

“Coming to their senses, the terrified Boducatoos sped from the haunted spot; stumbling, leaping, every now and then casting looks over their shoulders, where their excited imaginations conjured up demons in full pursuit. Down the canyon they flew, never stopping until they suddenly came upon the camp-fire of their companions where they fell exhausted.

“When sufficiently recovered from their fright they related what had befallen them, fanning into a flame the natural superstitions of their comrades so that next morning they retreated to the mouth of the canyon where the main body of the pursuers was encamped.

“When the story was told, the warriors decided to return, and from that day the tribe has held the canyon in great awe, declaring that the spirits ‘would punish all who invade it.’ ”

This was the tale related to us by Yntali who again prayed us not to search the canyon for gold because he assured us that he recognized it as the one connected with the legend told him by his father. We laughed at his fears, and again repeated our resolve to prospect there. He then flatly refused to go with us.

The next morning we started without him, proposing to return that night. On reaching the canyon we separated, arranging that if we did not meet, we would find our way back to camp singly. Jack started up the side of the cliffs, while I went on up the gorge.

I searched all day long, and by evening was nearly at the head of the canyon. Being so much interested in my work, I had not noticed the flight of time, so that it was nearly dusk when I started back to camp.

I had not gone far when the dark tropical night shut in upon me, and I was compelled to seek shelter until morning. While stumbling around I came upon a cave, something that I had not expected to have the good fortune to run across. How it had escaped my notice when I came up the canyon I knew not; but it was here and I determined to make use of it.

I soon started a fire, and when I had eaten my lunch, my intention was to explore the cave; but being tired, I gave up the idea and went to sleep instead.

About midnight I suddenly awoke and sat bolt upright. What had awakened me I could not tell, but a nameless feeling of dread had taken possession of me. I could not shake it off, nor could I tell what caused it. My camp-fire had gone down, and being cold