

# THE ADVENTURES OF TORQUA



*By*

CHARLES  
FREDERICK HOLDER

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The Adventures of Torqua







TORQUA'S FLEET SAILING FOR KINKIPAR.

# The Adventures of Torqua

Being the Life and Remarkable Adventures  
of Three Boys, Refugees on the Island  
of Santa Catalina (Pimug-na) in  
the Eighteenth Century

*By*

Charles Frederick Holder, 1851-1915

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*Illustrated*

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## P R E F A C E

**W**HEN, in 1542, Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed by the "Bay of Moons," now Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina Island, California, he named the island, known to the natives as Pimug-na, La Vittoria, after his flagship, and the other island (Kinkipar) San Salvador, after his second caravel, and these are the correct Spanish names. But in 1602 Philip III ordered Gaspar de Zunega, Conde de Monterey to equip an expedition. Sabastian Viscaino led it and reached Santa Catalina in December of that year. The historian of the voyage was Father Torquemada, who has left a description of the temple and the people. He describes the latter as being light, ruddy, and a superior race, having many rancherias, and canoes holding twenty men. Viscaino disregarded the name given by Cabrillo and re-christened Pimug-na, Santa Catalina, and San Salvador, San Clemente, naming them after the

patron saints of the days of their arrival. The islands were then well populated, but later, about the last of the eighteenth century, the natives were forced to leave and were gathered around the various missions, as virtual slaves, the beginning of the end. La Perouse states that the domesticated Indians about the missions of Upper California in 1786 were five thousand. Humboldt gives the number in 1812 as sixteen thousand. To-day but a pitiful handful of natives can be found in all Southern California, living on desert lands, robbed of their heritage and doomed to extinction.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that I have excavated in the stone cavern where Torqua and his friends concealed themselves, finding various curious implements. I have rowed through the ocean cave where the boys made their sensational escape; have brought to gaff the huge fishes caught by them; followed in the wake of Torqua's canoe fleet to Limun (Santa Cruz Island); located the ancient town sites; floated in the darkness of the marvellous cave where Torqua fought his

underground battle, and visited Cueva Valdez where his men rested. I have traced them to wind-swept San Nicolas; seen the despoiled remains of the islanders and the great shell mounds which mark the place; and on Santa Catalina, San Clemente, and all the islands have excavated in the ancient town sites, finding scores of implements, and for years have been familiar with the cañons and mountains of these romantic islands—once savage empires on the Sea of Balboa.

C. F. H.

PASADENA, CAL., 1902.



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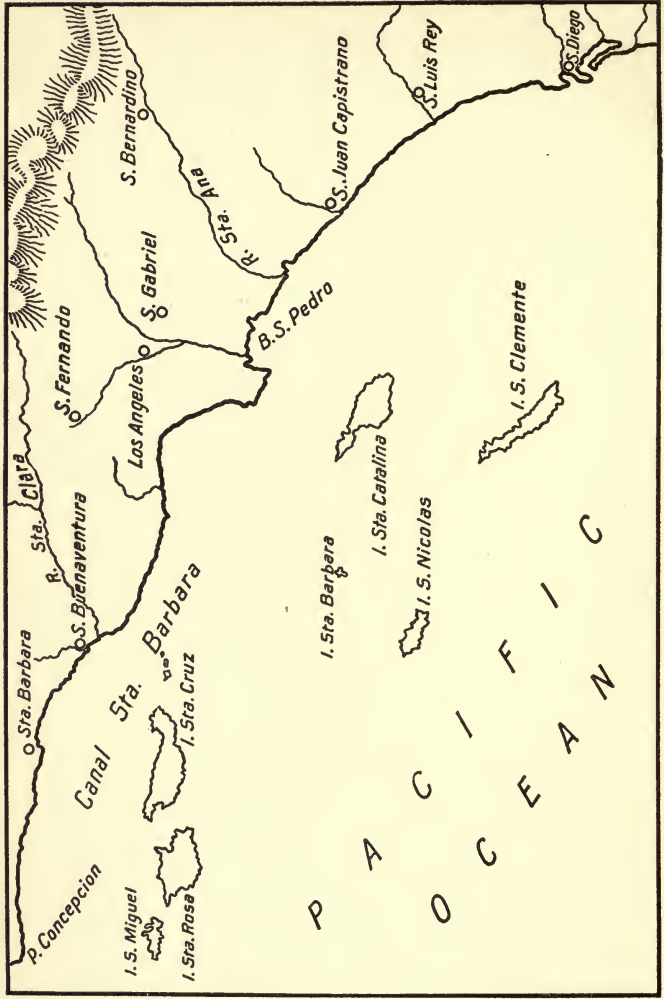
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MAP OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND ADJACENT ISLANDS

# THE ADVENTURES OF TORQUA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE EXILES.

“**W**HO are the two lads who serve us so well, Don Juan? If I did not know them as cabin-boys I should say that they were the sons of gentlemen and nobly born.”

The speaker was Don Benito Miranda, a young grandee of Spain, but an adventurer for the mere love of it, second in command of the packet “Hernando Cortés,” bound up the Pacific Coast in the interests of the King of Spain.

Don Benito’s remarks were addressed to an older man of distinguished appearance, a famous captain and the commander of the expedition, Don Juan Gaspar de Mendoza.

“I am glad you have mentioned the subject, Don Benito,” he replied. “It has been on my tongue to speak to you several times. Can you keep a secret?”

“Can I?” retorted the younger man; then with a pretended show of indignation, “Could I not, where would my friend be with his political intrigues and his adventures?”

“Ah, I do you an injustice,” said the captain, smiling. “I forget that you have always been my confidant, but this is a matter of state. These boys were consigned to me by no other than the King.”

“His Majesty!” exclaimed Don Benito, in astonishment.

“The King himself,” replied Don Juan, “and my instructions are to leave them at a certain mission far to the north, which, I know, is a mere brush heap at present, without so much as a bell, while the majordomo to whom they are consigned is a scoundrel, there for his country’s good. I have taken a great fancy to the boys, and, with a full understanding of the risk, I will not be a party to their condemnation.

We control the report — can make it what we wish. I propose to leave them in good hands at San Juan Capistrano. What say you?”

“Good! my hand on it,” said the younger man. “I will agree to anything in so just a cause. But who are they?”

“Ah!” said Don Juan, “who knows? The boys themselves think they are the nephews of the Cardinal Ranipozzi, as he brought them up and educated them as nobles, but I look higher than that. In any event, some dastardly intrigue is on foot to put them out of the way, which you and I, Don Benito, will defeat. I have a friend, a certain friar, at San Juan who is greatly attached to me, and I propose consigning the boys to him on my own account and to have an eye to their future. But not a word—here they come.”

In the narrow companion-way appeared two boys of manly and noble appearance. Their names were Raphael and Arturo Velazquez. The former was fifteen and the latter seventeen years of age, but both looked older and were well developed.



“Señor Paez bids me report, sir, that land is on the lee, three leagues distant,” said Arturo, saluting.

“Good, my lad,” said the captain, rising and resting his hand on the boy’s shoulder. “It is good luck to bring such news aboard ship. We should be off the Mission of San Juan.”

The officers went on deck and found the vessel speeding on, with a strong west wind abeam. To the windward were two large islands, one flat, the other a maze of mountains, San Clemente and Santa Catalina, discovered by the great commander Cabrillo years before; and ahead, a fair land clothed in tender green, which, though it was winter, reached far up to mountains in the interior, whose summits rose to lofty heights, white with snow, seeming to pierce the very empyrean. Here and there along the coast were darker lines, which, the captain told the boys, were well-wooded cañons; and far away, at the base of a lofty, purple-hued range, they saw a lurid blaze, as though the land were aglow with red-hot coals, — the light of a fire opal in

a setting of green. This, Don Benito said, was caused by a beautiful flower, the poppy, *Copa del oro*, that in midwinter covered the slopes of the Sierra Madre with such vivid tints that miles away it could be seen, and the place had been named by the sailors *Terra del Fuego*, or the land of fire.

As the vessel approached the land, more of its beauties were revealed, a strange contrast to the regions which they had passed, and there was general rejoicing among the crew. The land near the shore was rocky, interspersed with sand dunes along shore and white beaches. Foothills met the sea and rose imperceptibly to meet the giant ranges, which, to the boys, seemed to form a maze in the interior.

In the afternoon the packet rounded to, just beyond the bed of kelp that formed a protection to the open bay at the mouth of a cañon, and soon the chain was rattling down and the first ship to visit the Mission of Saint John the Chanter in six months was in port. She was soon boarded by the Padres and the officer in charge of the Presidio, who greeted the captain and Don

Benito warmly, and pressed them all to land at once, as a festa was in progress and a bull and bear fight had been announced for the evening. The officers did not need urging, as for four months they had been beating up what is now the Californian coast. The packet was laden with stores for the missions, and the unloading began, the goods being hoisted out and lowered into the commodious canoes of the Indians, a number of which surrounded the vessel. In one of these boats Don Benito, Don Juan, and the two boys went ashore. The landing was made in the surf, but so skilful were the Indians in watching the waves that the passengers were landed safely and were presently mounted on sturdy horses, which had been brought down for the purpose, and on their way up the cañon. The San Juan River was of small proportions in winter, and in summer it almost disappeared; but to the boys and officers who had been so long confined to the little craft, it was a fine stream, and the verdure was an agreeable relief to the eye. They walked their horses

through the shadows beneath the trees, passed a large Indian rancheria, now and then meeting soldiers and Indians; and finally, three miles from the sea, came to a commanding mesa<sup>1</sup> upon which stood the rich and beautiful Mission of San Juan Capistrano, founded by Padre Junipero Serra in 1776. There were a troop of soldiers, several Franciscans, and a settlement of nearly a thousand Indians in the vicinity, all of whom had gathered at the mission in anticipation of the bear and bull fight, so that the scene was one of great animation, the crowds of half-naked Indians, the gay trappings of the soldiers, who were armed with *cueras* (leather jackets) and *adargas* (shields), making a bright and stirring picture to the boys, who were having their first glance at the wild and barbaric tribes of New Spain.

Don Juan soon found his friend, Father Anselmo, and at once placed Arturo and Raphael in his charge, commending them to him.

“I know that you will do everything you can for these youths, Father, and in

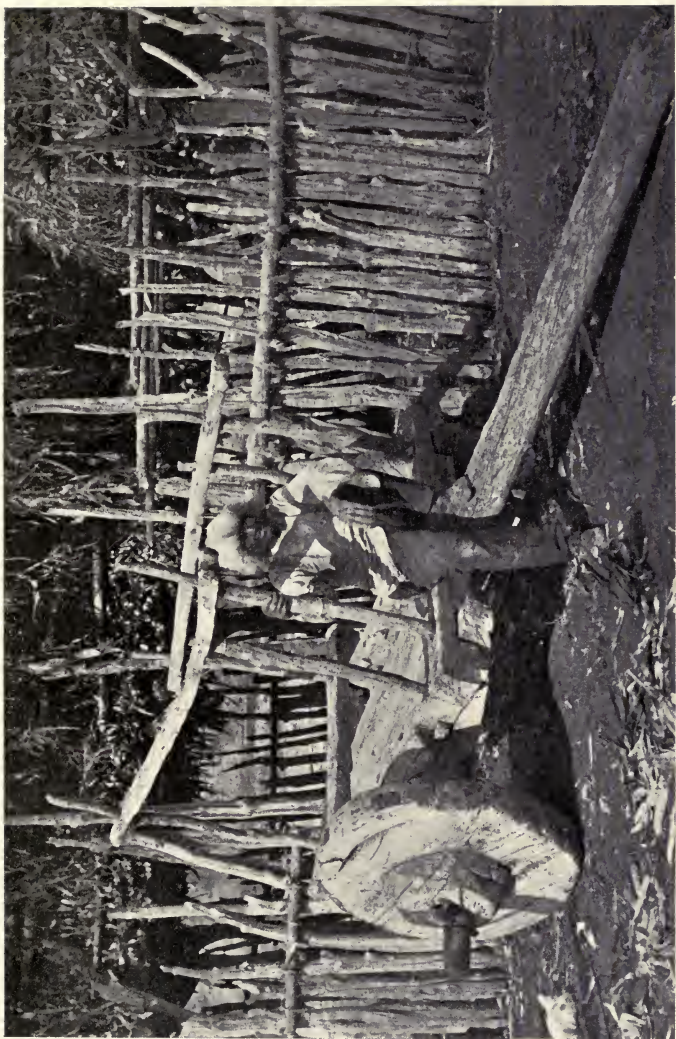
<sup>1</sup> Elevated plain.

confidence let not the Commandant of the Presidio know that I have any interest in them. We have had words in San Blas, and if he knew that I hold the boys in high favor it might not go so well with them." He placed in the friar's hand a bag of coin at parting, saying that he would see them that night.

The Father conducted the boys to a long wing of the mission, on the south side of the great square, and gave them a room. It was of adobe,<sup>1</sup> whitewashed, and contained two beds, with a stretched cow-skin for a mattress, and blankets. Upon the wall hung a crucifix and some pictures of the saints. It was the room of one of the priests, Father Anselmo said, who had gone to the Mission of San Diego on a visit, and upon his return he would see that the boys had permanent quarters. Into this room, cell-like, but neat and clean, Indian boys carried their boxes, which had been brought up from the beach on a strange, big wheeled cart, or *carrēta*; and, having unpacked their belongings, they felt that their long journey was at an end and not unhappily.

<sup>1</sup> Sun-dried bricks.





INDIAN CART OR CARRÉTA, USED AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.





## CHAPTER II.

### THE DRAGON THAT SWALLOWED THE MOON.

AS night came on, the great square of the mission became filled with an excited crowd. The tiled buildings covered a large area, the church or chapel forming the east side. To the south were rooms for the attendants and Fathers ; to the west were apartments for stores, beyond these corrals for horses, and around all a fine arched corridor. The belfry in the front of the church was pierced for four bells, whose chimes could be heard far down the valley and for miles around, so clear and vibrant was the air. All these buildings formed a huge, open square, which was to be the scene of the fight.

The boys were amazed at the size and evident wealth <sup>1</sup> of the mission, which was

<sup>1</sup> In 1834 San Luis Rey Mission had an *Indian* population of 3,400, 24,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, 100,000 sheep, 14,000 bushels of grain. To-day these are but a memory, the beautiful mission a picturesque ruin.

really a principality, a world by itself. There were thousands of cattle, vineyards, gardens, acres of grazing land which reached away as far as the eye could see, and living about the mission were several thousand natives, who were being educated by the Fathers with a view to their conversion and employment. In the mission grounds proper were the quarters for many natives, who were learning professions of various kinds. In one room they saw the saddlemakers at work. In a shed native blacksmiths were plying their trade; tailors were making clothes; bakers were cooking in the kitchen, the smoke finding its way up through an ornamental chimney, which still stands. Here were silversmiths, candle-makers, shoemakers, hatters, candy-makers, masons, hunters repairing their guns and arrows, weavers, tile-makers whose productions covered the great expanse of roof. In the square several horse trainers were plying their trade, to the amusement of a crowd; and sitting in the shadow of the adobe wall were a number of very old women. Father Anselmo told the boys

that one was one hundred and twenty years of age and the others over ninety. They were basket-makers, and beautiful examples of their art were seen woven in rare and attractive designs. Even the minor offices of the church and chapel were filled by natives. Some were sacristans, others were bell-ringers; some were musicians; while the very art work in the church, the decorating, was done by fresco painters, selected from among the native youths. The women were embroiderers, milliners, and singers; indeed, it would be difficult to find an art or trade which the Fathers had not taught or were not trying to teach the natives, who were virtual savages, preferring to go without clothes and worshipping the god Chinigchinich, whose figure of wood could be found in many rancherias not yet under the influence of the missions.

The moon was high in the heavens, clear and full, when the major-domo drove the people out of the square, who took their positions and covered the tile roofs of the mission, until they were black. Many

carried hides to sit on, so that they could witness the performance with comfort; while others spread gaudy blankets over the tiles.

Finally all was ready for the sport, and at the word a gate was thrown open and a black, fierce-eyed bull rushed into the arena, snorting and looking with wonder at the forms which, illumined by the light of the moon and by brush fires without the walls, stood out in bold relief. The Indians and soldiers greeted the animal with jeers, shouts, and reflections upon its courage, and as their cries increased in volume another gate was opened and out walked a grizzly bear, which seemed of colossal size to Raphael and Arturo, who looked with amazement upon the sight. The bear had been lassoed by an Indian, named Torqua, that morning high in the mountains; and, having been dragged down by a crowd of herders, it was in a frenzy of rage. As the bull came trotting around, the bear rose upon its haunches, seemingly scenting the danger. The bull apparently did not see the bear at first, but when it did it dropped

its head and charged, catching the bear upon the side, sending it rolling in the dust, amid the terrific roars and yells of the excited Indians. The bull stood pawing the earth, throwing dust over its back, while the bear limped away, apparently injured. But the grizzly was not retreating. It disappeared into the shadow, turned in a circle and came toward the bull, watching it out of the corners of its small eyes. The bull saw it coming and again lowered its head and rushed on; but the bear had learned by experience, and as the bull charged, it suddenly stepped to one side, and, as the bull passed, dealt it so terrible a blow that it fell upon its head, rolling over and over, to the delight of the friends of the bear. The bull was merely stunned and soon regained its feet, and with varying features the contest continued; now the bear being gored, or the bull being torn by the sharp claws or beaten down by fierce blows, until the boys became disgusted with the heartless sport that was without the ending of the bull fight with which they were familiar. They were

about to retire when a cry was heard, "The moon! the moon!" and glancing upward they witnessed a singular spectacle. It was growing perceptibly darker, and a large notch was visible in the face of the moon. A weird murmuring sound now took the place of the cries, and the bear and bull were forgotten by the multitude.

Suddenly a voice cried in the Indian tongue, "The dragon is swallowing the moon! The dragon is swallowing the moon!"

The Indian men and women ran wildly about, dropping from the tiled roof; others took their hides, held them aloft, and beat them with sticks. Some threw sand and stones at the moon. Some hid among the willows and tules<sup>1</sup> in the river bed, and many crowded around the Fathers, begging them to save them and the moon by an appeal to the saints.

All the while a strange and mysterious light was taking the place of the brilliant moonlight of a few moments before. At first it brought out all objects with strange

<sup>1</sup> Tall bulrush.

distinctness, then began to fade and, amid the wailing of the people, the beating of hides and the rattling of stones upon the tiles of the mission, the moon seemed to fade away in a cloudless sky.



## CHAPTER III.

### TORQUA.

**T**HE remarkable exhibition of fear and superstition on the part of the San Juan Capistrano Indians was due to an eclipse of the moon. Father Anselmo told the boys that they had a tradition very similar to that of the Chinese, that a huge dragon was continually scouring the heavens trying to catch the moon; that sometimes it succeeded; and as it was being swallowed if they could frighten it by loud cries, it would release its victim and the satellite would be saved, hence the beating of hides and the throwing of sand and stones at the supposed dragon.

The boys rapidly learned the ways of the Padres, and were assigned positions as herders or cow-boys of the vast flocks of the mission, having under them a number of Indians, who were constantly on the watch fearing that the warlike desert





COURT OF THE MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.



Indians would successfully stampede the cattle, which they often attempted. One of the latter especially attracted them, a youth named Torqua, who took them to the summit of a high hill one day and showed them a large island, Pimug-na he



*Indians Stampeding Stock.*

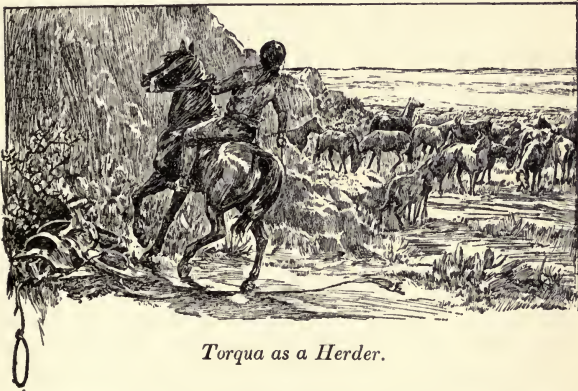
called it, though the Fathers said it was Santa Catalina, named after the saint's day on which it was discovered. The island was Torqua's home, and he told the boys that his father and mother and all his friends were there, and that he and twenty or thirty others had been brought over by the Fathers to learn the religion of the Spaniards and to work. Torqua evidently longed for his island home; he

talked about it continually, describing its beauties, its wonderful fish, the game, the herds of monster seals, the wealth of his people and their canoes, and it was evident that his novitiate was more or less compulsory and that he resented the action of the Padres.

The winter days at San Juan were perfect. It was midwinter, yet the hills and mesas were covered with wild flowers, which ran riot in cañon and on mesa, and in the mission gardens the orange and lemon were ripening, while palms and other plants gave a tropical and luxuriant aspect to nature. Their work kept the boys out of doors on horseback all day long, and Torqua showed them all the nooks and corners of the country; taught them to kill quail with the *macána*<sup>1</sup> and to use the *riata*, or lasso, which hung upon each ornamented saddle, a long, twisted rawhide with a slip noose, which Torqua threw with great skill. He was an excellent teacher and the boys apt pupils. Sometimes when on the range they played that Torqua was

<sup>1</sup> Boomerang.

a mountain lion and followed him at full speed, hurling the riata at him, which at first fell short, but soon dropped over his head or that of his horse, and the mountain lion would be brought to a standstill. Again the game would be that a grizzly



*Torqua as a Herder.*

bear was to be caught, and the three riatas were used ; one at the head, and the more difficult feat of throwing it about the feet. This Torqua could easily do, catching a steer by any leg the boys indicated.

One day he was leading them through a little valley in the mountains where once the Apaches killed a mission Indian herder, when they came to a patch of high mustard,

its tops a mass of golden sheen. As they rode on, the blossoms rose above the boys' heads and they were covered with the bright yellow bloom. Suddenly Torqua reined in his horse and held up a hand of warning. "Over beyond," he said, "lies a dead ox, and about it are four or five big birds,<sup>1</sup> the largest in the world. They are gorged with food and can hardly fly, so we can take them with our riatas."

Lassoing a bird was a novel sport to the boys, though common among the natives, so they prepared their riatas with no little excitement, and, at the word, dashed from their ambush at full speed. They came upon four enormous birds about the body, which, upon seeing the horses, raised their huge wings and ran off in a ludicrous manner, trying in vain to fly, but unable to rise on account of the amount they had eaten. Torqua threw his riata about one as it attempted to rise into the air, and brought it, struggling, to the ground. Raphael missed his bird, and, leaping from the saddle, ran and tossed his rope over

<sup>1</sup> California condor.



it and held it, the bird pecking at him viciously.

“What shall we do with them?” asked Arturo.

“Kill them!” cried Torqua.

“Are they of any use?” asked Raphael.

“Only to kill,” replied Torqua.

“Then let them go,” said Raphael, tossing his rope away from the bird. “My uncle always told me never to kill any animal unless I could use it.”

“He must have been a curious man,” laughed Torqua; “not a hunter.”

“Yes, a great hunter and a great general,” retorted Raphael.

This argument was too deep for Torqua and he merely stared at Raphael, and thought that he was a very strange sort of boy not to wish to kill anything.

“Let yours go, Torqua,” said Raphael. “The poor thing is twisting its neck.”

“Very good, if you say,” replied the Indian; and, jerking away his riata, the big condor ran off and with a cumbersome movement rose into the air.

It was Torqua who promised the boys

that some day, when they could obtain the Father's permission, he would show them a lake<sup>1</sup> that lay like a gem on the other side of the range of mountains. But before this opportunity came, an event occurred which changed the entire tenor of their lives.

Two months after the packet had sailed, the Father who had been on a trip to the San Diego Mission arrived with a guard of soldiers, and the same day the boys were summoned by the Father Superior, who questioned them very closely about their trip from Mexico and endeavored to learn everything regarding their past that he could. His manner from now on changed perceptibly. He was severe with them, and the boys noticed that they never went far without the company of one or more of the Spanish soldiers. It became so evident that they were under surveillance that Raphael finally approached Father Anselmo and asked him the cause of so marked a change in their treatment. At first the Padre evaded the question, but finally he said :

<sup>1</sup> Elsinore.



“I am sorry to tell you, my son, but you were sent from Mexico with Captain Mendoza, who had orders to leave you at a distant mission, far up the coast. He disobeyed his instructions out of pure regard for you and landed you here, placing you in my care, thinking that it would not be discovered; but the Governor-General, it seems, to prevent anything of the kind, wrote a letter to each Father Superior to the effect that you were destined for a certain mission and to see that you reached it, under direct orders from his Majesty the King. Captain Mendoza was not aware of these communications, and, singularly enough, the letter of instructions destined for our Superior was left at San Diego by mistake and was brought overland by Father Sanchez. So it becomes the duty of this mission to forward you with the detachment, which leaves next week.”

“Is it far distant?” asked Raphael.

“I fear it is,” said Father Anselmo. “I hear it is on the very border, a place once selected for a mission, but in the midst of savage tribes. I wish I could stay the instructions, but I am powerless.”

Raphael was greatly dejected over the news and quickly sought Arturo to tell him what Father Anselmo had said.

“It is evident,” said Raphael, “that we are the victims of some plot; orders have been given not to aid us and to place us on the very borders of the land, where we shall never be heard from again. We have all along supposed that we were to be given an opportunity to rise and enrich ourselves in the King’s service, but I see that we have been entrapped.”

“What can we do?” asked Arturo. “Shall you go?”

“Not if I can help it,” replied Raphael with spirit. “But say nothing and perhaps we can escape in some way. I understand that sometimes galleons from or to the Philippines stop at the islands off the coast; if we could reach them we would be safe.”

“Why not ask Torqua?” said Arturo.

“The very thing,” replied his brother. “There he is on the mesa.”

Torqua, upon seeing the boys waving their sombreros, rode toward them, and

displayed the greatest concern when he learned that they were going to be sent away.

“Why should you go?” he said, in the quaint mixed Spanish and Indian he always used.

“We cannot help it,” replied Raphael. “They will send us by force. We go under guard.”

“But you can run away,” said Torqua.

“Where?” asked Arturo.

“To Pimug-na, Santa Catalina,” said Torqua, his dark face brightening at the thought. “There you could be a hunter and trapper, catch the otter and sell the skins to the Russian traders who come once a year and with whom my people trade. Perhaps,” continued the Indian boy, his eyes glistening, “perhaps you could catch the white otter, for which a great price is offered. All the young men have tried for it, and would get a fortune — fifty pieces of gold — for its skin.”

“But how can we reach the island?” asked Raphael.

“How?” said Torqua, looking around

to make sure that he was not heard. "Why, I am going home. I am going to run away myself from these people, who have no right to keep me and make me work. My father is a great chief. You have a king, Don Raphael. My father is king of Pimug-na. You can go with me; he will be your friend. I will show you the land where it is summer all the time, where the eagle builds its nest, and where the olla<sup>1</sup> is made."

"But how can we get across?" asked Raphael.

"In my canoe," said Torqua. "It is on the sands. I have an olla of water and a bag of tunas<sup>2</sup> hidden in the bush now. We will steal down some night, launch her, and the next day will be with my people."

"But they will miss your canoe and follow us," said Raphael, who thought of everything.

"They may follow," responded the Indian, "but once at Santa Catalina, as they

<sup>1</sup> A clay or soapstone jar; pronounced o-yer.

<sup>2</sup> Tuna is the name of the fruit of the prickly-pear, also the Italian name of the horse mackerel.

call it, they will never find us. I know caves in the mountains in which we could hide for years."

"What say you, Arturo?" queried Raphael.

"I say go with Torqua," said the younger boy. "We have no better friend."

"Then," said Raphael, "it is settled, we go; but it must be before Sunday, as then the guard goes North and we are their prisoners. Even now they follow us as though we had committed some crime."

"If it does not storm, say to-morrow night," suggested Torqua. "Bring what food you can and steal down to the beach soon after the Angelus rings."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ESCAPE.

**T**HE boys were so excited over their proposed escape that they slept but little that night, and the first rays of light which broke over the Sierra Madre found them still talking in subdued tones. They longed to say good-bye to Father Anselmo, who had been their friend, and to the major-domo, who had become attached to them ; but these conscientious men would have considered it their duty to disclose the plan, so the boys went about their duties as usual. They rose early, brought in their horses and watered them, ate their frugal breakfast with the Mexican and Indian herders, and rode out on to the mesa. It seemed the longest day of their lives, and they were in constant fear that some plan of the soldiers might have been changed and the march begun that day ; but nothing of the kind occurred, and in the

afternoon Torqua, who had been on a distant range hunting stray cattle, told them again that he was ready and would expect them that night, and that they must meet him in the willows below the mission after the ringing of the Angelus.

The boys went to their room early and sat waiting for the signal. A group of soldiers walked up and down in front of their door, and they feared that their plan had been suspected. But the men left just before the sweet notes of the Angelus broke the stillness of the evening and echoed down the little valley.

Hardly had the sound died away than the boys stole quietly out of the room, carrying their shoes and clothing in a bundle. They crept along the grim corridor, through which the bats were flitting, glancing at the doors and windows, fearing that some one would stop them. They passed the stable and corral, crossed an empty room, and stood for a moment looking out of the broken window; then seeing that the way was clear, stepped out of the mission, and, keeping in the shadow until they came to



the corner, crept across the trail and made their way silently through the brush to the willows in the arroyo.<sup>1</sup> Here they stopped and Raphael gave the signal, the whistling note of the quail, *co-ca-co, co-ca-co*. Then out of the darkness came the low, answering notes, and a far better imitation, *wook-wook-ook, wook-wook-ook*.

“It is Torqua,” whispered Raphael; “push on.”

The willows filled the little arroyo here, and the boys pressed the branches aside and made for the sounds, almost walking over Torqua, who was lying in the brush imitating all the notes of the jaunty little quail.

Springing to his feet, he silently led the way beneath the willows, now stopping to listen to the hooting of an owl, then moving on, stooping beneath the branches, crossing the little stream many times, the boys following in single file. After half a mile of this they came to the main river bed, and, keeping to the north side, passed swiftly down toward the sea, whose musi-

<sup>1</sup> Dry river.



cal booming could now be heard trembling in the air. When halfway down Torqua stopped, and, after searching about in the brush, brought out a soapstone olla, which he filled with water, then another, which he handed to the boys, who found it was filled with tunas, or the fruit of the large prickly-pear.

“We can live on these until we reach the island,” said Torqua, “and then there is plenty to eat.”

The trail to the Mission of San Luis Rey was in the arroyo to the south, over which Indians and soldiers often passed, so they kept well in the foothills on the opposite ground, though occasionally the thick brush forced them into the stream itself. The booming of the waves grew louder and louder, and suddenly they came out upon the sand dunes that formed the upper beach, beyond which stretched the sea. The dunes were wind swept, heaped in strange shapes, like billows, ever changing, and as the boys stepped out upon them Torqua stopped and put down his olla.

“I left my canoe in this hollow,” he

said, "but it is gone. Down!" he quickly whispered; "some one comes."

The Indian dropped flat upon the sands, as did his companions, the hollows of the dunes affording complete protection, and they slowly crawled along until they were in a deep one. The sound of clanking bits and spurs was now plainly heard, and then voices, and in the moonlight a horseman was seen coming up the long beach, followed by several others. It was evident the boys had not been seen, but they lay flat among the dunes, hardly daring to breathe until the riders had gone by. It was doubtless a squad of soldiers from the garrison at San Luis Rey or San Diego, journeying to the Mission of San Juan. Indeed, it was the company for Monterey that was to act as the guard to the boys who were crouching in the sand dune not ten varas<sup>1</sup> distant.

"That was a narrow escape," said Raphael, peering over the edge. "What shall we do, go back?"

"No, no, I will never go back!" cried Torqua. "I will swim first. I will find

<sup>1</sup> A vara is thirty-two inches.

my canoe, it is here somewhere; some one pull him up. You look that way and I look this way."

The wind had raised the sand up in many strange forms, and the boys began to search the dunes, the hollows of which were often used by the Indians for various purposes. In one they found a heap of abalones<sup>1</sup>; in another, a smouldering fire. Finally a low call of the gull from Torqua recalled them, and running up the beach they found him standing by a canoe that had been hauled up under some low trees.

"It is she," said Torqua, patting the rude boat with a caressing hand. "She is light, see," and he lifted one end, "yet can stand heavy seas."

The canoe was a small craft to pass the rollers that were coming in upon the sands, making a blaze of white phosphorescent light far down the shore, but the boys did not hesitate. They grasped the rail and easily dragged the canoe down the sands to the water. Raphael then brought an armful of abalones, while Arturo placed the

<sup>1</sup> The shell haliotis.

ollas aboard, and they were ready for the start.

“You, Don Raphael, sit in the bow,” said Torqua, “and have your paddle all ready. You, Don Arturo, take the next seat, and when I give the word, pull with all your strength.”

They ran the canoe out into the water, and when it was very nearly afloat the boys jumped in and took their places, while Torqua pushed the canoe out, wading into the water and holding it. He was a skilful surf rider with balsa<sup>1</sup> or canoe and watched the waves carefully. Some of the high ones broke and almost filled the boat and drove him back and forth, but he kept edging the canoe out, and finally gave it a violent push and dragged himself over the rail, then seizing a paddle, the boys used them with all their strength. A big wave came curling in, but the canoe rose upon it like a feather; another threatened them, but they bent to the paddles and the canoe shot ahead, passing the rollers in safety and floated in the kelp bed that

<sup>1</sup> Balsa, a boat-like raft often made of tule.

formed a protecting band or barrier two or three hundred yards from shore.

“It’s easy if you know how,” said Torqua gleefully. “Waves come three big, three small, three very small, then three very big. All you do is wait for small waves.”

The sea was now perfectly smooth, a gentle wind blowing off shore, and the moon well up.

“Which way do we go?” asked Raphael.

“Follow the moon,” said Torqua. And out into the dark sea they paddled, leaving the scintillating blaze of the moon behind following in their trail like a pathway of silver.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE MYSTERIOUS CAVE.

**T**ORQUA'S canoe was a seaworthy craft, cut out of a big pine log which had drifted down from the unknown North. It was intended for two paddlers, but with three made good headway. Long into the night the boys paddled on, speaking only occasionally. Now Torqua would stop, lay down his paddle, and take a long draught from the olla, whose mouth he stopped with a cactus leaf from which he had cut the spines, then he would pass it to Raphael and Arturo, and, refreshed, they would paddle on. As they worked off shore they felt the long swell that came down from the northwest, and the canoe began to labor and to take in water, which was baled out with abalone shells whose holes or openings had been stopped with tar or asphaltum found along shore. Finally, after paddling several hours, Torqua cried :

“There is Pimug-na, Santa Catalina,<sup>1</sup> as you call it, my home. See it, Don Arturo! See it, Don Raphael!”

The boys, resting on their paddles, looked in the direction indicated and could make out, faintly outlined against the sky, a big black mass rising from the sea, still a long way off. But Torqua, who knew every point and hill, and could tell the name of this mountain and of that, pointed out the twin peaks, the highest in the island, where his people built big fires at times as a signal to their friends on shore, or as a feast to the god Chinigchinich.

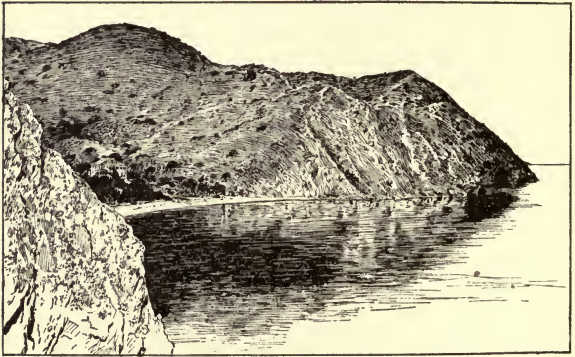
“Think you they have missed us, Torqua?” asked Raphael.

“No, not unless some inspector has gone the rounds. In that case they will soon be after us.”

<sup>1</sup> Santa Catalina is a mountainous island about twenty miles off shore in Los Angeles County, California. It is very abrupt and precipitous, its highest peaks being about 2,000 feet in height. It is twenty-two miles long, one mile to seven miles wide, and contains 55,000 acres. The only harbors are the mouths of cañons on it and San Clemente. The author has located about forty ancient towns or camp sites, and tons of stone implements have been taken from them.



“What will they do?” asked Arturo, stopping a moment in his paddling and looking astern into the broad beam of silvery light which they seemed to be leaving.



*Site of Old Indian Town.*

“Why,” replied Torqua, “when my brother ran away to the rancheria at Kinkipar, what you call San Clemente, they put Zizu on his track. Zizu has, the shaman<sup>1</sup> says, a scent like a dog. You blindfold him, turn him around three, four times, and he is away, always in the right direction; and they say he scents his game, but I doubt this,” said Torqua wisely.

<sup>1</sup> Medicine man.



“He is an Apache from the desert, and they are, so my father tells me, skilled in following an enemy by the trail, and I am sure that this is the way Zizu finds his prey. Did you not notice when I came down I kept on the slopes of the hills in the gravel rather than in the soft bed of the arroyo? It was because I was afraid we might leave our footprints too clearly for Zizu, and he may find us yet. The major-domo will offer him a bottle of Castilian wine and he will sell himself for that; for this he is called Zizu, the devil.”

The mountains were fast rising; they were nearing the island. The eastern sky had taken on a vermilion tint, the clouds were ablaze with the splendors of the coming day, but long before the boys had become weary and nodded at their work. As daylight made itself evident they were aroused by a cry from Torqua.

“We are followed! Zizu is on our track. See! see!” and, standing up, he pointed away to the east.

Raphael and Arturo rose stiffly to their feet and followed the direction of his

finger. Just visible, a mere speck coming out of the gloom, they could make out a canoe.

“It is the boat of the major-domo,” said Torqua, “and in it are twenty men; they would not trust Indians. Why did I forget to crush a hole through her! That would have kept them back.”

The boat was a large one, and that she was gaining on them rapidly there could be no doubt.

“Can they catch us?” asked Raphael, gazing at the long stretch still between them and the island. “We are still half a league away.”

“They must not,” said Torqua, an expression of grim determination settling over his dark features. “We must work for our lives.”

He thrust his hands into the sea, dipping up water, with which he bathed his head, the two boys following suit; then again taking up their paddles, they sent the canoe flying over the waters. For a while not a word was said, the swish, swish of the paddles as they cut the blue

water and the hard, labored breathing of the boys being the only sounds. But it was evident that the boat was gaining on them. Presently they could make her out; she was filled with men.

“What is that?” said Arturo, as a sound like the churning of waters or the rush of a mighty wind through leaves became plainly audible.

“Alala!<sup>1</sup> it’s the wind coming,” replied Torqua, “the west wind. The wind god has favored us, and if I reach the shore I will take many birds to Chinigchinich. It will reach them in a few moments, a heavy sea, driving them back; but we are too far in.”

It was as Torqua predicted. The sound increased, changing to a roar; then a long line of foam was seen stretched like a low wall across the channel. Presently it reached them, and the canoe was leaping and tossing uneasily in the foaming waters; yet they were only on the edge and they saw farther out a heavy sea sweeping on, which soon encompassed the pursuing boat — a friendly ally to beat it back.

<sup>1</sup> An exclamation equivalent to “Oho.”

“The wind god is going to save us,” said Torqua, “but they are very near.”

The boys could now see the men plainly, and the soldier in the bow held up his gun as though he would fire.

“We cannot reach the rancheria where I wished to land at the bay,” said Torqua; “it is half a mile farther, but we will deceive them. I will show them that Torqua knows something.”

They were now very near the island, whose green slopes rose from abrupt rocky shores, culminating in high hills or mountains, but nowhere could the boys see a landing-place; everywhere beetling cliffs and rocks, against which, in places, the sea broke, to be tossed back in white masses of foam. The boys were so exhausted with paddling that they were ready to give out; their arms and sides were stiff and had lost feeling, and they began to feel drowsy. But Torqua, older, hardier, encouraged them with word and gesture.

“We are safe,” he cried. “I will show them a trick; Torqua will win. One more — hard — so — keep it up — again, Don Arturo — good! Don Raphael.”

The paddles flew. The boys, encouraged by the words of their Indian guide and friend, made a last effort, and threw all their strength into the work. The rocks were just ahead of them, an abrupt sea wall one hundred feet high; the big boat of the major-domo not one hundred yards away.

“Stop!” shouted an officer in the bow. “Stop! you will be drowned. Stop! or I will fire.”

“Alala!” shouted back Torqua in derision.

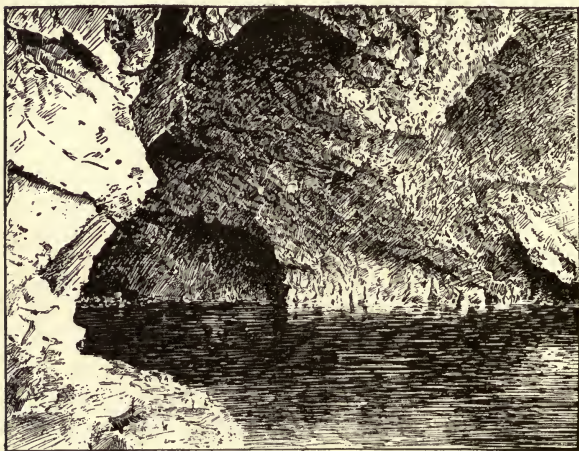
Directly ahead was what appeared to be a hole in the face of the rock, a great shallow cave, into which the sea was tumbling with a loud roar, the foam leaping upward to the very roof, running back down the green and colored sides with strange lights. Into this seeming maelstrom Torqua urged the canoe with a shout of defiance.

“Once more — once more and we are safe!” he cried.

The boat of the Spaniards was not two hundred feet behind when the soldiers, ap-

palled at the threatened disaster, stopped rowing and the officer in the stern shouted :

“Stop, you fools! Do you wish to drown? Stop!”



*Blue Cavern Opening to Tunnel.*

The cries of the men were lost in the roar and reverberation at the entrance of the cave, and as the Spanish boat rounded to and backed, the canoe, on the crest of a wave, rushed into the seething waters to seeming destruction.

To the Spanish officers she seemed to



strike the abrupt wall and be swallowed up, as she disappeared as though the rock had opened and closed over her. In truth, this was what happened. The boys had asked no questions. Their faith in Torqua was sublime, and with the strength of desperation they had paddled on, into the very face of seeming death, sending the canoe into the breaking seas, where for a moment she was tossed about almost end for end, then they found themselves in a large but shallow cave. A small beach of stones was visible as the water drew hissing back, and on to this Torqua leaped, now waist deep, as a sea came in, struggling, wrestling with the waters, then with a desperate effort he braced against it and turned the canoe at right angles, and to their amazement the boys saw a narrow tunnel with light ahead.

“Push hard!” shouted Torqua amid the roar of the seas.

Again the paddles struck the water, and, leaping into the canoe, the Indian forced it ahead, and in a few seconds they were gliding along in a dark tunnel beneath

the island shore, so narrow that the boys could not use their paddles and so pushed it along by hand on the wet wall of stone. The water was smooth excepting when every few moments a wave would come coursing through, which would lift the canoe to the roof so that they had to lie down; but aside from this they were perfectly safe. Torqua pushed the boat on for some distance, then turned it to the left and hauled it close to the west wall, where there was an indentation about the size of the boat, concealing her from the view of any one who might look through the tunnel.

“We are safe,” said Torqua, a look of satisfaction settling over his dark face, “but we must not stay here at high water; it is not what you call dry. I will swim out and look, and if they are not in the way we will push out this entrance.”

So saying, the Indian lowered himself into the water and carefully swam on, then diving at the entrance, came up under some kelp leaves that formed a floating mat at the opening, and glanced around the bend with all the skill of a sea lion, which



he had often seen perform the same trick. As he expected, the men were lying on their oars, holding a consultation and drifting down the coast before the heavy wind, and were now an eighth of a mile away.

He swam back to the canoe, which was now shoved along the narrow cave or tunnel, and with a powerful push sent out into daylight again. The boys then fully appreciated the trick Torqua had played upon the Spaniards. The cave had two openings, the small entrance leading into a large bay around a point. The canoe was urged along the rocky shores, while the Spaniards were not three hundred yards away watching for the wreck to float out, thinking that the craft had been ground to pieces in the hole in the wall. On flew the canoe, the boys filled with new vigor, and enthusiasm, now entering a wide bay, the "isthmus," where they could see, half a mile away, the beehive-like huts of a large Indian town. But Torqua was not going there. He knew that the Spaniards would run in there before they left, so he turned suddenly and directed the canoe

into another cave, which the sea had eaten into the white chalk. As she stranded they leaped over and hauled her up on a little shelf out of sight. Then Torqua waded out and, followed by the others, swam along the rocks, avoiding the kelp, and turned into a little bay about half a mile from the rancheria. Here they landed, and, Torqua leading the way, they quickly ran up over the sandy beach and disappeared in the mouth of a deep and well-wooded cañon that, like a river, seemed to wind its way up into the distant mountains.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FLIGHT OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

ONCE in the seclusion of the brush, the boys threw themselves upon the ground, as Torqua said they could rest a short time. They were in the bed of a mountain stream filled with polished boulders, about which grew luxuriantly ferns and brakes. The air was warm and fragrant with the odor of trees and shrubs in blossom. The songs of mocking-birds, wild canaries, and other birds came sweetly on the wind, and the boys could almost believe they were in a fairyland. They were wet, weary, lame, and very hungry, yet were so excited, so joyous over their narrow escape, that they seemed to forget it all; and when Torqua rose, they sprang to their feet and, following his example, selected stout clubs and prepared to climb up the bed of the stream.

“Some of my people live over there,” he said, “but the soldiers will go to the rancheria, Sonag-na, and if it were known that we were here they might frighten some one into giving us up; so we will go to a safe place I know over in the island where we can live until they are gone, which I can tell by creeping out on the cliff at night. Can you walk and climb a league?” he asked, looking at his Spanish companions.

“Yes, ten leagues, Torqua,” said Arturo. “You have saved us, kind friend, and we will follow anywhere.”

“Good!” Torqua said with a laugh. “Good! You are what I like. You make good Indian — never get tired — walk, hunt, fight, ride all the time;” and picking up the club that he had dropped, he turned upward into the mountains.

The arroyo bed led up at a sharp angle here and it was hard climbing for the boys over the stones and gravel; now creeping beneath the low brush, lying for a moment on their backs to take breath, watching the bright-eyed lizards, worming their way through a jungle of branches, rising higher

and higher, until they reached a spot through which they could see the blue ocean, and far below the boat of the Spaniards. The men were pulling hard against the gale and, as Torqua said, making for the isthmus harbor, or the town of Sonag-na, where they would find smooth water and where they would remain for the night at least.

“We shall be far away,” said Torqua, “when they land.”

They continued their climb, always keeping to the bed of the stream and under the brush, which was a hardship, as the boys could see that on either side of them was clear and smooth walking. At last they came to the head of the cañon, beyond which was an exposed place of two hundred feet to the ridge. Here, crouching low, they waited until the boat, which now seemed almost beneath them, was out of sight behind a ledge; then they crawled along until they reached the divide and safety, where, with the mountains between them and their enemies, the boys rolled over and over in the very joy of it, laid on their backs, deep in the green carpet, look-

ing up at the blue sky and the warm winter sun, until Torqua again sprang to his feet, saying they must move on.

The island presented a beautiful appearance from the ledge on which they were standing. They were, perhaps, eight hundred feet above the water and almost over the cave, and could even toss stones into the bay, so precipitous were the shores. To the south the coast line of precipices stretched away as far as the eye could see, while to the west cañon after cañon, hill and mountain, appeared in a maze of lines and convolutions, and in the centre of all a great mountain with a level top.

“We must make that by night,” said Torqua, pointing to the latter.

Along the ridges the party moved, picking their way through patches of cactus covered with large yellow blossoms, down the mountain side, using their clubs to aid them, and finally into a cañon which seemed to lead into the very heart of the island. Now they passed through groves of stunted oak, again along mountain sides covered with the cactus, ever walled in by

mountains. Finally Torqua pointed far below to some bunches of tussock-grass, the site of a big spring.

“I am nearly famished for a drink,” said Raphael.

“I, too,” said Arturo. “My mouth is as dry as a bean-pod; and not better for eating a tuna with the spines half picked.”

They were skirting a long cañon and frequently came in view of a small winding stream, with here and there a pool collected in the rocks, glistening in the sun. They were soon by its side, and, picking up an abalone which some Indian had left there, they drank in turn.

“You see my people have been here,” said Torqua, as he indicated several vessels or bowls with grinding stones that lay near by, with a heap of broken abalones. “This is a small camp. This is what we will grind our acorns and abalones in.”

Refreshed by the water, they walked on for three or four miles, seeing evidences of Indians in shells and stone dishes along the stream, but meeting no one.

“Now,” said Torqua, as they came to a



grove of small trees, "we must take to the mountain ridge again until we pass the two harbors,<sup>1</sup> as there is a town, Toybipet. You can see it from here," and he led his companions out on a little mesa and showed them, two miles distant, the ocean on the southwest side of the island and two perfect harbors, with a point between, and beyond a broad, flat mesa, on top of which could be seen the huts of Torqua's people.

"Many a time have I fished there," said the Indian. "The abalones are plenty all about, the big limpet is piled deep in lines, and, as for fish, you can pull them in so fast and so big that you will get weary hauling at them."

"I do not think I should ever get tired fishing," said Raphael.

"Nor I," joined in Arturo. "I never went but once, and I have had a fever for fishing ever since."

"That is the way we live here," said Torqua; "fish — fish — hunt sea lion, abalone, wild goat — but mostly fish; and such fish! as long as a man. You have

<sup>1</sup> Now known as Little Harbor.



never seen what you call *caballa*<sup>1</sup>?" he asked. "No? Ah, then you have something to see."

"No," replied Raphael. "You see, Torqua, in our country we lived in the interior by a small stream, where the fish were hardly as large as your thumb; these we caught with a willow, a string, and a bent wire, with grasshoppers as a lure."

"As big as your thumb!" replied Torqua; "and you call that fish? Ah, but wait! I shall show you fishing that is fishing."

He now turned to the bed of a cañon that led them up on to the mountain, affording them concealment, and when high up, they stepped over the divide, where Torqua said no people lived, as it was too rocky, steep, and dry. They were on the side of a precipice so abrupt that, had they made a false step, they might have rolled down hundreds of feet into the deep cañon. As the boys passed along the narrow trail, evidently made by Indians and wild goats, they stopped now and then

<sup>1</sup> Tuna or horse mackerel; also tunny.

to view the remarkable sight. Below them a deep abyss, winding cañons, the rocky coast line, then the blue channel; while beyond was the mainland from whence they came, the Sierras, capped with snow, rising, like sentinels, here and there. They crept around jutting points, scrambled over a mountain, down whose slopes a river of rocks seemed to have formed, and finally came upon a band of wild goats. The animals glanced at them and then bounded away, creating little avalanches down the steep sides. At the foot of a steep mountain Torqua turned to the west again, and as they sprang over an exposed divide, the boys saw before them a deep and beautiful cañon, filled with cotton-wood trees and shrubs, while the slopes which reached away from it were green with native grasses, with patches here and there of gold, yellow, purple, and red, the wild flowers of this isle of summer. Torqua uttered a cry of delight as he saw it; indeed, every hill and cañon appeared to have a special significance. Here he had killed a large eagle; there it was that the big

goat had turned upon him and rolled him down. At this crag the Indians from the North, the Tshuma, had made a stand, and Torqua pointed out the little cave where he, his mother and brothers and sisters had been concealed for days, until the enemy was driven away.

“I would n’t mind a piece of jerked beef,” said Arturo, who began to feel the pangs of hunger.

“I, too,” said Torqua; “but when you are hungry and can get no food, drink plenty of water;” and suiting the action to the word, he threw himself down on the rocks, leaned over a little pool, and drank long draughts of the clear spring water, after which he began to look around and finally dug some peculiar lily-like plants from the ground, which resembled onions, with the husk of a cocoanut. These he ate, sharing them with his companions. A little farther on the stream entered a cactus patch and here they gathered tunas, or the fruit of the prickly-pear, and after scraping them of their treacherous spines they ate until their faces and hands were colored

with the deep red juice. Then they took a long rest, lying upon the dead leaves beneath a grove of scrub oaks.

“Now we are safe,” said Torqua. “It would take a week for the soldiers to find us, even if they knew where we were. They would climb the steep cañons up and down and soon wear themselves out, while we came by trails. Alala! but that was a trick we played them!” and Torqua laughed heartily. “How far do you think we have travelled?” he asked Arturo, who was trying to mend his shoe, which had been torn on the sharp, flint-like rocks.

“A league,” said Raphael.

“Yes, almost a league, and we have half a league more to go before we reach our house.”

“Do you really mean that we are to have a house?” said Arturo. “I supposed we were to live in a cave.”

“It is a cave house,” replied Torqua. “My people have used it for years, but only when they were fishing at that point and it came on to rain and lasted several days. Then they lived there, though at

times when I was a what you call *muchácho*<sup>1</sup> we lived there for some time. It is the best hiding-place on the island."

Later the march was taken up again, ever keeping to the cañon bed, to avoid meeting with any one. But the cañon widened out and was now a deep valley, in the centre of which the stream ran six or eight feet below the surface, sometimes visible, again plunging beneath the sands and flowing on beneath the soil to the distant sea, to emerge again in some cool spot among the rocks and trees. Groves of cotton-wood trees were passed, little glades in which the wild grasses grew high and where Torqua said he had often slept after the grass had turned into hay and was dry and warm. Never was there such a place for camping out, in the modern sense, never such a land for beauties of situation, for new wonders and marvels. Now the boys started back in surprise as the roar of wings struck their ears,—the California partridge which occurred here in thousands; now it was the wild dove which

<sup>1</sup> Boy.

whistled across their pathway, or gave its mournful note. Everywhere, though miles from the sea, they saw bits of the shells of abalones, which Torqua said his people had brought to eat. At every turn they expected to come upon Indians, but by mere good fortune they did not. Suddenly Torqua stopped and held up his hand and bade them listen. They could hear the song of birds, the hum of insect life, the whispering of the leaves, or ears (*nanah*) as Torqua called them, like music, and above all a low, musical, booming sound.

“It is the surf beating on the beach at the foot of the Whispering Leaf Cañon,” Torqua explained. “The sand is white, and where the cañon stream flows in there is a rocky ledge with masses of ferns, over which the water flows. There we will have a house when we go fishing. Our house is above us over the divide. Come.”

What had appeared to the boys to be a solid wall of brush, rising almost directly upward, they now saw contained a trail that had been used for a long time. It zigzagged up the mountain and was very

steep. Up this they went, and from here it was seen that they had passed around the two harbors. The boys could now see the rancheria from the south facing the sea, and near it wide green slopes. On they climbed until they came to the divide. Torqua had looked carefully around, as they were now obliged to cross an open place, the ridge of Mount Orizaba, as it extended away to the sea. Not a living thing was in sight, but following Torqua's example and crouching low, the boys moved rapidly along until they reached a clump of cactus, where they rose and looked over. To their amazement they saw a tall human figure, standing back to them, looking at the distant sea.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CAVERN.

**T**HE boys were almost paralyzed at the sight of the strange figure, but Torqua dropped flat upon the ground, motioning to them to do the same, and whispered to them not to move, as perhaps the man, who was a shaman, or rain doctor, would not notice them. They were at least thirty feet from him, a clump of cactus intervening, yet through the great spine-covered leaves and yellow blossoms they could see the Indian, who was dressed in a strange garb of feathers and who now began to chant a weird song; then he threw some sand in the direction of the sea, blew upon a bone whistle, and to their relief slowly moved on without looking behind.

“He is asking the god Chinigchinich for rain,” whispered Torqua, with suppressed



excitement. "To-morrow it rain, you see."

He raised his head to the level of the cactus, and as the boys followed suit they saw the rain-maker pass slowly down into the deep cañon which led to the rancheria at the two harbors, ever and anon raising his arms in accompaniment to the monotonous wailing cry. When he finally disappeared in the brush they came out from their concealment and slipped over the ridge.

From here as far as the eye could reach was seen a jumble of mountain peaks, their slopes sometimes clear, again covered with patches of green, and in the immediate foreground a well-wooded cañon which wound about among rocky points and high cliffs, so finding its way to the distant sea. Immediately in front of where the boys stopped to view the scene, but a hundred feet below, rose an irregular mass of rocks almost as high as a cathedral, with several spires.

"This is the place," said Torqua. "Is it not beautiful? Did you ever see rocks piled in such a way?"

The boys admitted they had not, but they could not see where the house was.

“Ah!” said Torqua, “this is the back; but we must wait and see if it is empty. Do you stay here while I crawl over and look in.”

From between two great boulders they watched him climb slowly and carefully out upon the rocks, moving on all fours like a lizard; now stopping to listen, then crawling along again. Now he disappeared, and a few moments later they saw him upon the topmost peak, where he clung, lying flat. He remained there some time it seemed to the boys, but in reality only a few moments. Then he rose to his feet, waved his hand at them from the dizzy height, and came back, leaping from point to point with all the agility of a wild goat.

“Come,” he said, breathing hard; “no one there.”

He led the way around the lofty pile, lowering himself from rock to rock, then leaping to the ground, running, half sliding down the steep slope, came to a thick

growth of cactus, in the midst of which was a heap of gleaming abalone shells that caught the rays of the sun and sent a thousand flashes of color into the air. There was a narrow trail leading directly through it and into this he turned, and stood before the entrance of a cleft in the rock that extended forty or fifty feet from the edge of an overhanging ledge.

“A regular cavern!” exclaimed Arturo.

“A cave, a dungeon!” echoed Raphael. “Torqua,” he continued, “in Spain, the bandits upon the Sierra Morena have just such places to hide their treasure.”

“My people have lived here for years, and other people before them,” replied Torqua proudly. “The hardest rain never reaches in; and in the great battle that my grandfather, the chief, fought, they made their stand here and the wild people from the North never took it. You see,” he said, with the ardor and instinct of a soldier, pointing down the slope, “the pile commands the whole country, and no one would ever think that there was a cave here.”

“That is true,” assented Arturo. “You never would see it until you reach the entrance.”

“See the mark of my people,” added Torqua, pointing to a sun-like mark on the entrance, in red paint. “That means ‘Welcome.’ So I say to you Don Arturo and Don Raphael, welcome to my people’s home; and when the Spaniards leave, when they get tired hunting us or finding out how we died, they will give you welcome too.”

Entering the cave, they found the floor made of soft brown earth sprinkled with the broken shells of the abalone; on the side were several stone ollas or mortar-shaped urns with round stones for grinding, and with them a big flat stone worn to a polished surface. The room was sufficiently large to hold ten or twelve persons if crowded, but was better adapted for a few. Around one side Torqua pointed out a smaller cave, the sides of which were blackened with smoke where the Indians had built a fire, and he explained that it was the cooking place.

"It is almost as I left it," he said. "See!" and from beneath a shelving rock he drew out armfuls of dried grass or hay and spread it on the floor for beds.

"All ready made," said Arturo.

"Yes; and look!" Dropping upon his knees, the Indian youth began scraping in the dust and soon unearthed a number of spearheads six or seven inches long, made of black flint; then some arrowheads, a bow, and a wooden throwing club, boomerang or *macána*. "I hid them here before they took me to the mission," he explained. "To-morrow we will make more bows and spear handles, and the door to the cave."

"A door!" repeated Arturo.

"Yes," replied Torqua; "not like the big mission doors, but one that will keep out the cold night wind."

"But where is the wood?" asked Raphael.

"You are looking at it," said Torqua, laughing. "The tuna growing there is the door, and all the supper we will get to-night. Do you, Don Arturo, pick a lot of tunas, the red ones, scrape off the spines

with this knife," handing him a long, slender flint flake from the treasures he had dug up, which had a wooden handle bound to it with hide, "while Don Raphael and I go for water to the arroyo below."

Arturo began the work of picking, while Torqua, after a short hunt among the bushes, brought out two finely formed vessels or ollas of soapstone, which he said he had made. Giving one to Raphael they started down the hill, at the bottom of which in the cañon a stream of pure water ran silently along toward the sea, whose roar could be distinctly heard.

As they stooped over to fill the ollas, Torqua whispered a warning.

Looking up, Raphael saw, just beyond them, a little glade where the earth seemed to be covered with birds with jaunty plumes.<sup>1</sup> Taking his throwing club from his belt, Torqua, with scarcely any effort, sent it whirling over the bushes into their midst, and as the roar of their wings sounded, he dashed after them and picked up several that he had disabled.

<sup>1</sup> California partridge.

“Hunting is easy here,” he said, as he fastened the birds together with a whisp of willow. “One each.”

Having filled the ollas, they started up the hill, taking many rests before they reached the cave, where Arturo had a pile of tunas and with a wry face was picking the minute javelins from his fingers.

“Will you, Don Raphael, pick the birds,” said Torqua, flinging them down, “while I start the fire?”

“I should like to know how you are to build a fire without coals,” said Arturo, “though I believe you have almost everything in this cave; it’s like the magic cavern we used to read about. You sit on the carpet and wish, and you have it.”

“Easy enough,” answered Torqua, laughing. “Look!” Taking some of the driest of the hay, he crumpled it up, selected a flint chip, and struck it against another round piece fitted for the hand. Small streaks of flame followed every blow, glancing at the hay, and finally igniting it so quickly that a smoke followed, which Torqua, with his breath and the manipulation



of his fingers, worked into a blaze. He placed more hay on this, blowing it carefully, then some dry twigs, and carrying the blazing mass round to the kitchen cave, produced a rousing fire, upon which he barbecued the birds, running sticks into them, turning them over and over until they were cooked and the cave was filled with the fragrant odor. Then he ground some of the tunas on the flat rock, after which the boys sat down and ate their first meal in a real cave of the Stone Age, with the descendant of a Stone Age Indian as their cook.

The sun was low by this time. Bats began to flit noiselessly about; the notes of the partridge seemed to come from all about, and presently the full moon rose nearly opposite, over the hills. The boys piled up the hay and grass; and Torqua, having put up a large branch, which he had dragged up, between them and the entrance, they lay down, and, weary and exhausted after the long day of excitement, quietly fell asleep.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SEA SPIDER.

**T**HE sun was high in the heavens and blazing cheerfully into the cave when the boys awoke, but when they arose they were all so stiff and foot-sore that they sat and looked at one another dolefully for a few minutes, Arturo groaning aloud as he attempted to move.

“It will take a week for us to get over that row and walk over the mountains,” he said, looking at his blistered feet. “I feel as though I had been pounded.”

“We will eat what there is,” said Torqua, “and then go down to the ocean and take a swim; that is a good cure.”

They divided the birds, ate some of the tunas, and then lay down again on the soft hay, exhausted nature demanding a longer rest. But at midday hunger asserted itself and they started for the ocean, half

a league away. Nearly all the way the trail was through an arbor of trees and bushes, over big boulders, choked with ferns and sweet-scented vines, while the wild rose grew in great clumps, filling the air with fragrance, and the wild grape and fluffy clematis draped the tops of the trees. They found some willow trees, and Torqua broke off many limbs which he proposed to make into bows and arrows, and from another tree, the iron-wood, he took branches to be made into spear handles. They finally came to the mouth of the cañon where the walls were high and precipitous, and as they walked out upon the sand dunes which the sea had tossed up, a band of wild goats started up the steep ascent.

“We will have one of them in a few days,” said Torqua. “As soon as I can make some arrows I will show you how to bring them down; also foxes and squirrels and quail.”

Reaching the beach, where a fine surf was rolling in, the boys took off their clothes and were soon beyond the breakers, disporting in the waves; later they lay on

the sand in the sun, drying and waiting for the tide to ebb so that they could collect abalones and limpets. The beach above the high-water mark was strewn with wood, great trunks of trees worn smooth by the sea, which Torqua believed came down from the North in the current which set to the South.

“All these rocks,” he said, pointing to the ledge that was now beginning to show with its beard of kelp, “have abalones on them; and we want the shell and the meat. I think we make it now.”

He started along the sand, and, as the waves receded, boldly leaped upon the weed-covered rock, where Raphael and Arturo followed him, but not without many slips and falls. Torqua had reached down into a pool and overturned a stone amid the kelp, when up shot a long, livid object, like a snake, that waved violently in the air. He uttered an exclamation, which he used for various occasions, “Alala! alala!” and started back; then he leaned forward and pounced upon something and shouted for help in half Spanish,

half Indian, "Seize it, Don Arturo! Hit it, Don Raphael! Strike it on the other side with your club — that's it."

The boys now caught a glimpse of a hideous creature like a spider, with long arms, several of which were wound about Torqua's wrist, while the others seized the rock, evidently trying to reach the water. But Raphael struck them with his club, and Torqua, who had grasped the body, after a hard and exciting struggle in which he rolled amid the kelp-lined rocks, tore the animal from its hold, whereupon it threw its long tentacles about his arm and exuded a black fluid that ran in rivulets down the rocks.

"It's a sea spider,<sup>1</sup>" cried Torqua, "good to eat."

Holding it down upon the rock with one hand by main strength, he drew his flint knife and killed it. Then fastening it with a bit of willow, he strung it about his waist.

"It looks like a spider," said Arturo, "and must be the devilfish, a kinsman

<sup>1</sup> Octopus.

of the kraken, described, you remember, Raphael, in our book by the good Bishop Pontoppidan of Norway."

"See the abalones!" shouted Torqua, dropping between the rocks. The bottom appeared to be covered with the beautiful shells haliotis, that in some instances were piled one upon another. "Twist them off so," he said, thrusting a flat stone beneath one and skilfully wrenching it off.

The boys found that if the shell were touched it settled down and clung to the rock with great tenacity, but if they slipped the stone beneath it quickly it was an easy matter to pry it off, and in this way they collected as many abalones as they needed.

"How shall we carry them?" asked Raphael, looking at the accumulation in dismay. "If we only had a basket."

But Torqua was equal to the emergency, and showed them that the shell of the abalone was punctured with a row of holes; then taking a long, slender line of kelp, which he had found on the beach where it had dried hard in the sun, he strung the abalones on it, ten or fifteen in a bunch.

Throwing the largest over his shoulder, he started on, followed by the boys, each with his burden.

Instead of taking the cañon trail down which they had come, Torqua walked along the beach to the foot of a precipitous cliff, then grasping a root, he drew himself up, helping the others; whereupon a narrow, well-worn trail was seen leading upward in a zigzag fashion. It was a hard climb, but finally they stood, flushed and breathless, on the arm of the great mountain Orizaba, which reached down to the very ocean; in fact, it was the divide upon which the cave stood. It was sufficiently wide in places to form a little mesa, then became very narrow, to widen out again. The cave, or rather the tall pinnacle rocks which formed it, was visible not a mile away, and the boys had just picked up their abalones to move on again after a rest when Torqua uttered an exclamation and dropped upon his knees so suddenly that Raphael and Arturo thought he had been struck.

“Down, flat!” he whispered.

The boys dropped behind a cactus patch

which fortunately began here, and for a few moments were almost afraid to breathe, then Torqua motioned, and raising their heads slightly they saw, on a distant slope, a party of men moving slowly along. One of them seemed to be carrying a load and the others were armed with guns.

“They did not see us, or they would have stopped,” said the Indian boy. “It is the Spanish soldiers and some of my people. They have been on a goat hunt, and see! one man carries the game.”

The cavalcade now descended into the cañon and disappeared, evidently going to the two harbor rancheria which Torqua called Toybipet, but the boys remained quiet for some time before they dared to move, and then, alert, crept along the south slope of the divide, finally reaching the cave, where they found everything as they had left it.

“Now,” said Torqua, “to make our home ready. You cut with the knife a lot of leaves of the tuna and I will make the door; and while you pick tunas I will cook the abalone.”



“If you don’t cook,” said Raphael with a laugh, “we shall starve. I can boil eggs — but we have no eggs.”

“I believe I could fry fish — if I had the fish,” said Arturo. “You must cook, Torqua, and we will do the other work.”

“All right,” responded Torqua, throwing off his belt, “we will have a feast of abalones;” and with a skilful lunge he tore one from the shell and threw it into the big stone olla, then another, until he had five or six; then taking the stone roller or pestle, he pounded them until they were in shreds, after which he tossed them into a soapstone olla, and soon a savory and altogether appetizing odor rose from the little cave. In the meantime Raphael and Arturo had cut many cactus leaves, which Torqua, using the willow twigs, now strung end for end, making a long rope, the boys assisting until they had twenty or thirty ropes. He then took some boughs that were lying in front of the cave and out of them made a frame to fit the doorway; from this he suspended the ropes of cactus so that they hung side by

side and overlapped, like shingles, — a very fair door for so mild a climate, which later on became covered with the chilocothe and other vines, and so concealed the entrance that no one would have suspected the presence of the cave, even when standing near it, a fortunate circumstance, as in the days to come the boys were more than once obliged to seek shelter under its protecting walls.

Torqua had promised his friends that he would teach them how to make fish hooks and lines, and the following day he began the work.

“ You see, Don Arturo,” for he persisted in so calling the boys, “ it is very easy to live at the mission where you have *carpinteros* to make beds or houses of wood, and the *cordeleros* to make ropes, and the *caldereros* to make your ollas out of copper or iron ; but here we have all these things, but no iron tools ; everything is of wood, bone, shell, or stone. For our rope we use seaweed ; our ollas we cut out of the soft stone<sup>1</sup> ledges with knives of flint ;

<sup>1</sup> Soapstone.

our spears are also of flint, so are our knives, with handles of bone or wood lashed on; and while we have no powder to make thunder and lightning for guns, we have arrows of flint which are sure death when they soak in certain roots, which I will tell you of. Now to make fish hooks, for we must fish to eat and to enjoy ourselves with the sport."

Selecting a large abalone shell, with a stone he broke it in several pieces, then taking one of the latter about as large as a peso<sup>1</sup>, he chipped off the edges until it was nearly round, and then, by the aid of a flint, broke the surface in the centre. He next selected from the curious stone tools which he had dug up something which looked like a long, slender cigar, the ends being slightly rounded. With this he began to bore a hole, and as the borer was of hard stone it soon pierced the limy shell. Larger grew the hole, and finally he had increased it to two inches in diameter, and the disk of shell had become a perfect ring of pearl. Taking a pebble,

<sup>1</sup> Dollar.

he placed the ring on it and cleverly broke out a quarter of it, leaving a rude hook. With a rough stone he filed this down, formed a notch on the outside instead of on the inside for the barb, then cut a notch on the shank to which to attach the line. He now took a smooth dark-hued slate stone and polished the shell hook so that it became a really attractive object. The boys were loud in the expressions of admiration at his skill, and were soon at work filing and cutting the beautiful shell; but it took them hours to form even a rough hook, and often it broke beneath their unskilled fingers and all the work was wasted. Torqua made each of the boys a bow, cut them arrows from the willow branches, and showed them how to bind on the flint arrowheads with wet squirrel hide, which, in the sun, hardened and shrank so that the tips were as firm as though they were held in bands of steel.

Almost every day the Indian boy would creep up to the summit of Mount Orizaba, that towered over the island, to see if the Spaniards had gone away; and as he could

still see signs of them, they did not venture far from the cave. They stole down the cañon for water and abalones, crept upon the bands of quail, and Torqua killed doves, quail, foxes, and squirrels on the slope with his *macána*, so they fared well. Every day he taught the boys how to make tools for their house. One day they made arrowheads. The Indian selected a bit of quartz, or flint, placed it in a split stick, then held it in the coals until it was hot. He next took a twig which he dipped in water, touching it to the edge of the stone; wherever it came in contact a sliver cracked off, and in this way, ever repeating the act, he formed an arrow. By taking much time he shaped some beautiful ones in white, gray, blue, red, and variegated stone and of all sizes. He also made each of the boys a spear of white flint, which he bound to the end of a slender pole with wet fox hide, which, when dried in the hot sun, bound the spearhead solidly upon the shaft, and he daily gave them lessons with the throwing club. For fishing lines he selected the long, slender vines of kelp,

soaked them in grease to render them pliable, and dried them in a cool place, and by skilfully fastening the ends soon had three or four lines which were strong enough to catch a very large fish.<sup>1</sup>

“Some day,” said Torqua, “I will show you the place where the ollas come from, but these are made by regular *canteros*, or stone-cutters, who understand the art. Though I make them, it is very hard work and takes a long time, like the stone ollas which our old women make who are too old to do anything but pound, pound, pound.”

It must not be thought that the boys learned to make all these objects at once. The art was accomplished but slowly, but, aided by natural skill and ability, they in time became almost as clever in the manipulation of all the stone implements in use at Pimug-na as the Indians themselves, and indeed invented and suggested many objects and articles upon which their friends

<sup>1</sup> The author has seen one of these lines, taken from a grave on the island of St. Nicolas. It was coiled and fastened, and had evidently been buried with the owner, together with the fish hooks and sinkers.

set the mark of approval. The boys were finally equipped with all the implements in use by the natives. Their drinking cups were the abalone shells. Their seeds, roots, and abalones were ground in the heavy stone ollas, which, made by Indians ages before, were to be found all over the island. For cooking they had the soapstone ollas, flint formed their knives, pearly shells their fish hooks, kelp their lines, while sinkers they carved out of the soft soapstone, a vast quarry of which was found on the island.

The boys found it easier to make arrowheads and shafts than to hit the game, and it was weeks and months before they became proficient enough to bring down a fox or large bird with either arrow or *macána*,<sup>1</sup> and this was when, dressed in skins like savages, they were forced to hunt to provide the camp.

<sup>1</sup> Like throwing club.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TEMPLE OF CHINIGCHINICH.

ONE morning Raphael and Arturo were awakened by Torqua, who bounded into the cave with a loud shout and danced about with much animation and many extravagant gestures. Putting his hands to his mouth, he gave a loud "hola" that went ringing down into the cañon.

"What is the matter?" cried Arturo.  
"Have you eaten the crazy plant?"

"No," replied Torqua, "but they have gone."

"Who? The soldiers?"

"Yes. I climbed the cañon this morning, followed down the cliff, and saw the boat coming down the coast until they struck the wind; then up went the sail and away they flew, and now we can go and see my people, now we can begin to live, to hunt and fish," and Torqua again uttered a shout that would have aroused

the Spaniards if any had been within a mile of the cavern. "They have given us up. They stayed to see if the people would not tell them about us, and as they do not know we are here, the soldiers think that we were drowned in the cave, and have gone back to San Juan to report to the captain. You do not mind being dead, do you, Don Arturo?" said Torqua.

"No," replied the boy, "not so long as I know I am not."

"All right," replied Torqua. "We are dead to the soldiers, and now I will take a present to the god. You see what my god can do; he saved us and has sent the soldiers away. I will take you to the temple; it is away in the hills over the mountains."

After they had eaten they started down the mountain. It was a delight not to be obliged to watch every tree and rock or to skulk along under cover, and rejoicing in their freedom, they strode along with songs on their lips, imitating the partridges, and shouting at the foxes that were very numerous. Flocks of partridges filled the mouth of every branching cañon, the roar

of their wings sounding on the air, and ever and anon the sharp whistling of the wings of doves startled the boys, as these birds started up at their feet and shot away with undulating, plunging flight. Torqua was searching for something, examining the trees and rocks as he walked, when suddenly he stopped and listened.

“It’s nothing but a raven,” said Arturo, as a harsh, strident note pierced the air and a jet-black bird rose from a bush and flew over their heads, alighting not far away, eyeing them curiously.

“I heard the cry of the eagle,” said Torqua, listening eagerly, “and I must have its feathers for the temple. There it is! See, Don Arturo!” pointing to a distant crag, on which, standing out against the sky, was a small black object. To reach it they were obliged to walk out over a narrow ridge with very precipitous sides which led to a seeming island in the air, and while Torqua ran along the narrow divide with the skill of long training, Arturo and his brother made slower progress, reaching a point which seemed to overhang

the sea. There they found Torqua crouching beneath a stone, and high in air above them a great eagle with a white head, uttering loud and harsh cries.

“He is too far away,” said Torqua. “There is his nest,” pointing to a mass of brush that topped a crag. “I will climb up to it, and as he comes down I will shoot him.”

Acting on this plan, Torqua crept out upon the rocky eyry and slowly made his way up the pinnacle, holding his bow and arrow in his mouth. The eagle had flown upward in great circles until it resembled a raven in size, but suddenly the boys saw it dropping from the clouds like an arrow; it had seen Torqua creeping up to its nest. Arturo shouted to him that the eagle was coming, and Torqua quickly leaned back against the rock and slipped his arrow into place. He had hardly accomplished this before the great bird seemed to literally drop out of the sky upon him. It turned as it reached the nest and with a savage cry swooped upon and struck at him. Torqua, pulling back his bow, fired at such close

range that he missed a vital part, the arrow passing through the wing feathers. His position was such that he could not move without great danger of falling, and a fall meant certain death on the rocks hundreds of feet below. The enraged bird now turned again and darted down, with a whistling sound, and struck at him furiously with its claws.

“Shoot it, Don Arturo, shoot!” shouted Torqua, crouching as far back as he could.

The boys had been crawling out toward him, and as the eagle made another vicious swoop, Arturo fired, but missed, making the bird bound upward suddenly, allowing Torqua to change his position and move into a more secure place, and to slip another arrow into his bow. Down wheeled the eagle again like an avenging fury, bent on the protection of its nest and young. As it passed it turned completely on its side, struck at the half-naked boy with its fierce talons, then dealt him a blow with its powerful wings that crushed him against the rock. But Torqua was equally quick, and as the eagle passed he drew back

the bow and sent an arrow quivering into it. The great bird uttered a wild, fierce cry and seemed to collapse in the air, fluttered heavily for a while toward the rock where the boys crouched, then, after a convulsive effort, plunged downward and fell on a rock not twenty feet from them. They raised a shout and started toward it, while Torqua climbed down and joined them. The bird which had made so fierce a fight was dead. The boys wondered at its size and powerful wings, and wished that they could measure it.

“It came near knocking me off,” said Torqua grimly, “but see, my arrow passed way through it.”

He pulled out the beautiful tail and wing feathers; then hurling the body down upon the rocks, they took up their march over the ridge and along the mountains to the temple.

The view of the blue sea, at their feet, yet one thousand feet below them, and far away the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Madres, was grand and impressive, and more than once the party stopped to enjoy it.

“It is what the Padres call *pintura*, a picture,” said Torqua, looking over the sea with glowing eyes; then he turned to the south and followed along the ridge, after a while descending into a little valley. Pointing to a clump of trees not far away he said, “There is the temple; there is Chinigchinich.”

As they walked slowly on the boys saw that the earth had been tramped and worn bare by many feet passing through an opening in the brush. Soon they found themselves in the presence of the temple of the god Chinigchinich. Arturo wished to laugh, but his brother caught his eye and shook his head as Torqua stood the picture of reverence. The temple was merely a number of long stones arranged in a large circle, points upward, in the centre of which was a rude and grotesque wooden statue with staring eyes. On the breast of this strange god was a picture of the sun, or moon, and all about it were innumerable feathers of birds which had been offered by natives. Many were held down by stones so that they could not blow away, while some were



fastened to the wooden god with cords of grass, or to posts of wood which stood upright in the ground. Torqua approached the circle with evident trepidation and passed his dearly won eagle feathers into the circle, repeating some words in his own tongue in a quaint chanting tone. Then he turned and said in Spanish, "Is it not beautiful?"

Arturo, to whom the question was addressed, evaded an answer by asking who made it.

"No one knows," said Torqua, "but it was made by my ancestors long ago, and it is the finest god and temple on any of the islands, so I have heard my father say, and he has been in the war canoes to the rancherias far to the north. Now," he continued, "I am going to take you to some of my people and the finest place on the island, the Bay of Moons.<sup>1</sup>"

"Why the Bay of Moons?" asked Arturo.

"Because," said Torqua, "the bay is like a moon—shaped like it when the dragon is half over it."

<sup>1</sup> Avalon Bay.

“A crescent?” suggested Arturo.

“Yes,” replied Torqua, though it is doubtful if he had ever heard the word.

There was a well-defined trail on the ridge of the mountains along which Torqua walked, the others following. Now through clusters of manzanita they passed, winding in and out, and after traversing hill and dale and ravines they came to the edge of a deep cañon, which fell away at their feet so precipitously that the boys instinctively drew back.

“There it is,” exclaimed Torqua, “the Bay of Moons!” his eyes kindling with delight.

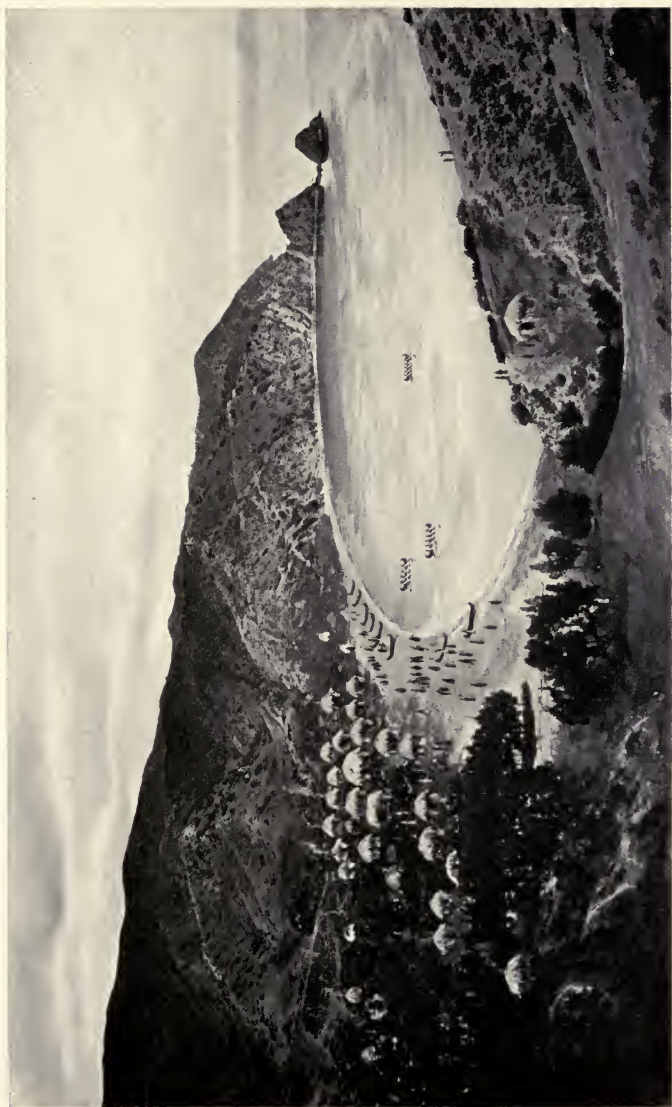
The boys shared in his enthusiasm, as beneath them was a perfect crescent of sand, in striking contrast to the blue of the bay. On each point stood rocky sentinels, the one to the north a huge, cone-shaped, sugarloaf-like rock sixty or seventy feet high, separated from the mainland by a little channel.

“Many times I have climbed that,” said Torqua; “and see,” he added, “the homes and canoes of my people!”

The boys saw a row of long canoes and balsas hauled upon the white beach and near them numbers of huts, built on a black tract of land<sup>1</sup> just back from the water. Here and there were figures moving about, and columns of smoke rose into the air, telling of the camp or town. Torqua could not restrain his impatience, and, slipping over the edge, he began the descent, disregarding the trail and making what is known as a short cut through patches of cactus and beneath great clumps of greasewood, occasionally stopping to utter a loud cry, "Alala!" that reverberated through the deep cañon and its branches. The boys, who were soon left behind, could see the Indians collecting near the foot of the mountain, and in a short time Torqua was among them. When the boys reached him, Torqua, smiling, said something in his native tongue to the Indians, then turning to them spoke in Spanish.

"These are my people, Don Arturo and Don Raphael."

<sup>1</sup> A large hotel, the Metropole, stands on this kitchen-midden to-day.



THE BAY OF MOONS.



None of the Indians understood a word of Spanish, but they crowded around the boys, patted their backs, and pointed to Torqua, who explained that they were expressing their welcome. They were tall, finely formed men, lighter than the mainland tribes, with intelligent faces. Some wore skins of the otter about their loins. All, including the children, of which there were many, looked at the boys and their white faces with the greatest curiosity.

Torqua's father now led the way to his hut, which was constructed of skins and brush, and would accommodate ten or more people. Here Torqua's mother gave the boys welcome, and they were shown his grandmother, an old woman who, he said, was one hundred and ten years old. She sat by the door weaving a basket of the twigs of willow and did not stop her work even to greet Torqua, uttering a queer grunt as he came in.

In the centre of the hut was a fire, and the smoke, which found its way out of the top, had blackened everything. Piles of abalone shells glistened in the sun at one

side, and on the fire was a stone pot, from which rose savory odors of fish and abalone.

The boys sat down on some sea lions' skins, and Torqua's sister, a bright-faced girl of sixteen, in a dress evidently made of otter skin, passed them fish in abalone shell plates and a paste of seed. She had strung about her neck row after row of beads made from shells, and in her ears were singular rings, like fish hooks, made of the pearly abalone. There was not a piece of metal in the hut, but the Indians had various articles of stone, wood, and shell to take its place. Around about the place were a number of huge stone mortars and pestles, the former filled with chia seeds and roots; on the sides hung fish lines of kelp, hooks of shell, and spears with points made of flint, while bows of wood and clubs of stone stood about.

Visitors now began to arrive, many coming in and smoking their stone pipes in silence, listening to Torqua as he related his experience. Finally he told the boys that his people would adopt them into the



tribe, and, if the soldiers came after them again, they would hide them away and fight for them if necessary.

“We must have a house here to live in,” said Torqua. “My brother has given me some stakes and skins and it will not take us long.”

Later they selected a spot on the side of a hill, and, with the help of the natives, in a short time had a hut framed and covered in to keep out the cool night air. Torqua brought great piles of soft brush and made beds, over which were thrown soft skins of the sea elephant and seal, and he produced several more for covering.

“This is great sport,” said Arturo, who was building a fire with some coals Torqua had brought in; “and after a while we can enjoy life.”

“Yes,” replied Torqua, “we will be great hunters like my father.”

They were interrupted by loud cries, and on running out they saw that a large canoe was coming in. The men paddled hard and ran it upon the beach, then leaped into the water knee-deep, seized it by the

rail, and carried it up the shore with loud shouts. The canoe was filled with beautiful fish with yellow tails and fins, some of which weighed thirty pounds. The squaws now came forward, with troops of children, and took them out of the canoe and began to clean them, while the fishermen went to their huts or threw themselves down on the sand to sleep and rest. The boys noticed that as soon as the women began work on the fish there was a great commotion among the birds. Flocks of gulls and pelicans gathered about them, coming so near that the water in the vicinity of the beach was covered with a shrieking, vociferous throng that dashed at every morsel the squaws threw at them and fought for it with great vigor. The ravens on the surrounding hills heard the clamor and began to come down from their homes in the cliffs. At first they alighted on the sand some distance away, then walked down, and, gathering about the women, tried to snatch the fish from their hands. The women shouted at them, threw sand over them, but never touched the black thieves, which Torqua said were

sacred birds which had been unmolested so long that they robbed the women with impunity, carrying off the cleaned fish and stealing from the children particularly, in the boldest fashion.

## CHAPTER X.

### DUEL OF THE SWORDFISH.

**T**HE boys readily adapted themselves to life on the Bay of Moons. It appealed to their love of adventure, as it was one of continued excitement. The natives of Torqua's tribe were hunters and the game was of the sea; big game, often dangerous, and every day some adventurous expedition was begun or planned, and some strange or new animal brought to shore. Torqua and the boys soon had their own hut complete, their canoe launched, fitted with lines, spears, bows and arrows of their own manufacture. Their large lines were made of ropes or cords obtained from the Spaniards, but the small lines were formed of the long kelp which abounded along shore, and their hooks were fashioned from the shell of the abalone.

“What do you think?” said Torqua, who

came running into the tent one morning. "Talco, my brother, has just come from the opposite side of the island and says there are swordfishes like stars in the sky there. We each need a sword, because we may go to war. We will go around and catch one."

Arturo and Raphael eagerly assented, and hurrying to their canoe which stood upon the beach, they ran it down to the water's edge, jumped in, and shoved off. They paddled around the long beach of pebbles by the precipitous bluffs which rose to meet the mountains, then turned the south end of the island, where they were greeted by the hoarse barking of the sea lions, which had formed a rookery here. The old bulls, of enormous size, stood their ground as the canoe approached, but the females and young slid off into the water, and dancing, bobbing, mermaid-like heads appeared above the surface here and there, literally surrounding the boat. But the boys paddled on, passed a strange rock with a human-like face<sup>1</sup> carved upon it by wind

<sup>1</sup> Now known as Church Rock.

and wave, then turned north and saw before them the long trend of coast line and precipitous rock cliffs of the south shore.

“It’s going to blow,” said Torqua, looking up.

“Why?” asked Arturo. “It’s as smooth as glass and not a breath of wind.”

“I don’t know,” replied Torqua. “I feel it; it blow to-morrow, perhaps to-night, you see.”

They continued to paddle on over the summer sea, skirting a wide border of kelp, their canoe cutting the water like a knife. Suddenly a huge fish leaped from the water not fifty feet from them and fell with a crash, while following came a violent swirl of waters.

“Stop!” cried Torqua, flinging down his paddle and grasping the harpoon.

“What is it?” said Arturo.

“Swordfish. See his sword? See! see!” and out of the hissing water appeared a huge body, with a long sword, and directly after it another.

“A fight! a battle!” exclaimed Torqua. “Back, Don Arturo! Back with your

paddle, as they may take us for a fish and sink us, run us through with their spears."

The boys backed water violently, and finally, when forty or fifty feet away, stopped the canoe and became witnesses to one of the most savage fights ever seen. Two swordfishes were contending for the supremacy, circling around each other on the surface, their sharp fins cutting the water with a hissing sound. Out again went one of the monsters, this time in the direction of the canoe, and behind it came the tall fin of the pursuer. The fish seemed to rise four feet clear of the water, its large staring eyes being plainly seen, then it fell so near that it almost struck the canoe. A second later a rushing, lifting body grazed it, almost tipping it over, so that they all lost their footing, and as they recovered themselves they seemed to be in a very maelstrom.

"Back, back off!" cried Torqua, seizing his paddle.

But this seemed difficult to do, as the fish were darting about, now on one side, now on the other, coming together with terrific



blows which threw the water high in air. Suddenly one of the swordfishes darted away, and as swift as a beam of light the other followed. The retreating fish made an effort to rise in air, but just as its head and sword rose above the surface the avenger, or pursuer, charged it like a cannon ball, and the excited observers saw the sword enter its gill and pass through the fish with all the cleverness of a rapier.<sup>1</sup>

“He has him!” exclaimed Raphael excitedly.

It was true; the final stroke in this duel between the great swordsmen of the sea had been given, and the attacking fish was beating the water into foam in its efforts to withdraw its weapon after the thrust, while the other lay on the surface thrashing its tail.

“Back away!” again ordered Torqua; “he may charge us yet.”

With a few sweeps of their paddles the canoe moved away to watch the finish of

<sup>1</sup> A similar battle was witnessed at Santa Catalina in 1898, and the author found the body of one of the duelists at Catalina Harbor.

this mighty struggle. But the end was near. With a violent side wrench the victor withdrew his sword, leaving the other dying on the surface.

“He has killed him for us,” said Torqua, taking up his harpoon, and, bidding Arturo paddle, they ran alongside. He hurled his weapon into the side of the fish, then, seeing that it was dead, grasped the long sword, while the boys began to paddle in shore. They landed at the mouth of a deep cañon, which came winding down from the mountains; and, having carried the canoe above the surf, they hauled the dead swordfish out upon the sands. It was ten feet in length, and had a finely formed sword three feet long. In the body were three jagged wounds, while another passed entirely through the head. The boys immediately began to cut out the sword — a long and tedious process — with bone and stone knives; but finally it was secured. Then Torqua took the skin of a dogfish which he found upon the beach and bound it about the larger end and presented to the boys a perfect sabre, a weapon the execu-

tion of which they had witnessed and which Torqua assured them, when dry, was a valuable possession.

The day had slipped rapidly away during the exciting scene attendant upon the duel, and when they turned to lift the canoe Torqua stopped and pointed out at sea. The water was calm, but, strangely enough, a very heavy sea was running, great billows coming in to sift through the barrier of the kelp bed and beat upon the rocks with a loud roar. The sky to the west was ominously black, and extending from a mass of clouds was a long, attenuated finger of fog which seemed to be the advance guard of a storm.

“No use try to go home,” said Torqua, “tip over sure, down below. I knew wind come. I feel him.”

Torqua was a true prophet. The wind at first came in puffs and gusts, the sea rose as if by magic, and then as though collecting its energies the storm burst upon the island with all the fury of a hurricane.

“No Bay of Moons to-night,” said Torqua. “What you say,” turning to his

companions, "we go to the cave and next day, when storm gone, hunt for the big seal?"

"The sea elephant?" asked Arturo.

"I think that what the Padre call him," Torqua assented, "but I don't know what you call him."

Raphael tried to explain the mysteries of pronunciation, but elephant was too much for Torqua; however, it was decided to hunt for the big animals on the following day.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SEA ELEPHANT ROOKERY.

IN leaving the beach Torqua did not follow the cañon as usual, but climbed a narrow and rocky trail, so reaching the great spur of Orizaba which reached down to the sea, forming a hogback, or rib, of the island at this point. They were well laden with strings of abalone, and Torqua bore many pounds of fish slung over his shoulder and hanging down his back, which they had caught on the way up the coast. When they reached the summit the burdens were flung down, and the boys turned their eyes out over the sea, which rested beneath them like a copper disk, tinted with a scarlet glow, while near shore it caught the reflection of the deep purple shadows which were now creeping out from rock and lee, forming a splendid transformation scene. A mile or two out was a fog bank, a mass of dove color tipped with crimson, drawn

out into an attenuated form headed for the island, laden with crisp and cooling vapors. For a mile the boys again tramped in silence, the tall pinnacle of the rock cavern being always in sight. When within a few hundred yards of it, Torqua, who was in the



*Seal Rocks.*

lead, stopped suddenly and dropped to the ground.

“What is it?” whispered Raphael, as he flattened himself between a clump of cactus.

“Some one is creeping through the weed in front of our cave,” responded Torqua.

“Do you stay here and I will go on.”

The boys remained quiet while the Indian

crept over the divide, until he was out of sight of the cave; then, rising, he ran swiftly along until he reached the top of the cavern, leaping from one rock to another, and climbing up to the flat rock that overhung the door. There he flattened out like a centipede again, wriggling his way along until he could look down without being observed. At first he did not see anything, as the shadows had grown deeper and night was coming on, but in a few moments something moved, and he made out the figure of a man. It was an Indian, almost naked, but who? Torqua knew that the natives familiar with the place would not hesitate to enter the cave, but this man moved like an enemy, and wound his way carefully, ever and anon glancing around to see if he was watched. Suddenly a small stone was dislodged by Torqua, falling directly in front of the unknown, who quickly looked up. He could not see Torqua, as the latter's head was lost against the rock, but Torqua caught one glimpse of the swarthy, vicious countenance that was turned upward, and in that fleeting



second recognized Zizu, the traitor and spy, the Indian who, for reward, had on several occasions sacrificed his adopted people to the Spaniards. Torqua remained perfectly quiet, and presently Zizu moved on until he neared the entrance of the cave, when he stopped a moment to listen, then peered through the leafy curtain and began to search for the opening. Torqua recovered himself and deftly sprang back, beckoning to Raphael, whose head he could see; then, with the lightness of a goat, he leaped down from rock to rock upon his bare feet, until he reached a position just over the spy, where he flattened himself out against the rocks and crawled to the edge. Zizu was feeling for the door, which was concealed in a maze of dry cactus leaves. Torqua was not twenty feet above him, and, carefully measuring the distance, he slid over the edge of the rock and dropped fairly upon the traitor's back, who, uttering a cry of terror, went rolling into the brush, with Torqua clinging to him like the old man of the sea. Zizu was completely demoralized, and perhaps thinking that a

wild animal had seized him, or some evil spirit, he struck at the object that held him, and endeavored to tear himself away; but Torqua had him in a grasp of iron, legs and arms about him, and, slipping his hand to Zizu's throat, choked him until he ceased struggling; then he rolled him over and held him with his knee on the chest.

"Torqua!" hissed Zizu, as he recognized him.

"Yes, Torqua," repeated the latter, rising to his feet as Raphael and Arturo ran up. "What do you want?"

Zizu refused to speak, merely glaring at the boys.

"Speak, dog!" said Torqua, taking hold of his long black hair and giving it a fierce jerk or twist; "speak, and tell us why you are stealing around here like a coyote at night."

"I was hunting for a place to sleep," retorted Zizu.

"The truth is not in you," said Torqua. "Do you know what our people will do to you if they catch you on the island? They will burn you alive as an offering to Chi-

nigchinich, the anó who sold the secrets of his people to the white man. They are after you. You were hired by the Spaniards to come over here and hunt us down, but you ran into the riata yourself. To-night you go to the Bay of Moons, and to-morrow our people will have a fiesta to celebrate your burning.”

Zizu turned an ashen color at these words, for he was a coward at heart, and his small, bead-like eyes seemed ready to pop from his head. He begged Torqua not to deliver him up, and in broken Spanish and Apache plead for his life with Arturo and Raphael.

“You like a snake, Zizu,” said Torqua. “So long as my foot is on your neck you do no harm, but take it off, you bite.”

Zizu plead so hard that finally Torqua agreed to try him, and ordered him to go and start the fire. While he was picking up wood Torqua called the boys aside and said, “He came over at night, and has his canoe hid somewhere. The Spaniards have offered him something to find out if we are here. If we let him go he will deliver us.

He dare not face my people, as they will kill him, so I think we better keep him prisoner, but we shall have to watch him."

To this the boys assented, and, calling Zizu, Torqua told him that they would let him live with them awhile, but at the first false move on his part they would kill him or turn him over to the people. Zizu seemed greatly relieved at this, and promised to do anything for his captors, but Torqua assured the boys that he was as treacherous as a snake, and would have to be watched night and day.

"At night," said Torqua grimly, "I tie him up." And when the boys lay down that night to sleep Zizu was handcuffed with fishing line to Torqua on one side and to Raphael on the other, so that any attempt to escape would be discovered. The next morning Torqua forced him to show where his canoe was concealed in the brush of a little cañon, and rendered him harmless by staving it in, as all the canoes on the island were too large for one man to manage. Zizu was trapped, and he realized it. He rarely spoke except when spoken

to, and on his sullen face there was an expression that the boys did not like. Zizu was only biding his time.

“I wish I had a new line for my harpoon,” said Raphael the next morning, as he sat in the cave trying to splice his rope of seaweed, which had been broken in several places.

“All we have to do,” said Torqua, “is to go and hunt for big seal. We want oil fat and skin for ropes. Get your harpoons and we will go.”

The boys collected their weapons, and Torqua gave Zizu an olla of water to carry. The party then wound their way down into the cañons, and so on to the beach.

The sea was now perfectly smooth, the horizon, owing to a distant cloud bank, melting imperceptibly into the sky. The canoe was run down the sands, and with four paddles it was soon shooting through the water like a living thing, producing a feeling of exhilaration in the boys, which showed itself in every move and gesture. Torqua had headed the canoe to the north, and they were passing one of the most

precipitous portions of the island. High cliffs rose abruptly from the water, cut and worn by ages of contact with sea and elements. Everywhere gigantic rocks formed the teeth of the shore line, against which, in storms, the sea ground and vented its fury; rocks which had been broken off from the cliffs above. Here were rookeries of seals and sea lions, their harsh notes being heard as the canoe shot by, while clinging to the face of the rocky wall were groups of cormorants, which gazed stupidly at the passing craft. Mile after mile dropped behind the canoe, which skirted the floating kelp bed, the rocks of the coast line ever changing; now blazing in masses of color,—red, yellow, pink, and green, or rising in sombre grays, beyond which the hills rose higher and higher, then suddenly breaking away as they rounded a point, two little harbors with silvery beaches, upon which the sea broke with a musical roar, and the town of Toybipet<sup>1</sup> coming into view. Zizu was evidently troubled, and kept his face turned seaward, perhaps

<sup>1</sup> Now Little Harbor.

with good reason, as on the beach were scores of natives, who, seeing the canoe, waved their arms for the rowers to come in.

“I would go in and rest,” said Torqua, “were it not for this miserable Zizu; they would kill him.”

Zizu was trembling with fear, and as one of the natives ran out upon a point of rocks to speak to Torqua, he dropped into the bottom of the canoe. The boys now saw that there was a large rancheria on the bluff, with many huts, and they recognized it as the town which Torqua had pointed out the day they had landed. After shouting a few moments to the man, Torqua began to paddle again, and when they had rounded a rocky point Zizu took his place. The water was alive with fishes. Schools of yellowtails, their fins out of water, swam on all sides, and among them huge sea bass. Torqua threw over a line with his abalone hook baited with a small sardine, and in a short time it was rushing out like a living thing. The boys now tossed over their lines, and the sport became fast and furious. Torqua had an enormous



yellowtail from the stern, which dragged his arms into the water in its fierce rushes. At the same time Arturo's bait was seized by a white sea bass, which darted ahead, making a tug of war. Raphael, meantime, had hooked a yellowtail from the side, and the scene was laughable in the extreme. The boys uttered loud exclamations and gave impossible orders, each being desirous of saving his own fish; but the two yellowtails ran together, entangling the lines, and escaped, leaving Raphael to play the bass, which he did with no little skill. The big fish rushed hither and yon, hauling the canoe around, circling it, plunging to the bottom to rise again in a variety of tricks, with a view to escape; but Raphael managed the noble fish well, and ultimately brought it alongside, where Torqua seized it by the gills with a quick motion, and jerked it into the canoe. He then held it up that Raphael might observe its size.

"Nearly as tall as you, Torqua," said Arturo.

"Almost," said Torqua, dropping it and taking his paddle in hand.

Up the coast they flew for an hour, the rocks becoming higher, more forbidding and precipitous. Suddenly Torqua stopped paddling.

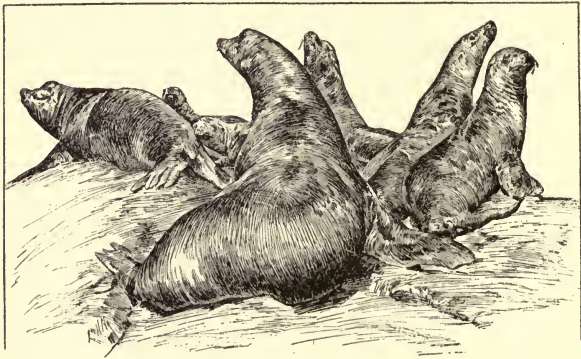
“Do you see the opening?”

“Where?” asked Raphael, looking about wonderingly.

“Right before you,” replied Torqua, laughing. “It looks like a solid wall, but the opening of a fine port is in front of you.”

Even Zizu smiled at the puzzled expression on the faces of the boys, as they could not see anything but a high wall of stone, beyond which rose the tops of mountains. Torqua took up the paddle again and with a few strokes opened up a gateway which seemed to lead into the very heart of the island. In a few moments they entered the gate and found themselves in what the Norwegians call a fjord, a deep but smooth bay surrounded by low mountains. Torqua did not row directly in, but headed the canoe toward a little beach upon the north shore, and when they had hauled it above high-water mark he led the

way up the slopes. He had not gone far before the entire view opened up and the boys looked down upon the bay and saw that it extended almost half a mile, nearly cutting the island in two, and that in the



*Sea Lions.*

centre was a singular cape with a perfect curve. On the inner or sheltered side of this the enormous forms of some animals lying on the flats were seen.

“There is our oil and rope,” said Torqua, “what you Spaniards call ole-fat.”

“The sea elephant,” said Arturo, laughing.

“We must not let them see us. Can you swim the bay?” asked Torqua.

“Yes, and more too,” replied Arturo.

“Good,” said Torqua, “follow me.”

He then fastened his harpoon over his shoulder and, having located the animals, crept carefully down to the water's edge.

“You see, Don Arturo,” he said as they waded out into the bay, “if we took our canoe over, they would hear us and slide into the water, but we can swim across, land, and creep upon them before they see us.”

This plan was followed to the letter, the boys swimming together, Zizu keeping with them. They crossed the bay and like seals themselves, headed by the Indian boy, crawled up the beach, which was covered with large pebbles, until the crest was reached. Here were clumps of low bushes, through which they carefully passed, then, at a sign from Torqua, stopped. Directly in front of them and not fifty feet away lay the sea elephants, huge, shapeless creatures, looking like gigantic caterpillars. Nearly all were over ten feet in length,

and one colossal bull must have measured eighteen or twenty feet.

The animals had not the faintest suspicion of the presence of an enemy, and in low tones Torqua gave his instructions to the excited boys.

“You, Don Arturo, take the one to the left, Zizu the next; I will try the big bull, and you, Don Raphael, rush at the big fellow beyond the bull, and,” continued Torqua, “strike hard, into the side behind the forelegs.”

All was ready. The boys, trembling, it must be confessed, with excitement, grasped their harpoons, got upon their knees, then, at the word from Torqua, they sprang forward and dashed down the incline into the herd. The sea elephants awoke at the noise, but before they had time to move the hunters were among them. Torqua was first and plunged his harpoon into the bull, which turned upon him savagely. Raphael struck his game fairly, and as it rushed clumsily for the water he followed it and was rolled over by another sea elephant which came scrambling down



THE SEA ELEPHANT ROOKERY.





the slope. Arturo missed his mark, the animal rolling away so that the weapon glanced, while Zizu, who had never been known to hunt and who was a coward at all things, fared the worst. He stood off and hurled his harpoon at a bull, slightly wounding it, whereupon the animal charged him with open mouth, upon which he backed away, falling over a log. Before he could recover the enraged sea elephant was upon him, seized him, fortunately by the deer skin about his loins, and with an upward jerk of its powerful head tossed the unfortunate Zizu into the air.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A FIERY STEED.

**T**ORQUA, who, stone club in hand, had run in front of the sea elephant he had struck to prevent it from reaching the water, caught a glimpse of Zizu as he was tossed, and gave an involuntary shout of laughter as the native fell upon the back of the enraged animal and rolled upon the ground.

“Come, Zizu,” he cried, “show yourself a hunter.”

But Zizu, recovering his feet, sprang clear of the herd, which, demoralized, was rushing in every direction, endeavoring to reach the water. The boys rallied at Torqua’s call and succeeded in driving the wounded animals in and gradually up the slope, where Torqua despatched them by striking them on the nose. They were huge creatures, the male having a snout or proboscis six or

eight inches long, which it inflated when enraged and which gave it an elephantine and ferocious appearance. Torqua walked down the beach and soon returned with a large olla for trying out the blubber. He then went to work cutting up the skin of the animal into long strips. Every portion of the sea elephant appeared to possess some value. Its blubber was converted into oil, its skin into rope, and its bones into handles to various utensils. Torqua also carefully pulled out the whiskers, which he tied together to make brushes, or to be used separately as needles. The meat was laid out to dry. Zizu did not wait until it was boiled, but ate certain portions raw, evidently considering it a dainty. The blood from the animals had run down into the water, so reaching the little bay, and after a while the boys noticed numbers of large fins moving vigorously about — sharks gathering for the feast.

“Zizu,” said Torqua, “swim over and bring the canoe back.”

“I will go around,” replied Zizu in the Indian tongue, furtively gazing with terror

at the sharks, which were within a few feet of the shore.

“No, you will swim,” said Torqua menacingly, walking toward him. “Go,” he said, “or I will throw you in.”

Zizu shook like a leaf, nearly falling to the ground, an abject spectacle, as Torqua took hold of him.

“You are a coward, Zizu,” insisted Torqua, and forthwith he dragged him into the water and waded out among the sharks, to the amazement of the boys. The water was fairly boiling about the two, but Torqua dragged the struggling native out until they were over their depth, driving him on, then following him, and the boys could hear him taunting the unfortunate Zizu for his cowardice all the way over. They reached the shore safely and brought back the canoe, when Torqua explained to the boys that the sharks were perfectly harmless, that he had driven Zizu in to punish him for some of his acts of faithlessness to his people in the past.

It was hard and disagreeable work to cut up the big sea elephant with stone and flint

knives, but finally they obtained what Torqua said they would need. The meat and skin were loaded into the canoe, and leaving the oil for a future trip, the hunters pushed out into the bay and were soon paddling down the rocky coast before the strong west wind which had now sprung up. It was late in the afternoon when they reached the vicinity of the cañon. Flying fishes came soaring near and into the boat; one struck Raphael so violently on the neck that he lost his balance and toppled over backward into Torqua's lap. Then a remarkable scene was enacted. A large fish, or many, surged along the surface, with albicores and bonitos, dozens leaping into the air, while flying fishes by the score rose in every direction, soaring over the boat, presenting a marvellous spectacle.

“Cabálla!” shouted Torqua, ducking his head to avoid a flying fish. “Cabálla! Look out for your eyes!”

The boys dropped into the bottom of the canoe to avoid the flying fishes, and gazed with wonder at the leaps of the tunas. They were four, five, even six feet in

length, gracefully built, with yellow fins, and made prodigious leaps upward after the flying fishes, occasionally catching them

in the air as a hawk would a bird, turning gracefully, and com-

ing down like an arrow.



*Flying Fish.*

“Suppose they strike the boat?” said Raphael, as a huge fish plunged into the water within a few feet

of the canoe, hurling water and spray over them.

“Jump overboard,” replied Torqua.

The excitement was increasing, and now several acres of the ocean surface was a mass of foam, caused by the rushes of the insatiate fishes, which, crazed by the sight of their prey, were now killing in wanton sport. The fishes were gradually moving to the south, and Torqua took up a coil of line obtained in barter from the Russians, to which was attached a large bone hook,

and fastened to it a flying fish which had come aboard, and with much skill sent it whirling into the school. The moment it struck the surface there came a swirl of waters and out rushed the line, Torqua tossing over coil after coil as rapidly as he could.

“Drop down low!” he cried, as the end came, “flat in the bottom.”

The boys did so and not a moment too soon, as the line was exhausted and suddenly came taut. The canoe was jerked around as though on a pivot and surged on after as fiery a steed as was ever harnessed to a canoe. The fish swam directly out to sea, taking them through the leaping school, where every moment the boys expected to see a fish drop into the canoe, Zizu in particular casting apprehensive and terrified glances at the jumpers. Torqua had slipped the line into a notch in the bow of the canoe, and, leaning back, held it down, as it was evident that if the fish, in one of its rushes, got the line over the side the frail craft would be swamped. On the fish rushed, carrying a big wave ahead, out by the kelp beds where the rollers began



to be felt, headed for the unknown west. After a mile or more had been covered and the fish displayed no signs of letting up, Torqua hauled on the line and passed it to his companions, bidding them haul in. This was easier said than accomplished, but the boys lay back and tugged at the line with all their strength, gradually gaining foot by foot, until finally the fish was turned and dashed in the direction of the shore, towing them toward their own beach, which could now be seen glistening like a pearl against the sombre base of the island shore. Raphael and Arturo could not conceive it possible that a fish could tow a boat so rapidly, or for so long a distance, and watched every movement of their steed with wonder and amazement.

“How large do you think he is?” asked Arturo, wiping the spray from his eyes.

“Perhaps as long as the canoe,” said Torqua, whose face was flushed from the strain of holding on to the line; “big enough to tow us all around the island.”

As he spoke the line slackened suddenly,

and Torqua sprang to his feet, uttering an exclamation of astonishment.

“Is he away?” asked Raphael, also starting up.

“No, no,” replied Torqua, “but he may be—see! see!” he cried, “there he comes!”

A remarkable spectacle was now witnessed. The fish was coming along the surface, throwing the water and headed directly for the canoe. Torqua hauled the line, hand over hand, as rapidly as possible, but he could not keep pace with the cabálla or tuna, which, when within ten or fifteen feet of the canoe, turned suddenly, blazing like a mass of silver, displaying for a moment its huge proportions, then darted away again with amazing speed. The boys were very much excited at the manoeuvre, not knowing what it meant; but Torqua was a skilled fisherman, and his bronzed body stood firm, his arms working like windmills as he played the fish, hauling and slacking. It was only a trick of the big fish, an attempt to break the line, and soon it was rushing along, towing them as before. As they were being taken in the

direction of home, Torqua did not attempt to haul again. Nearer and nearer they came to the cañon, finally passing not two hundred feet from the beach. As their untiring steed displayed no signs of stopping it became necessary to bring matters to a climax, so Torqua gave the word and all hands hauled on the line, forcing the fish to swim in a circle about them, bringing it nearer and nearer, despite its tremendous rushes and plunges. Presently Raphael cried that he could see it below them. Up it came, foot by foot, fighting desperately, Torqua shouting ejaculations of encouragement, the boys, holding, hauling with all their power. Another heave and the great fish appeared alongside, beating the water into foam, swimming sturdily ahead, still resisting and full of fight. Torqua now grasped his harpoon and plunged it into the tuna, then reached over and, taking it by the gills, lifted, intending to slide it into the canoe.

The gunwale was pressed dangerously low and just as the fish was about to topple in it gave a mighty lunge, the boys slipped,

lost their balance, and slid to that side. The canoe careened and foundered, throwing the excited crew into the water. For a moment the light craft disappeared, then came up end first, shooting into the air. Torqua shouted to the boys to right her, as he still held the harpoon, having pluckily clung to it, — a fact which was very evident when he disappeared beneath the surface, the fish jerking him down. Up he came again, striking out sturdily with one arm and holding the harpoon with the other. Raphael and Arturo had righted the canoe and were now treading water by her side and pushing her toward him. Finally Torqua reached them and grasped the canoe by the rails. All this required several minutes, and as they clung to the canoe Raphael said, “Where is Zizu?” The Indian had disappeared.

There was a heavy ground swell running, making it difficult for them to see objects on the water, but in a few moments Torqua exclaimed, “There he is!”

As the swimmers turned they saw the dark form of Zizu crawling out of the undertow of a big roller upon the beach.

“Coward all the time,” said Torqua, dashing his long black hair from his eyes.

They righted the canoe as well as they could, getting some of the water out of it, then Raphael swam off and picked up the paddles and harpoon handles and other things which were floating about, after which the canoe was turned in the direction of the beach and slowly pushed in, hampered not a little by the fish, which Torqua still held and which lunged heavily, retarding their progress.

It took them some time to reach the beach, but finally, on the crest of a big roller, they went flying in, and the canoe was left stranded. Quickly tipping out the water, Raphael and Arturo dragged it up the sandy incline, while Torqua hauled the tuna above high-water mark.

“Where is Zizu?” asked Arturo, who was stripping off his dripping clothes.

Torqua started, looked up and down the beach, his eye following along the ridge which led to the cave, but Zizu was not to be seen.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A MAN HUNT.

**T**ORQUA was greatly excited at the discovery, the boys proportionately depressed, and they hurried along, the Indian running at the top of his speed toward the cave. When the others caught up they found him standing as one bewildered.

“I knew he would leave us. I should have killed him. You know, Don Arturo, it is the way of our people with prisoners of war; they have to die. But I knew your Qua-o-ar (God) says not to kill, so I let him live, and now he, being a zizu (devil), will kill us if he can; but *nop nom nahacua*,” continued Torqua, dropping into his own language as though talking to himself, the words meaning “I shall hear.” “Do you, Don Arturo and Don Raphael, stay here and keep watch; one listen and



one sleep, while I will go to my people and tell them that Zizu is here."

Torqua threw on his otter skin, as the night was coming on, and started down the slope, running so rapidly that his dark form was soon lost in the shadows. It was over two leagues to the Bay of Moons. He knew that by following the great cañon he could reach it in two hours, but as he was about to turn up the stream he suddenly stopped and stood for a moment, seemingly listening to the soft moaning of the wind as it rustled the leaves. He was thinking — would not Zizu hide on the beach and after they had gone steal the light canoe and attempt to reach the mainland? So convinced was he of the correctness of this sudden inspiration that he turned abruptly and ran down the cañon toward the sound of the sea, which could be distinctly heard. Every foot of the way was well known to him, so he dashed on, leaping from rock to rock, bounding over trunks of trees, now fording the little stream or crossing portions of the mesa, finally coming to the sand dunes which



made up the beach. Here he carefully crept to where they had left the canoe hardly an hour before. There was a deep cut in the sand; that was all. The canoe was gone.

To be outwitted by Zizu, to be played such a trick, was too much for Torqua's equanimity, and he began a frantic dance against Zizu, after the fashion of his people, which was supposed to have a terrible effect; but Zizu had the canoe and had escaped. Torqua knew that the renegade Apache was a poor sailor and could with difficulty manage the craft; he also knew that the wind was off shore at night and that it would be almost impossible for Zizu to reach the mainland. What then? He raised his eyes and looked off over the water and far away saw a light; a grass fire on distant Kinkipar, the island called by the Spaniards San Clemente, named by Viscaino after St. Clement.

The wind was favorable, Kinkipar was but four leagues away. Zizu would row there. The Kinkipar people were not friendly to those of Pimug-na and would

welcome a spy like Zizu, who would promise them a great reward from the Spaniards if they would row him over to the mission in one of their large canoes. All this was worked out to a logical conclusion in a very few moments in Torqua's active brain, and, turning, he ran up the cañon. In half an hour he reached the wide, broad mesa, what is now Middle Ranch, in the shadow of the mountains, where there was a good trail winding in and out among the cactus patches. Here he made rapid time, so rapid, indeed, that in little over two hours he came in sight of the bay, saw the lights of the rancherias, and a few moments later, breathless and excited, bounded into the hut of his father, the chief. The very name of Zizu, the traitor, aroused the natives, and as they crowded about and listened to Torqua's explanation they all agreed that he was wise, that Zizu would make for Kinkipar, and decided that they would overtake him or, in any event, would send a war party over to demand him.

The warriors of ancient Avalon were men

of action. They gathered their arrows, bows, and war clubs at once, some of the women brought out dried seal meat and placed it in the large canoes, others filled the ollas with water from the spring, while here and there loud wailing rose, a dirge for the memory of some relative who had been lost in former wars with the people of the off-shore island. The squaws crowded around, bearing the arms of their fathers, brothers, and husbands. The chiefs or captains of each lodge were provided with long stone clubs, — terrible weapons, — while all had spears of wood with flint points, and bows and arrows. Many of the Indians had knives of flint and other stone, several bore clubs or swords formed of the ribs of the whale, while others again were provided with weapons like hammers, stones bound to clubs, to fling at or strike down an enemy. There was great excitement. Young warriors strutted about before the admiring gaze of the young squaws. It was their first war expedition. Some boasted what they would do to the Kinkipars and Zizu, while above all rose the

wailing dirge from the old women, telling of death and despair.

In an incredibly short space of time the warriors were ready. They now ran the large war canoes down to the water and with wild shouts leaped in, soon being lost in the deep shadows which hung about the base of the island.

Torqua had watched the exciting scene with shining eyes and longed to join them, but he knew that there was a possible chance that Zizu might have sailed for the mainland, in which event he would lead back a party of soldiers directly to the cave; and, being loyal to his young friends, he had decided that it was his duty to return to them.

What pangs it caused him to resist going on the first war party that it was possible for him to engage in can be imagined, as to distinguish one's self in battle was a sentiment which pervaded every savage breast, and the young men in the tribe were not considered warriors until they had engaged in actual war. So it was with feelings of disappointment that Torqua turned

upward over the mountain trail. The moon had risen, the stars shone brightly, and each bush and tree cast a sharp shadow on the trail before him. Turning to rest after a steep climb, he faced the ocean and saw the moon, a river of light, blazing its way across the sea. As he looked, several objects moved into its path, were for a moment illumined by its radiance, then disappeared. It was the fleet of canoes, the war party moving against the ancient enemy of Pimug-na to demand by force of arms the traitor Zizu.

Torqua would be called a sentimentalist to-day, as he was easily and strongly affected by Nature; beautiful scenery, the sea, beauty, bravery, all kindled his blood, aroused him to action; and now, overcome by the charm of the night, he stood drinking it in, wondering at the wild thoughts which swept through his brain. Tobaquar, the whole earth, sea and land and stars of the sky, seemed to be spread before him. At his feet glistened the fires of the rancherias, and he could hear the crackling as the women piled on more brush. Then

the wind sighed through the holly trees, the air seemed to tremble with a rustling sound. To Torqua the leaves of a tree were its ears (*nanah*), and he wondered if they, too, heard the mystic sounds of night, the musical whispering, the tinkling of wild grasses, the notes of the night hawk, or the never-ceasing cry of the cricket. As he stood on the edge of the divide every sound from far below came with striking distinctness.

Suddenly a strange cry — “cu, cu, cu” — rent the air. Torqua’s knees trembled as he listened. He had heard the old men of his tribe tell of the bird Cuwot, a mysterious creature which had never been seen, a creature of the dark night which cried “cu, cu, cu;” a bird so gigantic that it once carried a warrior across the river at Yang (Los Angeles). Torqua stopped not to consider that it might be, as it was, the squeaking of a limb, but turned and ran, startling a large hawk, which rose screaming above him, which Torqua was positive was the bird Cuwot, and which lent wings to his feet as he dashed up the mountain, reach-



ing the temple of Chinigchinich, where, breathless, he flung himself down among the eagle and raven feathers at the base of the grotesque statue of the god, safe at last, saved from the Cuwot.

How long he lay there he did not know, but the sun was illumining the peak of Orizaba when he answered the call of Don Arturo and entered the cave, looking very much bedraggled. He at once related his experiences, not excepting his narrow escape from the Cuwot, which he took as a bad omen.

“You may laugh,” said Torqua, as the boys looked credulous at his tale, “but if you ever hear the cry of the Cuwot on a dark night, look out for yourself; it brings misfortune.”

The Indian was so confident that some ill was about to befall them that he insisted upon the boys leaving the cave, nor could they dissuade brave Torqua from it. The superstition of ages, the inheritance of untold generations could not be changed in a night, so the boys made preparations to leave. The large mortars and ollas were



buried, then taking their weapons and packs they followed their Indian friend up along the mountain ridge.

“If Zizu comes back,” the latter said, “he will lead his people to the cave for his reward; if we stay there, we will be caught. It is warm; now the rains are over we can sleep in the hay or grass.”

Half an hour later they came to a dense grove of cotton-woods in a deep cañon,<sup>1</sup> in which a small stream flowed musically. In the grove was a patch of grass, now hay, which was so high that an enemy could pass within a few feet without seeing them. Torqua threw down his pack and went down the stream a short distance, returning with a stone; by repeating the trip he built up a fireplace, then grinding some grass into a compact mass he ignited it with two pieces of flint, waving the ball in the air in a peculiar way until it broke into flame, completing the operation so quickly that it aroused the admiration of his companions.

“We have metals — gold, silver, iron,

<sup>1</sup> Cotton-wood cañon.

copper, brass — out of which vessels are made, while you have only stones, shells, wood, and bone; yet you have almost everything you need to obtain food and cook it," remarked Arturo, watching the flames.

Torqua laughed as he thrust a quail, that he had knocked down, on a stick and prepared to hold it over the fire.

"Yes; but I would use the Spanish things if I could get them. To make ollas, spears, arrowheads, is hard work. Come with me and I will show you where the ollas are made for all the country. My people, the Pimug-nas, were famous warriors, sea fighters, and the richest of all the tribes. They had the secret of olla-making, and sold them to the people on the shore, sending over canoe-loads at a time."

As he spoke Torqua turned the quail on the long stick. This, with two more, he served with red ripe tunas. After the meal he covered up the fire and led the way up the cañon. It was a deep gulch to the north of Orizaba, filled in places with trees. Raphael said it was the cañon of

meadows, but Torqua said, "Why call them by name, like a man, there are so many?"

They passed through patches of cactus and up a steep slope, where the cañon widened out and great ledges of grayish rock cropped out here and there. Torqua went up to one, and after hunting around brought out from the brush an olla half completed, several flint knives, scrapers, and hammers. He then pointed to the rocks, and the boys saw that nearly every one was scarred, as though something had been broken off. On one boulder an object like a cannon ball stood out, and every ledge bore several of the round objects in various stages, from a flat disk to an almost perfect ball ready to be broken off.

"This is where my people make ollas," said Torqua proudly. "The rock is soft (steatite or soapstone), and they take a knife like this;" and suiting the action to the word, he began to chip the soapstone in a circle, outlining an olla. "This takes days, sometimes a moon before the ball is worked out. This one I cut myself," and he stepped over to a rock where a ball

was complete. Taking up a heavy stone, he struck the attached ball a quick blow, severing it from the rock. "Now all you have to do," he continued, "is to dig it out. Old squaw must do that."



*Olla Partly Worked Out.*

Torqua led them from ledge to ledge, nearly all bearing an olla in some stage. Finally they passed over the divide and faced the blue sea or channel, beyond which rose the peaks of the Sierra Madre range. Part way down the slope was a rocky mass, which the boys discovered was

a small mountain<sup>1</sup> of soapstone, covered on the south slope with scars where the ollas had been broken off, while the ground all about was strewn with ollas, perfect, broken, and in all stages, mixed with flint knives, showing that the manufactory had been in operation for years.

Torqua had climbed upon the mountain and stood looking out over the blue channel, when suddenly he uttered an exclamation and came running down.

“What is it?” asked Arturo.

“*Capa montes* — goats,” replied Torqua, pointing to a neighboring peak. “Do you see those white and black spots against the rock?”

The boys looked in the direction indicated and finally made out the animals.

“It is lucky we brought our bows and arrows; we can have barbecued<sup>2</sup> goat for supper. I remember how Padre Anselmo

<sup>1</sup> This ancient olla manufactory at Empire Landing was rediscovered in 1876 by Mr. Paul Schumacher, representing the Smithsonian. Many of the unfinished ollas, are still to be seen as they were left by Torqua's people.

<sup>2</sup> Roasted over hot coals.

taught me how to make what he call 'bar-bacoa,'” and Torqua smacked his lips and rubbed his stomach with the palm of his hand. “You cut a piece of meat, run it on a willow pole, and turn it slow, very slow, over hot coals,” and Torqua turned his bow as he spoke, “turn very slow until it all cooked black; then eat. Alala! Padre Anselmo like his stomach; he must have been cook for the king; he tell so much. He like *chili Colerado*, *chili con carne* —”

“Hold on,” cried Arturo, “you make me hungry. If we can kill a goat, let us have this famous barbecue.”

“Good!” exclaimed Torqua. “Come,” and down the slope he ran, stopping at a little spring that had made a green patch on the hillside, where they knelt down and took a long drink, then in single file, Torqua leading, they ran down the slope.

Torqua's plan was to gain the opposite side of the mountain and creep upon the goats, and after a hard and tiresome climb of an hour they found themselves clinging to the rough face of a cliff down from which reached a dizzy precipice.

“Don’t slip,” cautioned Torqua, whose bare feet fitted into the crevices like a goat’s hoofs. “One slip and you roll—roll—never stop.”

The boys found it safer not to look at the abyss, and moved along clinging to the ledge, finally coming to a shelf, up which they climbed, bringing them nearly to the summit.

“Now,” whispered Torqua, “creep over the edge and shoot as quick as you see them.”

With arrows fixed, they flattened themselves out and crept along over the rocks. Suddenly, with startling distinctness, came the bleating cry of a young goat, and not ten feet from them a little kid sprang upon a rock and stood eying them with wonder and surprise. Its innocence and utter helplessness must have appealed to the boys; even the savage heart of Torqua, that had been trained to laugh at sympathy, was apparently touched by the sight, as he made no movement. The kid hopped down, its little hoofs clinking on the rocks. Then the three hunters sprang to their



feet and appeared like apparitions to the herd upon a ledge immediately below them. Twang! twang! twang! sounded the bows, and a buck with large horns and long, bushy beard leaped into the air and went crashing down the mountain, while a half-grown goat was so badly wounded by Arturo that Torqua sprang forward and seized it. Raphael alone had missed. They had enough meat, and after putting the dying animal out of its misery, Torqua lowered himself down the cliff and secured his game.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AN OTTER HUNT.

**T**ORQUA hauled his goat to the upper ledge, skilfully skinned it, and taking the best portions, threw them over his bare shoulders, and led the way down the mountain. The sun was overhead, beating down so hot and pitilessly that they were glad to reach the head of the cotton-wood cañon where the high brush afforded them protection. Here the hunters met a party of Indians travelling from the isthmus town of Sonag-na to the Bay of Moons, and asked them to join them, and an hour later they were lying under the cotton-woods at the camp, through which a cool breeze swept, watching Torqua barbecue a goat, an interesting and savory operation. Tomat,<sup>1</sup> an old Indian, assisted. The haunch, pierced by a long pole, was held over the glowing

<sup>1</sup> Lightning.

coals and turned continually, Tomat holding it until his face became almost blistered, then Torqua relieved him until the meat had been thoroughly browned, when it was torn in pieces and handed around.

After this Tomat brought out his pipe, a curious object resembling a funnel, ten inches in length and made of the same soft stone which was used in making ollas. In the smaller end was fitted a mouthpiece of bone from the leg of a bird, which was held in place by asphaltum. Tomat filled the straight pipe with native tobacco, lighted it, and, bending his head far back so that the tobacco would not drop or roll out, took several puffs and passed it to his neighbor. The odor of this native tobacco reached Raphael and Arturo, and was so singularly sickening and nauseous that they made an excuse to rise and step aside when the pipe reached them.

“My people will not like you to refuse,” said Torqua, with an ill-concealed smile.

“Tell them that I am homesick,” said Arturo jokingly.

“And for me,” said Raphael, “say that

I have taken an oath to Saint Catherine of the island not to smoke for two moons as a penance, and cannot break it.”

Torqua explained this, but the old Indian held out the pipe and insisted, with a jargon that was undoubtedly a strong protest and an argument in favor of their showing their friendship. So the boys reluctantly accepted the pipe in turn, took a puff, and passed it on. After the pipe had been passed Tomat took from his back an otter skin, which he unrolled, displaying a number of bones of various sizes, from one ten inches long to the leg bone of a small bird. These were perforated with holes at regular intervals, and the large one was ornamented with bits of pearly abalone fastened to the bone with asphaltum. These objects were musical instruments, whistles and flutes, and with much ceremony Tomat handed them around. Then, observing that each guest was supplied, he gave a shrill whistle upon the leg bone of a deer as a signal, and every one joined, producing a medley of sounds that must have startled the birds in the bush. Each player followed his own

taste and inclination as to the sounds. There was unanimity upon but one point; this was the degree of noise produced. Every one blew as loudly as possible, and Raphael and Arturo, not to be outdone in the gentle art, being skilled upon the Italian piccolo, produced so many remarkable sounds that the amazed Indians gradually ceased and listened. Then Tomat handed Arturo his ornamented flute, who, after trying it and finding that it was something like an ordinary piccolo, managed to produce some simple Spanish airs, which so excited and pleased the old Indian that he began to dance and sing. The dance, Torqua said, described the coming of the seasons, the raindrops and flowers, and consisted principally of stamping heavily upon the ground, looking very fierce, and shouting with a guttural sound and breathing heavily. Finally the old Indian addressed Arturo and Torqua, explained that he was a famous musician and maker of musical instruments,<sup>1</sup> and that he presented the bone flute

<sup>1</sup> The author has taken several of these flutes from the mounds of the Catalina Islands. They were buried with their owners.

to Arturo in appreciation of his musical gifts. Arturo asked Torqua to thank the old man, and told him that he would play for him at any time.

“I think,” he continued, examining the flute, “that I could improve on this. I never expected to make music from a deer’s leg.”

The Indians now rose and, after expressing their good will, left the camp for the Bay of Moons, Tomat playing as he went, while Arturo sounded his instrument until the last naked figure disappeared over the divide.

“When are we to see the white otter?” asked Arturo, as they lay in the grass after the departure.

“*Quen sabe,*” replied Torqua, laughing. “I have seen but two in all my life, but I know where there is one, and we will go and look to-day. If you want, we can get plenty of others, black otter.”

“Good!” cried Raphael. “What think you of a white otter shirt for me, Torqua?” he said, pointing to his ragged shirt.

“Black otter good for winter,” said

Torqua. "Now summer, this good," and he slapped his naked skin.

"But my skin burns and blisters," said Raphael. "How is it that you don't, Torqua?"

"I don't know," replied Torqua. "Your face don't burn, Don Raphael. Torqua's skin all face."

The boys laughed heartily at this clever explanation, and as their clothes and shoes had worn out it was evident that the time had come when they would have to go almost naked, as did the Indians in summer, or dress in skins; so, as otter skins were best adapted for clothes, they were eager for the hunt. As they might not return for a day or more, they took some dried meat in their packs, their bows, arrows, and spears, and *macánas*, and with Torqua in the lead began the march down the cañon to the south coast. They followed the stream that was eddying along beneath the branches of trees and bushes, now disappearing altogether in the sand, to reappear later on where the deep shadows prevented evaporation. Torqua, whose high spirits



could not be restrained, sang a quaint song, that startled the birds as he strode along :

“ Non im mainoc, ni mainoc,  
Non im mainoc, ni mainoc,  
Yobare,”

which he translated to the boys :

“ I do what I am doing,  
I do what I am doing,  
O church.”

Torqua's songs seemed to have little meaning, but they were musical and the boys encouraged him.

“ When you hear birds sing and see beautiful things,” cried Torqua, “ you sing this :

“ Nop nom nahacua,  
Non im nahacua,  
Alala !’

“ Meaning ‘ Thou shalt hear the things that I hear,’ and as a chorus ‘ Alala,’ meaning ‘ Oho, oho !’ ” which was shouted loudly and made a great deal of noise, — a strong feature in all native music.

“ I shall never learn your language,

Torqua," cried Arturo, after many laughable efforts to sing the song.

"So I say to Father Anselmo about Español," replied Torqua. "I was one, two years, before I could speak; before then it was all sign. But I learn; you see I speak Spanish very fine, Don Arturo."

Torqua's Spanish was two-thirds Spanish and one-third Indian, and the boys often guessed at his meaning, but they did not dispute his claims to linguistic powers.

"Ah, Spanish is easy to learn," replied Raphael, but Torqua made a wry face as he thought of the lessons and the strappings he had jointly received from the Padre of the mission. As they strode along Torqua suddenly gave a shout of delight and ran up a cañon and was soon climbing a small, smooth-leaved tree, which the boys saw was loaded with cherries. When they tried to eat them the cherry proved to be almost all stone, but Torqua gathered quantities of the fruit, and later he pounded the seeds in a stone mortar and formed a paste, which, when cooked, resembled frijoles.<sup>1</sup> Near the

<sup>1</sup> Beans.

cherry trees grew a plant resembling a thistle, which bore small, gray, oblong seeds called *chia*, which were ground and made into a meal which the boys found palatable, in the absence of bread. Now and then shooting partridge or dove, chasing the diminutive foxes, with loud shouts they entered fully into the delights of this wonderful outdoor life, and it was well along in the afternoon when they came to the end of a cañon, where the water fell over a boulder into a fern-lined pool and was lost in the sand dunes. The trees clustered around the rock, forming a natural hut or arbor.

“Here we will sleep to-night,” said Torqua, throwing down his pack.

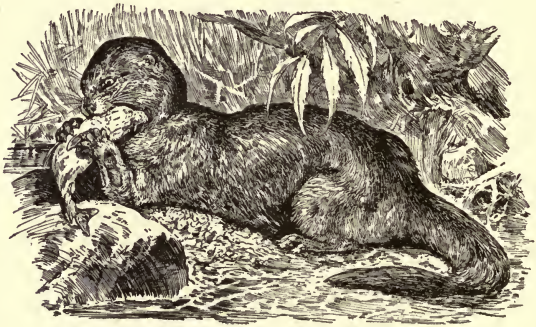
He quickly built a fire, and after a dinner of roast partridge and tunas they walked down to the sandy beach and made their way around the wild and jagged stones which had rolled down from the mountains here to form the shore line. Twenty or thirty yards from the rocks the kelp extended, the long, olive-hued leaves lying prone upon the surface, the entire mass rising and falling with each incoming wave

and forming a complete breakwater to the coast. This submarine forest was the home of the sea otter, the animal lying in the kelp leaves.

Torqua dropped behind the rocks and began to work his way along so that his body would not be seen, in which he was closely followed by his companions. Every few feet he would rise carefully, and from some vantage scan the kelp bed. They finally reached a large rock which rose twenty or thirty feet from the ocean, evidently surrounded at high tide. Climbing up the sides of this the boys took refuge in a cleft of the rock, from which they could see the kelp bed for a long distance. The rocks were covered with broken abalone shells, showing that it had been frequented by other otter hunters. Torqua was engaged in telling the boys about the white otter he had seen here, when suddenly he grasped Arturo by the arm and pointed to the kelp. In a little open place not two feet square they saw the head of some animal, which might have been that of a large cat. It had bright eyes and was glancing

sharply about, as though expecting an enemy.

For a moment or two Torqua did not move; he might have been a part of the dark rock upon which he crouched; then he began an almost imperceptible move-



*Sea Otter.*

ment, bringing his bow and arrow into position. In the meantime the sea otter seemed to have satisfied herself that there was no danger and with utter abandon threw herself upon her back, feet up in the air, and then the hunters saw that there were two animals, — a small otter not over eight inches long which had up to this time been concealed by its mother. The little

one was very playful and crawled upon her, then she took it in her arms very much as a mother would her child, tossed it upward, turning it over, tapping it with her paws, diving beneath it, playing hide-and-seek among the kelp leaves, and in many ways displaying maternal affection. A score of times Torqua was about to shoot as the otter exposed herself, but the boys stayed his hand and begged him to spare her. Again, if she should be killed, what would become of the baby otter? Torqua listened to these whispering arguments of Arturo and Raphael with utter amazement.

“But we came to get otters,” he whispered, his fingers playing on the bowstring.

“Not that one,” cried Arturo; “not that little mother. I never could wear her skin as a shirt. Every time I put it on I should think of this scene.”

Torqua looked at his two companions with growing astonishment, and deep in his savage heart he began to suspect that perhaps his friends were very strange in the head.

“Well,” whispered Torqua, “you do not



have to wear it. I shall be glad to get it for myself," and he drew back his bow; as he did so Raphael sprang to his feet and with a loud shout sent the otters scurrying away out of danger. Torqua was inclined to be angry at first, then he burst into laughter. "We come otter hunting for nothing!" he cried.

"No, no," answered Arturo, "we spare that one because it was so much like a human mother and child."

This made Torqua laugh the more, and he finally explained that all otters played in a similar way, and that if they spared them for that reason, they would never get one. The boys were somewhat nonplussed at this, but they kept under cover, and finally Arturo thought he saw a small black object swimming towards them just beyond the kelp. It proved to be an otter, perhaps on a fishing expedition. On it came, swimming rapidly, and as it reached a point exactly opposite, Torqua drew his bow. The otter turned and bit at itself, then commenced to beat the water and swim in a circle, whereupon Torqua threw



down his bow and plunged from the rock, swimming for the struggling animal. As he approached, it attempted to dive, but it was pierced through with the arrow and turned and menaced him with a vicious snarl; but Torqua seized it by the leg and towed it to the rock, where he despatched it and drew it up for the inspection of his companions, who admired its glossy fur or pelt. The young hunters concealed themselves again, sweeping the kelp bed with their eyes, watching for the faintest ripple on the water which might tell of the otter. Torqua had climbed a higher point, and as the boys were about dropping off into a siesta after a long watch they heard him utter a suppressed sound to attract their attention, and looking in the direction indicated, saw, not one, but four or five heads coming down the kelp bed. One was very light indeed. As it came nearer it appeared white, and Torqua leaned toward them behind the rock and whispered excitedly, "The white otter!"

It was the rarest of animals, without doubt, and presently it leaped partly from

the water, showing its entire form of pure white. Torqua quickly gave his directions. They were all to shoot at the word, aiming just below and back of the head. The otters, like seals and sea lions, had a habit of swimming along the kelp bed, and the party was indulging in this pastime. As they passed the rock not thirty feet away the boys let fly at them, the arrows striking in the midst of the pack, causing a great commotion, two being wounded; but the white otter, the one their hearts were set upon, dashed away under water. It had escaped, as usual, protected as Torqua firmly believed by some especial charm. Arturo and Raphael dashed overboard to secure the game and drew two fine otters to the rock. As they crawled up they saw that Torqua had reached the highest pinnacle of the point and was looking out to sea, talking to himself in an excited manner.

“What is it, Torqua?” cried Raphael, tossing his otter down and shaking his black hair furiously, making the water fly.

Torqua did not reply; he merely pointed seaward, and following the direction of his

arm they looked and made out a fleet of large canoes, at least twenty in number, loaded with men, coming up the coast from the direction of Kinkipar. They were half a league from shore, but the boys could see the foam beneath the paddles and the white spray under the bows as the canoes plunged into the waves, urged on by the sturdy arms of the native rowers.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ZIZU ESCAPES.

**T**ORQUA was puzzled. The canoes were shaped like those of his people, but they were twice the number which made up the fleet that had sailed for Kinkipar to demand the surrender of Zizu. Again, they were headed to the north and were moving rapidly away from the Bay of Moons and its vicinity. Torqua watched them, bidding the boys keep out of sight until they had passed a long point to the north; then, after rapidly skinning the otters, they swam ashore, the tide having surrounded the rock, and made their way slowly to the beach, finding their camp as they had left it. Torqua was very quiet, considering their successful hunt and the three fine otter skins hanging on the limb. He built the fire, made cakes of wild cherry seed, roasted some doves, and after they had eaten, suddenly announced that they had better

go down to the rancheria, Toybipet, at the two harbors to find out what the fleet of canoes meant. In a word, Torqua, easily influenced by signs and tokens, had a premonition that something was wrong, and, packing the skins, the party started, climbing the steep hogback, descending into another cañon, repeating this until the cave was reached. They were surprised to see a light there, and were soon hailed by a stalwart, naked Indian, who, like a sentinel, jumped up from behind a rock. He was a kinsman of Torqua, and after an excited conversation and much gesticulation the latter turned to the boys.

“This is a messenger who has run from the Bay of Moons to tell all our people to get ready for war, to look for the enemy. Our people met a strong force of warriors at Kinkipar, twice their number, in a big fleet of canoes from the north. Our people gave them battle, but were not strong enough to take them. They have gone and taken Zizu and they may land here.” Torqua told the Indian messenger about the fleet, and, taking their arms, the party

started over the mountains for the town at the little harbors, which the enemy might have concluded to raid. The rancheria was less than a league away, and in little over an hour they came to the broad mesa covered with huts, high above the sea; a shout brought out a crowd of men, women, children, and dogs. The men had seen the fleet of canoes pass an hour before, and had concluded that they were going to the islands of Nicalque or Limun, far to the north. The messenger from the chief ran on to warn the people at the isthmus towns of Sonag-na, Cicacu, and beyond, while Torqua and the boys went to one of the huts to remain all night. The house was of brush, with a frame of ribs of the whale banked up around the bottom with dirt, with a hole in the roof for the smoke to find its way out. The floor was covered with skins of sea lion, sea elephant,<sup>1</sup> and those of the pelican, while from the rafters hung others, baskets, and weapons of all kinds. In the hut was the owner, Shó-ot,<sup>2</sup> a relative of Torqua's, his two wives and sev-

<sup>1</sup> The last sea elephants were killed in or about 1850.

<sup>2</sup> Rattlesnake.





THE TOWN OF TOYBIKET.





eral children and dogs. As the guests came in the women presented them with abalone shells containing boiled fish and cakes of chia seed, while the host brought out a fine pipe of stone, inlaid with pearl, lighted it, and passed it around. The Indians did not appear to be alarmed at the rumors of war; they merely posted a sentinel on the bluff, others on the trail, and then gave all their attention to a matter of more consequence, — a wedding. After the supper the boys wandered around the rancheria. The young men were playing games; some were engaged at *churchúrki*, which consisted in guessing in which hand a player had a stick, the men becoming so excited that they wagered almost anything they possessed. Others were playing *charcharake*, a game of throwing split reeds; while others again played *hararicuar*, hurling a lance through a stone ring suspended from a limb by a thong. Many of the men were very skilful at this, especially Torqua, who excited the admiration of the squaws by shooting his arrow through a ring which was swinging to and fro.

The marriage took place the following morning. The groom, a tall, muscular Indian, had, according to custom, notified all his relatives, and they gathered at his hut early in the day, bringing shell money, beads, and skins as gifts. When all had assembled they formed in line, and marched to the hut of the bride. Here were assembled her relatives, and to them the money and gifts were paid and at once divided up, after which they called in a body upon the groom and presented him and his relatives with baskets filled with chia meal. Everything was now ready for the ceremony, and Torqua escorted the boys to the bride's hut that they might see her wealth, which consisted of innumerable strings of beads hanging from her neck. Her cheeks were painted a fiery red; her dress was made of the finest otter skins and the plumage of rare sea birds.

The vicinity of the hut was crowded with sight-seers, and Torqua forced his way among them and called loudly, "Oma!" Oma was the Hercules of the island, the strongest man, and as he drew near every

one stood back. He approached, and, throwing his arms about the bride, lifted her high on his shoulder and began carrying her, with a dancing step, to the house of the groom, followed by the crowd, shouting and screaming with laughter: her relatives following, throwing chia seeds and cherries into the air, the guests scrambling and fighting for the gifts, all of which increased the excitement. As the bridal party neared the groom's hut his friends came out, took the bride from Oma, and continued dancing along, placing her beside her husband. Baskets of seed were now thrown over the two, the crowd scrambling and scuffling for them, the ceremony being complete when the last seed was taken. This strange feast was to be celebrated by a big fish, according to Torqua, and the whole village trooped down to the rocks and took their stations in the stony amphitheatre. The small canoes or balsas were launched, each holding two fishermen, who were the contestants. They paddled out one hundred feet or more from the shore, then threw over heavy lines baited with fishes, which weighed several

pounds, and began to fish, encouraged or otherwise by the gibes and shouts of the crowd on the rocks. Finally one of the lines was taken and the canoe began to move out of the bay, the men pulling and hauling, while the crowd on the shore followed along the rocks, many dashing into the water and swimming out to the canoes, riding the waves and giving to the water an animated appearance. The contest was a long one, the canoe being almost tipped over several times; but ultimately a monster fish<sup>1</sup> six or more feet in length, of a dark mahogany color, and weighing several hundred pounds, was brought alongside and despatched, but not before it had nearly filled the craft. The swimmers now surrounded the canoe and began to push it in, while others took the rope and painter in their teeth and swam in with it. In the meantime Arturo and Raphael had joined the crowd on the beach, who were building a fire on a heap of abalone shells and stones. Upon this the huge fish was hauled, a dozen men performing the service.

<sup>1</sup> Black sea bass (*Stereolepis gigas*).

“Fish barbecue!” said Torqua, as the savory odors began to rise.

When it was perfectly cooked the Indians fell to and in an incredibly short time all that remained of the monster fish were the head and bones. That night the messenger came back and reported that the people of a rancheria at the north end of the island said that they had seen the fleet of twenty canoes sailing to the north, in the direction of the islands of Nicalque and Enneeapah.

“Zizu has deserted his people,” said Torqua, “but some day he will sell them again.”

The impending danger being over, he suggested that they return again to the cave and build a canoe to replace the one stolen by Zizu, Torqua having found a huge log on the beach.

So the boys parted with their new friends and began the long tramp over the hills. Before they had travelled far and when they crossed a divide that overlooked the sea, Torqua stopped and listened. There came from far out to sea a strange moaning sound, the water itself had a peculiar

glassy appearance, and the sky had taken on a coppery hue. A storm was coming, there could be no doubt of that, and before the cañon beach was reached it burst upon them, blowing a hurricane out of a clear sky, lifting the sand aloft in weird shapes, which coiled upward to be hurled against the face of the mountains. The sea pounded upon the beach with such force that the very earth appeared to shake, and the spray and foam from great breakers caught by the wind was blown far inland, buffeting the boys so fiercely that they gave up, and made their way to the cave, where they listened to the roaring of the wind far into the night. So fierce was the wind, so loud the noise of crashing branches, that sleep was almost impossible, and ever and anon Torqua, after some particularly heavy blast, would leap to his feet and cover his head with a skin as though to shut out some terrible nightmare.

“What is it, Torqua?” sleepily called out Arturo, after Torqua had done this four or five times.

“The Cuwot bird, Don Arturo,” whis-



pered Torqua in faltering tones; "listen!"

But the boys could hear nothing but the warring of the elements, the distant roaring of the sea.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE WRECK OF THE GALLEON.

**T**HE following morning, as the storm had somewhat spent its fury, the boys ventured out, and, attracted by the roar of the sea, made their way down the divide to the beach, where Torqua said many shells would be washed ashore. So violent was the wind that they dodged in and out behind rocks and bunches of cactus, being almost blown from the trail at times. In this way they at last reached a huge rock which rose directly from the ocean, forming one side of the cañon, high above it. As Torqua ran out upon it he uttered a loud shout and stood pointing downward. Arturo and Raphael, who were some steps behind, ran ahead, and following the direction of his arm saw a sight which drove the very blood from their cheeks. Not an eighth of a league away a big galleon was rushing on to cer-

tain destruction. All her sails had been carried away; her yards were bare except here and there a rag; her rigging was in threads, the ropes, like whisps of hair, flying hither and yon. She was completely unmanageable, or seemingly so, and was driving in upon the wall of rock under bare poles. The sea was pitiless and terrible, breaking as far as the eye could reach, and so high that when the devoted craft descended it seemed to the three boys that she would never rise; but her high bow and poop seemingly prevented her from foundering. Men could now be seen upon her decks, waving for help, and the boys closed their eyes to shut out the impending horror as a huge roller lifted the craft in air and shot her ahead like an arrow from a bow, the sea almost covering her. But on she came, careening frightfully; then she righted and kept head on, telling of brave men at the helm.

“Can we do nothing, Torqua?” cried Arturo, his face white at the sight.

Torqua waved both hands in air in an impassioned manner in reply.

“But we must!” cried Arturo, shouting the words against the gale. “I cannot stand here and see men coming on to sure death.”

“What we do?” responded Torqua. “I would help if I could, but there is only one thing for them; what the Padre teach. I ask my god Chinigchinich to help them.”

The boys, partly abashed at being reminded of this by Torqua, gazed at him a moment and then sent up a silent prayer to their patron saint to intercede for these doomed men. On the ship came, now not a cable length distant. They could distinctly see the men on the deck below them, and Arturo was confident that he made out a woman. He ran out upon the rock, waving his arms, Torqua rushing ahead, all seized with the idea of letting the death-stricken mariners know that human beings were near. Down they went, crawling, slipping, sliding, hanging over precipices, clinging to slippery ledges, crouching when the fierce blasts came, then hurrying on until they found themselves on the face of the cliff, perhaps two hundred

feet above the boiling sea. The galleon was now on the setback or wash of the waves. There was no shoal or reef on this side of the mountain island. The granite walls rose precipitately from water hundreds of feet deep, and the doom of the ship was to crash into the iron wall and be ground into ten thousand pieces. On she came, now riding a tremendous billow, rising almost on end, then, caught on the crest, came rushing at the wall of rock. The boys saw the figures on the deck, heard the despairing cries of lost men, shut their eyes in very terror and clung faint and trembling to the ledge as the galleon struck and seemed lost in a mass of foam and spume that, shroud-like, crept upward higher and higher. When the boys looked down again, to their surprise they saw a mast standing, and as the foam and spray cleared it became evident that the galleon had struck bow first, her hull seemingly wedged in between two rocks which held her firmly.

“They may be saved yet!” cried Arturo, starting on, followed by the others.

By careful climbing they reached within

fifty feet of the top of the mast, from which point they could see three persons clinging to the high poop-rail, surrounded by a very cauldron of boiling and seething waters. All the shrouds had been carried away and were swinging from the crosstrees, and there was no way for the wrecked men to ascend the cliff.

“If we had a rope we could haul them up,” cried Arturo excitedly. “I know we can do it;” and lowering himself down from the shelf he reached another, and there finding a ledge which might have been used by wild goats, followed it along and tried to send a shout of cheer downward through the flying scud. The boys could see that one of the wrecked party was a woman, now lashed to the rail. Torqua swung himself out upon the mast that was wedged into the rock, Arturo and Raphael followed, and seizing the longest rope within reach they endeavored to sever it. They had nothing but shell knives, but with indomitable courage they set to work wildly sawing, cutting, filing, even biting, shouting unintelligible words to those below and hearing

shouts in return. Every moment they expected to see a wave grind the galleon in pieces, but she had turned upon her side so that the seas struck her oak bottom and wrenched and splintered it slowly ; in fact, she had been tipped over and wedged between two jutting rocks of the cliff, and was almost immovable. Every moment seemed an age, but finally Torqua severed the rope, and with a wild hurrah of encouragement lowered it away.

It blew to one side in the gale and lashed the rocky cliff, but the men caught it and the boys saw them throw it around the waist of the woman. The mast was standing at an angle of about sixty degrees and she clung to it as a guide, while the three boys, who had reeved it through a block, began to haul. How desperately they pulled, lifted, and strained for this human life ! They had but a shelf to stand on, but by taking a turn about the mast they surely gained, foot by foot, and shortly had the woman halfway up. Her face was deathly pale and she seemed almost ready to faint, but Arturo's words in Spanish



seemed to revive her, and she answered him and seemed to gain renewed courage. Inch by inch, foot by foot, slowly along the mast came the woman, and finally Arturo reached down and saw that she was a young girl, not over fourteen years old, who now stretched out her hand and was hauled upon the shelf.

A glad shout went up against the gale, to be answered from far below. A few moments later one of the men was hauled up, and, being strong and vigorous, he made better headway and was soon aiding his rescuers in saving the second and last man. As he was drawn upon the ledge both men began in voluble Spanish to thank their rescuers. Out of a large crew they were the only ones saved. They were in the cabin when the ship struck, thinking that all was over. This was their salvation, as every one on deck was swept away as the galleon struck the rock.

Led by Torqua, the party began the climb up the cliff, a most dangerous proceeding, as the wind was sufficient to blow them off, while the sea, where it struck the rocks,

swept upward with irresistible force and more than once engulfed them. But Torqua was an expert climber. He had fastened the rope about the young girl, placing her in the centre, he himself taking the lead, and in this manner, foot by foot, tied together, they made their way up the face of the wall, so steep, so terrible in its exposure, that even the black cormorants did not frequent it. The ascent took them over an hour, constant resting, hunting for secure places occupying the time; but finally Torqua and the boys reached the upper rock, and with a glad shout dragged the party up behind its sheltering walls, safe, sound, rescued from the wild and pitiless sea.

The elder of the men introduced himself to the boys as Señor Delagoa, who, with his daughter Inez, was returning from the Philippines to Spain. Their companion, Captain Ignacio Hurtaldo of His Majesty's Navy, was also a passenger. The galleon, loaded with treasure, had been blown out of her course by a severe storm, and in a terrible hurricane which had been blowing

for three days had been almost dismasted and so had been driven upon the rock-bound island, whose very name the navigators did not know. There was but one thing to do. The boys led the way to the cave, and, after making the strangers as comfortable as possible, went to the seashore again, and returning before night with abalones, some fish, and a wild goat, the wrecked people soon had reason to believe that they had fallen into hospitable hands.

“But how comes it,” asked Señor Delagoa, “that I find two Spanish gentlemen on this desert island?”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE WRECKERS.

**B**EFORE Arturo or Raphael had an opportunity to reply to this question, Torqua interrupted and with a significant glance at the boys asked them to help him bring some water. Observing that he had some good reason for his action, they excused themselves for a moment and followed Torqua down the slope, somewhat to the astonishment of Señor Delagoa and his companion.

“If I make your heart sick, Don Raphael,” said Torqua when they were out of ear-shot, meaning if he had offended them, “I am sorry, but I want to say, be careful what you tell to these people. They are Spanish; they may be officers. They will hire my people to take them to the mainland, then they will tell the soldiers of

their salvation by you, and they will hunt us down and carry us back."

"I did not think of that," said Arturo.

"Nor I," added Raphael. "They have the secret of the cave, and we are at their mercy."

"Not if you leave it to me," replied Torqua, dropping his olla to the ground.

"What do you propose?" asked Raphael.

"I say we keep them prisoners for a while until we find out what they do."

"How can we do it?"

"Easy," said Torqua. "Frighten them; make them think that my people will kill them, then we can make them stay until they agree not to tell the Spaniards about us."

"I dislike to do this," said Arturo hesitatingly; "still, we have ourselves to look out for. What say you, Raphael?"

"I think Torqua is right," replied the latter. "But," he added, laughing, "let him do the talking. I cannot deceive the young lady. How beautiful she is! Did you notice her eyes?"

"I did indeed," said Arturo.

It was finally agreed that they were to say little and Torqua was to be chief. After filling their ollas, they slowly climbed the hill and again entered the cave.

“You must allow us to do our share of the work,” said Señor Delagoa. “Hurtaldo and myself are old campaigners, and my daughter, Inez, can do something.”

“Yes,” assented the young girl, and she continued, a slight flush suffusing her beautiful face, “I wish to thank Don Arturo, Don Raphael, and Señor Torqua for rescuing us. Without their bravery we should have been the victims of a frightful death.”

Torqua was much elated at being addressed as Señor Torqua and for a moment fairly lost his tongue, but the boys rallied and assured the young girl that it had made them very happy to have been the means of their succor.

“You see, Señors,” said Torqua, observing his opportunity, “we three were also wrecked here and were very near drowning as we came ashore. There are on the other side of the island wild savages, and you must by no means let them see you.

After a while we will try and escape to the south and reach San Diego, twenty leagues off."

"We are in your hands," said Señor Delagoa, "and I am sure we shall agree. In any event, we shall do as you say, and we hope to constitute one of your party, sharing all the burdens."

This was very satisfactory, and the boys, aided by the Spaniards and under the direction of Torqua, immediately began to build a hut of boughs against the rock, the material being brought up from the cañon, and by night they had two additional rooms, the cave being given up to the young girl and her father, while the four others occupied the hut, which with its piles of hay was very comfortable.

Although it was evident that Inez had never performed any work, she insisted on learning to cook, mended the boys' clothes, and in a score of ways made herself useful, and by her gentle and lovable disposition endeared herself to them. She saw that they were very reticent as to their past and never questioned them, nor did the



rescued men display any curiosity. On the other hand, they talked much about themselves. Señor Delagoa was a rich merchant of Madrid and Captain Hurtaldo a naval officer returning to Spain after service in the Philippine Islands. The rescued party were very careful not to wander away from camp, and soon fell into the ways of the boys. But, as Torqua said, the end would come some day, as his people would surely come up to the beach.

For a week nothing happened and no one was seen. The party went daily to the shore or to hunt for birds, and by their combined efforts the larder was kept filled. One day Señor Delagoa suggested that they go and see if the galleon had disappeared, so they walked down to the place of their rescue. Torqua went ahead, and by climbing out upon a ledge looked down upon the spot. As he pulled himself up he cried, "Alala!" and waved his hands. The others soon joined him, and to their surprise saw the galleon almost intact in the same position, wedged into the cleft in the rock, her stern now high in air; in fact, as

the tide was low, the entire ship was out of the water.

“This means provisions, guns,” said Señor Delagoa.

“And clothes,” said Inez, glancing at the boys, whose garments of skins were suggestive of a limited wardrobe.

“Suppose you go down, Torqua, and see what there is,” said Arturo.

“We all go in the canoe,” replied Torqua, his eyes glistening at the prospect of loot.

“True,” answered Arturo, “the water is perfectly smooth.”

They made their way to the beach, launched the large canoe, and after paddling for a mile along the kelp beds came to the wreck. She was just above the water, but the seas had played havoc with her bottom, tearing out many timbers; while ropes and hawsers hung from her, swinging in the wind. Making the canoe fast, Torqua climbed a rope and stood upon the deck of the galleon, where the others joined him, leaving Inez in the canoe. By a singular chance the cabin was intact, and it was

apparent that had the crew gone below they would have been saved. Torqua lowered himself into the hold and reported that it was filled with goods, and came out flourishing a long sword which he had found in the armory.

“The light things we can hoist up,” said Señor Delagoa; “the others we can lower into the canoe or raft them around.”

It was the time of year when more storms might be expected, according to Torqua, so work was begun at once. The canoe was filled with clothing and arms, — guns and pistols, kegs of powder and shot, — and Torqua broke open a box filled with doubloons and coin, part of the treasure. They made three or four trips with the canoe that day, piling the goods on the beach, taking them up to the cave at night. Among other things were a sail or two, which they made into a tent. The following day they lowered over two of the booms, using blocks and tackle, and with the planking of the partitions formed a good raft. On this was lowered a variety of goods, — a complete set of sails, several

boxes of tools, the property of the ship carpenter, barrels of provisions, dishes, and bales of rope.

Señor Delagoa suddenly came to the side and shouted, "Brava! a boat!"

A boat it was in truth; a boat in sections, but ready to be put together. Part of this was carefully lowered down, and, the raft being loaded, they boarded the canoe and towed it slowly to the beach at the mouth of the cañon. For a week they continued this work, until they had completely wrecked the galleon. Even the treasure had been saved, and great bales of silk, rich cloths of all kinds, and a thousand and one articles which constitute objects of trade and barter. By the greatest labor the five men and boys carried and dragged the wreckage to the camp. The large booms and timbers they hid on the beach, covering them with sand, and at the end of two weeks they were not only completely housed, but provided with many luxuries.

"As we are among dangerous tribes," said Señor Delagoa one day, "I suggest that

we have our proper arms and learn the use of them.”

This suggestion led to the forming of the guard of five. The boys already knew the use of the sword and gun, and Torqua was soon initiated by the captain into the secrets of Spanish arms of the time. The boys felt some compunctions of conscience at the precautionary deception which they had been a party to, especially when they thought of the friendly and peaceful relatives of Torqua, whose reputation had been so reviled, but they little knew how soon their arms and ammunition would come into play.

The rescued Spaniards took a strong liking to Torqua, were evidently pleased with his intelligence, and they more than once expressed the opinion that he must have other blood in his veins than that of the pure Santa Catalina, or Pimug-na, savage. His quaint pronunciation of Spanish, which he had learned at the mission from the Fathers, and the intermingling with strange Indian phrases amused them, and the young girl often made a point of teaching him.

“You must teach me your language, Torqua, and I will teach you mine,” she had said.

“What you call our cave?” asked Torqua one night as they sat on the rocks. “Not casa.”

“No, cueva,” answered Inez.

“Ah,” cried Torqua, “so many names for one thing in Español. Same with my people. What you call the ear, espegar, is nanah; and so we call the leaves of the tree its ears.”

“What is God?” asked the girl.

“Qua-o-ar,” replied Torqua, pronouncing the word reverently.

“I must tell you about our God,” said his teacher, “the God of the Spanish.”

“Alala!” cried Torqua. “I have heard too much from the Padres. I have my own god, my own temple. Don Arturo and Don Raphael will tell you.” Torqua’s eyes flashed brightly. “The religion of the Spanish kills, whips, makes slaves of us,” he said. “Don Arturo will tell you that is why we fled from the mission,” he added excitedly.

Raphael endeavored to stop Torqua by nudging him with his elbow, and he immediately realized what he had said, and looked confusedly at the Spaniards, who exchanged glances and smiled at his embarrassment.

“But the Padres are good men,” insisted Inez.

“They may be good in your land,” replied Torqua, “but not all in our country. Listen, Señorita. My aha (brother) was a great chief at Sibagna (San Gabriel). The Chicbinabros cut his head off. Why? Because he try to save his tahat (people). The Padres throw water on my people, soyna (baptize), make them say amar a Dios, and if they refuse, beat them. At Pasinogna (Rancho del Chino) they tied men, women, children, hand and feet,” cried Torqua, imitating the movements, “lash them with sticks, drove them like coyotes to Toybipet (Spadra), and kept their children from them until they took the soyna (baptism), and,” continued Torqua, “when they did, they could not go back to their people. They forced their



gods upon my people; they drive us from the island; they make slaves of my people to build their missions or temples. But I will not work for them; I will die first." And Torqua sprang to his feet and walked to and fro. "You saw, Don Arturo," he cried, "that I showed you our god, our temple, but I did not try to force you to worship it. No, no; you like your God, I like mine."

The Spaniards were very much entertained at Torqua's enthusiasm, and, observing that he was much excited, did not reply, but Arturo took Torqua aside and told him that, without doubt, he had offended the young girl, who intended no harm.

"But," said Torqua, "I cannot think of the wrongs of my people without blood in my head. But I would not hurt the heart of the Señorita;" and, turning, he ran and knelt at her feet, and lifting from his neck a valued necklace of the pearly abalone, he held it out and said, "Señorita, you know the most cabat (beautiful) thing to the people of Pimug-na or Kinkipar, the thing

they fight for, hunt for, from moon to moon, always the thing they risk many lives to catch?" And Torqua paused, puzzled for language to express his ideas, and uttering them in a medley of Indian and Spanish.

Inez shook her head in bewilderment.

"It is the white otter. You are to Torqua the white otter."

This was the finest sentiment he could express. This was his apology.

The day following this occurrence, Arturo and Raphael being left by Torqua at the cave, the former said to the Spaniards, "You gentlemen noticed that Torqua, in his excitement, spoke of our leaving the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, and as it is impossible to conceal the fact from you longer, it is better that we have an understanding."

Thereupon the boys related all they knew of themselves and their escape. The Spaniards listened to the remarkable story with undisguised interest, and when it was concluded Señor Delagoa said:

"I wish to assure you of our complete

friendship. I can see that you have been the victims of some perfidious conspiracy, which I hope some time to aid you in avenging; but even if this were not so, we owe you a debt for our lives and that of my daughter, which can never be repaid. Had it not been for you and the brave Torqua we should not be here, and I thank you again and renew our pledges of friendship. Now that we thoroughly understand ourselves we can act. I assume that you do not wish to remain here. Certainly we do not, so I propose that we set up the boat which we have rescued from the wreck, provision her, and make the voyage down the coast to San Blas. You shall pass as my sons, and, once there, I can command transportation to Spain, where we shall undertake investigations to discover why you were condemned to such a fate without hearing. What say you?"

It is needless to state that the boys agreed to this proposition, and when Torqua returned, bearing a string of fish, they told him. His eyes dropped, and, letting the fish fall, he turned from them; then,

wheeling about, cried in his own tongue, "Nonim nahama! I hear, I hear. I save their lives and they take my friends."

"But you shall go, too, Torqua," cried Arturo, placing his hand on his shoulder. "You shall visit our land beyond the great sea."

Torqua turned, and his eyes fell on the green mountains, traced the dark labyrinth of cañons down to the blue sea that spread away into the west, and shook his head.

"Pimug-na is my home," he said. "I could not leave it."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE ATTACK.

**N**OW that the Spaniards understood the situation, and Torqua was assured that they would not take sides with their enemies at the mission, he led them down to the Bay of Moons, showed them the Vanquech of Chinigchinich, and took them as completely into his confidence as he had the boys. Every day they were more and more impressed with his intelligence and the marked difference between him and the other natives, who were a race of fishing warriors. It was an easy matter to start Torqua, and his flights of oratory in broken Spanish and the Indian tongue were remarkable. As Señor Delagoa said, Torqua was destined to become a great chief some day.

“My father is a great chief,” said Torqua, as the party were returning from the

Bay of Moons, walking down the cañon of the Rancho Intermedio, or Middle Ranch. "As I am the eldest son I am called Tomear, and when he dies I shall be chief. My father is an old man; he can no longer fight. But when I am chief —"

"What then?" asked Arturo.

"What would you do, Don Arturo," replied Torqua, stopping at a dwarf oak to pick the acorns, "in your country if a strange people came, trying to make you a slave, trying to make you work, killing those who would not, poisoning some, setting others mad with a fiery drink, throwing down your gods and temples?"

"I would drive them out," replied Arturo.

"Good!" exclaimed Torqua. "That is what I tell my people to do to your King. He sends his soldiers here; they kill us, they ruin our homes, they make us work and build temples, missions to their gods. This is my country, the land of my people, Señor," added Torqua, appealing to Señor Delagoa, "and it always has been. We were happy people, contented, until the Spaniards came. What

right have they to it? They say they wish to save us, but it is our land they want. They take that in the King's name; but when I am chief, no more of my people will be taken from Pimug-na to build up adobe temples to the Spanish gods: no more Pimug-nas will be slaves. They may carry us over, but we will be dead."

"Brava, Torqua!" cried Captain Hurtaldo, "I am one of the King's soldiers, but there is no one to hear my treason; and were I you, I would fight for my home. The King has the divine right of kings, of conquest, but I have often doubted the justice of it."

"And I," interrupted Inez, "believe it is an outrage, if what Torqua says is true."

"It is true, Señorita," said Raphael, "I know it."

"Yes, it is true, Señorita," repeated Torqua, turning his dark and expressive eyes to the smoke rising from Suangá<sup>1</sup> and the distant range where the snow cap of Mount Santiago marked the land of the mission.

<sup>1</sup> Suangá was a populous Indian village as late as 1780 to 1800, on the present site of Wilmington, near San Pedro.



“If I told you all that the white soldiers do to my people you would not believe it; you would think Torqua a zizu (devil); but it is true — true. Qua-o-ar (God) will avenge us. Y-yo-ha-niv-gnma (that which gives life) will destroy our enemies. Our people are weak, our best warriors have been forced from the island to the mission, given poison (rum) which makes them mad. Before they carried me to the mission,” continued Torqua, “I tried to make my people fight the Spaniards, but the Shaman<sup>1</sup> (medicine man, rain-maker) told me to wait. He had listened and the ears (leaves) of the trees told him that the temple of the Padres

<sup>1</sup> The prophecy of the Shaman seems to have been fulfilled. In 1812 the Mission of San Juan Capistrano was ruined by an earthquake, thrown to the ground, killing many people. At the time of the discovery of Southern California by Cabrillo, 1542, there was a large and vigorous population on the mainland. All the islands, San Clemente, San Nicolas, Santa Catalina, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Miguel, Anacapa, were inhabited by Indians, but the incoming of the Spaniards resulted in their almost complete extinction. In the nineteenth century the Spaniards were deposed, and to-day the Southern California Indians are almost a memory; while with the exception of a few the fine missions mainly built and supported by Indian labor are in ruins.

would be thrown down by Chinigchinich ; that the Spaniards would take the land, our people would be driven into the sea, blown away as the leaves of the forest, but," and Torqua's face lightened, "the time of the Spaniards would come. They would lose the land they stole from us, be destroyed and fade away like fog clouds before the sun."

The volatile Torqua was easily diverted. In the midst of his oration a fox crossed their path, and he dashed after it. It ran directly down the trail, shaking its fine brush, Torqua after it, running like a deer, gaining step by step, foot by foot. The boys were left far behind by this human antelope, who with a marvellous dash of speed caught up with the little animal, stooped, seized it by the tail, and tossed it dexterously into the air. As it came down he caught it, and running back said, "A favoritè (pet) for the 'white otter,'" holding out the fox to Inez, which, strangely enough, did not attempt to bite. But she could not be induced to carry it, so Torqua slung it upon his shoulder and strode along, the long brush of the fox streaming down

his naked back, its sharp nose by his face, occasionally growling very fiercely.

By midday they had reached the cave, where Inez was left while the rest went down to the cañon beach to look at the boat and make plans for joining it.

“You must know, boys,” said Señor Delagoa, as they walked down the divide, “that there was a vast treasure on the galleon. You saved it, and, as the wreckers, the larger portion is yours, so you are not going back to Spain without means.”

This Señor Delagoa illustrated when they reached the beach. He dug up one of the chests they had brought in on the raft, pried open the cover, and exposed roll after roll of doubloons, an immense treasure.

“Here we might use them for sinkers to our fishing lines,” said Raphael; “that’s all the good they could do us.”

“Or for bullets to our guns,” added Captain Hurtaldo.

“We will use them in Spain yet,” said Señor Delagoa, covering them up, tossing one to Torqua with the suggestion that he bore a hole in it and use it as a bead, Tor-

qua's neck being adorned with various objects, one of his few savage weaknesses.

They found the parts of the boat in good condition, and Captain Hurtaldo, who was familiar with the building of galleons and packets, superintended the work. They found the keel in several pieces and laid it near the water, then with the aid of the tools from the carpenter's boxes fitted the ribs, and by hard and constant labor in three or four days had the hull of a vessel of forty feet in length in shape. The laying of the planks was the most difficult work to manage, as they were not practical workmen. Some days Inez came to the beach and watched them, and a tent of canvas was rigged up to shelter her from the strong wind which came in every afternoon. At last the hull was complete, but Arturo announced that there was no oakum, and without that the craft was like a sieve. The boat builders were disconcerted.

“Why not plug it with this tar that washes ashore?” asked Inez.

“You have a better head than any of

us," said her father, and every one began hunting for tar or asphaltum, which perhaps came up from submarine springs and washed ashore.

In a few days they had collected a large quantity from the rocks; then Captain Hurtaldo suggested that they unravel some of the old ropes and make oakum, but Torqua, after watching the operation, asked :

"Why not take the oakum out of the seams of the wrecked galleon?"

The simplicity of this solution of the question made them all laugh, and, jumping into the canoe, the boys paddled to the galleon, which still hung in the cleft of the rocks. The sun had warped and opened her seams so that they yawned widely, and it was a simple matter to pull out the long ropes of tarred oakum, which was carried back and the work of calking begun. The vessel was rigged for two masts, which they stepped without difficulty, and gradually added the rigging, until she stood on the sands complete, ready for launching.

"She needs but one thing," said Señor Delagoa, "a name."

“Nombre?” cried Torqua; “what you call nutra blanca?” Then he struggled with a medley of Indian words, meaning that he would name her the “White Otter,” after Inez, who blushed with pleasure as the others cheered at the christening.

“If we had some white paint we might make her look like a white otter,” said Arturo.

“Plenty of it,” replied Captain Hurtaldo. “I found a keg of white lead and there is a barrel of oil, and even brushes. The galleon, you must remember, was well equipped.”

In two days more the “White Otter” was painted, and a trim little craft she was. Inez had made her a pennant of bunting, and one of the ship’s small bronze caronades was mounted forward, which gave her a trim and warlike appearance.

The facts regarding the wreck had long ago reached the dwellers in the various rancherias of the island, and the galleon had been visited by nearly all the natives, while parties daily stopped at the beach to watch the building of a ship; and despite



the information provided by Torqua, who was basking in the reflected light of the white men, they could not understand how the chichinabro (reasonable beings), as they called the Spaniards, could find pieces to fit so closely or how they built the vessel so rapidly; nor could Torqua make them understand that she had been made across the seas, taken apart, and was now being put together. They merely looked on with amazement, crying, "*Cabatcho!*" "*Cabatcho!*" meaning that it was of fine appearance.

Finally the "White Otter" was completely rigged, even to two small boats, which, though much damaged in the wreck, had been repaired. It was found impossible to launch her without help, so Torqua summoned thirty or forty men from the neighboring rancheria of Toybipet, and at ebb tide they began to dig a trench about her. Then a line was run out astern and anchored, and as the tide rose, natives on the deck hauled, with much shouting and screaming, and suddenly the vessel moved and floated quietly out and was anchored off shore.



As the time came for leaving the island the boys did not cease trying to induce Torqua to go with them, and one day he consented to go down the coast, taking two or three of his people who were good canoe-men. They were to be given the "White Otter," and to return on her. Torqua soon selected his men, tall, robust fellows, and Señor Delagoa taught them the use of arms, gave them clothes to wear in the cold weather at sea, and offered to pay them in advance from the supply of gold. But they preferred other things; a mirror, a tin dish, an iron spade, and other objects were selected by them and the gold refused.

"We have gold and silver in the cañons; all we have to do is to dig it out," said one native to Torqua, who translated it. "But it is too soft; iron is hard."

The vessel was taken out every day until they became thoroughly familiar with her, and she proved both fast and seaworthy. Then the loading for the trip began. The treasure was stowed in the hold, one large water hogshead was taken from the galleon, filled and loaded, and the ship's stores of

meal, hard bread, rice, coffee, sugar, and other articles drawn upon. The store of dried goat's meat, of which the boys had accumulated a large amount, was packed away, and every object and article taken from the galleon's supply that they could use. Arms were not neglected, and three carronades were added, besides barrels of powder, balls and shot and sheets of lead. Nothing seemed lacking, and one morning Captain Hurtaldo announced that they were prepared for a three months' trip.

It was decided to sail the following day, and Torqua, Señor Delagoa and his friend, and the boys went up to the cave to bring down some of their possessions, and especially some extra sails which had been used as tents. Inez was left in the beach camp. The men were weary and walked slowly, following the cañon, stopping now and then to kill a partridge or to collect acorns or wild cherries. Reaching the cave at midday when the heat was intense, they decided to wait until the cool breeze of the afternoon before returning. So folding up the canvas, they lay down and took their

last siesta in the cave that had so often given them shelter. How long they slept they knew not, but suddenly Torqua awoke and sat up in a listening attitude, then sprang to his feet and ran out.

“What is it, Torqua?” said Arturo drowsily.

“I heard a cry,” said Torqua; then he continued, “Do you not hear it?”

The boys ran quickly out, and in a few seconds heard a distant cry.

“It is the messenger!” cried Torqua, leaping to the rocks and climbing upward, followed by the boys. “When there is trouble, war or enemies, my father, the chief, sends out a runner who goes from one rancheria to the other, warning the people, telling them to assemble. Here he comes!”

At that moment a wild and almost naked figure came up out of the cañon, uttering a shrill cry that struck terror to their hearts, a foreboding of evil. He pointed behind him, spoke excitedly to Torqua, and sprang on down the slope, carrying the message to the Bay of Moons.

“The Tshuma,” explained Torqua, “from the island far to the north have attacked our people at the rancherías above us. He says there are thirty canoes filled with warriors, and that they have killed many of our people.”

“And Inez alone on the beach!” cried Señor Delagoa.

The men seized their weapons and climbed the divide, reaching the trail, the easiest to the sea, and, led by Torqua, ran rapidly down. When they reached the fork of the cañon they could make out the distant ranchería at the two harbors, and saw a crowd of women and children climbing an adjacent cañon, evidently fleeing from the common enemy. They ran against the strong west wind, Torqua bounding along the narrow and steep trail, leaping and sliding down upon the beach. Torqua was in the lead. He rushed to the tent, threw it open. There was evidence of a struggle; everything was overturned, the tent cut, the young girl was gone.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE AVENGERS.

THE members of the little party for a moment said nothing. They were paralyzed with the horror of the situation, and Señor Delagoa raised his hands to his face and turned away, as though to shut out the terrible evidence of his loss. Torqua was the first to recover action.

“They have her. Zizu has led them here. I knew we should have killed him: a snake is better dead; but we will take her, we will get her back again.”

He sprang over the dunes to the beach; the sands were marked by scores of bare feet, and at the water's edge were the tell-tale marks of several canoes which had been hauled up.

“The ‘White Otter’ is gone!” exclaimed Arturo.

It was too true. There were no signs of the trim vessel, and their hearts sank within them as they realized that pursuit was thus delayed.

“They could not sail her; they never saw such a ship,” said Torqua. “They must have set her adrift.”

Saying this, he ran down the beach and leaped over the rocks so that he could see beyond the point to the leeward. He then shouted, waved his hands, and disappeared. The others followed, and, climbing the rocks, saw the “White Otter” half a mile down the coast, evidently fast in the kelp bed, and Torqua bounding in her direction. The boys ran after him to a point opposite the vessel. They were not a moment too soon, as the strong west wind was beginning to creep over the glassy water, and in a short time the “White Otter” would have been dashed upon the rocks. Torqua was already aboard, and Arturo and Raphael flung themselves into the water with lusty overhand strokes, pushed themselves through the kelp, reaching the vessel just as the wind was beginning to force her in.

“Quick, Don Arturo!” cried Torqua. “She is all right; take the rope.”

Over went one of the small boats. Torqua seized the oars, while Arturo made fast a rope to the end of the bowsprit, then Torqua gave way. The wind was already so strong, coming up like magic, that the water was covered with white caps, but Torqua pulled until the veins stood out upon his face, while the boys unfurled the sail and stood by, ready to hoist as soon as Torqua had hauled the bow off shore. It was a strenuous effort, but the Indian boy won, as he generally did, the bow gradually turning seaward.

“Once more,” shouted Raphael, “brava, Torqua, brava! Now up! Ahoy, up with her!” and with brave shouts the foresail went clanking up, and bellied out before the now welcome wind. Arturo sprang to the tiller, hauled it hard over, and the little craft gathered way and surged ahead off shore, Torqua leaping aboard as she went, making the boat fast. Now the mainsail, then the jib went spinning up under willing, eager hands at the halyards, and the



“White Otter” went speeding on like a race horse, leaving danger far astern.

“Not a thing touched,” said Arturo, coming out of the cabin.

“No,” said Torqua, “they only cut the rope. They were afraid of her; thought it was some evil monster.”

The boys made a reach half a mile out, came about on the port tack, and ran into the cañon, coming up in the wind, lying to while Torqua rowed in. The sea was so heavy that he could not land, so Señor Delagoa and the Captain threw themselves into the surf and swam out, where Torqua picked them up and carried them aboard.

“What say you, Torqua,” said Señor Delagoa, with an agonized look on his face, “will they kill my daughter? What shall we do? What action shall we take?”

“No, they will not dare to kill her,” replied Torqua. “It is more likely that Zizu has made them steal her for a ransom from the Spaniards. We will take her, but we must go to my people first.”

“Slack off the sheets, Arturo,” cried Captain Hurtaldo, who took charge, “so

we will go like a bird;" and wing and wing, they ran to the south before the gale.

"My plan," said Torqua, "is to go to the Bay of Moons, where we will find all the fighting men ready to avenge the attack, join them, all go together and make war against the Tshuma. It is of no use to go alone. They would kill us. We beat them once," he added.

"Then you have been there?" asked Captain Hurtaldo.

"No," replied Torqua, "but I see the land in my eye. You see, Captain, in my people every year so many children are taken to be what you call libro (books). To these children the old men repeat the history of their tribe until they never forget it and say it over and over. I was told by my father about the land of the Tshuma, and I can make you a pintura (picture) of the island in the sand." Then finding a piece of canvas and a brush with which they had painted the vessel, Torqua made a crude but effective map of the country of their enemies, the kidnappers. "There are six islands," he said, "twenty leagues to the north, but

there is a small rock five leagues away; another, twenty leagues to the west, which the Spaniards call San Nicolas. The people are not friendly to my race. Then twenty leagues to the north a long, slender island of rocks, which the people call Enneeapah (Anacapa); then there is a large island called Limun three leagues off, and it is here that the Tshuma live. It is the island the first white man, Cabrillo, a great captain who came here years ago, called Santa Cruz. There are many towns here, — Poele, Pisqueno, Patiquilid, Pualnacatup, Patiquiu, Ninumu, Muoc, Pilidquay, Lilibequé, and Miquesesquelua. The next island is Nicalque, or Santa Rosa, and there are three towns, — Nichochi, Coycoy, and Estocoloco. The next island, far to the north, where the great Captain Cabrillo died, is Liquimuymu, or San Miguel. Here are two towns, — Zaco and Nimollollo. I can tell the number of warriors and women," said Torqua proudly. "They are poor, lazy, but sometimes they fight. It is to Limun that we must go; there they will take the Señorita to the big town Muoc, there," said Torqua,

marking the spot on an open bay with his brush. "But if it blows we may overtake them on the way."

There was nothing then to do, and the party sat in silence as the boat rushed on like a living thing. She passed a great rock with a human face, turned up the island, and there was caught in a calm; but the boys got into the boat and towed her along by the rookery of the sea lions. When passing out of the lee they again encountered the breeze, and after a long reach to the east came about and sailed into the quiet Bay of Moons (Avalon), with its sugarloaf-like rock, its crescent beach, and the huts of the Indians scattered over the sands and amid the cactus that reached back, up the wide water-washed cañon.

All was excitement at the town, and, as the party landed, the warriors were coming down the trail from the different rancherias in the cañon mouths along shore where the messengers had stopped, and large canoes were rounding the point, filled with men. The war canoes, some painted white, some red, black, and yellow, a gay flotilla, each

with a capacity of twenty men, were on the beach, the double-ended paddles in them, and the women were packing provisions, ollas of water, tunas, chia, acorns, and wild cherry ground up into paste, roast grasshoppers, slabs of dried meat, abalones, squirrels, and birds. The warriors stood about examining their arms, stone clubs, arrows with flint barbs, poisoned with decoctions made by the Shaman. Some were painted in lurid colors, and all presented a martial and barbaric appearance. Torqua soon learned the details. The enemy had come at night, and, stealing in upon the town at the north end of the island, had killed some of the men and stolen the women. They had come down as far as their cañon, and there finding the white man's vessel, had stopped, taking Inez, then starting north. Torqua informed his people that Señor Delagoa offered them a great reward if they rescued his daughter, and in turn learned that every warrior in the island was to join the expedition.

The best news to the white men came not from Torqua, but from his father, the

old chief. He addressed his people, told them that he was too old to lead them, and that he handed his club and his head-dress over to Torqua, his eldest son, who was second to none as a hunter, although he had never been to war. While Torqua was a young man, he was a physical giant, towering above nearly all his people; and as the old chief made the announcement there was a loud shout, showing that Torqua was already a favorite. Torqua did not speak, but when the noise had stopped he waved aloft the eagle head-dress his father had handed him, and, turning to the wild men crowding about him, cried, with sparkling eyes:

“*Non oyó nank hani ma-agotum tchó-o-onum, miknoshom mongot?*” meaning, literally, “I know you well, my warriors. We will go to fight our enemies together. Are you ready?”

In reply they raised their spears and bows and shook them in the air with wild cries, and rushed for their canoes, followed by the women and children, who waded waist-deep into the bay, many swimming after the fleet



as it moved off. The "White Otter" was presently under way, but as the wind was light, the brilliantly painted canoes passed them, an inspiring sight, replete with savage splendor. There were thirty war canoes, of graceful shapes, holding at least twenty men each, who plied double-bladed paddles, which struck the water with precision, first on one side, then on the other, the warriors uttering a low chant in perfect unison; — an army of six hundred warriors collected in three hours, and Torqua said they would pick up more canoes up the island. So it proved.

Every cañon mouth had its Indian town, village, or home, and out from the little open bays came one or more canoes as the flotilla passed. The canoes kept in shore, but the "White Otter" was obliged to keep off to find the wind, but so rapidly did she sail that they reached the isthmus town ahead of the canoes, joining them as they passed the cave into which Torqua and the boys had dashed months before to escape their enemies. The wind was fresh, and they ran into the isthmus at the head of



the fleet and, as Torqua had said, found several more canoes, in all forming a fleet of forty. The attack of the Tshuma had been made at the next bay beyond at Pa-al Peyá-alinge,<sup>1</sup> and as the canoes ran in upon the beach the warriors poured out over it, mingling with their friends. The bodies of the slain were lying on the sand, and the funeral rites were to be held by the army before they left. When everything was ready the natives, and especially the relatives of the dead warriors, began to utter shrill cries, lamentations, and groans, the sound being a babel confounded. Gradually it merged into a low dirge, more befitting such an occasion. The musicians began to play, each being provided with whistles of bone, into which they blew as loudly and shrilly as possible, keeping time by stamping upon the sand. In the crowd Raphael noticed his old friend Tomat the flute player, blowing vigorously upon his deer bone whistle inlaid with pearl. The old man saw him and, stepping forward,

<sup>1</sup> Johnson's Landing now. There is but a large kitchen-midden to represent this town to-day.

handed him his whistle or flute, whereupon Raphael joined the band of musicians. The rites were, according to Torqua, usually kept up for several days, but as the warriors were going away, the ceremonies were shortened. The knees of the dead were tied to the neck, the head bowed, and the hands lashed to the knees. The bodies were then covered with skins or matting of seaweed and placed in holes in the sand. In the graves the members of the family threw chia seeds, and about the body they placed his mortar, pestle, beads, arrows, spears, flutes, and other possessions, which were buried with him to be used in the land beyond the grave, thus ending the ceremony.

Captain Hurtaldo had fortunately loaded the "White Otter" with arms which they had taken from the armory of the galleon. These consisted of broadswords and spears and flintlock muskets. The latter were of no use to the natives, but the swords and spears delighted them, and Torqua had the satisfaction of seeing fifty of his warriors armed with these formidable weapons,

which they bore with much pride. An hour later the order was given to leave, and the fleet set sail, led by the "White Otter," which flew along before the breeze.

Torqua set the course to the north, and they made such headway that they had to repeatedly wait for the canoes, the latter showing themselves fine sea vessels, bounding along with remarkable speed. At sundown they approached a rocky and deserted island, which Torqua told Raphael was never used by the Indians, as there was no water upon it and it had no name (Santa Barbara Rock). Here the fleet rested, making fast to the kelp in the lee, until early the next morning, when they again set sail, the canoes streaming out into the open sea for the long paddle of fifteen leagues.

The Indians husbanded their strength, yet forced the canoes along at such speed that the fleet in a short time was out of sight of land. Captain Hurtaldo crowded all sail upon the "White Otter" and left the canoe fleet behind, hoping to overtake the enemy; but as nothing was seen, they lay to and



TORQUA'S FLEET IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY.

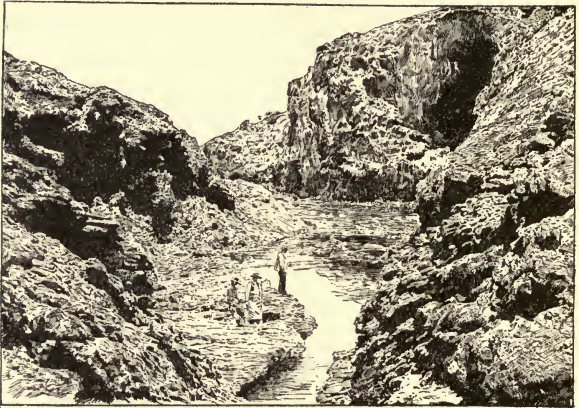


waited for the fleet to come up. A heavy sea was now running and some of the long canoes were shipping water, the men bailing with abalone shells to keep them clear. All day they paddled, at night keeping closely together. On the second day Arturo, who was at the helm, heard a shout from the canoes, and, looking ahead, saw the peaks of a jagged mountain rising from the sea. Torqua came on deck at the sound and pronounced it Enneeapah (Anacapa),<sup>1</sup> the first of the islands. By midday they were close under the lee and the fleet presently passed through a stupendous arch some distance from the shore, alarming vast numbers of pelicans which were roosting on the island and which flew upward, forming a cloud above it. The fleet made for a sandy beach at the upper or north end of Anacapa, where the canoes were beached. Torqua took his white friends upon a high rock and pointed out the island of Limun (Santa Cruz), which could now be seen rising from a dense cloud of fog. It appeared to be a league away, across a channel,

<sup>1</sup> Ever-changing.



and abounded in mountains which were much more closely covered with trees than Pimug-na, or Santa Catalina. As far as could be seen there were no canoes in sight, and Torqua was of the opinion that the



*Natural Fortress.*

enemy had reached its home port ; so he decided to give his warriors a rest until the following day and then steal upon the towns along shore.

He went down among his men and gave his instructions to the under chiefs and captains, one of which was in charge of each white canoe. The "White Otter" was



anchored off shore and long into the night the party discussed the morrow. The white sandy beach was covered with warriors, who looked like sea lions, several rookeries of which they had passed.

“Zizu is a coward like the anó (coyote),” said Torqua, throwing a piece of the sail over his legs to keep off the drenching fog which was drifting in, “but he has the cunning of the fox. He will never fight until he is in a corner, but he can direct the rest from some safe place.”

“He is a good general, then,” said the Captain, “but a poor fighter.”

Señor Delagoa was so utterly cast down that he did not speak. His thoughts were continually on his daughter, every moment's delay seemed interminable, and all through the long night he sat thinking, wondering, fearing, listening to the water that rippled around the hull. Torqua was so excited that he slept but little, and early morning found him on the wet deck, looking at his men lying quietly on the sands. As the fog broke to the east and the first rays of the sun caught the water, he thought he

saw something moving far to the east. As whales were very common in the channel he was not startled, but presently he made out a canoe, then another, stealing out of the fog, then he gave a shrill, resonant cry that brought every warrior to his feet.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE BATTLE UNDERGROUND.

AS the Pimug-nas dashed sleep from their eyes they saw Torqua pointing seaward, and at the sight of the fleet of canoes a wild cry broke from the savage warriors. The canoes were quickly run down to the water, and, leaping to their places, the Indians shoved off.

The crew of the "White Otter" had not been idle; the sails were run up, the anchor hoisted with the greatest rapidity, and as a stiff breeze was blowing, she gathered herself together like a bird and scudded away, Torqua shouting to the chiefs of the canoes to follow him. There was a rocky point to the island at this anchorage, and as the fleet moved out it was evident that the enemy had not observed them. The Tshuma had evidently gone over to the

mainland shore, following that course, according to Torqua, to find smooth water, and they were now making a dash across the channel in the quiet of the early morning from the land of the Saqpili and were headed for Limun.

“How many canoes do you see?” called out Captain Hurtaldo, who was busy at the carronades, loading them heavily.

Torqua began to count in the Indian tongue, a difficult matter, as they were bunched. “Pacà, excò, maseja, scumu, itipaca, itixco, itimasge, malahua, upax, kerxco, kerxco-tomol,” he cried, “ten canoes; others are ahead or behind.”

They were at least half a league off and that distance nearer Limun, but the enemy had been paddling all night evidently, while Torqua’s men were fresh. Torqua headed for Limun to cut them off before they reached it, and his warriors, discovering his purpose, sent the canoes dashing along at marvellous speed, the paddles moving like the flails of a windmill, glistening like silver in the sun. - When the enemy saw them, instead of stopping to give fight,

as the Captain had hoped, they redoubled their efforts and bore off a little, heading for the centre of the island, two leagues distant.

It was now a question whether the fresh warriors could paddle fast enough to overtake them before they could land. The "White Otter" gained on them rapidly and was not more than a mile behind when they reached the lee of Limun, when she lost the strong wind. The canoes soon caught up and it became a stern chase, though the Pimug-nas had the inside and were slowly but surely gaining. The shore of the island was precipitous to a remarkable degree, near the south point for several miles being an abrupt precipice. The fleet hauled closer and closer in until it was within five hundred feet of the rocky shore. Then a savage shout went up, as it was more than evident that they were going to cut the Tshuma off.

The cliffs were undermined by caves, into which the water rushed, forcing out the air with a loud roar. These caves were so numerous that it seemed as though the

entire base of the island was honeycombed, and the repeated roaring from them startled the followers of Torqua. The enemy was evidently trying to reach a village on a little beach something like that of the Bay of Moons, though without protecting capes of rock. On the beach were several canoes, and in a sandy place by the side of a little laguna a village was seen. The "White Otter" had picked up a breeze off shore and was almost within gunshot. The crisp report of the Captain's gun now sounded, then the carronade was fired to bring them to, but they did not stop paddling, nor was the pace diminished; but they were being cut off.

Prevented from landing at the town, they were now making for a rocky cape which projected into the sea, and Torqua, with wild shouts, urged his men on. They passed several small villages on the high slopes, from which came volleys of arrows, doing no damage. The pace had been so vigorous that both fleets were failing in speed. Torqua's party were gaining, but despite all their efforts the enemy reached

Capa Diablo, as it was called, first. Here they were met by a violent wind and sea, but they surged on, the "White Otter" now well upon them, but fearing to fire until it could be seen which boat contained the prisoner.

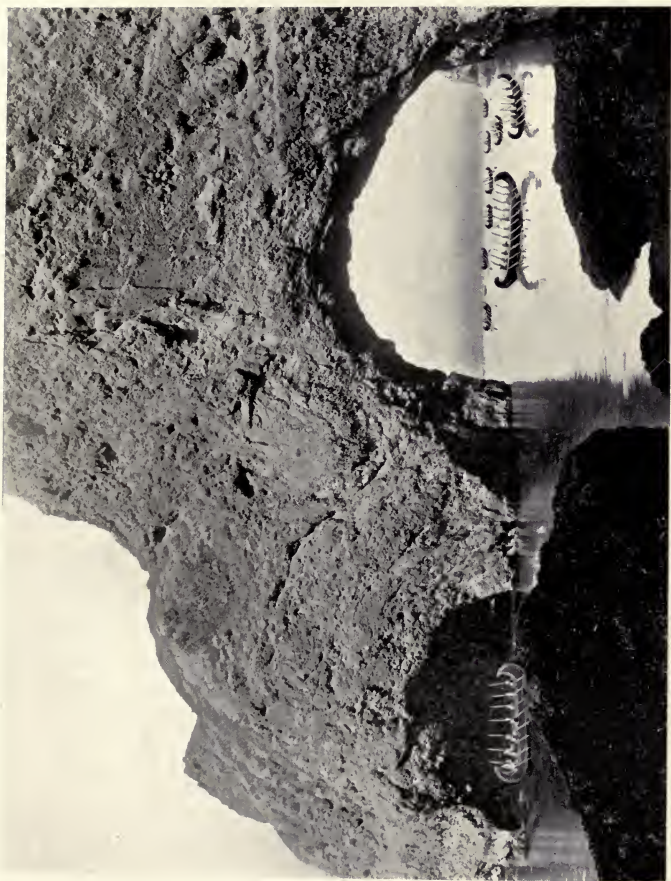
"If I only knew which boat she was in," groaned the Captain, who had the carronade loaded with scattering shot, "I could blow them out of the water."

"Zizu too sharp for that," said Torqua, who was clinging to the shrouds; "he keep the Señorita out of sight. He know we will not shoot. Zizu the Temí (captain) sure."

The wind had increased to half a gale as they approached the point, but suddenly they came upon a protected bay, in which could be seen a huge cave, which Torqua said was Cueva Valdez, with huts on the beach and some high on the sides of the cliff. The enemy had been cut out of this also, although it was the second large town, and Torqua, pointing to his map, said there was still another, a small, perfectly protected bay, and the enemy



undoubtedly was making for this. They were now paddling with desperation and turning in, but Torqua's fleet skirted the kelp-lined rocks, and were nearing them so rapidly that, seeing that they were beaten away, the Tshuma again bore off, and made directly for the cape. The little bay was passed, a glimpse of its oval-topped huts seen, then the fleet dashed into high seas, which came sweeping around the cape. The enemy could not hold out much longer; they were not three hundred yards distant, when Zizu's fleet turned toward the rocky coast at a sharp angle, at the same time sending a cloud of arrows at the Pimug-nas, with yells of defiance. They reached the still water near the shore, and Torqua, scenting some trick, leaped into a canoe from the "White Otter," which had rounded to, and urged the men on. A huge arch now appeared, a high, black doorway, which apparently led into the base of the mountain. Into this Zizu's forces were crowding in great confusion. The crew of the "White Otter" had seen that she could not go on, so the sails were lowered, the an-



TORQUA'S FLEET PASSING THROUGH THE GREAT ARCH.



chor tossed over, and, taking their arms, the Spaniards sprang into the canoes that surrounded them, and with shouts urged the warriors on. Half of Zizu's fleet had mysteriously disappeared, but the rest were crowded together, and into them Torqua's fleet dashed, receiving a shower of arrows. Torqua, who was in the lead, immediately saw that the prisoner was not in the canoes, and, shouting this to his Spanish friends, they fired their flintlocks, while the Pimug-nas sprang into the canoes of their enemies and cut them down with the Spanish swords, running down the canoes and throwing the crews into the water. The canoes were now massed together in what appeared to be a great room,<sup>1</sup> whose walls were beautifully colored, and Arturo, Raphael, and the rest sprang over them as they would over a bridge. Arturo received an arrow in the arm, but pluckily wrenched it out, and turned in time to strike down a savage, who, while clinging to the side of the canoe, was about to plunge a spear into

<sup>1</sup> Now known as the famous "Painted Cave," of Santa Cruz Island.

Señor Delagoa. The scene and carnage was terrible. The Pimug-nas gave no quarter, expecting none. The stone walls gave back the shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded. Pressing on, they followed into a second room, which was seen to be the entrance to a third huge water cavern. At least half of the enemy's canoes had shot through an opening not much larger than a boat. The end was near. The enraged Pimug-nas overran the canoes, and in a very short time had slain many of the enemy or beaten them into subjection.

Torqua now called to his men to return, and the warriors backed their canoes out into the sunlight. The dead and the dying were hauled from the water, and Torqua and the whites gathered for a council of war. Torqua held a prisoner by the arm and questioned him, threatening to kill him if he did not answer. The man said that Zizu was not with them. He had been put ashore at the mainland, but the chief had taken the prisoner to the island of San Nicolas.

“Are you lying?” asked Torqua; then,

turning to one of his Temí (captains) he said, "Take this man and tie him. If we find that he has told the truth, treat him well, release him. If he has lied, kill him."

The prisoner appeared to be satisfied with this, hence some concluded that he was telling the truth; but Torqua and his friends were in a quandary. Torqua would not believe the native, and was in favor of entering the cave, but he knew nothing about it, and it was evident that it could not be accomplished without great loss of life, as the opening was barely large enough for a canoe to squeeze through. At this juncture one of his men, named Tilac, came over the canoes and informed him that he had been in the cave, having years ago been on a trading trip to Limun. According to him, there were three rooms, the last the largest, over thirty varas in width and of unknown height, while around the edge at low tide was a ridge. From this cave led smaller ones, only large enough for sea lions, passing far under the island. Five canoes had been destroyed and seventy warriors taken captive or killed, and there



were, it was estimated, fifty more within. They could be starved out; but supposing the prisoner was with them? Torqua seized several prisoners, and threatened them with death, but they all told the same story.

“If we had armor, shields,” said Arturo, “we could push canoe after canoe in.”

“I am for making the rush,” said Captain Hurtaldo. “I will lead it.”

“I am with you,” said Raphael.

“It is certain death,” said Señor Delagoa.

“Look!”

A wrecked canoe had drifted into range on the swell and a volley of arrows struck it from the narrow orifice.

“I have a plan,” exclaimed Torqua. “We have oil?”

“Plenty,” replied Raphael, “four or five kegs.”

Torqua called his men off, leaving a guard in the outer room, out of range, and soon had them on shore on the rocks, giving the whites an opportunity to attend to their wounds. While Arturo’s arm was bandaged Torqua sent some men up the cliff for brush, and as they threw it down from the top of



the precipice he packed it in the bow of a canoe and saturated it with oil. It was dark before this was accomplished. Then Torqua unfolded his plan. He selected fifty men armed with the Spanish swords.

“You are to follow me. When it is dark outside, it is so dark within the inner room that nothing can be seen. We will dive deep and swim through the entrance under water, one after another, coming up near the edge which Tilac told us about, holding on there; then when all are in, the oil brush will be lighted and the canoe pushed through the gate by men swimming beneath her in the water. When the fire blazes on the inside of the cave it will be the signal for us to attack, and when those on the outside hear our war cry let them push in and we will take every Tshuma. Ah, if it were only Zizu!”

“Brava!” cried the Spaniards, and the Captain said, “You are a great general, Torqua. I should never have thought out such a scheme.”

Torqua having completed his arrangements, a dead silence fell upon the little

army, and the prisoners who were lying on the rocks, bound hand and foot, wondered what move was to be made. Finally Torqua, his sharp sword in hand, crept down to the cave, entered the water carefully and swam in, followed by Raphael, who had insisted on accompanying him. Torqua's orders were to give him time to reach the interior; then, if no shouts were heard, the next man was to dive, and so on.

A group of twenty gathered in the big outside cave and Torqua swam cautiously around the edge, keeping out of range. When he reached the door or entrance he dropped under water and, diving to the bottom, followed it along for fifteen feet, coming to the surface far on the inside. It was as black as night when he put out his hand to feel for the ridge. It touched a soft, hairy body, then a loud roar rose that absolutely deafened him, a roar which reverberated from side to side as though a hundred guns had been fired; at the same moment a huge body fell into the water. Torqua immediately sank below the surface, his quick intuition telling him that it was

a sea lion. In a few seconds he rose again with his nostrils at the surface like an otter, and listened. He could hear the low, guttural murmur of conversation at the opposite end of the cave and could distinctly hear the lapping of water against a sentinel canoe near him, but the darkness was so intense that nothing could be seen. Presently he felt his arm grasped; it was Raphael, who now clung to the side; then followed in turn brave Mokvuít, Poshó-o, Voltu-anó, Poló-ov, Ohú-ute, and many more, who came swimming, diving silently, perhaps to their death. They were aided by the swell which came surging in, creating weird sounds, sucking, puffing, hissing, as the water fell away from caves or filled others, forcing out the air; and occasionally from some far distant subterranean nook came the hoarse roaring bark of the sea lion; sounds which added to the terrors of the place and situation. Torqua, sword between his teeth, sank in the water, his nostrils just above it, and felt his way around, as one after another of his picked braves came in, to a submerged ledge, upon

which he crawled, so reaching the back of the cave. Raphael was by his side, and to these two the moments seemed hours. Not a false note was played in this clever tragedy, this savage game of war that never had its equal in pluck or courage, being carried on, perfected, and executed in an ocean cave in the heart of the mountain. They knew that men were coming in constantly, like seals, but they did not know that the entire force had entered until a sudden glare of light shot through the narrow opening and blazed up like an explosion. It was the signal, but every black head floating with nostrils just at the surface, every strong arm clinging to the shining wall, waited for the war cry of Torqua before falling upon the enemy. At the appearance of the light there was an instant commotion and the submerged and silent swordsmen could hear the canoes of the enemy moving to the entrance. On came the light, the oil blazing up, illuminating the entrance, and as the bow of the canoe appeared the Tshuma leader cried out and a volley of arrows struck it. But

Torqua's men were beneath it and the canoe moved mysteriously on, and then, with a violent push, the swimmers shoved the fire Tomol, or canoe, far into the cave. The effect was marvellous. The light illu-



*The Signal of Fire.*

minated the room and displayed five canoes loaded with men. With a shout Torqua sprang into the one nearest him, and before the astonished Tshumas knew what had happened he was among them, followed by Raphael, and striking them down. On the instant the water appeared to be alive with black, gleaming monsters who climbed into

the canoes, armed with long, fierce knives. The attention of the Tshumas was distracted from the entrance by the attack and through it dashed a canoe, then another. The Tshumas fought valiantly, though surprised; they rallied and tried to beat the men down, who, out of the darkness, crawled and leaped into their canoes. Some they pierced with spears, others were slain with paddles and clubs, but where one Pimug-na was knocked back into the water ten seemed to spring up. Torqua was felled by a blow from a stone club but rallied, and with Raphael and others drove every man into the water from the canoe they had seized. The scene at this time beggared description. The flaming oil tinted the surroundings red, and the bodies of the savages gleamed like those of demons, while the groans of the dying and drowning, fierce shouts to rally, and war cries filled the stony chambers with echoes, which bounded back and forth, — appalling sounds. Torqua and Raphael, fighting side by side, sprang from canoe to canoe, which now filled the weird room, seemingly immune to danger, seeking Donna Inez. See-



ing in the midst of a motley throng a chief wearing a head-dress of feathers, Torqua turned in his direction, and the struggling warriors fell apart as these two gladiators came together. The Limun chief was armed with a huge sword of whale rib, while Torqua held the small steel blade of the Spaniards. The two eyed one another for a single second, then came the clash of weapons. The ponderous bone sword came whirling through the air, Torqua dodging it cleverly; then rushing in, he, dropping his sword in disdain, hurled the chief down into the boat. The Pimug-na warriors had beaten down those of Limun on every side, and as the chief fell the few remaining flung themselves into the inky water in a final endeavor to escape, and the victors, striking at them with their spears, uttered wild shouts of victory. Señor Delagoa, bleeding from a spear wound that had laid open his cheek, was hauled out of the water by Raphael, where he had been knocked. Crazy by a desire for revenge, he had been a notable factor in the fight, and now he had cut his way over the canoes to Torqua,



and with sword raised over the prostrate but still struggling chief, demanded his daughter.

“Let him speak, Torqua,” he shouted. “What has he to say?”

Torqua jerked the chief to his feet, twisting a knife from his grasp, repeating the Spaniard’s demand.

“He says she is at San Nicolas,” replied Torqua, after a moment. “This must be true; this is the fourth one to say it. We must search for her there.”

He then gave the order to leave the cave,<sup>1</sup> and out of the dark cavern, whose waters were now dyed with blood, the canoes one by one were pushed by the victorious warriors.

<sup>1</sup> The author entered this room or cave in 1897. When a sea came in the entrance was closed, and the sounds as the surges crossed the great room were appalling to the strongest nerves.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE RESCUE.

**T**O Arturo, who, wounded, had directed the advance from without, the scene following the battle in the ocean cave was a strange one. Men and canoes poured out of the narrow entrance of the cavern like bees from a hive; some swam, others were dragged from the water; some came screaming in agony, others shouting their victory, brandishing the weapons of their enemies. Whether his comrades had survived was not known, and Arturo questioned many who came out by signs as to the fate of Torqua and his brother, but the warriors were dazed or crazed by the excitement, by the lust of battle.

Suddenly a battered white canoe shot from the narrow opening and a loud shout went up as Torqua appeared, bleeding from a score of wounds, but erect and defiant.

With him were Raphael, Señor Delagoa, and the Captain, all showing evidences of the fierce conflict. Torqua ordered the captains to call their men together, and by the time the sun rose the warriors had loaded the canoes with the wounded and prisoners, and the fleet bore away for the next large town, Cueva Valdez, which stood in the mouth of a cañon where, on the north side of the beach, was a huge cave. The town was a collection of round-topped huts made of brush, supported by whale ribs, and as the warriors ran their canoes in with wild and victorious cries, women and children came out and ran up the cañon, the Pimug-nas taking possession and looting the town. Many of the men were badly wounded, the canoes crushed, and Torqua decided to remain a day.

The Cueva Valdez,<sup>1</sup> was of large dimensions and in it most of his men found shelter for the night. Early the following day they sailed down the coast, raiding the towns along shore, landing in strange crevices and caves which mark this island as

<sup>1</sup> This cave is one of the wonders of Santa Cruz Island.

one of the most wonderful of the group. The canoes of the vanquished were not as well made as their own, but they were taken; many were nearly thirty feet in length, made of pine planks (tablazon), with beam of over four feet. The planks were fastened with deer sinews, the seams plastered with asphaltum, some were gaily painted with mineral colors, and the capture made a notable addition to the Pimug-na fleet. Into the canoes the warriors loaded the otter, pelican, and deer skins, mortars, pestles, weapons, and everything portable they could take from the deserted towns, and finally at night they skirted the lower end of the island and ran into a little rocky bay, beaching the canoes on the shore, where after a feast of roasted abalones and chia seed, captured from the Tshuma, they established their sentries to prevent surprise, and stretched themselves upon the rocks to sleep.

While the warriors were resting, the boys took a guard of ten and followed up the cañon which led to the interior. An Indian town was built on the sands not far away,

evidently very old, as was seen from a mound of shells near by. By its side ran a little stream from the cañon, forming a laguna, and where the water had cut it away human skeletons which had been buried here long ago were seen. One had a flat stone over it on which were many straight marks. The cañon led gradually upward and was filled with fine oaks and other trees, and after two miles opened up into a little valley which seemed to be surrounded by mountains. Here were many huts which had evidently been deserted at their approach, the Indians taking to the hills and mountains. Several goats with peculiar horns were seen and shot by the boys to add to their larder. The valley, the deep-wooded cañon, the abundant supply of water, showed that the natives of Limun had an ideal home, difficult to reach, surrounded by rough water, but a veritable paradise for savages.

The following morning, despite the fact that many of the men were stiff from their wounds, Torqua gave orders for the start, and, led by the "White Otter," the fleet bore



THE TSHUMA TOWN AT LIMUN, LOOKING FROM THE SOUTH OPENING OF THE GREAT CAVE.





away before the wind. All day long they ran, bearing out to sea, as San Nicolas was the most westward of all the islands and ten leagues west of Pimug-na. The wind blew heavily in the afternoon, a long, high sea rolling in, making it a dangerous trip for the gaily painted canoes; but the crews were natural seamen, skilled in the work, and beyond a few seas shipped, nothing happened to dampen their ardor. Night came on and the moon rose full and bright. Captain Hurtaldo had shortened sail, not to run away from the fleet, when, without warning, she seemed to slide up upon something and heel over, almost capsizing. Arturo and Señor Delagoa, who were sleeping below, rushed on deck to find her listing heavily and literally surrounded by a school of whales. The canoes also stopped, fearing to proceed. The huge animals rose beneath them, rubbed their backs upon the keels, spouting vapor over the fleet in a most offensive manner, to the demoralization of the men. One cetacean almost threw the "White Otter" over by scraping along beneath her, and the crew expected

every moment to feel the heavy tail of the monster; but the whales seemed merely actuated by a desire to play with the boats. So friendly was one that the Captain decided that something must be done, so he fired one of the carronades, the sound effectively driving away the unwelcome visitors.

Early in the morning those on the sailing vessel sighted a low island with several peaks, capped by a black wind cloud. That it was the home of the wind gods soon became evident, the wind rising and blowing out of a clear sky. The Captain ran up to the fleet and Torqua gave his orders for ten canoes to land at the corral harbor at the north, while he with others would sail to the south spit. After landing they were to march up and down and meet, examining every portion of the island.

“Not more than three hundred men on San Nicolas,” said Torqua. “Too cold; too much wind; too much stones blow in the air. My people say when very bad man die he goes to San Nicolas, live in the sand.”

The wind blew furiously, and on the

outer point a terrific sea was pounding upon the rocks, while the entire island seemed to be exposed to the surf. There was but one landing at the north end, called the corral, a small enclosure in the rocks. Before this was reached the natives were seen on the sand about huts of brush.

The appearance of the fleet caused no little excitement, and women and children were seen running up over the sand dunes, seeking shelter in the interior. The fleet followed the kelp line and stopped at the stone corral, which was in the lee and which showed a narrow entrance, through which the canoes passed, the paddlers leaping into the water as they struck the beach, lifting the boats high upon the sands. Torqua waited until ten canoes had landed, then observing that they were not molested, that the enemy had fled, he bore away to the south, followed by the remainder of the fleet, keeping in the lee as much as possible. After running four miles they came to a long, sandy spit upon which were numerous huts, and rounding this saw a small cove or beach upon which a number of canoes

were hauled. There was a heavy cross sea running here, and, having anchored the "White Otter," Torqua and his companions boarded canoes and paddled for the beach. So eager were the men to land that one canoe was overturned and rolled over and over in the surf, but the rest waited their opportunity and landed in safety, the men always leaping overboard and carrying the canoes above high-water mark.

Torqua at once formed his men in a long line, stretching out to cover the width of the entire island. When they reached the mesa, which was perhaps one hundred feet above the ocean, they found themselves on the level floor of a desert several miles in extent, covered with limestone and sand which had evidently been blown hither and yon by the wind. Torqua gave the command to march and his men moved on, eagerly looking for signs of the enemy. Arturo ran out upon the beach and examined the whalebone huts, but found them vacant. Everywhere along the shore where the warriors marched there were evidences of ancient human occupation; vast mounds of

shell<sup>1</sup> covered with piles of very large abalone shells; human skeletons, grinning skulls, bones from graves evidently uncovered by the winds that swept the sand dunes, tossing them about in ever-shifting forms. As they moved up the centre of the island it grew broader, the east coast being worn into the most fantastic cañons, winding down to the lower beach, cut and worn by the wind into marvellous shapes, so remarkable that the Spaniards could scarcely believe that human hands had not been the agents at work. All the cañons and gateways from the mesa down to the sea were carefully examined as the warriors marched on, but not a human being was found, though everywhere some evidence of their presence, in stone mortars, clubs, pestles, and a variety of objects of Indian manufacture, was visible. It was a singular spectacle, the warriors, twenty or thirty feet apart, extending as far as the eye could reach in a sinuous bending line. Nothing could escape their scrutiny, and from the opposite direc-

<sup>1</sup> These were to be seen at the time of the author's visit, 1897.

tion marched the rest of the army. They soon passed the mesa, coming to a more broken region and finally to the shore line, on which was a vast mound or shell heap, surmounted by numbers of beehive huts, and about them they could see a crowd of natives. Torqua's men raised a war cry at the sight and rushed on, still preserving their line, but closing in. A deep cañon intervened, and down into it, over steep sandy sides, they plunged, finding it filled with strange stone trunks, seemingly of trees. Arturo and Captain Hurtaldo were sliding down the cañon side on a miniature avalanche, when they saw an Indian on the opposite side clinging to the rocks, then heard a cry, and out of a cave in the yellow sandstone not three hundred feet away came a familiar figure, screaming, crying, sliding down the slope. It was Inez, and, breathless, weeping from joy and excitement, she literally rolled down the steep, sliding into the arms of her friends. Señor Delagoa was on the left of the line, making a charge on the village, and the first question asked by Inez was, "Where is my father?" Then



she turned and pointed to the cave, uttering the word, "Zizu."

Arturo caught the name amid the turmoil and cries and dashed up the side of the cañon. The wind had evidently eaten it out into small caves, and behind a huge shelving yellow rock, upon which in red paint was emblazoned the strange pictorial welcome of the savages, he found the entrance to a cave, and far in the corner, huddled in a heap, lay trembling Zizu, whom he dragged out, kicked, and rolled down the slope like some offensive animal, where he was seized and tied, with great difficulty being saved from the stone clubs of the infuriated natives by Arturo.

Torqua had well timed the advance of his forces, as, when the party under him charged the village, loud shouts were heard and up from another cañon to the north came the other party. The San Nicolas savages were surrounded. They made a brave stand, sending their arrows into Torqua's men with some effect; then they turned and were literally overrun, driven up the sandy cañons and like foxes run to earth. Señor



Delagoa soon heard the good news, and Torqua's eyes blazed as he saw father and daughter embracing, once more reunited; blazed in another way as he saw his old enemy, Zizu, lying on the sand, bound hand and foot, like a rabid anó or coyote.

While the warriors were looting the huts and taking possession of the valuables of the San Nicolas Indians, the little party of whites gathered about Inez and listened to her story. She said that while they were away a party led by Zizu rushed in upon her, and by signs asked where Torqua and his friends were. She did not reply, so Zizu seized her and forced her along down the beach, placed her in the canoe, and threw a mat of kelp over her. Soon after the fleet put to sea, part going toward the mainland with a message to the mission, while Zizu headed for San Nicolas, as being the most out-of-the-way location, intending to hold her for a ransom. Zizu, after making arrangements for the care of Inez with the people of San Nicolas, was going to the mainland, presumably to offer to rescue the young girl, with the expectation of a large

reward from the Spaniards, but the coming of the fleet had frustrated his plans, and, as a last resort, he attempted to hide her in the cave. But the cleverness of Torqua in covering the entire island with his warriors had prevented this. Again Zizu was outwitted, and that he expected little or no mercy was evident by his terror.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### WING AND WING.

**T**ORQUA'S description of the wind gods of San Nicolas was not exaggerated. As night came on they raised a vigorous protest. The wind rose and the little party on the great shell mound sought shelter, first in one of the native huts, then, driven out by the vile odors, took refuge in the hollow of a sand dune. The sea piled in upon the rocks as though determined to rend them asunder, great clouds of spray swept through the air far inland, and the sand by the dunes writhed like the skin of some huge monster and before the blast rose in the air like clouds, shutting out the mountains, which seemed to melt away before it.

The men had piled up timber from the beach and sat beside the roaring fire talk-



COAST LINE OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.



ing and exchanging experiences far into the night, Señor Delagoa holding his daughter's hand, the young men vying with each other in attentions to her, while Torqua silently gazed into the fire, proud of the compliments and praise which fell to his share, particularly the earnest and often-repeated thanks of the young girl, who now learned that Torqua, now the chief of Pimug-na, was her rescuer. The wind roared fiercely over the dunes, sending the sparks from the fire high into the air. Far down the big mound could be seen the camp fires of the Pimug-nas, who were celebrating their victory by strange ceremonies and dances.

“It is evident,” said Señor Delagoa to the boys, “that you are in danger. By this time the Captain General of the Mission Presidio has been informed that you and Torqua escaped, and it will be his plain duty to search the islands and capture you and carry out his orders; but I am confident that with you in Spain I can, with certain influence at my command, unravel the skein and see you justified, so I advise that we lose no time, but set sail at once, as by

the first packet south the news of your departure will be reported. I shall not feel safe until I have you on the Atlantic headed for old Spain."

"We are ready," replied Arturo.

"Then we will sail to-morrow," replied Señor Delagoa. "Torqua," he continued, "I will deliver to you for your warriors a sum of money. Tell them where our property from the wreck is concealed; it is theirs; and when I reach San Blas I will see that the next ship north brings them a load of the things which I know they need, — clothing and implements. I shall never forget the brave men of Santa Catalina, their valor and courage, and I wish to tell them so. Can you not call them up?"

Torqua sprang to his feet and shouted "Alala!" which served as a call. As the warriors collected quickly about him, their savage faces and half-naked bodies, illuminated by the red blaze, presented a fantastic and spectacular appearance. Señor Delagoa made an arenga (address), Torqua acting as interpreter, at the conclusion of which the men shouted their approbation and several



of the captains replied to the white chief, all then joining in a smoke.

It was far into the night, and the deep fog had settled like a pall on the island of the wind gods when the weary members of the expedition fell asleep on the sands, watched by a few sentinels.

In the early morning they were awakened by the blowing sand, and were given an illustration of what the wind gods could accomplish at San Nicolas during the day. The sea rose with marvellous rapidity, and swept the low, rocky shore with waves which seemed to threaten the entire island. So fierce was the gale that the crests of the waves were blown away like clouds. The wind lifted the sand in great coils and wraiths, whirled it upward into the air, driving the Indians into the cañons for shelter. As it was impossible to leave, the boys watched the effects of the storm on the vast shell mounds and wandered along the shore of the mysterious island. They witnessed the sand blown from places, exposing skeletons with their stone mortars, and piles and heaps of abalone shells to cover others,

and saw how by the action of wind the deep cañons of the island were being filled, — glaciers of sand.

A more striking picture of wind-blown desolation they had never dreamed of. Everything about the island was weird and uncanny. On one plain or mesa the ground was covered with small polished pebbles the size of peas, which the wind whisked into the air like chaff. All the cañons leading to the sea were like the strange stairways of giants, carved into mystic shapes by the wind. Some of these were so beautiful that it was difficult to believe that it was the carving of nature. Everywhere was found the evidence of ancient life, — vast shell mounds capped with shells, graves marked by flat rocks and the ribs of whales, and at one place the skeletons of four or five whales were discovered, which, according to a native, had been killed and washed ashore by the terrific sea. All along shore the cliffs were cut and eaten down into strange pyramidal shapes. In the sheltered places were great flocks of black cormorants, and high in the rocks, away from the

sea, were scores of sea lions, driven from their native element by the gale, while here and there diminutive foxes were seen chased by the half-wild dogs of the natives.

As the Indians wished a sea lion, a hunt was organized and a large bull shot by Raphael. The boys crept upon a herd, which dashed into the sea as they approached, several remaining on the rocks, where, with open mouths, they menaced their enemies, only retreating when they were literally forced away. The warriors dashed out into the water and hauled in the dead sea lion, which, in a short time, they had roasting on the beach.

“How can any one live in such a wind-swept place, Torqua?” asked Raphaël, loading his gun again as they stood looking at a heap of bones and grinning human skulls near the sea-lion rookery.

“You think your home in Spain the best, Don Arturo,” replied Torqua. “I like Pimug-na, Tshuma like Limun. San Nicolas is a bad place, blow all the time, but it is home to these people; they like it. Once San Nicolàs was a fine island, plenty of

trees, many people, canoes, towns, and otter skins, — long, long ago; but something happen, and now it blow away. Sometime San Nicolas will blow into the sea.”

The following day, before the sun rose, the wind having gone down, the start was made. Torqua delivered the treasure from the “White Otter” supply to his people and explained that he was going south with his friends the white men, but would return. They were to go to Pimug-na and report to his father, the former chief, their victories.

“Zizu you will leave,” said Torqua. “He has played us false many times, but the White Otter has asked me not to kill him, so we leave him here where the wind blows night and day. He sought the place, let him live in it. See that every canoe is towed away,” he cried, “that the dog of an anó cannot escape.”

The people of San Nicolas, finding that they were not to be killed, came down to the beach with their children and wild dogs, and gazed, mute and silent, at the Pimug-nas as they launched their gaily painted canoes, and in consternation when they saw

their own canoes to the last one carried off. The "White Otter" weighed anchor, and as she bore away the little party raised a cheer for the brave warriors, who, with sturdy stroke, followed them out into the wild channel. For a while they kept company, then the "White Otter," wing and wing, gained and left them far behind; now they were lost behind a big sea, now poised on a distant crest like birds, then a fog cloud, blown from the wind-swept island, closed in and shut them out forever.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE PATRIOT.

**A**S the vessel flew by Pimug-na and its mountains began to disappear in the blue haze, Torqua became silent and oppressed, and for a long time sat gazing steadfastly at the loved outlines of his home, fast fading, melting away. Suddenly he turned to Señor Delagoa, who had been watching his strong and mobile face, and said :

“Señor, you have asked me to go to Spain.”

“Yes,” said his friend, wondering what was coming.

“Good!” continued Torqua, his face assuming an expression of dignity and even solemnity, “I will go, Señor. You see what my people are. They are children with the stature of men; they play all day long, when the Spaniard works, thinks. I have



wondered, Señor, what makes the difference between my people and the Spaniards. You have ships, wealth, money, arms of hard metal; my people, just as long here, just as old, have nothing; they know little more than the birds, the squirrel. First I thought the difference was the color. You are white; we are dark. But it is not that; it is the 'think,' it is in the head. The Spaniard, the white man, is what you call a pensador (thinker). The Pimug-na thinks with his stomach. When he is hungry his stomach says kill; when his stomach is full, it says sleep. My people are made like the white man inside; they are brave, they are good warriors; the only change is, they are dark. I will go to Spain and with my money get the learning that Don Arturo and Don Raphael have told me about, that they have. I will buy my people things that the white man has, and I will come back to Pimug-na like a libro (book) and tell my people what I know, show them how to be a great people, so that they will not be slaves, to be locked up in missions and forced to work."



“Brava ! Torqua, you are a true patriot,” cried Captain Hurtaldo impulsively. “You are right, and we will do everything we can for you.”

Torqua was indeed a patriot and a philanthropist. The idea of freedom and liberty and the principle that all men were born equal was inherent in his heart, struggling for expression ; he was a born leader and would be a savior of his people.

It would be interesting to trace the history of the eventful trip. The “White Otter” made the voyage to Mexico and the isthmus in fifty days, being forced to stop along the coast, and a month later the little party was on the way to Spain, arriving there in due course of time. Señor Delagoa was found to be a man of great influence, and he soon unravelled the political plot which had involved and threatened the two boys. He learned that the King had not understood the case, and had the satisfaction of seeing Don Arturo and Don Raphael restored to royal favor, and both given appointments as officers in his Majesty’s service as recompense. Torqua

was supplied with instructors, and, as chief of the Pimug-nas, vassals of Spain, he attracted much attention and was accorded the honors due one in his position. Two years later we find him returning to his people, accompanied by Don Raphael and Don Arturo, who were ordered to the presidios of San Juan and San Diego. They crossed the isthmus, took a packet bound north, and in due course of time sighted the island of Santa Catalina. Torqua's impatience was so great to see his people again that he could not wait for the landing at San Juan, and at his request the packet put in at the Bay of Moons. **Bancroft Library**

There was the familiar sugar-loaf rock, the huts on the beach, but, to their surprise no canoes were seen, no natives swarming on the shore. Perhaps they were in the interior. Torqua could not wait, and, with a soft cloth around him, plunged into the clear waters and swam ashore. As he climbed up the beach a chill struck his heart; the village was deserted, his father's hut was falling to decay; the sands were strewn with mortars, pestles, and shells;

ravens croaked dismally from deserted interiors. The Pimug-nas were gone. He walked to the rock upon which was emblazoned the welcome of his tribe and, leaning over, he read signs that told that his people were gone, but how or where the rock writing did not explain. He entered the boat that Don Raphael and Don Arturo had rowed in, and in silence pointed to the picture of desolation and decay.

The same day the packet reached San Juan Capistrano, where their reception was different from that a few years ago when they stole down the cañon to the sea. They were received with all honors, but Torqua, whose heart had been bursting, overflowing with joy at the prospect of rejoining his people, — his very life and spirits seemed nipped in the bud, and morose, yet quiet and dignified, he walked among the neophytes and Indians, who were collected about the mission apparently under the complete domination of the Padres. From them he soon learned that his people had been brought ashore by force by the zealous Friars and that their individuality had



TORQUA READING THE SIGNS ON THE ROCKS AT THE BAY OF MOONS.



been lost by a cunning distribution among the links of the great mission chain that was insidiously creeping along the coast, and at each of which a different dialect was spoken. Torqua resented this with suppressed fury and indignation, and began at once a secret movement for the restoration of his race. He found thirty of his bravest warriors at San Juan. Ten were shearing sheep; the young girls, their daughters, were nuns, shut up in an enclosure called a convent. Brave Colco, who led the charge at Limun by his side, was a servant at the table of a Spaniard, who, to amuse his guests at dinner, threw tortillas rolled into balls at Colco and other Indian servants, who were expected to catch them in their teeth like dogs. They were forced to work without pay; many were confined at night and the most rigorous punishments were inflicted, all being subject to whippings, while the monitors of the church often used goads and lashes at mass to force their attention to the strange gods and images. This and much more roused Torqua to a frenzy, and he began an immediate but



secret campaign for liberty. He determined to collect his people from every mission and lead them back to Santa Catalina and make them a free nation.

But Torqua still had enemies. His plan was disclosed, and Zizu, his ancient enemy,



*Mission of San Luis Rey.*

now a spy and worker at the mission, reported him to Padre Amurrio, who caused his arrest for inciting an insurrection, but Arturo and Raphael secured his release. Torqua was a true patriot. He felt that his people had been enslaved, and with a small band he fled and marched over the hills to the Mission of San Luis Rey,



working at night, hiding during the day. They sent out scouts into the mission at night and found that thirty or forty Pimug-nas were here, but Padres Santiago and Pegri, who with Indian labor had built this fine mission, were notified of Torqua's movement and object, and he was obliged to flee with his little army, going to the Mission of San Antonio de Palo, there finding more Pimug-nas. From here Torqua marched his slender following to the Mission of San Gabriel Archangel, where stood the large Indian town of Sibag-na. Here more Pimug-nas joined him, and learning from them that over one hundred of his people had been carried to the Mission of Santa Barbara he marched the little army over the mountains, through the Ojai Valley, little knowing that they were now looked upon as a menace to the church and followed by an armed force. Torqua reached Santa Barbara at night, and by his enthusiasm soon induced his people to join him, and it was decided that the Pimug-nas should take the canoes of the Indians of Xucu<sup>1</sup> (El

<sup>1</sup> San Buenaventura of to-day.

Pueblo de las Canoas), a large Indian town. But their plans were frustrated by Padre Oramas, who mustered the troops from the presidio and ordered the Pimug-nas to surrender. A battle was the result, in which the natives were defeated and driven away. Being poorly armed, their arrows no match for the guns of the Spaniards, they retreated down the coast, followed by constantly augmented forces of Spanish soldiers who were ordered to capture them, and quell what was looked upon as a mutiny. Torqua's forces were decimated in various ways in his long retreat down the shore from Xucu (Ventura), ever hoping to find canoes to take them to their beloved island; but the Spaniards drove them on, and finally they were surrounded on a high headland, which reached boldly out, the nearest land to Santa Catalina. It happened that Arturo, now a captain, was, much against his will, in charge of the force, and in the final engagement he saw Torqua vainly rallying his men, and called to him. But Torqua turned, waved his hand in the air, and ran toward the sea. Thinking that he would escape by

some hidden trail, the soldiers followed, but Torqua stopped for a moment, standing on the edge of a precipitous rock which was beaten by the waves many feet below. So fierce was the sea here that the waves, striking the wall, rose and sent their spray high up to the mesa. Suspecting that Torqua would not surrender, Arturo ran forward, shouting his name, "Torqua, amigo!" but Torqua stood like a bronze statue, his eyes bent on the purple outlines of the distant island mountains; and as the Spaniards reached the brink of the awful precipice they saw the white fluffy foam of a mighty breaker rising higher and higher, and as it poised, Torqua plunged down into its very heart and was lost to view in the swirling, seething maelstrom of the black current.

The Spanish soldiers drew back speechless, some in horror at the tragedy, others in admiration of the deed, all believing that Torqua, the bold and chivalrous leader, was lost, crushed upon the jagged teeth-like rocks which lined the shore. All but Arturo, who, gazing into that churning sea of foam, fancied he saw a human figure — or

was it a sea lion? — rise far beyond the kelp and with vigorous strokes make for the outer sea. Pimug-na was three leagues distant, crouching like some monster on the sea. Could a man swim the distance? Who knows? One of the prisoners, Torqua's friend, brave Ohú-ute, gazing, as though fascinated, at the swirling waters, cried, "Tiribit par!" meaning "The water is good, better than the Spaniards," and turned away, joy in his heart, knowing well that the great chief was not lost, and would lead them again. With him, Arturo, and Raphael rested brave Torqua's secret.





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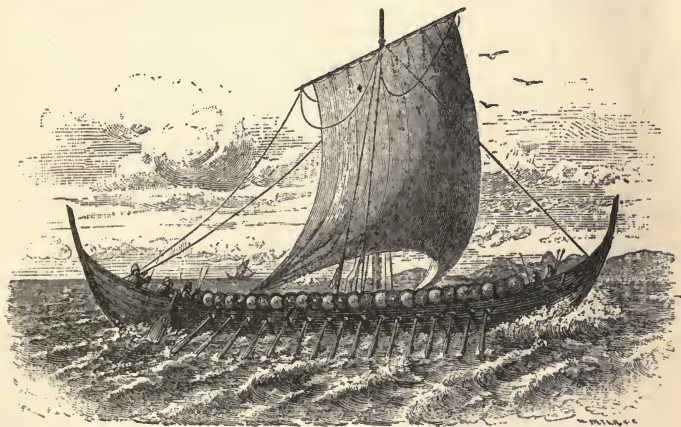
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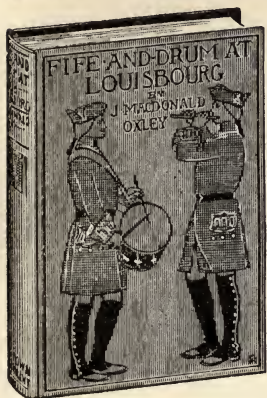
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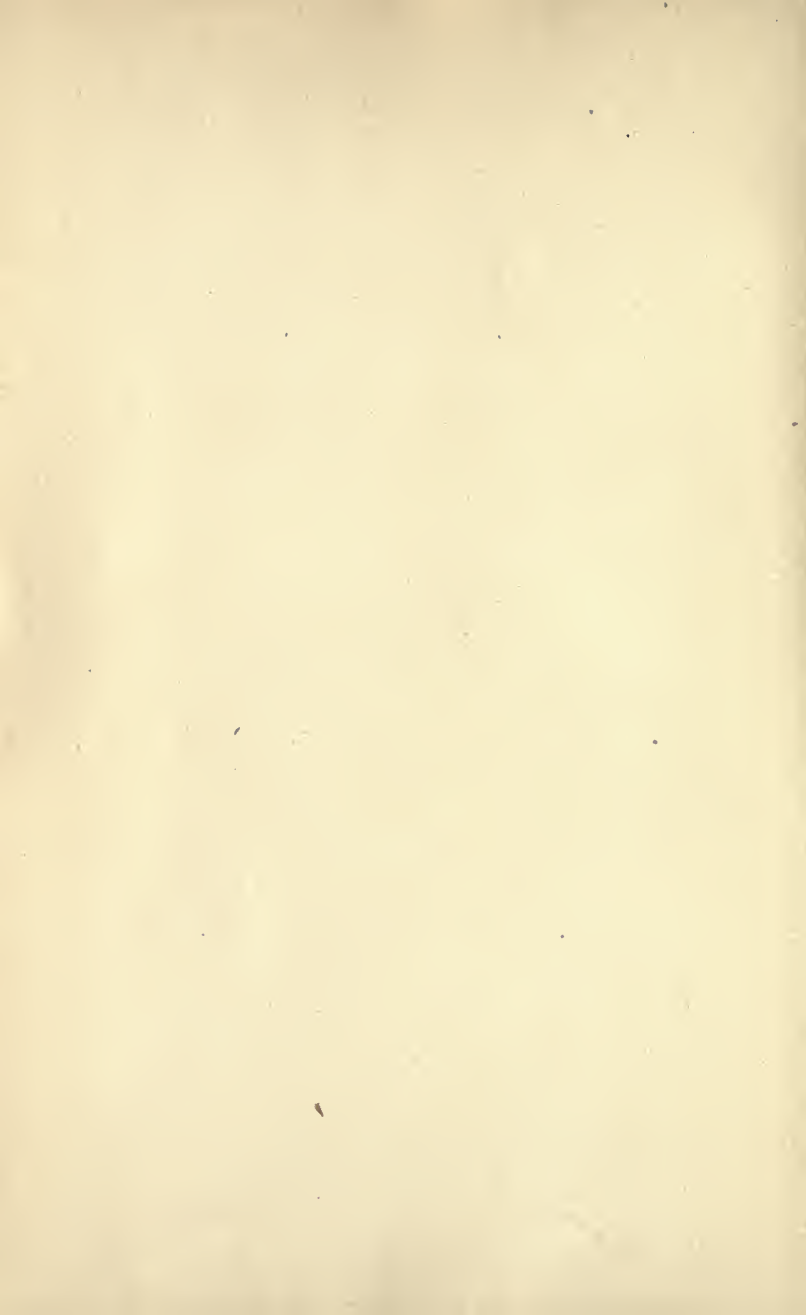
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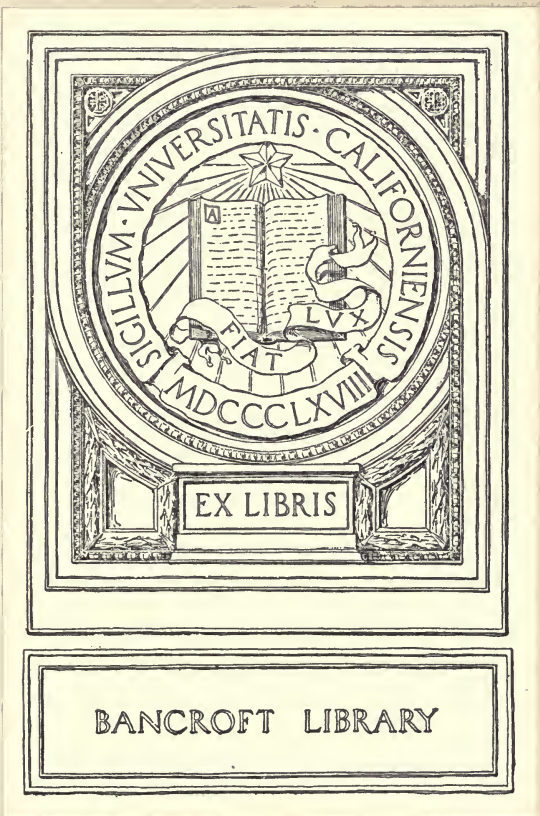




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