

'But, Nathan,' I said, 'you needn't eat them unless you like. You've to grow them, and then you sell them. There might be money in it for you, and for your goodness of heart in offering me all these envelopes I want to pay for the putting up of the glass-houses and stoves and piping; that will be a small return for all your kindness to me. You know all about the growing of tomatoes?'

'Ay, brawly.'

'And what do you think about it, then, Nathan?'

'What would Betty say, think ye?'

'I don't know,' I said, 'but we'll soon hear.'

Betty was baking soda-scones, and when she was free to leave her girdle she came in, and I told her all I had told Nathan. She looked from me to Nathan, and then, answering a sign, she went up and leaned over his bedside. I heard a throttled sob and a whispered word or two. Thinking they wished to talk it over by themselves, I slipped into the kitchen.

In a minute Betty was with me. 'Maister Weelum,' she said, and her lip trembled, 'Nathan, puir falla, broke doon there. He didna want you to see. He says he's obleeged to ye, but—but—but—it's no' worth while.'

I laid my hand on her shoulder in silent sympathy. Without a word she turned to her