

The Tailless Tyke at Bay 351

dead, and the little man was left alone with the body of his last friend.

Dry-eyed he sat there, nursing the dead dog's head; hour after hour—alone—crooning to himself:

"'Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day I thought
We wad be beat.'"

An' noo we are, Wullie—noo we are!"

So he went on, repeating the lines over and over again, always with the same sad termination.

"A man's mither—a man's wife—a man's dog! they three are a' little M'Adam iver had to back him! D'ye mind the auld mither, Wullie? And her, 'Niver be down-hearted, Adam; ye've aye got yer mither.' And ae day I had not. And Flora, Wullie (ye remember Flora, Wullie? Na, na; ye'd not) wi' her laffin' daffin' manner, cryin' to one: 'Adam, ye say ye're alane. But ye've me—is that no enough for ony man?' And God kens it was—while it lasted!" He broke down and sobbed a while. "And you, Wullie—and you! the only man friend iver I had!" He sought the dog's bloody paw with his right hand.

"'An' here's a hand, my trusty fier,
An' gie's a hand o' thine;
An' we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.'"

He sat there, muttering, and stroking the