escape. As he lay on the ground in the wigwam, he could see the window I have spoken of, and he determined to make an effort to release himself from the withes which bound him, and endeavor to effect a passage through it without alarming his savage keepers. Before they had sunk to rest, he had so far succeeded as to release one of his hands from its fastenings sufficiently to enable him to slip his wrist from it. On finding that he could do this, he feigned sleep; and when the Indians came in to examine and see if all was safe, they retired, exulting with a fiend-like sneer, that their victim was sleeping his last sleep. They then all laid down on the ground in the larger room, to go to sleep. Staring waited until all had for a long time become quiet, when, slipping his hands from his withes, he was enabled silently to release his ankles, and by climbing up the side of the house by the aid of the logs, to escape from the window without creating an alarm. In the attempt, and while releasing his ankles from the withes, he had necessarily taken off his shoes, and had forgotten to secure them with him. He was now outside of the wigwam, barefoot, at a distance of five and twenty miles from his home, without a guide or a path, hungry, and in a frosty night in November, and with a band of enemies seeking his heart's blood lying ready to spring upon him. But he was once more free from their clench, and this one thought was nerve, and strength, and food—was all he needed to call into action his every power. He stole with cautious silence from the wigwam, directing his course toward the creek, and increasing his gait as he left his captors and got beyond the danger of alarming them.