

"If you don't, I do. I had snubbed Red Jacket, and was walking away from him. He was so angered that he was in the act of drawing his tomahawk to bury into my head or back, when I suppose he glanced around to see whether the way was open for his escape. He happened to see you, and that was enough, or, rather, too much for him."

The incensed youth looked toward the wood, where the Seneca had disappeared. His temper was fully roused.

"If I had known that, I should have shot him any way. *I will do it yet!*"

He started on a run after the sachem, for never since the reader has made the acquaintance of the young patriot was he so enraged over any incident. But General Sullivan sternly called him back.

"Have you lost your wits? How far could you follow him without some of his people shooting you down?"

"Sartinly. Don't try to be a bigger fool than you are now, 'cause you 're a big 'nough one already."

It was Jed Stiffens who stalked into the opening, coming from the direction of the burning town. He was prosecuting his despairing search for his young friend, when providentially he came upon him, a few minutes after his flight from the harassing Iroquois.