

## THE SHAMAN'S GRAVE: AN ALASKAN LEGEND.



THE ordinary tourists who "do" Alaska, tarrying not in any place for longer than a day, will carry away with them, indeed, abiding memories of island-dotted waters, majestic mountains, serene and land-locked bays, crystal glaciers emerald-hued, so vast and towering that they seem to be the opaque walls of the Eternal City, and will recall in their far-distant homes, amid the sunshine and splendour of wealth and civilisation, these quaint people, who from time immemorial have lived and died along the Alaskan coast, bequeathing to their posterity the curious customs inherited from an ancestry whose origin is lost in the mists of the Northern Ocean. But these travellers over water-ways furrowed by the keels

of many big ships never know how much they lose of that nameless mystery which broods perpetually among the secluded and little-visited places hidden away in the estuaries of the sea, unnoted from the "inland passage"—whose waters are unbroken except by the gliding of a canoe and the sweep of a native paddle. In silent and lonely places, save when sea-wandering birds fly in for shelter from wild western storms, or some great white-hooded eagle sweeps down from the near mountains on fish intent, one gets the true aroma of Alaskan days and comes to know

