

were on our way home when a huge wave broke over our skiff, half filling it with water. My poor Indian helper, a young man of about 22 years of age, immediately became terror-stricken, while perhaps I did not do the wisest thing under the circumstances, for I left the boat for him to guide while I hastened to bale out the water. We were drifting towards the shore and nearing the fierce breakers when another huge swell broke over us and our little skiff immediately sank from beneath us. We each took an oar in our hands and waited for the skiff to return, which it did in a moment, but bottom upwards. We clambered on top and then the struggle for life began. Many and many times did the skiff roll, sometimes we were unable to retain our hold, but we both stayed beside it. At last after much effort I was able to straddle the stern and steady it a little so that the poor boy might ride upon the bottom, holding fast to the false keel. Thus we drifted for some time until we reached the land, and the fierce breakers began to roll in upon us very rapidly. We were both again swept from our perch on the bottom, and then came another struggle as the boat began again to