

"You shall!" Farquhar assured him tranquilly, with a slight squaring of his ample shoulders. "When I've finished with the kid. What's your name?" he demanded of the new-comer in an authoritative voice.

"Look alive there! Farquhar doesn't like to be kept waiting," drawled Nugent, an aristocratic, rather vicious looking fellow, with a slight sneer in his voice.

"Hythe," said the little boy, answering him, and not Farquhar.

"Christian name?" this from Farquhar, who resented Nugent's interference.

"Reginald Taunton."

"That's all?" cut in a chubby, pug-nosed individual with a face whose cherubic expression was singularly at variance with his character. "Now my name's only Spratt—but it's got two t's."

"What's your sister's name? Is she as pretty as you?" asked Samborne, a hearty young giant, taller even than Farquhar, if anything. The subtlety of the last question lay in the fact that whether answered in the negative or the affirmative it made its victim appear equally ridiculous.

"I haven't got a sister," answered Reginald Taunton, refusing to be drawn.

"Ever been to school before?" said Farquhar, continuing the catechism.

"Yes," said Hythe. "St. Luke's!"