

of the mighty price which had been asked of her, and yet she was content. She had offered both her soul and body, exalted, glorified, in that she might serve this man.

Where her soul had been there was a sweeping, burning, glorious passion which tightened her clasp on Sandry's hand. Neither she nor the young owner realised that they had exchanged places on the path of life.

The procession, headed by John Daily who carried one end of Sandry's sling and was filled with a generous joy in that he had found these two alive, wound slowly down from the cup behind the Hog Back, penetrating that fringe of pines at its foot which had formed the trap. They were now but hideous, blackened shapes, monsters that towered frightfully into the rain, their bases smoking here and there where a boulder shielded stubborn fires.

Close along the face of the giant cliff they pressed, taking the shortest way.

Suddenly, without warning, they came full upon a huddled heap that lay at its base. It was pitifully flat and broken, as if it had fallen from a great height, and it bore upon a shoulder a dreary crimson stain, washed and widened by the rain.

Daily halted and sent a cry along the line.

They touched the thing with awed amaze, turning up in the blue dusk the heavy face of the Yellow Pines owner.