

tapped at the bars of the cage. Forthwith Robin set the cage upon the ground. Softly Danny leaped down, and cried to the gentlemen adventurers within to come forth and comfort him.

Then Robin clutched his champion by the neck and snatched him back, and thrust him forward, tarring him ever on.

Such was the noise of his urging that the Woman came clacking into the yard in her pattens to see.

"What is this rout and raging of the heathen?" cried she, hitching high her petticoats.

"It's the killing cure," Robin replied, thrusting, snatching. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!"

"It is crueltee," said the Woman. "And it is a joy to you to make to suffer God's dumb creatures,"

"It is that," said honest Robin. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!"

"Ah!" cried the Woman, with high petticoats, "you're a' one are men and vermin. Killin's the least of your cruelties."

"It's all in a good cause," cried Robin, thrusting, snatching.

"What cause?"

"The cause of curing Danny."

"You will never cure my man by heathen-murders and bloodinesses!" cried the Woman. "He is not as he once was, and as you still are. He has ceased to be a man; he has ceased to care for murder, he has come to be a Christian quite."

"Blethers!" said Robin, and shot forth a fat buck rat.

It was a ten-yard course to the drain. The rat had four of them, then came Danny, and the rat got home by a tail.

"Wh-o-o!" whistled Robin, and drew a long breath; for Danny had stopped as if struck.

Then he came back, not scurrying for the mouth of the trap as of old, alert for the next, but ploddingly.

Robin snatched up the cage.

"Ho, the Danny!" he shouted, flaming forth with war-cry to stir. "Ho, the Danny! ho, the man! Remember