY.

the dining-room, dispensing for the occasion with the formalities of hair-brushing and hand-washing.

Cuthbert undertook the tea-making, and the housekeeper and the girl retired to the kitchen, shaking their heads over the unusual uproar beginning in the dining-room.

The three boys round the table were perfectly happy. They ate, drank and shouted anecdotes at one another with a running fire of raillery and laughter.

"Such a lark coming down in the train," vociferated Roderick, with his mouth full of cake. "There was an old bloke, such a

After a short struggle, in which the teapot was overturned, and the butter knocked off on to the hearth-rug, where an expectant cat was waiting, Jack got his tea and returned to his seat.

Meanwhile Roderick's narrative had flowed cheerfully on, and at this point became audible again.

"He thought it was me, and he said to me, 'You little rip, you ; for two pins I'd pitch you out of the carriage!' He was in a Scot!"

"Have a cake," replied Cuthbert, who was steaming gently, having received the teapot in his arms. "Pass Rod a cake, you lout!"