

discreet, and dutiful woman, used to wash and do bits o' odd turns about the hoose when they lived in these parts, and I hae nae doot that served to strengthen the freen-ship considerable. But come as it micht, Laird, we are weel dune for, though me and John hae just come to the determination that we'll no be prood. We'll show the warld that pride and siller are twa different things; and as we were sittin' crackin' by the fire en' last night after we got the news, we just said to each other, says I, 'John,' 'Say on Chirsty,' quo' he 'Ye're a discreet woman: ye're the guidin' staur o' my existence; ye're the best wife e'er I saw.' Weel, Laird, ye ken whatever I say is law, and I says, says I, 'John, we're nane o' yer plain common folk noo; we've got riches, John, and it's hard to keep oorsel's frae the vanities and big thochts that comie wi' siller, but we'll just throw a' these aside, an we'll speak to a' the neebors as we did afore'; and I says, says I, 'there's Laird Logan, the decentest an' ceevilist man in the village, he has been oor freen' in mony a hardship,' and says I, 'we'll go oot an' in, buy oor things there as we did afore, and we'll just be couthie wi' folk that's couthie wi' us. I ettle the minister's leddy will be braw and chaw'd at hersel' for fytin' on me and John for sieepin' owre lang last Sunday, but we'll just speak as free till her as if naething had happened, an' let her ain conscience kittle her for speaking sae croose.' It's an unco thing to be rich, Laird, said Chirsty, giving her head another aristocratic fling, 'it tries a body sairly, but we'll aye be the same.'

"Weel, Chirsty, ye're an exemplary woman," said the Laird, somewhat impressed with the fortune. "It'll be a big sum, nae doot."