

was the landlord, who, the moment he saw them, rushed up to the party, and, shaking hands with Claude, exclaimed:—

“You are alive, then? Are all your party safe?”

“I should say we were. Don't you see the fellows all around you, and Tadpole besides?”

“I was so shocked,” added the landlord, “I shall not get over it for a month. A short time ago, a man rushed into the house, and told me that you had all been carried over the falls. He had seen your boats and the canoe go over the cataract while he was crossing the bridge.”

“I am happy to say that we were not in them,” returned Claude, and then he began a narration of the facts connected with the accident, and everybody who could understand English crowded around to hear the story.

After Claude had explained the matter to his landlord's satisfaction, the party left the bridge and followed around the cliffs along the river, looking carefully to see if they could find any trace of the boats or canoe, but not a vestige of them was discovered. They went almost to the railroad, and then walked to the station, and from there to the hotel.

“Do you suppose those bodies will ever be found, Claude?” inquired Drake, as they walked back.

“No. You might as well look for a needle in a haystack. And, then, I don't know of anybody who would have enough interest in them to go to the expense of making a search.”

“I doubt if they are ever seen again,” added May-