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## THE HOMESTEADERS

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or ledge, and sheer walls of rock rose thousands of feet above, their giant edges cutting the blue sky like the teeth of a mighty saw. Far below, a ribbon of green and white, the river rolled in its canyon. Here and there a thin stream of water sprayed down the mountain side, cutting a damp, treacherous belt across the trail. But at one such spot Grey's heart leaped within him, for there, unmistakably clear in the thin soil and soft rock, were the marks of a horse's shoe, not an hour old. A few minutes later he saw Gardiner swinging round a spur of rock half a mile further up the pass.

The policeman began to watch the moist spots for the tell-tale hoof-prints, and invariably their evidence revealed itself. He knew now that he had guessed Gardiner's course correctly, and it was a matter of minutes until he should ride him down. He wondered whether the man was armed or not; it would be an easy trick to hide behind a rock and pick the policeman off as he rode by.

Suddenly, at a turn in the path, his eye caught a sight which made him throw his horse back on his tracks. A sheer precipice fell away a thousand feet below him, and beetling cliffs cut off the sky above. Across the path trickled a little stream. And there in the stream, so clear they could not be misread, were the marks cut by a horse's feet *sliding over the precipice.*