

"I will do my duty," said Missie. "Danny, you old bother, come here."

He came and lay at her feet, meek knight; nor stirred, while she dealt with him faithfully because she loved him much.

The old man turned away; but the Woman watched with glee.

"It is a fine little mother you make to him, Missie," she said complacently when it was over.

Missie panted; but Danny, gay at heart again, shook himself and sallied furiously at the yellow cat licking thin lips upon the path as she watched.

"Would ye murder my Jael?" screamed the Woman, and caught up her treasure in her arms. "O," she cried, rocking her darling, "is there no bounds to his bloodiness?"

But Danny was back at the feet of his lady, begging with adoring eyes for her whip, that he might bear it home for her.

So they set off for the house: first Danny, whip in mouth and proud at heart; then his lady, pale still, yet laughing tenderly as she watched her lover swaggering before her bearing proudly the trophy of his shame; and last the Woman, Jael, malignant-eyed, beneath her arm.

"His Honour will be waiting you in the hall," said the Woman grimly, as they came to the steps; "you and your bloody one."

Missie turned to her with large child's eyes.

"Don't tell on us, Deb?" she begged.

III

THAT DOAG

SHE flitted through the hall like a frightened shadow, and Danny paddled at her heels.

As she reached the foot of the stairs, a harsh voice stayed her.