

down together on the ground; then the Indians disposed themselves in a circle around them, each man close to his neighbor, with their feet to the prisoners, supposing that if they moved during the night they could not get out of the circle without disturbing some of the guards.

No insult, however, was offered to either of the women; and after a time they learned, doubtless aided by their fatigue, to sleep in this novel position comparatively well.

While these scenes are transpiring, how eagerly is Mr. Jones pressing homeward!—how idle he now thinks the fears for the safety of his family that, in spite of himself, have sometimes haunted him during his absence! He has seen no signs of Indians, though he has scanned the forest with a practised eye. All are doubtless safe and well. In a few short hours he will clasp his loved ones in his arms. Already he sees the sweet face of his wife, wreathed in smiles, and hears her fond words of welcome, while with a father's pride and joy he presses his lovely infant to heart and lip.

It is mid-day. He has turned aside to slake his thirst at a clear spring that bubbles up in the beautiful valley. What is it that rivets his eyes to the ground—has driven the smile from his lip, and spread over cheek and brow a deadly pallor, visible even through the bronzed skin? The print of a moccasined foot in the moist earth on the margin of the spring. Not long did he gaze.

"Perhaps only a stray hunter," he muttered, trying to reassure himself, as he instituted a scrutiny of the neighboring under-wood.

He soon saw enough to convince him that a number of Indians had been there quite recently.

"God grant that I may not be too late!" he exclaimed, as with all possible haste he resumed his journey.

The intervening space is quickly passed, though to him the time seems interminable. With a sinking heart he descries the little

opening in the forest where he had left his home. He enters it now to find that home in ashes. The hope that had hitherto sustained him died out, and the strong man bowed himself in agony and wept. Then, in the frenzy of his anguish, he called again and again the names of his lost ones, until reason was well-nigh dethroned. But only the echoes of the hill-side answered him. No tidings of wife or child, it is believed, ever reached the heart-stricken man.

(To be continued)

THE LEAK IN THE DYKE.

A STORY OF HOLLAND.

BY PHEBE CARY, IN N. Y. "INDEPENDENT."

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dyke, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports,
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day,
With thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;