

upon it. Even Nancy Irvine's grim mouth relaxed with momentary softness, for the minister's only child was dear to every one of his people.

"It's gaun tae be sune, I hear," whispered Mrs. Scott eagerly. "Doctor Forbes is gettin' a heap o' braw furniter hame tae Cluny, an' my guid-brither's gotten an order for some o' Miss Haldane's things. It'll be a sair day for the minister when she gets mairret, though she's no gaun faur awa."

"Nae doot," admitted Mrs. Irvine. "Deed, if she only kent it, she's better the noo than ever she'll be. Lassies are no wise mairryin' an' fleein' intae a peck o' troubles."

"I'm thinkin' the wund'll no get leave tae blaw on the Doctor's wife," said Mrs. Scott. "An' they'll be a braw couple, a perfect sicht for sair een."

"She'll be gaun up tae the schule tae tea wi' Miss Kenyon the noo," said Nancy Irvine. "The twa's never pairtet. I dinna like that Miss Kenyon, she's ower quiet an' sleekit."

"Nancy!" exclaimed Mrs. Scott, indignantly, "ye're the first that ever said an ill word aboot her. My certy, if some folk heard ye ye wadna be richt. There's no her better in a' The Linn, nor oot o'd aither."

"Humph," said Mrs. Irvine, "I'm no sayin' — Od there's that Jock awa intae the smiddy tae pit his faither aff his wark," and Nancy started off like an arrow. Mrs. Scott watched the lank awkward looking lad slouching into the forge, and when the next moment she saw his mother administer a smart slap on the side of his cheek, and heard her shrill tongue calling him for laziness, she retired into the house, her sides shaking with silent laughter.