

## LXVIII

HER

NEXT morning Robin appeared in the hall with customary lank corpse.

The Laird barely looked up.

"Which is it this morning?" he growled.

"It is Adoni-Bezek," replied the resigned old man.

"Of course!" said the Laird—"the best there was left!"

"Would you grudge your best to the Lord?" said Robin, with round reproving eyes, and retreated into the kitchen.

Two hours later the Woman coming in with Danny found him there with folded arms asleep.

She leapt upon him, flapping a dead bird in his face.

"A fine watch you are!" she cried furiously—"sitting there snoring while his Honour's fowls are being exterminated to death."

"What another?" said Robin mildly. "A-well, it's the wull of the Lord!" crossed his legs, and fell again to sleep.

Thereafter it was as the Laird had foretold: murder was among them like a plague, and Danny, ever alert, unearthed the victims meagrely buried in secret places in the woods; yet Robin devoutly refused to stir.

"What must be must be," said the good old man, "and I am not complaining."

"You would not be!" cried the angry Woman. "The fowls are not yours."

"Na," said pious Robin, "they're the Lord's, to do with as He wills," and sat with folded hands fast in his devout belief.

"Would it pleasure the Lord to put a plague on his Honour's fowls?" scoffed the woman.

"Ay," said Robin. "If Danny might thereby be made whole."

So far indeed the old man was right, for the campaign of blood and mystery had done for the little knight what seas of