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# THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.



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## POETRY.

### FOR THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

#### A NATIONAL SONG.—BY J. R.

From Michigan to Florida, from Oregon to Maine,  
Shout ye for Freedom's happy land, in one united  
strain;  
Ye millions who enjoy the boon your fathers gained  
for you,  
With veneration speak the names of those immor-  
tal few:  
Chorus—Then let the shout of Freedom sound  
From the hills to the ocean bound,  
Let every hill the echo bound,  
FREEDOM AND WASHINGTON!

When British rule oppressed them hard, our Fathers  
flew to arms,  
And showed the Tyrant that they could protect  
their homes and farms;  
Though thousands came with skill and force, the  
"Rebels" to not down,  
Yet Washington was at the helm and spoiled King  
George's Crown!

Chorus—Then let the shout, &c.

Hail ye abettors of our sires! who crossed the foam-  
ing sea,  
And gave your treasure, blood, and lives, to gain  
our liberty,  
While time endures your thousand names will be  
enrolled on high,  
As Patriots, Philanthropists, in Freedom's danger  
lie.

Chorus—Then let the shout, &c.

Ye who beyond the ocean's wave, are grievously  
oppressed,  
A rise, and come with all you have, there's freedom  
in the West;  
Come to the Land of Washington, the Land of Lib-  
erty,  
Where no man's conscience is confined, but all  
alike are free.

Chorus—Then let the shout, &c.

Should crafty politicians strive our liberty to take,  
Let universal reconns arise and make the traitors  
quake.  
O Liberty! delightful word, though tyrants hate  
thy sound,  
We'll guard thee still and speed thee on to earth's  
remotest bound.

Chorus—Then let the shout, &c.

Long live the Union that began in July Seventy-  
Six!  
And foster freedom till the world shall own its po-  
lity:  
Let despots tremble, monarchs quake, and Thrones  
to atoms fall,  
And liberty and knowledge spread beyond the Chi-  
nese wall.

Chorus—Then let the shout of freedom sound,  
Hence to the rising sun,  
Let every hill the echo bound,  
FREEDOM AND WASHINGTON!

In the history of American Liberty.

## THE WILDLY WON; OR LOVE ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY J. R. C. ST. JOHN.

Deep in the centre of a sycamore grove  
—where the Pecan and the turtle-berry  
flourish in open glades, where the deer  
come at even-tide to water, and where the  
turkey gobbler in due season, thickly  
bright with wild grape vines, and other  
creeping plants—is Pecan Spring, a lo-  
cality celebrated, far and wide, with the  
hunters and trappers who frequent the  
borders of the Red River. It is a sweet  
retired spot, a very woodland retreat,  
where fays and sprites might be supposed  
to dwell, and dance by the blue light of a  
summer moon, leaving no mark or sign  
upon the rich prairie grass; but which in  
the land of the Anglo-American, knows  
no other associations but those connected  
with the copper-colored aboriginals, who  
sometimes visit it for a draft of fresh wa-  
ter, and to rest after the chase. Many a  
sound of savage feast, and many a wail of  
war victims had been heard there in its  
day, and many a tale of wild interest and  
bloody event was connected with its his-  
tory.

Around, as far as the eye could reach,  
was prairie—a level surface of boundless  
extent, swelling here and there like wave-  
lets of the sea, but to the roving eye, flat  
and unvaried. The wood, which in part  
was filled with trees of different species,  
covered many miles of ground, reaching to  
the border of a small but muddy stream,  
in part fed by the spring which made the  
locality so desirable.

The sun had gone angrily to rest, set-  
ting in a flood of blood-red light that yet  
illuminated the western horizon; a few rag-  
ged and scattered clouds were gradually  
increasing in numbers, and threatening an  
overcast and stormy night, when a moun-  
ted traveller came trotting towards the  
centre of the grove. He was a young man  
of goodly mien and stalwart frame,  
clothed in a complete suit of hunting  
clothes, with flannel shirt, buckskin trou-  
sers, untanned boots, shot pouch, bag, and  
rifle of heavy calibre—in all no small  
load for a horse of the dimensions seen in  
the prairies. The animal seemed to scent  
the water, for, without hesitation, it trot-  
ted towards the small open glade, where it  
bubbled forth, and came to a dead halt.

"Well done, old girl!" said the travel-  
ler, "conclude you recollect last fall,  
when the bloody Sioux were outlying for  
our skins, and we camped about these  
diggins. But softly, mare, down below is  
your location—leave this green sward for  
your betters. Come ahead, Kelly!"

"Got the spring!" growled a deep voice  
at some distance.

"I reckon I have," continued the young  
man, dismounting and unloading the ja-  
pered brute, while his companion rode up.

"The very diggins!" said Kelly, also  
dismounting, and presenting to the eye a  
huge frame and six feet two of a Rocky  
Mountain Trapper: "its rare juicy water,  
and small potatoes to spare."

The second comer was far less well fa-  
vored than the first. Dirk haired and  
crowned, with huge whiskers and mustaches,  
and eyebrows to match, there was an un-  
pleasant scowl about his face, which was  
indicative of much evil passion, which his  
apparently vast bodily strength tended to  
render all the less agreeable. He looked  
the very man to hug a bear, eat an Indian,  
and whip a panther round his head, as he  
would swing a cat by the tail.

"We shall do very well, I expect," said  
James Wharton, the first speaker.

"We're bound to do war I am. We've  
meat and water, we've fire and beccy,  
what more can a man ax?"

Wharton laughed, and without answer-  
ing, having hobbled his horse, began col-  
lecting dry sticks, while Kelly, with a  
huge axe, felled some large branches, suit-  
ed to the purpose of a roaring fire.

"It's nation cold," said Kelly; "and  
darn mo if I mind the Ingins. I'll have a  
fire that'll speak, I'm bound."

"As you please—I trust to you," smiled  
Wharton, complacently, with a look that  
plainly said, "to save trouble, not because  
you know any better."

"You're wise, I reckon," growled Kelly.  
It was not long ere by the side of the  
Pecan Spring, which gently bubbled up  
through a bed of fine sand, there sparkled  
a huge and speaking blaze, making merry  
the night air, and chasing away all semblance  
of the storm. Then down sat the pair  
to provide the evening meal—most  
welcome to the traveler in the wilds, after  
a hard day's journey, with a bracing wind  
in his teeth. This concluded, both loaded  
their pipes, and leaning against some  
friendly and convenient log, enjoyed the  
luxury of a smoke.

"How many days do you reckon to  
Little Rock?" asked Wharton, clearing  
away a dense cloud of smoke by the mo-  
tion of his hand.

"Good ten, and long chalks at that, too,"  
replied Kelly, without removing his pipe,  
which was doing goodly service; but you  
ain't tired, are you?"

"Not I; ripe for a month."

"Well, then, keep first watch, while I  
snoodle," continued the other, with a laugh;  
and, rolling himself along, he stretched his  
huge limbs athwart the fire, and in five  
minutes gave evident token of being in a  
state of somnolence.

James Wharton remained alone, and  
glancing around, noticed that deep night  
had set in, and that the heavens were more  
and more overcast and lowering; but he  
cared not. Born in the haunts of civilization,  
and amid the educated of his fellow-  
men, a roving taste had led him to venture  
amid the wildest scenes, and to depend for  
days and weeks, nay months, upon his  
gun for subsistence; to lie down in peace  
with the wolf, the bear, even with the In-  
dian close at hand—and had taught him to  
feel no anxiety for his scalp, as long as it  
was upon his head. Rain and heat, wind  
and cold, had become alike indifferent; and  
he cared not so that there happened not—  
the two great scourges of the prairie—  
hunger or thirst. The gusts came con-  
stant and heavy amid the trees, and the  
howl of the caïote, an American wolf,  
was distinct and near, in search of scraps  
left by the traveler.

"Hist!" whispered Wharton to himself  
as he sank beside his comrade, in the act  
of listening, the gentle but perceptible  
sound of a foot-fall on the dry sticks be-  
neath the trees reaching his ear—"but I  
will not wake this brute, unless need be;"  
and, rolling himself out of the glare of fire  
he rose on his feet, and stepped, or rather  
glided, behind a tree.

Pat—pat! came some straggling and  
feeble steps, which sounded strangely to  
the woodman.

"Some Indian deviltry, or a woman,  
I'll swear," said Wharton; "but however,  
here goes. Who comes? If friends, ad-  
vance. There are none but white men  
here!"

A feeble groan followed; and Wharton,  
whose feelings were aroused, seizing a  
brand from the fire, hurried in the direc-  
tion of the sound, and to his inexpressible  
astonishment, discovered a woman leaning  
for support against a tree. It was appar-  
ent at a glance that she was in the last state  
of exhaustion and suffering, and the young  
man, without hesitation, took her in his  
arms, and bore her to the fire. Opening  
his flask, he poured a small draught of  
brandy down her throat, which instantly  
reviving her, he listened to cut from the  
buck which had supplied them for supper,  
a few tender and delicate morsels.

"Water—water!" whispered the girl,  
for Wharton had discovered the prize to be  
a young and handsome white.

"'Tis done," said he; "come cheer up,  
maid; here is food, and drink, and Chris-  
tian company."

"Stranger, I am dying with hunger!"  
again feebly cried the girl.

"That shall soon be remedied. To be-  
gin, here is a small bit of maize bread, and  
these hot coals will give you as tender a  
broiled steak in five minutes as you could  
wish."

The Indian corn cake was greedily de-  
voured, and as soon as the savory morsel,  
which Wharton laid before her, was also  
eaten somewhat more deliberately, a change  
for the better was manifest in the lady,  
who had thus unceremoniously intruded  
herself into the trapper's camp. As  
strength and life returned, the young crea-  
ture seemed to think of the novelty of her  
position, and she sat in some confusion,  
with downcast eyes, in the presence of her  
preserver.

"You are better, Miss?" said Wharton,  
gently, admiring by stealth, the returning  
beauties of face and expression.

"Much, generous man," she replied.  
"For five days have I wandered, and en-  
dured the pangs of starvation, alleviated  
only by berries and roots."

"You were lost, of course?" continued  
Wharton, too much accustomed to such an  
event, to be in any way surprised.

"Yes, early in the morning, my party—  
which was bound to Arkansas, from Low-  
er Texas, which we left because of the  
war—started, while I lingered behind to  
gather some rare and new flowers. This  
done, I followed, as I thought, in their  
trail, but as I have since supposed must  
have taken the wrong one; for hours I  
never discovered my mistake; and then  
instead of retracing my steps, I attempted  
to cross the prairie in search of the right  
one."

"Which, of course, you never found."

"I never did; and since then I have  
wandered I know not how."

"Well never mind sad reminiscences.  
We are for Arkansas, and will see you  
young and fair," he added, with a laugh,  
"but trust me, I will prove a true one."

"I will put faith in you," she replied,  
gaily; "and if you take me to my friends,  
no thanks of mine will be wanting. I  
would do anything to show my gratitude."

"Anything?" said Wharton with ani-  
mation.

"In reason," she continued with a  
blush; for the hunter's eye, full of genu-  
ine, honest admiration, was full upon her.

"But what am I to call you?"

"He told her.

"Ah, well! and I am Mary Renshaw;  
and this huge hunter?"

"Job Kelly—rough enough, but I think,  
true. I have not been acquainted with  
him long, but I think I can say a good  
word."

"Well, you are a queer sort," said Kelly,  
growing; "what locum is that you're  
a-carrying on by yourself?"

"Caught for once, Job," replied Whar-  
ton, "for I am not alone; another traveler  
has chanced this way."

"Well, I'm bound to swear, but I won't,"  
said Kelly, sitting bolt upright, and staring  
in mute wonder at the strange company  
into which he had fallen.

"I'd not advise you to," continued  
Wharton, "as you are in the company of  
a lady."

"Well, I'll be rightly chawed for a  
month," said Kelly, still staring, "but this  
is seeing the elephant, and no lies."

Wharton, who was laughing heartily,  
now explained the accident to which they  
owed the strange addition to their party,  
and the conversation became general, un-  
til the young man recollected the fatigues  
and sufferings of the young girl; and mak-  
ing her a soft couch of Spanish moss and  
leaves, covered with a horse-cloth, she  
was induced to lie down near the fire.—  
In this her two guardians presently in-  
timated her, and the night passed without fur-  
ther interruption.

It was some time after dawn ere Whar-  
ton awoke, when he found Kelly busily  
stirring about, busily preparing breakfast,  
while their companion still heavily slept.  
Ever and anon the hunter cast curious  
glances at her calm, upturned face, in  
which looks were visible considerable  
wonder at her fairness, mingled with ex-  
treme admiration of her beauty.

"Well, I am a riglar old hand, I know,"  
said Kelly drily, "I have seen above a bit  
in my time; I've fought the Sioux for thir-  
ty mortal days, alone behind a stump, and  
knocked 'em down like butter-birds; I've  
seen the Flatheads and the Gros-ventre,  
and found many a stray child in the woods,  
but this do about fix me; I'm in a rare jam,  
that's a fact."

"It is a strange adventure, certainly."

"Strange! Why, I say I do, it don't  
convene to reason at all. I say, Jim, what's  
to be done with her?"

"Take her to her friends, to be sure."

"Jim Wharton," said Kelly, now very  
red in the face, "you're about as silly as  
a hoiffer."

"What do you mean?" replied the young  
man, his native fierceness breaking forth,  
"Don't shoot up, for all the world, like  
a spruce-beer bottle; but just listen to me.  
This gal was picked up by you; you want  
a wife take her; you don't, well I do, and  
I'll take her. There ain't no law here."

"Job Kelly," said Wharton, firmly, "of  
course you are poking fun; if not—"

"What if not?" exclaimed the other  
with a brutal sneer.

"By the God that made you, my knife  
and your heart would make acquaintance.  
She is under my protection, and there she  
remains, free and safe until in the hands  
of her friends."

"She's opening her peepers," said Kelly,  
sullenly, "so no more; but I'll be bound  
you'll listen to me. It don't convene to  
reason—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the  
muttering tone in which it was delivered.  
"I have overstepped myself, I fancy,"  
cried Mary Renshaw, starting; "for you  
are stirring."

"You have just risen in time for break-  
fast," replied Wharton, "and if you like to  
run down yonder to the pool, and swill  
your hands and face, we shall then be  
ready."

The young girl acquiesced, and tripping  
down to the pool, where the horses had  
drank the preceding night, and which  
lay embowered in trees, she soon came  
back, her hair smooth and neat, and her  
face glowing with renewed loveliness and  
health. Much did both wonder at the  
change which food and rest had brought  
about, nor were they backward in express-  
ing their thoughts. She laughingly re-  
pelled their praises, while she more than  
half feared the daring and bold admiration  
that sat on the old hunter's countenance.  
Wharton saw this, and drew her attention  
away.

"Now for a venison cutlet, Miss Ren-  
shaw," he said; "the best fare we have;  
and then for a ride over the prairies on our  
way home."

"But how will you contrive? You have  
but two horses."

"I shall walk a turn," replied Wharton,  
handing the meat, "and look out for game;  
it will be a pleasant change."

"You are pleased to say so," said she,  
shaking her head; "but I am not bound to  
believe you."

"If you don't have his, you can have  
mine, I rec' on," put in Kelly, gruffly. "I  
expect a slope will do me good."

"Many thanks," exclaimed Mary, col-  
oring; "but I'll put faith in my guardian."

"See what it is to be young," said Kelly,  
with a laugh. "Ha—ha! I wish I had  
twenty summers less on my head. It  
would be rare, I'll swear."

"Nonsense, Job," cried Wharton;  
"you'll do very well, as you are."

"I'm not exactly sure of that; but never  
mind. Cheer up, is the word. Let us  
away."

This advice being seconded, the horses  
were made ready, and then—Mary Ren-  
shaw leaping gaily on the back of that  
which belonged to the young man—the  
party started along a narrow though beau-  
tiful trail, which led the direction of the Red  
River. All signs of the threatening weath-  
er of the preceding night had departed;  
the heavens were blue, and unclouded by  
a single streak of vapor; a warm glow  
permeated the atmosphere, ever communi-  
cating itself to the grass and rushes be-  
neath their feet, which crackled and broke  
under the horses' hoofs as they proceeded.  
For a while they kept together, the horses  
being walked slow, while Wharton trotted  
beside Mary, leading her mustang, which  
pranced and snorted beneath its compara-  
tively light load. At length, Kelly, who  
was in advance, signalled a herd of deer  
at some distance to the left of the plain,  
near a knot of bushes; and the young man,  
having assured himself of their position,  
started across in search of the game, his  
companions agreeing to halt for him at the  
ford, which lay some miles ahead. For  
some minutes Wharton found the prairie  
fit for walking; but ere he had advan-  
ced a hundred yards, a small morass,  
thickly grown with tall rushes impeded  
his progress, and he had to turn to the  
right in search of a hillock, over which he  
could pass dry footed. Reaching the  
summit he looked around, and to his con-  
siderable surprise, discovered his friends  
at a gallop, making along an old Indian  
trail, which led in a very different direc-  
tion to that of the rendezvous—in fact,  
terminating an old deserted cluster of wig-  
wags, quite off the road.

"You are an old coon, Kelly," muttered  
Wharton, "and I see your plan at a glance;  
but your head is turned and I will walk  
you, or I am no white man. Sweet girl,  
fear not; I have my senses about me."

Crouching low, so that his companions  
could not descry the change in his pur-  
pose, Wharton kept his eyes fixed on the  
rapidly retreating forms of the ill-assorted  
pair; and when once they were out of  
sight, turned, and, still proceeding with  
great caution, followed in their footsteps.  
As he walked quickly, he soon reached  
the trail, and with knitted form and clen-  
ched hands, took his way along it. There  
was a cloud of night upon his face, and  
by the working of the muscles, it could be  
seen that he was nervously himself to some  
stern determination. At length, the play  
of his countenance settled, and a still  
calm overspread his features.

"This will have a bloody ending, I feel;  
but, Job Kelly, you have brought me  
yours."

It was true, there were clear signs that  
an Indian party had passed that way, but  
with women and children, tents, and all  
the apparatus of war, but of a hunting  
ride. Still Wharton felt uneasy, not for  
himself, but for her who, thrown on his  
protection in so strange a manner, had  
keenly twined herself around his heart.—  
With renewed vigor, on he stepped, hop-  
ing that this discovery had been the reason  
that had induced Kelly to change his  
route. On he went, for hours and hours;  
the sun rose above his head, it gained its  
highest elevation, then sank, and almost  
reached its place of rest, and yet he ad-  
vanced—plain marks of horses' hoofs still  
guided and urged him on. At length his  
step grew more slow, and as he gained a  
wood, he began to creep amid the trees  
with a cat-like caution. A few minutes  
brought him to the edge of a romantic  
dell—a deep and gloomy glen, of narrow  
dimensions, shaded by tall and waving  
pines. The earth was here enumbered  
with leaves and the falling boughs, re-  
duced to a species of soil where not a foot-  
fall could be heard. Still were the horses'  
marks plainly to be seen, now led by the  
walking hunter. They tended downwards  
to the bed of what, in wet weather, was a  
stream; but which now presented nothing  
but stones and pebbles, clean-washed and  
whitened, to the eye. Looking down the  
vale, a high and bluff eminence crossed  
the end at some distance, whence spouted  
a tiny stream, that was lost in the ground;  
while on the summit were seen the dead  
wigwags. The whole buried in closing  
darkness, with deep silence brooding over  
all, made sad the heart of the solitary way-  
farer. Treading lightly and slowly along  
the pebbles, Wharton reached a clump of  
bushes, and thence looked into the very  
depth and mystery of that retired spot.

Below, lay a tiny pool, dividing a small  
portion of rocky ground from the rest of  
the glen, whence there was no visible out-  
let, save the way by which Wharton had  
come. On the other side was a natural  
cavern—a famous cache and place of safety  
for the prairie hunter. Above reach-  
ing to the foot of a cliff of some twenty  
feet in height, was a rough space, covered  
with grass and herbs. Here grazed the  
horses. A faint glow of light from the  
mouth of the cavern, marked where were  
the fugitives. Pausing awhile, until dark-  
ness had quite covered the scene, the young  
man slipped noiselessly down, and with  
slow and cautious step, forded the pool.—  
Five minutes brought him in full view of the  
cavern.

Kelly sat beside a little fire, his back  
to Wharton; while Mary, close at hand,  
was reclining, apparently in great fatigue,  
on horse-cloths and other trappings, watch-  
ing listlessly the preparations made for  
supper; while her eye would anxiously  
turn, every now and then, as if in search  
of one who came not. Wharton's heart  
leaped, as he thought how glad it would  
be to have that eye ever thus turned in  
hope of his approach, and the rovet's foot  
for a roving life was at an end.

"I reckon you're tired, Miss," said Kelly,  
as gently as he could.

"I am. But why comes not your friend?  
I fear the Indians may have waylaid him."

"I expect he ain't a child; he can take  
care of himself," exclaimed Kelly, sullenly;  
"the Ingins won't eat him. But look, here  
is a fine juicy morsel."

"I cannot eat; I am sick at heart; I fear  
my kind preserver is in danger."

"Miss Renshaw," said Kelly, rising, and  
speaking thickly, "it goes agin the grain to  
hear you talk of that man. I expect you  
wouldn't trouble yourself if I wur out, and  
ain't I as good as he?"

"I said nothing against you," replied Mary,  
half alarmed; but surely there is no  
harm in—"

"There is above a bit. Mary Renshaw!  
what's in must come out, and I ain't agoin'  
to tell no lies. I am Job Kelly, and that's  
saying no dirt of myself. I'm about the  
yaller flower of the forest hereabouts. I  
can beat any hunter going, and keep a  
squaw in right down style. I like you,  
and that's a fact; there's a spirit in you  
ain't in a towp bred gall; and I say, I do,  
I'll make you happy, so it's a bargain."

"Sir," said the young girl, who was  
now very pale, "I do not understand you."

"Well, I call what I said, plain spoke;  
but if it ain't, I mean we'll be man and  
wife. I'll give you the smartest cabin—"

"Hunter," exclaimed Mary, "this is idle  
talk. Friends of a day, even though we  
owe them much, are not entitled to take ad-  
vantage of a woman's lonely state. But,  
lest you should nurse this foolish fancy,  
learn that if I had known you, years  
would thank you, and firmly say 'No!'"

"Wake snakes!" cried Kelly, "I do  
don't say that, for I'm wicked when I do  
put out—I am, gall."

"But not foul, Job Kelly," said Mary,  
ing quietly beside.

"Fear not, young lady," replied Whar-  
ton, in a low voice. "Kelly is not so mad  
as to fight me, with fifty red skins in the  
dell, thirsting for his blood. Put up your  
knife, Job, and let all your manhood speak  
in your gun, for you will strive hard for  
your scalp this night. Go into the shade,  
Miss Renshaw; there you will be safe."

Glad to have stayed the quarrel between  
her companions by any means, the cause  
of their difference retreated into the depth  
of the cavern; while Kelly, without a word  
threw himself forth, and rushing across  
the pool, soon returned with the horses,  
which he placed in another fissure of the  
rock, and then, crouching behind a stone,  
awaited the event. The common danger  
had established a kind of truce, however  
hollow, between the belligerent parties, and  
a whispered dialogue, carried on as if noth-  
ing had happened, was held, as to the best  
mode of proceeding.

"When the devils comes in sight," said  
Kelly, dogmatically, "give 'em the lead.  
I'll reserve my charge; that'll end the fight  
to night, though, I'm bound, they'll out-  
last a month. And no meat," he growled;  
"never mind; there's the horses—they'll  
last a goodish bit, I conclude."

"It's not a war party; they have women  
and tent poles," observed Wharton.

"Your eyes were sharp on the trail, I  
see," said Kelly; "an' if you're right, we'll  
only have a spurt, and then they'll slope.  
But, whew! that they come! Give it  
stick! twenty devils, as I am a Christian  
man!"

The red skins were now standing in the  
deep shades of the bushes, on the edge of  
the pool, and were gazing up at the de-  
serted village, without any apparent con-  
sciousness of their proximity to enemies.

"The sarpens!" said Job, chuckling;  
"they expect we are green. Do you see  
them four climbing like catamounts along  
the rock. Give me your pistols; we'll  
make believe thar three guns, and reserve  
mine."

Next minute a sheet of flame and three  
loud reports, redoubled by the echoes of  
the cavern and dell, awoke the silence of  
the night, and then came a screeching and  
hullooing, as if the woods had been alive  
with savage bands of prey, instead of men.  
Several random shots followed, and then  
again all was still—a heavy breathing sil-  
ence taking the place of sounds of rapine  
and slaughter.

"They're fixed," growled Kelly; "that  
was small potatoes, and a few of a bill.—  
They've had a bellyful, I reckon."

"You are mistaken. They know we  
are weak-handed, and here they come!"  
replied Wharton, who had reloaded his  
rifle.

Kelly did not answer, but throwing him-  
self flat upon his face, rolled down a large  
stone below the mouth of the cave, and  
there discharged his piece. Wharton  
quickly followed, and thus for some time  
did the two hunters keep up the ball, firing  
alternately and evading skillfully every  
attempt to wound their flames, by screen-  
ing themselves behind stones, and remov-  
ing after every shot. The Indians, who  
seemed galled at the smallness of the garri-  
son, were furious in their volleys, taking  
up posts in every part of the valley which  
commanded the cave. At length, however,  
wearing of the vain effort, they filed off,  
and encamped in the mouth of the dell, so  
disposing themselves that there was no  
chance of escape that way for the beleagu-  
ered party.

"Now, thin, you rampageous red devils!"  
said Kelly, "you're done. It's clear that  
they don't know this place, but I expect I  
do. Catch up, and buckle to, and we'll  
put ten miles between them and us afore  
morning."

"A snack first," replied Wharton, who  
had led forward Mary Renshaw, half dead  
with terror; "come, young lady, courage;  
take some refreshment—you will need it."

Encouraged by the cool way in which  
the hunters sat down to eat, their compan-  
ion was induced to follow their example,  
and thus a hearty meal was made, washed  
down by a horn of water from the pool.—  
This done, the horses were saddled, and  
their owners soon ready for the start.—  
Kelly went first, leading the animals, with  
his hand close to the head of his own,  
while the other was fastened behind.—  
Wharton guided his steps for his trem-  
bling charge, and clutched his faithful rifle  
to his side. Clambering up the rude steep  
of the pool, the accustomed hunter raised  
a beaten trail, by which the former inhab-  
itants of the dell had come down to the