

the ravine, with the blunt cone of Boarstone mountain showing prominently above the lesser heights. The country becomes wilder as we proceed; great parti-colored rocks appear on every side among the trees, and numerous heavy rock cuttings prove what a difficult task it was to construct a railway through this picturesque wilderness.

Fifteen miles from Greenville we reach the shore of lovely Lake Onaway, or "Ship Pond," beyond all dispute the prettiest of all the countless small lakes of Maine. The name "Ship Pond" was given it on account of an island bearing two slender trees closely resembling the hull and masts of a small schooner, but the trees have been destroyed, and the lake is now generally known by its proper name,



Onaway. The latter name perpetuates a poetical Indian tradition of a beautiful maid called Onaway, and her doings in the long ago. Such tales may be mere romance, but like the mosses clinging to the rocks, or the creepers draping giant trees, they lend an additional charm to what is already beautiful. The route follows the irregular shore of Onaway for a considerable distance, giving ample opportunity for a study of what may be styled a perfect picture, and finally we reach the longest bridge in the state, a solid, shapely iron structure, stretching across a shadowy ravine. This bridge is 1,500 feet long, and 130 feet high. Below it a typical trout-stream winds and twists on its rapid way, and is finally lost to sight in the lower valley. Looking back from the