

has been erected on this bridge to make travelers go another way, but it is also as good as a sign-post, for ten yards due south from it stands the short thick beech against which Tammas Haggart undoubtedly slept for nearly seven hours on that queer night. Even Lookabout-you admits this.

To make the scene as vivid as possible, William, at my suggestion, sat down beneath the tree like one sleeping. I then went a little way into the Long Parks and came back hurriedly, making pretense that it was a dark night. I climbed the paling, crossed the bridge—there being two loose spars in the hoarding—and was passing on when suddenly I saw a man sleeping at the foot of a tree. When regarding him I shivered, as if it was the depth of winter, and then noted that he had on a thick top-coat. After a little hesitation, I raised him cautiously and got the coat off without wakening him. I was rushing off with it when I remembered that the night was cold for him as well as for me, and flung my old coat down beside him. Then I hurried off, but of course come back directly, the make-believe being over.