

by word of preserving their legends and history was by way of mouth. The children are often gathered on the totem poles in front of the houses as reminders, and the stories of these deeds are told to them. They are also written on the bark of the same way our fables have been bequeathed to us by our sires, and were probably handed down from one generation to another until they were forgotten for every reason to every one of them.

"The old people tell quite small tales which begin by telling them the kind of tales that you would call fairy stories." The family assemblies around the big open fires at night are the best places to hear such tales, the minutest detail. With even the simplest yarns it generally takes two nights to tell one. One day the story is begun, each child in turn has to recount the fable. Sometimes it is amusing, for as you listen you find that the tale is really a true story, mixed, and the happenings that they relate are so interesting as the original. But the Chilkat boys have excellent memories, and after a few days they can repeat the stories. When the last child has finished his part, the father or mother tells the whole story over again.

"Most of the stories are based upon fish, birds and animals. For instance, the grisly bear, moose, caribou, salmon, eagle, wolf, otter, porcupine, marten, muskrat, ermine, muskrat, porcupine, squirrel, hawk, mountain goat and sheep, rabbits and wolves, all have their own legends. These legends are told to the children for amusement. By them the children learn much about the habits of the animals, and never forget them. It is a sort of religion, and no father

"YOU Jim!"
Grandma's voice wasn't strong, but it had a thin, piercing quality which carried far. It reached back of the chicken house, or up the alley, or wherever you happened to be lurking, whether the old home

AN UNLICENSED practitioner of wide local repata was grandma, known throughout the family and to the old-timers in the neighborhood as their homely expert on the medicines of the fields and woodlands. She held high conclave, occasionally, with other grandmothers, who were around town, discussing the true properties of yarrow versus eucalypt for a cough. She was respected more than the doctor, who knew her for his inveterate foe and realized that every fee he extracted from the grateful patient was a purse coming only after her mysterious love had failed.

He got her at last, as he gets everybody; and he got her because he was a doctor, and he had to get them out, has put them in the pharmacopeia, has made them into pills and essences and has thrown the rest away. The old contemptuous indulgence for the village curer is still there.

who took a great interest in him. This friend

in the country or in the town. You answered
-wrigt; wrathfully, and came lagging to the
then door.

"Ain't nothin' the matter with me," you pro
red, in vain hope that she would relent. Bu
drama was an inexorable, if kindly, old tyrann

dama's medical knowledge wasn't so real as
ed.

the truth was that grandma had a perfect right
professional kinship with all the doctors of the
if the history of the profession is to carry as
the

herbalist of old was all the physician many
community possessed, apart from the midwife. Pop
the doctor, and he was the doctor, and he was
; and he himself depended altogether on the
the, the roots and the herbs, as he emerged fr
the

boiled a gold wedding ring and fed the brot
the diseases, or till the juices of a suen d
headed young man who had died a sudden
the ailments it couldn't comprehend.

the plants, and wild flowers, and wild flow
long treasured by the common people; and the
whole sections of this country where those hom

he baked it and found that it had turned red, the color

[illegible]

cooked."

[illegible]

"You Jim!" was in the country or in the town. You answered. "You'll keep right on taking these verbs ti

N UNLICENSED practitioner of wide local
grandma's medical knowledge wasn't so real as it
looked. rafters carry the prized pharmacopeia of the house
wife, gathered as every proper season came and

in the more deadly empiricism of the utter ignorance which boiled a gold wedding ring and fed the broth to cure measles diseases, or utilized the tiger as a

away. The air of contemptuous indulgence for remedies are the staples still. Plenty of kitchen