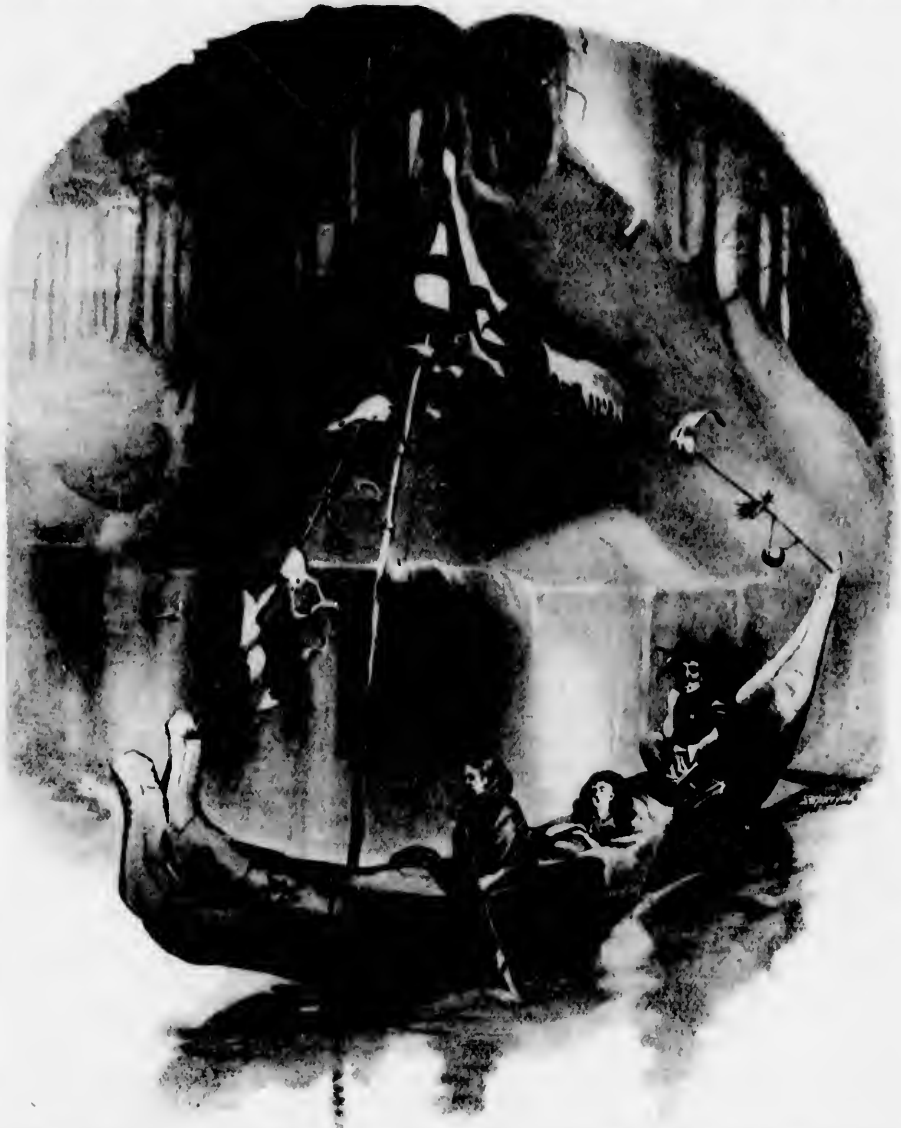


snow-white flag, with a broad red cross worked on its centre; and as they came nearer they saw the *Shaman* and the native woman. He was at the stern and the woman forward, and as they paddled there could be heard the wail for the Sitkan dead. As they came near the shore, my people saw, resting on a soft bed of deer-skins, with her little hands folded across her breast and her lithe body wrapped in the



spotless folds of the ermine robe, the white child whom the *Shaman* had taken away to slay as a witch. She looked very beautiful, and her long hair had the lustre of a sea-trout freshly caught, and it shone in the sunlight like threads of gold. Willing hands drew the canoe high on the beach above the water-line, but the *Shaman* sat as one in a dream gazing into the face of the dead child, as silent as she.