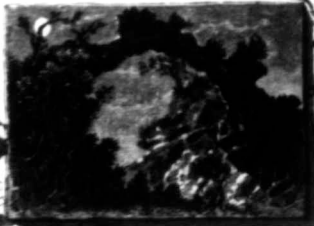


archipelago of some two hundred beautiful islands, varying from two miles in length to mere green dots 100 feet across, dotting the crystal waters which rush by ninety feet deep at its shore, and swarming with whitefish, bass, pike, pickerel, the gamy muskalonge and the lake trout. Every floating cloud or gleam of sunshine changes the glorious scene by varying the tintings of the waters, which range through every shade from deepest azure to palest of olive green, from purple and lavender to purest silver. The whole island is a vast and glorious labyrinthine treasure-house of enchantments, a wild tangle of miniature mountains, mighty precipices, overhanging cliffs and crags, the Giant's Causeway on tall finger-like pillars of



straight and slender as Cleopatra's Needle, cataracts of dizzy height, weird caves and abysmal depths, magnificent shelving beaches of snowy sand and gravel, hard and smooth as a ball-room floor, on which one may ride or drive or stroll for miles at a stretch, with the never-ceasing melody of splashing waters filling the air at every turn, occasional views of storm-lashed billows rivaling the ocean's angriest in grandeur and savagery, a fort dating back through 200 years of war and romance, parade grounds, young officers, splendid brass band music, two battle fields of the war of 1812, a burial-ground where the dead were piled, ruined battlements, history, poetry, legend, brook trout, moonlight unsurpassed upon the famed Neapolitan waves of the liquid highways of Venice, myriads of trout, bass, pike, perch, pickerel, and gamy graylings, all mixed and mingled in unending and matchless glory of vision, while around and over all lies the grand environment of boundless blue of water below and sky above, till both commingle along the far-off line where earth and heaven seem to kiss. Almost in sight from this magnificent mount of observation, forty miles west of north, is Beaver Island, one of the Manitou group, where an American king reigned less than thirty years ago. It would take volumes to tell of the vast amount of strange and thrilling reminiscence that clusters around this beautiful wave-washed paradise of health and pleasure-seekers. The United States Government has reserved the whole island, with the exception of three small farms, as a National Park.

