

and far less than sufficient to fasten it down as before, Tam, in spite of his exertions, staggered step after step towards the edge of the precipice. "O Jock! O Jock! O Jock!" he exclaimed, straining meanwhile every nerve in an agony of exertion, "ye'll be o'er like a pock o' weet fish." "Gae a wee bittie down yet," answered the other. "Down! down! deil gae down wi' ye, for I can gae nae further," rejoined Tam; and, throwing off the rope, — for he now stood on the uttermost brink, — a loud scream, and, after a fearful pause of half a minute, a deep hollow sound from the bottom told all the rest. "Willawins for poor Jock Watson," exclaimed Tam Polson; "win the gude five pounds wha like, they'll no be won, it seems, by either him or me."

The party of kelp-burners were proceeding this morning to the scene of their labors, through a heavy fog; and as they reached the furnace one by one, they sat down fronting it, to rest them after their walk, and wait the coming up of the others. Tam Polson had already taken his place among the rest; and there were but two amissing, the man whose dead body now lay at the foot of the cliff, and a serious elderly person, one of his neighbors, whose company he sometimes courted. At length they were both seen as if issuing out of a dense cloud of mist.

"Yonder they come," said one of the kelp-burners; "but gudesake! only look how little Jock Watson looms through the fog as mickle's a giant."

"Jock Watson!" exclaimed Polson, starting to his feet, and raising his hands to his eyes, with a wild expression of bewilderment and terror, "aye, murdered Jock Watson, as sure as death!"

The figure shrank into the mist as he spoke, and the old man was seen approaching alone.