

hope you make good. Let me know how you get along. A letter will always reach me if sent to this address. This is where I stay whenever I'm in Cochrane. Well, good-by, good-by!"

How much of the truth did Mr. Marsden guess? Would he write home and tell the folks all he knew? But Austin felt that his biggest problem was that of living up to the bluff he had started.

The moon shone on the little lake around which the town nestled. Over at the station a train stood, with full steam up, headed south. Austin hurried by, without looking at it. Queer he could never see a train standing in the Cochrane station, headed south, without getting a horrid lump in his throat. Ross Murray he hated. It was Murray who always got the sugarplums; it was Murray who was favored by one little advance after another. He could almost hear his father's voice:

"That's it, my boy! One little advance after another will some day land Murray at the top. But you are not content with little advances. You want me to give you the top right away. As long as I can persuade you to stay in school, I will gladly pay your expenses. But if you strike out for yourself, you must fight your way like any other young man and expect only the job you're fit for, not the one you think you are entitled to because you are my son. The railroad offers you many chances of promotion, but you must begin at the bottom and climb, like anybody else."

"I'm out for easier money than that, Dad!" Austin had smiled loftily; "you can't treat me like some of the navies in your construction gangs!"

With a lot of wild words, Austin had left the office. He'd show a few of them what he was made of! He guessed he was old enough to take care of himself.

Yet he could hardly say that his father had been angry—more sorrowful, perhaps. He had written him out a substantial check, and said as he passed it over, "Let me know if you need more."