

ceeded in covering us with their foamy spray! We were having such a good time that with reluctance we left the bounty of those semi-precious pebbles, and mounting the precipitous slope, looked back across the tossing, heaving waters, and uttered those lines, so simple, yet so replete with the loneliness and incomprehensibility of the deep:

Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, O sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

A few days later we visited a surveyor's flag which is securely planted at the summit of a steep hill on the east coast. There are no trees here, nor are there any west of Kodiak. All over the island the ground is shirred into little puffs, consequently, walking, especially at night, cannot always be done in an easy and graceful manner. This uneven surface has a deep covering of moss—so that one sinks several inches at each step—and all this, together with the not infrequent rumbling of earthquakes, gives the novice the not wholly agreeable feeling that at almost any moment he is apt to descend into Tophet.

While on this tramp we became acquainted with numerous little red, blue, and black berries, which peeped out at us from under the green moss and the red leaves, a few inches above the ground. Cranberries, chickenberries, blueberries, and mossberries, were crammed into our pockets, because "we want to make teacher fat." Then we were taught to know of the poisonous crowberry, which though very similar in appearance to its cousin, the mossberry, has a red pulp while that of the mossberry is white. On the rocks at our feet were the shells of sea eggs which the gulls had dropped there to break, and had then eaten. Twilight was falling and the sharp edges of day were softened by a mist of silvery blue and purple. Across the bay were the peaks of Nogoi, among whose hills the bear and caribou wander. Just before us great American and Russian eagles were screaming the story of Legend Rock. Toward the south is Sea Lion Rock, and many exciting tales are told of adventure with the occupants of this remote isle.

The three-mile trip up to "The Camp" is always enjoyable. Along the beach we find kelp, barnacles, and many curious shells. A decade ago the camp was a place of some importance, but now the gold diggings are about exhausted, and the numerous wooden buildings, which sheltered the two hundred miners, are deserted and decaying. However, the cyanide of potassium test is being used on the refuse. If successful the mine will again be put in operation and all the tailings of the last twenty-five years will be worked over.

From "The Camp" we attempted to scale Mt. Apollo, 2,000 feet high—the highest peak on the island. A steady, chilly rain caused us to