

"I sure will! But where can I stay tonight? I daren't take a room at the hotel."

"Right you are. Come with me. I know a place."

Nysie led the way to a little house near the river, where he knocked and was admitted by a man who spoke English. "You have a friend?" asked the man.

"Yes sir. He would like to stay over night."

"All right!"

No questions were asked. Nysie had influence here, it seemed. Nipper came in soon after with the remains of Austin's suit case, and the three prepared to settle for the night, as this was the room always occupied by the two train hands when the end of their daily run landed them in La Sarre.

In the midst of his preparation for bed, Nysie turned abruptly to Austin. "Say, Gundy, are you going up to Black Jack's?"

"Yes. He sent an important message to my father asking that a man be sent up, and I am that man."

"Oh!" with vast relief. "Well, I'm glad you told us. We want to help you, and all that, but we are glad to know you're on the square. Not that we think you ain't, but we like to be able to answer people who ask questions."

Early the next morning Austin, accompanied by his two companions, went to the hotel where he found Black Jack's man rather doubtfully waiting for him. The man was profuse in his apologies for what took place the night before, but had not been able to avert the accident because Austin had seen fit to shun his company.

After a light breakfast the guide and boys walked down to the boat landing at the river, where a canoe rocked on the waves. On the shore nearby stood a tall sinewy young man with beady black eyes.

Both Nysie and Nipper greeted the man—whom they called Jet—cordially, and Austin could see that they had some sort of understanding with him. "Take good care of this boy; he is one of us and is on the square," Nysie said to the man, in a whisper.