

well. Let them be searched again. Let them be persistently watched. The outlaw would be tracked at last.

It was about ten o'clock at night. Dark, heavy clouds hung overhead like a mournful pall. A brooding darkness and silence enveloped the woods.

A figure parted the young branches, came out into the open, ran stealthily along the road, reached a small cottage, and disappeared within it.

Donald had tempted fate at a moment when fate, in the form of two eager officers of the law, was closing him in.

McMahon and the Indian scout were out that night. They had made a round of the cottages. Fatigued and a little dispirited, they were about to go back to their quarters, when a feeble glimmer of light was seen through the darkness, proceeding from the cottage which Donald had entered.

"Is it worth while to search it?" McMahon asked his companion doubtfully.

"Well," replied the scout, "we may as well take it in to wind up for the night. I don't suppose we'll have any luck."

"Not likely," McMahon said.