

whose fragile wings cannot carry their bodies over a score of feet above the earth.

The islanders do not attach much importance to them, but to the visitor they are an infliction. Fortunately they do not transmit disease as everybody is of sound mind and body in their vicinity; they simply bite, but leave no germs to fructify or multiply.

The proprietor of the hotel tried to abate the nuisance by sprinkling the ponds around the building with kerosene oil, but without any marked success. Even if the island was freed from their presence the soft wind would bring them from the swamps and meadows across the water; therefore it seems that in the far future, as in the past, the inhabitants of Hog Island will marry, have children and go on in the even tenor of their way; "a kingdom unto themselves" with no mixture of foreign or alien blood. It is better so, if happiness is the chief and only aim of existence; and these people by the sea, all unknowing of the evils that arise from "man's inhumanity to man," live their simple, calm and tranquil lives as happy as mortals can be in this weary old world.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

The daily life of the Islanders is simple and healthful. They are early risers, getting up with the sun, and the men at once proceed to the wharf and getting into their boats, spend an hour or so gathering oysters, and return with a wholesome