

said that the Irroquois were restless, and that their chief, War Eagle, one of the most troublesome varmint on the whole frontier, had been stirring them up to war. He told them, I heard, that the Pale-faces were pushing farther and farther into the Injun woods, and that, unless they drove them back, the Red-skin hunting-grounds would be gone. I hoped that nothing would come of it, but I might have known better. When the Red-skins begin to stir there is sure to be mischief before they are quiet again."

The colour had somewhat left Mr. Welch's cheeks as the hunter spoke.

"This is bad news indeed, Pearson," he said gravely. "Are you sure about the attack on the Brents?"

"Sartin sure," the hunter said. "I met their herd; he had been down to Johnson's to fetch a barrel of pork. Just when he got back he heard the Injun yells, and saw smoke rising in the clearing, so he dropped the barrel and made tracks. I met him at Johnson's, where he had just arrived. Johnson was packing up with all haste, and was going to leave; and so I said I would take my canoe and come down the lake, giving you all warning on the way. I stopped at Burns' and Hooper's. Burns said he should clear out at once, but Hooper talked about seeing it through. He has got no wife to be skeary about, and reckoned that with his two hands he could defend his log-hut. I told him I reckoned he would get his har raised if the Injuns came that way; but in course that's his business."

"What do you advise, Pearson? I do not like abandoning this farm again to the mercy of the Red-skins."

"It would be a pity, Master Welch, that's as true as