

present, and no way to escape without starvation, he thought surrender was the next best thing. So saying, he unbuckled his long, thin sword and laughingly handed it to me. I hesitated, but decided to take it for good faith.

"And now, Rorie," said he, "I am very hungry, and might have killed and eaten one of your cows if I had awakened before you. Your prisoner would like something to eat; and if there is a stream hereabout, I would like to see it, for, certes, my head aches."

I told him there was a burn; and he helped me drive the cows to it, for you will remember that we had to cross it to get to the farmhouse. When we came to the stream, he knelt down among the stones and drank enough to satisfy a cow, after which he put his head in the pool and said it was grand! Between ducks he took a horn from his belt and said:

"Rorie, if you love me, milk me a cow."

He said it so simply and anxiously that I had not the heart to refuse, although the kye should have been in the byre by this. I said as much to my Spaniard, but he assured me, saying:

"Just tell them you met Don John," as if that name was an excuse for anything under the sun.

Now, my father, observing that I was long away, left the house in a hurry to find out what had become of me. Presently he came splashing into the burn.

"Heaven forgive us!" he cried, too astonished