CHAPTER VIII

**Meevin**

The echt chapter is unca short, an tells that Gibbons, the amateur naturalist o the airt , fin sprauchled oot on the braid open muirs nae a sowel nearhaun a couple o miles o him, as he thocht, an near dwaumin, heard aside him the soun like a cheil hoastin, sneezin, an syne sweirin rochly tae hissel; an luikin, saw naethin. Yet the voyce wis real eneuch. It cairriet on sweirin wi thon braidth an reenge that merks the sweirin o a cheil o larnin. It grew to a heicht, dwined again, an deed hyne awa, gaun as it seemed tae him in the airt o Adderdean. It heistit tae a fitfu sneeze an eyndit. Gibbons hid heard naethin o the foreneen’s ongauns, bit the marvel wis sae merked an misfittin that his wyce peace wis gaen; he raise up faist, an hashed doon the broo o the knowe tae the clachan, as faist as he could gyang.