

"You've got to know," he said, "though I'd blame sight rather cut my tongue out than tell ye." He manned himself to the disclosure.

"She's gone, Jake, she's left ye."

"Left me," cried Jake, rising.

"She's left ye for that white faced, white livered sneakin' snake, that Mordaunt."

Jake sprang to his feet with his eyes blazing.

"—!" he cried, "I'd have the blood of e'er another man alive as said it!"

"We're old pards, Jake," said Bill. "It hurts me as much, pooty nigh, to say it, as it does you to hear it. But it's true—What else can it be—but that? We're out after 'em, and you'd better come along."

Jake came forward with his arms extended like a blind man, or like one groping in black night in an unfamiliar place. He looked along the line of faces, grim, resolute, but pitying, and after swaying for a moment like a drunken man, rushed from the cabin to the mud shanty where his horse was stabled.

For three hours the party rode in dead silence, till they sighted a solitary horseman riding across their trail. They shouted to him and rode on at a gallop; he waited for them. A rapid fire of questions resulted in nothing save that, early that morning, just after dawn, on the other side of Pete's Pocket, he had remarked the track of two horses, side by side. It was the faintest of clues, but they followed it in the same grim silence. Jake seemed the only man in the crowd who rode without thought or purpose. He was dazed, and only occasionally raised his eyes to look with a dumb, pitiful hopelessness about the prospect.

By hard riding they reached Pete's Pocket in the early afternoon. It was a deserted mine, long since worked out and abandoned, with the doubled solitude of a once populous place, which has fallen back to its pristine savagery. By the clues their informant had given, they found the trail, and followed it till evening was closing in. Jake's dazed mind had seized upon it as something positive and actual, and the sight of the hoof-prints had strung him to as intense an interest in the hunt as was shown by his companions. It made for the rising ground in the direction of San Francisco, till suddenly, at the foot of a little eminence, it split, one line of the track going straight on, the other inclining to the coast.

A halt was called, and a hurried consultation held.

"It's a pretty thin dodge," said Simpson. "Both them roads lead to 'Frisco—there ain't any other place ye can get to from here in that way."

"That's so," said Bill, and see here now. This to the left is a heap heavier than the other. That's his trail—sposin' as it's him at all, and that's hers. Small prints, ye see, just such as the little mare would make. We must split, boys. I'll follow the big track. You'd better take the other lot. "Which'll you go with, Jake?"

To the momentary surprise of everybody present, Jake elected to follow Mordaunt's trail.

"Means business," said Simpson to his lieutenant, as they trotted along the lighter trail. "He'll blow daylight into that covey when he finds him, see if he don't."

Not a word was spoken among the other party, who galloped on along the trail till the lights of the city came in sight, and the track was lost among a hundred others. They made for the office of the police, then a newly-organized force, recently succeeded to the functions of the old vigilance committee. Their story was heard, and all possible assistance at once promised.

"We'll make a house to house visitation, if need be," said the captain.

By this time the other party, headed by Simpson, arrived, and the whole contingent, worn out with their long ride, made for a saloon for meat and drink.

Jake sat stonily among them. He refused food, but drank, and presently went out and roamed among the crowd in the streets, peering in the faces of every couple that passed him. A dozen times his heart thrilled at the distant glimpse of a figure resembling that of Jess or Mordaunt.

When past midnight, he rejoined his companions; the captain of police was with them. He had vague news of a couple who answered somewhat to the description of the missing parties. They had passed through the town separately, making no stay there, and it was supposed that they had gone in the direction of Los Perros, a mining settlement twenty miles inland.

They had a start of nearly twenty-four hours, and even if they were the people sought, such an advantage made the chase look very hopeless.

"We'll follow," said Bill. "Saddle, boys."

They tramped out of the town, and did the distance on their jaded horses in two hours, only to learn that Los Perros knew nothing of the run-aways. "They've doubled on us, Jake," said Bill. "It's a royal flush to a busted sequence agen us now."

"We never ought to ha' left 'Frisco," said Jake. "It's a biggish place; they can lie quiet there for a bit, and then start across for New York, or take ship for somewhere."

"They'll watch the boats for us," said Bill. "Our best holt is to strike in and over the country."

He and his mates were staunch to the cause of friendship, though they had little enough hope of success in their search.

"We must spread ourselves," he continued, "and cover all the ground we can."

He rapidly mapped out all possible routes which might be taken by the fugitives, and told off the men to follow them. Some rest was distinctly necessary for the horses, though one or two of the most ardent, amongst whom were Jake and Bill, managed to effect exchanges of their tired beasts for fresh ones and to start at once. The final rallying place was the Flat, at which all the party were to put in an appearance in two days or send news of the trail they were pursuing.

The men straggled back to the Flat on the second day, newsless and hopeless. There was absolutely no trace. The fugitives had vanished as utterly as if they had melted into air. Even conjecture was at a standstill. Police and volunteers had dragged the whole country side as with a net. Every possible course of action had been tried, but Jess and her seducer had melted beyond pursuit.

The betrayed husband took the successive disappointments with a stony calm, sitting in the little room in which he had known so many tranquilly happy hours.

"Thank you, my lad, thank you, kind and hearty, for what you've done," he said to each, as he unfolded his tale of failure. He had not broken bread since the solitary supper he had eaten three days ago, or closed his eyes during the chase, but when the last straggler had come in he ate heavily, and fell to sleep with his arms on the rude table and his head laid upon them. An hour or two later he came to the claim where his partner was working.

"I want to talk to you," he said, and led the way to his shanty, his partner following.

He waved him to a seat, and set a bottle before him.

"I wan't to talk to you," he said again. "A bit of business." He sat for a space, and then repeated, "a bit of business." His eyes, wandering around the room, fell upon Jess' portrait, painted by Mordaunt, which hung upon the wall. He went and took it from its place, tore it from its frame with a sudden, deliberate strength, rent it to ribbons, and cast the fragments into the grate.

"The claim's been yielding pretty fair," he said, after sitting down again. "I want to sell it. Will you buy?"

"Sell!" said his partner. "What d'ye want to sell for?"

"I'm leaving this place," said Jake, "and I want money."

He spoke quite calmly, and the other, who necessarily guessed his purpose, was surprised at the quietness of his manner.

"She ain't worth it, Jake. Nor him. Let 'em rot. Can't you wait till luck gives you a chance, and go for him then."

"What's the claim worth?" asked Jake in reply.

"I'll stand you five thousand for it," said the other, falling into his companion's humour with a scarcely susceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"I'll take four," said Jake. "That's as much as it's worth. Let me have the brass to-night, mate."

He nodded a dismissal, which his partner obeyed, promising to bring the money before nightfall, and, left alone, began to busy himself with his simple arrangements for his journey. He filled his saddle-bags, loaded his revolver, weighed his dust and nuggets before dropping them into the belt about his waist, and then went out and groomed and fed his horse, doing all these little tasks in a quiet, every-day fashion. No stranger who had witnessed his preparations could have guessed the nature of the journey he meditated, the faint chance of even the tragic measure of success which was all that was left to him to hope for. His face was as a mask, his movements quite orderly and regular. His arrangements completed, he sat down beside the window in the fading light, quietly smoking and waiting for his partner.

The man came. He placed a bag on the table. "I reckon ye'll find that about right," he said, "if ye'll heft it. It's two thousand, and that's the rest in greenbacks."

"Thank you," said Jake, and there was a moment's silence.

"I said ye'd like to go alone," continued the partner. "'Taint the kind o' business ye want other folk foolin' round. Some of the boys talked about comin', but I stopped 'em."

"I'd rather be alone," said Jake. "Thank you, Tom."

"They'd take it kind if ye'd just turn into the saloon for a drink. They'd like to say good-bye to ye." He saw a spasm cross Jake's face in the dim light.

(To be Continued.)

## OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, II.

### Bonsecours Church, Montreal.

In our review of the more noteworthy Canadian churches, we this week present two views of the old Bonsecours Church, St. Paul street, Montreal. To the diligent tourist few buildings are better known. Apart from its age, it possessed a certain quaint beauty, which to a great measure has disappeared under the vandal touch of the "restorer," as, a few years ago, repairs and changes were thought necessary; and these, as usual, have resulted in sad deformity and in the loss of many of the valued bits of beauty about the old structure. The present building is about 120 years old; but its predecessor, which held the same name and occupied the same site, was commenced as far back as 1658, so that the two buildings bridge over a period of 233 years. The original building, while commenced, as stated, in 1658, was not completed until several years later, its founder, the celebrated Sœur Marguerite Bourgeois, meeting with unexpected obstacles which caused delay; in fact, but for the following peculiar circumstances, the chapel might not have been completed. During a visit to France, she called on M. Chevrier, Baron de Fancamp, a priest, and one of the first proprietors of the Island of Montreal, but then resident in Paris. He had in his possession an image of the Virgin, of supposed miraculous virtue, which he desired should be removed to Montreal, if a chapel would be built for its reception. Sœur Bourgeois undertook to see this done, and brought the image out to Canada with her. On her arrival the pious citizens of Montreal did their utmost to assist in the furtherance of her plans, with the result that the building was completed in 1675, the first service being held on the 15th of August of that year. This was the first church on the island built of stone. It existed until 1754, when it was destroyed by fire. The protracted war with Great Britain was then just commencing; and the vicissitudes and troubles inseparable from war under such conditions, and its culmination in the conquest of Canada by England, rendered it impossible to proceed with the rebuilding until several years had elapsed. In 1771 work was commenced on the new church, and came to a completion on 30th June, 1773. The photos. from which these engravings are made, are from the studio of Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.