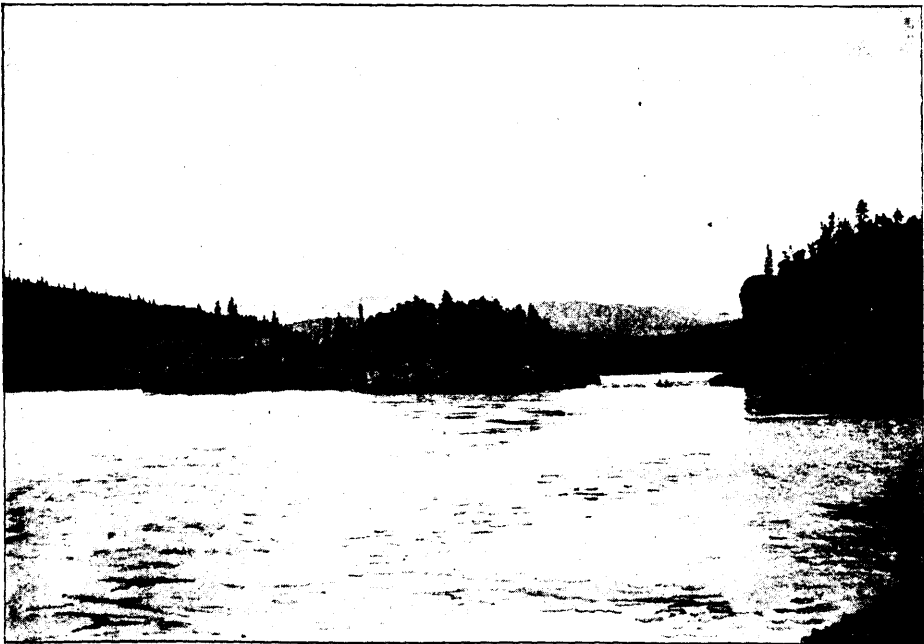


now our worst fears about the Indians told of in the miner's story at Chilkoot Inlet received ample confirmation from these unmistakably hostile demonstrations. The suddenness, also, with which they had burst upon our view, made them an alarming spectacle. "There they are at last," was the thought that passed quickly from lip to lip.

In a moment our little camp was astir. To seize my Bullard, leap into the canoe with Morrison, and call to

her bodily. The "*Hoodalinka's*" slashing sweeps, beating the water to a foam, could be heard in the rear. It was a race for life!

It is said there is but one step, and that a short one, from tragedy to comedy; but Momus never dropped the awful mask of Mars more quickly than he did on this occasion. By the time we were fairly into the race, there seemed to be a lull in the hostile demonstrations—some devilish ruse, no doubt. As we hurried on with re-



THE RINK RAPIDS. THE "*HOODALINKA*" TAKING THE DIP.

the others to follow to the rescue, were the acts of a few seconds. The crew of the "*Hoodalinka*" had two rifles—a Winchester and a Martini-Henri; besides these, every man had a Colt's revolver, and we determined to make as good a fight as possible under the circumstances.

But one idea filled our minds—to get there in time to prevent the massacre of our companions; and, bending every energy to the task, the little "*Yukon*" shot through the water, impelled by strokes that almost lifted

newed energy, Gladman quietly picked up the field glass to reconnoitre the enemy.

"It's all right," he shouted from the boat, in the coolest possible tone; "they're shaking hands all around." This was true enough; the warlike scene had shifted with the suddenness of a panoramic view. The poor savages were huddled together on the beach, extending the most friendly and cordial welcome to Parker and Sparks, who were standing unhurt in their midst. Moreover, we now noticed