

Then to his hostess he turned and put another question.

"And, if I am not too bold, how much might your husband get in the year?"

"Tammass Glencairn is a guid man, though he's my man, an' he gets a good wage. He's weel worthy o't. He gets three an' twenty pound in the year, half score o' yowes, a coo's grass, a bow o' meal, a bow o' pitatas, an' as mony peats as he likes to cast, an' win', an' cairt."

"But how," said John Bradfield, forgetting his manners in his astonishment, "in the name of fortune does he manage to get a tutor?"

"He disna keep him. *I* keep him!" said Mistress Glencairn with great dignity.

The Minister of Education looked his genuine astonishment this time. Had he come upon an heiress in her own right?

His hostess was mollified by his humbled look.

"Ye see, sir, it's this way," she said, seating herself opposite to him on a clean-scoured, white wooden chair, "there's mair hooses in this neighbourhood than ye wad think. There's the farm hoose o' the Black Craig o' Dee, there's the herd's hoose o' Garrary, the onstead o' Neldricken, the Dungeon o' Buchan—an' a wheen mair that, gin I telled ye the names o', ye wadna be a bit the