

little White Bird safe, Tawaina go away—not fight one way, not fight other way. When meet again, white chief not talk about to-night. Not great Indian know Tawaina white chief's friend."

"You can rely upon us all, Tawaina. They shall never learn from us of your share in this affair. And now I think that it is time for us to be moving forward. It will be past ten o'clock before we are there."

Very quietly the troop crept along, Tawaina leading the way, until he approached closely to the village. Here they halted for a moment.

"Only six of us will go in," Mr. Hardy said; "there will be less chance of detection—Jamieson, Percy, Herries, my boys, and myself. The others take post close to the hut we see ahead. If you find that we are discovered, be in readiness to support us. And Farquhar, two or three of you get matches ready, and stick a blue-light into the straw roof of the hut. We must have light, or we lose all the advantage of our fire-arms. Besides, as we retreat we shall be in darkness, while they will be in the glare."

Thus speaking, Mr. Hardy followed his guide, the men he had selected treading cautiously in his rear. Presently they stopped before one of the huts, and pointing to the door, Tawaina said, "Little White Bird there"; and then gliding away, he was lost in the darkness.

Mr. Hardy cautiously pushed aside the skin and entered, followed by his friends. It was perfectly dark, and they stood for a moment uncertain what to do. Then they heard a low voice saying, "Papa, is that you?" while at the same instant they saw a gleam of light in the other corner of the tent, and heard a rustling noise, and they knew that an Indian had cut