

“ Meanwhile, one of the natives had become separated from his companions and was now near the head of the canyon. He proceeded silently, his body sloping forward and his keen eyes taking in every nook and cranny in which a man could conceal himself. With tireless energy he pushed forward when suddenly he stopped short, his eyes centred on an opening in the rock, while his hand stole unconsciously to the quiver of arrows on his shoulder. Here, above all places, would most likely be found the retreat of the fugitives. He advanced cautiously, the arrow fitted to the bow and both grasped loosely in his left hand while his right rested lightly on the string preparatory to launching the shaft.

“ Nearer and nearer he crept, until in the gathering twilight he saw the burnt out embers of a camp-fire. He hastened forward, thinking that the white men had gone, but he halted abruptly at the sight within.

“ The rays of the setting sun penetrated but dimly into the interior but the light was sufficient to show the native the fugitives apparently sleeping. Uttering a low signal not unlike the call of a bird, the triumphant Boducatoos waited. From the heights above him the answer came low but distinct. Again went up the signal, and again came the answer. In about half an hour a crouching figure came stealing down the rocks and in a moment stood by the side of the first.

“ They advanced into the cave and quickly seized the supposed sleepers, but they met with no resistance. The astonished natives made an investigation, and found both to be corpses, yet without a single mark of violence on their persons. The savages hastily left the cave, but halted at the entrance not knowing how to proceed, now and then glancing furtively back towards the bodies.

“ It was now dark, and as the two Boducatoos decided to hunt up their companions and to tell them of their discoveries, their attention was attracted to the interior of the cave.

“ A pale, whitish light was dancing over the bodies of the dead men, while from farther back, a low moaning sound came to their ears. The natives stood transfixed, unable to take their eyes from the scene, while into their minds flashed all the ancient legends of their tribe, concerning the spirits of the dead. The weird light danced faster and faster, and the moaning became louder and louder until it ended in a shriek which seemed to shake the very bowels of the earth.