

was gaun to the door mair surprised than I can weel express, when she cried to me—

"Mind what ye spend, and see that ye dinna stop."

"Ye need be under nae apprehensions o' that, hinny," said I, wishing to pacify her.

"See that it be sae," cried she, as I shut the door.

"I joined my neebors in a state o' greater uneasiness o' mind than I had experienced for a length o' time. I could na help thinkin' but that Tibby had rather early begun to tak the upper hand, and it was what I never expected from her. However, as I was saying, we went up to Orange Lane, and we sat down, and ae gill brecht on anither. Tibby's health and mine were drank we had several capital sangs; and, I dare say, it was nae mair affected wi' drink than I am at this moment. But, somehow or ither, I was uneasy at the idea o' facing Tibby. I thought it wad be a terrible thing to quarrel wi' her. I opened the door, and, bolting it after me, slipped in, half on the edge o' my fit. She was sitting wi' her hand at her haffit by the side o' the fire, but she never let on that she either saw or heard me—she didna speak a single word. If ever there was a woman

'Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,'

it was her that nicht. I drew in a chair and, though I was half-fear'd to speak—

"What's the matter, my pet? says I—what's happened ye?"

"But she sat looking into the fire, and never let on she heard me. 'E'en's ye like, leg Dorte,' thought I, as Allan Ramsay says; but I durstna say it, for I saw that there was a storm brewing. At last I ventured to say again—

"What ails ye, Tibby dear—are ye no cool?"

"Weel!" cried she—"wha can be weel? this the way ye mean to carry on? What time o' nicht is this to keep a body to, waiting and fretting on o' ye, their lane. Do ye think shame o' yourself?"

"Hoot, woman," says I, I'm surprised at; I'm sure ye hae naething to mak a wark out—it's no late yet."

"I dinna ken what ye ca' late," said she; "wadna be late among yer cronies, nae dubt; but; if it's no late, it's early, for I warrant it's mornin'."

"Nonsense!" says I.

"Dinna tell me it's nonsense," said she, "I'll be spoken to in nae sic way—I'll let u ken that. But how meikle hae it cost

ye? Ye wad be treating them, nae doubt—and how meikle hae ye spent, if it be a fair question?"

"Toots, Tibby!" said I, 'whar's the cause for a' this? What great deal could it cost me?"

"But, hair by hair make the carle's head bare," added she—"mind ye that; and mind that ye've a house to keep aboon your head noo. But, if ye canna do it, I maun do it for ye—sae gie me the key o' that kist—gie me it instantly; and I'll tak care how ye gang drinkin' wi' ony body and treatin' them till mornin' again."

"For the sake o' peace, I gied her the key; for she was speakin' sae loud that I thoct a' thee neebors wad hear—and she had nae suner got it, than awa she gaed to the kist and counted every shilling. I had nae great abundance then, mair than I've now; and—

"Is that all ye hae?" said she; 'an' yet ye'll think o' gaun drinkin' and treatin' falk frae Saturday nicht till Sabbath mornin'! If this is the life ye intend to lead, I wush to goodness I had ne'er had onything to say to ye."

"And if this is the life ye intend to lead me," thought I, 'I wush the same thing.

"But that was but the beginin' o' my slavery. From that hour to this, she has continued on from bad to worse. No man livin' can form an idea o' what I've suffered but myself. In a mornin', or rather, I may say, in a forenoon, for it was aye nine or ten o'clock afore she got up, she sat down to her tea and white scones and butter, while I had to be content wi' a scrimpt bicker o' brose and sour milk for kitchen. Nor was this the warst o't; for, when I cam' in frae my wark for my breakfast, mornin' after mornin', the fire was black out; and there had I, before I could get a bite to put in my mouth, to hend down upon my knees, and blaw it, and blaw it, till I was half-blind wi' ashes—for we hadna a pair o' bellows; and there wad she lie grumblin' a' the time, ca'in' me useless this, and useless that; and I just had to put up wi' it. But, after our first bairn was born, she grew far warse, and I becam mair and mair miserable every day. If I had been sleeping through the nicht, and the bairn had begun a hickin', or whingin'—then she was at the scoldin' and I was sure to be started out o' my sleep wi' a great drive atween the shouthers, and her crying—

"Get up, ye lazy body, ye—get up and see what's the matter wi' this bairn."