

there, had run all night, till he came in the break of the morning to the wee lochan on Windyhope, and there had flung his burthen into the water; how it chanced that "your friend the Englisher" was not far, and hearing a strange outcry had come thundering up, to find Simon skipping like a madman on the bank, screaming that the Devil was drowned, and that he'd earned a guinea for ridding the world of the Father of Wickedness, and pointed to the bag moving faintly beneath the waters. The Englishman had waded in, fished up the bag, and loosed the mouth. Out had crawled Danny, more drowned than alive.

When Simon saw that:

"I aye kenn't he was the Devil!" he had screamed, and fled for his life; but the Englishman had pursued, caught, and half-killed him. Later, on returning to the lochan to minister to Danny, he had found the little man gone.

"The rest," said the Laird, "you know—except that I have been down to Widow Ogg—and she packs, she and Simon, before nightfall."

Robin listened dumbly as in a dream.

"And now we've found the cause of the trouble," said the Laird, "the question is, can we find the cure?"

"I would ask your Honour's Englisher," sneered Robin, coming to himself.

"I have," said the Laird, "and he says all Danny wants is heartening. Now, can you hearten him?"

"So it is to me your Honour turns in the latter end!" Robin cried passionately. "Cure him! who would cure him if I could not, who have been fellow to him in sorrow and sickness, and battle and murder, morning, noon and midday, these ten years? Cure him!" he cried with kindling bitterness, "if your Honour had come to me at the onset, there would have been no need to cure him at all."

"You would have made him whole before ever he was ill?" said the Laird.

"I would so," said Robin.