

"Well, I did it!" She rode up laughing, Satan trembling so with excitement and the effort I could see his knees quivering, his flank fluttering wildly. And in Eloise's face there was the white flag of peril yet lingering before the red of victory.

She rode up close to me, her eyes lit with the tenderness of love's light, and bedewed with its tears: "*Kiss me, Jack, dearest — for that is what I had sworn all the time I would do. If — if they had only let me break the world's record that first time.*"

THE END