

have done, stroked her long fair hair, and soothed her with her low talk. Then she motioned to a pile of skins in the corner of the hut; and when Ethel gladly threw herself down upon them, the Indian woman covered her up as she would have done a child, and with a nod of farewell tripped off to welcome her husband and hear the news, knowing that there was no possibility of the captive making her escape.

Exhausted with fatigue and emotion, Ethel's sobs soon ceased, and she fell into a sound sleep.

Of that terrible catastrophe at the Mercers' she had but a confused idea. They were sitting round the table talking, when, without the slightest notice or warning, the windows and doors were burst in, and dozens of dark forms leapt into the room. She saw Mr. Mercer rush to the wall and seize his pistols, and then she saw no more. She was seized and thrown over the shoulder of an Indian before she had time to do more than leap to her feet. There was a confused whirl of sounds around her,—shrieks, screams, pistol shots, and savage yells,—then the sounds swam in her ears, and she fainted.

When she recovered consciousness, she found that she was being carried on a horse before her captor, and that the air was full of a red glare, which she supposed to arise from a burning house. On the chief who carried her perceiving that she had recovered her senses, he called to one of his followers, who immediately rode up, bringing a horse upon which a side-saddle had been placed. To this Ethel was transferred, and in another minute was galloping along by the side of her captor.

Even now she could hardly persuade herself that she was not dreaming. That instantaneous scene at the Mercers'—those confused sounds—this wild cavalcade of dark figures