

On she sped ; and the white steel rang—
“ Save him—save him for her ! ” it sang.
Once, a lad at a worn-out mine
Strove to warn her with awe-struck sign—
Turned she neither to left nor right,
Strained till the Rock Hills came in sight ;
“ But two miles more,” to herself she said,
“ Then she shall have him, alive not dead ! ”
The merciful gods that moment heard
Her promise, and helped her to keep her word ;
For, when the wheels of the fast express
Slowed through the gates of that wilderness,
Round a headland and far away
Sailed the husband of Jeanne Amray.
While all that hundred-and-fifty then,
Hot on the trail of the Dubois Men,
Knew, as they stood by the pine-girt store,
The girl that had foiled them—Nell Latore.

Slow she moved from among them, turned
Where the sky to the westward burned ;
Gazed for a moment, set her hands
Over her brow, so ! drew the strands
Loose and rich of her tawny hair,
Once through her fingers, standing there ;