

"Ay, ye may weel say't, Laird. My freens are nane o' yer mean, shabby kind o' folk ; they never dae things in hauf—when a thing's din ava it's aye din respectively."

"Hoo—hoo—I was gaun to say, Chirsty, hoo muckle micht it be?" ventured the Laird, diffidently.

"Let me see—ay, weel, yes, its just exackwilly the roun' sum o' twenty pounds starlin' ; but don't let that annoy ye, Laird, we'll aye be the same Chirsty and John tae you."

"Ou, deed ay ; I have nae doot o' 't," said the Laird, somewhat relieved by the disclosure ; however, he desired to probe a little deeper.

"But hae ye gotten the sillar?"

"Weel, no ; I'm gaun forrit tae Lunnon tae lift it. Ye ken I manage a' thae things, Laird : John, puir man, wud rather gang to Giberaltar than look a gentleman straught i' the face—he's a slack fallow. When I rærriet him the neebors says, 'John, ye're weel dune for.' So he was, puir man, and I have nae doot he feels that the day, though he never speaks."

"But ye're gaun tae Lunnon, ye say?"

"Exackwilly."

"Will ye travel it?" asked the Laird, vaguely. Laird Logan was a man who was not at all skilled in subjects of modern interest. He had never been more than ten miles from his native village, and he knew about as much of the world in general as he knew of its topography.

"Certes ! hear the man. Travel it ! Fegs, no, I'm gaun up by electrick telygraph."

"Chirsty !" cried the Laird, throwing open his eyes to such an extent as to put his other features somewhat out of harmony. "By electric telygraph ! woman."