

The Rockwood Review.

Ah-h-h—they're in!" And the last sheep reluctantly passed through—on the stroke of time.

A roar went up from the crowd. Maggie's white face turned pink, and the Dalesmen mopped their wet brows. The mob surged forward, but the stewards held them back.

"Back, please! Don't encroach! McAdam's to come!"

From the far bank the little man watched the scene. His coat and cap were off, and his hair gleamed white in the sun; his sleeves were rolled up, and his face was twitching, but set as he stood—ready.

The hubbub over the stream at length subsided. One of the judges nodded to him.

"Noo, Wullie, noo or niver! 'Scots wha hae'!" and they were off.

"Back, gentlemen, back! He's off—he's coming! McAdam's coming!"

They might well shout and push for the great dog was on to his sheep before they knew it, and they went away with a rush, with him right on their backs. Up the slope they swept and round the first flag—already galloping. Down the hill for the gap, and McAdam was flying ahead to turn them; but they passed him like a hurricane, and Red Wull was in front with a rush and turned them alone.

"McAdam wins! Five to four McAdam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out a clear voice in the silence.

Through the gap they rattled, ears back, feet twinkling like the wings of driven grouse.

"He's lost 'em! They'll break! They're! away was the cry.

Sam'l was half up the wheel of of the Kenmuir wagon, every man was on his toes, ladies were standing in their carriages, even Jim Mason's face flushed with momentary excitement.

The sheep were tearing along the hillside, all together, like a white scud. After them, galloping like a Waterloo winner, raced

Red Wull. And last of all, leaping over the ground like a demoniac, making not for the two flags, but the plank-bridge, the white-haired figure of McAdam.

"He's beat! The Killer's beat!" roared a strident voice.

"McAdam wins! Five to four McAdam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out the clear reply.

Red Wull was now racing parallel to the fugitives and above them. All four were travelling at a terrific rate, while the two flags were barely twenty yards in front, below the line of flight and almost parallel to it. To effect the turn a change of direction must be made almost through a right angle.

"He's beat! he's beat! McAdam's beat! Can't make it, no-how!" was the roar.

From over the stream a yell.

"Turn 'em, Wullie."

At the word the great dog swerved down on the flying three. They turned, still at the gallop, like a troop of cavalry, and dropped, clean and neat, between the flags; and down to the stream they rattled passing McAdam on the way as though he was standing.

"Weel done, Wullie!" came the scream from the far bank, and from the crowd went up a an involuntary burst of applause.

"Ma word!"

"Did yo' see that?"

"By gob!"

It was a turn, indeed, of which the smartest team in the galloping horse-gunners might well have been proud. A shade later and they must have have overshot the the mark—a shade sooner, and a miss.

"He's not been two minutes so far. We're beaten—don't you think so, Uncle Leggy?" asked Muiel Sylvester, looking up piteously into the parson's face.

It's not what I think, my dear; it's what the judges think," the parson replied; and what he thought their verdict would be was plainly writ on his face for all to read.

Right on to the centre of the