

have colored the history of the Isles of Shoals. No section of country could contribute a larger or more thrilling volume in the records of piracy in the New World than these islands. It is certain that in the olden time they formed the rendezvous of such noted buccaneers as Kidd, Dixey Bull and Blackbeard.

This was a desirable place to refit or repair ships. Troublesome questions and questionable appearances were avoided, as the pirate craft lay sheltered in the roads between these high headlands, while their crews found shelter amid the rocky fortresses ashore. To relate the tales of wreck and ruin wrought by the pirate kings who have cruised to the Isles of Shoals to bury their ill-gotten treasure among the rocks, or the recital of the fearful sights and sounds which have met those whose hardihood permitted the search for the hidden wealth, would fill a volume and satisfy the most hungry sensationalist of the times.

Star Island, one of New Hampshire's possessions, bears a monument erected in 1864 to the memory of Captain John Smith of early colonial fame, and White Island bears the warning light of the Shoals.

Boon Island, a lonely, desolate rock with a tall beacon, lies some distance east of the Isles of Shoals, directly off the coast of Maine, some twelve miles distant from the historic town of York. As we pass it to-day one can scarcely credit the story of the wreck of the Nottingham and the terrible scenes of cannibalism among her crew, who were held prisoners by the waves upon the wild rock during twenty-four days in December, 1811. Wonder not then at the number of the coast lights which warn the sailors of to-day against a fate so dire.

But now a bountiful dinner is being served within the spacious saloon, at which there is always a merry company, and after which there is time for a delightful siesta upon the promenade deck, in easy steamer chairs, where, fanned by the salt breath of the sea, with book on lap, one may lazily pass the time, or curiously study the queer saline types of humanity to be met always in the passage of the Northern New England coast.

Engage such a one in conversation, and you are repaid by tales of the coast. He knows every bay and headland from Boston Light to Quoddy Head, and farther east to the "Grand Banks" of Newfoundland, of marvelous catches and prodigious bags of game; for your old salt is a born gunner, with sea-fowl his lawful prize. A life by the sea begets a spirit of sturdy independence, therefore he is a political economist of no mean order, indeed, the student of human nature can find no better field in which to pursue his studies than on the coast line of New England. Happily he will not be slow to discover the kindly side to the character of these quaint old salts.