

his being able to command nerve enough to go through with it. At length, however, he said with a grim smile, that he "thocht it wad na be a bad plan, and that he would undertake it." But even while he expressed this determination, a cold shiver came over him, and his teeth chattered in his head. The prize and the reward held out to his valour was a splendid one; the undivided society of Betsy (for Bob knew nothing of the visits of the gardener), and he resolved to secure it at all hazards. "But," said Bob, with a desire of alleviating as much as possible the part he was to act, "I may wait lang eneuch for Andrew, unless I kent precisely the nicht and the hour he wad pass, and ye ken the kirkyard's but an eerie place to wait in." "Oh, but I'll manage that Robbie, lad," quoth Betsy. "Andrew 'ill be here the morn's nicht—that's Wednesday; now, I'll engage him to come again on Thursday night at eight o'clock, so that if ye're at the kirkyard by about half-past seven or sae, ye're sure to ha'e him in less than a quarter o' an hour." The lover grinned with satisfaction, and shortly after took his leave; having, however previously again promised to Betsy to enact the part assigned to him.

On the following night, as Betsy had calculated, Andrew made his appearance, and was received with an unwonted welcome by his fair captivor. Andrew was delighted with his reception; for, as in the case of his rival, it was so marked as to be at once perceptible. "When did you see Bob, Andrew?" "No this some time," replied the latter, "and I carena if I should never see him." "Nor me either," rejoined Betsy; "he's a stupid gomerall." "And what do you encourage him for then, Betty?" inquired her lover. "We encourage him! My word, I gie him no encouragement! I canna bide the sicht o' him, and wad gie the best gown I hae to get quat o' him."

To make a long tale short, the wicked Betsy played off precisely the same game with Andrew that she had done with Bob; he was to frighten his rival the following night, and in the same manner. This matter arranged, Andrew shortly after went his way, but it was by no means with a light heart; for the promise he had made hung heavy on his spirits, and the thoughts of the part he had undertaken to act, chilled him not a little. He, however, determined to go through with it; the hope of supplanting his rival rising superior to his fears, and endowing him with a desperate resolution that by no means belonged to his natural character. The reader will observe that the two made-up figures were, by Betty's wicked ingenuity, now fairly pitted against each other at the same place and hour. The plot was no doubt reprehensible. The eventful night having arrived, and the appointed hour being at hand, Bob slipped out of his master's house, with one of the sheets of his bed rolled up in a pocket handkerchief, and stuffed beneath his buttoned jacket. Thus provided, with a beating heart, and by no means the firmest step, or most tightly braced

nerve, he proceeded to the scene of action. The night was admirably adapted for this purpose, there being just the precise quantity of moonlight that shows him off to the best advantage; not so much as to divulge details, but just enough to set the imagination on the stretch, and to set it a working on the slightest hint.

As Bob approached the churchyard, a cold sweat broke out over him, and he felt his knees very sensibly yielding under him at every two or three steps. He pushed on, however, and having gained the burying-ground, selected a large flat gravestone, raised in the usual way on four short pillars, as a place of concealment—that is, making it so, by lying behind it. The stone lay a little way into the churchyard, and at the distance of about ten yards from the road by which Bob expected Andrew to pass. There was one equally good for the former's purpose close by that he had chosen, and parallel to it, but the one he had selected was, on the whole, the best, being a little higher than the other, and perhaps a trifle longer—qualities which Bob thought, during the momentary consideration he gave the subject, more than compensated the advantage the other stone possessed in being a little nearer the road. Having selected his locality, Bob crouched behind the stone, and commenced his toilet. In an instant he was enveloped from head to foot in the snowy covering. Flinging himself now down at full length behind the gravestone, he there lay quietly and immovably waiting the sound of his rival's approaching footsteps, which he proposed should be the signal for making his appearance.

Leaving Bob thus disposed of for a time, it will not be unamusing, perhaps, to follow out briefly the proceedings of Andrew, in connection with the business of this eventful evening. These, in truth, however, very much resembled those of the former. Andrew also provided himself with a sheet, and, when the appointed hour approached, repaired with it concealed about his person to the churchyard. This, however, he did with no greater good will than his rival, and by no means with any greater degree of courage. In truth, he was, if possible, still more oppressed by fear than his rival. Still he determined to go through with the thing, for the motives were strong that impelled him—love for Betty, and hatred of Bob. Wrapping the sheet about his person, and with as stout a heart as possible, he stepped over the wall of the rural cemetery, which was a low one, and walked forward in quest of an advantageous position. His eye caught the two large stones already spoken of, and behind one of which Bob was ensconced, and he thought them both eligible, but he preferred the one nearest the road, not Bob's, and accordingly strode towards it, for he entertained the same purpose of seeking concealment, until he became aware of the approach of his victim. Bob heard a footstep. He looked up, but without moving, and beheld—oh, horrible! oh, disconcerting! oh, annihilating sight!—a tall figure in white approaching him. He would have