

"I will catch Her when I put out," said Robin sulkily, who had been up all night in vain.

"Have you not then put out yet?" asked the mocking Woman.

"Not to say put out," Robin replied. "I have been waiting till Danny was whole. This Visitation has been the mending of our man, and I do think Missie besought the Lord to send it upon us for his sake. And if I had caught Her at the beginning, he would have fallen back upon his misery. It was worth a hantle of fools to have Danny whole again."

"He is whole now," said the Woman cunningly, catching the grey man up in her arms. "Ye might put out now."

"And maybe I will," said Robin, "and you will see."

"And I will believe," said the Woman, "when I see."

"I will bring you the Head of Her," said Robin.

"Will you?" cried the Woman joyfully. "When?"

"When I have it," said Robin.

"And when will that be?"

"When I put out," said Robin, and trailed on.

"Time too!" screamed the Woman after him. "For you are a mock to all Hepburn because you canna catch Her. The very weans are saying they could catch Her and kill Her and stuff Her, and a' while you wiped your dreep-eye."

Robin turned.

"And how will I that am but mortal prevail against the Devil?" he cried with sudden passion.

The Woman stood on the base of the hill beneath him, her grey wean nursed in her arms.

"It is little I expect *you* to prevail against the Devil or Her or any!" she cried, mocking. "But whiles I wonder that my wean does not!"

Now the Woman was right. For Robin, despite his pious seeming resignation, did set traps. And the traps had caught many—foumart, sweetmart, and once an otter by the saugh at the passage of the burn; and Danny out of his heart of pity