

with the exception of two who were to act as sentries, and walked straight up to the end of the house.

Their numbers made them bold and careless, perhaps it would be more correct to say that they had an impression that there was no one at home. The door and windows were tried in turn, but all was secure. The Frenchman, who climbed the palisade to open the gate, pointed out the fact that the gate had been secured from the inside, so that if there was no one at home, there must be some other way of leaving and entering the premises than the front gate. This was a matter which it behoved them to examine into ; but after a close inspection, no means of exit could be found but the one, or that of climbing the palisade.

While the others were consulting as to the best method of proceeding, the Frenchman, who had scaled the fence, a veritable demon in cunning, discovered that the door of a root-house was partially open.

This root-house was in a corner formed by the house and a one-story kitchen, built as an addition to the house. The entrance was covered over with a luxuriant growth of bramble, and had not been used for a long time ; but the ferret-eyed Frenchman discovered it, and concluding from its position that it extended under the kitchen, and might have an internal communication, he descended the steps and pushing open the outer door, entered and felt around for stair or ladder. In one corner of the cellar he found what he expected, and ascending a couple of steps his head came in contact with a trap-door. Pushing against this he found it had no fastening ; but as in raising it the door creaked, he lowered it again.

Up to this time no sound had been heard from the interior, but the very silence seemed to be suspicious ; the creaking startled him, and he concluded it would be safer to have assistance, so as to provide against attack from within. Returning to his companions, he informed them of his discovery, and two of these at once accompanied him.

When Mrs. White fastened the outer gate, she had perhaps an idea that it would deter the Indians from entering, for some time at least, and that assistance would arrive, and so they would be driven off before any harm was done. She was watching from a window, if a six small-paned aperture may be thus designated, and saw the Frenchman get over and let in the others.

What her feelings were at that moment may be imagined by the reader ; she was alone in the house ! a weak defenceless woman, quite certain that if the lawless men tried to get in, they could do so despite anything she could do to prevent them. And if they got in, what then ? But she had hope ! this was her only sustaining comfort in dire distress. She had been assured help was at hand ; and at any moment it might arrive ; at any moment she might hear the crack of a rifle, or the shouts of her deliverers, as they rushed to the attack.

As she stood with fears and hope alternately exercising her mind, with all her faculties aroused to catch the slightest sound, she heard the creaking of the trap-door in the kitchen. How her heart bounded ! it seemed to thump in her breast, it flashed upon her mind instantly—"that is the trap."

Her knees shook so violently that she could not move ; and for a