

The Village Blacksmith.

instead o' twa hunner feet, ye wadna hae time to fash yoursel' about sic whigmaleeries. I canna see there's ony use in them. Man, gin I had a wee bit gairden like yours, I wad' raither see a gude raw o' fat cabbages than the bonniest flooers ye ever grew here."

"Aye, Borland, sae wad a coo."

"Weel, James," said the farmer, laughing heartily at the smith's retort, and taking it in the spirit by which it was mainly dictated, rather as a sturdy joke than as an insult, "a coo wad aye gie ye mulk for your trouble; and whan her mulkin' days is dune, she maks gude meat. But I ma in be steppin' hame. Sae I'll bid ye baith gude-e'en."

"Gude-e'en, Borland," said the smith.

"Good evening," added the schoolmaster; "and I'll hope to see a change o' weather soon for the sake o' the crops."

"Thank ye, Mr. Hamilton; but if the rain doesna come this week, ye micht keep in mind what I said about the minister prayin' for't on Sawbath."

"All right, Borland," replied the schoolmaster; and then, when the farmer was out of hearing, he turned to the smith and said, "I see that Borland doesna take any great stock in your pansies."

"I dinna womer at it. The growin' o' plants is