

is a long row for them, they two young uns would never get across; the Injuns would have them before they had been gone an hour. There is my canoe lying under the bushes, she would carry four, and would go three feet to their two."

"I had forgotten about that," William Welch said, and then added after a pause: "the Indians may not find it."

"You need not hope that," the hunter answered; "they have found it long before this. I don't want to put you out of heart; but I tell ye', ye will see them on the water before many minutes have passed."

"Then they are lost," Mrs. Welch said, sinking down in her chair and bursting into tears.

"They air in God's hands, mam," the hunter said, "and it is no use trying to deceive you."

"Would it be of any use," William Welch asked, after a pause, "for me to offer the Red-skins that my wife and I will go out and put ourselves in their hands, if they will let the canoe go off without pursuit?"

"Not it," the hunter replied decidedly; "you would be throwing away your own lives without saving theirs, not to mention, although that does not matter a straw, the lives of the rest of us here. It will be as much as we can do, when they attack us in earnest, to hold this place with six guns, and with only four the chance would be worth nothing. But that is neither here nor there. But you would not save the young ones if you gave up. You cannot trust the word of an Indian on the war-path, and if they went so far as not to kill them, they would carry them off; and after all I ain't sure as death ain't better for them than to be brought up as Indians. There," he said, stopping suddenly as a report of a musket sounded at