



INTERIOR OF GRAND PORTAL.

and you are hungry again so soon that the days seem to stretch out very needlessly.

The beauties of all lands are dull and commonplace to the inhabitants thereof, however much they may be prized by strangers. And the Pictured Rocks are no exception to the rule. "High and rough and stained, and rather curious; still, nothing but rock, after all. Can't see why people come all the way from New York to see nothing but stones. Carious, maybe; but we can see 'em any time when we've nothing else to do. Good place to fish—for some kinds. Where the streams run in, and near the cascades, you are sure to get brook-trout, very fine flavor; and since the steamer was wrecked something can be made fishing up old iron; but no one hereabouts ever feels like wasting time just to look at the rocks. As for the pictures, every one has a notion of their own about them. No two sees 'em alike."

Now for a trip to the Grand Portal. Lemm says he just as lieve go and try his luck at the wreck, fishing for old iron, and be back about sundown; so Dox and I go in the birch. Modestly we enter by the side opening of the cave, and while the sketch is in progress, from the

fallen rocks at the back, Dox in the birch goes along the walls, peeping in and out, exploring for pebbles and specimens of rock and lichens and crystallizations.

Imagine yourself in a room four hundred feet long, by one hundred and eighty wide, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high to the arched roof, built of yellow sandstone, seamed with decay and dripping with water. Shout, and your voice is multiplied a hundred-fold by echoes that reverberate several seconds, sharp, metallic. Here the stratum of gravel is elevated about fifty feet, while at the Castle it is nearly down to the water-level, and at the Amphitheatre is about twenty feet above. The waters are undermining the foundations, and wearing holes every where in the support of the walls and roof, and in some day—how far into the future it is impossible to guess—the sandstone will be entirely cut through, and the immense roof come down into the waves, to be carried away in sand to make wider the Chapel Beach, or perhaps increase the Grand Sable. The water in the cave increases in depth as you go out toward the lake, from the bare rocks of the buck end to about fifty feet at the opening,