

CHAPTER XX

AT LAST

SIMON BULKLEY was not found, although a most vigorous search was instituted for him on both sides of the river, and after a time, the authorities declared that he must have been drowned in trying to get away.

Elgar went up to Hazelton, but although he remained there for more than a week, and knocked at the door of almost every house in the township, he failed to come across the remotest trace of Edith, or indeed of Sally Witham. If they had ever been there, they had gone away again, leaving no trace of their going.

In summer it would be easy enough to disappear from Hazelton, leaving no sign of one's whereabouts, for the town was the starting place whence teams of pack-horses, and strings of bush wagons set off for remote settlements, over rough forest trails, up bleak mountain passes, and through deep valleys to the very outposts of civilization, it was in fact a sort of jumping off place for any one who wanted to disappear from the busy haunts of men.