

Totten. One afternoon they had been out together for two or three hours; everything looked as quiet and peaceable as usual; the hands were in the fields near the house, a few of the cows were grazing close to the gate. Harold had been successful in his fishing, and had obtained as many fish as he could carry. He stepped out from the canoe, helped Nelly to land, slung his rifle across his back, and picked up the fish, which were strung on a withy passed through their gills.

He had made but a few steps when a yell arose so loud and terrible that for a moment his heart seemed to stop beating. Then from the corn-fields leaped up a hundred dark figures; then came the sharp crack of rifles, and two of the hands dashed down at full speed towards the house. One had fallen. The fourth man was in the watch-tower. The surprise had been complete. The Indians had made their way like snakes through the long corn, whose waving had been unperceived by the sentinel, who was dozing at his post, half-asleep in the heat of the sun. Harold saw in a moment that it was too late for him to regain the house; the Red-skins were already nearer to him than he was.

"Now, Nelly! into the boat again; quick!" he said. "We must keep out of the way till 'tis all over."

Nelly was about twelve years old, and her life in the woods had given her a courage and quickness beyond her years. Without wasting a moment on cries or lamentations she sprang back into the canoe. Harold took his place beside her, and the light craft darted rapidly out into the lake. Not until he was some three or four hundred yards from the shore did Harold pause to look round. Then, when he felt he was out of gunshot distance, he ceased paddling.