

few moments her limbs felt as though they had lost the power of voluntary motion. By a severe effort of the will she got across the floor; the door into the kitchen was secured, but only by a wooden button, and she knew that if they got into the kitchen that would be no security; so, mustering up her courage, she pulled open the door and looked in, determined to know the worst.

The light in the kitchen was very imperfect, but she was certain that no one was in, unless concealed behind some of the casks and other things kept there. Standing in the kitchen reared against the back wall, beyond the trap-door, were two heavy oak beams, which had been hewn for the construction of a press.

It occurred to her that if she could lay down one or both of these across the trap it would prevent, or, at least, render their entrance by that way much more difficult; so she took hold of one to carry it, but found it altogether beyond her strength to lift it, however she pulled it upright, and was deliberating whether to push it over or not, when, to her dismay, the trap-door lifted, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared, creeping up from below; without reasoning upon the consequences, but acting upon impulse, she precipitated the massive beam forward,—there was a crash followed by a loud yell, a cry of death agony, which sounded through the silent house like a shriek of terror, and made her very blood stagnate with horror, but in the excitement and perturbation of the moment she seized the second beam and pushed it over on the first. She then either sat or fell down in a swoon.

When the young Indians arrived at the farm, Mrs. White was outside the palisade looking after some stray fowl; she saw them come into the clearing from the woods, and, conjecturing who they were, waited until they came nearer so that she could identify them.

When they had delivered their message she was much alarmed, and wanted to blow the horn, but they told her that Bent wanted her to wait till they came. Her instructions to them were to keep down the creek: were there was a "*raising*" going on, but as she did not know whether they would find White at the house or in the bush, they decided it would be better for one to go to the bush and the other to the house, so as to get the men moving all the quicker.

Bounding along at the top of their speed they had very soon apprised White and his neighbors of the position of matters. Some few had brought along their rifles to the raising, but all of them had axes, sharp as good knives. Leaving the oxen, they started to the besieged house, muttering dire threats of vengeance. The distance was very little more than a mile, so that relief, speedy and overwhelming, was at hand, as Mrs. White had correctly expected.

Before the farmers could arrive, Bent with the Chief and his four elder sons had reached the scene: in fact, had followed as closely as possible, keeping at the same time out of view. Two of the Mohawks went further down the creek than the rest to signal the return of their brothers, rightly judging that would be the direction they would come.

The sun had ceased to throw any shadows, but the shades of night were creeping through the forest from the east to the west. A few crows were winging their lazy flight to their roosting places, sending