

"Dinna argy bargy with the leddies," said Chirsty, tripping down the stair like a lady herself, but not hoisting the color that would at that moment have best become her.

"You must come out to Bahribbie again and see us, James," the elder lady remarked by way of good-night.

Tammas turned a face of appeal to his other visitor, who had been regarding him curiously.

"Do you know, James," she said, "I would not have recognized you again?"

"Very like," answered Tammas, "for ye never saw me."

"Be ashamed of yourself, James," cried Chirsty, shocked to hear husband of hers contradict a lady.

The young lady, however, only smiled.

"Oh, James," she said, playfully, "to think you have forgotten me, and I poured out your tea that day at Bahribbie with my own hand."

In his after years Tammas, tempted to this extent, would have answered in some gallant words such as the young lady could have taken away with her in the carriage. But that night he was only an ordinary man.