

close in on them. The girl spoke no word; she had no fear: what Pierre did she would do. He turned round to see his pursuers: they had wheeled and were galloping back the way they came. His horse and hers were travelling neck and neck. He looked at her with an intense, eager gaze.

"Will you ride on?" he asked eagerly. "We are 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 flicking surf of fire.

THE END.