

"Then he'll say, 'Because I'm none satisfied with thee.'"

"Then you'll just say, 'Why not?'"

Joliff licked his lips.

"Then he'll say, 'Because, ma lad, yo' ain't done your duty.' And then what'll I do?"

"Then," said the lady, cold as a star, "you'll refer him to me."

The gloom on the big man's face broke up. He grinned like a pleased mastiff.

"Thank you kindly, 'M," he said, touched his hat and turned.

She stood where she was in the hush and holiness of the falling evening, Danny in her arms, hearkening to the noise of mighty feet tramping through crisp bracken.

Then the noise ceased.

"Beg pardon, 'M," came a far voice.

She half turned.

On the brow of Windy-hope, in the gate of gold between pillars of dark pine, stood the Englishman, big and black and burly, against the perfect West.

"A was none for it, 'M," he said, touched his hat, and was gone the way of the lost sun.

### XXXVIII

#### DANNY DOUBTS

"O, MY *dear* Danny!" said lady, and sat down beside the grave. "May Lady never have to live through *that* again!" and sat then awhile under the dark-browed fir panting like a hind late-escaped from the snare of the hunter.

Then with tender fingers she loosed the cord from the neck of the prisoner, kissed him on the eye-lids, crooning over him, set him free, and rose.

"Good-bye, Danny!" kissing her hand to him. "Hie away home! and if you love Lady *ever* so little don't—*don't*—*don't* come again."