

rather than herself. But evidently the ladies had come after all, and the question for Tammas was whether to face them or step about Tilly until they had driven away. It is difficult, no doubt, to believe that there ever was a time when Haggart would rather have hidden behind a dyke than converse with the gentry, but I have this from himself. He, whose greatest topic in the future was to be, *Women, and Why we should Put up with Them*, however Unreasonable, could not think of the proper thing to say to the ladies of Balribbie.

"Losh, losh," he has said, when casting his mind back to this period, "it's hard to me to believe that the unhumorons man swithering at the foot of Tilly that nicht was really Tammas Haggart, and no just somebody dressed up in Tammas Haggart's image."

If it was hard to Tammas, how much harder to the like of us.

Without actually deciding to show tail, Tammas continued to lean heavily against the wall, where he was not conspicuous to two women who passed a little later with baskets on their arms.

"I assure ye Chirsty's landed," one of