

again when the fire begins to grow fervent. Not many hicos, as the white people are called, are accorded the privilege of attending these ceremonies, but as we stand well with one of the wise men of the tribe, we were invited to be present. As soon as we could swallow our dinners we started for the place, and were guided there by the wailings of the friends of the departed, consisting of every man, woman and child present at the festivities. You can see the reasonableness of my calling it by such a name when you are told that the affair concludes by the killing and eating of all the horses of the departed, and every one goes to his own hut feeling that he has enjoyed himself greatly.

The Mojaves believe in demonstrating their feelings through the agency of the mouth and limbs and this woman, being much loved, the mourners were many and their grief could be heard a mile away. If ever you have heard a pack of coyotes howling forth their misery in the middle of the night, when they howl most artistically you have this noise to a dot.

Arriving at a place we found a hole dug in the ground about ten feet in diameter and two feet deep, heaped full of wood and surrounded by the body of the deceased. This was burning, and around it in picturesque attitudes were all the friends trying to outdo each other in exclamations of grief. The head doctor, for the Mojaves have physicians, stood by the side of the genius who stirred the fire, giving directions for the most rapid destruction of the body, which he had, no doubt, with great skill assisted in becoming a corpse. He thus carried his functions a step further than the physicians in civilized life.

One old fellow, who seemed to be the minister, was standing within the circle haranguing the assembly, doubtless on many virtues of the departed,

and when he seemed to make an unusually good point the mourners manifested their appreciations by an increase in the force of their groans.

Finally the relatives and friends ate the horses that were the property of the deceased, and went home firmly believing that the dead woman's spirit is roaming untroubled in "Ghost Mountain," just across the river.

#### ALASKA INDIANS.

To convert a Yukon river Indian—superstitious, ignorant, immoral and lazy, into an intelligent and industrious American citizen, is to accomplish a metamorphosis indeed. Yet that is just what the mission schools at Kozirefski, in far Alaska, are doing, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Yukon river juvenile aborigine in San Francisco-made jacket with a cheap silk bow under his black chin is the cutest little sample in the Indian market. But his ethics are those of a polar bear. His sister, placed inside a white dress, looks like a tar baby poking her head out of a snowball. She's a pretty little maid despite her complexion, and she didn't know whether to laugh or cry when that three-legged thing the white men call a camera was set staring at her. But her sense of propriety is about that of—well, she hasn't any at all, poor little tot. She does the most dreadful things in the most perfect innocence.

The sisters of the mission school at Kozirefski and Nulato have undertaken a herculean task of inculcating that absent sense of propriety into the girls and that tardy development of ethics into the boys. At Kozirefski the children attend a polytechnic school, an agricultural college, a gymnasium and a church and Sunday school combined in one, besides learning ever so many other things, like cooking, sewing, curing fish and meat and being patriotic.

W. L. Gerstel, of the Alaska Com-