

"God rest her soul!" cried poor old Andra, shaken to the soul. "He's killed her, as he did her man."

"Ay," said dim Robin, "there's power in his Honour's arm yet."

"Here he comes forth!" cried the watcher at the door, and in mortal fear fell back with the others behind the bar.

The Laird swept by the open door, cold, grim, inexorable. A long minute passed, and no man spoke; then down the street there came a pattering of hurrying feet, and with it a whining, whimpering, wailing noise as of some forgotten ghost hunting ancient earth-haunts. Then the dead woman stood in the door.

Her hair was loose, and her face showed dusky through it.

"I'm a dead woman the day!" she hoarsed, and tottered across to the bar. "Give me drink. I'd wash my soul in fire!"

"What ails the body?" chattered the potman, pouring for her with trembling hand. "What ill has his Honour done ye?"

"He put his hand on me!" hoarsed the woman. "He put his curse on me!" and drank, greatly gulping. "I'll ne'er see another dawn! He cursed me; and here's my curse again!"

She gave her skirt a sudden hitch, sank upon bare knees in the sanded floor, and with dreadful face uplifted, and with foul hair loose about it, began to curse.

"May he never know rest in his bed or his grave! May his death come soon, and may it come slow! May the child of his heart be the cause of his end!"

She lurched, caught, recovered, lurched again, and tumbled in the sand, her hair about her dusky face like cobwebs.

"Ay," said a dim voice from the corner, "there's power in his Honour's arm yet."