

stable, seeing only Glenkens a ghostly shadow nosing about in his new liberty, a slim dark figure suddenly filled up the low oblong of the stable door behind him.

"Hist, brother!" the words came startlingly clear, "time to get the beast out of that. We have an hour—no more! And barely that!"

"Zipporah Katti," he gasped, "I—I have changed my mind—I cannot steal Glenkens!"

"But you must—you shall. The blood of the oath is not gone from your lips. You and I, brother, will do the trick—unless, that is, you prefer that it should be Toby Lee or Raif Palafox. They both want to marry me, brother, but our chief Lazun, away at Cancak has not yet decided. Besides, one of them would surely have to kill the other first."

All this kept Paul Wester silent. It seemed the wildest of wild talk to him. Nobody was ever killed in Galloway now, except sometimes a stray keeper in a free fight with armed poachers, and he stood still, acutely conscious of Zipporah's small hand laid with the freedom of comradeship on his shoulder and the restless shaggy head of Glenkens sniffing at them both over the partition.

"Be quiet," she said; "unlock the door and let us get him away!"

Somehow Paul found the door unlocked, yet he did not remember to have given her the key. He saw Zipporah move within. The soft buzz of her whisper came to his ear, like the hum of a tired bee. Instantly the quick nervous patter of Glenkens' hoofs ceased upon the stones. She was fastening something soft and silent to his shod feet.

Presently she led Glenkens out, the little horse nosing and sidling against her as he had never done to Paul in all their years of comradeship.

Zipporah led him down the tiny avenue arched by the tall Manse ashes, a landmark from afar, and bulwarked by a dense shrubbery of laurel and holly. The sounds of the Fair came fainter to their ears. Now they were on the little track which led up the valley. Still the tall trees bent about them, but now