

Danny shook himself. Then he came in upon her with lowered tail and sniffed the hem of her garments.

She watched him, wondering.

"What is it, little man?" she asked, mother-tender.

At the sound of her voice he lifted a grey face, and looked at her with troubled eyes.

Night was falling all about her now. A horror that among these trees and silent creeping shadows her husband might be lurking seized her.

"Home!" she cried, and waved to him urgently. "Home to your ogre!" turned and flitted away, and turned again to see.

He stood beneath the dark-browed fir, looking after her; with eyes as stars.

"Home!" she cried, peremptorily. "Hepburn! home! Home to your murderer!" turned and sped away, and again looked round.

He was following her at fifty yards. As she turned, he made halt with lifted head and tail that drooped; and his soul was in his eyes.

"O *Danny!*" she cried, "I'm not your murderer! home! home! home to him;" picked up a little stone and flung it at him.

It struck him in the flank; he started, looked, then crept to her feet guiltily and lay there.

"So sorry, Danny?" she cried, remorsefully. "Did it hurt? Lady didn't mean. *Won't* you go? . . . Then this way, silly," and led him to the height of Windy-hope whence across Burnwater and miles of mist-wrapt moors she showed him old Lammer-more large-looming underneath the night.

Standing beneath the peeping stars she pointed.

In vain. His eyes were on hers and not upon that white, imperious hand.

"O *you!*" she cried; and then in the growing darkness fell upon her knees beside him in the heather, took his face between her hands, set his face for home and held it there.