

these dangerous sentiments had not before been called forth in her presence.

"Ye'll no ken what ye're saying, Jean. What's t'become of us a'! if wummin's tae ken as much 's the men bodies, whiles" (with fine scorn) "yon'll be doctor 'n lawyer bodies, an' syne even th' Governor himsel'." This last proposition was a trifle mixed, though it graphically expressed Phemie's sentiments.

"An' for why no?" contended Jean; "wull there no be 's mony wummin bodies t' be doctored 'n lawyered 'n governed 's men bodies? Ye'd no mind bein' th' Governor yersel." Phemie held position in greater reverence than did Jean, who was Jeffersonian in democratic principles, so far as her light went.

"Ye'll weel ken, Jean, thae's na wummin but 'd be weel pleased t' be the Governor's lady an' sit up beside 'm on th' throne, an' cairry th' keys o' th' graun kists; but to be himsel, sic a thocht wad ne'er become ane o's."

"Ye'd be fine an' wullin' t' be th' Governor's lady, wad ye Phemie, na maitter wha th' Governor was or what like man he wad be?" queried Jean.

"I'll no said that, Jean," replied Phemie anxiously, "I'll be na kennin' what I'll dae, an' I'll needna, for I'll needna say ay or na to ane but th' Governor himsel, an' belike he'll ne'er spier at me whether I'll wull or no."

"Weel," said Jean, "we'll na ane o's ken what's t' be dune, or what's t' be said; it's no aething a lassie can wark for like pickin' berries 'r scoorin' th' flure: we'll ken the pail 'll be fu' when we tak' so mony berries frae th' bushes, and the flure'll come white when we hac dune rubbin' eneuch, but th' makin' o' a lassie's future she'll canna hae na haun in. It's sair to think o't."