

"Is it done, Liar? *Quick!*"

"No," said Tony, beaten and abashed, "it's—well, it's bein' done."

"Where?" cried the lady. "Quick, Liar, quick!"

"Don't know."

"Who does, Liar?"

"Joliff, I suppose."

"And you let him!" she cried, and stabbed him with her eyes. "Wretch!" swept up her skirts and fled.

XXXV

THE KNIGHT AND THE ENGLISHMAN

AT the foot of an old black fir on Windy-hope above Burn-water sat a doomed knight; in his eyes were dreams, and in his mouth a handkerchief.

At his feet was a new-dug grave; and round his neck a halter tied to the stem of the fir, ruddy-glowing in the evening.

Across the grave stood Joliff, handling a gun.

The knight sat sedately beside his grave; and was politely bored.

The sun had westered behind dark Windy-hope; and was no more seen. Still he sat, the dreams asleep in his eyes, gazing steadfastly to where, on the brow of a hill, a gap in the Forest made a gate of gold with pillars of dark pine.

Joliff clapped the gun to his shoulder.

Tranquil as the evening sat the little knight, a still small majesty of grey, and ever gazed towards that gate of gold with pillars of dark as though through those fair portals, out of that western wonderland of stars and pale illimitable lakes of gold, should come to him his Well-Beloved from searching of lost suns.

Joliff dropped his barrel. Then he blew his nose rudely, expectorated, swore; withdrew the cartridge, peered down the barrel, blew down it, expectorated, swore; pulled forth another