

to this hour, when night was fully come, none of the Iroquois had discovered him. Now, however, at the moment when he hoped the easiest part of his task was before him, he awoke to the fact that his canoe journey was ended, or at least interrupted for the time.

That which caused the exclamation with which my story opens was the sight that met his view as he rounded a sharp bend in the Catsuga. Only a brief distance above was not one, but two camp fires burning on opposite sides of the river, and so close to the margin that the first glance of the scout showed the glow of light spanning the entire stream.

To ascend any further in his boat would compel him to cross the arc of illumination caused by the blaze and expose him to certain detection from the Indians on both shores.

Furthermore, each fire had been started at the most favourable point by the red men; that is, there was no vegetation on either side dense enough to allow the boat to run in close to land and steal by without detection.

That the Iroquois had kindled the fires for