

"Na," said Robin, firmly, "a man must work while he has daylight: it is in the Book. Maybe I'll come to-night. I'll see."

He sneaked away, and the Woman hung on his heels.

"Then what will I tell his Honour?" she asked, "and him shouting for Danny. God's sake! hear him!"

"Tell him," said Robin shortly, "to go look for him."

"I will tell him this!" cried the Woman: "that Danny is gone; and that Simon Ogg has gone after him, whose father the Laird slew, and who has sworn to slay again—life for life, soul for soul; and that you sent him. And I will tell him of the oath of the Englisher which you have withheld from him."

Robin turned.

"I tell't you of it!" he cried. "It was for you to tell his Honour—you that Missie bid mend him and mind him, and see he changed his feet."

"Me!" screamed the Woman. "It was you forbid me flatly. How will yon old billie, bletherin', and blatherin', serve us?" ye said. "Na," says you, "I will be your champion," you says. "I will go up and fight with the Philistine."

"I did it to try ye," said Robin. "I did it by his Honour's word."

"We will see that!" cried the Woman, turned and fled for the house; halted, and turned again, gaunt-eyed, remorseless, prophetess of woe.

"What was it was the oath of the bloody Englisher?" she cried, "word for word, that I may rehearse it to his Honour."

Robin above her on the mound quavered, bowed, and fell suddenly upon his knees.

"To crucify him," he sobbed, his old face in his hands. "To crucify him. O Missie! O my man!"

*(To be continued.)*