

panions, made some observation in the Indian tongue, which elicited a laugh that told but too plainly that there was no pity or commiseration for her among those wild denizens of the forest, and that her only hope of escape from a horrible fate was a timely rescue from their merciless hands. The Indians now proceeded to cook their supper, which consisted of squirrels and a porcupine, of which they offered their captive a portion, but she declined partaking of the disgusting viands. Shortly afterwards, a couch of green boughs was prepared

for her, and a blanket, not of the cleanest, was given her as a protection against the falling dew, when she was left to her own reflections, which were of too bitter a cast to admit of her sleeping for a long time; but towards morning her eyelids grew heavy, and sleep—sweet sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer"—came to her relief; and she was once more wandering among the old familiar haunts of home. Alas! that such pleasant memories should be so soon and rudely interrupted.

CHAPTER V.

"What's that?" asked Edward Thornton, when, having halted at nightfall near the margin of a stream, he was about throwing his knapsack from his weary shoulders.

"An Indian whoop, mayhap," said Edgerton.

"No! It sounded more like the wail of some person in distress."

"There it is again. It seems at a great distance."

"Hark again! It sounds more like the hooting of an owl than a human voice."

"And so *that* is, but it is not the sound we heard at first.

"Perhaps it is an Indian devil," suggested Edgerton. "I've heard there are beasts in these woods that make a noise like a person in distress, and when you go to see what the matter is, they jump down upon you before you know where you are, and tear you to pieces."

"Man or devil," exclaimed Edward, while a prolonged cry smote upon their ears, "I'll know whence and why it comes. Stay you here, father, while we go up the hill. Look well to your arms, Phil; follow me, and tread lightly."

Thus admonished, Edgerton examined the flint of his fowling piece, and drew his knife partly from its sheath to feel its edge; and with stealthy step climbed the rugged steep in the track of his companion.

After the lapse of some minutes, hearing no more noise, the youths stood irresolute as to which direction they had better pursue, when the

same cry they had first heard, rose again on the still air, but this time so distinct and apparently so near as to cause them to start back. Turning their ears in the direction of the sound, and hearing no other voices, they advanced more boldly towards the place whence they supposed it to proceed; and before many seconds had elapsed they stood under the shadow of a great rock.

"It must be here-away the sounds came from," Philip remarked; "but there is nobody to be seen;" and while he spoke, the young sailor cast a furtive glance around him, as if he dreaded some supernatural visitation.

"It is no ghost, you may depend upon it," said Edward, smiling at the superstition of his companion; "spirits are never so uproarious."

"Spirit or no spirit, he has the power of making himself invisible; for I could swear he is not ten feet from us at this moment."

What must have been the sensations of Arthur Lee, at the close of the second day of his captivity, on hearing human voices approaching his narrow prison-house! "Am I dreaming, or out of my senses, or is that my native tongue I hear?" he whispered to himself, as if fearful of dispelling some illusion. Can anything short of the miraculous have answered my first call for assistance in this way? "Hallo there! who wants help?" said a voice without.

"One who is no less thankful than astonished at the prospect of obtaining it," was the reply. Without wast-