

the sound of the sea a very long way off, just as one can hear it many miles from the coast, on a still night at home. What do you think it is?"

"If it is not fancy," Mr. Welch replied, "and I do not think that we should all be deceived, it is an attack upon Gloucester."

"But Gloucester is 35 miles away," Harold answered.

"It is," Mr. Welch replied; "but on so still a night as this sounds can be heard from an immense distance. If it is not this, I cannot say what it is."

Upon the following night, just as Mr. Welch's watch was at an end, a low whistle was heard near the gate. "Who is there?" Mr. Welch at once challenged.

"Jack Pearson, and the sooner you open the gate the better; there is no saying where these red devils may be lying round."

Harold and the farmer instantly ran down and opened the gate.

"I should advise you to stop down here," the hunter said, as they replaced the bars; "if you did not hear me, you certainly would not hear the Red-skins, and they would all be over the palisade before you had time to fire a shot. I am glad to see you safe, for I was badly scared lest I should find nothing but a heap of ashes here."

The next two men now turned out, and Mr. Welch led his visitor into the house and struck a light. "Hallo Pearson, you must have been in a skirmish," he said, seeing that the hunter's head was bound up with a blood-stained bandage.

"It was all that," Pearson said, "and wuss. I went down to Gloucester and told 'em what I had heard; but the darned fools tuk it as quiet as if all King George's

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