

couldn't keep the gold any longer. He was afraid of it. Said it never did him any good. He knew better than present it at any public place, for he would have been nabbed by the police."

Conversation flagged between them. The only sounds were the far-off shouts of the boys and the roar of the waterfall. At last Mr. Gundy asked abruptly,

"How long are you planning to stay up here, Austin?"

Austin smiled faintly.

"I have no plans, Dad."

"Well, I ought to go back to La Sarre immediately. But now since I've seen you, I realize how lonely I've been for you, and I don't want to go back alone."

"You don't have to. I'll go back whenever you say."

"But, my boy, your future; what do you intend to do?"

Austin faced his father unflinchingly. "I don't quite know. But if that job is still to be had at the railroad office at Cochrane, I guess I'll go in there, and *work*."

The emphasis on the last word was striking. His father gave him a keen, but understanding, glance. How strange those few simple words must sound to his father, whom he had wearied with his boasting about doing big things, skipping all the minor tasks. Well, he meant it! He was going to take a beginner's job, and work, work, *work*.

"Come home, my boy, if you want to," Mr. Gundy said heartily. "Don't stay up here, if you don't like it!"

"It's all right—the country, I mean," said Austin. "Yes, I guess I'll stay. Fact is, I don't want to go home while I'm such a wretched failure. I mean to learn railroading from the bottom up, and I guess there's no better place for that than Cochrane."

After a thoughtful pause he continued, "Besides, there's the Hang Together Boys. Say, they're the finest bunch of fellows I ever heard of. I'd do anything for them. They hang together all right! And they've sure hung to me. If they hadn't I'd have been a goner. I'm an associate member, you know. When I get to working in Cochrane I'll attend the