

influence of missionaries had been felt here before the town was deserted.

At ten o'clock we started toward the east again. We had been disappointed in not finding the grave of a Shaman or medicine man. It is no easy matter to secure osteological material from the Tlingits, for until within a very few years the dead were cremated. This rule, however, did not apply to the Shamans, for it was believed that their bodies would not burn, and consequently they were placed in little house graves usually erected upon some lonely rock or picturesque promontory. We had been slowly working away at the oars, for the wind had completely died away, and were rounding a point on Duke Island, when we espied one of these little houses perched far up on a rocky point which was piled high with innumerable drift. We were soon ashore with the camera and found ourselves well repaid for our pains. The house was about thirty years old, and its roof was covered with a thick growth of moss. It was about five feet high and nearly six feet square. Removing a portion of one of the walls, we could see the body, which had been carefully wrapped in several cedar-bark mats, and tied into a neat bundle with stout cedar-bark rope. Over the bundle were branches of bog myrtle, and under the head was a box. Removing the wrapping still further, we disclosed the desiccated body of a woman doctor. In one hand she clasped a long knife, its steel blade entirely wasted away, leaving only the handle. In the other hand was a beautifully carved wooden pipe inlaid with finely polished abalone shells; but her real title to distinction lay in the immense wooden plug or labret which still remained in her lower lip. Throughout the entire Northwest coast the labret was a mark of honor, and the larger its size the more honor it conferred, for every time a new labret of larger size was inserted it necessitated the giving of a great potlatch, or present-distributing feast. It is related that in the olden times disputes between women were often settled by one of the disputants, scornfully pointing one hand at her enemies and laying a finger on her own labret, declaiming in a manner at once emphatic and conclusive, "My labret is bigger than yours."

Our next stopping place was New Tongas, which we reached at six o'clock on the following afternoon. We were soon ashore, but our expectations were not fulfilled, for in this town of *New Tongas* there was not a single living soul; all were away at work in the salmon canneries.

The location of the town is most delightful. It stands on a little island facing a long, rocky beach. At the rear of the village is a dense forest of cedars, pines, and spruces. The architecture displayed in the houses is not of the usual white man's cottage order,