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Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm  
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Baum Henry Kipling Doyle Willis  
Leslie Dumas Flaubert Nietzsche Turgenev Balzac  
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Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch  
Homer Tolstoy Whitman  
Darwin Thoreau Twain  
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# **The Keepers of the Trail A Story of the Great Woods**

Joseph A. (Joseph Alexander) Altsheler

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*The* KEEPERS  
OF THE TRAIL

A STORY OF THE GREAT WOODS

BY

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG TRAILERS," "THE FOREST RUN-  
NERS," ETC.

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## FOREWORD

"The Keepers of The Trail" deals with an episode, hitherto unrelated, in the lives of Henry Ware, Paul Cotter, Shif'less Sol Hyde, Long Jim Hart, and Silent Tom Ross. In point of time it follows "The Forest Runners," and, so, is the third volume of the "Young Trailer" series.

## THE KEEPERS OF THE TRAIL

[Pg 1]

### CHAPTER I

## HENRY IN HIS KINGDOM

A light wind blew over the great, primeval wilderness of Kentucky, the dense, green foliage rippling under it like the waves of the sea. In every direction forest and canebrake stretched in countless miles, the trees, infinite in variety, and great in size, showing that Nature had worked here with the hand of a master. Little streams flashing in silver or gold in the sunlight, flowed down to the greater rivers, and on a bush a scarlet tanager fluttered like a flash of flame.

A youth, uncommon in size and bearing, stepped into a little opening, and looked about with the easy, natural caution belonging to the native of the forest who knows that danger is always near. His eyes pierced the foliage, and would have noticed anything unusual there, his ear was so keen that he would have heard at once any sound not a part of the woods.

Eye and ear and the indefinable powers of primitive man told him no enemy was at hand, and he stood on the green hill, breathing the fresh, crisp air, with a delight [Pg 2] that only such as he could feel. Mighty was the wilderness, majestic in its sweep, and depth of color, and the lone human figure fitted into it perfectly, adding to it the last and finishing touch.

He blended, too, with the forest. His dress, wholly of fine, tanned deerskin, was dyed green, the hunting shirt fringed, hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins alike adorned with rows of little beads. Fitting thus so completely into his environment, the ordinary eye would not have observed him, and his footsteps were so light that the rabbits in the bush did not stir, and the flaming bird on the bough was not frightened.

Henry Ware let the stock of his rifle rest upon the ground and held it by the barrel, while he gazed over the green billows of the forest, rolling away and away to every horizon. He was a fortunate human being who had come into his own kingdom, one in which he was fitted supremely to reign, and he would not have exchanged his place for that of any titular sovereign on his throne.

His eyes gleamed with pleasure as he looked upon his world. None knew better than he its immense variety and richness. He noted the different shades of the leaves and he knew by contrast the kind of tree that bore them. His eye fell upon the tanager, and the deep, intense scarlet of its plumage gave him pleasure. It seemed fairly to blaze against the background of woodland green, but it still took no alarm from the presence of the tall youth who neither stirred nor made any sound.

Another bird, hidden behind an immense leaf, [Pg 3] began to pour forth the full notes of a chattering, mocking song, almost like the voice of a human being. Henry liked it, too, although he knew the bird was flinging him a pretty defiance. It belonged in his world. It was fitting that one singer, many singers, should live in his wilderness and sing for him.

A gray squirrel, its saucy tail curved over its back, ran lightly up an oak, perched on a bough and gazed at him with a challenging, red eye. Henry gave back his look, and laughed in the silent manner of the border. He had no wish to hurt the swaggering little fellow. His heart was bare of ill will against anything.

A deep, clear creek flowed at the base of the hill, and a fish, snapping at a fly, leaped clear of the water, making a silver streak in the air, gone in an instant as he fell back into the stream. The glimpse pleased Henry. It, too, was a part of his kingdom, stocked with fur, fin and feather, beyond that of any other king, and far more vast.

The brilliant sunlight over his head began to dim and darken. He looked up. The van of a host, the wild pigeons flying northward appeared, and then came the great wide column, millions and millions of birds, returning from their winter in the south. He had seen the huge flights before, but the freshness and zest of the sight never wore away. No matter how far they came nor how far they went they would still be flying over his forest empire. And then would

come the great flocks of wild ducks and wild geese, winging swiftly like an arrow toward the north. [Pg 4] They, too, were his, and again he took long, deep breaths of a delight so keen that it made his pulses leap.

From the wood at the base of the hill came a crackling sound as of something breaking, and then the long crash of a tree falling. He went a little way down the slope and his moccasins made no sound in the grass. Gently pulling aside the bough of a sheltering bush he saw the beavers at work. Already they were measuring for lengths the tree they had cut through at the base with their long, sharp teeth.

The creek here received a tributary brook of considerable volume, and the dam erected by the beavers had sent the waters far back in a tiny sheet like a little lake. But as Henry saw, they were going to raise the dam higher, and they were working with the intelligence and energy that belong so peculiarly to the beaver. Four powerful fellows were floating a log in the water, ready to put it into place, and others on the bank were launching another.

It was one of the largest beaver colonies he had ever seen, and he watched it with peculiar enjoyment. He killed the beaver now and then—the cap upon his head was made of its skin—but only when it was needful. The industrious animals were safe from his rifle now, and he felt that his wilderness had no more useful people.

He looked at them a long time, merely for the pleasure of looking. They showed so much skill, so much quickness and judgment that he was willing to see and learn from them. He felt, in a sense, that [Pg 5] they were comrades. He wished them well in their work, and he knew that they would have snug houses, when the next winter came.

He left them in their peace, returned to the brow of the hill, and then walked slowly down the other side. He heard a woof, a sound of scrambling, and a black bear, big in frame, but yet lean from the winter, ran from its lair in the bushes, stopped a moment at fifty or sixty yards to look hard at him, and then, wheeling again in frightened flight disappeared among the trees. Henry once more laughed silently. He would not have harmed the bear either.

A puffing, panting sound attracted his attention, and, walking farther on, he looked into a glade, in which the grass grew high and thick. He had known from the character of the noise that he would find buffaloes there, and they numbered about a dozen, grazing a while, and then breathing heavily in content. He had seen them in countless herds on the western plains, when he was with Black Cloud and his tribe, but south of the Ohio, owing to the heavy forest, they were found only in small groups, although they were plentiful.

The wind was blowing toward him, and standing partially behind a huge oak he watched them. They were the finest and largest inhabitants of his wilderness, splendid creatures, with their leonine manes and huge shoulders, beasts of which any monarch might be proud. He could easily bring down any one of them that he wanted with his rifle, but they were safe from all bullets of his. [Pg 6]

He looked at them a while, as a man would gaze at a favorite horse. There was a calf among them, and whenever it wandered from the middle of the glade toward the edge of the forest the mother would push it back. Henry, studying the woods there, saw just within their shadow the long slinking figures of two gray wolves. He knew their purpose, but he knew also that it would not be fulfilled.

He watched the little forest drama with an interest none the less because it was not new to him. He saw the gray shadows creeping nearer and nearer, while the calf persistently sought the woods, probably for shade. Presently the leader of the herd, an immense bull, almost black, caught an odor, wheeled like lightning and rushed upon the wolves. There was a single yelp, as one was trampled to death, and the other fled through the forest to seek easier prey.

The buffaloes returned to their grazing and the foolish calf, warned by the danger from which he had been saved, stayed in the middle of the glade, with his elders as a wall around him. Henry smiled. He had foreseen the result, and it was wholly to his liking. He passed around the opening, not wishing to disturb the animals, and went northward, always on soundless feet.

A stag, catching the human odor on the wind, sprang from a thicket, and crashed away in wild alarm. Henry laughed again and waved his hand at the fleeting figure. The stag did not know that he had no cause to dread him, but Henry admired his speed. A flock of wild turkeys rose from a bough above [Pg 7] his head, and uttering preliminary gobbles, sailed away in a low flight among the trees. He waved his hand at them also, and noticed before they disappeared how the sunlight glowed on their bronze feathers.

It was a fine morning in his kingdom, and he was seeing many forms of its life. He remarked a bee tree, and thought it probable that the runaway bear would make a try there some day for honey. Then he stopped and looked at a tiny blue flower, just blooming in the shelter of a bush. He examined it with appreciation and touched the delicate leaf very gently, lest he break it away. Little and fragile, it had its place nevertheless in his realm.

His course led him back to the creek, here very deep and clear and running over a gravelly bottom. After looking and listening for a little while, he undressed, laid his rifle and other weapons on the very edge of the bank, where he could reach them in an instant, and dropped silently into the water. It was cool and he shivered at first, but as he swam the warmth returned to his veins.

He was a splendid swimmer, and he was careful not to splash or make any other sound that could be heard far. It was glorious there in the water, and he was loath to leave it. He lay on his back, floated a little with the current, and then with strokes strong, swift and silent, swam back again.

His eyes looked up into a blue sky, sprinkled with many little white clouds golden at the edge. The huge flight of pigeons had passed and no longer [Pg 8] dimmed the sun. He could just see the last of the myriads on the edge of the northern horizon. But there was a sudden flash of black across the blue, and a hawk shot down into the forest. A bald eagle sailed in slow majesty above the trees, and, well within the shelter of the foliage near him, many small birds were twittering. The air over his realm as well as the forests and waters was full of life.

He came out, allowed himself to dry in the sun, while he flexed and tensed his powerful muscles. Then he dressed. The swim had

been good, and he was glad that he had taken the risk. He was aware that the forest contained inhabitants much more dangerous than those he had looked upon that morning, but he had not yet seen any sign of them, and he was one who had learned to use his opportunities.

After luxuriating for a little while on the grass, Henry, rifle on shoulder, walked swiftly forward. He had a definite purpose and it was to rejoin his four comrades, Paul Cotter, Shiftless Sol Hyde, Long Jim Hart and Tom Ross, who were not far away in the greenwood, the five, since the repulse of the great attack upon the wagon train, continuing their chosen duties as keepers of the trail, that is, they were continually on guard in the vast forest and canebrake against the Northwestern Indians who were making such a bitter war upon the young Kentucky settlements.

Henry had known that they would come again. Kentucky had been a huge hunting ground, without any Indian villages, but for that reason it had been [Pg 9] prized most highly by the savage. The same reason made the ground all the more dangerous for the white people, because the Indians, unhampered by their women and children, came only with chosen bands of warriors, selected for supreme skill in battle and forest lore. No seekers of new homes ever faced greater dangers than the little white vanguard that crossed the Alleghanies into the splendid new land beyond. Hidden death always lurked in the bush, and no man went beyond the palisade even on the commonest errand without his rifle.

It was a noble task that Henry and his comrades had undertaken, to act as watchers, and it appealed to them all, to him most because he was continually in the wilderness that he loved so well, and he felt that he was doing a much greater work than when he was felling trees, and helping to clear a place for crops. As for himself he would never have cut down a single tree, although there were millions and millions of them. Nature held nothing that he admired more. He knew no greater delight than to stand on a high hill and look on the forest, deep green, waving in the wind, and stretching to the complete circle of the horizon and beyond.

He was now in one of the loneliest stretches of the wilderness, far north of Wareville, and no great distance from the Ohio. A day's

march would take him to a favorite crossing of the savages, and that was why he and his comrades were in this region. He increased his speed, settling into the long swinging gait which the scouts of the border always used, when [Pg 10] they would hasten, but, in a half-hour, he stopped suddenly and his figure seemed to vanish utterly in a dense mass of green bushes.

Henry, now hidden himself, had seen. It was only a trace that scarcely any eye save his would have noticed, but in a place where the earth was soft he had observed the faint imprint of a moccasin, the toes turning inward and hence made by an Indian. Other imprints must be near, but, for a little while, he would not look, remaining crouched in the thicket. He wished to be sure before he moved that no wearer of a moccasin was in the bush. It might be that Yellow Panther, redoubtable chief of the Miamis, and Red Eagle, equally redoubtable chief of the Shawnees, were at hand with great war bands, burning to avenge their defeats.

He did not move for fully ten minutes. He had acquired all the qualities of those who live in constant danger in vast forests, and, like the animal that hides, his figure and dress blended completely with the green thicket. The air brought no menace to either eye or ear, and then he stepped forth.

He found the imprints of five or six pairs of moccasins farther on, and then they became so faint that the best trailer in the West could not follow them, although he believed that they had been made by a hunting party. It was customary for the Indians on their great raids to detach a number of men who would roam the forests for food, but he decided that he would not try to follow them any longer. He would not be deflected from his purpose to join his comrades. [Pg 11]

Leaving the broken trail he sped north by west, the forests and thickets growing thicker as he advanced. At one point he came to a vast canebrake that seemed impassable, yet he made his way through it almost without slackening speed, and came to a grove of oaks, so large and so dense that the sunlight never entered there. He stopped at its edge and imitated the long, haunting cry of the owl. In a moment or two a note like it, but distant and faint, came. He uttered the cry a second time, and heard the reply.

Hesitating no longer he entered the oak grove. These trees with their great mossy trunks were the finest that he had ever seen. Some peculiar quality of the soil, some fertilizing agency beneath had given them an unparalleled growth. The leafy roof was complete, and he advanced as one who walks down a limitless hall, studded with a myriad of columns.

Two miles and turning around a hill he came to a cup in its far side, hidden so well that the unknowing would have passed it unseen. But he called and his four comrades answered from the cup. Parting the bushes Henry entered and they gave him a low but joyous welcome.

The cup, almost circular, was not more than ten feet across, but the sun shone in it and the ground was warm and dry. Just beyond the far edge a little spring gushed from under a stone and trickled away, whispering gently through the bushes.

Paul was the only one of the four who had risen. He stood now erect, the stock of his rifle resting on [Pg 12] the ground, the customary attitude of the waiting borderer, his fine, intellectual face bright with interest.

"Did you see anything, Henry?" he asked.

"O' course he saw somethin'," drawled Shif'less Sol. "Did you ever know the time when Henry went anywhar without seein' anythin'?"

"Paul meant did he see anythin' wuth tellin'," said Long Jim. "You're always talkin' too much, Sol. Why did you want to bust in on a boy that was askin' a decent question?"

"I never talk too much, Long Jim Hart," said the shiftless one indignantly. "Now an' then I hev to talk a long time, 'cause I know so much that I can't git it all out between sunrise an' sunset, an' the hours then are mighty crowded, too. I reckon that you'd never need more'n five minutes to empty your head."

"Mine's a good head an' it never has any swellin' either."

"Give Henry a chance," said Paul smiling. "How can he ever tell us anything, when you two are filling all the woods with the roar of argument?"

The debaters subsided. Silent Tom Ross said nothing. His chariness of speech often saved him much breath. Besides, Tom was contented. He knew that if Henry had found anything worth telling and thought fit to tell it he would do so at the right time.

"Give me some venison," said Henry. "I've walked a long way, and I'm hungry."

Paul produced a piece from a deerskin knapsack that he carried and Henry, sitting down in the circular [Pg 13] opening, ate. Paul lay down again and all of them waited.

"Indians," said Henry at length, waving his hands toward the east.

"How many?" asked Shiftless Sol.

"I could not tell, but I think it's a large band, either Miamis or Shawnees. Perhaps Yellow Panther and Red Eagle have come back."

"Like as not," said the shiftless one. "They're the kind to come."

"Huntin' scalps," said Tom Ross, speaking for the first time.

"And it's our business," said Paul, "to see that they don't get 'em."

"So it is," said Long Jim. "A man hates to lose his hair, 'specially when he's got such thick, beautiful hair as mine. I've heard that a big prize fur my scalp has been offered to all the Injun nations across the Ohio. Still, danger heats up my courage, an' I'm right proud uv bein' a marked man."

"We must find out all about that band," said Tom Ross. "Which way wuz they goin'?"

"The trail so far as it showed led to the east," replied Henry, "but you couldn't tell anything by that. I'm quite sure it was made by hunters sent out for buffalo or deer to feed the main band. There's lots of game around here, which shows that the Indians haven't been roving over this region much."

"I've seen all kinds," said Long Jim. "It jest walks or flies right up to our rifle barrels, an' ef it wuzn't fur [Pg 14] the danger I'd like to show you fellers the grand way in which I could cook a lot uv it."

"Right thar, old hoss, I stand up fur you ag'in' the world," said Shif'less Sol, "but I reckon we ain't lightin' any fires jest now."

"No," said Henry. "I think we'd better stay here the rest of the day, and keep ourselves in hiding. The main band, whatever its size or wherever it is, seems to have plenty of flankers and hunters, and if we ran into them, as we surely would, we wouldn't have any chance to watch 'em later on."

"Right, o' course," said Shif'less Sol, and the others agreed in silence.

The five lay back upon the dry leaves, depending upon hearing chiefly, to warn them of the possible coming of an enemy. The undergrowth was so dense about the cup that no one fifteen yards away could see them, and they were able to hear even a creeping warrior, before he could come that near. Hence they reposed without alarm, and, bold forest runners that they were, eternally on guard, they took their ease with a certain sense of luxury.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, and the sun was at its brightest, the rays being vertical. From their woodland cup they looked up at a circle of shining blue sky, continually crossed by tiny white clouds, following one another in a regular procession from south to north. The majesty of the wilderness and the illimitable covering of forest green appealed to Paul but little less than to Henry. He, too, felt the great lift of the spirit, danger or no danger. [Pg 15]

The five enjoyed the wilderness, every one in his own way, Henry and Paul because their souls were stirred by it, Shif'less Sol because it was always unfolding to him some new wonder, Tom Ross because it was a hunting ground without limit, and Long Jim because nearly every kind of game found in it could be eaten, after it had been cooked by his master hand.

But they did not speak now. The people of the border, save in their homes, never talked much. The caution bred by the necessity of the woods became a habit. They acquired an extraordinary power over voice and nerves. Like a Hindu, a man could lie silent and motionless for hours. In this respect they had the quality of the Indian and the five at least could match his native cunning and train-

ing, and, in addition, bring to their own aid a superior intellectual power. That was why they were kings of the woods.

The sun passed the zenith and the rays were no longer vertical, but it was almost as bright in the cup as ever, while the sky itself had lost nothing of its shining blue tint. Paul presently said:

"I notice a shred of brown or gray against that brilliant blue. Now all the little clouds are white, and this sadder color has no business there. Besides, it's a blur. Would you say it's smoke, Henry?"

Henry, who had been listening rather than watching, opened his eyes and stared intently at the faint smudge on the sky.

"Yes, it's smoke," he said, "and as the wind now comes from the south it, too, is traveling that way. Don't you think so, Sol?" [Pg 16]

"O' course, Henry. Now you see thar's a little bigger patch o' gray followin' the first, an' it ain't so mighty high above us, either."

"Yes, I see it. Read the book for us, Sol."

"Lookin' at them thar two bits o' gray which Natur' didn't put up in the sky, but which somehow came from the hand o' man, I kin spin the tale jest ez it is. That's smoke up thar. It can't come from any kind o' a forest fire, 'cause it's early spring an' the woods are too green to burn. Thar ain't no white people in these parts 'cept ourselves an' ef thar wuz they wouldn't be so foolish ez to build a fire that sends up smoke. So it's bound to be Injuns. They're a big band, so big that they ain't afeard o' bein' attacked. That's the reason why they're so keerless 'bout thar smoke. An' 'cause the band is so big it ain't jest hunters. It's a war band bound south ag'in the settlements to git scalps in revenge for all the braves they've lost. Do I tell the truth, Henry?"

"To the last detail."

"Thoroughly good logic," said Paul.

"What's logic?" asked Long Jim.

"I'll illustrate," replied Paul. "When you see a deer, take aim at him with your rifle and shoot him through the heart, you feel quite sure when he drops dead that it was you who killed him. Logic tells you that, and so that is logic."

"I reckon I know now," said Long Jim, rubbing his chin.

"Tom," said Henry, "about how far from us is the fire that makes that smoke?" [Pg 17]

"Smoke, 'less there's a terrible lot uv it, don't hang together long," replied Ross, looking up thoughtfully at the little gray clouds. "But I reckon them two thar wuz broke off from a much bigger piece at the start, an' are gittin' smaller ez they come. But thar main camp ain't more'n two miles from here, Henry."

"Just about that, I should say. We'd better look 'em over tonight, hadn't we?"

"Jest ez you say. You're the leader, Henry."

"We'll do it, if we can, but I'm thinking we'll have to be mighty careful. I've an idea that the woods are full of warriors. I don't want to be burned at the stake."

"But Jim Hart here would make a most bee-yu-ti-ful torch," said Shif'less Sol. "Slim an' nigh on to six feet and a half tall he'd light up the whole woods, ef he wuz set on fire on top fust."

"Ef you wuz set on fire on top," said Long Jim, "thar wouldn't be much burnin', 'cause a blaze can't feed on emptiness."

"Thar goes another o' them little gray patches," said Silent Tom. "That means they're still feedin' the fire—fur cookin' too, 'cause they don't need it to warm by. The hunters must hev brought in a power o' game, 'cause when the warriors do eat, an' they hev plenty o' it to last, they eat in a way no white man can match."

"I suppose that was the way of the primitive man," said Paul, who was wont to think about origins and causes. "He was never sure of his food, and when he had it he ate all he could." [Pg 18]

Henry uttered a slight warning hiss, a sibilant breath, scarcely more, and the five shifting a little, grasped their rifles in such a manner that they could be pushed forward at once, and listened with all their ears. Henry had heard a light footfall, and then the faint sound of voices. He drew himself to the edge of the covert and he did it with so much skill that not a leaf or a blade of grass rustled.

Lying flat on the ground, and, looking underneath the boughs of the trees and bushes, where only the trunks and stems were in the way, he saw the legs of four men, the upper parts of their bodies being completely hidden by the foliage. Henry knew, nevertheless, that they were three Indians and one white man. The white man was disclosed by his thicker legs and his toes which turned out. All were clothed much alike in deerskin leggings, but Henry could make no mistake.

It was equally evident to him that the white man was not a prisoner, because he walked quite freely. Once he passed ahead of the three Indians, and then he dropped behind. If a captive, he would have walked just behind one warrior and the other two, in Indian file, would have walked close behind him.

Henry saw also that they were carrying heavy weights, because they stepped slowly and with a certain stiffness. There was a rigidity and tension that strong men walking easily would not have shown. Unquestionably they were successful hunters, carrying game to a great gluttonous band feasting with energy two miles away. [Pg 19]

"Three Shawnees and Braxton Wyatt," whispered Shif'less Sol, who had crept to his side. "Don't you remember that he had jest the faintest bit o' bow in his legs? An' thar's that bow. Why, I'd know them legs anywhar in the world."

"That's so," said Henry. "Now I wonder what his wicked mind is devising. There's no hater like a renegade."

"You may be shore he's thinkin' o' harm to our people down below," said the shiftless one. "I'm glad we're here to see 'em."

Henry nodded in agreement, and they whispered to the others that Wyatt and three Shawnees were passing. Henry and Sol knew that they were Shawnees, because they had red beads in a row on their leggings, where the Miamis wore blue ones.

"Ef I wuz to steal down a bit through the bushes an' shoot that traitor right squar' through his black heart, ez I could do easy, I'd be savin' the lives o' innocent men, women an' children," said Shif'less Sol.

"It is likely," said Henry, "but you mustn't do it. Somehow I can't see a man shot from ambush. Besides, it would give the alarm, and we mightn't be able to carry on our work."

"I didn't say I wanted to do it, but it's pow'ful temptin'!"

"Yes, I know, but it's silence and waiting for us."

The four pairs of legs, three Indian and one white, passed on. Ten minutes later they heard a long whoop from one point, and a long whoop from another point answered. They were not war cries, merely signals, [Pg 20] and the five appreciated more than ever the invisibility of their little retreat. There was not more than one chance in a hundred that a wandering warrior would stumble upon it.

Other calls were heard through the forest, and then the faint sound of a chant dying swiftly.

"They're merry," said Paul, with swift intuition. "Maybe they have some scalps already to rejoice over."

It was a bitter reminder to Henry, and yet it might be true. A small band, traveling fast, might have struck an unguarded settlement, and, returning, might be here now with the great band, bearing their sanguinary trophies. Five only, no matter how brave and skillful, could not watch the whole border.

"There's nothing to do," he said, "but wait for darkness."

Not one of them had risen to his feet, and they merely sank back on their elbows, again relying more upon ear than eye. They relaxed, but they were ready for instant action, should the need come.

They would not have very long to wait now. The sun was so far over in the west that it cast slanting rays and shadows were gathering at the base of the cup. It was growing colder and the rising wind sang among the green young leaves. A vast red sun hanging low over the western wilderness tinged the forest, as if with fire. To an ordinary human being it would have been an awful sun in its flaming majesty, frightening him, lost in the forest, by its mysterious immensity, but the five, either separately or alone were too familiar with the great spectacle to feel fear. [Pg 21]

"It's an uncommonly red sun," said Tom Ross.