

"No," replied McMahon, "we may as well go." As he spoke he carelessly ran the butt end of his rifle under the bed!

Donald grew to the wall, and held his breath!

The rifle conveyed no sense of contact. It was thrust in without conscious motive.

The police took their departure.

"What a narrow escape!" Donald said, when he had emerged from his hiding-place. His face showed pale beneath the bronze. The perspiration stood in beads upon his brow.

The friendly creature who sheltered him trembled like an aspen.

She had expected discovery, arrest, perhaps even bloodshed. She felt all a woman's exaggerated horror of police, and law, and violence.

"Forgive me," Donald said, "for coming near the house. I'll not trouble you again."

CHAPTER XXXV.

ANOTHER TRUCE ASKED FOR.

The friends of the outlaw made a last effort to bring about an accommodation. A noted lawyer in Toronto had been written to, and had