

his hand. And even as he cried the words, John Upcott, at the hint, and feeling his antagonist's strength, set his teeth in the man's throat. His own ribs were cracking, for the weazel was a man grown, an ugly devil too.

Then he found himself (it was the next thing he knew) standing cold in the street, glaring down on a gulping man, and hands were pulling him back; voices, almost caressing for some reason, saying: "All right, sonny. All right. But that's not an Englishman's way."

The man on the causey was struggling to his feet as the crowd thrust John and father away. The whole thing had not lasted long, the climax not a minute.

They went on in silence, long after they had passed from range of the immediate and curious eyes, the father now and then looking down on the boy, and John, with the tail of his eye, as the phrase is, aware of the frequent scrutiny, though he would not meet it. It was nothing to him, condemnatory or appreciative. Something had come between father and son for ever.

Upcott had several calls to make, many of them with a side-issue of liquidation in the nearest ordinary. Once said Upcott to his son, smiling fatherly on him:

"Now, John, there's no need for you to hang round with me seeing us have put up the nag. You can run off and see the ships, or what you fancy."

But John announced, with something of the aspect