

their paint and feathers; and look how their lance-points flash in the sunlight!"

Frank looked steadily through the glass for a moment or two, and then an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips, and a peculiar smile played for an instant about the corners of his mouth. "You are right," he said at last, "there is a large party of Indians approaching, but not necessarily with hostile intent. I never heard of an Indian raid on this side of the Coast Range. But we may as well take precautions," he continued; "go down and prepare a good supper for them in case they should prove friends, while Robert and I see to the defences."

Connie was surprised at the cool way in which her brother seemed to take the matter; but she descended to the kitchen, and, aided by her "help," set about preparing gallons of coffee and huge dishes of buck-wheat cakes.

Robert came in and helped to spread out the feast on the verandah floor, picnic fashion, but was very reticent about the Indians. Frank looked in now and then, and in answer to his sister's questions, said the savages were in great force, but as yet had made no hostile demonstration. Nevertheless, Harry and he had raised the draw-bridge across the moat—the old moat encircling the house, which had been repaired and deepened—and barred the gates. They had also run out and loaded the two swivel-guns on the top of the house,