

t and bar from Rock comes a little patch of clear sandy beach over which the swallows are flitting by thousands, fluttering as they bathe at the water's edge, and twittering to each other like so many little magpies.

A sudden change from the innocent bird life of the beach just left, is suggested by the sight of an old wicked looking house that stands alone in a lonely place, at the second bend of the river to the north from Kilbourn City. The site is the old bed of the river, surrounded by the bluffs whose bases were once washed by its rapid flow. This is known as Allen's Tavern, and its founder still lives there, a recluse and misanthrope. Here this early settler planted himself in 1837, when the only white men in the region were the raftsmen who floated through the Dells on their way from



LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM THE ELBOW, DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN.

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atural structures
oint where the si
Above these natur
have built the
stopping place. The rapids below made it necessary for them to double up
crews, and here while the passage of the chute below was being effected,
numbers of these desperate characters were wont to congregate for days
together, and through the whole season there were always a greater or less
number quartered at the place. Dark stories hang about the old house,
and legends of men murdered for their money and thrown into the secret
waters of the river, are whispered to this day in the gloaming, as the farm