

"Where away at cock-shout?" asked the old man with upraised authoritative hand.

"I go to Altyre," chattered the youth, his eyes on Danny.

"On that business I spoke with you of last night?" asked the old man.

"The same," said Simon.

Robin eyed him critically; then he thrust forth an old hand.

"Simon Ogg," said he, not unfeelingly, "you have more heart to you than has been shown to me. It is ill to sin," continued the preacher of the weeping eye, "but some hold—and I am one—that to sin and then to confess your sin is better than never to have sinned at all. And mind," said Robin, "if they give you the £10 for informing against yourself, it is to me that it belongs, who put you in the way of addling it. But I will not forget my little friend," said Robin, tenderly, "and we will share and share alike. You shall have your sixpenny," said Robin, "if ever you come forth from clink alive; and I will have that is over. Go, my buckie," said Robin, tears in his eyes. "Go! and the blessing of St. Colomb be with you in clink or in cottage, in heaven or in hell."

Simon, son of Simon, tramped on his way, tittering; while Robin trotted home with heart uplifted.

In the kitchen he sat down and laughed so long and silently, that the Woman, coming in on him asked him sharply had he been drinking, or had he had the dreams.

"Nor t'ane nor t'ither," said Robin, hugging himself.

The Woman looked at him.

"What is it then?" she asked. "Have you killed Goliath? you that are our champion."

"I have cotched him," said Robin, "if I have not killed him," and told her all. "And so," he made end, "I have sent Simon Ogg to his fate. And I have saved my Danny,"

"And where is your Danny now?" asked the gaunt Woman.

"Here to my heel," said Robin, and looked.