

Austin did not know what to reply. But whatever he blurted out seemed to satisfy Black Jack's agent, who soon after went away, leaving him to the company of his own confused thoughts.

The next morning Austin got up early, bathed his head, which ached badly, and sat down to write letters. They were letters of introduction to himself, each one commencing, "To Whom It May Concern," and ending with a scrawl that was as much like his father's signature as he knew how to make it.

Putting the letters in his pocket, he went out, got something to eat at the New York Café, waved a hand to Stubbs, and sauntered over to the station. With a show of boldness he went to the upstairs offices and asked for the manager. A few minutes afterward he was presented to a portly man. "I am Austin Gundy," he introduced himself.

"Indeed! Son of A. S. Gundy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well, I am glad to see you, I'm sure. What can I do for you?"

Austin was trembling but managed to say, "I would like you to fix me up transportation from Cochrane east to the Quebec boundary. Dad has sent me on an important mission. I have a letter here from him."

While the boy fumbled for one of his made-up compositions, the manager waved him back. Evidently he had noticed a family resemblance, for Austin was strikingly like his father. "Glad to fix you up, I'm sure," he beamed.

Austin walked out, trying to look unconcerned. Down the track stood the "local," getting up steam for her eastward run. The boy boarded the train as if he owned her, the "*A. Gundy*" of his suit-case tag turned face upward. He knew Black Jack's agent was on board, because he had had a few words with him at starting, but it suited his dignity not to be seen with him.

As the train went swinging down the line toward the morning sun, leaving Cochrane in the distance, who should come through the car but Cecil Nye, president of the Hang