

in many places the water is very bad for drinking purposes. We reached Madison, the capital of the State of Wisconsin, at four p.m. This is the most beautifully located city that I have seen, being built on a hill almost completely surrounded by three or four pretty large lakes, one of them at least ten miles long and four miles wide. Shortly after passing Madison we came into a rough, mountainous country strongly resembling the Gatinian region. In some places we passed through immense rock and sand cuttings and between high towering rocky hills clothed with brushwood and scrubby white pines. The curves are numerous and pretty sharp; the train often seeming as if it were running up against stupendous rocks. At one place called "Devil's Lake" the railway is dug out of the side of a nearly perpendicular mountain of bare rocks some two hundred feet high, on the other side of which is the lake about a quarter of a mile wide, and over five hundred feet deep. It is called by the Indians the

#### "LAKE OF THE BAD SPIRIT."

from a tradition that all persons who fell into its waters were at once dragged under water by the evil one, and could not be rescued. The real cause of the almost certain death by drowning of all who fall into the lake, is the nearly perpendicular banks give no chance for any but swimmers to get out again. The Indians thought the lake was bottomless, but the white man found bottom at less than one hundred fathoms. The rocks on the sides of the mountains which enclose this beautiful little lake with the ugly name, resemble somewhat the perpendicular columns of the "Giant's Causeway," but are not so regular. There is a large hotel on its banks, which is a summer resort for persons from Chicago and other Western cities.

A little while after passing the lake we came to a town of some importance called Baraboo, which is romantically situated on a little river of that name, which empties into the Wisconsin River not far from the town. The railway follows the bed of this river about twenty-five miles, between pretty high mountains, during which the railway, river and public highway seem to be

#### PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK

with each other, crossing and re-crossing back and forth I don't know how often. A good deal of the land hereabout is of poor quality, a considerable portion of it having been bought about twenty years ago by people dwelling in the Eastern States, who purchased it from agents without having previously seen it. There is considerable white pine timber in this part, although much of the better kinds has been already removed. The land between this and St. Paul is not nearly as good as in Southern Wisconsin, a great deal of it being very poor and sandy hillocks covered with brushwood.

We got to St. Paul at six o'clock this morning and got our first view of the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi. At this point it resembles very much the Back River near St. Vincent de Paul, at ordinary summer level. The trains running to Breckenridge, on the Red River, made some changes in their running time this week; consequently, we were detained here until five o'clock this afternoon, when we will (D. V.) pursue our journey to the North-West.

Now for

#### A WORD OF ADVICE

to those who may think of coming this way, although my experience is not very extended as yet.

First, it is better to come in companies of thirty or more, as in such cases the Grand Trunk Railway will furnish good, though old, first-class cars, but a person coming alone, or with only one or two others will have to travel in the second-class cars, which are made hardly habitable for common cleanly people, by the amount of tobacco smoking, chewing and spitting which is done in them. The Montreal Anti-Tobacco Society would secure the lasting gratitude of many good people in Canada, if it could prevail on the G. T. R. authorities to stop the smoking, as they have already nearly stopped the drinking on their passenger cars.

A person ought also to carry with him an ample supply of provisions, as he is charged at the refreshment rooms fifty cents for about ten cents worth of food, swallowed down in a hurry, while every moment he is dreading to hear the well-known call "All aboard!" In my own case, I got a good loaf of home-made bread, worth say 16c; a small tin can filled with preserves, worth about 15c; a small jar containing nearly a pound of honey in the comb, worth 20c, and a small parcel each of tea and sugar, and a bottle of pain killer,—but I have had no need for the latter yet. I also got a tin flask for holding milk to drink by the way, as the water is sometimes no better than it ought to be. I had this milk-flask refilled with fresh milk at every opportunity. I also make it a point to get one warm meal each day; yet my whole expenses for eatables from Montreal to St. Paul is less than two dollars, and should no further delays be necessary, two dollars more will do until we reach Winnipeg. They have the habit of charging 50 cents per meal and 10 cents for a cup of tea at the railway stations on both sides of the line, and the delay is generally so short that you have not time to look elsewhere. At Toronto and Chicago there is plenty of time to get a meal elsewhere for 25 cents, although in the latter city I had to pay 50 cents for my dinner, notwithstanding I had been promised to have it for 25 cents. The way it came to pass was this: A hotel-runner, as soon as the "bus" stopped at the railway station of the C. & St. Paul Railway, invited us to come to his hotel for dinner, and as we objected paying 50 cents, he promised to give it for 25 cents. Several of us went, although the time was very short before the train would start, and after a hurried meal, we tried to settle for 25 cents each, but it would not work. The runner who made the bargain was not to be found, and the landlord said he had never authorized him to make such bargains; and we had each to fork over 50 cents in order to catch the train.

There are a good many places where the cars wait fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments, where

#### CLEVER TRICKS OF SHAVING

can be done. At Jackson, in Michigan, one of our party who felt hungry called for a cup of tea and a sandwich, and gave a Canadian bank bill to settle the account, but got back only 65c. change in those sickly-looking coins called dimes and nickels. He wanted more, but could not get it, the purveyor asserting that Canadian bills were only worth 85c. on the dollar, and the cup of tea and sandwich cost 20c. The