

Jack's man. Austin needed no urging to help pack up and get into the canoe. He was afraid to meet Black Jack, but he was more afraid of being caught in the bush at night.

Soon the roar of the waterfall came distinctly to his ear. When the current they pushed against broke into little rapids, the men ran the canoe ashore. Many footprints about the landing place and a well-defined trail indicated that a human habitation was not far away.

"Are we getting near there?" asked Austin, in an awe-struck voice.

"Sure, sure!"

But they walked on and on. Austin's legs felt like jelly under him. Conscience was making a coward of him. Where was the joy of adventure he had expected to experience? Wherever he turned, the word "Thief!" seemed to stand out in front of him. And other words buzzed in his ears, such as "Liar!" and "Cheat!"

The ascent was rocky and steep, but at last their destination was reached. Nestling under the shadow of a big rock, stood the rude log shanty, Black Jack called home. It had a hole for a window and a piece of board set up against the entrance for a door. A couple of Indian youths squatted on the grass before the entrance.

"Bijou! Bijou! Good-day! Good-day!" greeted Jet.

They launched at once into an Indian conversation, which left Austin standing very awkwardly alone.

At last Black Jack's man nodded to him. "Come this way. Black Jack see you now."

With a sinking feeling in his heart, Austin entered the cabin. In the dim light, through a cloud of smoke, he saw Black Jack in the flesh. Dirty and smoke-begrimed, very fat and greasy, with a thick bull-neck and a big bushy head, the man leered up at him from a corner of the room, where he was seated on a block of wood.

Perhaps the outlaw had not always lived so. His eye showed intelligence and his speech shrewdness. He spoke English without an accent, though his habits of speech were