

replacing the blanket, he looked behind him, and saw outlined against the glare of the burning buildings the figures of six or eight horsemen, so close that it was useless for him to think of hiding or getting away.

Red Feather made no attempt to do either; for, like most of his people, he had a strong sense of dignity, which would have been disturbed by such action. His chief regret was that the horsemen had come upon him so suddenly that his action with the blanket must have betrayed, or at least raised a suspicion of, the truth. Had he but a minute's time, he would have gathered the covering about the form in such a way that in the darkness he might have kept secret the fact that he carried a small child in his arms.

His supposition was that these Indians were his own warriors; and a curious meeting must follow between them and the chief whom they thought dead, unless they had learned of his flight from the house, in which event a troublesome explanation must be made to them.

But the chief was pleased to observe that the men belonged to still another band, that had come from the south-east on their way to the Lower Crossing, in the hope of intercepting the settlers and their families fleeing in the direction of Barwell.

To use a common expression, Red Feather decided to "take the bull by the horns." He was well known