

"What's his Honour want with me?" asked Simon hoarsely.

"He has sent me to bid you to him," Robin replied.

Simon leaped to his feet.

"Did not Minnie say," he screamed, "First your daddie! now your Minnie."

He ceased suddenly, and began to smile fearfully as though ashamed.

"And next you!" said Robin. "Just so."

He leaned against the door, regarding Simon.

"Will ye come then?" asked the old man at last.

"Come!" cried Simon, the frenzy on him again. "Is it likely I would come? Na! Na! Na! If Mr. Heriot would murder me too he must come and do it here. I winna go to him or any man just to be murdered."

"That's sense for a softie," said Robin, phlegmatically, yet made no move to go.

Simon's frenzy passed. He became sullen, cowed, uneasy, beneath the other's stare.

"What gars ye glower at me so?" he asked.

"Just nothing at all," said Robin softly. "Just nothing at all. I was but wondering if you would be long for this world."

He swung slowly round, his eyes over his shoulders still on the other's face.

"See here!" said Simon, pale-eyed, "What is it at all?"

"It is just this," said Robin, spearing him with watery eyes, "that you ken what you ken."

Simon nibbled.

"Is it Her?" he asked.

"It is Her," said Robin ominously. "And his Honour would know why you are keeping what you ken of Her from him."

"Is it his Honour?" asked Simon.

"Have I not tell't you it was his Honour sent me to bid you to him?" cried Robin.