

other seemed to be lost sight of. In the meantime, however, White and his friends had gained the rear of the enclosure, where, by drawing one or two secret pegs, he could remove one of the palings, and creep through.

As the men silently crept along the end of the barn, the attention of every marauder was in the opposite direction. Bent was the leader, and before he was well aware came full upon an Indian among a pile of lumber; both men started, but White made a savage blow which, although it missed the part intended, almost severed the wretch's thigh, and he fell to the ground, and his head was almost severed by a blow from the man immediately behind White.

This, of course, caused noise enough to attract immediate attention to their rear, and the Indians instantly broke from cover and fled to the front entrance gate. With a tremendous shout the farmers bounded after; one of the Frenchmen and two of the Indians instantly fell beneath the fire of Bent and the seven Mohawks, while others were wounded, the two remaining Frenchmen, both wounded, threw down their weapons and begged for quarter; the three remaining Indians were quickly despatched.

As White returned up the yard to look for Florence, she opened the door to meet him; pale and trembling, almost ghastly in appearance, she fell into his arms. As he carried her to a seat, she pointed to the kitchen, where several of the neighbors hurried and found the *coureur* with his skull fractured, but still breathing. He was taken out from the trap and laid upon the grass in front of the house, where in a short time he died.

The neighbors sat down upon the floor of the rude portico to talk over the affair and decide what must be done with the two prisoners. The general voice seemed to be in favor of sending them to Squire Johnson's for trial. It was now quite dusk, and White wanted to hear what Bent's opinion was.

"Where is Bent?" was the general enquiry.

"I'm here," he said, as he came up to the porch; "what are you wanting?"

"We are wanting to know what we had better do with the prisoners," said White.

"Bury 'em, I suppose," said Bent, evasively.

"But the two who surrendered, we mean."

"Where are they?" said Bent.

"Yes; where are they?" was the general enquiry.

The Frenchmen were missing. During the confusion and darkness, thinking they were not observed, they slipped away, and got into the field, but their scalps were dangling at the belts of Hawk and Eagle.

"Never mind the sneaking vermin," said Bent; "I guess they'll never run through the woods in these parts again, disturbing quiet folks. But how is Mrs. White, after her scare?"

"You see, neighbors," said Bent, continuing his speech, without waiting for an answer, "we could have easily defeated the vagabonds' scheme, and prevented them coming here, but we should not have secured the whole lot, and you might have had them round again without warning."