

"What do you think, William?" his wife asked.

"I scarcely know myself," he answered; "but if I had quite my own way, I should send you and Nelly down to the settlements in the scow, and fight it out here with the hands."

"You certainly will not have your own way in that," his wife said. "If you go, of course I go; if you stay, I stay. I would a thousand times rather go through a siege here and risk the worst, than go down to Gloucester and have the frightful anxiety of not knowing what was happening here. Besides, it is very possible, as you say, that the Indians may attack the settlement itself; many of the people there have had no experience in Indian war, and the Red-skins are likely to be far more successful in their surprise there than they would be here. If we go, we should have to leave our house, our barns, our stacks, and our animals to the mercy of the savages. Your capital is pretty nearly all embarked here now, and the loss of all this would be ruin to us. At any rate, William, I am ready to stay here, and to risk what may come, if you are. A life on the frontier is necessarily a life of danger; and if we are to abandon everything, and to have to commence life afresh every time the Indians go on the war-path, we had better give it up at once and return to Massachusetts."

"Very well, my dear," her husband said gravely. "You are a true frontiersman's wife; you have chosen as you should have done. It is a choice of evils; but God has blessed and protected us since we came out into the wilderness; we will trust and confide in him now. At any rate," he went on more cheerfully, "there is no fear of the enemy starving us out. We got in our store

provisions of everything for our well-faithful dance; seeing we had an extra day; there is for months, a cutting brought. It will be useful heap of it so. with it in case their fire-arrows.

The day passed, and at nightfall the uninterrupted hundred yards fell, two out of fastened out in eighty yards of within the stockpiles, two men each other every day. His companion was excited at the prospect of the desperate work; and the Indians, had come, and there was a desperate struggle. The first watchman, Welch and Harold, reported that all