

Austin is faring at the same time?" The boys all caught on. You see I told Nipper. He went up to Cochrane and told Stubbs in the New York Café. Stubbs ran over and got Bob Hunt on the job; and he, in turn, told the others. Oh, they haven't forgotten anything. They're all here, and they've all brought something for your comfort, for fear you were in bad shape."

"I even slipped in a box of first aid supplies from the drug-store, don't cher know," smiled "The Dook."

Then everybody fell silent and turned toward the door expectantly. For in the rear of the remarkable procession from the river, had come a tall, distinguished-looking man.

"Dad!" cried Austin, starting forward. Then he hung his head, his lips quivering.

But his father crossed the room to where he sat, as if he were the only person in the room. "Austin! My son!"

That broke Austin down completely. With a quivering cry, he flung his arms about his father's neck, while the other people, finding something else to do all at once, walked out of the hut and left them alone.

Black Jack boasted that his hospitality was equal to the strain of entertaining a dozen new guests. His Indians had caught a fresh string of trout that evening. Bob Hunt, with his usual thoughtfulness, had brought bread and buns, tea, and some cans of beans. Nipper showed up with a pail of blueberries he had picked.

The Hang Together Boys prepared the feast on a knoll outside the hut. A fire of dry sticks soon crackled merrily, over which the trout sizzled.

Mr. Gundy and Black Jack sat in the doorway and talked, while the boys gamboled about them in wild delight.

"Don't you hope you'll look just like your father when you're sixty?" whispered Nysie, nudging Austin.

Austin nodded. "Nysie, *how* did he get here?"

"Why, Bob Hunt walked into the station at Cockrane and began explaining to the agent what we intended to do. And while he talked, he noticed a gray-haired gentleman watching