

though we could not do her any harm. For half an hour she fired at us, doing little damage, as her men did not seem to understand how to work their guns. Only Captain Shiina was killed, and a few men wounded, by splinters. Mayeda, who had been a Buddhist monk, and left his convent when the war threatened, vowing never to touch wine or woman, and to die in his first engagement, sat down on the deck and committed hara-kiri, for he thought the honorable Russians would

never sink our ship. Then, with his sword still in his body, he was crying, 'Nippon Banzai,' when a shell struck our engine-room, the explosion tearing the 'Kinshu' apart, and whirling us into the sea. We could all swim, and we intended to find and right our row-boats, but the continued firing of the honorable Russians disturbed us, and had it not been for your excellent good manners, Mr. Craig, none of us would have saved our contemptible lives."

WALKSGEWARAN OF KITAMAAT.

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY A. L. H.



HE sun was just setting as they drew their canoe up to the landing at Kitamaat, and prepared to disembark. The occupants—a young Indian girl of fourteen summers, her brother, Walksgewaran, six years older, and their aged grandmother, have returned from a pleasant sail on the blue Pacific.

As they stepped on shore and began to ascend the rough path leading to the village, Walksgewaran continued the conversation with his grandmother regarding his future prospects in life.

"Tell me," said he, "what should I have to do to become a medicine-man?"

"My child," replied the aged woman, "there is a course of severe discipline through which you must pass before you can attain your heart's desire. To begin with, there are three distinct orders of 'medicine-men,' the 'man-eaters,' the 'dog-eaters,' and the third class, which is a peaceful order. You must first of all decide which of these orders you will join. After you have done this, go down to the little cove on the sea-shore and drink of the salt water, bathe your limbs in the briny waves, and then, after your ablutions, you may return at sunset to the village and take your place in the council of the braves. There you will wait till you feel your soul stirring within you, then the spirit will take full possession of you, and you will be ready to be initiated into all the mysterious rites of the 'medicine-men.'"

Walksgewaran listened attentively to the words of his grandmother, and resolved to join the peaceful order of 'medicine-men.' Accordingly, the next day, after eating a light meal, he repaired to the cove his grandmother had spoken of. He took deep draughts of the salt sea-water. Then, removing his scanty apparel, he plunged into the waves as they rolled gently in upon the shore. All day long he continued at his ablutions, then, after the sun had sunk below the distant horizon, he wended his way in the dusk slowly and silently towards the place of assembly, the council chamber of the braves.

There he took his seat unnoticed and unwelcomed. For some time he continued to sit in silence. Then, feeling a sudden impulse within him, he sprang up and stood before his companions, the Indian braves. Quickly all eyes were centred upon him. The old man threw off their passivity and something like a shade of excitement passed over their stolid countenances. Walksgewaran swayed himself to and fro with an undulating movement, then waving his arms wildly, he whirled round and round uttering piercing shrieks till, exhausted, he fell unconscious on the ground. The braves gathered round and resuscitated him. With glad countenances they set him on his feet. They can hardly suppress their joy, for has not Walksgewaran shown every sign of being "possessed"? He is now qualified to enter upon the mysterious practices of the medicine-men.

Now it happened that a great feast was drawing near. The Indians of the