

cracking over the dogs, turned them in the opposite direction and raced away for safety.

"Not as he's got anything to fear from me," said Hank; "I aer done what I promised. And now, young chap, guess there are something more for us to look into—there aer that letter."

It was uppermost in his mind as in our hero's, and it is not to be wondered at that they boarded their sleigh and swung their team back towards the dark figure lying prone in the snow behind them. But would Hurley have the document still? Had he destroyed it? In fact, had he ever had it, or was it possible that both Hank and Joe had conjured up a conspiracy which had never existed? Supposing Hurley had merely fallen upon their trace by accident, and then, learning that two of the men who had previously helped to hound him down were of the party, had endeavoured to slay them?

Those were the fears and the questions which raced through their minds as Beaver Jack sent the dogs straining across the snow towards the body of their enemy. They found him lying face downwards, a crimson stain spoiling the beautiful white of Nature's own making.

"Search him," said Joe, turning his head away from such a gruesome sight. "Search him, then let us go."

"Got it! Huh! I said so, didn't I?"

Hank's face was radiant. He held aloft a long envelope, stained with much handling, and then, having run through all of Hurley's pockets, he