

## CHAPTER XXX

"IT IS WELL!"

BUT now we must follow the track of the chief of police, who rode a little behind Hearne, and that of the six tall policemen, who rode at a proper distance behind their superiors. What with his trials, his reprieves, and his weary waitings, the Knifer had been eight good months in the Calton, and now again the roads were as iron beneath the horses' shod feet as these men rode to save him. The frost bit keen, and it took the men all their time to keep warm. It is a rise of something like a thousand feet from the level of Edinburgh town to the broad plateau of Maw Moss, and it seemed to the riders to count about the same number of degrees of cold.

"Surely we can't be far from the north pole now," growled Captain Henderland, slapping his thigh with his gloved fingers, just a few minutes before the dark quadrangle of buildings, which was the Castle of Egham, hove into sight.

All was black, silent, and deserted. The telegram which Baby Lant had sent at the instigation of Mr. William, the butler, had apparently remained without effect. The gardeners and foresters had had enough of Egham Castle at present. The party from Edinburgh could not even get into the stable, so Captain Henderland motioned one of his men forward.

"We generally keep an officer in the force who is learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," he said.

"It's not strictly provided for in the regulations