

me once that wherever he lived the mountains were always calling to him. It was his hope that he would die among them, and it was one of his great troubles that he had to be brought away to this tame lake-country to face the end of things."

"Why did he have to come?" Cynthia's eyes were asking the question as well as her tongue.

"I did not fully understand myself until yesterday, when the bank manager told me of the money that Cyrus had to leave. You see, I believed him to be a poor man. When Long Jake came to me at Field, he said that Cyrus was in danger of his life, because he had given information to the police about a gang of train-wreckers. Jake asked me if I could get him away. He said that Cyrus was ill, that he was in want, or so I understood. It was the fact of his poverty that made it understandable to me that Jake could not help him, for Jake never by any chance had a dollar to call his own. Jake said that he had been lounging outside the depot at Field that evening, wondering whatever he could do to get Cyrus clear away to safety without any of the gang suspecting him of having a hand in the move. When he saw me come off the cars he just jumped at the chance of my help, and so came to the Mount George House to enlist my aid. We had to walk a long way to the shack where Cyrus was living. When we got there I found my old friend in a state of fear that bordered on panic.