

most careless. "Well, young un, who be ye, and what might ye be after?"

Austin's courage oozed away. What should he say to this dreadful old man? His father's name! That magic word, on which he had traded so often, came again to his lips.

"I am Austin Gundy, sir—son of A. S. Gundy."

"Humph!"

Austin gazed at him steadily, hoping his likeness to his father would become apparent. But the old man's eyes were too dim to appreciate details.

"An' if ye be Abe Gundy's son, why be ye here? Answer me that?"

"Mr.—er—Black Jack, may I speak to you alone?"

"Don't know as ye kin. See here, don't try any of yer monkey-tricks on me! I ain't as young as I onct was, an' I don't choose to be left alone with ye. Tom, you stay alongside of me. The rest of you clear out. There now, if ye want to fight, there's a matched pair." Tom was the largest and most muscular of the young Indians.

"I have no intention of fighting, sir," Austin smiled holding up his hands to show he was unarmed. "I have come on an errand from my father."

"Oh? And what might that errand be?"

"I think you know, sir. You asked my father to send up somebody."

"Humph! Answer me, will ye? What did ye come for?"

"For the box of gold and silver coins stolen from the railroad many years ago," answered Austin boldly.

Black Jack glared at him. Suddenly his face began to work as if in a convulsion, and he made his fingers move like a dumb person using the sign language.

Austin looked on in amazement.

"Do ye no understand, then?"

"I—I can't say I do, sir—I—"

"Ha! I knew it! I knew it! That finger talk was to be the sign between us. You're Abe Gundy's son about as much