

as a pleasant break in the monotony when one of the crew, who had climbed to the fore cross-trees, sung out,

"Land Ho!"

McDonald tumbled up the cabin companion — the sleep still in his eyes.

"Where away?" he bawled.

"Two p'int's off'n port bow!"

"All right, said McDonald. "That sh'd be Livingstone Island. Keep her as she goes."

The schooner raised the land rapidly, and as the sun rose it illuminated the gray, sterile cliffs and rocks to port. Upon them the mighty billows of the "Forties", burst and thundered in acres of foam, while, as the mists of the chilly Antarctic morning dissipated, the loom of a high, snow-covered mountain could be seen. McDonald recognized the place at a glance.

"That's Livingstone Island, boys. We won't be long now afore we make our destination. How's she headin' now?"

"Wes'sou'west," answered Simons from the wheel.

"Keep her so!" And the red-headed navigator busied himself in taking a fourpoint bearing.

### III



DECEPTION ISLAND lies in latitude sixty-two degrees fifty-six minutes South, and longitude sixty degrees, thirty-three minutes West, and is one of the South Shetland Archipelago. The island is of volcanic origin and of the horseshoe shape peculiar to the atolls of the South Seas. Composed of a vast heap of lava rocks, boulders and ashes, the island rises sheer, forbid-