

secured, when the whoop of the enemy was heard; they had surrounded the house, in their usual stealthy manner, thinking to take it by surprise.

Then came blows and random shots aimed at the door; but it was of strong materials and resisted. Their fire was more successful. From the sleeve of the father's coat a small stream of blood fell, drop by drop, upon the floor, while the limb itself, hung motionless at his side; his arm was broken by a bullet, but he made no sign to show that he suffered. What he did do, was to beckon unto his son—a stout lad, senior to Ellen—to come to him, and drawing the plug from a loop-hole, pierced near the door, he put the muzzle of his musket through—took aim and fired. A fierce cry told that it had taken effect, while the settler moved away to another part of the cabin and charged again; the boy assisting him meanwhile, by holding the gun and giving him the powder and ball, as required. In this way he managed to keep up a steady fire at those outside, opening before each shot, a fresh loop-hole—as the log-walls were well furnished in that respect. And wherever he heard a noise, he unmasked a foe, and seldom missed his mark!

But now an ominous silence succeeded to the yells of the Indians. Could they have departed? Ellen thought so; but when she made the remark,