

## CHAPTER VI.

"I watched the symptoms of the great,  
The gentle pride, the lordly state,  
The arrogant assuming;  
The fient a pride nae pride had he,  
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,  
Mair than an honest pleughman."

—Burns.

IN less than a week Philip Maxwell returned to the ninth line of Elmsley. This time a logging-bee was in full swing at Jamie's. Lassies were flitting in and out of the house; savory odors of cooking reminded him that the dinner hour was nigh, and from the cordiality of the invitation of the week previous, he felt that to the gudeman he would be welcome, but it was not alone Jamie's welcome he was craving.

Jean carrying a great bowlful of strawberries to a table set in the shade, saw him come in at the "wee gate."

"An' a vera gude mornin'," she said brightly; "Da 'n' Douglas 'll be weel pleased t' see ye."

This was enough. Philip Maxwell immediately felt there had never been quite such a delightful combination of meteorological conditions as this day possessed.

"Da 'n' Douglas" were not far away, for, though scarcely eleven o'clock, the men were performing their ablutions at a bench in the back yard where some tin wash-basins had been set. As each man finished cleaning up face and hands, with a plentiful sousing of not very closely cropped hair, these were emptied anywhere, filled from a brook which threaded its way through both yards, and set for the next man.