

and that I endured daily the torments of the damned in keeping my tongue between my teeth, when he came on with his blethers wit to try the fortitude of my patience—and all for love of you, Jennie?"

"To be sure I do, Dumfries," said Jennie; but what has that to do——"

"And do you remember," interrupted Dumfries, "that I was nearly shipped off to the West Indies, as innocent of all thoughts or desires thereto as a bale of Osnaburghs; and that to escape, I was fain to lay eighteen hours on my back without turning, and to swallow loads of such stuff as it makes my soul sick but to think of—and all for love of you, Jennie."

"To be sure I do, dear Dumfries; yet, you know, the doctor said you were all the better, body and spirit, for the screed of castor-oil you got from him, and of doctrine from the minister, —but for goodness' sake and mine, what has that to do——"

"Then, know, now," cried Dumfries, impatiently, "that my life and liberty have been attacked! single-handed I fought for three hours against sixteen murderers, set on me by your father and your new woer—and when they found they could not kill me so easily, they bound me head and foot, and carried me out into the woods and put me on board a ship bound for Africa, and from which I escaped by little short of a miracle, swimming all the way below the water 'till I gained the shore—and all for love of you, Jennie!"

Almost screaming with surprise and horror, Jennie heard this dreadful narrative, which it would have been impossible for her to believe, but for the irrefragable evidence before her in Dumfries' person, dripping with the very water through which he had swam, and bruised with the very blows he had suffered. Her eyes filled with tears, and regardless of the damage her dress might sustain by the contact, she threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, what shall we do," cried she; "that hateful old villain will murder you before my eyes—I almost wish you had gone to——"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Dumfries, "I'll tell you what we shall do—you shall run away with me!"

"A likely story, indeed!" said Jennie, raising her head coquettishly from Dumfries' shoulder.

"I know the baillie," continued her lover; "when all is over, and cannot be helped, he will rather be glad, honest man, to have got over the fash he had between me and old Snell-

drake—at any rate I cannot stay here to be turned out of doors, transported, poisoned, stabbed and drowned—I am off to-night."

"To-night!"

"Ay, to-night," said Dumfries, in his most peremptory tone; and then lowering his voice, and taking Jennie by the hand, added softly, and looking fondly in her face, "will you go with me, Jennie!"

Jennie still said,—“A likely story,” but in a less decided tone.

"I have a plan," said Dumfries, not seeming to doubt of her consent, "by which we shall have the start a whole night, difficult as it is now-a-days to get sight or speech of you. I will contrive to be locked into the warehouse to-night, where you can easily join me by the door which communicates with the dwelling-house, and which is never locked. You shall then, for want of a better mode of egress, just make the venture you did when you were lassie,—descend into the street, from the upper window, by the crane,—only I will take care to fasten a chair to the clicks and tie you well on. As for myself, I can slide down the rope after you, as I have often done."

Unfortunately this plan was overheard by the West Indian, who happened to be prowling about the house, when, in order to disappoint them, he resolved to watch himself, and actually did take his position under the window at an early hour of the night. Not being accustomed to such exertion, he soon grew tired of the job he had undertaken, when, to add to his other perplexities, sleep overcame him so completely that he could hardly stand on his feet. In this predicament, afraid to rest on the damp ground for fear of rheumatism, and determined not to quit the rope by which the hopes of his love and hate seemed to be depended, he was fain to carry a stave from the shed, and fastening it by the middle to the iron click of the important rope, to rest his weary limbs by sitting on it astride, whilst he embraced the hempen comforter with his arms. It was in this singular and most unaccustomed posture that he was pointed out by Dumfries to his trembling mistress.

We do not presume to follow the thoughts of the worthy gentleman while he sat taking his rest in so unusual a fashion; but it is probable that they may have been disturbed by certain associations connected with the article he hugged so closely in its union with the projecting beam above, otherwise the swinging motion he was obliged to undergo, from the rope having already reached its utmost length