

"O help us!—help us!—what's to be done 'i' him?" cried Mr. Donaldson.

"Will you speak so that we can understand our faither?" said Paul.

"Well then," replied Andrew, "for twenty years 'have I purchased shares in the lottery, and twenty times did I get nothing but lanks—but I have got it at last!—I have 't it at last!"

"What have you got Andrew?" inquired Mrs. Donaldson eagerly, whose eyes were beginning to be opened.

"What have ye got faither?" exclaimed Rebecca breathlessly, who possessed no small portion of her father's pride, "how meikle 't?—will we can keep a coach?"

"Aye and a coachman too!" answered he, with an air of triumphant pride, "I have got e half of a *thirty thousand!*"

"The like o' that!" said Mrs. Donaldson, ising her hands.

"A coach!" repeated Rebecca, surveying her fate in a mirror.

Sarah looked surprised, but said nothing.

"Fifteen thousand pounds!" said Peter—
"fifteen thousand!" responded Jacob.
Paul was thoughtful.

"Now," added Andrew, opening the boxes and him, "go each of you cast off the kieloth which now covers you, and in these you will find garments such as it becomes the duty of Andrew Donaldson, Esquire, to wear."

They obeyed his commands, and casting aside their home-made cloth and cotton gowns, they appeared before him in the rain-
coat which he had provided for them. The gowns were of silk, the coats of the finest-
wool, the waistcoats Mareéilles. Mrs. Donaldson's dress sat upon her awkwardly—the list was out of its place, she seemed at a
loss what to do with her arms, and altogether she appeared to feel as though the gown were too fine to sit upon. Sarah was neat,
though not neater than she was in the dress printed cotton which she had cast off, but Rebecca was transformed into the fine lady
in a moment, and she tossed her head with an air of a duchess. The sleeves of Paul's
coat were too short, Peter's vest would admit but one button, and Jacob's trousers were
excellent in length. Nevertheless, great was the outward change upon the family of Andrew Donaldson, and they gazed upon each
other in wonder, as they would have stared
on an exhibition of strange animals.

At this period there was a property, consisting of about twenty acres, in the neigh-

bourhood of the village for sale; Mr. Donaldson became the purchaser, and immediately commenced to build *Luck's Lodge, or Lottery Hall*, which to-day arrested your attention. As you may have seen, it was built under the direction of no architect but caprice, or a fickle and uninformed taste. The house was furnished expensively; there were card-tables and dining-tables, the couch, the sofa, and the harpsichord. Mrs. Donaldson was afraid to touch the furniture, and she thought it little short of sin to sit upon the hair-bottomed mahogany chairs, which were studded with brass nails bright as the stars in the firmament. Though, however, a harpsichord stood in the dining-room, as yet no music had issued from the Lodge. Sarah had looked at it, and Rebecca had touched it, and appeared delighted with the sounds she produced, but even her mother knew that such sounds were not a tune. A dancing-master, therefore, who at that period was teaching the "five positions" to the youths and maidens of the village, was engaged to teach dancing and the mysteries of the harpsichord at the same time to the daughters of Mr. Donaldson. He had become a great and a rich man in a day yet the pride of his heart was not satisfied. His neighbours did not lift their hats to him as he had expected, but they passed him saying—"Here's a fine day Andrew!"—or, "Weel Andrew, how's a' wi' ye the day?"

To such observations or inquiries he never returned an answer, but with his silver-mounted cane in his hand stalked proudly on. But this was not all, for even in passing through the village, he would hear the women remark—"there's that silly body Donaldson away past"—or "there struts the Lottery Ticket!" These things were worm-wood to his spirit, and he repented that he had built his house in a neighbourhood where he was known. To be equal with the squire, however, and to mortify his neighbours the more, he bought a pair of horses and a barouche. He was long puzzled for a crest and motto with which to emblazon it, and Mrs. Donaldson suggested that Peter should paint on it a lottery ticket, but her husband stamped his foot in anger, and at length the coach painter furnished it with the head and paws of some unknown animal.

Paul had always been given to books, he now requested to be sent to the University,—his wish was complied with, and he took his departure for Edinburgh. Peter had always evinced a talent for drawing and painting