

an' she now span late an' early for some o' her auld friends, the farmers' wives; an' her sair-won penny, wi' what we got frae kindly folk wha minded us in better times, kept us a' alive. Meanwhile, strange stories o' the dead factor began to gang about the kintra. First, his servants, it was said, were hearing are, curious noises in his counting-office. The door was baith locked an' sealed, waiting till his friends would cast up, for there were some doots about them; but, locked an' sealed as it was, they could hear it opening an' shutting every nicht, an' hear a rustlin' among the papers, as gin there had been half a dozen writers scribblin' amang them at ance. An' then, Gude preserve us a'! they could hear Keilly himsel', as if he were dictating to his clerk. An', last o' a', they could see him in the gloamin', nicht an mornin', ganging about his house wringing his hands, an' aye, aye muttering to himsel' about roups and poindings. The servant girls left the place to himsel'; an' the twa lads that wrought his farm an' slept in a hay-loft, were sae disturbed nicht after nicht, that they had just to leave it to himsel' too.

"My mither was a'e nicht wi' some a' her spinnin' at a neeborin' farmer's, — a worthy, God-fearing man, an' an elder o' the kirk. It was in the simmer time, an' the nicht was bricht an' bonny; but, in her backcoming, she had to pass the empty house o' the dead factor, an' the elder said that he would take a step hame wi' her, for fear she nichtna be that easy in her mind. An' the honest man did sae. Naething happened them in the passin', except that a dun cow, ance a great favorite o' my mither's, cam' lowing up to them, puir beast, as gin she would hae better liked to be gaun hame wi' my mother than stay where she was. But the elder didna get aff sae easy in the backcoming. He was passin' beside a thick hedge, whan what