

dim eyes, "may the Laird do by you as he did by your father or worse," said Robin, "or worse."

"Can he worse than murder me?" screamed Simon.

"What the Laird canna," said Robin, "there is just one that can, and that," said he, "is Robin Crabbe."

Robin stood in the door of the kitchen, and looked in on the Woman.

"I have done four things this night that should stead me well," he announced. "I have saved my Danny—and Missie will be pleased; I have made away with a malefactor out of this parish maybe for aye and may be for six weeks—and his Honour will be pleased; I have made £10 that I have not earned—and I am pleased; and I have taken an oath," said Robin, "that I have not kept, nor yet broken it—and the Lord will be pleased."

XXIX

"WHERE IS MY DANNY?"

It was dawn next day. Simon Ogg stood in the door of his cottage and shivered; and at his heels was his wolf-eyed mother, whispering.

"Who strikes Danny strikes the Laird," she was saying in his ear. "Mind that, you that are son to a murdered father! you that took an oath and was shamed for it before the congregation!"

Simon shrugged, shivered, stepped out into the silent street as one plunging into cold waters, and turned West. Once he turned, and in the silent street his wolf-eyed mother stood watching him; so he turned again and took the old drove-road that skirts the foot of Lammer-more, surging up to heaven in long slow sweep, wind-ruffled nor yet awake.

As he came out on to the cold moors, a tiny figure, black against the dun dawn on the hill-top, espied him, and came plunging down the brae, Danny at his heels.