

of Dundonald was a long way off and he did not know anybody in it by the name of Askew. I was on the right road and could find out when I got there. He lit his pipe and left me. I walked with more ease, and the farther I went the hungrier I grew. Coming to a house by the side of the road I went to the open door and asked for a cake. I have nothing for beggars, cried a woman by the fire. I am no beggar, I answered, I will pay you and held out a halfpenny. She stared at me. Take these stoups and fill them at the well. The hill was steep and the stoups heavy, but I managed to carry them back one at a time and placed them on the bench. She handed me a farl of oatcake and I went away. It was the sweetest bite I ever got. It was not nearly dark when I climbed a dyke to get into a sheltered nook and fell asleep. Something soft and warm licking my face woke me. It was a dog and it was broad day. What are you doing here, laddie? said the dog's master who was a young fellow, perhaps six or seven years older than myself. His staff and the collie showed me he was a shepherd. I told him who I was and where I was trying to go. Collie again smelt at me and wagged his tail as if telling his master I was all right. I went with the lad who said his name was Archie. He led to where his sheep were and we sat down in the sunshine, for it was another warm day. We talked and we were not ten minutes together when we liked each other. He unwrapped from a cloth some bannocks and something like dried meat, which he said was braxie.