

him. Soon after, the man introduced himself as A. S. Gundy; said he was anxious about his son, Austin; and asked if that was the boy who had gone up White River, and had not been heard from since. When your father learned the truth, he decided to come with us."

Austin smiled, then sighed.

"It all seems too wonderful to be true. You fellows have treated me pretty white, for an associate member."

After supper, when the boys had gone off to cut balsam boughs for their beds, Austin found himself sitting beside his father, near the bank of the stream above the waterfall. Just below he could see the tree in the water, on which the canoe had stuck. He knew he must talk things over with his father. He wanted to make a clean confession, and this was the time for it. But it was very hard to commence.

"Black Jack has handed over the gold," Mr. Gundy began, by way of opening the conversation.

Austin's eyes fell on an old silver ring on his father's finger, which was set with a death's head in black agate.

"That's where I got in wrong," he murmured ruefully; "I didn't have the ring, and I couldn't talk his sign language."

"I told him he might know my messenger by the ring," replied his father. "I gave it to Ross Murray, but took it back when I decided to come myself."

"Ross Murray! Where is he?" asked Austin faintly.

"In Cochrane. Got mixed in his instructions there for some reason. Thought he should wait till he saw Marsden. I was provoked with him, and told him so. I never saw him act so stupidly before."

"Oh, Dad, I can explain it all," cried Austin, with flaming cheeks.

"And how did Black Jack treat you?" Mr. Gundy asked after awhile. "I always thought he was not so black as he was painted."

"Dad, he would have killed me if I hadn't been your son! He just about worships you!"

"Well, he still has a sort of conscience. He told me he