

The man—a not bad-looking fellow in shooting togs—started forward, overwhelmed with remorse at the mischief he had done, or had been an active promoter in, stammered regrets with his tongue, while his eyes looked a not very carefully veiled though entirely respectful gratification at having so fair a picture thus thrust in his line of vision.

“Oh! I say, I am no end sorry,” he blurted out; “cannot I do something.”

Bess was half way to the line fence by this time—and the boys were going to take Phemie and Jean to the village when the chores were done. Jean, therefore, answered curtly.

“The ony thing ae one can dae is gang to th’ cross-roads fence and drive Bess back an’ thro’ th’ bars, an’,” returning his admiring, albeit respectful, gaze with a severe look of disapproval, “gin ye’ll be gude eneuch t’ move oot o’ th’ way an’ keep your dog quiet, I’ll juist gang for her mysel’.”

“Oh, no, no!” distressedly, “I am sure” (with inward trepidation), “I could drive a cow.”

At a “Down, Carlo!” with the spot indicated, the dog obediently hid in a clump of bushes, the gun was laid beside him, and before Jean could think the intruder was taking a man’s strides in Bess’s direction. The pretty heifer, tired with her mad scamper and perhaps feeling the fiend was sent in judgment for her defection when the milking hour arrived, allowed herself to be driven to and through the bars, whence, a sadder and wiser cow, she wended her way to the milking-yard.

Jean, defeated in her intention of milking in the shady wood—how could she, with a strange dog, man and gun there?—nevertheless repenting of her harshness to one so willing to repair a mischief, waited at the bars and very prettily thanked the