

take off his, an exemption which the men did not think fair. But the chief only said, "He does not need to. He walks like a cat!" And with a sweep of his hand drew the six officers close in behind him.

Hearne took a careful line across the gravel. It was marked by slight scratches parallel and occasional, as if someone heavy had been sometimes dragged, sometimes carefully guided him. Then he came to a place where the paths divided, and hesitated a little. The men rubbed their stockings plaintively one over the other, and thought that the lot of a policeman was not, in the winter, a happy one. But the interest of the only chase—the chase of man—held them.

They became interested, too, in Hearne's dog, which were curious. He laid his ear to the ground and rose, shaking his head. Then he saw a bud which, budded by a too mild autumn, pushed forward by the November rains, and nipped by the frost, had now been bruised but not broken off completely. The bud was crushed, but the fibres of the twig were so tough, it was slowly returning to its own place.

Something had passed that way during the winter—perhaps more than once. But the ground was too hard for any marking of footsteps.

Still, his dark, subtle eyes turning from side to side without his head turning with them, Hearne followed the trail, and the bootless policemen followed after, resolved to slay him if all this came to nothing. The chief, too, was interested, but prepared to be very angry.

The path ended abruptly in front of the Boreas Egham mausoleum!

Hearne broke into a little cantering trot like that of his grandfather (on the mother's side) when he followed the trail of a doomed Assiniboine. The sun, red and sulky through the mists of frost, glinted through the trees. Among its dark yews the entrance of the great family mausoleum stood slightly open. Hearne pushed it open, stared a moment, ga-