

bath-brick, pipe-clay, and such articles dear to the hearts of cleanly housewives; while a barrel of yellow sand, and one of oatmeal, loomed darkly out from the far end of the shop. It was said—but the neighbours were doubtless rather ill-tongued—that Miss Law used only one scoop for these two barrels, diverse though their contents were; but even if it were so, she was a person of clear judgment and much discrimination, and probably never made any mistake in serving them out! The other half of the shop was devoted to the private life and affairs of the owner, with the exception of a large mangle, by which a good deal of her modest income was earned. At the window of this department, which also looked out to the street, Jock Halliday now flattened his nose, and as soon as the customer was served renewed his attack upon Lucky.

‘Eh! she’s bilin’ up the auld kail runts!’ was his next sally, having observed a pot boiling on the little fire. ‘They’ve a fine smell, Lucky! Ye’ll no be gaun to keep them for Scobie’s swine this week?’

‘Ye ne’er-do-weel varlet! I’ll gie ye something to taste yer ain kail wi’, that will I!’ cried the old dame, diving under the counter, and bringing forward a tin pitcher, apparently filled with greasy water and vegetable refuse, which was probably destined for ‘Scobie’s swine.’ This she affected to