

that the appearance left him. It just went back through the slap in the hedge; an' as it stepped owre the ditch, vanished in a puff o' smoke.

“Weel, — but to cut short a lang story, — the laird and the minister were at first gay slow o' belief; no that they misdoubted the elder, but they thocht that he must hae been deceived by a sort o' wakin' dream. But they soon changed their minds, for, sure' enough, they found the forty guineas in a secret drawer. An' the news they got frae the south about Keilly was just as the appearance had said; no ane mair nor anither had a richt to his gear, for he had been a foundlin', an' had nae friends. An' sae my mither got the guineas, an' the parish got the rest, an' there was nae mair heard o' the apparition. We didna get back oor auld farm; but the laird gae us a bittie that served oor turn as weel; an' or my mither was ca'ed awa frae us, we were a' settled in the warld, an' doin' for oorsels.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF THE MEALMONGER.

“It is wonderful,” remarked the decent-looking, elderly man who had contributed the story of Donald Gair, — “it is wonderful how long a recollection of that kind may live in the memory without one's knowing it is there. There is no possibility of one taking an inventory of one's recollections. They live unnoted and asleep, till roused by some likeness of themselves, and then up they start, and