

The Archipelago.

river spreads out till its confining banks are in places ten miles apart. There in this wide expanse stretching across toward the blue irregular mountain line of the Adirondacks, far to the southward, then eastward till the vision meets the water line, lie the islands grouped for beauty by nature's gardener, called by the writer the Arcadian Archipelago.

The very atmosphere of this enchanted region compels the thoughts of peace and freedom. A restful idleness pervades the life of its people; and while they fish and row about through the islands of the group, picnicing with their friends of the Cameron or McDonald Clan from the "Gore," little do they care for the tending of the farm, the harvesting of the crops, or the speeding of time. The only "walking delegate" whose ruling they recognize, is the rising or setting sun. Upon the interval of time, for them there are no restrictions.

Free from the cares of business, ignorant of the affairs of political intriguing, and shielded by happiness from all social strife, these primi-