

only to pass through the open door and are with them at once. Cottages in Pine Point settlement were of simple construction; the front door opened out of one side of the hall, the back door out of the other. As the weather was mild, both were wide open.

March had just reached an intensely interesting point in his narrative, and was describing, with flashing eyes and heightened colour, his first interview with the "Vision in Leather," when his attention was attracted by the sound of horses' hoofs coming at a rapid pace along the road that led to the cottage. The wood above referred to hid any object approaching by the road until within fifty yards or so of the front door.

"They seem in a hurry, whoever they be," said March, as he and his mother rose and hastened to the door, "an' there's more than one rider, if I've not forgot how to judge by sounds. I should say that there's—HALLO!"

The exclamation was not unnatural by any means, for at that moment a very remarkable horseman dashed round the point of the wood and galloped towards the cottage. Both man and horse were gigantic. The former wore no cap, and his voluminous brown locks floated wildly behind him. On they came with a heavy, thunderous tread, stones, sticks, and dust flying from the charger's heels. There was a rude paling in front of the cottage. The