

ILLUSTRATIONS

We were in a caldron of fire. The roar of doom was
in our ears (p. 143) *Frontispiece*

FACING
PAGE

"No." she said firmly, "you can't see the girl" . . . 116

Then, as I hung half in, half out of the window, he
clutched me by the throat 316

"Garry," I said, "this is—this is Berna" . . . 476