

o' peculiar condescension, "tho' ye ken it gangs ill ower wi' me—I was thinkin' if ye could lend me the trifling sum o' five or six shillings mair to take me up and doon, I could just pey ye a'-the-gither when I come back wi' the siller. I've nae doot there's plenty o' folk in the village wud be prood o' the honor; but wud I condescend? Na, na, Laird; them that will gloom at me under a cloud winna get smiling at me in sunshine. I wud rather tak' it frae you (and Chirsty lowered her voice and got wonderfully confidential) as twice as muckle frae ony sic turn-coats."

The Laird, of course, could not but comply with such a patronizing appeal, and Chirsty, after having borrowed the requisite money for her journey, departed to make further preparations, assuring the Laird that he should always find them the same.

Next morning dawned clear and sunshiny, and the seven o'clock chime found Chirsty safely exalted on that unaristocratic portion of the 'bus beside the driver vulgarly called the "dickey," and Chirsty's John stood on the pavement beside the 'bus-officer watching her every movement with feelings of the deepest anxiety.

"Will ye dae, Chirsty?" cried John with a look of the deepest solicitude, as the business-half of him squeezed herself unceremoniously in between the end of the seat and an old gentleman of immensely corpulent proportions.

"Hech, but it's sair wark," said Chirsty, as she elbowed her way into the seat, considerably to the annoyance of her great travelling companion.

"I doot they're squeezing ye?" said John, sympathetically.

"Och, och, aye; but if some folk were like ordinar'