

When the door was put ajeer, and the furr set fornent the fire, I gave Isaac a dram to keep his heart up on such a cold stormy night. 'Od, but he was a droll fellow, Isaac. He sung and leuch as if he had been boozing in Luckie Thampson's, with some of his drucken cronies. Feint a hair cared he about auld kirks, or kirkyards, or vouts, or through-stanes, or dead folk in their winding-sheets, with the wet grass growing over them ; and at last I began to brighten up a wee myself ; so when he had gone over a good few funny stories, I said to him, quoth I, "Mony folk, I daresay, mak mair noise about their sitting up in a kirkyard than it's worth. 'There's naething here to harm us?"

"I beg to differ wi' ye there," answered Isaac, taking out his horn mull from his coat pouch, and tapping on the lid in a queer style—"I could gie anither version of that story. Did ye no ken of three young doctors—Kirish students—alang with some resurrectioners, as waff and wild as themsells, firing shottie for shottie with the guard at Kirkmabreck, and lodging three slugs in ane of their backs, forbye firing a ramrod through anither ane's hat?"

This was a wee alarming—"No," quoth I ; "no, Isaac, man ; I never heard of it."

"But, let alane resurrectioners, do ye no think there is sic a thing as ghaists ? Guide ye, man, my grannie could hae telled as muckle about them as would have filled a minister's sermon from June to January."

"Kay—kay—that's all buff," I said. "Are there nae cutty-stool businesses—are there nae marriages going on just now, Isaac?" for I was keen to change the subject.

"Ye may kay—kay, as ye like, though ; I can just tell ye this :—Ye'll mind auld Armstrong with the leather