

CHAPTER II

I DRIVE HOME A STRANGE COW

By first daylight my father's alarm passed away. The Spaniard had not troubled us. After questioning me again about my adventure, he scratched his head and presently began to laugh.

"And to think I will have been sitting through the night waiting for a bogey," said he. "I will be thinking maybe this Don John of the lad's is but a human chiel, after all. Forbye, Rorie should be driving in the kye."

"Man, Angus," said my mother nervously, "would it be seemly to send the lad out of a morning when there may be a Spaniard waiting for him?"

"No," said my father, "but the blackamoor would not slay the lad in daylight after letting him be in the dark."

In the end, but not without further protest, my mother let me go for the kye. It was a fine summer morning, although the sun was not up yet. I was a bit sleepy after sitting up late, and perhaps my eyes were not as wide open as usual when I crossed the burn, let down the bars of the wee pasture, and called to the cows that were lying among