

reason of its extreme injustice, was the unkindest cut of all. Involuntarily he raised his eyes to the speaker's face. The latter was pale and hatchet-shaped and belonged to a long, weedy individual, named Noad.

"Like to repeat that little remark of yours, Scissors?" said Gifford, releasing him at last.

"I shouldn't mind, Ginger!" returned his small antagonist obligingly.

"Good man!" said Phillpott under his breath.

When Gifford resumed business, it was not in quite the same playful spirit as before. "Say it again you silly little chump, if you dare!" he cried wrathfully.

"G-i-n-ger!" gasped out the other, the spluttery effort being due to extreme physical discomfort and shortness of breath.

Gifford looked round almost helplessly. With an opponent as obstinate as this what was one to do?

"All right, young Scissors—you wait!" he cried ominously.

But all the same he desisted from his labours, a fact which, all things considered, might be taken to mean a moral victory at least for Hythe junior.