

"We must get the Indian first, men," said the Major, "or he will kill the girl.

"Now, I'll tell you what I think and, if you don't like the plan, say so; but what is done must be done quickly.

"One of you men ride as hard as you can until you are under cover of the grove, then slip up and cut the horses loose so they will wander off. The Indian will come out to catch them, and then we will get between him and the house. Try and not let yourself be seen."

The ruse worked well, for Black Eagle no sooner saw the horses wandering about, eating grass, than he hurried out to secure them, and a shot from one of the rifles wounded him so that he was harmless.

Rushing into the house, the Major found the young lady lying upon a bed, but when he entered she did not even turn to look in his direction. His heart sank with fear for he believed she was dead.

"Nell!" he cried, can it be that you are dead?"

"Oh, George, thank God it is you, and I am saved!" and the poor girl collapsed in his arms.

Fatigue from the long trip had made the party willing to stay at that place for the night and, finding provisions in the deserted home, they were soon making the best of circumstances.

The cowardly Indian began pleading for his life and, when he was assured that he would live, was contented; but he was hanged with a number of others after the close of the trouble.

"Shooting is too good for him," said the Major, and hanging won't do him justice."