

placed at our service by the local inspector of the Government Harbor Department.

But our own bodies also claimed one last civilized feast of purification before entering on a life of savagery. The bath-house of the town is a small timber building. The bath-room itself is low, and provided with shelves where you lie down and are parboiled with hot steam, which is constantly kept up by water being thrown on the glowing hot stones of an awful oven, worthy of hell itself; while all the time young quæn (lasses) flog you with birch twigs. After that you are rubbed down, washed, and dried delightfully—everything being well managed, clean, and comfortable. I wonder whether old Father Mahomet has set up a bath like this in his paradise.