

made by deer and bear down to the springs near our camp. The forests were a revelation—bathed in an almost eternal mist which has been tempered by the mild Japan ocean currents, they are indescribably green. Giant cedars, firs, spruce, and hemlock fairly crowd each other and leave but scant room for the ferns and underbrush which cover every inch of ground. Then there is a ruggedness about the shores of the islands; here, absolutely barren, there piled high with drift, often to a height of sixty feet or more, which speaks eloquently for the mighty forces of Nature which never tire.

We left Cape Northumberland at three o'clock on the morning of July 6th, just as the sun was beginning to throw a ruddy glow over the ice-bound peaks on the mainland. By eleven o'clock we had rounded Devil's Rock, upon which the ill-fated Mexico was to strike only a few days later. At one o'clock we were within sight of Tow Hill, the most prominent point of the northeast shore of Graham Island. And then the wind veered to the west again. Harder and harder it blew until the sea was lashed into white foam. For twenty-six hours we beat in the face of that wind, now gaining a little to the west, now carried toward Rose Spit by a current which seemed stronger than the gale, and now so close to the shore that we could all too plainly hear the roar of the surf as it broke upon the rocks. Drenched to the skin, the waves breaking over us every few minutes, the



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air filled with spray, our boat half full of water at times, we passed twenty-six hours of wretchedness, misery, and abject fear. At times we were only a few feet from waves which, had they broken a little nearer, would have filled our boat and lowered us away to the bottom of the sea.

On the following afternoon we began to put miles between our boat and Tow Hill, and were nearing the mouth of Masset Inlet.