

woman, very tender. "It would ease ye fine," she said. "So," and all in a motherly way, her face streaming with tears close to him, she showed him how; but Danny lay with tearless eyes and could not greet.

The Woman returned to the kitchen.

"He might not be a man at all!" cried the Woman, tearfully. "He finds no comfort in his food."

Robin, dull-eyed in the door, made no reply.

"I have appealed to his stomach," continued the Woman, "and what more can I, him bein' male?"

"Is a man's heart in his stomach?" sneered Robin.

"I kenna," said the Woman; "but I never met the man but I could mend his heart-break with a meat-pie."

"Then ye can mend Danny," said Robin shortly.

"I canna!" cried the Woman. "I just canna. I got him a gigot fresh from the flesher, and cut him a slice from it, and he'll have none of it. What more is there I could do?"

"Ye can do no more," said Robin. "Danny will die; and I aye tell't ye."

The Woman looked at him.

"Could you do nothing, Robin?" she implored.

"I could," said Robin, "if I would."

"And would you not?" cajoled the Woman, "for our wee man?"

"Our man, is it?" sneered Robin, tremulously.

"And is he not yours?" cried the Woman.

"He *was* mine," said Robin, swallowing.

"And is," said the Woman; "yours—and mine—and Missie's."

"Missie willed him to you," said Robin. "It is not for me to come between Missie and her will."

"She would will ye too," said the Woman. "Belike, he might eat for you."

"Ay," said Robin, "he loves me."

"He does so for sure," said the Woman. "Often you and