

seem't tae hae his story ready tee—I'm thinkin' they hid hid it a' throu han' afore—an' he yokit till's aul' father like anither day's wark. Bit, faith ye, I didna lat 'im hae't a's ain wye, nae by a lang chalk : it maybe micht 'a been better gin I hid. I gyau 'im the fu' o' my crap about the Laird an' Mains baith, an' a' the lairds an' Maineses o' them ; for they a' haud the whup an' ploo the rig i' the same wye. 'Tak as muckle oot o' ye as they can rug as lang's ye're able, an' then fin ye canna keep up wi' the young'er men, pack ye awa tae the Hoose, or lat ye dee in a ditch gin it wizna for chokin't an' raisin' a stink i' the neighbourhood.

Weel, min, Geordie flar't up waur an' waur ; an' at the lang len'th he said there sud nae ane haudin' opingins like that sit at his fireside. I had been readin' that havers (an he pintit tae the papers an' things) till my aul' heid hid gotten clean donnert wi' them. It wiz jist fair spite an' envy o' my betters that wiz garrin' me cairry on the wye I wiz deein'. I hid made naething o' the warl mysel, he said, an' I wiz jist ettlin' to lay a' the blame on ither fowk. There wiz nae gweed could come o't, naither tae mysel nor tae them 'at I wiz depen'in' on ; an' the Doctor micht hae deen them mony a better turn nor to set an aul' man girnin' an' growlin' against Church an' State an' a' wisselike thing roon aboot 'im. As for that Chairlie Willimson, he wiz a rale sceptic, an' John Reid, his maister, wad set 'im aboot's business erelang. An' as for me, he wad tell me this nicht