

"Eh, Miss Adair, I was just thinkin' o' ye a minit syne. How kind of you to come doon. Tak' off your cloak. My, what a braw gown! Look, John, do ye ken what she minds me of?"

Adair laughed, and, only faintly embarrassed by their adoring and admiring glances, threw aside her cloak and hat, and, taking Mary by the arms, pushed her back into her chair.

"Sit you down now, Mary, and don't talk any more nonsense. What is this Mrs. Anderson has been telling me about you? You can't be ill. We won't allow you to be ill, you are too necessary to everybody. Just think what would become of John and Robin if you were laid up."

"Oh, I'll not be laid up if I can help it, Miss Adair," said Mary. "I'm tellin' John there's not much the matter wi' me, but I'm just tired, aye tired. I suppose it must be that I'm gettin' auld."

"Nonsense, Mary, you are not fifty yet. By-and-by you will get quite strong again. Mother is something like you just now; she's always complaining of being tired. I tell you what you must do; you must get a big strong girl to do the hard work for you in the morning. Do you hear, John?"

"Ay, I hear, my dear," said John, as he sat down on the little table which stood between the two windows white as the driven snow. "I have been telling her that; but what do you think she says?—that if I want to pit her in her grave without delay I can just get her a servant lass."

Mary laughed softly, but did not demur.

"I am no needin' a servant lass, Miss Adair; I have two grown servants here in my man and Robin. When I came ben this morning at the back o' six