

talk as man to man; though ye're hardly worth the name in some ways, and I'm more than a match for ye when it does not come to wrestlin'."

Martin opened his mouth, but closed it again without speaking. Greg's old personality had reasserted itself, all his old dominance and compelling power were summoned for this final defence of his; for the defence that by excellent generalship he turned into a counter attack.

"Nay, ye've had yer say, such as it is," he continued, "and now I'll have mine; and when I've finished ye'll see vairy plainly just why I'll *not* take the cure, and why ye'll make it convenient to leave my house to-morrow mornin'."

"Well, go on," said Martin, bracing himself. It was all over. He had done his best. Greg might say anything he liked now. Martin, with a swift glance back over the last three months, saw nothing for which he could be blamed.

"Ye were a decent enough lad when ye first came," said Greg, "I liked ye, I thought ye were honest and straightforward; and I was pleased with the way ye tackled yer work, and yer loyalty to me in that Wotter-hoose business. I flatter myself I'm a good judge of character, but it seems I was mistaken in this instance."

"Why?" asked Martin, flushed and miserable.

"Och! I found ye out. I saw ye were makin' love to Maggie behind my back; hidin' it to me and pretendin' to my face that ye only had my welfare at heart, while all the time ye were tryin' to seduce the woman I was engaged to. Och! hold yer tongue, will ye. I know ye'll deny it. Ye're the sort that thinks it a fine thing to pretend to uphold what ye call the honour of a woman, after ye've done all ye can to steal it away from her. Aye! and I ken well, too, that ye've deceived yerself about yer own virtues. Ye've never once had a wrong thought of her, ye'd say, and maybe, in one way, it would be true enough. But that is only because ye're so full of the cant of yer class. If Maggie had not been what she is, a