

lippen tae them tae see faur their ain interest lay. Accordin'ly Geordie an his wife baith cam ower ae nicht an' press't me tae lat byganes be byganes an' come back to the aul' ingleneuk again. Ye ken, I baid i' the same hoosie fin I wiz horseman at the Mains mysel. Weel, min, I hid aneuch adee tae keep the greet oot o' my throat fin I thocht o' the hoosie i' the howe, the bonnie whins on the ither side o' the road, an' the muckle sea beyond. Weel, of coorse, I gaed back, an' things is sae muckle cheeng't there noo 'at if I only hid the aul' umman hame till the aul' hoose again I could be happier than I've been this twenty year.

Man, it's damnable 'at twa human beins, wi' immortal sowls, as John Robertson wid say, should be pittin thegither for a while jist iz it war to breed an' rear a fain'lie, an' then tae be separatit as gin they war sae mony nowt. They gie a pension tae sodjers for pittin' in ane-an'-twenty years o' bairns' play maistly—fu canna they mak some sic proveeshin for aul' fowk at's sair't their country iz ploomen an' tentie hoosewives for the dooble o' that time. The laird hiz 'es black servints tae open the door an' cairry in's letters on a silver plate. They're better peyt than the ploomen on's estate, an *they'll* be providit for gin they grou aul' in the service. Bit me an her 'at's helpit tae mak the siller 'at they're helpin' tae spen' maun dee at last sinnert by broad miles o' countra. I've drawn the straucht fur' in ilka field a' roon aboot,