

movement put themselves in front of their old companion, as though to guard him from the attack of this unexpected enemy.

Upon the boys these singular proceedings produced different effects. Bart and his companions in the woods at once recognized the truth. The old Indian was no other than their false guide, who had first turned upon them to attack them, and then fled, leaving them in the midst of the trackless forest. This was the man who now appeared before them in the midst of his own people, who certainly deserved some punishment for all that he had done, but who seemed to be out of the reach of any punishment, unless, indeed, Solomon should take the law into his own hands. But Bruce and the others, who had never seen the Indian before, stood simply amazed, not knowing what to make of such a singular scene. They had heard of the adventure in the woods with the Indian guide, but what they had heard did not suffice to afford them a clew to the affair before them.

For a few moments they stood thus, Solomon threatening, the Indians scowling, the boys looking on. But Solomon, though poised to spring, hesitated, as he saw all the enemies before him. Had it been only the old Indian, he would have leaped upon him at once; but with so many other Indians, it was a different matter. Very naturally, therefore, Solomon hesitated, and faltered, and sank down from his high pitch of fury, at thus being confronted with the impossible.