

have annihilated her where she stood. It was meant to tell her that she was a vile and faithless woman. But instead of doing this, it only made her laugh the louder. She could not help it, for her life, much as she really did feel for the battered condition of the unfortunate youth.

At length she said, with more gravity than she had hitherto been able to command—

"Hae ye been fechtin, John?"

John had again recourse to the look of expression; but, on this occasion, condescended also to speak:—

"Yes, I hae been fechtin," he said sternly—"wad ye like to ken what it was for?"

"I'm nae way curious," replied Lizzy, saucily—offended at John's unwonted manner.

"No—I dare say no," replied John. "I fancy ye think the less ye hear aboot it the better."

"Indeed, I'm just o' that mind, John," said Lizzy, carelessly.

"Ye're a fause-hearted woman," replied John, emphatically, nettled at her cool effrontery, as he deemed; "and little credit hae ye by this nicht's wark, tak my word for that—it says little for ye."

"Oh, then, I'm thinking it should say less of you, John, wi' thae fearfu een o' yours. an, ye're just a fricht to be seen."

"An' vha has the wyte o' that, ye faithless woman that ye are?" demanded John, triumphantly.

"Them that made ye that way, nae doot. ut wherein hae I been faithless to ye, my an, John?" replied Lizzy, laughing, and proceeding with her work.

"Ye deceitful woman that ye are!" exclaimed John, in the utmost indignation, "do e mean to tell me to my face that ye dinna en? Do ye mean to say that ye're unconscious o' hacin gien me ony offence; that ye aena been deceivin me; and while ye war ien me yer hand, gien yer heart to another? ut it's a Gude's mercy I hae fand ye oot in me. Mind, Lizzy," he added, with a anner which he meant to be awfully impressive, "I've dune wi' ye frae this nicht oneforth. Ye shall never noo be wife o' mine. That's a' owre; so you and Tam owie may buckle to whan ye like—and the

sooner ye gang and seek consolation frae him the better."

Lizzy, as well she might, was confounded by this solemn objuratoin, of which she could by no means conjecture the cause; nor would her maidenly pride permit her to ask any explanation, or to gratify John by any attempt at doing away the erroneous impressions under which she saw he laboured, although she could not conceive in what these impressions had originated. She merely, therefore, blushed slightly for an instant on being thus assailed, and replied, with a toss of her head—that she did not see that the losing of him (meaning, of course, the aforesaid John Stobie) was a matter wherein she needed the consolation of anybody; it was but a small affair—not worth speaking about; and added—

"But, if I needed consolation o' any kind, I dinna ken if I could gang to a better hand than Tam Dowie." Lizzy had discovered this was a sore point; so she probed it.

This reply was altogether too insulting a one to admit of any answer. The easy effrontery of it—the cold blooded, bare-faced heartlessness which it discovered—in truth, deprived John altogether of the power of speech. He, therefore, though he thought much, said nothing, but, taking up a candle, retired to the little out house where he slept. But, alas! it was not to sleep that John retired—it was to think on the treachery of womankind, and of Lizzy Lumsden in particular. John, in truth, passed a miserable night. He tossed and tumbled during the long hours of darkness, and hung weeping and groaning over the ruins of his air-built castles of happiness. John's peace of mind, in short, was gone—irrecoverably gone.

We have shewn that the cruelly deceived lover slept not a wink during the whole of this unhappy night; and we have now to add, that neither did Lizzy; for she was by no means so indifferent to John's feelings as she had affected to be; and an intense anxiety and painful curiosity to know the meaning of his mysterious upbraidings tormented her during the whole night. She thought of all she had said and done, as far back as her memory could carry her, to see if she could discover any thing that could possibly have given rise to the strangely altered temper of her lover towards her; but she could discover nothing—notling whatever. But of all the puzzling circumstances in this puzzling affair, by far the most obscure and perplexing to Lizzy,