

still had no bonnet, but his long sword was sheathed and swung at his side. He looked handsomer than on the night before, and the expression of weariness that paled his face did not reach to his laughing black eyes and his good-natured mouth, which was half hidden by a short black moustache. His beard was the smallest I ever saw on a man's face; it was like as if a hairy beetle had lit on his chin and nestled beneath his under lip.

He came to a standstill a few yards from me and surveyed my bare legs, tattered kilt, and frowsy hair. I seemed to be a strange sort of beast, to judge by the amusement on his face. I gave back look for look, and said:

"Hoo's a' wi' ye?"

At that he put his hands to his sides and laughed uproariously; but suddenly clapping his palms to his temples, he gave a groan.

"And what may be your name, little man?" he presently asked, in English that was clear enough for me to understand.

"Rorie," I said, "ye will be Don John yersel'? I mind meetin' ye last night."

"Last night!" said he, looking a bit startled. But his face presently took on a quizzical look. "Well, Rorie," said he, "I am your prisoner."

I did not quite understand this until he explained at some length that it was a custom to fight and win, or to escape, or to surrender. As he believed there was little sense in fighting any more for the