

have space for only a portion, that without effort on the part of any one finally drifted back to the time when Jack, at the age of sixteen years, eagerly availing himself of the permission of his parent, kissed his mother (still living and in good health), and tramped many miles through Central New York, by a round-about course, to join General Sullivan in his expedition against the Iroquois or Six Nations.

"My old friend, Jed Stiffens, visited me some weeks ago," remarked Washington; "no one could be more welcome. Now that he has married, and become a sedate old farmer like myself, few unacquainted with his history would suspect that he was the most remarkable scout, so far as my knowledge extends, connected with our army at any time during the Revolution. His woodcraft was often incredible, and the strangest part of it all was that, throughout his perilous career, he was never seriously wounded."

"He was no more exposed, sir, than you," remarked Jack; "and you were not harmed."

"God protects those who have a divine mission to perform," were the reverent words of General Ripley. "That Jed incurred great risk is beyond question, but his wonderful woodcraft made it less than would be supposed; while you, my dear General, were the target again and again of Indian sharpshooters, as at Braddock's massacre, and of