

give up the ascent when we were within a few hundred feet of the pinnacle. But it was worth a journey to see the clouds in the south melt away into the smooth, shining waters of the Northern Pacific. Twenty miles away, northward, were the ever fascinating "Haystacks," a group of a half-dozen rocks jutting out of the sea and shaped wonderfully like the haystacks of our prairie fields. Not many years ago these conical rocks were the habitation of a band of native pirates.

Of the several fishing stations on the island, Kelly's Rock, two miles distant, is the most alluring. We followed a path which wound up a long steep hill, and, five hundred feet, almost perpendicularly beneath us, lay the fishing station. We didn't care to undertake the seemingly impossible, but upon being informed that it was altogether the most desirable thing to do, we were finally persuaded to drop by slow degrees upon the little frame shacks composing the station below. In the fish house were 200,000 pounds of salted codfish ready for the hold of the company's boat—to be taken to Seattle and there packed. A string of red and blue porgy, used for baiting codfish, was hanging from a support. On the pier stood a keg of codfish tongues, ready for market, and a vat of codliver oil, black and uninviting. Then we began to fish—and what luck! In an instant we were drawing in an "Irish Lord"—so called because of the generous proportions of his mouth. But he was "no good," the boys said, and without any regard for his title, Young America flung his Lordship carelessly back upon the wooden pier and began hauling in flounder, spiny, sculpin, and codfish, who were living too near shore to be clean and wholesome. Then we visited that famous rendezvous of the boys, the cook house. The Chinese cook was generous, and armed with weighty slices of cake, strangely reminiscent of occult China, we began our homeward climb. Arrived at the summit, we turned for another glance at the tiny boats, the slumbering station, and the peaceful waters beneath us. The closing day, clad in an evening gown of old rose, with trimmings of amethyst and blue, was giving her parting benediction to Earth's tired children. The western sky was a great dome of fine gold. The hills, too, were a study in color. Over them the Creator had spread a soft Persian carpet—in oriental shades of saffron, gray green, rose, and dull blue.

There is a magical beauty in the moonlight nightly here. Earth is so still, so light. Just a week ago tonight a few of us were dinner guests on the U. S. R. C. Patterson before she should sail away to winter in the Philippines. We have no landing here, so Captain Moore took us out to where the cutter lay anchored in a steam launch. The moon was casting a path of gold across the water. Above this path were scintil-