

and Austin saw staring down at him the frightened face of Jet. "Ah! I find you at last—yet. You down there, eh?"

"Yes, Jet, I guess so."

"S-h-h! Me no tell nobody. Black Jack not know. Me say to heem, 'Dat young rascal go over de falls, sure, sure.'"

Austin saw that the man intended to remove him from his perilous position. Jet had quite a kindly expression in his eyes.

"It's the far-reaching work of the Hang Together Boys!" thought the boy, with a thrill. "They have planted the seeds of kindness in the breast of a savage. God bless them! I believe Nysie keeps watch over Jet. Perhaps Jet is one of their associate members."

This kindly deed of Jet's was without doubt the result of long talks Nysie had had with him, for when he had pulled the canoe to shore under a little cliff where they could talk undisturbed, he explained. "Nysie, he say to me, 'You must not kill, you must not steal, you must not even fight or tell lies. Now you belong to us; we help you be good an' live right.' Me laugh, sure, sure. Oh, me laugh like anything. But when me go alone in de bush, me tink, an' tink, an' tink; an' when me go steal or go fight, Nysie and leetle Nipper an' all de rest, dey seem right dere. An' dey say to me, 'Don't do it, Jet, don't do it!' An' it's just as if dey put out dere hands and stopped me. Funny, eh? So I cannot leave you. I come see if you die. I not want you to die. Bah, ain't it funny?"

As he talked, Jet worked at making the boy more comfortable. Austin was too weak to reply, but he put his arm around the neck of his rough guide, and was helped by him to a comfortable spot, about ten yards from the boat landing, and hidden from the main trail by a tangle of greenery. Here his rescuer bade him rest until he had completed a few odd jobs. Austin thought he was preparing the canoe for a run down the river to La Sarre, and soon fell into a fitful sleep.

When Austin awoke, he found that dawn was beginning to break. He noticed several things Jet had done for his com-