

of the river, the latter replied, "Not very satisfactory. The Indians are hostile; but I have met with an old friend who has promised to assist us all he can."

"We had better retrace our steps for some distance, so as to be out of the way of prying eyes," Arthur observed, after he had given all the information he had thought it advisable to afford, "We may as well have a fire and make ourselves comfortable so long as we remain here, for it is likely we shall be astir early enough in the morning."

The party soon threaded their way back from the stream to the place where they proposed to pass the night, and where a fire was speedily kindled, which contributed as much as circumstances would allow, to their comfort and cheerfulness.

Presently there arose on the night air a loud and prolonged whoop, which echoing and re-echoing along the dark forest aisles, seemed to ears unaccustomed, more like the wailings of some disembodied spirit than any mundane sound to which they had ever listened.

The younger members of the party started to their feet, and placed themselves in an attitude of resistance to anything that might issue from the gloom of the forest.

Meanwhile Captain Thornton and Arthur remained quietly reclining on the mossy hillock they had chosen for their resting place, and to the enquiring looks of his son the former replied, "You will soon learn to distinguish the hoot of the owl from the whoop of the Indian."

"Possibly," returned Edward, throwing himself on the ground, "I should prefer the owl to the Indian to compose my lullaby; but there are sounds more musical than the voice of either which I should choose to herald my entrance into the land of dreams."

There was enough of novelty combined with danger in the situation of our friends to have broken their rest, had not the toils of their journey counteracted their influence; but tired nature asserted her rights, and they were all soon buried in a profound slumber, which lasted until the grey of dawn began to steal through

their leafy canopy, and the matin notes of the forest warblers rose sweet and shrill on the morning air.

The first song of the lark had hardly died on the ear when footsteps were heard in the forest; and in a moment more a stalwart Indian made his appearance.

"Ganogeh keeps his promise," he said, addressing Arthur.

"Welcome," the latter replied, extending his hand, "What tidings do you bring?"

"The Mohawk moves at sunrise."

"In what direction?"

"Follows the river to the hills, after a while takes the portage to the great lake, after that"—

"Will they go alone?" Arthur eagerly interrupted.

"Fifty of our people will go with them as far as the big lake at the head of the river."

It being now evident that little prospect existed of an immediate rescue, it was decided to set out at once, and by a different route to that to be taken by the Indians, in order to reach the river in advance of them, some miles above where they now were. This they were enabled to do, under the directions of their Indian ally, who accompanied them some distance on their journey. They then concealed themselves in a thick undergrowth to await the approach of the red men; but hour after hour passed, and they saw no signs of their coming. At length, as the day was drawing to a close, they began to think that they must have struck the river too far down, and that the Indians by some means or other had got ahead of them. They accordingly made up their minds to follow the stream for awhile, to see if they could find any traces of them.

They had been pursuing the course of the river for about an hour, when the elder Thornton placed his ear to the ground and listened.

"As I live," he said, rising, "the Indians are on our track."

"Say you so?" Lee exclaimed, "then we have committed an egregious blunder."

"Why so?" inquired Edgerton.

"Your vessel leaves no track—water tells no tales, Phil," was the reply. "It is not so with the land.