

between two fires." He smiled, remembering his words to Liddall.

"Ride on," she urged in a strong, clear voice, a kind of wild triumph in it. "You shall not go alone."

There ran into his eyes now the same infinite look that had been in hers—that had conquered him. The flame rolling towards them was not brighter or hotter.

"For heaven or hell, my girl!" he cried, and they drove their horses on—on.

Far behind upon a Divide the flying hunters from Guidon Hill paused for a moment. They saw with hushed wonder and awe a man and woman, dark and weird against the red light, ride madly into the flickering surf of fire.