

have another try; to begin all over again. Won't you have a try, old man. We'll help you."

Greg roused himself, he lifted his arms and yawned. "Och! I'll have heard that before," he said in a bored voice. "Why will ye be startin' that caunt all over again? Why, for Heaven's sake, don't ye go off with Maggie and leave me to mysel'. I'll not be wantin' either of ye."

"I don't want to go off," said Martin, with an assumption of firmness. "We both want to stay here and help you."

"Och! I couldn't be a party to such a scandalous arrangement," said Greg, with a hoot. "It wouldn't be proper, I'm thinkin'. Nae, nae, laddie; ye must take her away and marry her."

But Martin was not to be put off again. He saw, now, the trap that was set for him. "Well, if you prefer it, I will go away," he said, "but I must stay until you have taken the cure again."

"Hoo! hoo!" laughed Greg. "I'd not leave ye two in the house for another three weeks on any consideration. I'd not have it on my conscience."

"Very well, I'll go away at once," said Martin. "The point is, will you take the cure."

"I will not."

"You must."

Greg shifted in his chair uncomfortably. For a moment Martin believed that in spite of all he was winning.

"You must," he repeated.

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"Ay, laddie, I must, must I?" Greg turned suddenly and looked Martin full in the face. "And ye'll make me, will ye? Eh! but ye're a fine lad. Now, just sit ye quiet and listen to me. I'll be frank with ye. We'll have no more haverin' and hairsplittin' about this, but a fair