

til the spell was broken we might sit thus for the space of a quarter of an hour, none speaking, yet in the completest sympathy, because we were all thinking of the same thing, and that a gravestone.

Tillyloss is three broken rows of houses in the east end of Thrums, with gardens between them, nearly every one of which used to contain a pig-sty. There are other ways of getting into the gardens than by windows, for those who are sharp at knowing a gate when it looks like something else. Three or four other houses stand in odd corners, blocking the narrow road, which dodges through Tillyloss like a hunted animal. Starting from the west end of the suburb, as Tillyloss will be called as soon as we can say the word without smirking, the road climbs straight from the highway to the uppermost row, where it runs against a two-story house. Here we leave it, as many a curious stranger has done, to get out of Tillyloss the best way it can, for that two-storied house is where Tammas Haggart lived, up the outside stair, the west room.

Tammas flitted to the Tenements a year after he became a humorist, and it is an ex-