

One morning Chirsty came into Laird Logan's shop, and introduced herself something after the following fashion :

"It's a douce morning, Laird," said Chirsty, with an aristocratic shake of the head.

"Ou ay, there's naething wrang wi' the morning ; what's newest wi' ye?"

"Newest ! preserve us ! did ye no hear?"

"No hear what?" said the Laird, indifferently.

"That me and John hae gotten a fortune left us," answered Chirsty, tossing her head curiously about, while the Laird wondered.

"What ! a fortune, Chirsty?"

"Ay, Laird, a fortune, and it's nae mere maitter o' shillin's and pence, like some o' yer legacies."

"Ay, woman, and ye've had rich freens after a'."

The Laird had long since ceased to believe in Chirsty's rich connections, and looked on her boasting as something of a natural weakness.

"Losh keep the man ! it's easy seen we are nae ordinar folk ; our very appearance nicht convince ye that we've come frae gran' posterity."

"But wha's dead, Chirsty?"

"Oh ! the best o' them, Laird ; a man I aye respecket for his honesty, uprightness, and his big fortune ; but he's awa, noo, puir fallow, and we'll no forget him in a hurry."

"But what freen' was he?"

"Weel, Laird, I hardly just mind the straucht line o' connection. I think he was—ay—wait—let me see—I think he was second cousin tae my brither-in-law's wife, or some way thereabout. At onyrate, my mither, honest,