

cleansed it. He then sharpened his knife, and placed his war-club and spear ready at hand for immediate use.

The old hunter watched the singular preparations of his silent son, and suspecting that he had discovered signs of an enemy, arose, and saying that he would go and cut a few sticks of the red willow to smoke, he left the lodge to go and see with his own and more experienced eyes, what were the signs of danger. He had proceeded but a few steps in the adjacent forest, when he discovered a strange track in which there were but a few flakes of the fast falling snow. His Indian sagacity told him that it was the foot-print of an O-dug-am-ee, and returning to the wigwam, he proposed to his family an immediate flight to some neighboring camp of their friends. The silent son now spoke, and told his father that flight had become impracticable, for they were entirely surrounded by a very large war-party of their enemies. "All we can do," said he, "is to prepare for death; for I have seen the trail of the O-dug-am-ee warriors, and it is deep-beaten and wide; many feet have trodden it."

Determined to defend their women and children to the last gasp, the Ojibway hunters cut down a few more trees and strengthened the barrier around their wigwam. Night gradually came and covered everything in deep darkness and gloom, yet still was the expected attack deferred. The imitated hootings of the owl, and howling of wolves which resounded from different parts of the forest, but too plainly told the hunters that the O-dug-am-ee wolves had surrounded their camp, and only waited the first dawn of day (the Indian's favorite hour), to make the attack.

The old hunter being anxious to save a portion of his kindred, took two girls—his grandchildren—each by the hand and silently led them some distance into the surrounding woods, amid the darkness, and informing them the direction they were to go—to be judged by the wind, and