

and a few rods from the shore it is a hundred feet or more. The water is much deeper near the rocks at the Great Door, and a mile or two each way, than at any other place along the shore. The cliff on the west, next to the Grand Portal, is hollowing out, forming an immense cave, increasing yearly, being much larger now than it was a year ago. Then we visited it with two photographers from Chicago, and we had one of their views with us as a record. Great blocks had fallen and enormous cavities formed where last year it was apparently solid rock, stained with the accumulation of years. This change impressed us with a feeling of great insecurity, which increased so much that we hastened to finish our sketch and remove to some more secure position less in danger of being ground to powder.

Dox said he had no doubt we could bring down a rock from the roof inside by firing a pistol; so we paddled to the mouth and fired back into the cave. Either our gun was too small, or the rock was not ready to respond and come down, for the only result was some very sonorous echoes which set the flocks of gulls to whirling and screaming, some coming very near and looking fiercely at us as they sailed swiftly by, as much as to say, "Clear out, you meddling chaps, and stop trying to disturb our ancient nesting-place!"

Again we paddled into the great cave, and looked along its walls, and followed the flowing waves and the accompanying reflections chasing each other up the sides and dancing in the roof. It is beyond the power of the pencil to represent the effect of the reflected light in the roof as seen from the rear. Especially when the sun is toward the west the bright light is reflected back from the waves into the cavern, and undulates like a sea of light overhead; a picture in living colors, so tender, so quiet—luminous, pearly grays, bright flashes, cool high lights, all warmed by the yellow sandstone, dripping with water, on which the effect is thrown. We tried firing the pistol again at the rear, but with no other result than a series of deafening echoes. This would be an awful place in a storm. There is no rock on which you could climb more than six or ten feet above calm water-level, and waves coming in with a high wind would wash the rocks for a hundred feet in height; and no one could possibly live a single day, much less during a storm of a week.

The fishermen understand the treacherous nature of the storms on Lake Superior, and are generally provided for the weather by carrying several days' provision when going even a few miles from home. The unfortunate man, if trapped on one of the beaches, where he could escape into the wilderness in the rear, could, by making a long circuit, avoiding the bays and creeks, possibly find his way to the shore opposite Grand Island, at Munising. If he lost his way—not at all improbable in a storm—his only salvation would be his gun, and the possibility of reaching Marquette, Escanaba, or some hun-

der settlement on Green Bay, a good hundred-mile tramp.

Our last glimpse of the Grand Portal was near sunset one day after rain, when the rays of the sun lit up the yellow sandstone with a glory that melted the shining mass into burnished gold.

"Lemm, how far will we have to row to get to the Grand Sable?"

"Wa'al, about ten or fifteen miles to see the high banks; and you'd better be keeful of the weather, for it won't do to be caught there in a storm. No such thing as landing a boat in any safe place."

"Well, Dox, as our provision-chest has nearly given out, and Lemm will have to go home for a new supply, let us take two or three days' rations, and manage to meet him on his return to the Chapel Beach."

The rations we took were ten biscuits, about three pounds of maple-sugar, and a cooked trout of two pounds' weight. The stay at the rocks had been much longer than was calculated upon, and therefore the short allowance. Lemm thought he could return by the next day noon, certain, and away he pulled. Dox and I set out in the birch for new explorations. We passed the Cascade, the Wreck Cliff, Amphitheatre, Cliff of Tombs, End of Rocks, and then five miles along the Sable. Ocean sands are an index of infinity—a type; the desert also is a type, with its limitless expanse of sand. What shall we say of these mountains of sand? Two hundred to three hundred feet elevated against the sky, clothed with a forest; forever crumbling, changing, water-worn, wind-tossed, restless sands. We found a point where several large trees, fallen from the top, had been washed together in a heap by the storm, and packed solid by the sands around them, made a landing. Here we pulled up our canoe and rested. An attempt to climb up the bank was almost reckless, but at it we went, and after two hours of continual climbing succeeded in reaching the top. The sand was very dry and mealy, rolling under our feet, and seriously retarding our progress. I have been in the crater of Aetna and climbed the Pyramids of Ghizeh, but, if both could be combined, the ashes of the one and the steep of the other would not be a more difficult ascent than the Grand Sable.

The forest is pine, hemlock, spruce, birch, and cedar, with a very few oaks and maples. As you go back from the shore hard wood becomes more abundant. We dared not go far away, as it was said that in an hour or two a storm might burst on us, which might carry off our canoe from its landing or prevent our return to the Chapel Beach. We spent some little time hunting for stones to roll down the sands into the lake, but none were to be found; so we tugged at a half-decayed log and an old stump, and sent them tumbling down, bounding from heap to heap, with a final plunge into the water, sending the spray flying about like the big ruff around Queen Elizabeth's neck in