

It laves at eight meenits after five i' the mornin'."

"Aye; that's mair like it," I says.

"An' ye ken naethin' aboot it," says Betty, "for if I hadna thocht an' stoodied that Time Table, we'd niver hae gotten tae Glasgow."

Weel, we fixed up our best claes; so as tae hae naethin' tae dae i' the mornin', an' then I lookit ower the Time Table an' gaed tae bed, no feelin' vera sure whither oor train left at five meenits after eight, or eight meenits after five. Man, Wullie, why canna they let thae trains gang at eight, or nine, or ten, an' no pit a body tae sik a heap o' trouble for the sak o' five meenits? Am sure five or ten meenits is neither here nor there.

Neist mornin' I wis up gay an' early; for tae tell ye the truth I sleepit vera little that nicht; an' sure the boy can roon wi' the cart, for I had made arrangements tae drive tae the station, so as no tae file oor good bits o' claes wi' walkin'.

It had rained a' the nicht afore, an' the road wis a' in a gutter, an' whiles when the driver wad flourish his big whup, I wad hae tae dodge the great lumps o' gutter the horse wad fling up wi' his heels. Ance, a great piece o't I had successfully dodged struck Betty richt on the nose; fer ye'll no hinder her tae be sittin' richt ahint me, i' the back end o' the carriage.

Man, but she wis wild aboot it! I tell't her I couldna help it, but my certy, that made her waur than iver. "I really believe, Sandy, ye'd rejoice if I wis kill't." says she. She scoulded awa for a lang time, while I, wi' great presence o' min', made nae answer, but lookit oot ower the front o' the carriage at the puir horse, wha, at the meenit, wis dooin' his vera best to get up a extraorinar steep hill.

We were juist at the tap o't, when I thocht I heard somethin' fa' vera heavy. I lookit roon, an' losh!—the end-board had come oot o' the cart-box, an' there wis Betty rollin' awa doon near tae the bottom o' the hill. She couldna stop, for the hill wis sae steep. I was sae frichtit I couldna be expected tae dae onything.

"Whoa! Whoa! Betty! Stop! Whoa!" I cries, wi' great presence o' min'.

But the horse couldna stop until he

got tae the top o' the hill. I jumpit oot, an' pickéd up the umbrella. It wisna muckle the war. Then I fand her bonnet, which she had juist bocht the day afore, an' which Mrs. Jeemison thocht becam' her the best o' ony bonnet she iver had. Doon the hill I ran wi' a' mi micht, pickin' up her basket, then her shawl, an' her pocket handkerchief wi' the money in it. I was glad tae see she wisna muckle hurted.

"Sandy," says she; "I wish I'd niver seen yer face. Ye've alwas dune yer vera best tae shorten me days. Ye kent vera weel 't yon boord wisna solid—or, at any rate, ye could hae grippit me afore I fell."

But tae mak a lang story short, Betty widna get i' the cart again. So, after brushin' aff her claes as well's I could, we startit oot tae walk tae the station. 'Twisna faur noo, sae we thocht we could mak it oot a' richt.

Noo, Betty's fa' had delayed us, an' when we turned the corner at the station, there wis oor train juist beginnin' tae move.

"Rin, Betty, rin!" I cries, "or we're left. Gie me the basket. Mischief's i' the driver, disna he see we're comin'? Hi! Hi!"

It gaed vera slowly for a little, but whenever we wad get near, it wad gie a start, an' lave us ahint again. Twa or three times, when I wis rinnin' wi' a' me micht, I juist touched the back end o' the caur. Then I made a desperate effort, an' wis juist ready tae grip the railin', when I gaed heels ower heid intae ane o' those confoondit holes i' the track—cattle-guards, I think, they ca' them. Betty was richt ahint me, an' afore I could tell whaur I wis, she fell on the tap o' me, an' there we war, like twa big turtles, in aboot three feet o' water. I scrambled oot, an' pood Betty up as quick's I could. Man, Wullie, but we war a sicht—baith o' us fairly drookit. The crood at the station were a' cheerin' an' lauchin'. Oor train wis gaun puffin' awa' up the track, an' sae we had tae gang hame. Wullie, I niver wis sae mortified in a' me days, an' Betty says noo she'll niver gang tae Glasgow.

SANDY.

(W. ROBERTSON.)