

Hythe junior gave him rather a nice look. "I'm not likely to, dad," he said quietly.

"No more I believe you are," said his father, his florid face suddenly lighting up. "And because I am a risen man that's no reason why you should not have a chance with the best of 'em. If your mother had lived she'd have said the same too. That school you're at's no class when all's said and done. How should you like to go to one where you'd be in with the swells?"

"If they were decent chaps I shouldn't mind," said his son.

His parent surveyed him in some perplexity. "You're built different to me—always was," he remarked; "but to go back to what we were saying. One of the trustees of St. Osyth's is by way of being a friend of mine. I'll get you fixed up there before you're many weeks older."

Strange to say the Head of St. Osyth's did not view the matter in quite the same light as did Mr. Hythe. And when the latter called upon him with an explicit statement of his desires, he was met by the chilling information that St. Osyth's being full—indefinitely full—would unfortunately be unable to extend her hospitality to Reginald Taunton either at this or any future time.

But if the Doctor thought the matter was at an end there, he was very much mistaken.