

"'twas a sair thing tae haud men an' wimmin t' answer t' an airthly maister for a' their doins 'n sayins, till they'r feart t' hae een a thocht feart 't'd slip oot unawares. But thae's warse, f'r th' ither kenned richtly wha was his maister, and wha he maun mind, but at this, a man daurna draw a breath o' air feart some man, he nichtent ken wha, shud hae want'd 't, an bein' a better haun wi a gun, or cleverer wi' tricks, nicht send him tae Heeven maist before e'en th' Laird himsel' had time t' ken o't."

"It's richtly ye say't, Sandy," said Jamie, "an' oor Rob 'll gie 's word tae the doon-puttin' o' sic sinfa wark, aiblins there'll be ither wha'll no' want their ain plans interfered wi'."

"Ye ne'er cracked truer nor that, Jamie. It's th' deevil gettin' in high places make a' th' comether."

"Would you be so good as to inform me where Captain Joshua Adams lives?"

The tone was purest English, something rare in this new Scotland. With true Highland imperturbability, Sandy and Jamie merely turned their heads in salutation.

"Ye'll find him doon th' road a mile, a bit wast till ye coom till anither road gaein' north, then win on till ye coom till a wee bit mill, an' thae's he," answered one of the men, "and," expecting a fair return, "what nicht ye'r name be?"

"My name," said the stranger, with the utmost frankness, realizing, no doubt, that the desired information merited an exchange, "is Philip Maxwell, and I have come out to look over some mining land in this vicinity. Captain Adams is an interested party, and I am anxious to confer with him."

Neither Sandy nor Jamie were insensible to the