

Our village of Kasan is inland a few miles from the coast, and is the scene of the operations of the Russian fur traders, the famous Baronovich, of whom I have heard so much. He conducted so secretly as to keep his agents and hunters, who would visit his place, in the greatest secrecy, and a free invitation to search for furs was not given. He scoured the whole region and overhauled the natives, who came to dinner and before they sat down he would offer them wine or liquor in front of some of his hunters, who came from Kasan through the heart of the country to the house of an old chief on the coast, where he would sit by a fire at a totem post. At Wrangel the same measure was taken, and photographing was begun. The natives well preserve the remains of these devices. A large canoe is used, and from top to bottom, are carved carvings and figures illustrating the crests and family history of the owner of these canoes. In front of an old chief's house the canoe house has been run down and who now is left alone.

Boston has a tall ship with a bay window, a