

the wet buttercups. Anyway, I had not called twice before I saw a cow that was coming toward the gate jump to one side. It then turned back and sniffed at something in the grass, the while it whisked its tail excitedly. In another moment a man's head and shoulders appeared above the long grass. And there was my Spaniard of the night before!

He did not see me at first, being too busy rubbing his eyes, stretching his arms, running his hands through his tousled black hair, and yawning. And, indeed, he looked as if he had not slept long enough.

I did not know whether to run or not; but, remembering his kindly manners of the night before, curiosity took hold of me. I called the kye again.

The Spaniard looked quickly in my direction. Then I was sure it was Don John. He had the same old face, and the same devil-take-me air, and when his eyes fell on me he smiled with great good-nature. He called out—in Spanish, I suppose; then, remembering where he was, he said in English:

“Good morning, little man.”

“It's a braw day,” I said bravely and in my bravest Sassenach.

“Ay, sir,” said he, wagging his head, “but a sad one.”

He got to his feet and came toward me, wiping the hay-wisps from his hose and velvet doublet. This last was slashed with some silvery stuff. He