

for generations. Old Admiral Owen found them at work, and they promised him a third of the treasure when they should find it, if he would allow them to continue their search. Years passed on, and they were still looking for the iron chest. The old admiral had passed away, and his son-in-law was watching their labors. One day he rode across the island to see how they were getting on, and they had gone. Only a deep excavation was left, at the bottom of which, said Captain Robinson Owen, was plainly to be seen the outlines of a large iron chest, marked out by the rust that had covered its sides. But the treasure was gone, and the pirates' sons and grandsons came no more to Herring Cove. Now only curiously colored pebbles are to be picked up on its shingly beach, rainbow-tinted or marked with singular lines and streaks.

"You drive to Herring Cove through miles of spruce and fir woods, the trees standing in serried rows like an army under review, and the air so loaded with their spicy fragrance that it pervades the whole island and drowns the smell of the sea. Over the springy turf and under the dark green arches, and among the sunny avenues of the