

Even after the engagement was sealed, the young brave did not speak to his fiancée, nor did she ever address him. Whenever they met, she would cover her face with her hands or with a piece of moosehide.

When the parents had set the date for the marriage, they moved their wigwams side by side. Preparations were made for a feast of caribou and tea. At weddings after the coming of the first white men tobacco also was served, as smoking was indulged in by young and old.

As the hour approached for the ceremony, the bridegroom and his parents entered one of the wigwams, and sat down at one side of the fire which was built in the center. The bride and her parents then entered, followed by all her relatives, and they sat on the opposite side. Meat was eaten, not a word being spoken. Afterwards tea was given to each one present. Then pipes were lighted, and everybody smoked in silence.

In due time the father of the groom arose and gave a long talk, extolling the virtues of his boy. As a hunter and trapper, he could not be excelled. He was as handsome as Adonis and he had the grace of Apollo. His bravery was unquestioned. Surely the bride was fortunate to have secured such a husband.

When he had finished, the bride's father arose and gave a glowing account of his daughter. No girl in all the world was half as beautiful. In the art of tanning hides, she had no superior; and in fashioning garments she was without doubt the last word. The groom had made no mistake in choosing her.

Meanwhile the bride had been sitting with her hair plaited in braids and thrown over her face. After the speeches were finished, the groom reached forward and grasping the braids, hauled her across the fire to his side. If during the preliminaries, however, she suddenly changed her mind about marrying him, a struggle ensued, during which her parents beat his hands with sticks, and the match was off. If she raised no objection, she allowed herself to be hauled across the fire, and she sat down beside the groom. His parents then threw a blanket over the couple.

This completed the marriage ceremony.

## **The First Earthquake in the Yukon**

*An Indian Legend concerning the Origin of the  
Big Slide back of Dawson City, Yukon*

DURING the latter part of the eighteenth century the Moosehide tribe of Indians, who lived near the mouth of the Tron Deg (Klondike) River, had a princess of whom they were very proud. Like Snow White in the fairy tale, she was the most beautiful girl living. And she was exceptionally clever, too. None of the other girls were as well versed as she in the art of tanning the moose and