

to mind the day when the ancestress of that same lady-hen had mothered a mixed brood, and Danny, happening on them in the wood, had slain the little pheasants, nor touched the chickens, and what then had come of it—Missie's white anger, the Woman's glee, and his own exertions to save Danny from instant death.

"It was 'Mind, no murder!' then," gulped the old man, tramping down the hill. "And it's 'Mind, no murder!' still. But now," he said, with misty eyes on the grey shadow before him in the dark, "I do think there will be never more any murders to mind."

A shadow, faint as a ghost's, fell across his feet.

"*What then of my murdered minnie?*" whispered a voice a of that ghost in his ear.

*(To be continued.)*