




JOCK HALLIDAY.

'Had any tried his face to scan,
"A common man!" you would have said.
Thank God! he was—a *common man!*'

—ISA CRAIG'S *Poems.*

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN NUMBER NINETY-SEVEN— JOCK INTRODUCED.

'AE wa' wi' ye this meenit, or I'll send for
the pollis!'

This awful threat came from Lucky Law, greengrocer and general merchant in the Grassmarket, and was hurled at the head of a rough-looking boy named Jock Halliday, whose attentions were rather familiar to be pleasant. Jock was a baker's boy, and having to pass Lucky's corner frequently in the discharge of his duties, made a point of peering in at her low doorway, and often indulged in a free criticism of her stock-in-trade, her actions, or whatever took his fancy at the moment.

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