

it being three miles up the stream to the fording-place; before she could possibly accomplish the distance daylight would be upon her. To remain where she was till morning she would be sure to be found, and subjected to severe punishment, if not to death. The conviction fastened itself upon her that she had been betrayed. In the bitterness of her disappointment, she sat down on an old log and wept in anguish of spirit.

After weeping thus for a time, she went again to the old shanty, and, despair having overcome her caution, she cried out, "Frenchman! Frenchman!" in piercing tones of agony. He awoke, and answered her. The wakefulness of the old squaw had delayed her coming so long beyond the expected time that, while waiting for her, he had fallen asleep.

There was now no time for explanation—not a moment to be lost; their departure, he feared, had been already too long delayed. Hastening to the place where he had concealed his horse, and, taking her up behind him, he urged the poor animal forward through the woods as rapidly as possible towards his home. His wife, who had entered heartily into his plan for the escape of the captive maiden, was anxiously waiting their arrival; and, just as the first rosy tints of morning began to appear in the heavens, she welcomed the harassed and weary girl to her home.

The kind-hearted Frenchwoman had prepared a comfortable breakfast for the travellers, to which her husband did ample justice; but poor Abigail's anxiety had destroyed her appetite. She was not yet out of danger. They well knew that the Indians would soon scour the country far and near in search of their captive. Therefore, they judged it prudent for her deliverer to go to his work as usual, hoping thus to prevent the suspicions of the Indians from attaching to him. Then the hostess, raising part of the floor, concealed her guest in a cavity beneath, and arranged her household implements in such a manner as to disguise the moveable character of her floor.

Soon after daylight, there was no small stir among the Indians what was become of Abigail. The old mother gave the alarm, and parties were despatched hither and thither in search of the fugitive. The Frenchman being the only person not belonging to the camp of whom she had any knowledge, he was at once suspected of having aided her in her flight, and a posse of Indians set out forthwith for his residence. The woman, on the look-out for such a visit, saw them coming out of the woods, but continued her domestic employment with well-feigned unconcern while they were entering the house. They demanded to know where the man of the house was, and she informed them that he was at work, telling them where he might be found. But they proceeded to search the cabin and its surroundings, threatening to burn the dwelling if the woman did not tell them where the girl was. She professed to know nothing of the object of their search, and insisted that there was no one in the house but herself and her small children. The fact was that Abigail was not *in* the house, but *under* it. The poor captive could hear their conversation and threatenings, and her heart almost fainted within her. But the self-possessed Frenchwoman betrayed no fear, and, after a fruitless search, the Indians, with many hostile demonstrations, took their departure.

Fearing that they might return and fulfil their threat to burn the house, as soon as she thought it was safe for Abigail to venture out, she took her from her place of concealment, and hid her in a thicket, beside a small stream, at a short distance from the house. In this comfortless retreat the poor girl spent two nights and one day and a half, enduring terrors sufficient to drive an ordinary person frantic, the wolves rendering the nights vocal with their howlings in the woods all around her, joined to the ever present fear that the Indians would find her and drag her back to her hated bondage, to her more dreadful than the approach of the wild beasts.

As soon as it was supposed that the