

"Creeping?" cried Robin. "Who was he creeping?"

"Her," said the Woman.

"Who?"

"Her what is murdering your fowls; Her that there is all this talk of in the village."

"Is there talk of Her in the village?" asked Robin, pricking his ears.

"Talk!" scoffed the Woman. "There's talk of little else."

"Who is She but the Lord?" asked Robin uneasily.

"You still hold Her to be the Lord?" asked the Woman.

"Certainly so," said Robin.

The Woman shot forth a lean neck.

"If it is the Lord," she cried, "why for d'you set traps?" And she jangled a broken-toothed trap before his face.

"Ay," she cried, shaking it furiously in his face. "Do not think you have deceived me with yer make-believe sittings and sleepings and do-nothing ways. I have followed ye! I have spied ye out! I have known the lyingness of your heart! It is not that you have not tried to catch Her, it is that you *have* tried and tried and tried and failed; and you would conceal your shame. Ye've marched the hill by day! Ye've sat with the gun by night! ye've set traps and traps! all the while a-thinkin' none saw ye but the Lord."

"And none did," said Robin sulkily, "but Danny."

"And Deborah Awe!" cried the Woman. "I have seen ye settin' traps by night with yer hand gloved, and Danny sittin' cannie as a Christian at your side, while ye showed him the way of them. And I have followed you when you went your rounds in the drip of the dawn, and found them same traps that you had set over-night, and buried, lying sprung on the bare earth, mockin' ye. And I have heard ye swear and tear and gnash because ye said the Devil was in Her; and Danny all the while sittin' by, laffin to hear ye. And well he may laugh! for, try as you may—traps, guns and cursings and a—you come no nearer catching Her."