

"If you could do this before," said the Laird, curtly, "why have you not?"

"I was waiting till you had finished fooling with him," said Robin, shivering. "You and your foreigners and Engleesh," and was going out.

"Put a name to this cure of yours," said the Laird.

"I call it the killing cure," said Robin shortly.

The Laird looked at him.

"The killing cure?" he asked suspiciously.

"Killing is curing where Danny is concerned," retorted Robin. "And if I can entice him back to caring to kill, I can entice him back to caring to live."

"Mind then!" said the Laird, hard as iron, "no murder."

LXIV

THE KILLING CURE

THAT evening Robin began the cure, hope glowing at his heart. He sat upon a basket in the sun outside the woodshed; Danny was on one knee, and on the other a wire cage imprisoning as gallant an outlaw company as ever harried a poultry-yard.

Then the old man began to whisper in the little man's ear of the good and bloody days gone by, and ever shook the cage to stir the souls within; while Danny, listless-eyed, reached up a fond tongue to caress the cracked cheek above him. Kindling as he went, the old man swept the strings of memory, singing the glories of many a stricken field; until Danny, kindling too, thrust forth a long grey muzzle to the cage and sniffed.

Sweet in his nostrils was the scent of the gentlemen-banditti within, and memory-stirring. His soul came tiding back into his eyes. He waxed and waxed, until it seemed he was his ancient glowing self again.

Rising on Robin's knee, he thrust forth a massive paw, and