

situation weakening. The room appeared less chill, the vista beyond the doorway less formidable. Here was a good comrade for a long road — a girl to meet life with some spirit as it came along.

She looked up at him with a smile as she heard the drip of their clothes upon the floor.

"We ought to be hung up to dry," she laughed.

Lowering the candle, he stepped forward.

"We'll be dry soon," he answered confidently.

"What am I to call you, comrade?"

"My name is Jo Manning," she answered with a bit of confusion.

"And I am David Wilson," he said simply. "Now that we've been introduced we'll hunt for a place to get dry and warm."

He shivered.

"I am sure the house is empty. It *feels* empty. But even if it is n't, whoever is here will have to warm us or — fight!"

He held out his hand again and she took it as he led the way along the hall towards the front of the house. He moved cautiously, creeping along on tip-toe, the light held high above his head, pausing every now and then to listen. They reached the stairs leading to the upper hallway and mounted these. He pushed open the door, stopping to listen at every rusty creak, and stepped out upon the heavy carpet. The light roused shadows which fled silently about the corners as in batlike fear. The air smelled heavy, and even the moist rustling of the girl's garments