

CHAPTER IV.

A WARRIOR AND A TORCH.

IT was but a short distance to the margin of the winding river, where lay the graceful canoe that had served every member of the family many times. Benny was the first to enter, taking his seat in what might be considered the prow, though there was little difference between the ends of the craft. The brothers stepped in after him, each laid his rifle in the bottom, the Bible being placed near the feet of the lame one, and then, picking up a long, broad paddle apiece, the two swung them simultaneously, the boat shooting far out into the stream before the implements were dipped again.

"Is there any moon to-night?" asked Tom in a low voice, addressing the little fellow perched in front.

"It rises just before midnight; it is a half-moon, and the sky is clear."