

headache, and her aunt coaxed her to lie still, and gave her a cup of tea.

"There noo, let me wipe yer face an' hands wi' a wet tool, and ye'll feel better. Pit doon the bit o' paper out o' yer hand, or it'll get a wet."

"Oh! no, aunty, I must take care of that."

"Then lay it under yer pillow, an' it'll be safe."

"Oh! no, Aunty, Maggie. First tell me are you my fast friend?"

"Eh! yes, lass, I'm yer only triend be yer father's side, an' I'd da as much for ye as if ye was my ain sister."

"Then, Aunt Magg, I want you to bring me something that will make me die right off; rat poison, or I don't care what, and bury this bit of paper with me. Now promise, promise."

"Na, na, Maud, I couldna da that my woman, but will ye no tell me what the bit o' paper is about?"

"No! I want George. You'll not do anything for me at all."

"Speak low, speak low, my woman. Ye canna see George till ye tell me what ye want wi' him."

"Oh, dear! must I tell you? When I was coming from granny's yesterday I met Abb, and he gave me this note. Young Cliff has given me up, taken up with another girl." And the poor thing sobbed and cried as if her heart would break. "Now go down and send George to me."

"Maud, what for de ye want him?"

"I want to tell him about Cliff, and get him to make me his wife and take me away from here, I don't like this place. "Oh! aunty, do, do. I can't bear this suspense. Oh! I'll go down myself, there now," she said, springing over the bed.

"Eh! na, na, my woman, ye canna' see George. Eh, Maud, lassie, it winna da to tell George about Cliff. George wad murder Cliff. Eh! my bonnie lassie. Da ye think he wad let the man live that deceived his sister? Na, na, George maunie ken. Take another cup of tea and a cracker. There noo, rest a bit, and ye'll feel better."

Ah! Maggie knew the secret of calming the nerves by attending to the wants of the stomach.

In the evening:—

"Oh! golly, mother, I have got a situation! Have I better clothes to put on to go with?"

"Abbie, are you mad? What do you want with a situation? What are you going to do?"

"Here is the paper. See, 'Black on White,' what I am to do and what I am to get."

She took the greasy paper and glanced over it. "Abbie! what in this world have you gone and hired yourself without my consent or knowledge to that gipsy circus for? What do you mean? You can't go."

"Golly, don't you go to stop me now, mother. You'll find I can't be beat. Write your name just there, quick."

"What will I do that for? No, I have done that too often already, Abbie."