

"Look!" she ordered. "*Will* you look!" But he would not, bent on caressing her wrists with tender tongue.

"O I shall loose off soon!" she cried, and shook him. "I really shall. Home! Hepburn! home to your Laird! Murder-man Laird! Keep-his-kirks Laird! Over there—see! No, you *must*, Danny. . . . It's no good slobbering me. I mean it. You must. Now—are you ready? One-two-go!"

She thrust him violently down the hill, arose and fled swiftly; and at her feet, with eyes like stars, fled Danny.

She stopped.

"Now really!" she cried, near to tears. "It's too bad. . . . Naughty, Danny! E-r-r-r!" plucked a sprig of heather and threatened him with it. "Do what Lady tells. Lady very cross. E-r-r-r!"

He sat on a mound a little way apart and eyed her anxiously with side-ways head.

She went back to him and begged upon her knees.

"Now, Danny! Now do—to please kind Lady! O oo might! Oo must! There's a pet-a! . . . Lady saved Danny's life. . . . Danny oblige Lady!"

He crept in to her and lay at her feet with upward eyes.

"O!" she groaned, "*you are! you really are!*" snatched him up desperately, and fled down the hill, through the dew-laden garden heavy with the scent of honeysuckle in the night, in at the side door, up the back stairs, with scared eyes, and so to her own white room; and locked the door.

(*To be continued.*)