

now; nor would he be with your Honour. Ye'd be like a bit o' Missie to him."

"Where is he?" asked the Laird.

"The same where—" cried the Woman, gulping; "Missie's bed."

The Laird went.

Danny lay as ever at the foot of the white bed, hoarding his slipper, and with haggard eyes.

The Laird sat down upon the bed, and laid grey hands upon his brow; and Danny made no protest.

"Danny," said the Laird, bending low, until his face was just above the sad eyes set in a pearl-grey sea, "do you not understand? She is gone," he said. "She is 'gone,' and repeated it, low and slow, as a father teaching a child its letters. "Mother is gone. She will not come back to us," he said, "we will go to her."

But Danny looked up into the widowed face above him, and would not understand.

Then the Laird with sudden stiffening throat rose and went out, treading in that strange blind way of his.

## XI

### SHE IS NOT THERE, DANNY

NEXT morning when the Woman came to the mourner he rose wearily, slipper in mouth, and trailed out of the room.

She watched him plodding down the stairs, the slipper tapping from stair to stair as he went; she saw him cross the sombre hall, where no soul of sun ever came now, and enter Morning Room.

"He is searching her!" she cried, hand to her throat.

Just then the Laird passed her, tramped down the steps, across the hall, and he too turned into the Morning Room.

Within stood Danny on the low tapestried chair she had