

"I see him not," said the Woman, and looked into the old man's eyes.

"He's there all the same," said Robin, turning and ever turning, and ever paling as he turned, "only—I just canna see him. . . . Ho the man! ho the Danny!"

"You may call and call," cried the Woman. "He is not there to hear."

"He'll just be with his Honour," he said, feigning indifference, and yet with shaking lip.

"I will see that," cried the Woman and ran.

In a moment she was back, clattering furiously along the passage.

"Where is my Danny?" she cried vengefully, and flung into the room.

Robin was already in the door, sneaking forth.

"Is he not with his Honour?" he asked, pausing.

"That he is not, nor has been!" cried the hard-voiced Woman, and stood over against him, gaunt accuser, hand on hips. "And his Honour would ken where he is."

Robin began to sneak forth.

"It is of you I ask it, Robin Crabbe!" cried the Woman dogging him. "You that are our champion! You that have saved him!"

"If he is not there," said Robin, "it is like he will be some other where."

"He is lost!" cried the gaunt Woman, "lost!" and turning called down the passage.

"Robin Crabbe has lost him again, your Honour."

"Send him here!" came the harsh voice from the hall.

"The Laird would speak with you," said the Woman, turning.

"I canna come," said Robin, hurrying away.

"He must come!" thundered the voice unseen.

"I canna!" cried Robin, raising his voice. "I've my work."

"Ye can let it go," thundered the Laird, "same as usual."