

Jonathan and the passages of Michmash!" and shook forth on top of him a shower of rats—a left, and a right beneath his nose, and a wrench, such as of old his soul loved.

He turned not a hair's breadth aside for one of them.

"Danny, man!" whispered the old man, patting him as he passed.

For the first time in history the little knight snatched back his head and snapped.

The old man stood up and drew a shaking hand across his mouth: it was as if a son had struck him.

"Keep me!" gasped the Woman, and could say no more.

Danny trailed away. When he came to the gate he turned, looked at Robin, then trailed back to the old man's feet, lifted himself, and wagging a hopeless tail, licked the hand that he had snapped at; then he dropped, and trotted out of the yard, the most pathetic sea-grey misery that ever trailed a broken heart behind.

Twenty minutes later Robin and the Woman still stood in the yard.

"It was the pitifullest thing!" said the old man for the fiftieth time, while the tears coursed down his cheeks—"the pitifullest thing! 'Forgive me!' he said. 'It was none of me. Danny's dead.' And so," sobbed the old man, "he is."

"Where will he be?" asked the Woman, drying her own eyes.

"He'll none be far," said Robin. "He'll be lying his lone, and wearing his heart away because he will never kill more," and he turned off into the house to the Laird.

That old man knew already. He had been at the window when there had passed before his eyes across the green a small, sad shadow in grey, trailing a broken heart behind.

As Robin entered he turned from his post at the window, and with bleak angered eyes.

"Much good you have done!" he cried.