

an opportunity to effect an entrance, quietly stepped in, the women still being in bed. Mrs. Jones' shriek on seeing the savage made the young lad aware of the presence of an enemy. Eager to defend those whose lives he had endangered by his indiscretion, the lad leaped forward and seized his rifle. The Indian, uttering the blood-curdling war-whoop, sprang upon him before he had time to level his piece, and with one blow of his war-club brought him to the floor, at the same instant wrenching the rifle from his grasp. A scene of the utmost terror and confusion ensued. Several fierce savages rushed into the house, and the terrified women were ordered to leave immediately. Allowed only to catch up the clothing they had laid off on retiring, they fled from the house, but were immediately made captives by the warriors who were stationed outside. The Indians, having stripped the house of everything they considered valuable, set fire to it, and hurried its late inmates away into the deep forest. The poor lad, suffering from his still bleeding wounds, and lamenting his own negligence as the cause of the disaster, was obliged to take up the line of march with his companions in misfortune, who, bemoaning their captivity as worse than death, were filled with sad forebodings of the still greater evils which might yet await them from the hands of their savage captors. In this hour of agonizing sorrow their thoughts went back to the cherished friends and happy homes they had left on the banks of the Susquehanna.

Abigail recalled, in bitterness of soul, her father's warning words and her own wilful disobedience to his wishes, and regarded the calamity that had befallen her as a deserved punishment. But she had been taught where forgiveness is to be found, and, in humiliation and contrition of spirit, she looked up to her father's God for pardon and deliverance.

Poor Mrs. Jones was in a still more pitiable condition. Her home and all her earthly possessions in flames behind her—a helpless infant in her arms, without nourish-

ment for it or herself—uncheered by the assurance that the husband and father lived to rouse the settlers to search for them, fearing that in the solitude of the forest he had himself fallen a victim to the same relentless foes that now urged on her own flagging footsteps.

On the march, a few of the warriors led the way, the captives following in single file, and the Indians again bringing up the rear.

The way led through a dense forest, and the prisoners were pushed on for three days and three nights without any food, and almost without rest. The poor babes suffered intensely from the unaccustomed fatigue and exposure to the elements, and from lack of sufficient sustenance, while the wretched mother's agony was indescribable. The kind-hearted Abigail, though sympathizing deeply with her suffering friend, could afford her little aid beyond assisting her to carry the child.

On the third day the Indians called a halt, and rested where they had killed a fine deer. Here the captives received some refreshment, and were allowed to repose on the ground, but were not suffered to be out of sight of their savage guards for a moment. Worn down with fatigue and grief, the prisoners soon fell into a deep sleep, dreaming of home and friends, but soon awaking again to realize the painful fact that they were the slaves of savages.

After resting a little, the lad who had been wounded with the war-club began to recover slowly, and the march was resumed.

The first few days of their captivity had not passed away till Abigail, with the elasticity of youth and a hopeful spirit, began to devise schemes whereby she hoped to effect their escape; but the heart of poor Mrs. Jones sank within her, and she could find relief only in sighs and tears.

Having penetrated a considerable distance into the forest, the Indians, seeming to consider the danger of pursuit over, and the escape of the prisoners impossible, decided to sleep at night. When arranging for repose, the captives were made to lie