

freend tae gie ye a word. Ye wes tae slip awa tae Muirtown the nicht withoot a word, an' nane o's tae ken ye hed been here? Na, na, gin there be a cauld hearth in yir auld hame, there's a warm corner in ma hoose for Lily's brither," and so they went home together.

When they arrived, Saunders was finishing the last stack, and broke suddenly into speech.

"Ye thocht, Drumsheugh, we would never get that late puckle in, but here it is, safe and soond, an' a'll warrant it 'ill buke (bulk) as weel as ony in the threshin'."

"Ye 're richt, Saunders, and a bonnie stack it maks;" and then Charlie Grant went in with Drumsheugh to the warinthe and the kindly light, while the darkness fell upon the empty harvest field, from which the last sheaf had been safely garnered.