

# A Tillyloss Scandal

By J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," Etc., Etc.

(Continued)

## CHAPTER V.

Haggart came home on a Saturday evening, when the water-barrels were running over, and our muddy roads had lost their grip. But at all times he took small note of the weather, and often said it was a fine day out of politeness to the acquaintances he met casually, when Tillyloss dripped in rain. To a man who has his loom for master it only occurs as an afterthought to look out at the window.

His shortest and natural route would have taken the wanderer to Tillyloss without zigzagging him through the rest of Thrums, but he made a circuit of the town, and came marching down the Roads.

"I wanted to burst upon the place sudden like," he admitted, "and to let everybody see me. I dinna deny but what it was a proud moment, lads, as Thrums came in sight. I had naturally a sort of contempt for the place, and yet I was fawd ailed to be back in it too, just as a body is glad to slip into his bed at night. Ay, foreign parts is grand for adventure, but Thrums for company."

At the top of the Roads he was recognized by two boys who had been to a farm for milk, and were playing at swinging their flagon over their heads without dropping its contents. The apparition stared the flagon in the air, and the boys clattered off screaming. Their father had subsequently high words with Tammias, who refused to refund the price of the milk.

"Though my expectations was high," Haggart said, "they were completely beaten by the reality. Nothing could have been more gratifying than the sensation I created, not only among laddies and lassies but among grown men and women. Very weel I ken that Dan'l Strachan pretends he stood his ground when I came upon him at the mouth of Sauners Rae's close, but whaur was the honor in that, when the critter was paralyzed with fear? Ay, he wasna the only man that lost his legs in the Roads that day; Willum Creve being another. Snecky Hobart, you was one of them as I walked into at Peter Lambie's shop door, and I'll never speak to ye again if ye dinna allow as I scattered ye like a showman in the square does when he passes round the hat."

"I allow, Tammias, as I made my feet my friend that night."

"And did I no send the women flying and skirling in all directions? Was it me or was it no me that made Mysy Dinnie faint on her back in the corner of the school-wynd?"

"It was you, Tammias, and mighty boastful the critter was when she came to, and heard she had fainted."

"And there's a curran women as says they hung out at their windows looking at me. I would like to hear of one proved case in which any woman did that except at a second story window?"

"Sal, they didna dare look out at low windows. Na, they were more like putting on their shutters."

"And did some of them no bar their doors, and am I lying when I say Lisbeth Whamand up with her barn out of the cradle and ran to the door of the Auld Licht minister, thinking I couldna harm her there?"

"You're speaking gospel, Tammias. And it wasna to be wondered at that we should be terrified, seeing we had hurried ye five months before."

"I'm no saying it was unnatural. I would have been particular annoyed if ye had been so stupid as to stand your ground. And what's more, if I had met the Auld Licht minister he would have run like the rest."

But this oft-repeated assertion of Haggart's was usually received in silence. His extraordinary imagination enabled him to conceive this picture, but to such a height we never rose.

By the time Haggart reached the Tenements the town had sufficiently recovered to follow him at a distance. How he looked to the populace has been frequently discussed, Peter Lambie's description being regarded as the best.

"Them of you," Peter would say, drawn to the door of his shop by Haggart's crowds, "as has been to the Glen

Quharity Fieland sports, can call to mind the competition for best-dressed Hiolander. The Hiolanders stands in their glory in a row, and the grand laddies picks out the best-dressed one. Weel, the competitors tries to look as if they didna ken they were being admired, implying as they're indifferent to whether they get the prize or no, but all the time, there's a sort of phensed smirk on their faces, mixed up with a natural anxiety. Ay, then, that's the look Tammias Haggart had when he passed my shop."

"But ye saw a change come over him, did ye no?"

"I did. I was among them as ran after him along the Tenements, and though I just saw his back, it wasna the back he had on when he passed my shop. I would say, judging from his back, as his chest was sticking out, and he walked with a sort of strut, like the Hiolander as has won the prize and kens it would be a haver to make pretence of modesty only more."

"But ye never saw me look back, Pete," Haggart said, when Lambie's version was presented to him.

"Na, it was astonishing how he could have kept frae turning your head. Ye was like one unaware that there was sich a crowd running after ye."

"Ay, lad, but very weel I kent for all that. Thinks I to myself as I walks on before ye—This scene winna be forgotten for many a year."

"And it will not, Tammias. It did the work of the town for a nine days. Ay, I've often said myself that you walked hame that night more like a circus procession than a single man. The only thing I a kind of shake my head at is your saying ye wasna a humorist at that time."

"I didna just gang that length, Pete. I was a humorist and I wasna a humorist. My humor was just peeping out of its hole like a rabbit, as ye might say."

"Ye said as when ye started on your wanderings it was like putting yourself, considered as a humorist, on the fire to boil. Weel, then, I say as ye had come aboil when ye marched through Thrums."

"Na, Lookaboutyou, it's an ingenious argument that; but ye've shot over the top of the target, lad. Ye've all seen water so terrible near the boil that if ye touch it with your finger it does begin to boil?"

"Ay, that's true; but a spoon is better to touch it with, in case you burn your finger."

Lookaboutyou got a laugh for this, which annoyed Tammias.

"Take care, Lookaboutyou," he said, warningly, "or I'll let ye see as my humor can burn too. I ken a sarcastic thing to say to ye, my man."

"But what about the water so near the boil?" asked Hobart, while Lookaboutyou shrunk back.

"My humor was in that condition," said Haggart, still eyeing the foolish farmer threateningly, "when I came back to Thrums. It just needed a touch to make it boil."

"And, sal, it got the touch!"

"Ay, I admit that; but no till the Monday."

We go back to the march from the Roads to Tillyloss. In less time than it would have taken Haggart to bring his sarcastic shaft from the depths where he stowed these things and fire it into Lookaboutyou, he had walked triumphantly to Tillyloss, and turned up the road that was presently to be named after him. His tail of fellow-townsmen came to a stop at the pump, where they had a good view of Haggart's house, all but a few daring ones, nearly all women, who ran up the dyke, in hope of witnessing the meeting with Christy.

"I suppose, lads," Haggart said to us, "that ye're thinking my arrival at Tillyloss was the crowning moment of my glory?"

"It was bound to be."

"So ye think, Andrew; but that just shows how little ye ken about the human heart. I got as far as Tillyloss terribly windy at the way ye had honored me; but, lads, something came over me at sight of that auld outside stair. Ay, it had a mighty hame-like look."

"I've heard tell ye stopped and gazed at it, like grand folk admiring the view."

"Ay, laddies, I daursay I did so; but it wasna the view I was thinking about. I'll warrant ye couldna say what was in my mind."

"Your funeral?"

"I never gave it a thought. Na, but I'll tell ye: I was thinking of Christy Todd."

"Ay, and the staidle she was to go?"

"No, Snecky; it's an astonishing thing, but the moment my e'en saw that outside stair I completely lost heart, and frae being lifted up with pride, down goes my courage like a bucket in a well. Was it the stair as terrified me? Na, it was Christy Todd. Lads, I faced the whole drove of ye as bold as a king sitting down at the head of his tea table; but the thought of Christy Todd brought my legs to a stop. Ay, for all we may say to the contrary, is there a man in Thrums as hasna a kind of fear of his wife?"

At this question Haggart's listeners usually looked different ways.

"Lads," continued Tammias, "it ran through me suddenly, like a cold blast of wind—What if Christy shouldna be glad to see me back? and I regretted michy that I hadna halved the guineas with

ner. Ay, I tell ye openly, as I round myself getting smaller, like a gas-ball with a hole in it, and I a kind of lost sight of all I had to boast of. I was ashamed of myself and also in mortal terror of Christy Todd. Ay, but I never let her ken that; na, na; a man has to be wary about what he tells his wife."

"He has so, for she's sure to fling it at him by and by like a wet clout. Women has terrible memories for what ye blurt out to them."

"Ye're repeating my words, R-b, as if they were your own; but what ye say is true. Women doesna understand about men's minds being profounder than theirs, and consequently waur to manage."

"That's so, and it's a truth ye daurna mention to them. But ye was come to the outside stair, Tammias."

"Ay, I was. Lads, I climbed that stair all of a tremble, and my hand was shaking so much that for a minute I couldna turn the handle of the door."

"We saw as ye a sort of tottered."

"Ay, I was uneasy; and even when the door opened I didna just venture inside. Na, I had a feeling as it was a judicious thing to keep a grip of the door. Weel, laddies, I stood there peeking in, and what does I see but Christy Todd sitting into the fire, with my auld pipe in her mouth. Ay, there she sat blasting."

"How did that affect ye, Tammias?"

"How did it affect me? It angered me most michy to see her enjoying herself, and me thoct to be no more."

"Ye heartless limmer," I says to myself, and that reminds me as a man is master in his own house, so I bangs the door to and walks in."

"Wha spoke first?"

"Oh, I spoke first. I spoke just as her e'en lighted on me."

"Ye had said a memorable thing?"

"I canna say I did. No, Pete. I just gave her a sly kind of look, and I says, 'Ay, Christy.'"

"She screamed, they say?"

"She did so, and the pipe fell from her mouth. Ay, it's a gratification to me to ken that she did scream."

"And what happened next?"

"She spyed at me suspiciously; and says she, 'Tammias Haggart, are you in the flesh?' to which I replies, 'I am so, Christy.' 'Then,' cries she sharply, 'take your dirty feet off my clean floor!'"

"And did ye?"

"Ay, I put them on the fender; and she cries, 'Take your dirty feet off the fender.'"

"Lads, I thoct it was best to sing small, so I took off my boots, and she sat glowering at me, but never speaking. 'Ay, Christy,' I says, 'ye've had rain in my thinking; and she says, 'The rain's neither here nor there; the question is, How did you break out?' Ay, the critter thoct I had broken out of my grave."

"We all thoct that."

"Nar'rally ye did. Weel, I began my story at the beginning, but with the impatience of a woman she aye said, 'I dinna want to hear that, I want to ken how you broke out?'"

"But she wanted to hear about the siller in the buttons?"

"Ay, but I tried to sither over the buttons, fearing she would be mad at me for spending them. And, loch, read she was! I explained to her as I put them to good use by improving my mind, but she says, 'Dinna blather about

your mind to me, or I'll take the poker to ye!' Christy was always fond of language."

"But what about the Well-wisher?"

"Oh, that was a query. I says to Christy, 'I did not forget your sufferings, Christy, for I'm the Well-wisher.' At first she didna understand, but then she minds and says, 'It was you as sent that bit cheese with D. Fittis, was it?' Lads, then it came out as the cheese was standing in the press untouched. Ay, I tore it in twa with my hands, and oot rolls the guinea. She had never dreamed of there being siller in the cheese."

"Na, she was terrified to touch the cheese. I mind when I could have bocht it frae her for two or three bawbees. Ay, what chances a body misses. But she had been pleasanter with ye after she got the guinea."

"I can hardly say that. She nipped it up quick, and tells me to go on with my story. Weel, I did so in a leisurely way, her eye nagging at me to come to the quarry, as I soon had to do. I need scarce tell ye she was michy surprised it wasna me ye buried, but, after that was cleared up, I saw her mind wasna on what I was saying to her. No, lads, I was the length of Dundee in my story when she jumps up, and away she goes to the lowest shelf in the dresser. I stopped in my talk and watched her. She pulls out the iron and lays it on the table, then she shoves a heater into the fire, and brings an auld dicky out of a drawer. Lads, I had a presentiment what she was doing."

"(To be Continued.)"

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Toothbrushes for travelers have reversible handles in silver, which, when not in use, serve as a cover for the brush.

The modern soap spoon has a deep, round bowl, being fashioned somewhat like the bouillon spoon, but of course larger in size.

The newest beaded bags are flat and have toggle tops of gold or silver. These bags come in all the new colors to match or harmonize with the costume.—Jewelers' Circular.

## The Vienna Opera.

Most things are regulated by law in Germany, including the matter of recalls for the actors and singers at the state subventional theaters and opera houses. The Imperial opera at Vienna has just issued a new regulation, permitting no more than three recalls after the close of acts except in the case of first nights and special engagements of foreign artists. This regulation was made to put an end to the misunderstandings and jealousies caused by the laque.

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I, Richard B. Collins, hereby make the following statement, which can be confirmed by any number of witnesses in this section of the country. I first began to complain about five years ago. I had then been working in a fish shanty, and was wet almost the whole time, summer and winter. I was then confined to the house for three months. This was my first attack, and on getting better I commenced work again the first of the following February, and continued at it until the next January, when I took a much worse attack. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism, and after treating me for that disease until about the first of

May, then discovered that my trouble was disease of the hip joint, and advised to go to an hospital. I went to Toronto and stayed in the hospital five weeks and then returned home. I, however, did not recover and was compelled during the following summer to go back to the hospital where I remained three months, getting worse all the time. I was told I could not be cured and when I left was only able to walk by the aid of crutches. I then came home and was not there long before I was taken to my bed. I continued in this state until January following, when I was advised by several friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took their advice and before I had finished the fifth box I began to improve, and by the time I had completed a dozen boxes I was able to walk without crutches, and have never used them since. I was able to do light work in a short time, and in January last, (1897) I commenced working in the woods and have no trouble from the hip unless overexerted. During the last three years I have spent \$300.00 in doctors' bills and medicines, trying everything recommended, but without any good results until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which I owe my restored condition, as the doctors gave up all hopes of ever seeing me out of bed alive and well. I may say that before I began taking Pink Pills during my last attack, I put in a night so bad that I never expected to be alive in the morning.

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