

Having told his story, he said, "Tawaina friend to great white chief. Gave signal with arrow; save little White Bird to-day. But Tawaina Indian—not like see Indian killed. White chief promise not kill Indian women and children?"

Mr. Hardy assured the Indian that they had no thought of killing women and children.

"If can take little White Bird without waking village, not kill men?" Tawaina asked again.

"We do not want to wake the village if we can help it, Tawaina; but I do not see any chance of escaping without a fight. Our horses are all dead beat, and the Indians will easily overtake us, even if we get a night's start."

"Mustn't go out on plain," the Raven said earnestly. "If go out on plain, all killed. Indian two hundred and fifty braves—eat up white men on plain."

"I am afraid that is true enough, Tawaina, though we shall prove very tough morsels. Still, we should fight at a fearful disadvantage in the open. But what are we to do?"

"Come back to mouth of cañon,—hold that; can keep Indians off as long as like. Indians have to make peace."

"Capital!" Mr. Hardy said delightedly; for he had reviewed the position with great apprehension, as he had not seen how it would be possible to make good their retreat on their tired horses in the teeth of the Indians. "The very thing! As you say, we can hold the gorge for a month if necessary, and, sooner or later, they will be sick of it, and agree to let us retreat in quiet. Besides, a week's rest would set our horses up again, and then we could make our retreat in spite of them."

"One more thing," the Raven said. "When great chief got