

ately. Once on its lofty top he could defy pursuit and perhaps force Watlichin to some agreement.

¶ But the war canoes, propelled by the strong arms of the lusty warriors, were gaining rapidly, and, when the lovers reached the base of the rock, they were close behind. Quatlatka, undaunted, sprang from the canoe, and assisted Miwasa to the rock. Once, while dreaming of capturing Miwasa, he had prepared a ladder of stout leathern thongs, and up this he now urged the girl. As she reached the top, Watlichin's canoes rounded the corner of the rock, and Quatlatka started up the ladder. But he was too late. Watlichin, with hatred and vengeance in his heart, stood up in his canoe and hurled a spear at the unfortunate young lover. It struck between his shoulders, passing through his body until the point rang against the rock. Quatlatka, shouting Miwasa's name for the last time, fell headlong into the water.

¶ From her station on the rock Miwasa saw her lover killed. Then, as Watlichin and his followers watched, terrified and powerless, she poised for an instant on the edge of the rock, and threw herself to the water below. As she fell, her wild, sweet cry, calling Quatlatka's name, fluted far across the water, and mingled with Watlichin's shriek of horror. Then the swirling eddies swallowed her form, and the men of her tribe saw her no more.

¶ This all took place long before the memory of the oldest man or woman in the scattered remnants of the