

of people had come from the little houses along the river to meet the evening train, as though that were the great event of the day. An excitable crowd, they seemed, pushing and gesticulating; surely they were more than commonly excited.

No sooner had Austin stepped down than he was surrounded by rowdies, and a big half-breed knocked his hat sideways.

"Look out there, Smarty!" growled Austin.

But no one seemed to understand him. They wouldn't stop their jabbering long enough to try.

"What are you givin' us?" shouted Nysie, who stood on the car step, hanging over Austin protectingly and waving his lantern over the heads of the crowd. "I say, what are you givin' us? Stand back, will you?"

Austin struck out with his fist, but that made matters worse.

On the instant somebody shouted, "Here he is! Here he is! Grab him!"

And Austin, bewildered and frightened almost to death, felt his arms twisted painfully and held in a crushing grasp behind his back.