

with a simultaneous screech, surrounded him, and with many a laugh and whoop of boisterous glee, commenced dragging him by the arms and clothes, towards the stake which was already prepared.

Conrad, amused at the incident, and desirous of amusing them, permitted his wily persecutors to bind his limbs to the post with wattles, and heap dry boughs about his feet; and even to shoot at him with their blunt arrows—enjoying the fun almost as much as the children themselves; when, to his amazement, he saw one of them—a malicious-looking boy, of an age beyond that of the rest—stealthily introduce a brand of fire among the brush-wood, which immediately began to crackle and send a thin wreath of smoke up into his face.

In one moment, the young imp had turned play into earnest; while, delighted at the novelty of the treat, the sight of fire, and the incipient *Braves* leaped and shouted with frantic delight around the victim, who, fully alive to the peril in which he stood, wrenched violently at his fastenings, but without being able to effect his liberation. It was a horrible moment, the soles of his shoes were already scorched by the heat of the flames, which were creeping with a fierce hiss towards his legs. He called for help, but his cries were drowned by those