

him now, but just here a shot, and then another, came from the window, and a fourth man fell. Pierre sprang upon one, and 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 on another horse, and led it out quickly. "Which way?" he asked; "and where shall I find the horses?"

"West to the mountains. The horses you