

IS THERE anything quite so entrancing, so soothing, as to recline upon the deck of a steamer and let your eyes wander off to the beautiful peaks reaching in broken terraces further and further away, while you let your fancies roam at will as you glide over the water, secure, content and unconcerned about all the world?

To watch the wake of the steamer; to feel the delicious breeze; to see the white-winged gulls following with such ease and grace; to listen to the gay laughter of happy people; to know that you are far away from the noise and worry of the busy city and may dream the long day through!

And when the night comes down—to view