

“So he was at Tougal Stewart’s store on the first of October early in the morning before the shutters wass taken off, and he paid half chust exactly to keep his word. Then the crop wass ferry pad next year, and the year after that one of his horses wass killed py lightning, and the next year his brother, that wass not rich and had a big family, died, and do you think wass my grandfather to let the family be disgraced without a good funeral? No, indeed. So my grandfather paid for the funeral, and there was at it plenty of meat and drink for eferybody, as wass the right Hielan’ custom those days; and after the funeral my grandfather did not feel chust exactly able to pay the other half for the plough that year either.

“So, then, Tougal Stewart met my grandfather in Cornwall next day after the funeral, and asked him if he had some money to spare.

“‘Wass you in need of help, Mr. Stewart?’ says my grandfather, kindly. ‘For if it’s in any