

indeed is she in her ermine mantle, her young head uplifted and her every step guarded by thousands of hardy liegemen, among whom the red men from the forest and prairie are to be reckoned at no insignificant figure. But I like best to look on this fair lady as she appears in autumnal garb in our wonderful Northland. The clematis and columbine make her fairy bower, gem-spangled moss her carpet. Tall pines and giant oaks are her sentinels, zephyrs fan her by day and at night beautiful Aurora flashes radiance. Hyacinths and golden-rod smile in her path. Ivy, blue bells and lilies of France unite to form her girdle. Her eyes are full of welcome, her hands are full of plenty, and bands of feathered songsters echo her praises.