

“And well for him,” said the grim Laird. “His first murder is his last.”

In her room she made him sweet with tender hands, scolding him motherly all the while.

When he was once again himself, sweet-smelling as the dawn and fresh as dew, he led her down the stairs by the hand, as it were, arming her in to the great hall, grey, tender gentleman in shining silver apparel and with eyes of love.

At dinner he lay at her feet, adoring her with faithful eyes. Once the Laird spoke.

“Child,” he said, “you are not eating.”

“All gone,” said Missie, showing a clean-swept plate.

“So I see,” said the Laird; “to that doag under the table.”

“Not very wolfy to-night, Massa,” said tired Missie.

The Laird looked at her.

“It’s that doag!” he said.

Afterwards when he came into the drawing-room she was standing over the fire, shivering, pale, a flush of red in either cheek; and Danny sat beside her with lifted muzzle warming his throat and warrior bosom at the blaze.

“A fire in July!” said the Laird.

“I’m a little sort of shivery, Massa,” said she. “Deb lit it without asking me.”

He put forth great hands and took hers, and they were hot and dry, and lay in his own like fevered lilies in a bear’s paws.

“Child,” he said, “you best get to bed.”

“I think I will,” she said, “if you don’t mind, Massa.”

“Tired?” he asked.

“No, thanks,” she said, smiling at him. “A little all-overish—sort of—that’s all, Massa.”

“It’s that doag!” snarled the Laird, and looked thunder at the grey man at her feet.

*(To be continued.)*