

At the different canneries on River's Inlet, we took on a great number of Indians who had been there during the fishing season, and were returning to their homes farther north for the winter. One of the Indian men was taking the corpse of his son to be buried in his native place; they landed one night about nine o'clock at Naas Harbor, and as we were leaving the wharf, we saw the father get on top of the coffin, with a large stick in his hand, and then over thirty Indians, men, women and children, gathered round the coffin, and set up the most terrible wailing and crying one could imagine. The father was beating the coffin with his stick, and shouting with the rest; the noise they made can only be described as *terrible*. That night I could hardly go to sleep and kept thinking about ghosts.

The next stop we made before we got to Skagway was at Ketchikan, the first town in American waters; it is just a small mining place which has sprung up in the last twelve months, but as it is the port of entry, every boat has to call there to be inspected by the U. S. Custom Officer.

The next day we passed several glaciers and beautiful snow-topped mountains; the largest glacier is the Patterson, on Clarence Straits, and is indeed a sight worth seeing.

We also passed numbers of small icebergs, the first I had ever seen.

The following morning, Tuesday, we landed at Skagway, just in time to catch the train to Bennett. The White Pass and Yukon Railway is a narrow gauge railway, and the cars were so small and shook from side to side in such a way that I felt very nervous.

The train climbs a steep grade up the mountains until the summit

is reached; the railway winds around different cliffs, and in some places is just cut out of the side and one can look down 3000 feet.

After leaving the Summit, we passed a chain of beautiful lakes, reaching Bennett shortly before twelve o'clock.

We were directed to what is considered the best restaurant in the place, but we could not eat any of the food. I am sure I do not know how the people up there exist if they cannot get anything better to eat than what was offered to us.

We spent an hour in looking around the place. It is almost deserted now, everybody is moving to White Horse. One thing that struck me was that the buildings which one would expect to be the finest appearing ones in the town, were generally built of logs; the the church and two banks are of logs, the church had a tower, but the banks looked like little log cabins with iron bars across the windows; they are, of course, well furnished inside, which the greater part of the other buildings are certainly not.

We left for Skagway about half past one, arriving there after four o'clock. I forgot to mention that going up we had two engines all the time, taking on another as we got to the summit, while coming back we had only one. I cannot understand how that railway was ever built over such ground, but as it has proved possible to build one there, it is possible to build one anywhere. Though it is so dangerous, they have yet to have their first accident. We did not see much of Skagway, as it was so windy we could not stay out; we left there early on Wednesday morning, and arrived in Victoria the Thursday morning of the next week.