

to do, and that was to reach the island before his strength gave out entirely and before the boat slipped enough water to become unmanageable. His back seemed almost broken and his arms quite lifeless; his head throbbed and his eyes seemed on fire; but still he pulled. Near the island were many projecting ledges and sharp rocks and as he approached the shore the danger increased. When near the beach a receding wave dropped the boat with a thud on a hidden rock: it swung around and tipped on one side, another wave tore it away and, dashing it against another rock, turned it completely over. Cameron was severely bruised among the rocks, but the water was not deep and he reached the shore, where he sank on the beach completely exhausted.

The boat floated to the shore with a hole in her bottom. But after recovering Cameron succeeded in stopping the leak sufficiently for the return journey, which was accomplished without accident. On the return the wind was a help and it was only necessary to keep the boat headed in the right direction.

Why was Howard Cameron so anxious to reach Loon Island that he was willing to risk his life in this manner? It was a very simple reason indeed. A woman had expressed a wish for a specimen of a certain rare fern which grew on the island, and this was the last chance he would have to procure it, for next day he would return to the city.

H. H. H., '02.

