

The general's knuckles showed white through the skin. Hythe and Nugent might have been playing to a silent world.

The fourth ball—a straight one—Hythe hooked for a couple, and then with the last of the over, a ringing yell went up as they saw it bounce off the outstretched hand of cover-point and race to the boundary. St. Osyth's had won on the stroke of time!

I needn't tell you how the school shouted itself hoarse with cheers until Hythe made them transfer some of their attentions in that way to Arundel. And if hearing so many nice things from the St. Osyth's Captain about his play, and what a ripping match it had been, altogether, and how close a shave at the finish, could atone to the Arundel Captain for defeat, then he ought to have been satisfied.

But it was Hythe's turn to have the nice things said to him, when the general presented him with the cup. And among other memorable utterances he said the Captain ought to make a great tactician in the future, and that when his nephew *entered the Army* he hoped Hythe would do the same.

So it was not to be the office stool! And if the Doctor had been Nugent's elder brother he couldn't have given him a gladder look.

But the general couldn't keep at that seraphic pitch all the time, and in the minute