

fley'd, but I was most scared myself—he look't that unchancy. And I'm no denying I looked mighty fearsome myself—in the, half-dark, and my hand raised, and the battle-look on my face enough to put the fear into a thousand. Then he saw it was me."

"'What it's you, Robin?' he seemed to say, 'I thought you was Her!' and he came to me kind o' wae and wankly and ashamed. And when I'd done laffin' and cryin' and pettin' him, he led me back to the bushie—'See what I have here for you, Robin!' says he, and brings her out ——"

"Her?" hoarsed the Laird.

"Not Her," said Robin, laughing still—"Her handiwork!" and threw a dead bird to the Laird's feet. "It was mighty queer," he cried, laughing still, "what I took for Her burying Her dead being Danny unburying it."

The Laird sat breathing noisily in the silence; and Danny padded across the floor and sat down at his feet.

Robin was still laughing by the door.

"Oh!" he cried, "it was mighty laffable!—me thinkin' him was Her, and him thinkin' me was She."

"I don't know about the laughableness," said the Laird, "I know you gave me a fair turn," and he cleared his throat. "If you were as good at catching Her as Danny at resurrecting their corpses," said he, "I for one'd be a pleased man."

"I have catch'd Her," said Robin, "as good as."

The Laird eyed him grimly.

"You have tried traps and failed," he said. "You have tried sitting for Her with a gun—and failed. What will you try next—before you fail?"

"I will try poison," said Robin, smacking his lips. "And I will not fail."

The Laird hearkened darkly.

"And what of Danny?" he asked.

"He and me, we will lay it together," said Robin, "and I will tell him and he will ken, who is as clever by far as any Christian of us all."