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'Of course I do; I'm going within half a mile of it. Get in. Warmish day.'

'Rather; thank you, I'm in luck,' said Alastair, as he jumped into the comfortable seat by the driver's side. The leather cover was up, and it was delicious to be sheltered from the glaring sun.

'Stranger here, I see,' said the driver very freely.

'Yes, just come over.'

'From the old country? Thought so. Any relation of Mr. Macleod's?'

'Only a friend. Do you know him?' asked Alastair interestedly, for here was a fine chance of hearing some independent testimony about his friend.

'Know him? We all do. He's one of our prominent men. He's in everything—everything good, I mean. He's a tip-top fellow, and the best farmer I ever see'd. I've been in the farming line myself for forty years, but he's learned me a thing or two.'

'Has he really? He is a successful man, then?'

'He's a genius. I'll tell you what. They don't think much of the old country gentry here, but he's thrown them all off their calculations. It takes a man with all his senses about him to serve Mr. Macleod.'

'Is he so hard on them?'

'Oh, bless me! no; but he knows everything, and he won't let a slovenly bit of work slip. I don't want no better recommendation with a man than that he has served at Sunshine Hill, and my mistress will tell you the same about the hired girls. Mrs. Macleod's a real lady, but she knows what's what. Come out thinking to settle, eh? Fine country this. Look at that wheat, sir. Did you ever see its marrow? This is the kind of weather, now. Did you ever see sunshine like this in Scotland? No, you never did. I'm from Scotland myself; out thirty-three year come September. Me and the mistress was home last year for the first time, and we couldn't bide for the rain. Do you know what I told them at Carmunnock afore I came away? I just bade them get Scotland roofed in or I can' back. Ha! ha!'