

Donald was eating a little plain supper, when the poor honest peasant woman whose hospitality he was sharing, thought she heard footsteps outside the door. She listened. "Donald," she said, in a quick, sharp voice, "I hear footsteps. They are approaching the door. It may be the police. What will you do?"

"I don't think they're about so late," Donald replied carelessly, feeling nevertheless for his pistols in his pockets.

"Donald, they're coming. It's the police. I'm sure of it. My God, if you should be taken. Here, quick! come into this bedroom, and lie quiet under the bed."

Donald sprang from his seat and did as he was directed. He was not a moment too soon.

The police knocked smartly at the door.

The woman opened it.

"Have you got Morrison here?" McMahon asked.

"Look and see," the woman replied.

The two men searched the four rooms of the small house, and then they sat down upon the bed beneath which, close to the wall, Donald was concealed!

"There's no use in stopping here," Leroyer said.