

tance off lay the fatal bait, half devoured. Here mortal sickness had fallen upon him; here when the pangs had racked him he had crawled, working out his agony alone; and then at last, the throes passing, had lain upon the tender snow to sleep.

Above the body in the gloom stood the Laird, stark, silent, sheeted in snow; while Robin sniffed noisily.

There was no mistaking the motive of the wee man's end. Death was the measure meted; Death his just due; Death it should be.

"He did murder," said the Laird slowly.

"Murder!" cried Robin. "She thrust herself down his throat, I am tellin' you. She piked at him. Was he not to pike back? He but clicked his teeth, and it was done."

"But his life was no Lie," continued the gaunt old man, all unheeding. "I thank yon God for that," he said with face upraised. "I thank yon God for that."

He bent and gathered his dead tenderly, brushing the snow off Danny's brow; and the little body was stiff already, and set in the snow as in a winding-sheet.

The Laird took off his bonnet.

"Let us pray," he said, and kneeled in the night, his face uplifted, the snow upon it, his arms outstretched before him, as though offering