

picked up a bare livin' in this way; but the factorship made him just a gentleman. But, oh, an ill use did he mak' o' the power that it gied him, owre puir, honest folk! Ye maun ken that, gin they were puir, he liked them a' the waur for being honest; but, I dare say, that was natural enough for the like o' him. He contrived to be baith writer an' factor, ye see; an' it wad just seem that his chief aim in a'e the capacity was to find employment for himsel' in the ither. If a puir tenant was but a day behind-hand wi' his rent, he had creatures o' his ain that used to gang half-an'-half wi' him in their fees. An' them he wad send aff to poid him; an' then, if the expenses o' the poiding werena forthcoming, as weel as what was owing to the master, he wad hae a roup o' the stocking twa or three days after, an' anither account, as a man o' business, for that. An' when things were going dog-cheap, — as he took care that they should sometimes gang, — he used to buy them in for himsel', an' part wi' them again for maybe twice the money. The laird was a quiet, silly, good-natured man; an', though he was tauld weel o' the factor at times, ay, an' believed it too, he just used to say: 'Oh, puir Keilly, what wad he do gin I were to part wi' him? He wad just starve.' An' oh, sirs, his pity for him was bitter cruelty to mony, mony a puir tenant, an' to my nither amang the lave.

“The year after my faither's death was cauld an' wat, an' oor stuff remained sae lang green that we just thoct we wouldna get it cut ava. An' when we did get it cut, the stacks, for the first whilie, were aye heatin' wi' us; an' when Marti'mas came, the grain was still saft an' milky, an' no fit for the market. The term cam' round, an' there was little to gie the factor in the shape o' money, though there was baith corn and cattle; an' a' that we wanted was just a