

Sweet of heart as Galahad, he was still bloody as a ferret, and not ashamed of it. What he did he did frankly, and all the world was welcome to watch him at it. Stealth and subtlety and creeping deeds were not for the little knight of the fair eyes. He loved light, and to bloody beneath the open eye of heaven.

Once in the early days of their fellowship the Laird caught him red-handed.

He had stalked a jack-hare in the birchwoods, and had snapped him in his form, when a voice from heaven thundered at him.

The slayer looked up. Above him, among the birches, towered the Laird. The heavens were on his grey head; the bracken to his knees; he was cloak-wrapt and with thunder-brow.

Simon Ogg, upon his belly in the bracken, there on secret business of his own, peeped forth fearfully, and his face was white as the boll of the birch above him as he heard; but there was no fear in the heart of Danny.

Blandly the little knight arose. His booty lolling from his mouth, he staggered to the feet of the Laird, laid it there be-slavered in the bracken, and smiled up into the dour face above him.

Simon, quaking, waited to see the dumb Laird smite once and smite no more. He smote not; more terrifying still to fearful Simon, he spoke:

"Mind!" came the harsh inexorable voice. "I will have no murder!" and the Laird turned on his heel and was gone.

That evening Simon, standing in the ale-house door, watching the Laird and his body-Squire sweeping down the street, turned to Robin and asked him if Danny feared any?

"None," said Robin, "now Missie is away."

"Did he fear her?" asked the youth.