

golian in their grotesque hideousness of expression; but it all takes hold of you as the orgie of a confined but luxurious embodiment of a real art instinct—a desire to express a religious idea, be it ever so fraught with devils. The totem is the “family tree” or genealogy, be-

seemed to touch the ground only for graceful poise; in her ears dangled half moons of brass; her eyes were as black as her hair, which copied the Madonnas in its parting. It was Sunday afternoon; church bells were ringing and under her arm was a Bible. She was moving along the path, that skirts the coast at Wrangell, and rows of tall totem-poles were grinning down at her; her destination was the quiet of that house of God, and its quiet was in her eyes. When I noticed her weighted lids and detected a devout clutching of the little Bible, I thought of the traditions of her race and wondered how she reconciled the two, for her very garb carried designs of the inherited religion.

THE NOBLE SCENERY.

There has long been a tourist trip to Alaska from San Francisco or Seattle, to Victoria, Wrangell, Juneau, Glacier Bay—where is seen the wonderful Muir Glacier—and returning by Sitka. It has been pronounced one of the most interesting summer voyages that can be made in any seas, but the accommodations have been poor, and there has never been enough business to stimulate the ship companies to make this trip better known to the world.

It is all in quiet waters, except two or three bays which are quickly crossed; thousands of islands lock the coast and much of the trip is in narrow straits glassy with calm. Many places on the route are so narrow that it is like a journey by river, only the current is lacking. One description covers the whole picture, but it is like a great canvas on which one never tires looking, finding always a new beauty in the detail. A vertical sweep of the eye shows below the waters are at the mercy of gentle airs; their robin's-egg blue blends into shadows of green where the rank undergrowth of vine and wild flowers grows to its edge; above is a forest of firs, up, up until a clean line of bare granite begins. This is like a velvet haze and on it hang glaciers, feeding rivulets that dance down from ledge to ledge, making white spots where they show through the green, and all the while singing a joyous song to drown the full-throated birds. And away above and back beyond, until they are lost in the clouds, are mountains and peaks of snow, illimitable and inspiring.

But just now, of all times, the human interest is in the remarkable exodus of the gold-seekers. It has many points of view, and for those to whom the luxuries of a Cunarder are not a necessity; a journey hence during the coming summer will lodge a memory in the mind that will remain forever from its pure novelty.



THE CARIBOO ROAD, NEAR CHAPMAN'S BAR, UPPER FRASER RIVER.

ing a combination of the different tribal insignias. This picturing with the brush or the knife lends itself to every article of use; the horn spoons have a symbol carved on their handles, the pipes take crude shapes of animals and birds that have a religious significance, while conventional forms of horned monsters are woven into their blankets and cut into the medicine man's charms, which are made of human bones, and serpents are painted on the faces of the Indian girls.

The most beautiful creature of a native race I have ever seen was one of these Tlingit girls. She was not more than seventeen, tall enough and lithe enough, with a complexion that was like one of those brown and transparent shadows in a Jouett portrait; wound about her shoulders was a blanket of colors that robbed the deepest tones from the grass and the sunset and it fell gracefully in tassels about her limbs; a skirt of royal red hung above bead-wrought moccasins that