

is maddening. Better seek the foe than die like rats in this hole."

"You speak like the youngster that you are," responded the Colonel, a more hardened veteran. "Know you not that these sly dogs come when we least expect them?"

An instant attention was fixed upon the speaker. From this fact alone, it could be seen that his word was law in the garrison. From youth, he had been trained in the service of His Majesty King George II. At the beginning of the Seven Years' War, he was sent to Canada in command of a regiment under General Braddock. Proving his bravery in the famous march through the Ohio Valley, he was given charge over Fort Williams and later had been transferred to Pezaquid, the chief seat of the war in Nova Scotia. His appearance was far from prepossessing. In one of the earlier engagements, he had suffered the loss of an eye and was still forced to carry his arm in a sling as a result of a later battle. Nevertheless his manner was so commanding and his appearance so soldierly, that not one of his men would have dared to resist his authority even under great provocation.

A daughter, his only child, had accompanied him to America, in spite of the perilous times with bloodshed on every hand. Up to the previous week she had been with him, his only comfort in the stress and worry that made the greatest part of his life. In the last battle, when his arm had been broken by a ball from a French musket, the noble girl had rushed from the fort under the full fire of the enemy, to give what assistance she could to her wounded father. She had hardly reached his side, when a French soldier, bearing swiftly down upon her, lifted her bodily to his horse and rapidly carried her to the camp of the Indians, where she was held—a prisoner.

Naturally, the daughter's capture had weighed heavily upon the father's mind and it is with little wonder that we find him, on the afternoon of our story, more bitter in his hatred toward the enemy and more eager in his plans for their annihilation.

"But," he resumed, seeing the anxious looks of those about him, "if I mistake not, we shall soon have the foe without seeking it."

"You mean not to say that any men, even Indians, would travel in such weather as this?" queried the officer who had first spoken.

"As I said before, at a time when we least expect them; and their cunning will tell them that this is one of the times. Then let us beware. See you that everything is ready in case of a surprise,