

CHAPTER II

BETTER THAN GOLD

WHEN I called at the Priory the following evening to inquire after Miss Jocelyn's health I was shown into the library, where I found Sir Robert smoking. He greeted me with unusual warmth. 'Grace,' said he, in answer to my question, 'is all right, thanks to you, Clive, my boy. But now tell me,' he went on, after a little while, looking into my eyes, 'have you heard whether you've passed or not yet?'

'I heard yesterday that I had failed by two marks,' I replied, feeling very hot in the face.

Sir Robert raised his eyebrows. 'Well, all I can say is those two marks have lost the army a very good man!' he exclaimed. 'But don't you be down about it,' he added; 'it may turn out the best thing that could have happened to you. Look here!' and he picked