

of the house. The young ones are in the hands of God. We can do nothing for them."

"Well?" Pearson asked, looking round from his loophole as the farmer and his wife descended into the room, which was a low garret extending over the whole of the house. "Do you see the canoe?"

"Yes, it has got safely away," William Welch said; "but what that lad will do now is more than I can say."

Pearson placed his rifle against the wall. "Now keep your eyes skinned," he said to the three farm hands; "one of yer's done mischief enough this morning already, and you will get your hair raised as sure as you are born unless you look out sharp. Now," he went on, turning to the Welch's, "let us go down and talk this matter over. The Injuns may keep on firing, but I don't think they will show in the open again as long as it is light enough for us to draw bead upon them. Yes," he went on, as he looked through a loophole in the lower story, over the lake, "there they are, just out of range."

"What do you think they will do?" Mrs. Welch asked.

The hunter was silent for a minute.

"It ain't a easy thing to say what they ought to do, much less what they will do; it ain't a good look-out any way, and I don't know what I should do myself. The whole of the woods on this side of the lake are full of the darned red critters; there are a hundred eyes on that canoe now, and go where they will they will be watched."

"But why should they not cross the lake and land on the other side?" Mr. Welch said.

"If you and I were in that canoe," the hunter answered, "that's about what we should do; but, not to say that it

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