

musket, but seeing nothing and hearing only the laughter of his comrades, passed on to the shed; giving time to the boy to walk swiftly out of sound before the new guard came on duty. Another moment and escape would have been hopeless; trained to instant decision by the Abbé he used the moment given him.

For an hour his way lay over the low hills that skirted the back of the walls. The rain, fierce enough in the more sheltered city, beat furiously down in the open country, and when he reached the great wood he was drenched to the skin.

This much of the journey he knew well, and knew that not forty yards within the wood was a wigwam used by the Indians when going back and forth from the city. He and the Abbé had often rested there. With little difficulty he found it and lay down, utterly exhausted. All the rest of the night he lay there, awake and alone, on the verge of the dark forest; the giant trees rocking and reeling in the furious