

"You see, young man, it *was* possible."

Jickling said nothing, and walked along by my side, back to our tutor's house, without opening his lips. He was pale and moody, and I remember he kicked a particular pebble before him as he went, with a strange and absent expression.

At dinner time he said he was "not hungry," and went and shut himself up in his room. He had not re-appeared by tea-time; and as it so happened that I desired to see him that evening about something or other, I went to his room and opened the door. The hinges did not creak, so that he did not hear me, nor look up.

He was seated at his table, with his head buried in his arms, and he was sobbing as if his heart would break.

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Many changing years have come and gone since that memorable St. Andrew's day on which Asheton won the football match for his side, and showed the power of a resolved will to overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable; and on which Jickling—broken down at last, remembering his promise to Asheton—wept in the solitude of his room over his own perverseness and wasted opportunities.

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If you ask nowadays of any old Etonian—