

The hunted look grew in Simon's eyes.

"I would ask Danny," said Simon. "There is few things hid from him."

"And I have," said Robin.

"You have!" cried Simon, leaping like a fresh-run fish. "And what said he?"

"He tell't me," said Robin slowly, "that an enemy had done this thing."

Simon collapsed.

"It was shown to me," he said shaking, "that it was a friend."

"A friend?" cried Robin. "Whose friend?"

"Danny's," said Simon, watching the old man.

"It is the same," said Robin, entirely unmoved. "He loves his enemies, like the Christian he is."

Simon sat back.

"If Danny can tell you who She is," he said, "he can tell you the best gate to overcome Her. 'That is a sure thing."

"What!" cried Robin indignantly. "Would ye ha' him betray his friends?"

Simon thrust his hands home in his pockets and tilted back.

"I will tell you nothing," he said, and tat-tat-tatted with his heels on the floor.

"I am not asking you," said Robin. "And why will you not?"

"I canna," said Simon, bowing his head in his hands. "I just canna."

"Why for not?"

"The Laird would kill me," said Simon, his face lost in his hands. "That's just why."

"There is worse trials than Death," said Robin ominously. "A dour man's his Honour—he spares none."

"None?" asked Simon, suddenly looking up.

"None," said Robin—"and least of all one of your familee!"

Simon rose to his feet.