

and certainly everybody who helped him to unwind the red tape was full of gentleness. His lawyer was with him through all the arrangements, and after they were over Ebenezer looked at the lawyer thoughtfully, and said: "Man, Mr. McRitchie, I think I had better draw out a will. When one's sons begin to go it's a broad hint." The will was in favour of his wife, his son John, and his daughter-in-law.

Then he went home and found Rachel, as he told kind inquirers, "Wonderful. Yes, thank you, she's keeping up bravely. Thank you for your kindness." But for himself all was not well. From the funeral he returned complaining (as had Charlie MacDougall of the Winceys complained to Archie Templeman not long since) of feeling tired, simply had to sit down, thought he would go to bed. The damp, thawy air of the necropolis had percolated clean through him. He developed a high fever, was delirious, or rambling, spoke a deal of one called "Jessie," writhed and worried again through a difficult speech to Martin (evidently back in the little room in the "digs" in that street off New City Road), trying to clear up tangles and help things on for the best. "Man, man Martin, ye see—your mother hadn't mentioned it." On the next afternoon he sat up in bed, coherent, and called: "Wife! Wife!"

Rachel Sinclair Moir was lying down in the next room beginning to wonder if, perhaps, in some little things, now and then, she had been hard. She hastened to him.

"Rachel woman," said he, "I'm bye with it. I forgive ye, woman. Gi' me a kiss, Rachel woman."

The exertion of trying to stretch to her as she bent over him, raining tears, was too much for him. He was absurdly weak.

"You'll not forget the insurance," he said. "The