

started for the forest, immediately after entering which they observed the two Abenakis, just as they had returned and were preparing to encamp.

The place they had selected for their camp was near to the edge of the woods, where, while removed from the fort, they could see all that was passing.

Curious to know why they had returned here alone, but suspecting the object of their visit, the chief and his sons stealthily crept back through the bushes. Lying perdu, they listened to all that passed between Bent and them, and were convinced that their object was that of scouts.

No sooner were Bent and his companions out of hearing than any doubt upon the subject was removed, for one of the Abenakis decisively observed that—

"The pale-faces are fools; they are servants to their women and children."

"Yes," said the other; "and they go to the Mingoes for warriors and hunters, and the Mingoes send them *squaws*, and their boys for braves."

This taunting allusion to the chief and his sons evoked a speedy and dreadful answer.

Simultaneously the chief's sons sprang from their concealment and struck down their victims before, in their surprise, they could snatch a weapon for defence. The scalp-locks, reeking and gory, were torn from their heads, while their bodies were still warm and animate with the throbbing life-blood.

Carrying the senseless bodies into a more retired portion of the woods, they coolly stabbed them with their long hunting-knives to make sure work of their vengeance, and then collecting their travelling equipments, resumed their journey as though nothing had happened.

In the meantime the other party had lost no time in waiting; Bent and White had each taken one of the sleeping children to carry, while the little boy between his mother and aunt was helped along as fast as they could go. Bent was so familiar with Indian character—and more especially with that of his friend, the Mohawk chief—that he suspected the cry they had heard was the death signal of one or both of the Abenakis, and that shortly his friend would overtake them. His conjecture was verified. When they reached the encampment the first to meet them was Gordon, waiting in anxious suspense to know the result of their venture. With Bent this was mere pastime—things had worked so as to require no skill or personal bravery—but something more must be done which would require both.

With the earliest light of dawn the party, now formidable, started for the head of Lake George,* a distance of about thirty miles.

* Lake George was first discovered, among Europeans, by Samuel de Champlain, a native of Brouage, in France, in 1609. It is situated in New York State, between Washington and Warren Counties, but principally in the latter. The Indian name for this lake was Andiatorocte, meaning—THE LAKE SHUTS OR ENDS THERE. The French missionary, Pere Isaac Jogues, while journeying to ratify a treaty with the Iroquois, in 1646, arrived at this lake on the anniversary of St. Sacrament, and so named it. In 1755 Sir William Johnson named it George, in honor of his Majesty King George II. It is justly regarded as the most beautiful sheet of water in the United States. It is 36 miles in