

coat, to wander off by the Long Parks, instead of at once returning to Tillyloss.

I did not take William over the ground covered by Haggart during the next three days; indeed, the great part of it is only known to me by vague report. Tammas doubtless had no notion when he ran away, as one might call it, from Chirsty, that he would sleep next night thirty miles from Thrums. At the back of the house of Auchtersmellie, however, he fell in with a wandering tailor, bound for a glen farm, where six weeks' work awaited him. He was not a man of these parts, but Tammas offered to walk a few miles with him, and ended by going the whole way. Of Haggart's experiences at this time I know much, but none of them is visible beside the surprising event that sent him homewards striding.

It takes one aback to think that Haggart might never have been a humorist had not one of the buttons fallen off his coat. The immediate effect of this was dramatic rather than humorous. The tailor picked up the button to sew it on to the coat again, but surprised by its weight had the curiosity to tear its linen covering with his seissors. Then he drew in his