

'Away, away, thou thriftless loon !
I swear thou gettest no alms of me ;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee.'

Then up bespoke a good fellow
Which sat at John o' the Scales' his board:
Said: 'Turn again, thou heir of Linne ;
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

'Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

'And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company :
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.'

Then up bespoke him John o' the Scales,
All woode he answered him again :
'Now a curse be on my head,' he said,
'But I did loose by that bargain.

'And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
You shalt have 't back again, better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee.'

'I draw you to record, lords,' he said.
With that he gave him a god's-penny ;
'Now, by my fay,' said the heir of Linne,
'And here, good John is thy money.'

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board,
All woe-begone was John o' the Scales ;
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth mith mickel din ;
'The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne !'

Says : 'Have thou here, thou good fellow ;
Forty pence thou didst lend me ;
Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

'Now well-a-way !' quoth Joan o' the Scales ;
'Now well-a-way, and woe is my life !
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife.'

'Now fare-thee-well,' said the heir of Linne,
'Farewell, good John o' the Scales,' said he,
'When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee.'

WIT AND HUMOUR.

REASON FOR AMUSEMENT.—A "ministers man" in Scotland was one Sunday afternoon following his master to church, when the minister, happening to turn about, detected an unwonted smile on his face.

"What makes you laugh, James? It is unseemly. Pray, what is there to amuse you?"

"Oh, naething partickler," says James. "I was only thinking about something that happened this forenoon."

"What was that?"

"Weel, sir, dinna be angry wi' me, but you ken the congregation are no pleased to hear auld sermons from you, and this mornin' I got the better o' them, onyway."

"And how was that, James?" says the minister.

"Weel, sir, when we cam' oot o' the kirk this forenoon, I ken what they were thinkin' ;

so says I, 'Weel, you canna ca' this morning's sermon an auld ane, for it's no six weeks since you last heard it.'"

THE SURE TEST.—Biddy—"Do you think you love me, Dennis, dear?"

Dennis—"Go on wid ye, darlint, ov coorse Oi do."

Biddy—"How do you know av it, Dennis?"

Dennis—"Sure its be the way Oi appreciate yer prisince whin Oi'm away from ye."

Mrs. Fraser—"What on earth is that?"

Mr. Fraser—"This, my dear, is a barometer, a present from our son at college."

"Oh, I've heard of them. Isn't the dear boy thoughtful! Which way do we screw it up when we want the weather to be fine?"