

he'm awnly a green youth, an' so set 'pon Sib that —— ”

The dame's musings were cut short at this juncture, and she dismissed a problem very disquieting and too difficult for her aged brains. A man appeared and came slowly towards the Castle ; then, stopping before Gammer Hatherley, he set down a large wicker basket covered with American cloth, mopped his forehead, and shook hands with the ancient woman.

“ Ah, Maister Newte, you'm always a pleasant sight for a auld sawl,” she said.

Some, however, might have differed from the dame. Alpheus Newte was plump and florid and, at present, very warm. A great humour lighted his small eyes, and they twinkled like a pig's from between fat lids and under black eyebrows. His clean shorn face was round, his forehead broad and pimply, his mouth large, and his teeth faulty. An almost clerical garb was affected by Mr. Newte, although his occupation — of travelling pedlar — might not seem at first glance to promise a mind cast in particularly pious mould. But this packman had more talents than one,