

"A tailor," answered Hythe junior.

A sudden hilarious shout greeted the announcement. At another time the subject would not have had any particular interest for anyone, but Mr. Abbot thoughtfully delaying his appearance, and a rag like the present one being infinitely preferable to Greek Unseen, the statement was seized on for all it was worth.

"A what-er?" asked Giffard incredulously.

"A tailor?" repeated the son of the gentleman in question, whose sense of humour appeared to be deficient.

"Did he make the togs you have on now?" asked Edwards inquisitively. Nugent himself, after the unexpected reply, had ceased to take any further interest in the proceedings.

Hythe didn't answer, and again Giffard gave him that finished twist of the arm which seemed to set every bone in the wrong place. Hythe jerked the insulted member away with more strength than Giffard had credited him with.

"Don't lose your temper, Scissors!" said Giffard genially.

"I shan't—Ginger!" promptly retorted the individual so addressed.

The repartee was not a particularly brilliant one, but Giffard's personal appearance was the only asset his victim had to go upon. And it was highly effective, since it