

side of us a dead woman, with her pet dog at her side, also dead.

He then remarked that this island was an awful place, and his Captain never allowed the coast-guards to go back on the island any distance from the lighthouse on the cliff for fear of getting lost. As they had heard by signal of our condition they were sent to find us if possible, and conduct us to the lighthouse. Shortly after this conversation I dropped again, not being able to proceed any further just then, being exhausted for want of food. He then showed me, in the distance, what appeared to be a pole, which was in reality the flagstaff of an English lighthouse. He also advised me to lie and rest until he came with his mate to help me into the lighthouse, but if I felt better after a rest to try and get in closer. I did so, on my hands and knees, a painful experience, having to go around one small lake about 500 yards long. After this I stopped for another rest. I was now nearer the lighthouse; then to my delight they saw me