

had been turned to bitter hatred and they were on the warpath.

Meanwhile, the little stock of corn in the Marlowe cabin grew steadily less and less. The last of March found it so low that though the snow was several feet deep, Jebual decided he would have to start for the nearest settlement, about fifty miles distant, within another two weeks. But the winter did break up when April asserted her right and the snow soon disappeared under the warm April sun and showers.

The third day of April, Jebual started on the three days' trip to the settlement. There was April weather within as well as without the little cabin that morning. Joy at the coming spring mingled with foreboding of evil from the Indians; for only that morning had they heard of a raid the savages had recently made upon the very settlement to which Jebual was setting out. He disliked to leave his family at such troublous times, but they had never been molested and he trusted all would be well.

The day was warm and bright. The cheerless prairies took on a pleasanter aspect under the influence of the spring sunshine. Martha forgot her foreboding and even found herself humming a light little air as she busied herself about the morning's work. The song was one she had heard at an opera when she was but a child and it sent her thoughts back to the mother country so many miles away. Baby Ida, now two years old, was seated at the rude little table with a huge wooden bowl before her, out of which she was eating her breakfast, after her solemn baby fashion, while she soberly watched the sunbeam streaming through the open door.

Suddenly and without warning, a

shadow fell on the cabin floor, a huge form in the open doorway blotted out the sunlight. The song died on the mother's lips, the baby's great spoon stopped half way to the rosy lips, while two pair of startled blue eyes turned on the tall, gaunt form of an Indian.

For a moment the mother was frozen with horror. Then she snatched her wandering child in her arms and stood like a hunted doe at bay. The stoic face of the Indian remained unmoved. One lean, brown hand, came from under a dirty blanket and pointed first to the child in Martha's arms and then straight across the prairie to where the top of a lonely wigwam was barely discernable. "Papoose—Wigwam of Tel-igha" said the Indian in deep guttural tones. The brown finger pointed from the sun, now in the eastern sky, to the western horizon. Then it went back under the blanket while its owner awaited his answer in stolid silence.

With a wild fear Martha comprehended his meaning. He wanted her baby. He promised to bring her back when the sun set. But what was an Indian's promise? There was probably treachery in his heart and he should not have her baby, no! never! Except from her lifeless arms. For a moment she felt as though she could fight this Indian barehanded. But reason came to her aid. What could she do against such a foe? And when she was helpless, what would her child do? Then when she looked closer at that broad expressionless countenance she seemed to have seen it before. Where? Ah yes! Now she remembered. He was the very one who had helped her husband plant his corn. After all, he was undoubtedly a friend and she must not run the risk of incurring his anger.

So, with trembling fingers the mother tied on little Ida's hood and fastened her