

camp. Towards the West could be seen the entrance to a canyon, and here we proposed to prospect next day.

When we made known our plans to Yntali, our native guide, he jumped up excitedly and in his broken English, accompanied by many gestures, begged us not to go there. Curious to know the reason for such strange behavior on the part of one who throughout the whole trip had appeared so stolid and lazy we asked him why. He demurred for a long time but finally told us this story, related to him, he said, by his father:

"Many moons ago, before the white man had invaded this country to any great extent, the land around the head waters of the Tapajos was inhabited by a fierce and warlike tribe of Indians called the Boducatoos, of which my father was a member. One day two pale faces appeared among us in search of bits of yellow metal. These were the first specimens of the Caucasian race that our people had seen, and their curiosity was unbounded. They patted the hands and faces of the white men, pinched them, stripped them to see if they were white all over, and in various ways exhibited their astonishment.

"At first the pale faces seemed to enjoy this notoriety, but when they wished to depart, they were surprised to find that the natives had not the least intention of letting them go.

"They were kept prisoners for some time when the fame of the tribe that possessed such captives had traveled in all directions. This gave the Boducatoos a prominence among their savage neighbors which even their warlike deeds could not secure, and for this reason many were the attempts made to steal the pale faces.

"As the white men appeared to be resigned to their lot, the natives gradually allowed them more privileges until one day, when most of the warrior had gone to give battle to some distant tribe, the captives made their escape.

"The warriors came home victorious and as soon as they heard of the escape of their prisoners, a party went hastily in pursuit. They tracked the fugitives to the entrance of a rocky canyon and here of course the trail was lost.

"The pursuers scattered out and while some proceeded directly up the canyon, the rest scaled the cliffs on both sides and commenced to search there among the rocks.

Those who went up the gorge looked for hours for the missing ones, but without avail, and weary of the pursuit, they went into camp.