

"Yes," said his brother, who was the young man they had first seen, "and we must see that our friend here, who has so little to say for himself is not forgotten, and I will undertake that part myself."

White disclaimed any desert in connection with the affair, but said he was very willing to assist in so good a work, as well as he was able.

It was about sunset when they reached the fort, carrying with them some fine salmon trout which White had caught previous to starting in search of the pursuing party. Just outside the stockade they found the women and children seated upon a bank; and White following the impulses of his nature, picked up the little girls in turn and kissed them. He looked at the mother and nodded pleasantly, bidding her good evening, and repeated the same to the younger, but as he did so, his look or glance lingered upon her swelling bosom, and tear stained face, for she was weeping when they came up, and had hastily wiped away the tears from her face. White was overcome, for he had a tender heart, and to hide his emotion he stooped to converse with the boy.

While he was doing this, Ben asked the women if they could see the crooked pine near the lake, it was perhaps half a mile from the fort, they could tell it at once by the remarkable top.

"Now," he said, "I want you to ramble along in that direction, and, if you get there before me, you can wait till I come, mind, I shall not come after you, and you must not hurry, but just stroll along with the children as though taking a walk."

"There were some Indians here a while ago," said Mrs. Gordon, "asking about you, I think."

"How were they dressed, and how many were there?" enquired Bent, forgetting, for the moment, that few could describe the peculiar markings by which tribes could be distinguished by the initiated.

"Why they are coming again," she said, "there they are,"—pointing to seven fine looking fellows stalking gravely along from a patch of wood to the south.

"Good, very good," said Bent, who, as he looked around, recognised some old friends,—“we're in luck for once anyhow, here's assistance for us, and no mistake; now you can start, and remember what I told you, keep up your spirits, and don't on any account hurry about your movements."

The Indians came up as the women and children sauntered away, they were Mohawks of the Wolf tribe; a chief with his six sons. They all saluted Bent with great gravity, and Bent introduced to them White, as a friend of his, an English brave. Bent and the chief commenced an earnest conversation in Mohawk, and White went to his quarters and commenced a hasty preparation for, ostensibly, a hunting excursion.

Everything seemed to favour their design; the day being, as White was informed a French festival, there was an unusual amount of gaiety, and a proportionate relaxation of ordinary discipline. It had occurred to Bent during the conversation with the chief that as the two youngest Indians were still without rifles, the present would