

from him, and he drew her almost fiercely into his arms.

"Pierre! Pierre!" was all she could say.

He kissed her again and again upon the mouth. As he did so, he heard footsteps and muffled voices without. Putting her quickly from him, he sprang towards the door, threw it open, closed it behind him, and drew his revolvers. A half-dozen men faced him. Two bullets whistled by his head, and lodged in the door. Then he fired swiftly, shot after shot, and three men fell. His revolvers were empty. There were three men left. The case seemed all against him now, but just here a shot, and then another, came from the window, and a fourth man fell. Pierre sprang upon one, the other turned and ran. There was a short sharp struggle: then Pierre rose up—alone.

The girl stood in the doorway. "Come, my dear," he said, "you must go with me now."

"Yes, Pierre," she cried, a mad light in her face, "I have killed men too—for you."

Together they ran down the hillside, and made for the stables of the Fort. People were hurrying through the long street of the town, and torches were burning, but they came by a roundabout to the stables safely. Pierre was about to enter, when a man came out. It was Liddall. He kept his horses there, and he had saddled one, thinking that Pierre might need it.

There were quick words of explanation, and then, "Must the girl go too?" he asked. "It will increase the danger—besides—"

"I am going wherever he goes," she interrupted hoarsely. "I have killed men; he and I are the same now."

Without a word Liddall turned back, threw a saddle