

bags can be made of these delicious birds that have all the flavor of the salt crustaceans on which they feed.

In the creeks, channels, inlets and ocean are found every variety of fish. The delicious hog fish and sheepshead are found in abundance. Fine fishing is the rule and not the exception.

The marshes abound in soft crabs. On the sandy beach the clams are taken in numbers either to fill a canoe or ship. And then the diamond back terrapin has its home in the creeks that run through the swamps and estuaries that border the place. Indeed Nature has so bountifully endowed Hog Island that it discounts the fabled isle of Calypso.

The soil of the island is very productive. Vegetables grow there in tropical profusion, and the melons and cantaloupes would carry off the prize at any county fair. In addition to these delicacies the islanders raise cattle, sheep, hogs and fowls, so that with all these creature-comforts, there is no gourmand or bon vivant whose table is more luxuriously supplied than those of the natives of Hog Island.

The law allowing the shooting of wild fowl only on alternate days and from sun up to sun down, has put a stop to the indiscriminate slaughter of that noblest of wild birds, the brant, by brainless clubmen, unprincipled pot hunters and market gunners, but there is no law that can prevent the brant from driving full tilt into the lighthouse tower, except indeed, to abolish the lighthouse, and surely the most enthusiastic game protectionist would hardly advocate such a radical measure.