

all! . . . he saw the boys again in the school procession, with the gowns he had thought to be so "tony" long since. . . . And at the same time the incomparable shame of the last evening blazed up in his mind.

"Have it your own way!" he said hoarsely.

"Oh, I knew you would walk up," said Huish. "Now for the letter. There's paper, pens, and ink. Sit down and I'll dictytle."

The captain took a seat and the pen, looked a while helplessly at the paper, then at Huish. The swing had gone the other way; there was a blur upon his eyes. "It's a dreadful business," he said, with a strong twitch of his shoulders.

"It's rather a start, no doubt," said Huish. "Tyke a dip of ink. That's it. *William John Attwater, Esq. Sir:*" he dictated.

"How do you know his name is William John?" asked Davis.

"Saw it on a packing case," said Huish. "Got that?"

"No," said Davis. "But there's another thing. What are we to write?"

"Oh, my golly!" cried the exasperated Huish. "Wot kind of man do *you* call yourself? *I'm* goin' to tell you wot to write; that's *my* pitch; if you'll just be so bloomin' condescendin' as to write it down! *William John Attwater, Esq., Sir:*" he