

"And who are you," he asked terribly, "who does not heed me?" and began to tramp to the door.

"Robin," replied the voice, hastily.

The Laird flung wide the door.

Upon the stone-slabs in the mouldy passage just outside the door kneeled Deborah Awe.

The Laird looked down at her.

"It seems there's a mistake," he said.

"Seems so," said the Woman, nor stirred from her knees.

Then she lifted a wet face to him, and it was wrung with woe.

"I was just putting up a bit prayer for your Honour," she said, clutching great knuckled hands—"Was ye objectin'?"

"I was not asked," said the Laird.

"Just that the Lord send you the comfort of tears—you and Danny," she continued with wrung hands. "O man!" she cried, gaunt woman on her knees, "there's a hantle o' comfort in tears. If ye could greet a bit, it would ease ye fine."

The Laird looked down at the wet moved face.

"Tears are no ease to men," he said, not unkindly.

"O, but ye should just see Robin!" cried the Woman. "Dreep—dreep—dreep it is all the while. And it eases him fine. And belike if ye could——"

"I can't," said the Laird briefly.

"Not of yourself," said the Woman, "but belike with the Lord to help ye——"

"I am not Robin," said the Laird.

"I ken he's not much in the way of a man, is not Robin," said the Woman; "but——"

"As God meant him," said the Laird, "so He made him. And He made me other; so there's no good talking."

"Hear him!" cried the Woman despairingly; "and how will I that Missie bid——"

"Get up!" said the Laird. "Go!" said the Laird.

The Woman did not move.