

Something very like this happened while Haggart was asleep, though no human eye witnessed the scene. All we are sure of is that the thief was dressed in corduroys like Tammas's, and that the coat he left behind him was a thin linen one, coarse, stained—though not torn—and apparently worthless. There were twelve buttons on it—an unusual number, but not, as Tammas discovered, too many. It is a matter for regret that this coat was not preserved.

No doubt Tammas was shivering when he woke up, but all his minor troubles were swallowed in the loss of his top-coat, which was not only a fine one, but contained every penny he had in the world, namely, seven shillings and sixpence in a linen bag. He climbed into the Long Parks looking for the thief; he ran along the drain edge looking for him, and finally he sat down in dull despair. It was a cruel loss, and now not his indignation with Chirsty, but Chirsty's case against him, shook his frame.

"The first use I ever made of the linen coat," he allowed, "was to wipe the water off my een wi't."

Only fear of Chirsty can explain Haggart's next step, which was, after putting on the linen