

"Well, it warn't, of course, like spring-flood time, but the autumn rains had come in, and was just a hell-pot all the same, and when the raft fairly felt the stream the men said she dove and jumped same as a horse near a rattlesnake. Then she took a long swinging rush, and they knew they were in for it whatever might happen, and worked their oars for life and death to keep her in mid-stream for the Canons. She slode along steady enough for an hour of two, shakin' and jumpin' now and then, and then again having smooth spells, but all the time getting quickly away down stream in a way that it gave 'em joy to feel. By'-m-bye she takes a long swoop round the great bend where the river goes into the Canons. And there they are. In a boiling pot, with the waters over 'em every minute. And the raft heeling around and rocking like a dancing bear. And then the walls of the Canon shut in upon 'em as black as coals.

"Of course their oars went away right off, and there was only one thing to do, and that was to fling emselves down on their faces beside their picks, and hang on for whatever they were worth, and pray their picks would stick. And I reckon no man that wurn't a very fool, or a very, very tenderfoot, would have taken a risk on their lives then at ninety-five cents to the dollar!

"Well, she bounced and twirled and did her best to fling 'em all down the top riffle, and then shot off along the cliffs faster than they could think about it, but still keepin' well clear of the side till she rounded China Bluff. But there she shot in so close that they declared you couldn't hev put a penknife betwixt her and the rock. Anyway, their place was only to hang on and wait, and that's what they did,