

informed during a vision that the fur-seal's tooth would reappear among them on the morrow.

On the following morning Phil and his companions were aroused by a tremendous shouting and firing of guns, all of which proclaimed that the happy event had taken place.

'Now,' cried Phil, 'perhaps we will get our canoe.'

But there were no canoes to be seen on the beach, and the Shaman coolly informed them that, though the precious tooth had indeed come back to dwell with the Chilkats, they would still be obliged to wait until some of the canoes returned from the hunting expeditions on which they had all been taken.

At this Phil fell into such a rage that, regardless of consequences, he was on the point of giving the old fraud a most beautiful thrashing, when his uplifted arm was startlingly arrested by the deep boom of a heavy gun that seemed to come from the mouth of the river.