

spittin' a' ower the hoose, an' keepin' up the fireside 'at the bairns canna win near't. We'll need to see fat Geordie says till this; for I widna nane care aboot stan'in't ony lang'er. 'The deil a thing ye'll dae,' says she, "bit read that stite o' papers an' trac' things fae mornin' tae nicht."

That wiz *The People's Journal*, ye ken, an' a buik an' some aul' Soshlist papers 'at I got tae read fae the Doctor—a richt nice young faila an' a reed-het Soshlist—an' some Soshlist pamphlets 'at I got fae Chairlie Willimson, the millert. Weel, min, she clytich't on that gait for a strucken oor. 'Tell't me that Geordie didna appruv o' thae kin' o' things; an' that Mains o' Bigeck an the laird widna be smilin' gin they cam in by an' got a man 'at had aiten their breid for mony a year an' day lauchin' ower schaimes tae root them oot o' hoose an lan'. "He's a gey queer lawd, that Doctor," she gaed on, "playin' the banjo an' singin' sangs on the Sawbbath day, as the fowk h'ard 'im deein' ae day as they were comin' hame fae the kirk, an' then comin' oot rampagin' throu the fields wi' twa chiels fae the toon. Some fowk hiz ower little adee. An' as for that Chairlie Willimson, there's nae bidin' 'im sin him an' the Doctor began tae collogue wi' ane anither. Nae a lassie i' the place gweed aneuch for 'im noo." An' there on she gaed.

Weel, I never loot on 'at I h'ard 'er—fat's the eese?—bit fin Geordie cam hame she got on tae him, an' he