

little time. Ah, but we had fa'en into the hands o' ane that never kent pity. My mither hadna the money gin, as it were, the day, an' on the morn the messengers came to poind. The roup was no a week after; an' oh, it was a grievous sicht to see how the crop an' the cattle went for just naething. The farmers were a' puirly aff with the late ha'rst, an' had nae money to spare; an' sae the factor knocked in ilka thing to himsel', wi' hardly a bid against him. He was a rough-faced little man, wi' a red, hooked nose, a gude deal gi'en to whiskey, an' very wild an' desperate when he had ta'en a glass or twa aboon ordinar'; an' on the day o' the roup he raged like a perfect madman. My mither spoke to him again an' again, wi' the tear in her e'e, an' implored him, for the sake o' the orphan an' the widow, no to hurry hersel' an' her bairns; but he just cursed an' swore a' the mair, an' knocked down the stacks an' the kye a' the faster; an' whan she spoke to him o' the Ane aboon a', he said that Providence gied lang credit an' reckoned on a lang day, an' that he wald tak' him intil his ain hands. Weel, the roup cam' to an end, an' the sum o' the whole didna come to meikle mair nor the rent an' clear the factor's lang, lang account for expenses; an' at nicht my mither was a ruined woman. The factor staid up late an' lang, drinkin' wi' some creatures o' his ain; an' the last words he said on goin' to his bed was, that he hadna made a better day's wark for a twelvemonth. But, Gude tak' us a' in keeping! in the morning he was a corp, — a cauld lifeless corp, wi' a face as black as my bonnet.

“Weel, he was buried, an' there was a grand character o' him putten in the newspapers, an' we a' thocht we were to hear nae mair about him. My mither got a wee bittie o' a house on the farm o' a neebor, and there we lived dowie eneugh; but she was aye an eident, workin' woman