

An' the next bend she shot over to the other side straight as a bolt, and they expected her to fairly tunnel a level into that bluff; but she slewed round just a short second afore she would have struck, and slid right off in a bee-line for Hell-gate. That straight reach just gave 'em time to get their breath again, and sorter stiffen themselves for the next bout; and then into Hell-gate they rolled, broadside on. The men declared that the darned contrivance turned clean over twice there with them hangin' to their picks; but I guess myself that with tons of water on the top of you anyway, it would always be easy to judge exactly which way up you was. 'Tanyrate she came out right side up, with them Scotchmen still hanging to her, but more dead than alive, and one of 'em with a broken arm and t'other with two ribs stove in. When they came again to have any sort of sense in 'em, they were swinging down the long straight just to the Falls, and then they knew that whatever was left of 'em before would drive past Yale in less than half an hour. But she scraped the side just before reaching the Falls, and though it was only a shaver scrape, it ripped, they said, as if it would rip their carcasses into bits, and they never thought but the whole machine had gone into pipe-splints. Instead 'o that, it had just jerked the log that touched clean out of all its pegs and lashings, and sent it away off on its own account, while the rest of the raft hold together somehow. Still they never thought to get through the Falls with her, but it so happened that the river being in flood was all in their favour, and she took 'em fair in the middle and slid 'em without a single shake, and it was only in the riffles below that she began to go to pieces. But they were as good as safe then, and in a few