

Clive Forrester's Gold

me that no riding-habit was amongst them. As I looked, the leading hounds turned sharply to the left and headed towards one of the most precipitous edges of the plateau.

'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'his point is the Alt Fawr,' which was the Welsh name for the steep edge which fell away one thousand feet, almost sheer to the rocky bed of the river below. And I turned my horse's head straight across the common so as to join in with the hunt before they reached that spot. As I had only to cover the segment of the semicircle described by the hunters, I caught them up without difficulty about a quarter of a mile short of the point where Reynard and some of the leading hounds had disappeared from view over the edge of the heather-covered declivity.

My horse was comparatively fresh, and soon there was only the huntsman in front of me. He was just calling to me to be careful not to approach too near the edge of the mountain when I heard a half-suppressed scream and the sound of a horse coming at full speed behind me. Almost before I had time to turn my head some one was overtaking and passing me on the right side. A glance showed me that it was a lady—a tall, dark girl. 'Grace Jocelyn!' I murmured, 'on——' I did not wait to notice