

Jet's plain features were quite transformed. Austin could see that he stood in great fear of Black Jack; that made it all the more splendid that he should stand up and defend the helpless against the old savage.

After awhile Black Jack blurted out, "Young un, I ain't sure that you don't belong to Abe Gundy, after all. Ye be some like him in the glance of the eye. He used to look at a body with that straight, bold gaze."

No response from Austin.

"An' if ye be Abe Gundy's son, it's a sorry greetin' I give ye. I'd do anything fer Abe Gundy—him what risked his life for mine onct. But why did ye come in on me so sly-like, as if ye meant to steal the gold?"

Austin winced at the ugly word "steal," but lifted his head bravely. "You're not far from right. I am A. S. Gundy's son, but I am not his accredited messenger. I heard about the gold, and I thought I could get you to give it to me. I wanted to win the credit of restoring it to the railroad, to get ahead of another man I don't like. I counted on my looking like my father to convince you."

"Humph!"

"I'm sorry. You'll never know how sorry. But now, since I've owned up how terribly in the wrong I've been, won't you forgive me, and help me out of this? I need a rest and something to eat. I'm all in."

From that moment Black Jack's manner changed. Austin was welcomed to his hut, given something to eat, and a corner in which to rest. Black Jack talked to him a good deal that day, never weary of asking about his father, whom he declared was the best man that walked the earth.

That evening at sundown there was a great hullabaloo down at the boat landing. The dogs barked madly, the Indians gesticulated as they dashed along the path, and all were joyfully excited. Austin could not see just what was happening, but it sounded as though quite a few people were landing in canoes.