

poor head upon his lap, bending over it, like a mother over a sick child.

"They've done ye at last, lad—done ye sair. And noo I'm thinkin' they'll no rest content till I'm gone. And oh, Wullie!"—he bent down and whispered—"I dreamed sic an awfu' thing—that ma Wullie—but there! 'twas but a dream."

So he sat on, crooning to the dead dog; and no man approached him. Only Bessie of the inn watched the little lone figure from afar.

It was long past noon when at length he rose, laying the dog's head reverently down, and tottered away toward that bridge which once the dead thing on the slope had held against a thousand.

He crossed it and turned; there was a look upon his face, half hopeful, half fearful, very piteous to see.

"Wullie, Wullie, to me!" he cried; only the accents, formerly so fiery, were now weak as a dying man's.

A while he waited in vain.

"Are ye no comin', Wullie?" he asked at length in quavering tones. "Ye've not used to leave me."

He walked away a pace, then turned again and whistled that shrill, sharp call, only now it sounded like a broken echo of itself.

"Come to me, Wullie!" he implored, very pitifully. "'Tis the first time iver I kent ye not come and me whistlin'. What ails ye, lad?"