

I have every reason  
the principal Chilkat

claimed the captain.

I believe I should  
the village until they  
y desire to get hold

ill-luck of him who

sharply to the right,  
ng and rock-strewn  
channel that washes  
nd, on which Sitka

beside his friend,  
could hardly speak.  
ng eddy of those  
ers of brown kelp,  
were like familiar  
can, for just be-  
home from which  
sent.

and pointed to a  
h above the forest

cried; and a few  
i!' Phil felt the

nervous fingers tremble as they gripped his arm; and when, a little later, the cutter swept from a narrow passage into an island-studded bay, he could hardly hear the hoarse whisper of: 'There, Phil! there's Sitka! Dear, beautiful Sitka!'

And Phil was nearly as excited as Serge to think that, after twelve months of ceaseless wanderings, the goal for which he had set forth was at last reached.

Serge pointed out in rapid succession the picturesque Greek church, the quaint little house known as the Governor's Mansion, the marine barracks, the solid log structure of the old Russian trading company, the long, straggling Indian village, and the fine 'Governor's Walk' leading to beautiful Indian River. But he looked in vain for the most conspicuous landmark of all; for old Baranoff Castle, crowning Katlean's Rock, had been destroyed by fire since he left home.

The *Phoca* had hardly dropped anchor before another ship appeared, entering the bay from the same direction.

'The mail-steamer from Puget Sound,' announced Captain Matthews.

This boat brought but few passengers, for the season was yet too early for tourists; but on her upper deck stood a gentleman and a lady, the former of whom was pointing out objects of interest almost as eagerly as Serge had done a short time before.

'It is lovely,' said his companion enthusiastically,