

was the others. They had made him help. There was the baggage, there, that pile under the big tree. Drunk? Oh no! He had only drunk a little, but it was pretty strong. Yes! he would tell them where they had got the whisky, if the dear, kind gentlemen would not hurt him. They had bought it from Monsieur Maugendre, oui, oui, Jean Maugendre, the man who kept store with Philip Tracy! Oh! they had bought whisky from him for a year back. He himself had been one of the drivers that brought that train of goods a year ago. Yes, there was a policeman at the boundary, but Maugendre, he give him some money and two, three bottles whisky to say nothing. Brown, he laugh and say the goods all right, and ride off. The drivers did not know that the goods were whisky, but Maugendre had told him afterwards, and then he was mad and say he will not work for Maugendre. Yes, Monsieur, that was the truth.

Gilbert saw that his prisoner was a thorough scoundrel, and that he would not have made such revelations had he been sober. As for himself, he was astonished at the things he had heard. He now had evidence that Maugendre was a villain, and he was glad that he possessed the means of making his enemy go away. He had been suspicious of Sergeant Brown's intimacy with Maugendre, but after the former had been dismissed from the force for bad conduct, he had seen nothing farther to cause him to suspect Maugendre. The reason for the Frenchman always having lots of money was now made clear. The trade in whisky yielded more profits than that in merchandise.

The morning was now breaking, and Gilbert saw that if an attack was to be made, it must be at once. He handed over his prisoner to one of his men, and ordered his force to dismount and advance on foot. At a signal they were to make a rush and surround the baggage, shooting down every man who resisted. With a cheer, the men gained the baggage, while at the same instant a yell from their right told them that the Indians knew of their presence and were already making off on their ponies. A volley followed the yell, and the police, running to the edge of the trees, replied to it. The distance was great, but several yells told that the shots were effective. As he had captured the baggage, Gilbert did not think it advisable to follow the Indians, but ordered breakfast to be prepared at once. On inspection, the baggage was found to be intact.

The horses were rested till noon, when the return journey was commenced. They camped rather early, and set off at daybreak next morning. Just after dark they approached the fort. As they did so, Gilbert heard the sound of the galloping of a horse some distance on his left. He halted his horse and listened, but could hear nothing.

Gilbert dismissed his men and went at once to make his report. The Major praised him on the success of his expedition, and sent at once to arrest Maugendre and Tracy, and to take charge of their store. In five minutes the men returned with Tracy, but reported that Maugendre was nowhere to be found and that his horse was not in the stable.

As the Major was pondering over this bit of news, Sergeant Mansfield entered, looking pale and agitated. He saluted, and the Major bade him speak.

"Major," said he, in a voice full of emotion, "I fear my sister has been carried off. The woman who lives next door to our house says that she told her she was going to your house, sir, to spend the evening. She had been standing in the door, watching Maude walk off in the darkness, when she heard the tread of a horse, a snuff and what sounded like a faint scream. She was frightened, but her sense told her so foolish that she had better let them go. I immediately went to your house, but they were not there. Com-

and when I remembered that he had been paying attention to her, I at once came to the conclusion that the infernal scoundrel had carried her off. I would like a man or two, and leave of absence to go after him."

"Hm!" said the Major. "What a detestable state of affairs! I have no doubt he did it. I never liked the fellow. Certainly, Mansfield, take as many men as you want. He is wanted on the charges of smuggling, selling whisky to the Indians, and abduction. If he resists, remember, dead or alive!"

Mansfield hurried off to the stables, calling to Gilbert to follow him. Mando was standing at the door, and his owner mounted him, feeling almost stunned. Suddenly he straightened up with a start.

"Tom!"

"Hello!" What do you want?"

"I am off after Maugendre on the southern trail. Follow as quick as you can!"

Then Gilbert put spurs to his faithful thoroughbred and set off at full speed on the trail he had so recently left. For he had remembered the sound of the horse galloping that he had heard on his way in. He was sure it had been Maugendre. He meditated aloud as he went along.

"He has laid his plans well. He thought that if he made the venture on the night we were likely to return, he would not be pursued till morning; and if he were, his horse would be fresh, and he would have a good start before Mansfield came home. He is doubtless ten miles ahead now. Mando is tired, but his horse is carrying double. As far as the horses go, we are about even. Maude is safe enough; he won't bother her now; he has no time. He will likely make for the boundary, and make some priest marry her. By Jove! perhaps he wouldn't marry her—He won't! I'll catch him!"

When he had galloped about a mile, he heard the faint sounds of horses following, and he knew that Mansfield and the others had started. He pressed on; he wanted to meet the Frenchman alone and settle accounts without interference. Soon the sounds grew fainter and finally were lost altogether.

Gilbert was thankful that he had such an excellent mount. Although Mando had been travelling all day, he showed no signs of fatigue.

About midnight, despite his mental excitement, Gilbert felt himself being overcome by fatigue. He wanted to be fresh for the end of the race, so he decided to take a couple of hours' sleep.

As soon as he touched the ground he was asleep. Mando lay down beside his master, and both slept for three hours. At the end of that time, Gilbert awoke, and the journey was renewed. He saw that his friends had not yet come along, and he decided that they also had rested.

It is surprising what a short sleep will do for a tired man. Gilbert felt fresh and invigorated as he galloped into the midnight, along the dim trail.

The hours sped along, and Gilbert began to get watchful. He could not tell whether Maugendre had halted at all or not. If he had, he could not be far ahead now; if not, Marat would be about knocked up with his long gallop and double load.

The idea occurred to him that he might be on the wrong track altogether. What proof had he that Maugendre had taken this trail? He could think of nothing but the sound of hoofs that he had heard, and the fact that a fugitive would be likely to make for the boundary. Still, the hoofbeats might have been those of some hunter's horse.

The thought made him uneasy, and he longed for the daylight. After a while the east grew gray, and a pink huc spread itself over the sky and prairie. In a few moments the sun rose into a clear sky. Gilbert dismounted and began to scan the trail. It was some time before he found what he sought. Then he saw it: the large, unmistakable print of a horse's shoe. It was Marat's, undoubtedly. Gilbert judged that the mark had not been made many minutes before. He sprang into the saddle again, convinced that he should meet his enemy in the next hour.

As to the result of the encounter, he was firmly resolved. He examined his revolvers, and loaded all the chambers. Then he held Mando to a steady pace and rode on.

Coming presently to the top of a long ridge on the prairie, Gilbert halted and looked down the long slope of the trail. By George! Yes! there was a horse and rider about a mile ahead, just behind that wooded stretch. The young officer remembered his field glass. It had been strapped over his shoulder all during the raid after the Indians. He unsung it, adjusted it, and brought it to bear on the horseman. At the first glance he gave an exclamation. It was Maugendre! Yes! and he carried some burden on his horse in front of him!

Suddenly Gilbert saw the Frenchman turn in his saddle and shake his fist. He had glanced around, seen the figure silhouetted against the sky, recognized it, and was expressing his defiance. The situations of the men were equal now; each recognized the other and it would be a fight to the death.

As Fred lowered his glass, Maugendre disappeared into a belt of scrubby timber. Gilbert followed and in a few minutes dashed along the trail into the timber.

All at once the neigh of a horse sounded close at his right, and he pulled his horse sharply upon his haunches. As he did so a revolver shot rang out, and a bullet whistled by a few inches in front of him. If he had not stopped so suddenly he would have been a dead man.

His long association with the Indians had taught Gilbert much of their cunning. With unerring instinct, he dropped over the side of his horse just at the instant that another bullet whistled by.

With his hand on his saddle, as if grievously wounded, he stalled himself and whipped out his revolver with his right hand, just as Maugendre stepped out from behind a clump of bushes, revolver in hand.

"Jean Maugendre," said Gilbert, "I arrest you in the name of the Queen on the charges of smuggling, selling whisky to Indians, and abduction!"

"Oh, you know it all, don't you?" said Maugendre, sneeringly. "Well, come and take me."

"I don't intend to take you," replied Gilbert, "but I am going to shoot you, for you are the blackest scoundrel in Canada. You cannot abduct a young lady with impunity, you villain!"

He stepped out from behind his horse, and both men stood glaring at each other with glances of deepest hatred. Then the Frenchman raised his weapon quickly. Gilbert was watching him and raised his at the same time. The two shots rang out simultaneously. The Frenchman, checked with his passion, aimed badly, and his bullet went tearing through the cloth of Fred's left shoulder. But Gilbert, made quick and cool by experience, sent his bullet exactly where he wanted it, and Maugendre fell heavily to the ground.

Paying no attention to his fallen enemy, Gilbert dashed into the bushes. Near him he saw a woman's figure on the ground. It was Maude Mansfield. Maugendre had bound her hand and foot, and stuck a handkerchief into her mouth to keep her from crying out while he made his murderous attack on the young police officer.

It did not take Gilbert long to free the young lady, and in a moment she was sobbing out her terror and relief in her betrothed's arms. Gilbert soothed the girl, and soon restored her composure.

While the two were exchanging confidences, Mansfield and his party rode up. Maugendre's body was borne back to the fort and buried the next day.

Soon after this, having had enough of adventure, Gilbert resigned his commission and went to practice with a doctor in a rising town. Shortly after this he bought out the practice. He still lives, well and hearty, at the age of fifty, in the same town. He has a family of large children, and the pleasant, young-looking woman whom they call "mother," he calls by the name of "Maude." Sometimes, too, a veteran whom they call "Tom" comes to visit them, and tells the boys stories of his adventures in the police force, of which he is still a member.



Rock Roses.