

"Jeems Robertson, are ye fu', or 'what's garrin' ye mak' a fule o' yersel' that way? Ye dinna need to speechify," said John Black o' the Lowes, who had the greatest number of votes. "We maun be quate the noo, or we'll be lauched at."

So Jeems very unwillingly had to sit down; but as he afterwards said to Elsie—"I niver saw sic a daft-like election—nae tae aloo a body tae speak."

"Especially when ye were sae well prepared for it, Jeems; it wasna fair."

"And gey hard work it was tae. I dinna think mony o' them prepared for't as I did."

The next great event of importance was the first meeting of the Board, and let us pass over to that time, and behold the dounce, honest Scotchmen gathered together.

"Tammas Saunders, ye're an elder o' the Kirk; ye maun open the meetin' wi' prayer."

Ay, Scotia, that is one grand and beautiful feature of all thy meetings—ignorant of some things though thy honest countrymen sometimes be, they tread with holy earnestness the path of prayer.

The meeting having been duly opened, the members sat down, rather puzzled as to what was to be the next procedure.

"Jeems Robertson, ye were gaun tae gie's a speech on election day; canna ye help us noo?"

Jeems got up to his feet.

"Leddies an' gentlemen --"(Hear, hear).

"I mean, leddies an' gentlemen --"(Hear, hear, with loud applause).

"Weel, gentlemen (could I only get at it), we are met here the nicht on a very portentawshus phenomenon--"

This was the result of dictionary study, and met with great applause.

"We are met here, gentlemen, as I ousderstand it, to promote the eddicashun o' the young and risin' generation, who are now sunk in obleevity and darkness, an' raise them to a speeritoolistic conedction o' unfadomable eddication--"

Tremendous applause.

"It is an important poseeshun, ma frien's, for in oor hauns and in oor pooches lie the interminable destinies o' the unborn bawbs wha shall rise up tae tak' oor places aifter oor auld bel' pows wag nae mair thier transcendentel groves o' hair." (Hear, hear.)

"Bat, gentlemen, I shanna bate about the bush oony longer—I believe oor first duty is to cleck a chairman, and I now sit doon."

Jeems took his seat amidst rapturous applause, which made the little boys outside think that the "Schule Board was fechin'."

"I perpose," said Tamson, "that Jeems Robertson be chairman." (Hear, hear.)

"I second that," said Stevens o' Deukdub.

"It canna be, ma freens; it canna be—I'm gay gleg i' the tongue, but nae sae gleg as a that; ye maunna cleck me—cleck John Black, who's accustomed tae speak gentle's talk sometimes." (Hear, hear.)

"I second that," said Rab Nisbet.

So John Black was elected chairman o' the Winnynowes School Board by unanimous consent.

"Mony thanks for the honor, gentlemen," said he; "I'll try tae dae my best."

"What's next?" asked Stevens.

"Eleck a clerk and treasurer," said Saunders.

"Weel, weel, gie that tae Jeems Robertson," said the chairman. (Hear, hear.)

"Can he be baith?" asked Geordie Anderson.

"What's tae hinder him?" said Stevens.

"Weel, will you accept it, Jeems?"

"Wi' the most profound thanks, gentlemen; an' I houp it'll be for your gud."

"What's the next piece o' business?" asked the chairman.

"Ow," said Jeems, "it's for the Board to settle about the schule accommodat.ion, I understand."

"Weel, isna there plenty?"

"Dinna ken; Soor Jock will tell us."

"Hoo does Soor Jock ken?"

"He's been takin' the census."

"Weel, bring him in."

Jock was brought in and gave answer to the effect that there was quite sufficient accommodation for all the children in the two schools.

"But, Jock," said Stevens, "ye should hae waited the commands o' the Board afore takin' up the census."

"It was gaun on i' the neit pairishs," said Jock, "so I thoct--"

"Weel, weel," said the chairman, "nae hairm's done; they got on afore us, but we're a' learners enoo. I suppose we'll just keep Jock on."

This was agreed to, and after some more preliminaries the Board departed, highly pleased with their first performance. But who can picture the joy and conscious pride of James Robertson when he received the first official envelope, with the awe-inspiring words—On Her Majesty's Service—printed in capitals on the corner?

"And see, Elsie, ooman, there's the croon—white on a blue ground."

"Oh, Jeems' but wha wad haethoht ye wad ever come to this?"

"Come to this ooman! a' body disna think sae little o' yer man as ye dae, ooman! it was to be expectit."

"Ow, ay, I kent ye was guid at the upstak; but losh me, Jeems, we maun let fouk ken o' this."

"Ken, to be surc, they maun ken."

"But hoo wull we dae't without lookin' like braggin'? It's a pity the fouk at the market sudna see it."

"That's weel mindet, Elsie, ooman, the morn's market day; I'll tak' it i' my pouch wi' the end sticken oot."

"But gin ye should loss the letter?"

"Ow, but we'el tak' oot the letter and put in a bittie waste paper."

"An' gin anybody should steal it?"

"Weel, we'll preen it in, and that'll secure it."

"It's a fine spite agin Joe Naismith, for crawin' owre ye last fair."

"Ay, I se warrant he'll look blue when he sees it."

In high glee James strutted off to market next day, with the official letter sticking conspicuously out of his pocket. With great humility—a humility which we would do well to copy when honors fall upon us—James replied to the congratulations of friends.

"Ay, it was an honor I didna expec', and maybe didna deserve."

To which he received the memorable reply—

"Jeems, ye're the very man for it."

"Elsie," said he, when he got home, "ye maun gang in to the toon an' get a new shawl an' bannet; it wiinna dae for the wife o' ane in her Majesty's Service tae gang like other fowk."

"An' did ye gar them glower at the market?"

"Ow, ay, ooman, but they a' said I was juist the man. It was a pity I cudna hae gotten the letter