

All up by sunrise and at work unloading the boats, ready for letting down with ropes. Got the boats and remaining cooking utensils over and opposite the wreck on the shore. Had dinner, when Hall bantered one of the men to go over to the wreck and see what there was left. Away they went and got to it safely, after a few thumps on the rocks, and fished out three barometers, two thermometers, some spare barometer tubes, a pair of old boots, some sole leather, and a ten gallon cask of whisky that had never been tapped. Not a sign of anything else. How to get back was the next question, it being impossible to go back over the route they came. A narrow, rocky race offered a chance to get through the island into the main channel. After an hour's floundering in the water among the rocks, they got through to the main channel, and dashing through some pretty rough passes, they reached the shore, where the rest of the party stood ready to catch the lines, their arms extended, like children reaching for their mother's apron strings. The Professor was so much pleased about the recovery of the barometers, that he looked as happy as a young girl with her first beau; tried to say something to raise a laugh, but couldn't. After taking a good drink of whisky all around, we concluded to spend the rest of the day as best suited. Some packed freight for future use; the rest slept under the shade of the scrubby cedars.