

Robin looked at him.

"Kill him your own gate!" he sobbed, and flung forth.

All that evening and on into the dusk Danny was away. He shunned the house, and he shunned all company. Man-like, as the Woman said, he preferred to break his heart alone.

Towards nightfall, at the time of that deep stillness that often falls between the sleeping of the day and the waking of the night, the beetles twanging in the hush, and everywhere the scent and stir of night stealing forth from the hidden places of the dark, Robin was on the hill where the birch-woods march with the moors, searching a vagrant hen, who had stolen her nest up there.

On Fir-tree Knowe, on the western face of Lammermore, in that same spot where in dear summer evenings of the long-ago Missie had been wont to come, she and her young knight, to watch the shadows stealing over the land, pale Burnwater, and afar the sea, like a spear of gold barring the gate of earth, lay the mourner, grey head between grey paws, watching the glory gather in the West and fade away.

Robin stood afar off and watched him, nor for awhile could speak.

"Come, then, mannie!" he called at last, his heart full of tears.

The little knight rose, and trailed across to him, weary, sad, and small, the dying glory of the sunset in his eyes; and Robin, sniffing, lifted him in fond arms, and kissed him there, where none were by to see but God and the pale evening star. Then the two set off together through the falling night like a pair of lovers made one after many years.

It was Danny found her they sought in a dry ditch among the bracken at the edge of the wood. She would not stir for him, clucking curses at him; but Robin caught her deftly by the legs, counted the eggs, and then replaced her; and as he did so, and saw Danny watching him with tired eyes, he called