

The opposition press burst into a loud guffaw. "Was this the result of a year's effort to capture a criminal? Was this the return for all the expenditure which had been incurred?" The comic papers poked outrageous fun at the expedition. The illustrated journals mocked it in pen and ink sketches that smarted like aquafortis. The ribald versifiers flouted it in metrical lampoons whose burden was—"The man I left behind me."

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

CARPENTER ON THE SCENT—A NARROW  
ESCAPE.

Carpenter had five men at his disposal, and he was sanguine that an unremitting pursuit must end in the capture of the outlaw. Consequently, upon the removal of the bulk of the expedition, he set himself to make such disposition of his men as would lead to the most substantial results. Where did Donald get his food? Where did he get changes of clothing? He *must* pay visits to the houses in the neighborhood. They had been searched in vain. Very