

The Tailless Tyke at Bay 343

In the interest of the story no man had noticed that his dog had risen from his side; no one had noticed a file of shaggy figures creeping out of the room.

"I tell ye it's the tykes! I tell ye it's the tykes! They're on ma Wullie—fifty to one they're on him! My God! My God! And me not there! Wullie, Wullie!"—in a scream—"I'm wi' ye!"

At the same moment Bessie Bolstock rushed in, white-faced.

"Hi! Feyther! Mr. Saunderson! all o' you! T'tykes fightin' mad! Hark!"

There was no time for that. Each man seized his stick and rushed for the door; and M'Adam led them all.

A rare thing it was for M'Adam and Red Wull to be apart. So rare, that others besides the men in that little tap-room noticed it.

Saunderson's old Shep walked quietly to the back door of the house and looked out.

There on the slope below him he saw what he sought, stalking up and down, gaunt and grim, like a lion at feeding-time. And as the old dog watched, his tail was gently swaying as though he were well pleased.

He walked back into the tap-room just as Teddy began his tale. Twice he made the round of the room, silent-footed. From dog to dog he went, stopping at each as though urging him on to some great enterprise. Then