

"Which I left Danny to watch and ward for you," said Robin. "It was at the fall of night," the old man continued, "and I came by way of the wood for fear I might happen on Her for your Honour; and of a sudden I heard hard by me a girning and scraffing among the bushes. 'Her!' thinks I, claps down on my flat-face, and creeps and keeks, and creeps and keeks, till I came where I could see. And there in an opening stood a bit bushie, and anunder it like it might be a tod stirring and scraffling. And I kenn't what it would be: She had murdered and was burying Her dead."

The old man paused to pass his hand across his mouth.

"A-well I stopped to keek; and as I stopped the scraffling stopped, as though She suspeecion'd me. I just lay still and look'd, and there beside the bush against the light I saw two projectiles—like so!" said Robin, holding up two fingers.

"Like what?" snarled the Laird. "I can't see."

"Like two spears, or the ears of a tod upcocken," said Robin. "And I kenn't She was looking for me, but I lay flat. After a bit the projectiles dropped, and the scrafflin' began. Now, thinks I, the Lord has delivered Her into my hand! and I heft on to my stick and I lowpit."

He paused to snigger.

"And as I lowpit, She look'd up."

"It was Her, then?" said the Laird.

"It was Danny!" cried Robin, and leaned against the door, shaking with laughter—"just Danny!" he gasped. "Who but Danny?"

The Laird thrust out of the dimness.

"Damn you!" he cried huskily, "stop that giggling and get on!"

"I am gettin' on without your damns," said Robin, and went on. "As I saw him he saw me. And man?" cried Robin, "for the first time ever I kenn't it Danny was fear'd. He cower't away like as I'd been the Cherubim with the flaming sword, and he'd been the Serpent—yet glowerin', and girnin', his teeth stripp'd, and hair on edge. I'm no easy