

that when she woke she thought she saw the moon crying, and began to howl. "It was just a boy with a stable lantern," I laughed. "It may have been," she replied, "but it's the same dream I dreamt and the same moon I saw two days before that day when the poor old gentleman died as he was watching the guns." "You're an old woman," said I, "your liver is out of order. Go and chew some grass."