

COL. CLAYTON'S LAKE TOUR.

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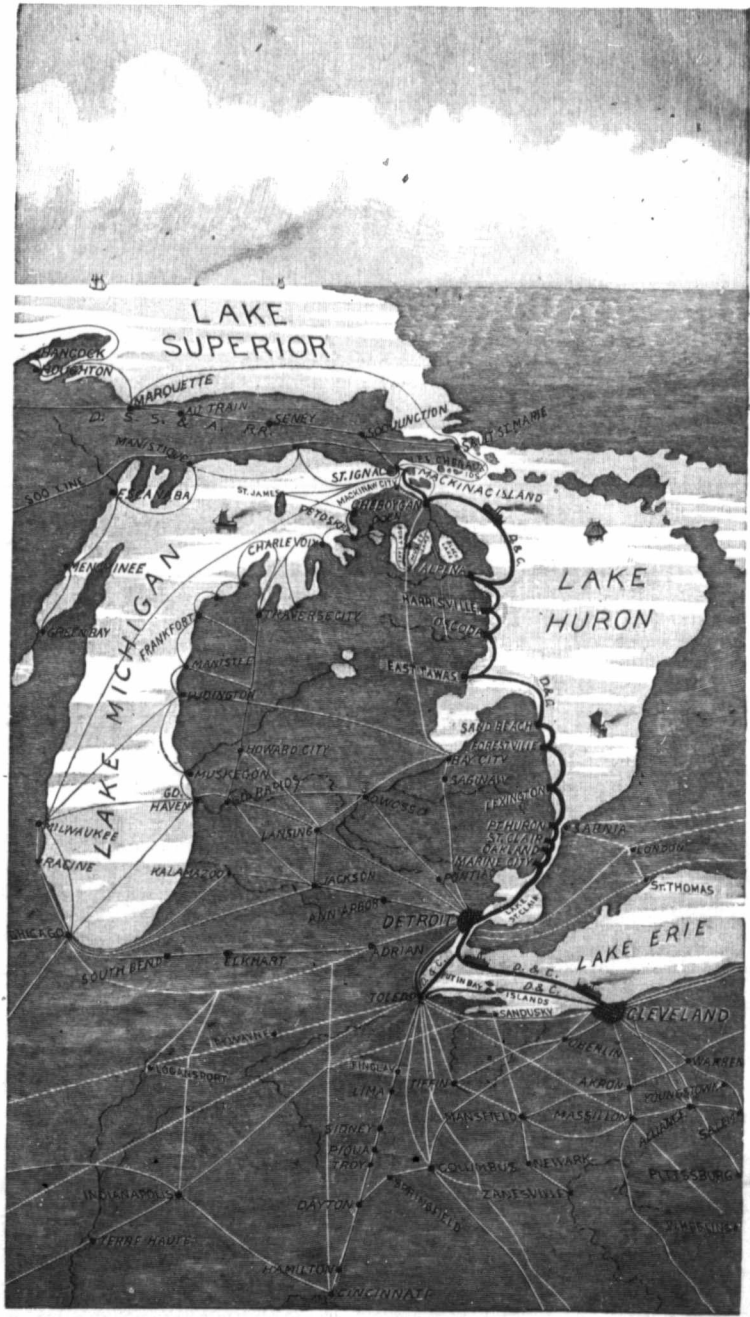
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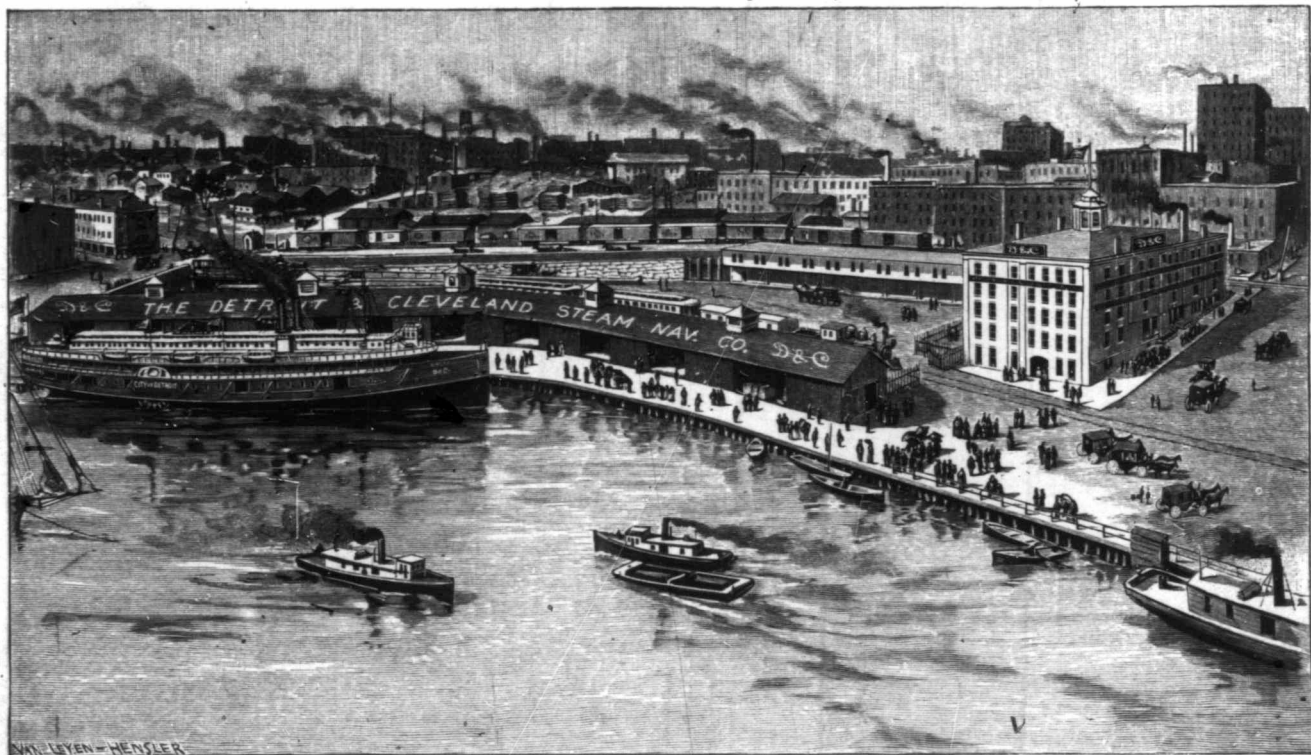
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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF POINTS REACHED BY THE DETROIT & CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.



D. & C. NEW WHARF, FOOT OF SUPERIOR STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

PREFACE.

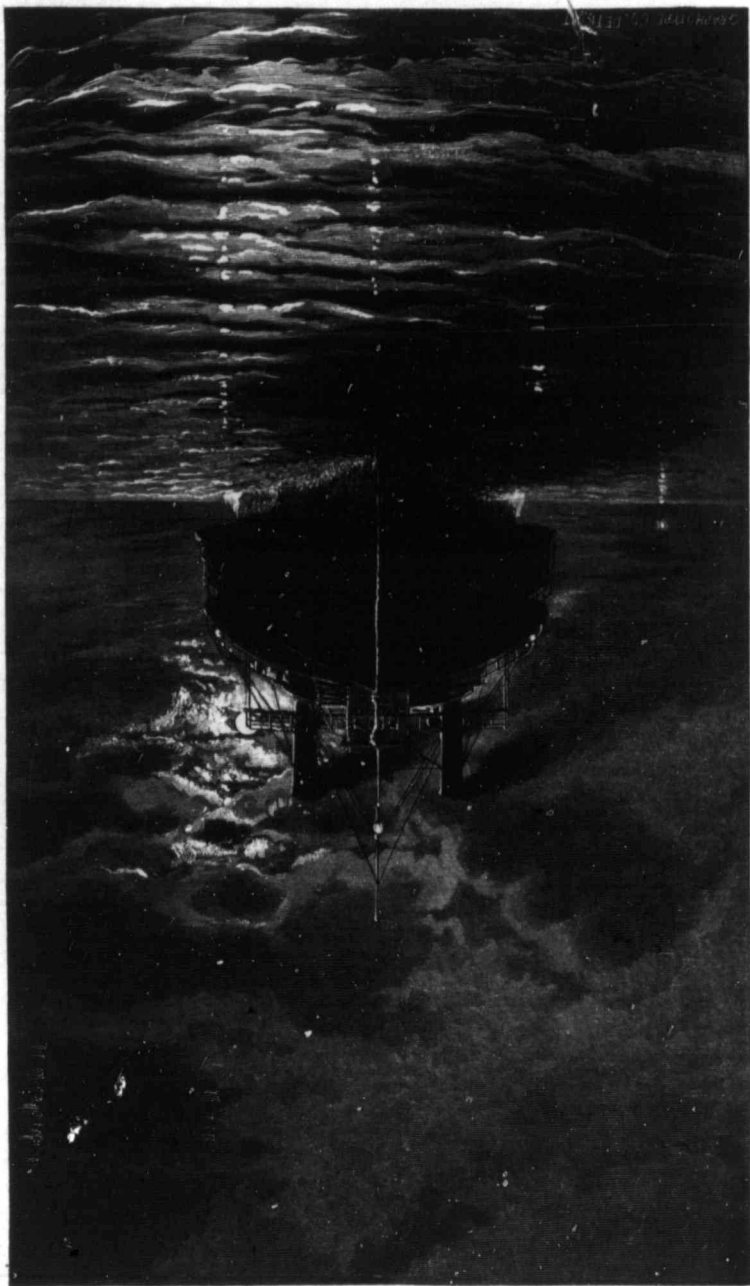


THE public who will be kind enough to give this publication the courtesy of an examination will find it very interesting reading, as the author has interwoven a love story with description and all the information a tourist desires if interested in a lake trip.

This book was written under the special supervision of the Passenger Department of this Company, and we are pleased to say we can vouch for its truthfulness. We guarantee every description given in this story to be founded on genuine facts. It does not contain half that could be written about our routes, new steamers, and the famous Mackinac Island. Its purpose is to call your attention to our Coast Route to Michigan Summer Resorts, and to aid you in selecting a place to spend your outing.

“For a restorative to weary brain, bracing to weary muscles, exhilaration for the blues, a smoothing out of tangled nerves, take a water trip.”

MIDNIGHT ON LAKE ERIE.



Col. Clayton's Lake Tour.

CHAPTER I.

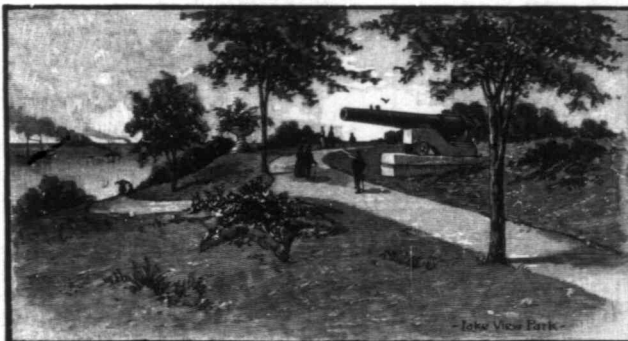
"Of cou'se I must yield," sighed the Colonel. "Self-abnegation is the distinguishin' featu'e of my life. I remained a bachelah to escape the ty'any of you' sex and yet I've been the slave of woman's whims all my life. I reckon it'll be my fate to the end."

"There's not the slightest chance for your emancipation, Colonel. Your martyrdom is imposed by innate gallantry and tenderness of heart. You have an atrociously quick temper, but it expends itself in a single explosion, just like a fire cracker. You can bristle all over with anger, but you know, Colonel, the bees gather no sweeter honey than they find in the thistle blossom."

"Who's a thistle, you minx? I'll disinhehit you, Flops. I'll do it suah. I can't help you' makin' a convenience of me while I live, but theh's no end to the révenge a rich man can wo'k out in his will. It would be a wicked waste of money, anyhow, to leave it to a madcap like you."

"That's right, you dear and cherubic bluffer. Blow away like a tornado till the calm comes. Just as though I'd care for money or any other sordid thing of earth after you were gone. What would there be to live for if there was no Colonel to be teased, and to storm and to be trained in the way he vows he will never go? But please remember, sir, that I'm an autocrat of your own making."

"Theh's the woman of it fo' you, throwin' the whole blame back on me. Just as though my ca'ful trainin' could make you peht, self-



CLEVELAND HARBOR, FROM THE BREAKWATER.

willed and an absolut mona'ch in this household. I presume you' as obstinate about this mid-summer folly as about everything else?"

"I'll admit no such sweeping insinuation, Colonel. It's a nice thing, now, giving a clinging and dependent creature like me the same attribute of character that you're always profanely condemning in your mules. Now listen to reason. I have it from a score of friends that this is one of the most charming and healthful trips in the world. You know that auntie is gradually failing in strength and must have a change. We always go away in the warm season. Why not let me conduct this one expedition?"

"I prefeh the mountains, Flops. My affection fo' them is like that fo' an old and familia' friend. That's wheh my ancesta's went. The ai' is a bracin' tonic and theh's no other place like it fo' rest."

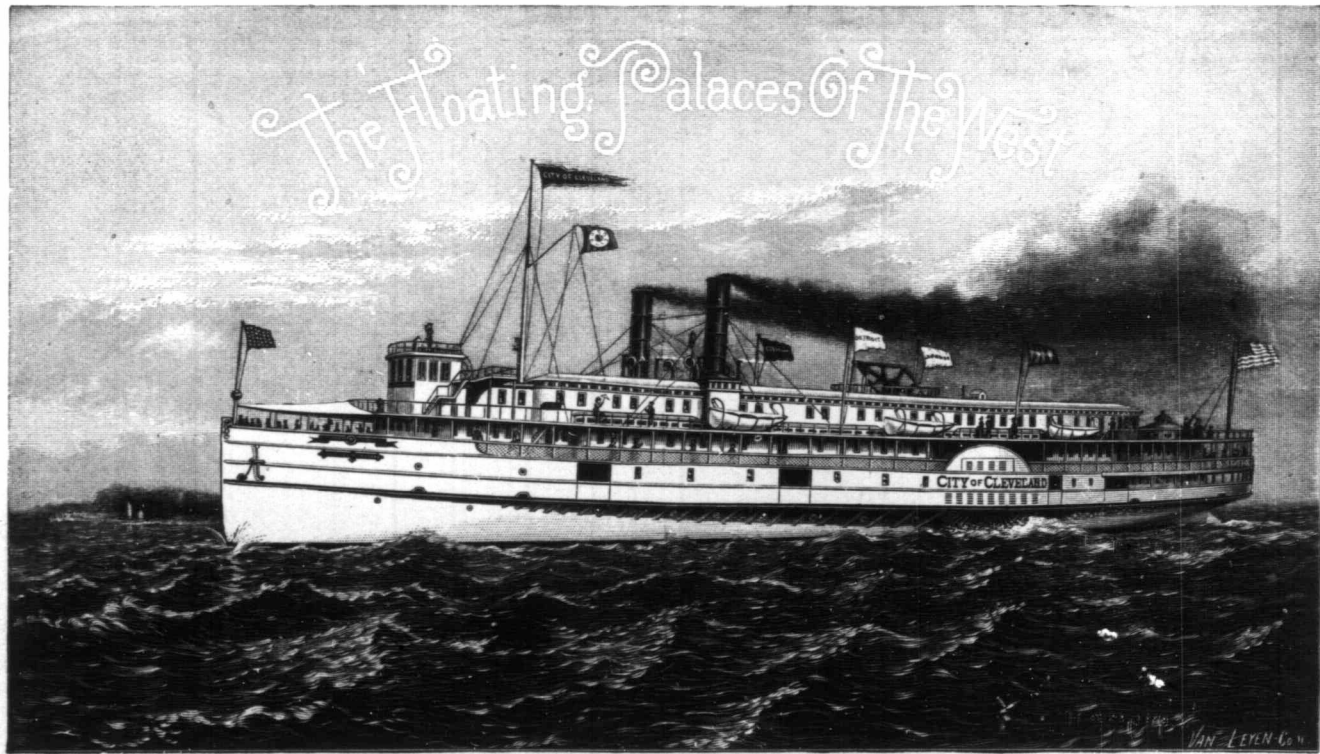
"Where's your boasted consistency, Colonel? Your ancestors did their traveling in stages or carriages. They delivered their cotton by horse power instead of steam or electricity. They powdered their hair and danced in knee breeches. What earthly right have you to depart from all these sacred traditions?"

"No use to ahgue with a woman. Theh's not a grain of logic in heh make-up. But you may comprehend a plain matteh of fact. It is out of the question fo' me to go on a long fresh watah voyage, leavin' all the stock and crops heah without my supehvision."

"Now, Colonel, don't try to humbug either of us with a poor, lame excuse like that. You couldn't take the stock and the crops to the mountains with you, yet they would be left without your invaluable care just as long. To be perfectly candid, Colonel, dear, I believe that your entire objection springs from your unconquerable antipathy to water."

At this shot the Colonel surrendered with a chuckle and an order to have everything prepared for the trip.

The Floating Palaces of the West



STEEL STEAMER CITY OF CLEVELAND.

CHAPTER II.

IT was Col. Clayton who had thus capitulated after the manner of man when his adversary is a lovely woman. His fine old country home is in the very heart of Kentucky's famous Blue Grass region. The house, with its broad verandas, its open doorways, its vine-shaded windows and pervading atmosphere of good cheer, suggested the hospitality for which it had been famed through generations. In its quaint architecture and delightful surroundings it told of refined taste and great wealth that had passed hand in hand through a long line of descent. From the commanding elevation crowned by the mansion, the great lawn sloped in grassy waves to the broad roadway in front and skirted the grove of native pines in the rear. In the meadows were the thoroughbreds such as have given the section a world-wide renown, ranging from the proud veterans that had won their laurels to the frisky youngsters that had yet to face the starter and prove their mettle. The army of servants, the stables, the training track and the kennel of hounds seemed an essential part of their environments, just as minor chords are essential to the most entrancing music.

Florence Worden, who had just wound the Colonel about her pink-tipped finger, as she always had done, was the daughter of his sister, whose death had followed quickly upon that of her gallant young husband. The Colonel's last words to her had been that Florence should be to him as his own child, and by this sacred promise he had brought the brightest and warmest sunshine into his own life. There are no fairer women than where the blue grass grows, and none of them were fairer than Florence had come to be. The best gifts of nature fortified her against the possibility of being spoiled; a truth sufficiently attested by the fact that the Colonel had failed to detract from her natural charms, though he had persistently violated most of the orthodox rules for the rearing of children. Her education had been directed by the Colonel's aunt, who had joined with him in resisting the attractions of matrimony and presided in his household. She had the old-school ideas of thoroughness and utility in the acquisition of knowledge, so that Florence had both the accomplishments of her sex as well as the



GRAND SALOON OF THE D. & C. STEAMERS.

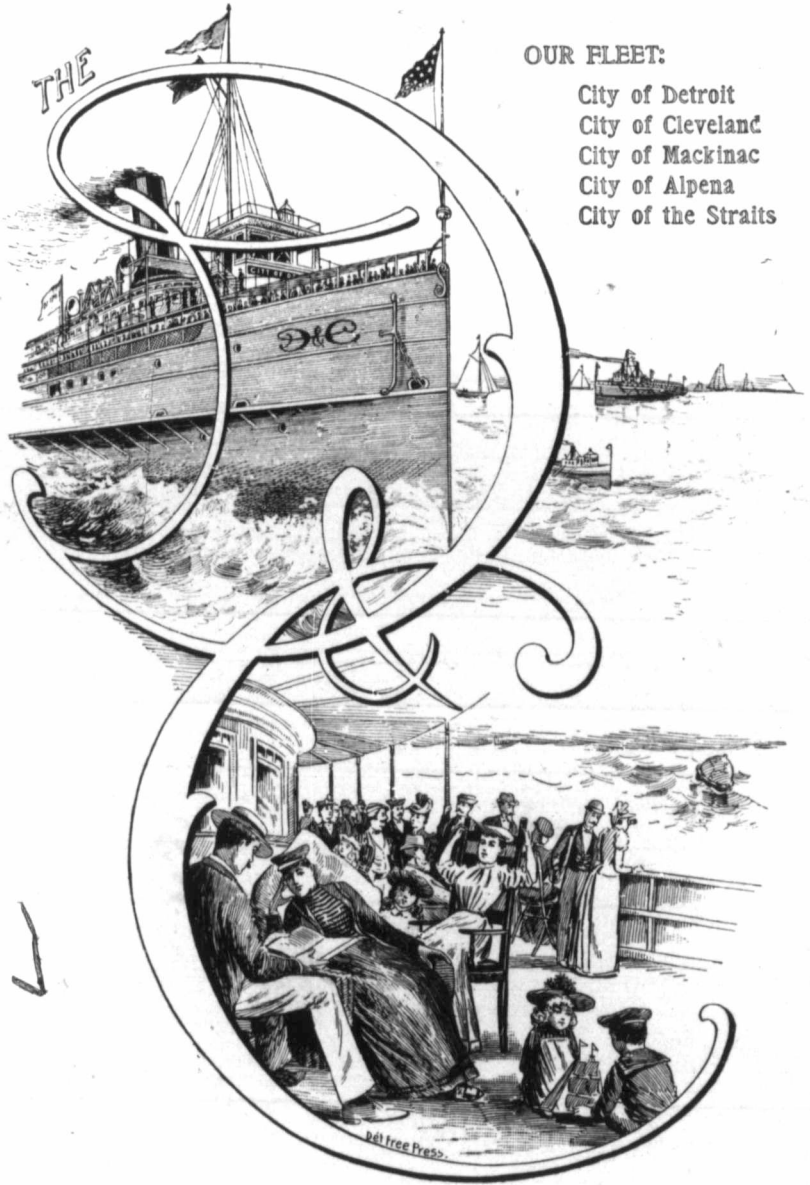
substantial intellectual attainments that the daughters of wealth too seldom acquire.

This accomplished niece had always addressed her uncle as "Colonel" from the time she could lisp the title. It was one of the results of his peculiar teachings. He called her "Flops" because such was the outcome of her first effort to pronounce her own name and because its appropriateness impressed him throughout the period of short dresses, when she would indignantly flop from his lap in case he grew abstracted or drifted into a doze. Through this questionable tutelage of old bachelor and old maid she had developed to a noble womanhood, with honor and strength and beautiful depths of character in which there sparkled and bubbled the innocent charms of vivacity and fun.

Besides the Colonel, the aunt and Florence, there was a young man in the family, another of the relationship. Hubert, always "Hub" to the Colonel, was the son of his youngest brother, whose widow had found consolation in a second husband and gladly assented to the Colonel's claim that he should take the boy "because the Clayton had neveh been bo'n that could make a good stepson." Certain it is that the youth was not the most tractable of nephews. A handsome, strong-faced, courageous six-footer, athletic, well-informed and without habits seriously bad, he was a man of ten thousand in these days that Nordau has branded as degenerate. But he declined to be clay in the hands of the Colonel as potter. As an infant, he had rebelled against addressing his uncle by his title, and the Colonel, to his secret delight, was forced to a diplomatic compromise on "Nunc." He further gave the Colonel a very questionable feeling of pride by showing superior knowledge in judging a horse and superior skill in making an effective wing shot.

But the chief contention arose from the fact that Hubert had determined to follow the example of the Colonel and lead a life of single blessedness. Handicapped as he was by his own pernicious example, the impulsive uncle insisted that he had been the victim of unappreciative kinsmen and that the result was a warning which should impel every young man to fulfill his proper destiny. On this mooted question, long discussion had been followed by armed neutrality.

THE



OUR FLEET:

- City of Detroit
- City of Cleveland
- City of Mackinac
- City of Alpena
- City of the Straits

Pat. Free Press.

SOLID COMFORT EN ROUTE.

CHAPTER III.

ONCE committed to a project, Col. Clayton was full of energy. Leaving the house he hurried to the stables, where his nephew was ingratiating himself with an obstreperous filly.

"See heah, Hub," said the Colonel, "we'h goin' to tackle a trip on the great lakes. Flops and you' aunt have set the'h heads, and you, bein' of the same stock, know what that means. I want you to make one of the pa'ty."

Hub demurred, but was met with the oft-repeated threat that he was going to be disinherited anyhow, if he didn't marry, and had better make the most of his opportunities. He assented with a smile that was as welcome as a caress to the warm-hearted, hot-blooded old uncle.

Then the Colonel mounted a horse, rode to the family lawyer and told of the plans for the summer.

"Pity you didn't make your arrangements earlier," said the legal adviser. "The Peytons, the Marshalls, the Johnsons and several other families started for the same trip two weeks ago."

"It's none of my doin's, suh. Flops and Kate cooked up the whole thing. Besides, theh' wouldn't be any comfo't in goin' with such a crush. I'll get off at the fi'st landin' if the boat's crowded."

"Colonel, you must have in mind one of those old stern wheelers that used to paddle up and down the Mississippi when you and I were boys. They tell me there are no finer steamers in the world than they have on those northern lakes. There'll be a place to sleep and plenty of room to move about."

"Don't you believe everything you heah. I reckon we'll have to rough it some, and I don't mind it if I can only teach Flops the folly of backin' heh ideas against a man of the world like me. She and Hub make a stubbo'n lot and I'll disinhehit them as soon as you get time to draw up a new will."

Here the legal oracle of the Claytons laughed merrily, for this threat of the Colonel was as old as his precious wards, and enough has been gathered of his enviable character to know that he would no sooner disinherit them than he would willfully dishonor the name he bore. Like many a man with the strongest and tenderest sympathies, he sought to conceal them under a brusque exterior.



INTERIOR VIEWS OF STEAMERS.

Ignoring his companion's hilarity, the Colonel wrote a letter from which he seemed to extract a good deal of quiet amusement, leaving it with the attorney to mail, and suggesting that nothing be said about it.

By the next Tuesday the Colonel had all preliminaries arranged to his liking and it was a bright June morning when the imposing cavalcade moved from the front of the house amid the cheers and good wishes of the servants. There were the Colonel and the ladies in a carriage, Hub on a spirited thoroughbred, and the grinning Eph in command of the baggage wagon bringing up the rear. In addition to trunks and hand bags in profusion there were hammocks, fishing tackle and even a tent. It was with difficulty that the Colonel was dissuaded from taking along a couple of wincheters, for he was fixed in his own conception of those northern wilds.

On the way to Toledo Florence drew the Colonel out by asking with her most innocent air if the tent were bullet proof.

"Do you' chaffin' while you can," he retorted warmly. "You'll soon conclude that a little of this fresh wateh navigation will do you fo' a natu'al lifetime. If it wehn't fo' sisteh Kate I'd make you and Hub go through the whole programme just to take the conceit out of you. But we musn't ovehtax you' aunt."

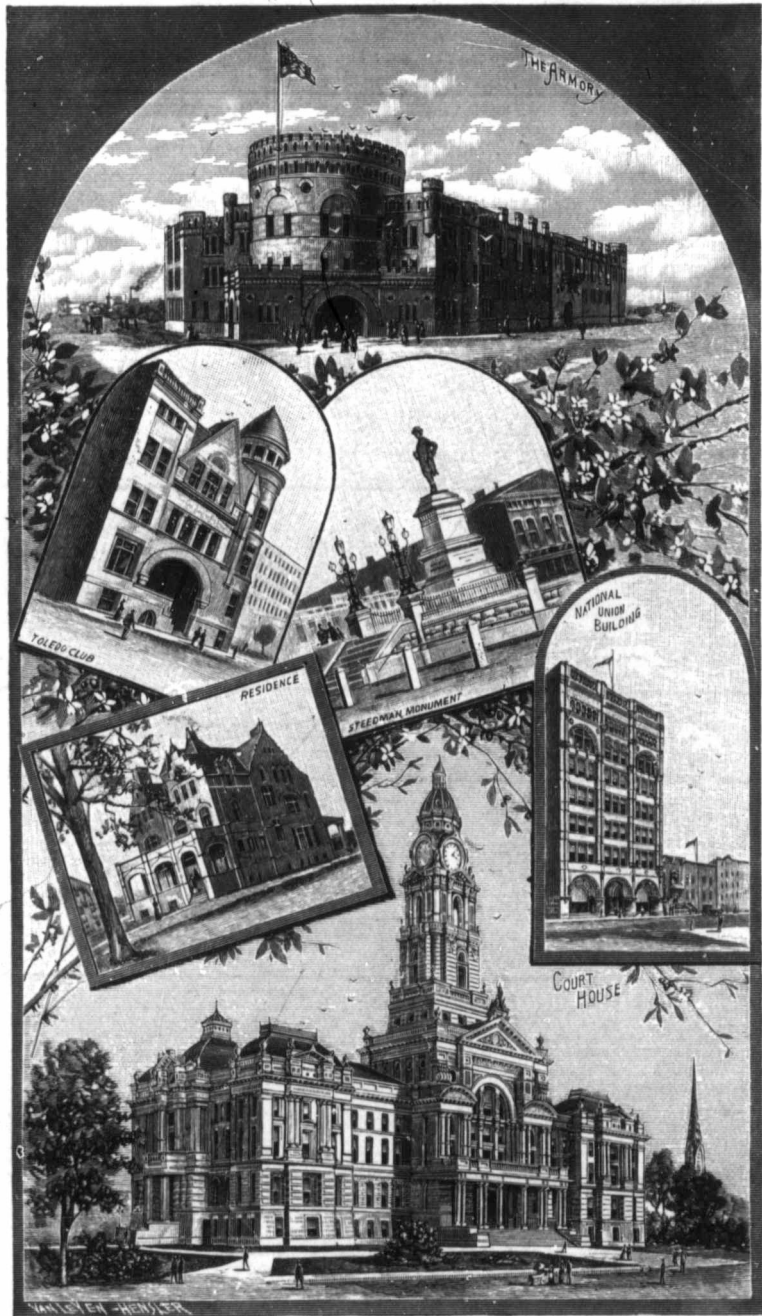
Then the Colonel lay back in his seat and matured a plan that left a smile upon his lips after he had fallen asleep. Florence placidly ignored the deferential admiration that her beauty attracted and Hub divided his attention between his cousin and the smoking car.

CHAPTER IV.

AT Toledo the Colonel served notice that he had assumed the responsibilities of commander-in-chief and that they would see all worth seeing as they went along.

"We'll not leave heah until mo'nin'," he announced in the tones of a military order. "Meantime, while Flops makes a change of ha'nness I'll call on the agent of this Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Co. to see if they can take propoh care of my pa'ty to Put-in-Bay."

On the Colonel's return his face wore a puzzled look, for he had



VIEWS OF TOLEDO.

learned from the agent at that point, whom he declared a "perfect gentleman," that there would probably be five hundred people going to the famous summer resort on the same boat with them. The prospect confounded him, despite the salutary effect it would have upon Flops, who had pretended such worldly wisdom in this connection. He anticipated a disagreeable jam, but it would tend to serve his plans, for he had purposely arranged this short trip with a view to making them sick of their undertaking and anxious for the mountains which he had so reluctantly given up.

In the hours that they drove about the city the ladies were enchanted with the beauty of its residence portions, the fine modern houses, the well-kept lawns, the profusion of shrubbery and the broad thoroughfares, tending to soften the prejudice which the old Blue Grass residents have against spending life in a city. The Colonel also noted these unmistakable evidences of wealth and refinement with approving eyes, but it was in the manufacturing and business portions that he was especially interested. Though something of a recluse even among his own people, he was a man of fine scholarly attainments, an omniverous reader and a person who made the most of his opportunities for acquiring knowledge when out in the world.

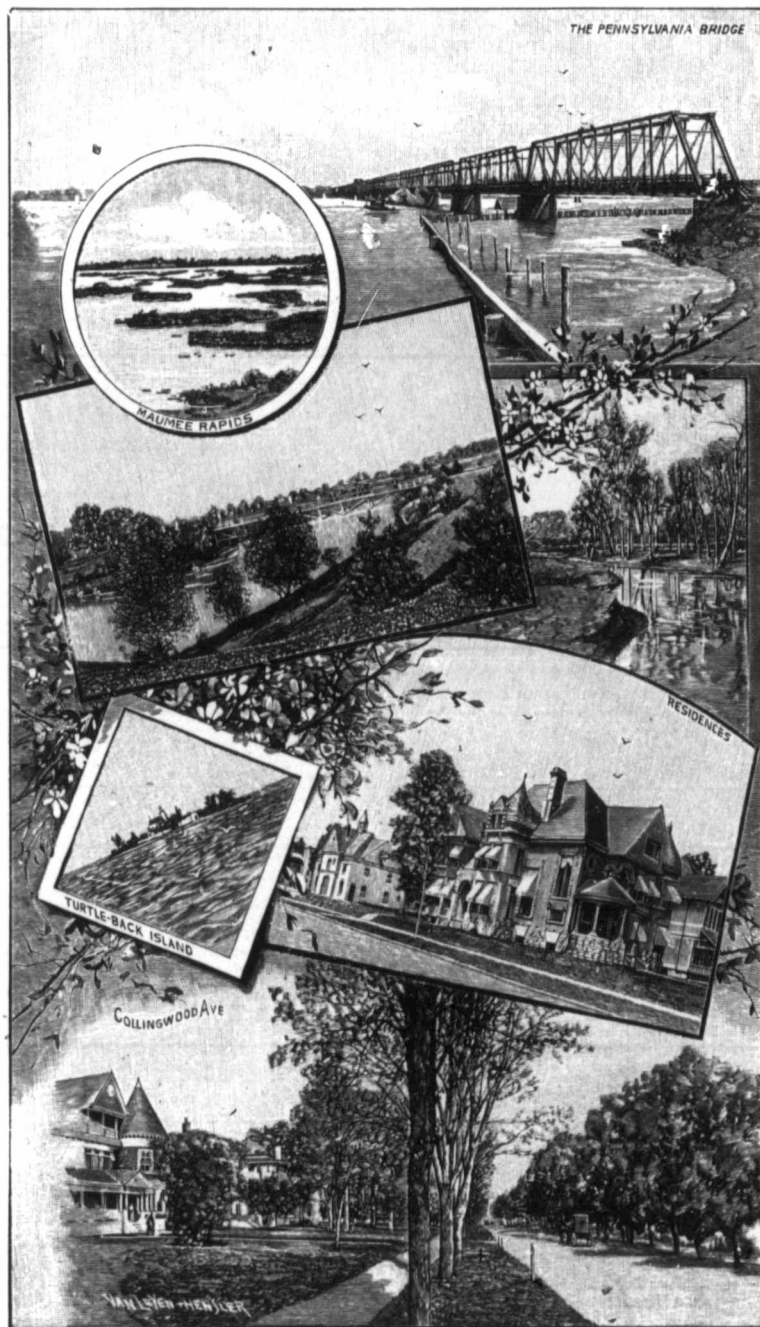
"What do you know about Toledo, Hub," was a confidently expected question for which the young man had wisely prepared himself.

"It's situated in the northwestern part of——"

"Heah, Hub, don't you go to recitin' a geography lesson to me. I can teach you a good deal on that subject yet. I know that Toledo is a busy, prosp'ous poht, has oveh 100,000 people, is five miles up the Maumee riveh from Lake Erie and has an improved harbor that is a magnificent one, but I want the facts and statistics outside of this schoolboy info'mation."

"There is swell society and grand dressing," began Flops, with a mischievous twinkle in her expressive eyes; but the Colonel stopped her with a deprecating wave of the hand and Hub proceeded:

"Well, the commercial advantages of the place are unsur-



VIEWS OF TOLEDO.

passed. Its connections by water are co-extensive with the great lakes, and it has in addition some fifteen railroad lines that radiate from this center to all points of the compass. It has a dozen grain elevators with an aggregate capacity of 8,000,000 bushels, and this means much in connection with an active, well-conducted board of trade. It does an enormous business in coal and lumber, besides having diversified manufacturing interests that are backed by brains as well as capital. The resulting prosperity extends to all classes and the sting of poverty is as little felt here as in any other city of the country."

Flops clapped her hands and pronounced it a well rehearsed recital, but the Colonel returned thanks for just the kind of knowledge he wanted.

Pursuant to his scheme for getting back to the mountains, the Colonel had the driver take them out to the Casino, where the folks might have a full view of the harbor. There the white caps were merrily dancing, and to the Colonel their dancing was as ominous as that of the uncanny witches that brewed misfortune from the vile ingredients of their decoction.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN time came to embark upon the dreaded trip, the Colonel experienced a revulsion of feeling that he was loath to acknowledge. The magnificent steamer lying broadside to the dock was a startling rebuke to his preconceived ideas. The stern, graceful as Hogarth's line of beauty, had no projecting wheel to mar its symmetry. There was nothing that bore even faint resemblance to the low, grimy craft that had so long floated in his mind as a youthful memory. The unctuous and piratical profanity of loaders and deckhands in the early Mississippi days was not even suggested in the quiet and expeditious manner of caring for passengers, baggage and freight. There was no creaking of machinery or wheezing of engines. To his awakened conception the City of the Straits, with her grand proportions, suggested the strength of a Titan with the speed of a greyhound.

"By gad, Flops," he involuntarily admitted, "she's a beauty and trained down like a race hoss for a mile and repeat." Then recall-

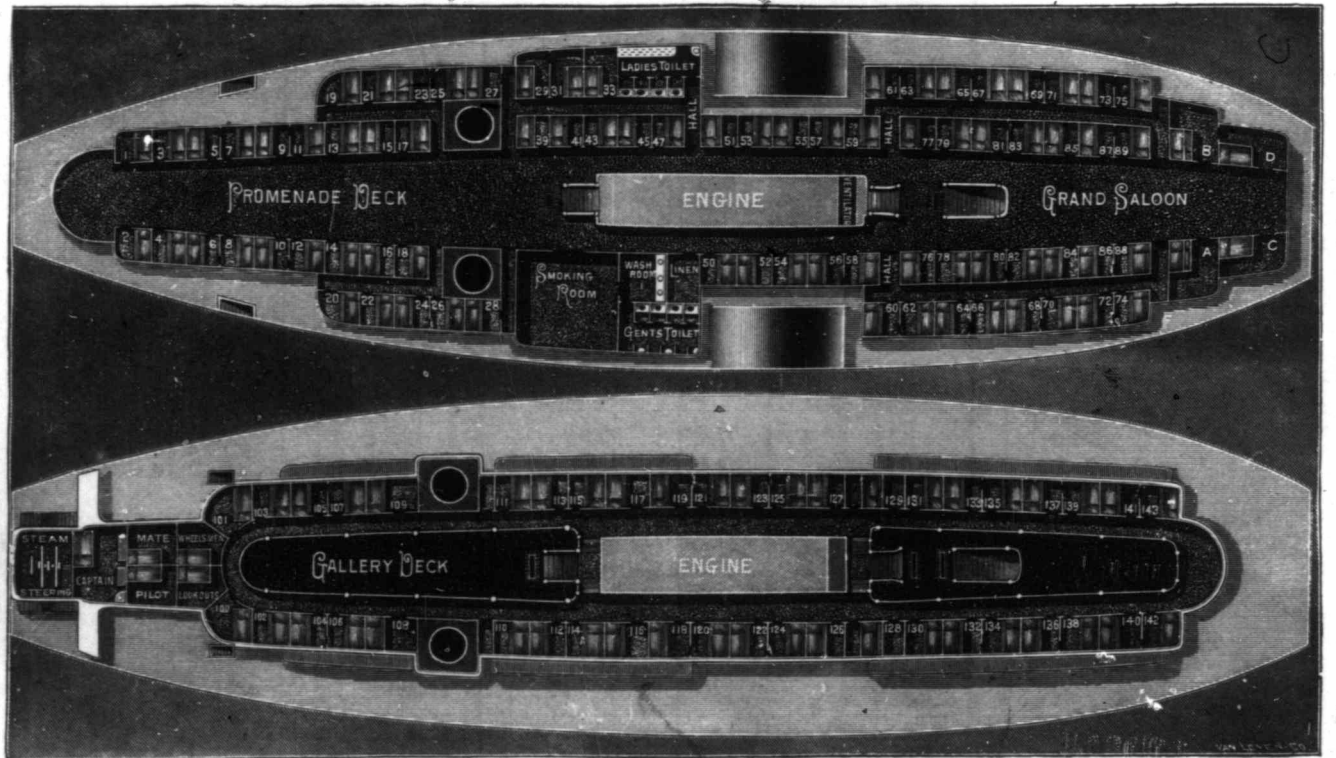


DIAGRAM OF NEW STEAMERS "CITY OF DETROIT" AND "CITY OF CLEVELAND."

ing his plan to lead them all to the mountains, he added: "But I reckon she'll buck like a broncho and that we'll all be glad to get back home by the sho'test route."

Here again he became a discredited prophet. The majestic steamer had no motion save that which drove her through the white caps that broke against her great hull like rain drops. The Colonel found it impossible to simulate the first symptoms of seasickness. There was a contagion of merriment and good fellowship aboard that was irresistible. His prejudices evaporated in the sunshine and were swept away by the fresh breeze that graciously left a part of its strength with those who enjoyed it. He took on the undefinable pride of association as he saw the prow cleave the water that yielded in a constant burst of spray and receded in swells that marked the wake of the ship as far as the eye could see astern.

The exuberance of health and spirits put Flops in a teasing mood and, in a solicitous tone, she asked the Colonel if he found himself crowded or troubled with ennui. He diplomatically ignored the question, but there was a sufficient answer in his beaming face, his desire to see everything and at the same time to partake of the social pleasures aboard. Without knowing it, he was talking as though a hired lecturer and expounder on the great line.

"See the grand sweep she makes as she swings into the lake," he exclaimed. "Regulah band wagon tu'n. Flops, you and you' aunt don't want to miss a foot of the scenery. Oveh heah ah settings of deep green that look like emeralds on the bosom of the lake, and oveh theh the broad expanse of watah spa'kle and glitteh till the dazzling effect is dimmed in the mist of the horizon."

"Adjust your sentiments to meter and rhyme, Colonel. They are rich in every other essential of poetry," interposed the radiant niece.

"The Colonel has expressed just what I've been striving to put into words," came quietly from the aunt. "Nothing could be more impressive or more beautiful. It is so restful and at the same time so stimulating. I actually begin to feel some semblance of energy."

At this the others exchanged meaning glances, for they had



PUT-IN-BAY HARBOR.

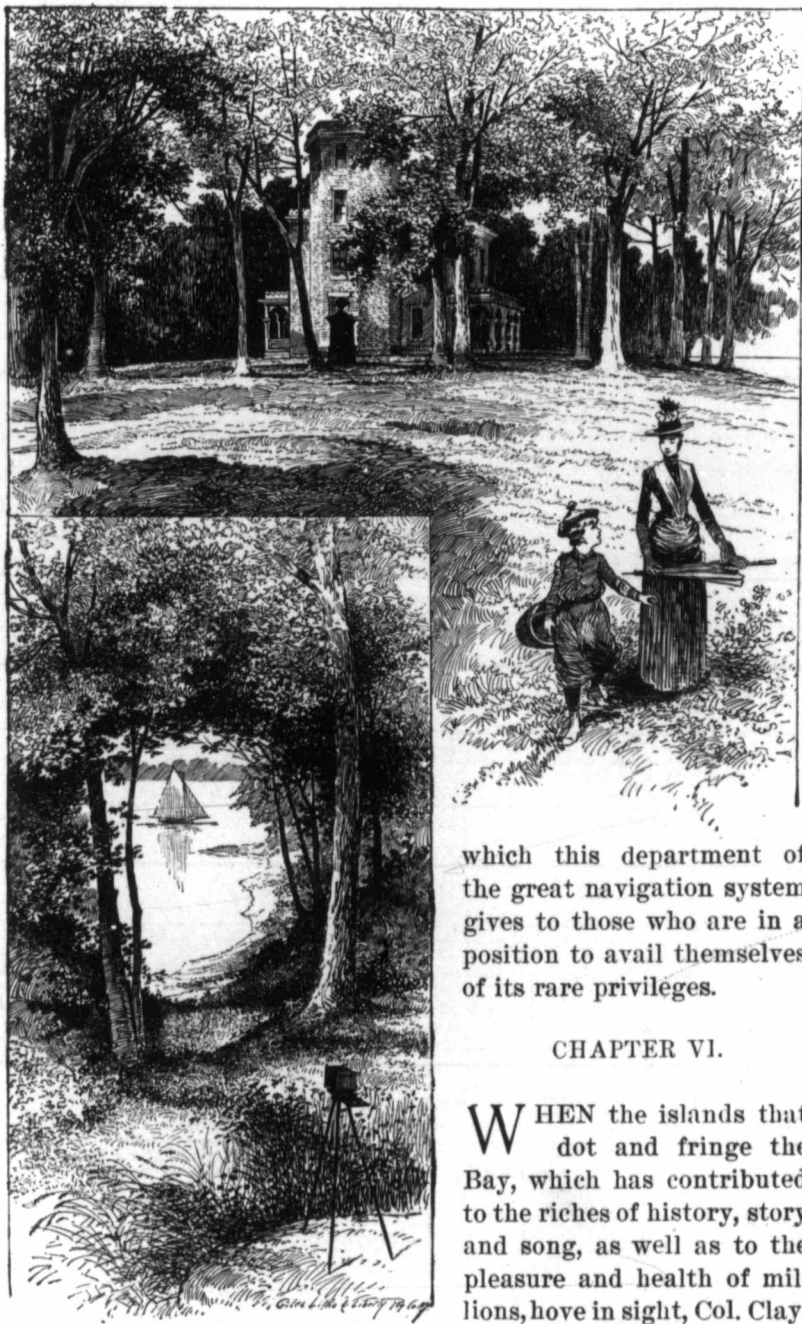
shared a fear that the days of the invalid were numbered, and to all of them she was dearer than they could tell.

"Come now and see the boat, Nunc," suggested Hub. "I've interviewed the engineer, the captain and the purser and know about as much as if I had built her."

"I've been lookin' about a little myself," said the Colonel, not yet in a mood to make an unconditional surrender. "I know that she's prettier than a pictu', that she's cleaner than a Holland kitchen, that she's furnished like a home of luxury, that her mammoth engines are as handsome as a piece of costly jewelry, that she could carry weight to the extent of two o' three regiments, that she's strong enough to defy Neptune in his worst mood and that her promenade deck would make a royal race track. But I want to tell you something, Hub. You're young yet. Of course they would run a fine steamer to Put-in-Bay. There's the first summer resort west of the Alleghenies that found general favor. Thousands on thousands flock there every season and the people from Cleveland and Toledo are continually running over there for an outing. They come and go in droves. Wait till we inquire about some of those boats that run up toward the North Pole before we pass final judgment on the vessels of this line."

"Inquire," echoed Flops; "I presume we'll survive long enough to see and enjoy——"

But the Colonel had hurried away to avoid embarrassing questions and was soon engrossed in conversation with an English tourist whose praise of the accommodations, the weather, the bracing air and the changing scenery, was so sincere that the Colonel refrained from any reference to that historic event on Lake Erie in which Commodore Perry had figured to the humiliation of the "Monarch of the Seas." With that sociability which is foreign to the restrictions of railroad travel, the Colonel and his new English acquaintance were the center of a group in which there were gentlemen of the east, west and the south, all alike interested in the subjects suggested by their congenial surroundings. Hundreds of ladies were exclaiming their delight from one end of the deck to the other, and more than as many happy children were shouting as the most eloquent way of expressing the pleasure



which this department of the great navigation system gives to those who are in a position to avail themselves of its rare privileges.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the islands that dot and fringe the Bay, which has contributed to the riches of history, story and song, as well as to the pleasure and health of millions, hove in sight, Col. Clay-

ton was at first inclined to rebel at fate. His grievance was that the trip had been too short. He still had a weakening grasp on the idea that this would be their one outing on the magnificent expanse of our inland seas and his regret was sincere that they should so soon approach their destination. But momentary disappointment gave way to a zest of keen enjoyment. They were pushing into the clear blue waters of an archipelago. The islands were not isolated projections of naked rocks or sandy patches of desert, but fruitful in verdure, vineyards and orchards that told of inexhaustible fertility of soil. Even the grim Gibraltar island that stands like a sentinel at the mouth of the bay looms up in a garb of green and is crowned by a grove that partially conceals the former home of Jay Cooke, built as though to serve the purposes of Medieval castle.

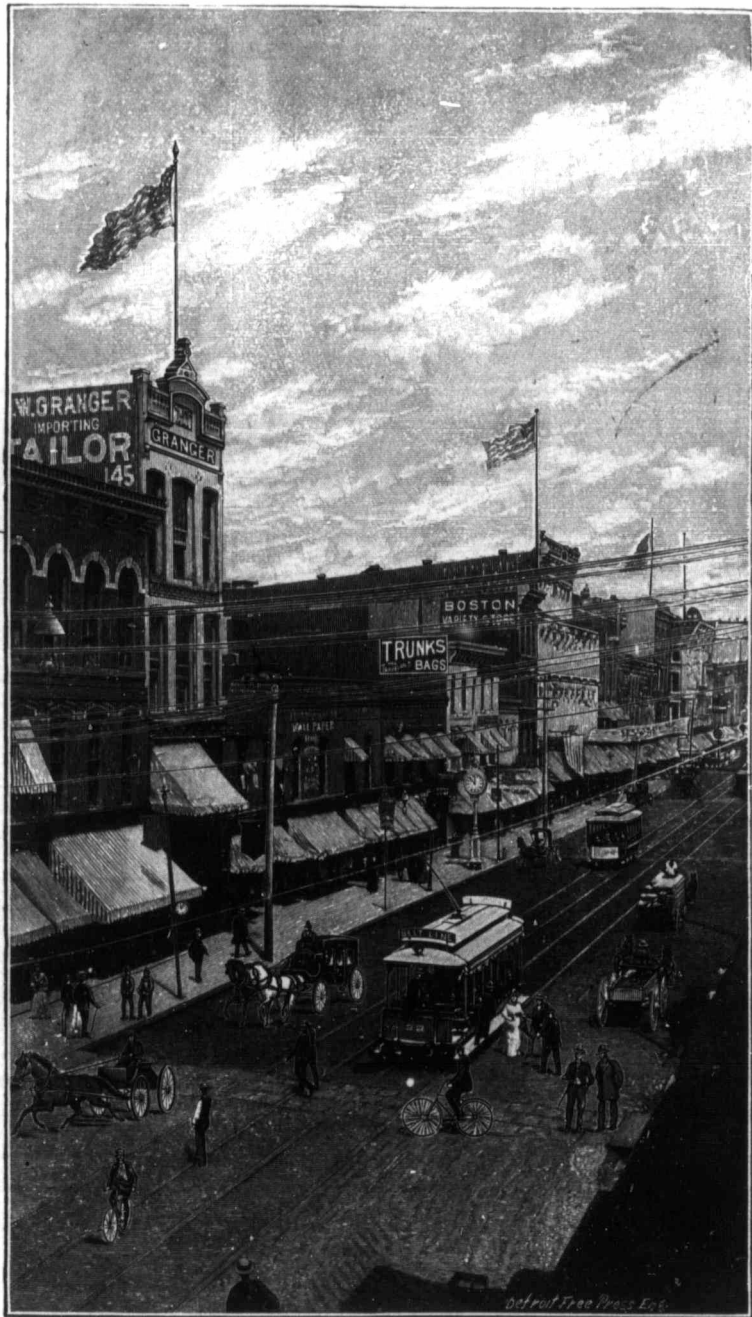
"I don't know," said Flops, "but if I had been in the place of that ill-fated capitalist, I would have armed trusty retainers, mounted batteries on the island and defied my creditors."

"No doubt, Flops," laughed the Colonel. "You' sex looks upon a credito' as an implacable enemy and entitled to no qua'teh. But whelh's Hub? He's ou' animated guide book," to the Englishman. "Has to learn his lessons between times, like a good many incompetent teachers."

"To appreciate the beauty of a thing you must see it as a whole," said the judge from Pennsylvania. "To understand it you must have it analyzed. Are you prepared, young man?" he asked with a laugh in which a score of listeners joined.

Hub assumed a professional tone after Flops had volunteered to keep order. "There," he announced, using his walking stick as a pointer, and looking a handsome pedagogue in his natty outing suit, "you see the most remarkable collection of islands on the continent in Middle Bass, North Bass, Kelley's, Pelee or Lakeside and the lovely spot at which we are to land and that bears the name of the Bay. As the Colonel has a local pride in Kentucky's great corn-juice industry, he will appreciate knowing that some of the purest and most delicious wines and champagnes are pressed from the grapes grown here in such profusion."

"What ah you talkin' about, Hub? I did know——"



VIEW OF SUMMIT STREET, TOLEDO.

"Silence, Colonel," commanded Flops, with a stamp of her foot, "or you'll be kept in."

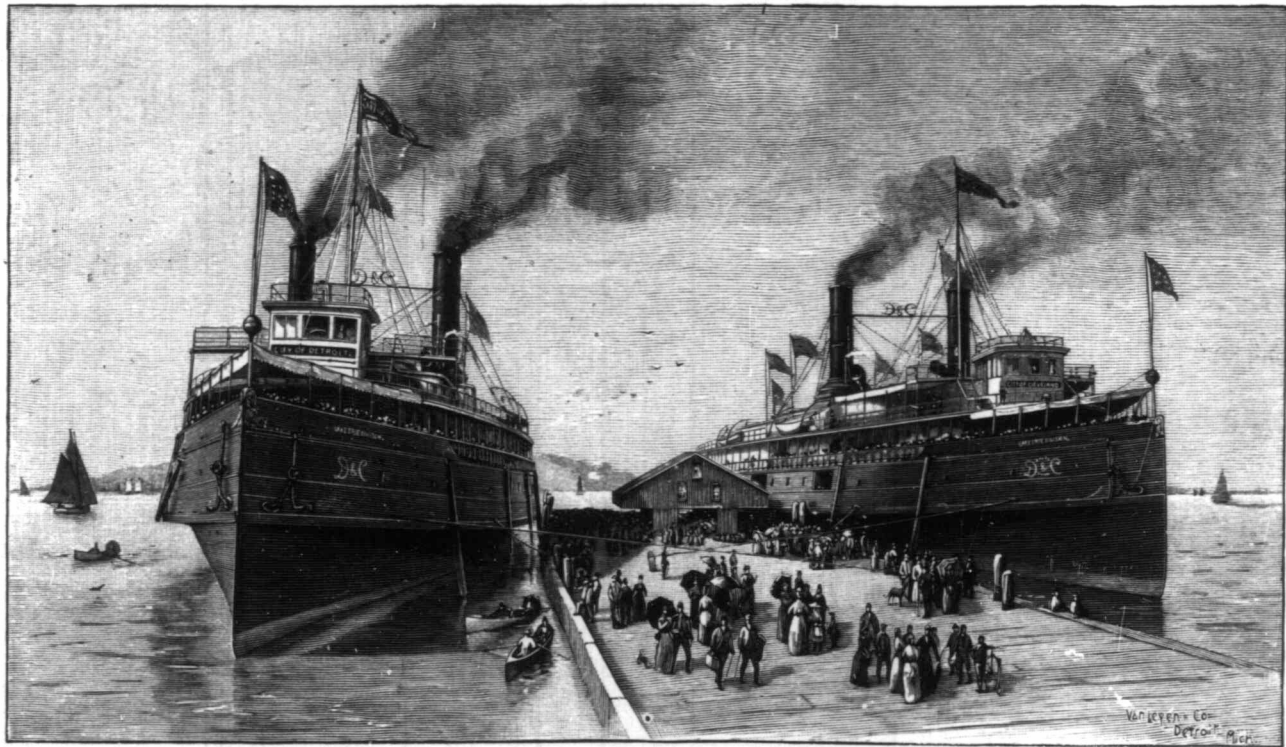
"The wines have that peculiar flavor that tickles the palate of the epicure," Hub went on. "It comes from some alchemy of nature which draws upon the riches of the soil and a humid atmosphere that possesses some rare ingredient of life that even we can feel."

"Come off you' high hoss, Hub. You committed that speech. What I don't undehtand is how a delicate fruit like the grape can matuh' in this high latitude."

"I've evolved a theory on that point," interrupted the scholarly looking man from Maine. "Up in our cold country we frequently set a tub of water in the cellar to keep the vegetables from freezng. In changing to ice it must throw off heat and lower the surrounding temperature. Here the water throws off heat in the early spring when ice is melting, and again in the fall when ice is forming. In all cases water tends to an equable temperature."

The Englishman wasn't sure about this, but Hub was content with the fact that the season was long, that peaches and small fruits flourished as did the grapes, and that they were eagerly sought for by the great cities within easy reach.

But the surroundings were not the most congenial for statistics or philosophical discussion. The Bay was a revelation of beauty to those who had never seen it before. The Colonel could scarcely grasp it as a reality and insisted that they must have come upon the celebration of some gala day. There were private steam yachts in all the bravery of their polished brass and silver, uniformed crews, the bright colorings that ladies brought to the decks and the gay bunting which seemed an animate part of the entrancing picture. The sailing craft, from the saucy cat boat to the rakish racers, showed their white spreads of canvas in the sunshine and in the reflecting waters. Rowboats carried merry parties toward the adjacent islands or on exploring expeditions to investigate the peculiar rocky formation that in places forms the sides of the great basin. Scurrying over the broad and gradual descent of the beach, bottomed with soft white sand, where the water is never cold in the summer season, were scores of laughing



THE D. & C. DOCK AT PUT-IN-BAY ON EXCURSION DAYS.

bathers. Pretty girls, matrons and children disported themselves within the safety line, while the bolder swimmers struck out into the deeper waters beyond. It was a scene of life, gayety and innocent happiness that made the Colonel forget that there were any mountains.

CHAPTER VII.

JUST after the boat had landed amid welcoming cheers, and the mass of human freight had hurried gleefully ashore, there occurred one of those incidents that occasionally come into a man's life and change its whole current. Hub was looking after the baggage when his attention was attracted by the cries of those who were ashore as well as the people in boats and those in the water. In an instant he grasped the fact that a boy, of whose agonized face he caught a glimpse, was drowning and that there was none near enough to render relief, except the timid bathers who were incapable of doing so. In an instant the apathetic manner of the young Kentuckian gave way to startling activity. As he rushed through the deepening water of the beach he divested himself of such clothing as he could spare under the circumstances.

While he pushed to the rescue there was a tall, graceful young lady standing at the water's edge, wringing her hands, now calling on her drowning brother to hold out till aid reached him, now shouting encouragement in sobbing tones to the rescuer, though neither could hear her. In all the excited throng looking on it was Flops who went to her with womanly tact and consolation.

"How fortunate that Hub was here," she said with an air of perfect confidence. "He will bring your brother to shore in safety. Hub is like a native Malay in the water, and so cool and so strong. Now, we must prepare to care for the boy when he is brought in," and this was just the diversion needed. At once the troubled woman with wet eyes and stately figure, was issuing instructions, ably seconded by Flops. The Colonel came running to them, waving a pint flask of the beverage for which his state is famous and looking as happy as though the thought of a tragedy had never entered his mind.

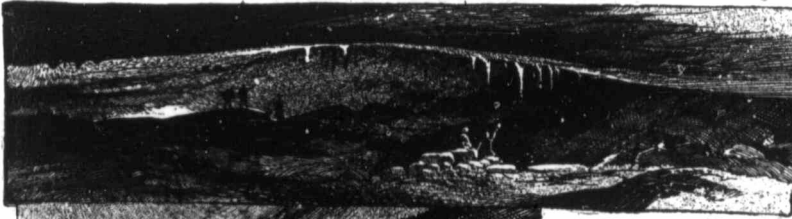
"Just like Hub," he said, with glowing eyes. "He's a Clayton, every inch of him. If he hadn't gone out theh', Flops, I'd gone myself, and I'd disinherited the rascal, shuah."

Even the sister had to smile and she unconsciously joined in the faith that her brother would be restored to her. He had been reached by the powerful swimmer who, to a novice in such matters, appeared to handle the struggling youth with unnecessary roughness, but he had only done what was necessary to save them both. Dripping and almost exhausted, Hub carried his burden ashore and laid the unconscious boy on the warm sand. In a quarter of an hour he was telling how beastly mean his stomach felt and what a chump he was to have believed that the only way to learn to swim was to go into deep water and swim. "I was like a mud turtle trying to fly," he said, with a sickly laugh.

Placing both of her hands in his, the beautiful sister poured out her thanks to the self-composed Hub, the thanks from her luminous eyes being even more eloquent. An older brother, who had heard of the exciting affair while back on the island, came running down and with a look of admiration, expressed his gratitude to Hub. This new comer was shorter and more slender than the hero of the occasion, but his was a well-knit figure and his whole air was that of a natural gentleman. He was dark in features, eyes and hair, while the Kentuckian with his blue eyes and blonde hair, looked as though descended in a direct line from the old Norse kings.

An elderly gentleman who had been talking in an agitated manner with the Colonel, was about to step forward and join the group, when the Colonel interfered. "Don't lose you' head, Dalton," he whispered. "Don't lose you' head, suh. Don't you see theh' gettin' acquainted without any inte'fehence from us old people. Providence is favo'n' the scheme we've had fo' yea's, and don't you go spoil it. Let them introduce us," and with that the two men separated quietly, both laughing like schoolboys bent on mischief.

And thus the plot of the father and the uncle worked to their liking. Flops presented Charley, the boy who was not drowned, Miss Alice Dalton, the sister, and Mr. Fred Dalton, the elder brother. Then the father was introduced to the circle and there were thus united the chief characters of our story. The Daltons had run over to the Bay from Cleveland and were so delighted



IN PERRY'S CAVE.

that they would take the tour of the lakes. Their father was a very busy man in Pittsburg, with immense interests to look after, and the daughter could not account for his intention to take a summer outing with them, but it was all the more enjoyable because unexpected. The Colonel and Dalton surreptitiously winked at each other and then led

the way to the mammoth Hotel Victory, one of the largest and most complete structures of its kind dedicated to the entertainment of pleasure seekers. The Colonel admired its immense proportions and could find no fault until he discovered that while standing at one end of the long verandah, he could not recognize his friends at the other end. But he admitted that a fault which his legs were able to remedy.

Later the party did the great resort, visiting Perry's Cave, a treat even to the Kentuckians familiar with Mammoth Cave, going by boat to the islands which they had first viewed from the tall

tower by the landing, riding on the electric road that reaches the hotel and other points of interest, and finally taking a sail, Fred Dalton acting as skipper and the Colonel serving as the most zealous member of the impromptu crew.

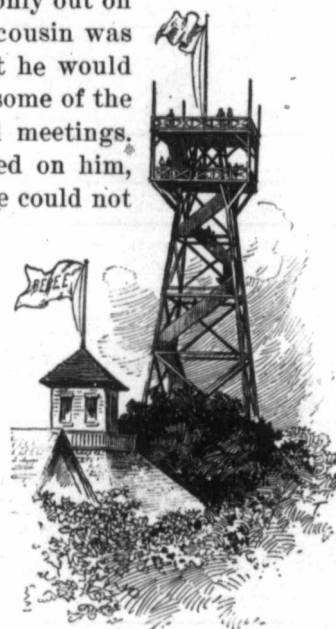
CHAPTER VIII.

It was Miss Dalton who proposed that they all proceed to Cleveland and thence to Mackinac, at least. Again the two older gentlemen exchanged winks, but Flops assumed her most innocent look while stating that she hardly thought they could go. "The Colonel," she said, "wants to get to the mountains. He turns to them in summer as naturally as your northern ducks fly to us when winter approaches."

"A man who would go to the mountains when he can get to the lakes needs a guardian," blurted Charley, who was a freshman at the state university, and rather a fresh young man on general principles. As the Colonel was intimating that he would throw that young cub overboard if they were only out on the water, Hub grasped what his fair cousin was at and straightway served notice that he would have to go home in order to look after some of the horses and prepare them for the fall meetings. The Colonel thus had the tables turned on him, but it was a close corner from which he could not escape.

"See heah, children," he interrupted, "I told you I was in command. You' Aunt Kate says this trip on the watch is doin' her no end of good. It's ouh duty to stay right with heh so long as she's benefited, and that's what we'h goin' to do." And that's what they did, for the Colonel would not have missed the opportunity which had unexpectedly become one of the greatest desires of his heart.

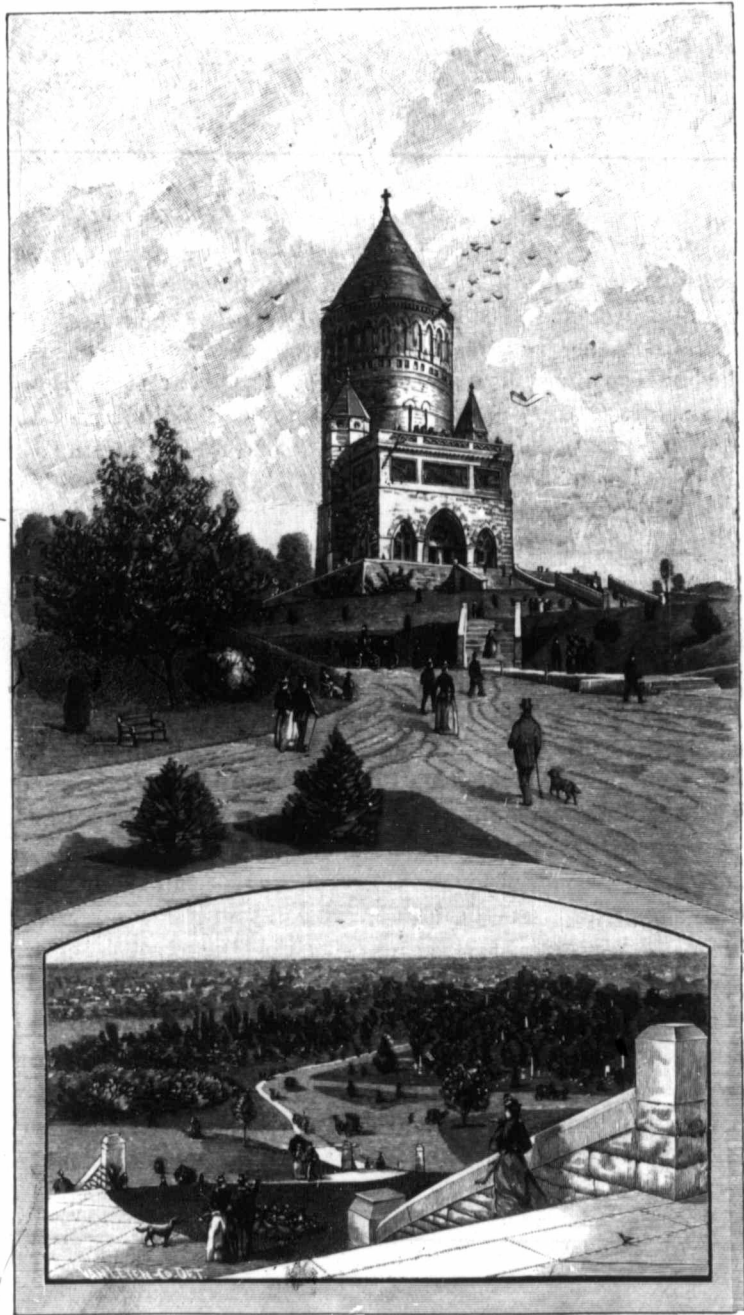
The run to Cleveland was made on



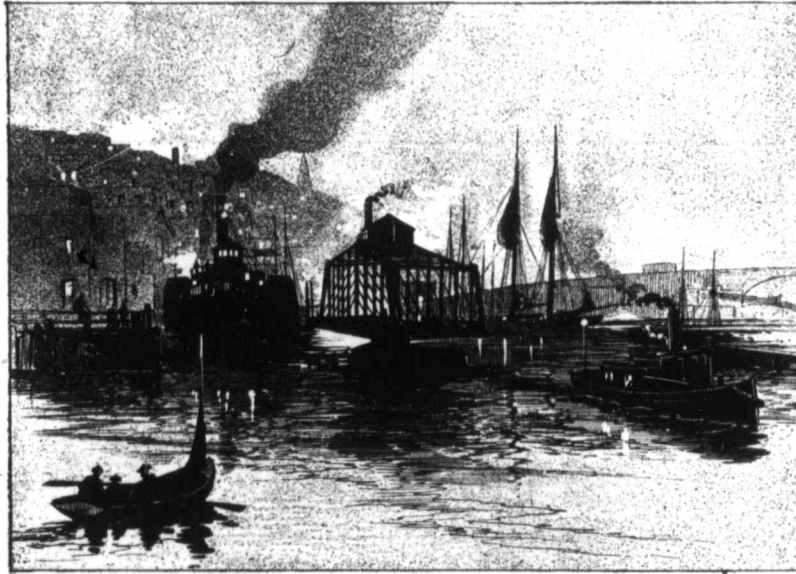
PUT-IN-BAY OBSERVATORY.

the State of New York, another of the magnificent steamers which has caused the service of the Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company to be so widely known and approved. But here again the Colonel concluded to defer judgment because he expected less upon the division which has one of its termini so far north. The main party that had been brought together by so sensational an episode at the Bay, exercised a strong power of attraction for the English tourist and the others who appreciated the blending of geniality and sterling worth in the Colonel, while they admired the beautiful and spirited niece and the big manly nephew, whose quiet demeanor concealed so great a reserve force and the patient Aunt Kate, who was the embodiment of those qualities which a colonel of story so admired in "a true southern lady." The Daltons, too, proved a delightful acquisition and there could have been no happier party than that which made the trip from the Bay to the Forest City. There is nothing like congenial tastes and surroundings to form the ties of friendship.

When the steamer State of New York glided into the narrow harbor at Cleveland the Colonel openly expressed his wonder that the vast lake traffic carried on by that city could be conducted through such an inadequate provision for the arrival and departure of vessels. Yet he saw a bewildering forest of masts and smokestacks, seemingly in a hopeless mass of confusion, yet threading their way without accident and evidently playing a very important part in the conduct of the world's commerce. The Englishman, practical after the manner of his people, read the true import of the busy scene and gained a more accurate conception of the resources of a country that carried on an internal trade of such magnitude. In the ponderous motions of the great carrying vessels and the noisy rush of the saucy little tugs a stampede and general demoralization were suggested to the uninitiated, but in the restricted quarters there was systematically being done a business representative of millions. In the noise of industrial activity, the smoke, the streams of trucks going and coming and the inevitably crowded condition of a manufacturing section which had been located with reference to the best shipping advantages, the Colonel recognized



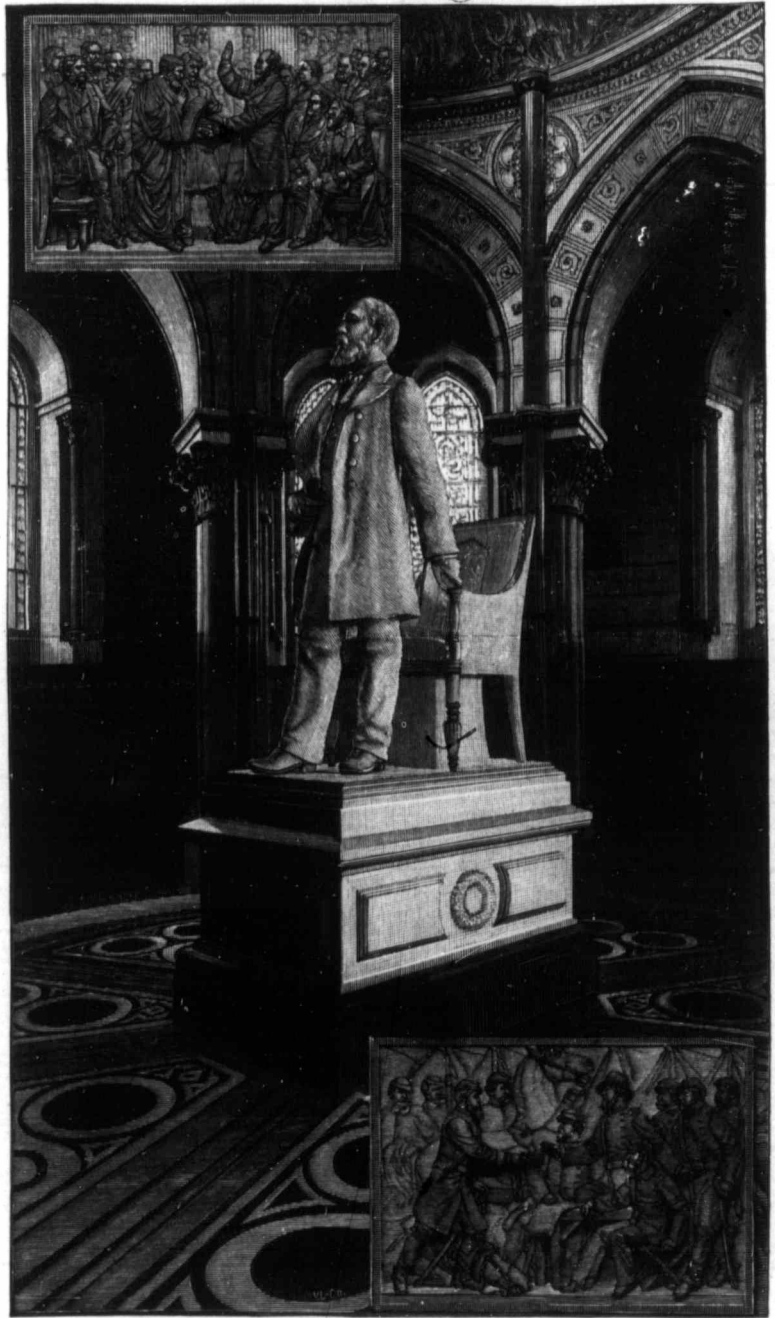
GARFIELD MEMORIAL TOMB, LAKEVIEW CEMETERY.



A NIGHT EFFECT—CLEVELAND HARBOR.

the secret of Cleveland's importance as a great commercial center, but wondered how she could have laid claims to beauty.

This problem was solved the next day when the entire party drove about the city. There were beautifully shaded streets and well kept lawns in all the resident portions, but it was through the famous Euclid avenue that the horses were slowly walked while our tourists enjoyed one of the most beautiful thoroughfares that wealth, culture and artistic taste have ever produced. The palatial and imposing residences are not alone the triumphs of architecture, but in all the elegance of their appointments and surroundings there appears that mark of advancement which finds one of its best expressions in the making of a home. The much-traveled Englishman had never seen anything finer, an admission that the Colonel received with gratified pride and a broader conception of the blessings bound up in an American citizenship. The ladies voiced their surprise and approval in the expressive exclamations so current with their sex, while the freshman of the Dalton



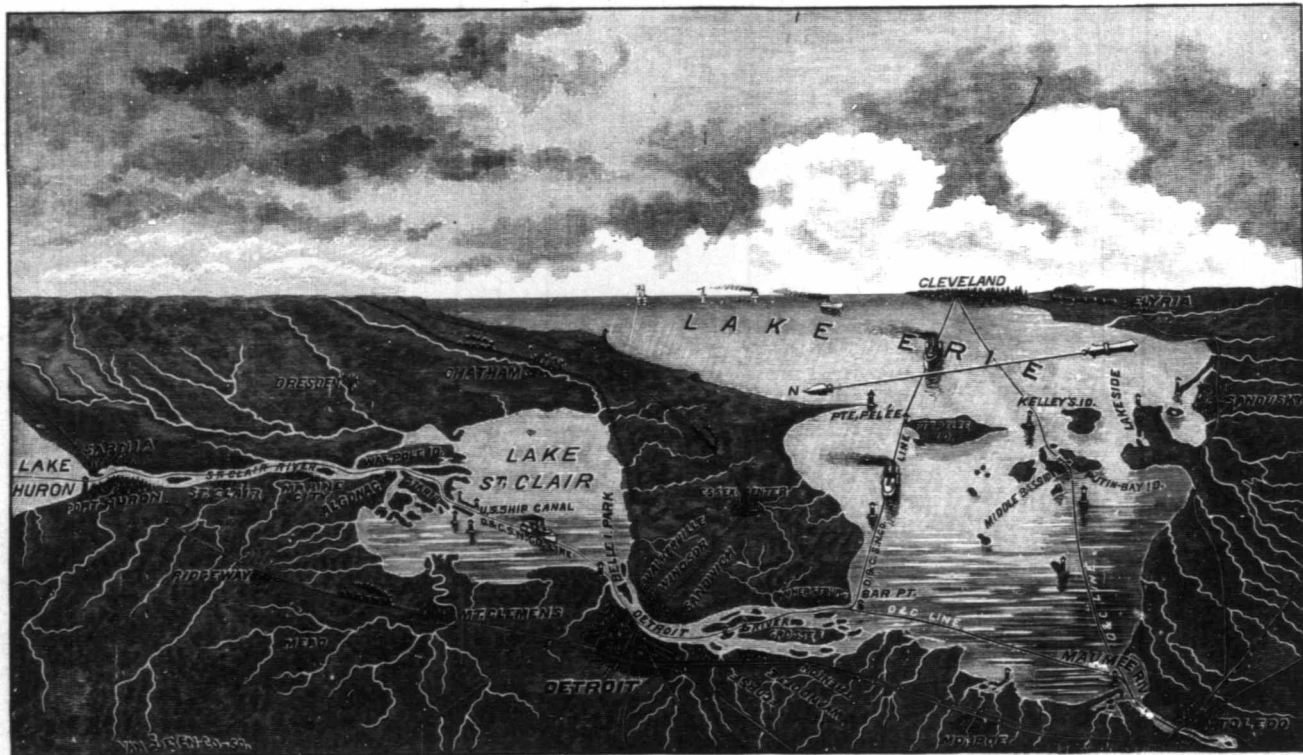
GARFIELD MEMORIAL TOMB, INTERIOR.

household was rattling away like a side showman, mingling wisdom and folly in that confusing way college boys have.

The merry party took in Prospect avenue, the delightful Wade and Gordon parks, summer resorts at the very doors of the 300,000 people who make up the great lake city, the viaduct, a stupendous piece of engineering that connects the east and the west sides, the active business center on Superior street, where the dazed Colonel designated the unceasing procession of electric cars a continuous performance for the benefit of the traveling public. At Lake View Cemetery it was the irreverent freshman who remarked that it was the first thing of the kind he had ever seen that would reconcile him to the idea of death. It is certainly a superb conception of "God's Acre," carried out in magnificent proportions with the aid of nature in its broken outlines and the decorative work of the landscape artist. It is here that the martyred President Garfield was entombed, and few visit the city who do not pay tribute to his memory at the noble monument which marks his final resting place. From here a drive was made through Lake View park, affording a view of the harbor and the breakwater against which the waves that had ceased to have terror for the Colonel dashed unceasingly. Darkness had fallen only too soon, and as they skirted the manufacturing portion of the city, where the stacks of the furnaces were belching forth flames, it was again the shocking freshman who declared that the section looked like hell with the lid off, and his sister promised him a curtain lecture in the interest of propriety.

CHAPTER IX.

COL. CLAYTON, pursuant to his nature, and as is customary with new converts, had suddenly become an enthusiast on the subject of lake travel. Had he consulted no inclination but his own he would have left that night for Detroit, just to have a good sleep on the water, but it was the unanimous vote of the ladies that they make the trip by daylight. After a good night's rest and a refreshing breakfast they were hurried to the steamer by the Colonel. She was scheduled to leave at 9:30, but he had them all on board three quarters of an hour before that time. It was just as



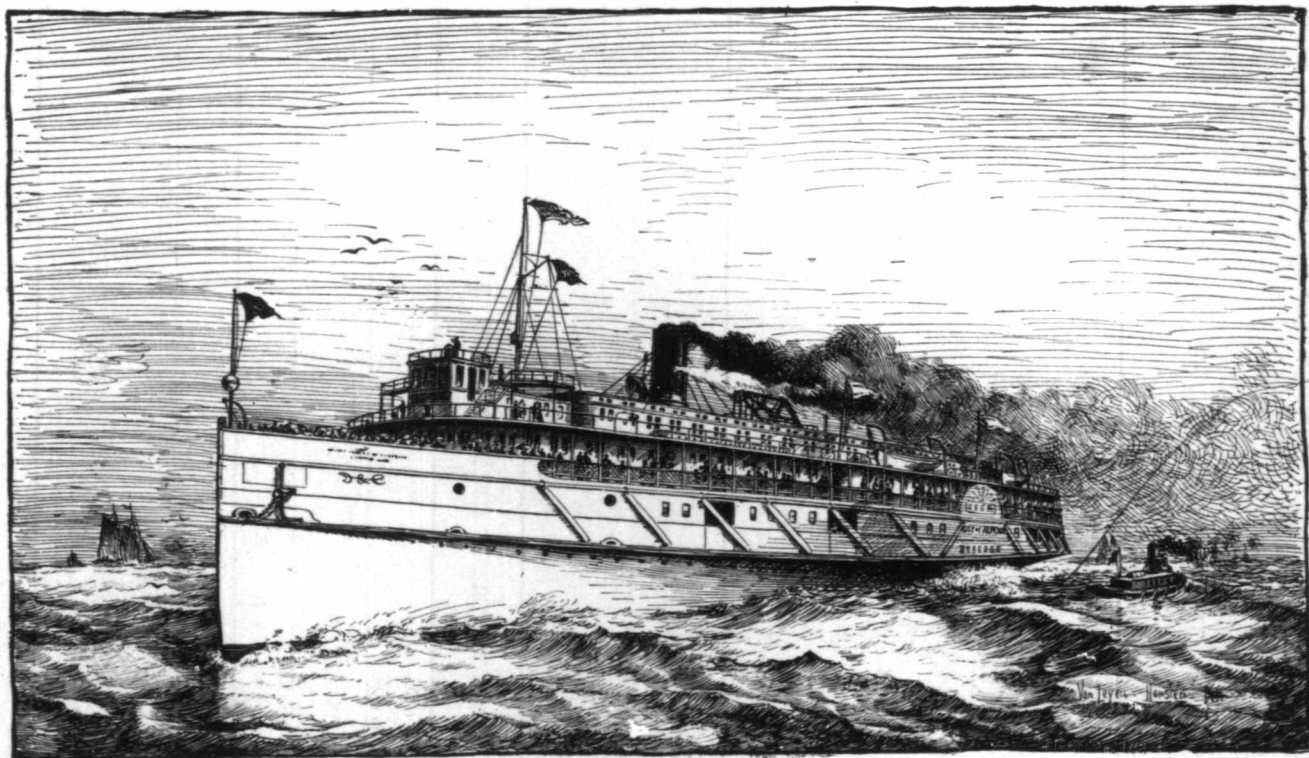
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LAKE ERIE.

well, for it took him that length of time to recover his astonishment. The last of the preconceived ideas which he had so freely aired was ruthlessly dispelled. He was indeed aboard an exquisite floating palace, built with an eye single to perfect safety and service, coupled with luxurious appointments and pleasing effects in woods, structural art and tasteful adornment. The Colonel could not have been more dazed had he been suddenly transplanted to some scene of mythical enchantment, and there was enjoyment in watching his gradual acceptance of the reality. He was an admirable critic in such matters and this made his spontaneous approval all the more significant. While the ladies, with Hub and Fred, who had become their constant attendants, were sauntering in admiration through the great cabin, or watching the arrivals of passengers, while tons of freight were being hurried upon the lower deck, the Colonel and the Englishman were making a tour of the graceful, powerful and costly ship.

"I couldn't have made my young people believe that they would come upon a scene like this," declared the Colonel, with self-satisfaction, as he stood with extended legs and hat upon the back of his head, his eyes sweeping the grand saloon. "They haven't traveled as much as I, suh, but I doubt if they'll eveh see anything fineh."

"I'm positive that nothing better has been done up to date," was the answer of the more phlegmatic foreigner. "It embodies the best and the most admirable the age affords. I have been on all the famous lines of water travel and never saw anything so complete, even to the minutest details. It is a triumph of construction and adornment. From stem to stern there has not been a single concession made to cheapness, and I warrant that it cost this company a pretty penny."

"Just \$350,000," exclaimed the freshman, who had appeared on the scene with a rush; for with all his flightiness he had an investigating turn of mind. "And she has a twin sister, the City of Detroit. Just as like as two peas. Cast in the same mold. Prettiest pair, and fastest pair out. Each makes a round trip per day. The other one pulls out of Detroit as we leave here, and



DETROIT AND CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER "CITY OF ALPENA."

when our boat starts from Detroit to Cleveland at 10:15 to-night, the other will start from Cleveland to Detroit. Call on me, Colonel, for any further information desired," and the boy, who had rattled this off like a train announcer, disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

"Wish I could have the raisin' of that young colt," muttered the Colonel. "But it certainly is a perfect service. Regula' endless chain. And think of it, suh. No dust, no cindehs, no close, vitiated aih, suh, plenty of room, accommodations like a millionai' and an atmosphe' to disheahten death and doctehs. It costs you twice as much to get cramped and hustled and snubbed on a railroad, where you see nothing but the wo'st paht of the country flyin' by like a runaway panorama. Look at that ac'hed dome to the saloon. No one but a bo'n artist eveh enameled and gilded that, with such a rich effect and yet such a rare hahmony of coloring."

"The whole thing has been worked out by a master mind," assented the Englishman. "This woodwork of polished mahogany in combination with the stamped leather makes a finish as effective as any I have ever seen. The furniture in velvet upholstery, the great mirrors, the rich carpeting and all the minor accessories are as sumptuous as a home of wealth, where luxury and comfort unite with beauty. And even that gallery, which sweeps above our heads around the entire saloon, suggesting the pleasure of an indoor promenade, is a pleasing adornment, although evidently placed there for utility. It is in keeping with the entire design, and I am sure that Mohammed's coffin was not suspended in mid air with half the grace. It is skirted with state rooms, and I imagine that their location would make them fully as desirable, if not more so, than those which open from the main floor."

Here the young folks came pushing in with all the outward evidences of their keen enjoyment. "Isn't it a dream, Colonel?" began Flops. "What do you think of our Polar expedition now? Think it necessary to swing your hammock or pitch your tent on the deck?" But she was met with a shake of the head and an appealing look from the Colonel that even she could not resist.

Hub was having a pleasant aside with Miss Dalton, but the Colonel proceeded to head off all further chance for jokes at his expense by calling on that young man for the information that it was his special mission to provide.

"A description of the City of Cleveland," he started off in his recitative tone, "is a description of the City of Detroit, two of the most magnificent passenger steamers that ever slid down the ways from a shipyard. This boat is 300 feet in length, the regulation length of a block in many cities. Her breadth of beam is 72 feet. I will explain for the benefit of Nunc and the ladies, that this means that she is 72 feet in width amidship, or in the center."

"Don't do any explainin' fo' me, young man. I sailed befo' you eveh saw wateh."

"We don't really require a diagram, either," laughed Miss Dalton, and Hub continued with a greatly enlarged audience, all of whom were interested. "The one instruction to the builders was to produce the best and most attractive they could. They were simply placed upon their mettle and the result shows how well they deserved the faith reposed in them. Her hull of steel is divided into water tight compartments by bulkheads, and she would float safely after an accident that would sink one of the vessels of the old type, and nothing but the practical destruction of the hull could send her to the bottom. There has never been an accident of any serious nature on the lines of this company since it was organized and never before were its boats in such a highly perfected condition as they are at present.

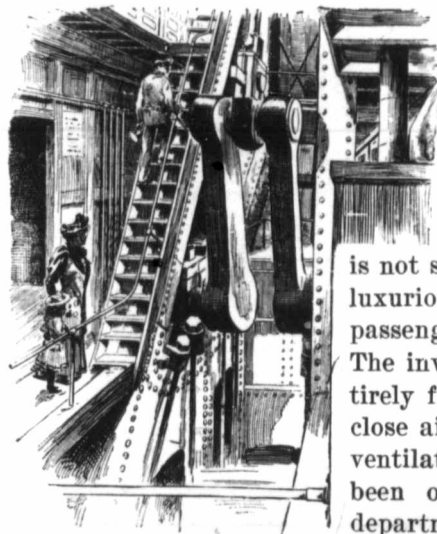
"You see that the boat is equipped with electric light in every department and the effect when the scores of burners are turned on in this gorgeous saloon is simply dazzling. There are 150 state-rooms and parlors opening from this main floor and the elegantly railed gallery above. In these there is ample room, the furnishings are the best to be had and add to the luxury of a sleep where you are 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep' and breathe the pure air that sweeps over it. [That applause I credit to the boat, and not to my humble efforts.] She has an easy capacity for 2,500 people and 800 tons on that lower deck, where our baggage is piled up, is not an unusual load. We've been exploring a handsome but



FURNACES—CITY OF DETROIT

smaller saloon below that is a dining hall fit for the gods when Bacchus presided at their festivities. There they can lay plates for 150 and I have it from some of the old travelers on the line that the menu, both in the food and in the manner of its preparation, cannot be surpassed at any of the hotels in the country. The service is admirable and the chef has the supreme pleasure of catering to those who always have their appetites with them, for there is some irresistible principle in the lake air that creates a demand for food in quantities never called for on land."

"Perhaps I had better tell about the little domain we found beyond the dining saloon," interrupted Miss Dalton. "It is the traditional center of woman's sphere, you know. The kitchen and pantries are a marvel, so compact and so complete. With its great range, its perfect outfit of cooking utensils, its adjuncts for the storage of supplies and its innumerable little conveniences, it is one to delight a good housewife. The pantries are arranged with the same care and everything I saw there was as attractive to me as the delicately decorated table ware which is no cleaner

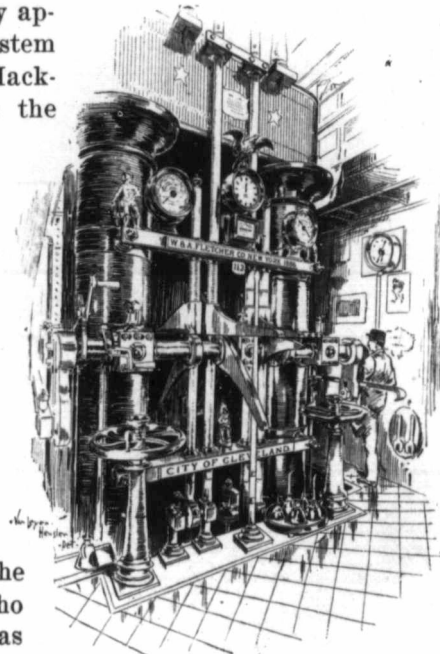


than that domain of the cook. It partakes of the elegance of the entire vessel."

"That's infinitely better than I could have done it," bowed Hub. "And I may add the very important fact that even the odor of onions is not strong enough to penetrate the luxurious quarters that the saloon passengers are permitted to occupy. The inviting dining room is kept entirely free from unwelcome heat and close air by the McCreary system of ventilation. Not a desirable thing has been overlooked in this important department on any of the boats of this

famous line and it is especially appreciated on the superb system operated between Toledo and Mackinac, where the patrons are the guests of the company long enough to enjoy several of the first-class meals which it provides. Another wise and thoughtful provision is that of a cabin where those who do not provide themselves with sleeping accommodations can spend the night in comfort and yet leave the occupants of state-rooms entirely free from any noise which might disturb their sleep."

"I've been down looking at the engine," said the freshman, who always came upon the scene as



VIEW OF ENGINES.

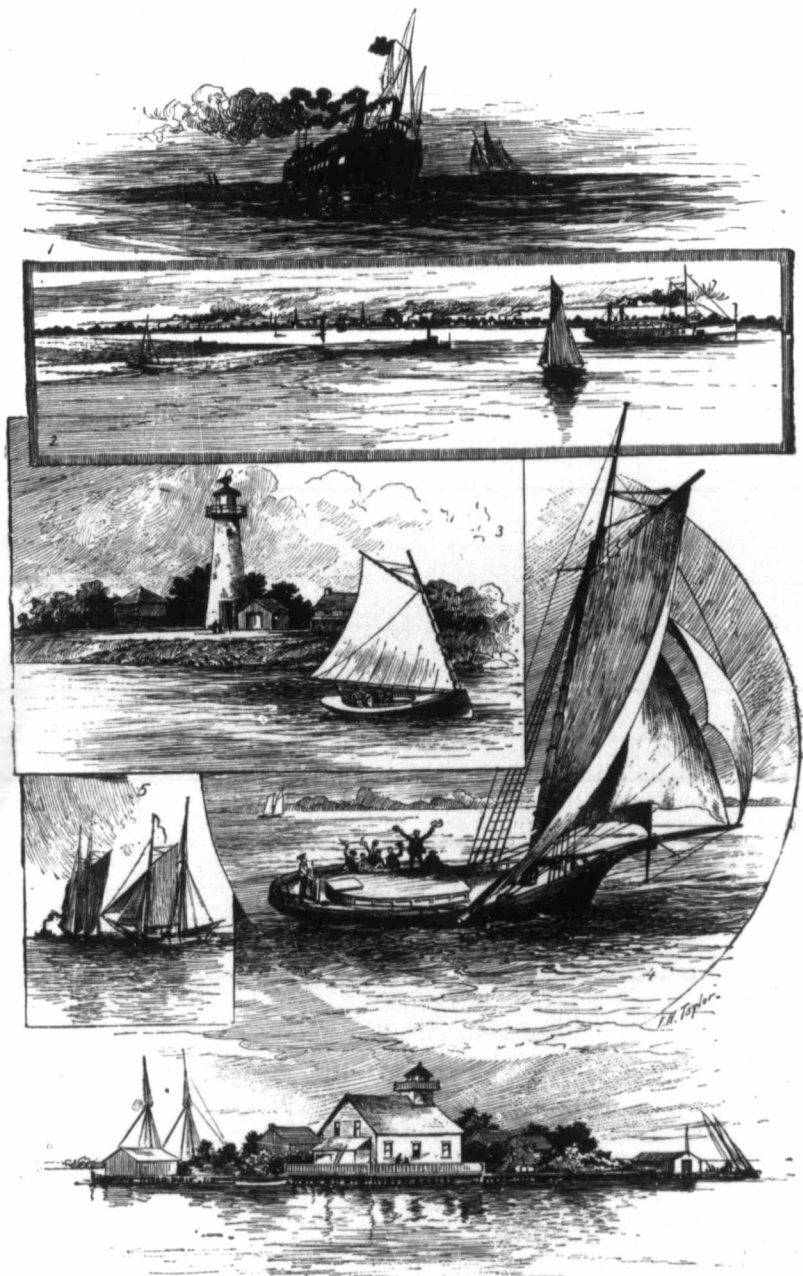
though he were part of the grand entry to a circus, "and it's a peach. It has the power of 3,000 of your strongest Kentucky horses, Colonel, and you only have to give her the spur to send the boat along at 20 miles an hour. That's what I call a merry clip for a 3,000-horse team, all handled by one man."

"Just to contribute my little bit of information," laughed Flops, "I want to say that a lady can make her toilet in one of these elegant staterooms just as she can at home. A touch of the bell brings you a uniformed messenger boy and his politeness suggests that he would jump into the water for you should you make so unreasonable a request. The service, like everything else here, is without a flaw. The result of all this, with the unfailing courtesy of the officers, is to make one feel perfectly at home."

CHAPTER X.

OUT of the smoke and noise of the busy harbor the steamer made her way to the open waters of the lake, where the passengers were greeted with the bright sunshine, its rays reflected from the broad expanse as from a surface of polished steel. The breeze and the inspiring scene banished every trace of languor from those who enjoyed them. They were seated in groups or promenading the broad decks, as securely upon their feet as though treading the paths of some great metropolitan park. It was noticeable that Hub and Miss Dalton were flocking by themselves, while Fred and Flops were showing the same exclusiveness so far as the irrepressible freshman would permit, for he, too, was smitten with the southern beauty and showed all the earnestness of an early passion in dancing attendance upon her. Cupid never feels more secure of his game than when he can have it upon one of the magnificent steamers amid the beauties and exhilarating influences of the Great Lakes.

Here were a score or more of traveling men exchanging stories, experiences and congratulations upon the privilege of doing business while enjoying all the pleasures of the summer tourist. They were making railroad time and their stacks of baggage were with them, yet the railroad magnate in his private car was not half so happily situated. It was an open confession on the part of them



SCENES ALONG THE DETROIT RIVER

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all that the man who had the great shore route was in luck and many an amusing incident was related to show how they would hustle to avoid spending Sunday at any of the inland towns. Several of the shore merchants were participants in these good times of the knights of the grip, and these thrifty dealers acknowledged that it was part of their business policy to lay in all the stock they could during the season when the cheaper rates given by the steamers were available.

The Colonel had come upon a party of Kansas City people, with whom he was soon at home. Through the information he gained on his trip to the Bay and in the harbor at Cleveland he had become an oracle in matters pertaining to the line, its vessels and the varied enjoyment to which it introduced its patrons. As they sped in a bee line for the mouth of the Detroit river he told in the most entertaining manner of the islands and cities lying to the south of their course; of Sandusky, Toledo, Johnson's Island, where thousands of confederate prisoners had been confined during the war, of the endless attractions at Put-in-Bay, and of the pleasant personal experiences which he related as glibly as though he had navigated the lakes from childhood. Indeed, his infatuation had become such that he was rapidly adopting the technical vocabulary of the sailor. "Lookin' to the sta'boa'd," he said, "you see that theh's not a trace of land, while hea' to the poht side you can see specks of green with a da'k fringe in the background; that is the mainland."

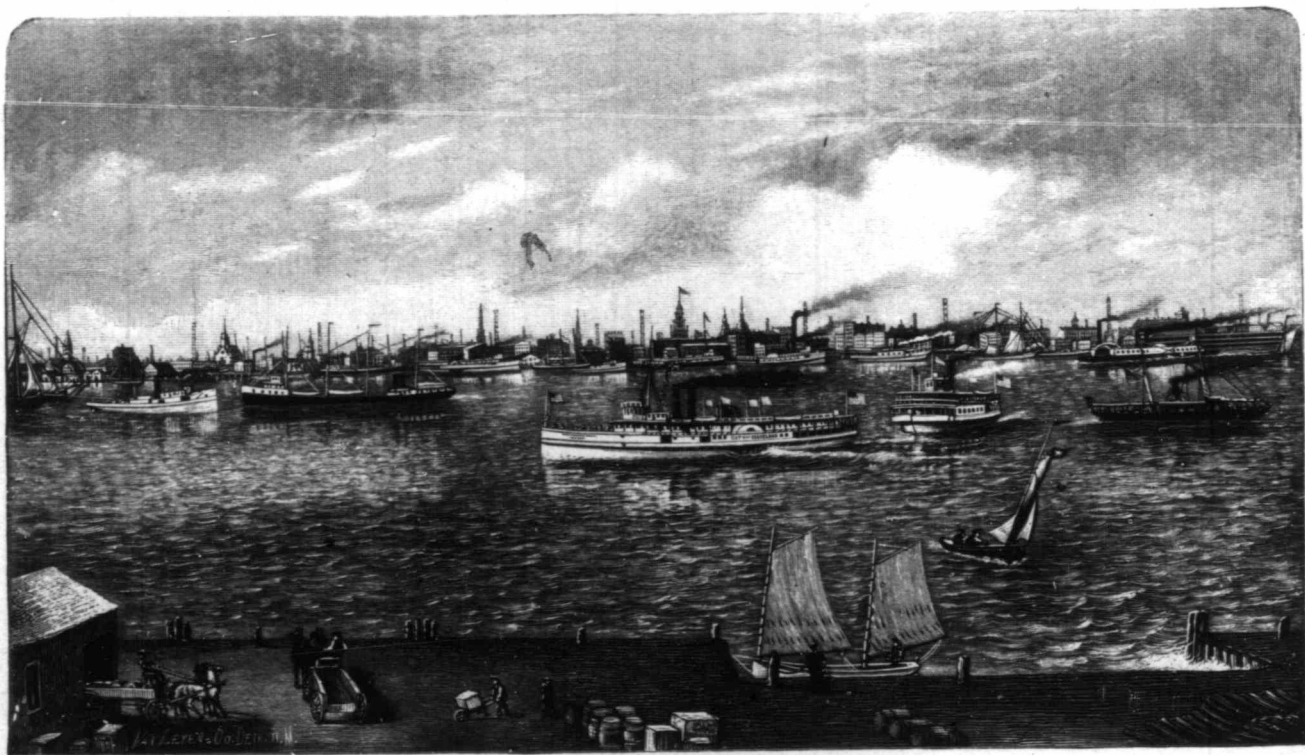
"Where's auntie, Colonel?" asked Flops, who escaped from her double attendance to look after the invalid of the party.

"You'll find heh aft," was the quick reply as the Colonel resumed his interrupted discourse.

"Where's that?" she asked with a merry laugh, but the Colonel only deigned to point with a look that clearly commiserated her ignorance.

Half an hour later he came hastily upon the young people on the forward deck, and with troubled face told them that he was very much worried about "Sisteh Kate."

"What ah we goin' to do fo' heh?" asked the Colonel sternly, in their agitation.



DETROIT HARBOR—SHOWING WATER FRONT AND CHARACTER OF SHIPPING.

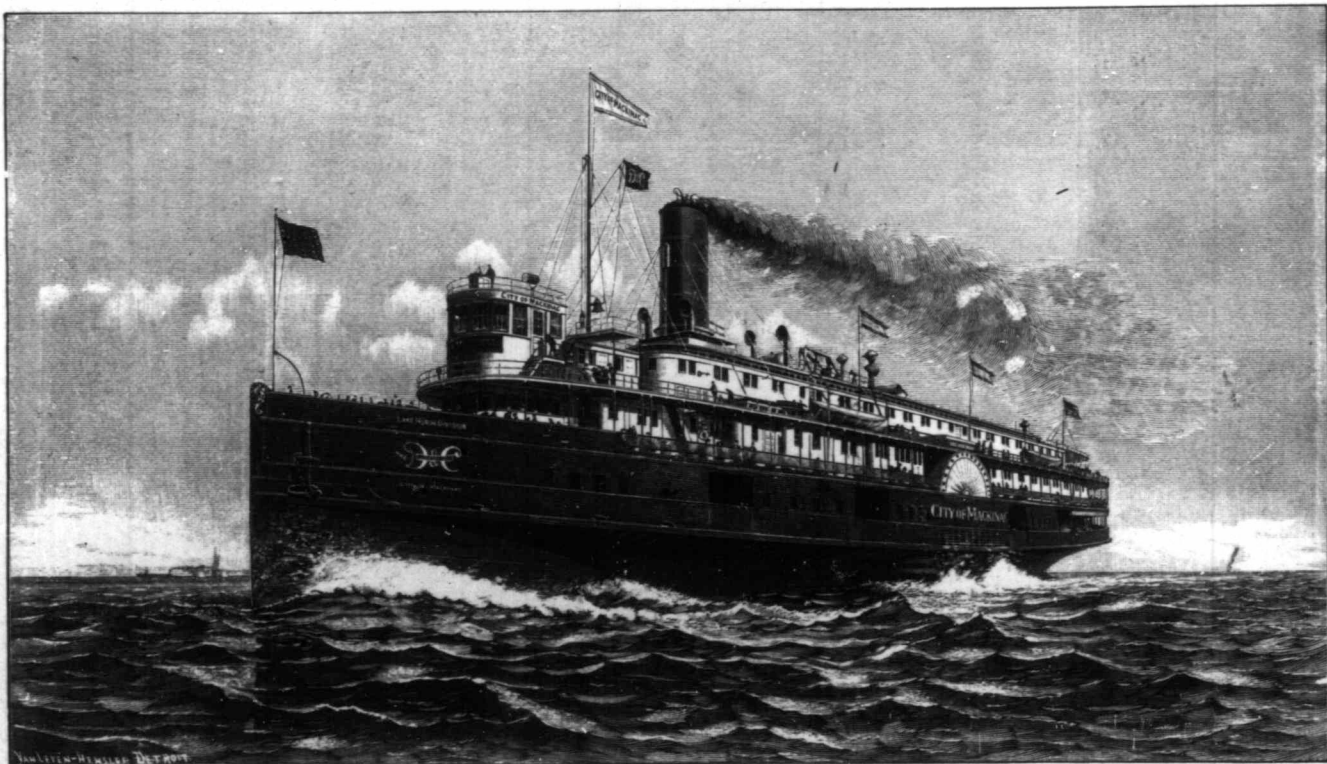
"She just called me to heh and told me that she was hungry; something that hasn't happened in yeahs. Duhin' all that time she has only eaten from a sense of duty. Theh's something radically wrong with heh, havin' such an unnatu'al appetite."

A look of relief came into the faces of the niece and nephew. Fred and Miss Dalton seemed totally absorbed in a delightful view to the northwest, though it could not account for their shaking shoulders; while the freshman fell backward with his chair in a fit of laughter.

"What ah we goin' to do fo' heh?" asked the Colonel sternly, at this untimely display of levity.

"Get her something to eat," roared the youngster, as he still wrestled with the chair. And then all joined in the laughter, for it suddenly dawned upon the Colonel that they were in an atmosphere which restores lost appetites and reclaims weak stomachs. He himself was not averse to sharing some of the good things that were quickly provided for the aunt, who had lost all desire of lying down or moping in her chair. No one aboard enjoyed a happier change of feeling or was more appreciative of the beauties so lavishly spread about them. Midway between Cleveland and Detroit they met the beautiful companion steamer on this division, and while the aunt's voice did not join in the lusty cheers of greeting, no one waved a handkerchief with greater good will, or presented a sunnier face to the hundreds that responded from the passing steamer.

"Here's where we swing to the northward," announced Hub, as they approached the mouth of the Detroit river, "and enter upon one of the most charming trips that the lover of the beautiful and romantic has ever found." From the time they entered the noble stream, its islands and its shores, stretching back in verdant fields and blossoming orchards as far as the eye could reach, or rising to the cool green woods that shaded the banks, or displaying the quiet Canadian hamlets on the one hand or the busy manufacturing towns on the other, afforded the one theme of conversation to those who were not reduced to that intense admiration which exacts an appreciative silence. The Englishman, who had "done" the Danube, the Dardanelles, the Rhine, the Rhone, Lake



THE DETROIT AND CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER "CITY OF MACKINAC."

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Geneva and the Hudson in our own country, frankly admitted the fascination of the changing but ever delightful view, and declared it unsurpassed.

As they steamed past Fort Wayne, after accepting the charms of Grosse Isle as a summer home, and marking the other islands in which beauty and thrift are allied, in nearly every group someone was recalling the many and important parts that this favored section had played in the history of a new continent. It could be traced in a story of absorbing and unflagging interest through the domination of the Indians, the French, the English and the Americans. It is rich in quaint folk lore, in story of adventure and the grim records of war. To the right there appeared the beautiful driveway that follows the course of the river on the Canadian side, and the delightful summer residences with green lawns stretching to the water's edge, where pleasure boats were moored or moved out on the broad stream with gay parties that joined the ever moving procession which makes this noble stream one of the busiest avenues of commerce in existence. Lumber barges with their tows move in stately procession. The huge liners that ply to and from the Superior regions look like unarmed men of war. The low but powerful iron ferry boats that supply the broken line of railroad travel suggested the dreaded ram of naval fame, the old sailboats move lazily along as the reminders of the wondrous progress we have made, tugs and steam yachts flit busily about, the handsome passenger ferries, the finest and most complete of their kind, carry thousands to the numberless resorts within easy reach of the city, the revenue cutter with her glitter of brass and the showy attire of her marines lies at anchor like a sentinel in time of peace, and all manner of small craft complete a scene that is to be found nowhere else. Over this connecting link between Lakes Erie and St. Clair, broad, deep and clear, there is annually done a business that is greater in its magnitude than the coastwise or foreign trade of the United States. There is an average of a vessel every four minutes, coal, iron, copper, lumber, salt, grain and general merchandise being their freight. There is no other spot where one can so quickly gather an intelligent conception of the varied resources, wealth and enterprise of the country.

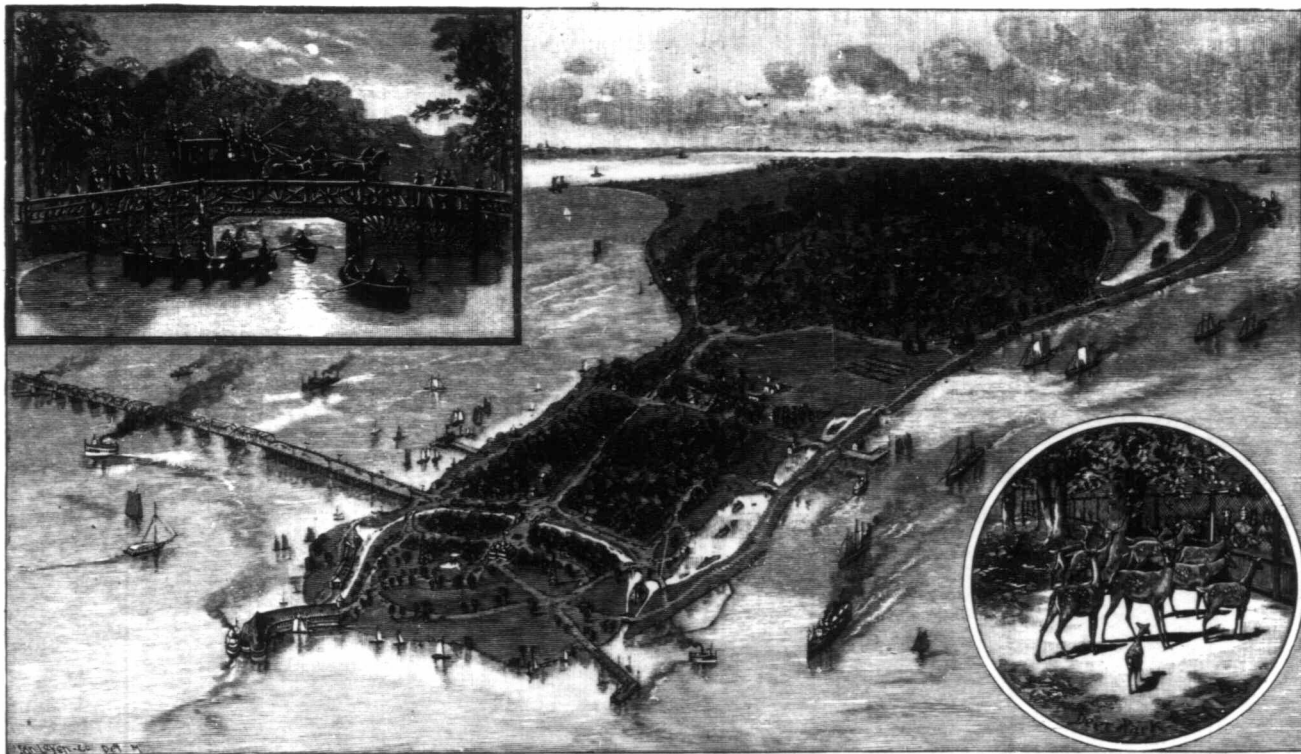
CHAPTER XI.

THOUGH the run from Cleveland had been made on the schedule time of seven hours, the restraints of a new acquaintance had all worn away in the enjoyment of a common pleasure and the young folks of our party were on the familiar terms of old friendship. Indeed, there were the budding signs of that closer relationship which thrives amid such joyous surroundings, and the Colonel had an extra source of happiness which he kept to himself. From the steamer's dock to one of Detroit's elegant hotels the party saw only a part of the busy section in which business is done and the freshman wanted to know why he had heard so much about the boasted beauty of the City of the Straits. But his skepticism was soon to be rebuked. In the corridors of the hotel Mr. Dalton came upon an old friend who years before had cast his lot in Tennessee and prospered, afterward going to Detroit to make it his home.

"It's not too late," he said, with the usual hospitality and local pride of this city. "Let me take you to the roof of one of our sky scrapers, from which you can look about you and pass judgment on Detroit."

In half an hour they were there and hushed for a time into silent admiration, which was broken by the Colonel. "I was just thinkin'," said he in his impulsive way, "that had Satan taken the Lord up here to offeh him the world, instead of to the mountain top that—well, things might have been diffe'nt. It's enough to craze an a'tist."

And the Colonel's expressions of approval were scarcely exaggerated. From the parks that brighten the center of the city the broad, well-paved, clean and deeply-shaded streets radiated like the spokes of a wheel from the hub and narrowed with distance toward the horizon, until they seemed to pierce the vast semi-circle of woodland. They saw a prosperous and substantial city of homes, the residence portions telling of great wealth and refinement. In nearly every part the houses are surrounded by shrubbery and, amid the same trees that arch the avenues, looked as though they might have been built without disturbing the primeval forest except to make room for the necessary structures.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BELLE ISLE PARK, DETROIT.

Across the river there was spread to the view a glorious picture with Windsor in the foreground and back of it a beautiful countryside, mingling nature's native green with the fields of grain and the orchards in their attire of mingled colors. To the south-east, linked to the mainland by the graceful iron bridge which spans the American channel, lay the lovely Belle Isle, which nature and art have so happily combined to adorn. Imagination never pictured a more charming spot. Amid its crowning glory of native trees appeared the network of driveways, footpaths and winding canals. Miniature lakes glistened in the sun, great flower beds shone like rich jewels in settings of green. Rustic bridges of unique architecture and artistic design seemed suspended over the waterways. The casinos, the zoological garden, the bath houses, the quaint shelter at the ferry dock, the pretty homes of the boat clubs, even the electric light plant and the old-fashioned landing at Inselruhe, added to the beauty and variety of one of the grandest parks in the world. With canoes and rowboats threading the winding canals, carriages moving through the shaded driveways and thousands of people walking amid the beauties of the place or resting in some sylvan retreat, there was suggested the blessings showered upon those who are so favored as to have Detroit for a home. Around the sweep of the Canadian channel vessels were coming and going in an almost unbroken procession, pleasure boats in all their attractive brightness were flitting in every direction and the entire scene was one that no alliance of art and genius could reproduce on canvass.

Off to the left was the symmetrical tower and the little park of the water works, and way beyond there appeared under a field glass the magnificent summer villas at Grosse Pointe with lawns, flowers and shrubberies that are beautified in the brightest colorings of nature. To the eastward were the outlying parks, the fort and the mingling of fields, groves and intersecting waterways, with hamlets here and there marking the development of manufacturing interests, for which the great city of 300,000 people is gaining a most enviable reputation. They saw extending toward every point the railroads that center here and serve as feeders to the traffic of the lakes, and realized by actual inspection, not only why Detroit has grown so conspicuous a figure in the com-



GRACE HOSPITAL.

Founded by Senator James McMillan,
President of the U. S. G.

mercial world, but why it has become such a favorite summer resort, to which the people of the south are attracted by thousands.

"There is no place in existence," said the Detroiter, "where you can find so much and such a variety of delightful entertainment during the heated term as here. If it be too hot on land there is always

relief on the water. If it be too cool there, you can turn to the drives on land on either side of the river. The endless variety insures against monotony and the charm is never lost. It is this that brings us so many visitors and makes Detroit the favorite convention city of the Union."

His hearers had no reason to question this presentation of the case, for the convincing evidence was before them and the Colonel bluntly served notice that Detroit from that time forth be included in the route of his annual pilgrimages. "Why, I leahn," he said, "that you can ride all day and half the night on one of those elegant ferry boats for ten cents."

"Yes," said the friend of the Daltons, "and you can go to Put-in-Bay by the steamer Frank Kirby, one of the finest and speediest steamers in the passenger service for the line that she covers. You can go to the Flats, to all the points of interest about the Lake or River St. Clair, to the islands and the shore resorts down our own river, and yet spend every night in your hotel at Detroit. No other place can offer the same inducements, for it affords a maximum enjoyment at a minimum cost."

That night the party made a tour of Detroit by the most complete street railway system in existence. The city provides its own electric light and in every nook and corner the white rays dispel the darkness. Much of the charm of the long ride through the magnificent residence districts, appearing at their best along Woodward, with the side streets leading from it, Jefferson, Fort,

Lafayette and the newer districts where the handsome homes show how splendidly the city is building up, was due to its novelty. The Colonel was in his happiest mood and the contagion of merriment affected the whole party, who had grown to be very like one family. The next day was spent in carriages and closer inspection only emphasized the impression gained from a bird's-eye view. At Belle Isle their admiration knew no bounds. Though it is three miles long and one in width, they drove time and again around and through its nearly 2,000 acres, every one of which has its special charm and in the entirety suggests a favored spot of fairyland retained for modern enjoyment. Accessible alike by street cars and ferry boats, it is visited by thousands upon thousands every day, excursions, picnic parties, families and individuals flocking to it whenever opportunity offers.

CHAPTER XII.

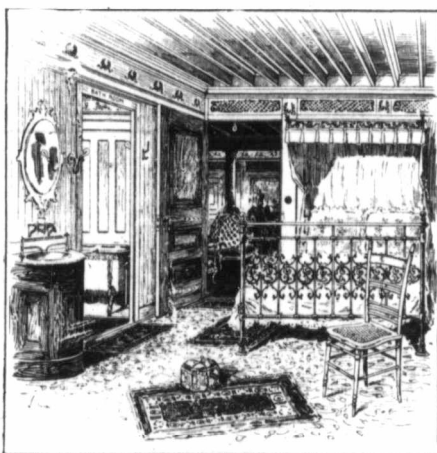
THAT night at the hotel, Flops and Alice sat into the wee hours talking with the enthusiasm of boarding-school girls over the delights of their trips and unintentionally betraying that there were two central figures of masculine mold about which the balance of the brightened universe revolved at that particular time. Fred and Hub stretched their legs in a long walk and it was apparent to each of them that the mind of the other was not entirely engrossed in the glowing clusters of electric light or the beauties of the scene which they illumined. The Colonel and Mr. Dalton smoked in two great easy chairs and chuckled, discussing the perfect working of their little plot, while they had nothing to do but play the part of innocent observers.

"I reckon theh goin' to fall in love, shuah," declared the Colonel. "If eveh I had made this trip with a sweet and pretty gihl like Flops oh you' daughteh, I'd been a mahried man to-day. No doubt about it, Dalton. Theh's ma' sentiment and beauty and romance mixed up on a voyage along this line than a man with any heahrt in him could resist. Old as I am, it makes me feel like writing poetry and regrettin' that I've enduehed the ma'ty'dom of a bachelo'. But theh's goin' to be some weddin's as the result of this trip, hey, Dalton?"

The ubiquitous freshman caught a part of this conversation

and moved on with a new look of contentment in his face, for the little rascal was becoming greatly enamored of the fascinating Flops and took on tons of encouragement because of what he had heard from his father and the Colonel.

Next morning there was no trouble in rallying the party for a continuation of their trip, for energy had come with pleasure and they were all eager, when they had stepped aboard with hundreds of others and were standing in a group admiring the artistic beauty of the City of Alpena, one of the finest and most perfect passenger boats afloat. She and her sister ship, the City of Mackinac, were built to meet an imperative demand created by the immense and growing travel on the famous Mackinaw division. Never before was there a route which developed so rapidly in popular favor. Each season saw a return of those who had appreciated its attractions during previous years and thousands came to experience for the first time the pleasures which so happily combine both health and that highest degree of enjoyment which is ever sought for by the tourist. For safety, beauty, speed, comfort and completeness of service, these two steamers represent the best that the shipbuilder can produce and efficient management can provide.



A PARLOR STATEROOM.

CHAPTER XIII.

AS the steamer left the dock amid the waving of handkerchiefs, the lifting of hats and the shouting of adieus, the orchestra on the forward deck struck up an inspiring air, the crowd ashore gave a parting cheer and the throng aboard were gay with the exhilaration of congenial companionship amid surroundings that appealed alike to the love of creature comforts and the beautiful.

The party in which our readers are especially interested could not but attract an attention that was mingled with an honest admiration. The tall, broad-shouldered Colonel, with his florid face beaming in almost boyish pleasure, his planter's hat well back from his forehead, his merry laugh and his evident good will toward all the world, was a man to attract the gaze of any crowd. Seated about him at the rail on the shady side were the invalid aunt, already happy in a knowledge of improving health, the Daltons, Flops and Hub, the grouping of a pretty picture representing the true aristocracy of intelligence and culture. The Colonel noted the arrangement of the chairs with a satisfaction that expressed itself in another of those inimitable winks at the elder Dalton. The young people had paired off, as was natural under the circumstances, while the freshman hovered about Flops and Fred with a persistency that amused the former, while it perceptibly annoyed the latter. He mentally vowed to suppress the youngster, were it possible.

As they steamed up the river, the Colonel overheard some inquiries about the boat, and was soon imparting the desired knowledge to a highly interested party from Ohio. It was made up of families, in which the white-haired grandparents seemed enjoying themselves as much as did the representatives of the third generation, as they shouted their joy at every changing view in the wondrous scene of enchantment. In explaining things the Colonel was just in his element, for he had come to feel like a veteran on the line, which could not have found a champion more willing or more eloquent.

"We came over from Toledo to Detroit Tuesday," said an Ohio gentleman, "leaving Toledo at 4:30 in the afternoon and making the run in precisely four hours. That gave us two full days to enjoy the beauties of Detroit, and here we are on Friday morning bound for Mackinac. Everything about these lines is so admirably adjusted that those who want to enjoy the endless attractions along the route can do so under the most favorable circumstances."

There was a minister in the party. He had been pacing the deck with the air of a man in the deepest meditation. "I wish I

could preach as I feel amid such surroundings. There is eloquence in the very air we breathe. It is a presence in which a man feels his utter insignificance."

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, who had been attracted to the group, "just to change a word of Moore, 'There's a sermon in every breeze and a picture in every wave.'"

"Theh's anotheh quotation," mused the Colonel, "about lookin' through natu' up to natu'e's God. No wohds can impress one as does this glo'ious scene. It's a sehmon direct from the Autho' of All."

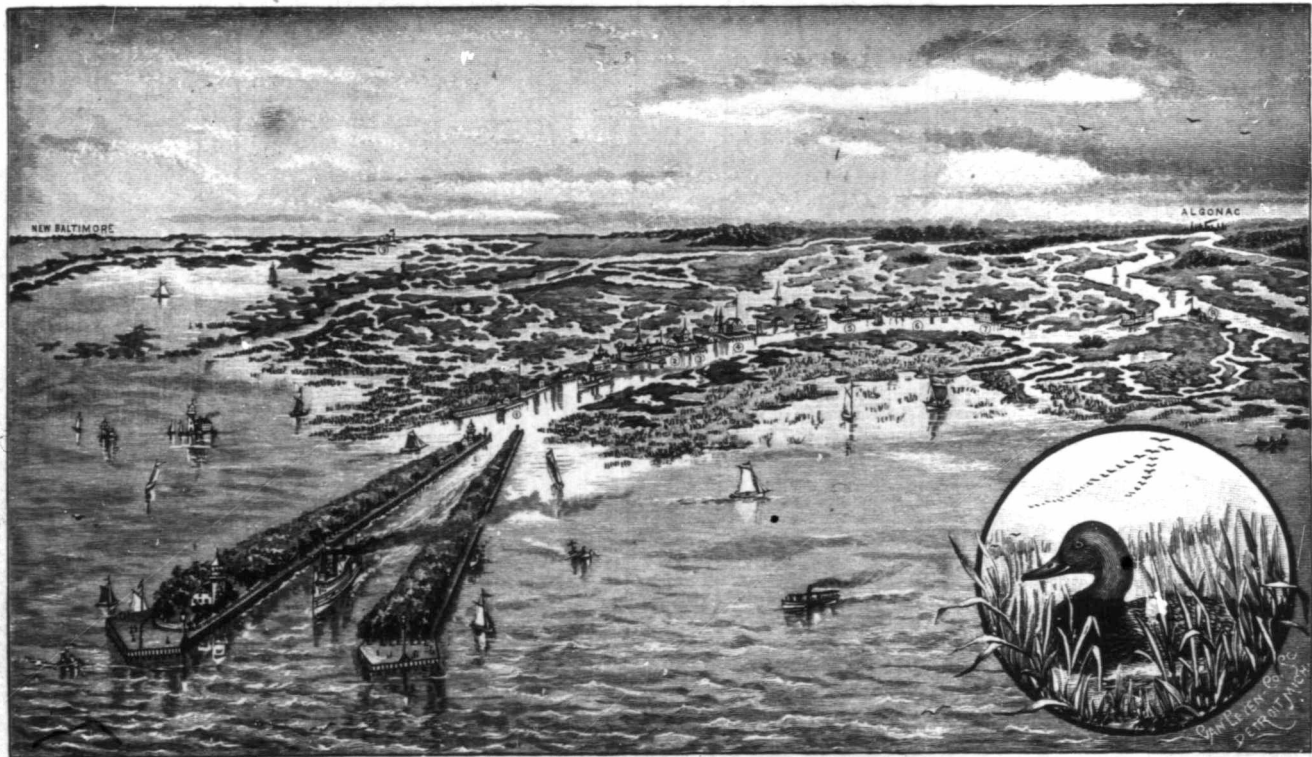
"I thought I was escaping the chapel," broke in the freshman. "You make me feel, Colonel, as though the bell was routing me out just as my morning nap is most refreshing."

"Toledo's a great town," exclaimed the Colonel, who recognized that the spirit of the occasion had been rudely disturbed. "And I undeerstand you to say it is the south'n te'minus of the Mackinac division?"

"O, yes," responded the Ohio man. "You will see by the time table how exactly the running of the line is suited to the wants of those who come to the lakes for health or pleasure. You can so time your departure from Toledo as to see the best of everything. No change could be suggested."

Here they were steaming by way of the Canadian channel past Belle Isle, and the thoughts of all were turned to the charm of the scene. There was a silence aboard that paid the highest tribute to a beauty that could find no adequate praise in words. As they entered the broadening waters of Lake St. Clair there was a revival of conversation and the deck became a grand promenade, with the freshened breeze and the sunshine filtered through fleecy clouds as exhilarants such as no genius of the healing art can reproduce.

When the delightful little lake had been nearly traversed, Aunt Kate again sprang a surprise by acknowledging the pangs of hunger. A few others who, like her, had felt the magic touch of returning health, admitted the same craving, and they ate an early dinner, though others preferred to wait until they had passed one of the most interesting features of the most enjoyable trip of the



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF U. S. GOVERNMENT CANAL AND THE ST. CLAIR FLATS. THE FAMOUS FISHING AND SHOOTING GROUNDS. HOME OF THE BLACK BASS AND DUCK
 1. St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club. 2. Rushmere Club. 3. Butler's. 4. Star Island Hotel. 5. Boydell's. 6. Peninsular Shooting and Fishing Club.
 7. Bedor's. 8. Canadian Club House. 9. North Channel Club House.

continent. It is true that hunger is the best sauce, but when a keen appetite encounters the choicest food, prepared by a chef who is master of his calling, capacity alone is apt to determine the amount eaten, while the zest of enjoyment is beyond expression.

"It's a joke," replied the freshman, when the Colonel asked him what he was laughing at. "This line charges only for meals that are eaten. Skip a meal and you save the price. Now I'd like to know how any combination of flesh and blood can breathe this air, enjoy this sport and not eat every time there is a chance. I'd enjoy seeing some professional faster tackle this trip."

"Every one is not so fo'tunate as you, young man. What I like about this company is that it only asks pay fo' what it gives, and it always gives the best. But I'll admit that you don't requiah any a'tificial stimulants to wo'k up an appetite heah. I reckon Kate will indo'se that?"

"Indeed I do. I haven't enjoyed eating so much since I was a girl, and you can safely count on finding me at the table with unvarying regularity."

"Be temperate in all things, Auntie, or we may have to take you to the mountains to recuperate," counseled Flops, with laughable solemnity.

"Heah, Flops," pleaded the blushing Colonel, "haven't I su'rende'd? I say now that this lake trip is mo' desi'able in everything than even you claimed fo' it."

"Such a confession entitles you to the mercy of the court," declared Dalton; but Flops smiled approval when Hub said that there was nothing safer than to keep pounding away at prejudices even after they were apparently dead. The good-natured Colonel covered his retreat by muttering something about disinheriting some one.

"Hello," shouted the freshman, after they were on the deck again, "they're going to run us through a lock here." While some of the passengers were smiling broadly, it was Fred Dalton who corrected the blunder. "That's no lock, Charley. It's the famous ship canal connecting St. Clair river with this lake. It was constructed by the United States government in the interest of commerce, and no like expenditure of money ever did more to that end.

It is a mile and a half long, two hundred feet wide and sixteen feet deep, and all the traffic that passes through it would have long since discharged the national debt if applied to that purpose. Through that little narrow strip there is a greater freighting than passes to and from the country over the two great oceans."

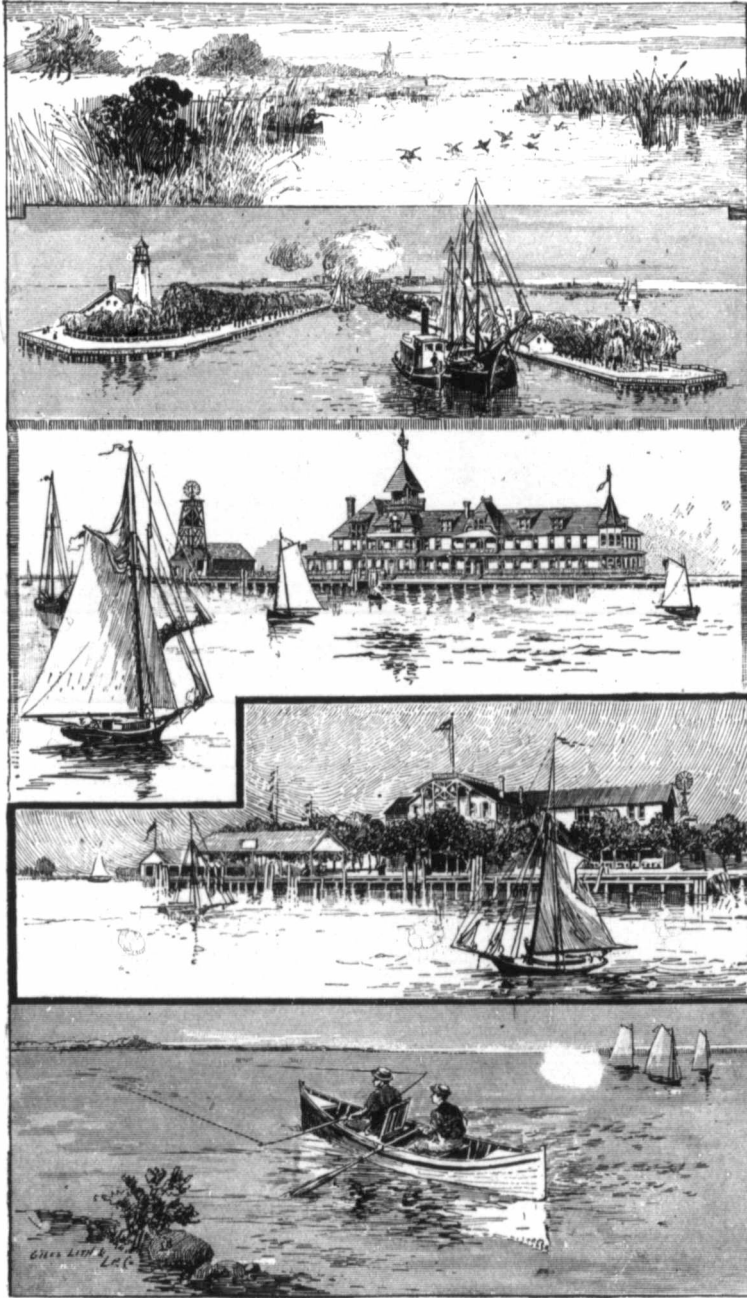
"Gee!" cut in the freshman; "somebody's been stuffing you, Fred."

"No," said the Englishman, who had hunted up his acquaintances, "it does seem marvelous, but official statistics show it to be true. The numberless craft we met on the lake came through here and the counter streams seem almost continuous, yet it is seldom that anything occurs to interrupt them during the season."

CHAPTER XIV.

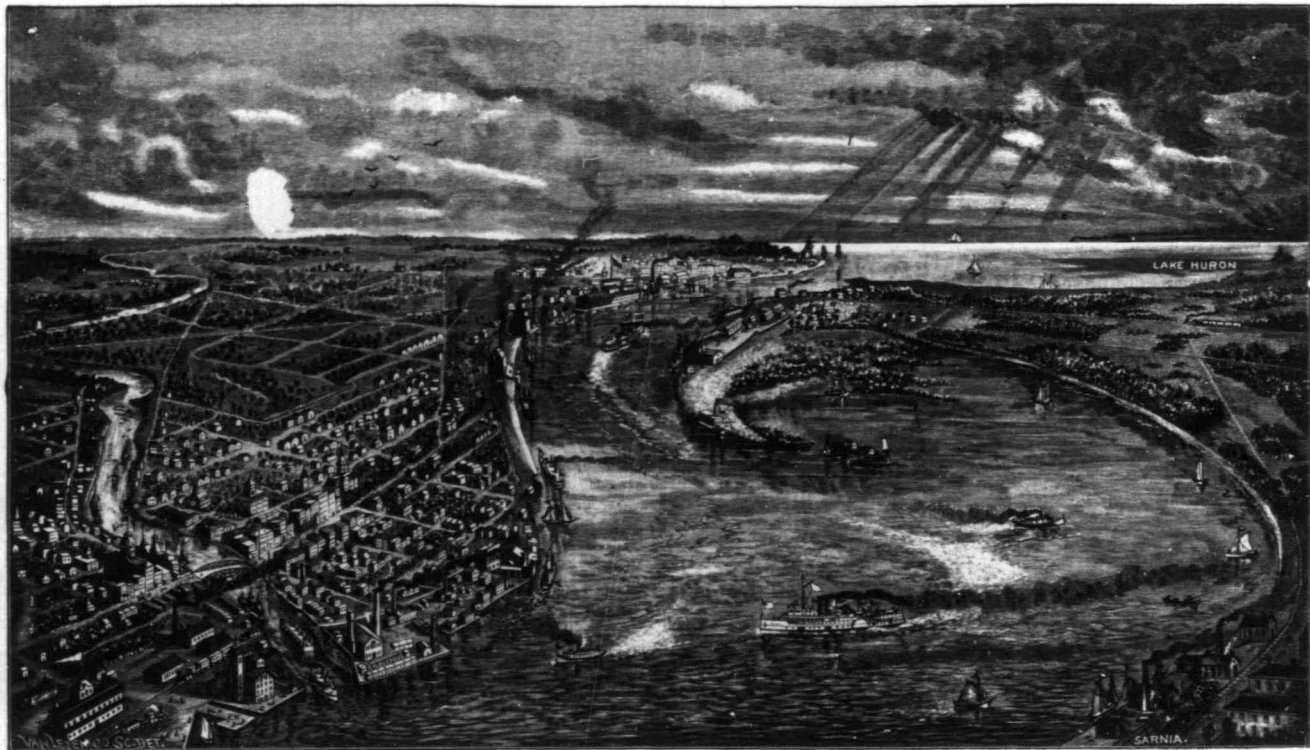
AS the City of Alpena glided from the canal into the Flats that mark the expansion of the St. Clair River, the gentleman from Ohio rejoined the Colonel and told him where they were.

"So this is the Venice of America, then? Why, suh, I've heahd of this place fo' yeahs. A numbeh of my friends come up heah fishin' every season. Glorious spoht, they tell me. And all these club houses, cottages and hotels ah built on made ground. Wondehful!" Then the Colonel rushed to tell the story over again to his own party. As they steamed up the river, which is forty miles in length, the enchanting scenery on every hand was once more the sole theme of conversation. Beautiful summer residences, club houses and pleasure boats suggested that those who enjoyed them found the summer a season of delight instead of enervation and discomfort. Round Russell's Island, past Walpole's Island with its fine beach, still a governmental reservation for the Indians, along either shore of the grand river, there were scattered camping parties, fully equipped for the famous hunting and fishing of these regions. From all parts of the east and the south there were those enjoying this primitive outing, gay streamers proclaiming the name of a club or the home of those who had pitched their tents in such pleasant places. Interspersed with these in their wooded retreats were homes made more beautiful by their surroundings and sug-



AT ST. CLAIR FLATS.

1. Gunning. 2. The Canal. 3. Rushmere Club. 4. Star Island House. 5. After Bass.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PORT HURON.

SARNIA.

gesting ideal existence while the heat of the tropics prevails in our northern climate. In the vicinity of St. Clair, especially, were noted the fine residences, with their lawns of the deepest green bordering the bank or crowning the low bluffs.

Here, too, they saw the Oakland House, another of those immense summer hotels that have been built to meet the demands created by the popularity of the Great Lakes in the summer season. In its location, its environment, its architectural beauty, its generous accommodations and its famous table, there is full explanation of the reputation it enjoys among those who have the time and money for a summer outing, where the cares of the world become a remote memory. Here are the mineral springs, that possess unquestioned medicinal virtues, and permit the invalid to reclaim health under the most pleasant circumstances possible, and the prolific salt wells, that send their product to every part of the world.

It was here that the Colonel regretted the impossibility of buying a river to be run through his plantation, while the young people found all they could talk about in what they saw around them, and the Englishman studied facts regarding the tunnel, which is a great round tube of metal piercing beneath the river bed to connect the cities of Port Huron on the American side with Sarnia on the opposite shore. Here again the Colonel found a scene of great commercial activity and wealth where he had anticipated the wildness, if not the poverty, of frontier life. But even before this all his skepticism had turned to wonder and admiration.

Through the stiff current that sets in above this point the steamer plowed her way, as though scorning such opposition to her course, while those aboard her enjoyed the scenes upon the adjacent beaches backed by clusters of summer cottages and the more pretentious buildings utilized by the resorters as eating houses.

When the boat left the river and entered Lake Huron, Aunt Kate was among those who were walking the deck out of her pure buoyancy of spirits, leaning upon the arm of Flops, whom she had called for a time from the constant attendance of the Dalton brothers.

"Flops," said the kindly chaperone, "don't you think that Fred is monopolizing a good deal of your time and company? He is always on the alert to find you a chair where you have the prettiest view, addresses nearly all of his conversation to you, acts like a fish out of the water when you are not present and is the soul of attention when you are."

"Why, Auntie," came the answer, with a laugh, "Fred is a cool and distant champion compared to that younger brother of his. Charley vows whenever there is an opening that he is my slave, and he comes as near being my shadow as possible. I must certainly find a way to cool the young man's ardor, or he may consider it his knightly privilege to carry me off as men did their lady loves in the proud old days of chivalry."

"That's only evasion, Flops. Charley is at that callow period when he can fall in love four or five times a week without risking any lasting consequences. But Fred is a man, and a man of very strong feelings at that, if I am not entirely mistaken. You will make a great mistake to trifle with his feelings or to justify any hopes that he will never realize. You must consider how little we know of him and his people. Just be prudent, dear."

"I'll not disgrace the name, Auntie, and strictly between us two, I am convinced that the Colonel and Mr. Dalton are far from being the short acquaintances they appear. They have too much to occupy them in private conversation, and the Colonel's face looks so benign when he sees us young folks together. If he had any objections to urge, you know how promptly they would be forthcoming. But there will never be an important step taken in my life until I have consulted you, Auntie, just as I have always done in the past," and there was a pressure of the arm that did as much as the words to reassure the older woman.

It was a coincidence that the same style of talk was going on in other quarters. "Alice," Fred was saying to his handsome sister, "I've no doubt of your ability or discretion, but I have come to think a good deal of Hub, and I can see that he is hit hard by your acknowledged charms. If I am not utterly mistaken, he is a man in a thousand and among those who love but once in a lifetime. Deal justly with him, sister mine."

"Fred, aren't you speaking one word for me and two for yourself?" came the blushing response. "I have not been so absorbed as not to notice your infatuation with the pretty niece. To offend the big cousin would be to offend her, and that might cloud your rosy prospects, don't you see? But, candidly, Fred, I acknowledge a growing fondness for the Colonel's whole flock, and admit that Mr. Hub is not its least attractive figure. But women know better how to manage these things than you head-strong men do. You had best devote all your talents to Flops and pray for a little sisterly help besides."

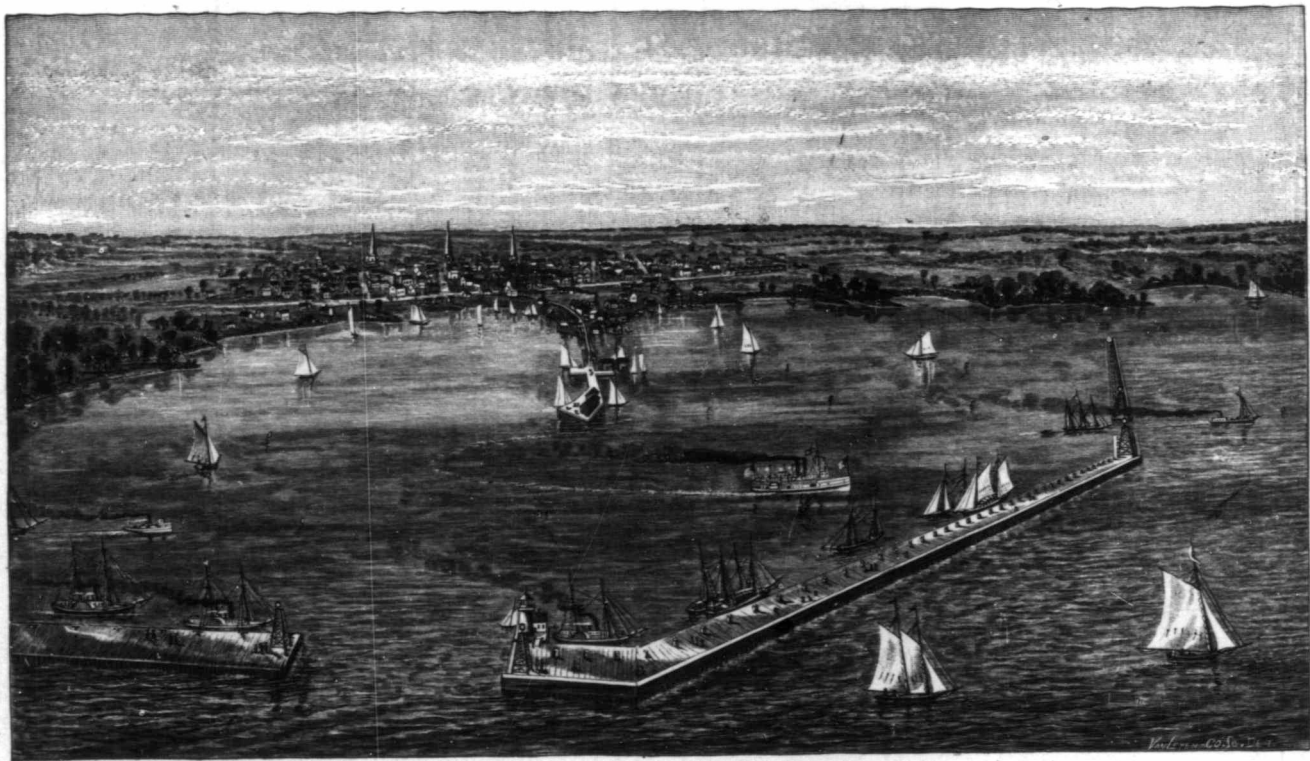
"If you'd just take that Charley in hand, you would place me under lasting obligation. The little rascal is bound to singe his wings, and nothing that I can say seems to have any effect. He told me pertly this morning that he was in the running, and was neither asking nor giving odds. I don't know but I'll put his case before the governor."

"Do nothing of the kind. That would be to commit yourself in advance and to make the boy more aggressive. He'll discover in due time how silly he is, and I imagine that his capers make the situation less embarrassing for Flops. He's really a help to you."

CHAPTER XV.

IN the midst of these conversations, of such vital interest to those engaged in them, the attention of all those aboard was attracted to Sand Beach, to which attaches an interest outside of the pretty village itself.

"Heah, Hub," shouted the Colonel, in his hearty way, "what about this place?" The young man began stammering an excuse for not having learned his lesson, and was looking much like a school boy caught in the same predicament, when the Englishman came to the rescue. "There is a magnificent piece of engineering," said he, "and the expenditure of a million by the government was a mere bagatelle when results attained are taken into consideration. That breakwater is 8,000 feet long, and is a perfect harbor of refuge for vessels that would otherwise suffer the ravages of a great



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SAND BEACH HARBOR OF REFUGE.

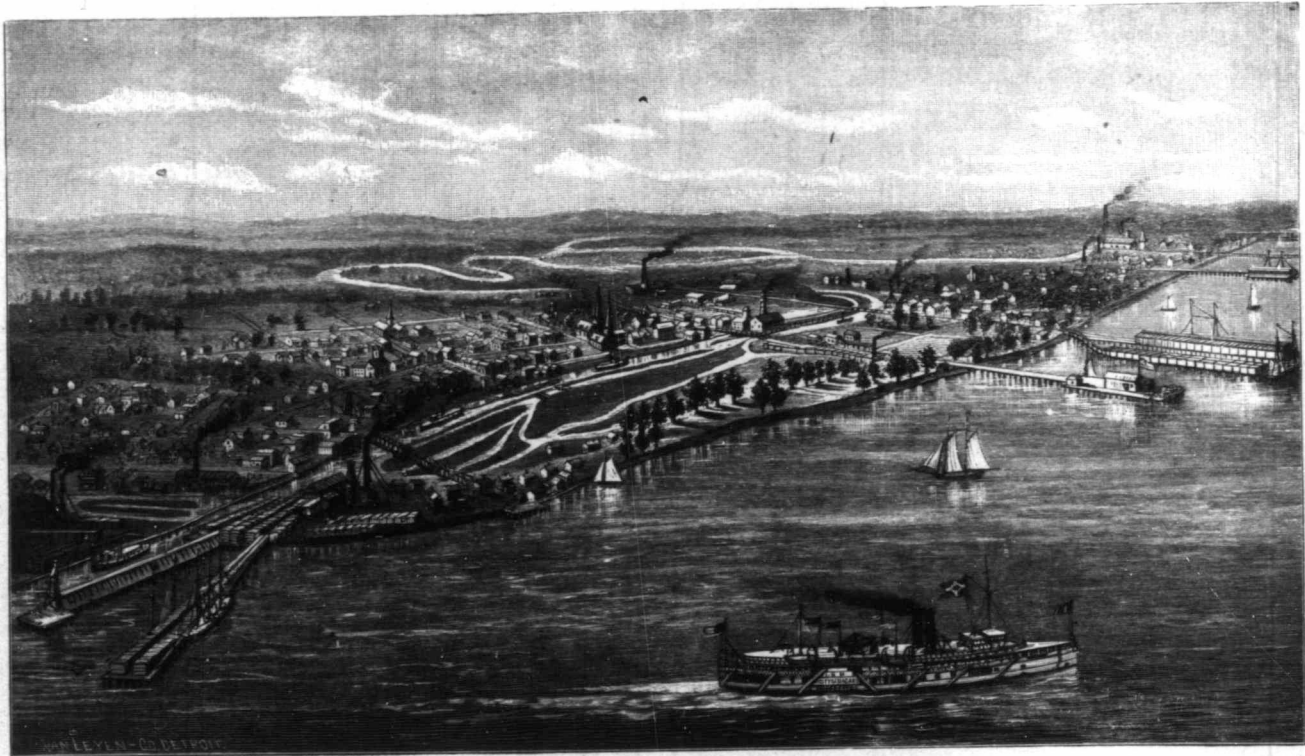
storm. I am assured by one of the officers that it has saved thousands of lives. It is happily located, for Saginaw Bay, on which we enter from here, is a boisterous little body of water on occasions, and makes it troublesome for the ordinary run of craft. For my own part, I would like to be stirred up just a bit for the sake of variety."

"So would I," asserted the freshman. "I've read about boats dipping up fish with their smoke-stacks, and I'd like to see how it's done."

"You're on the wrong boat for that," said the gentleman from Ohio, "and it's the wrong time of the year to accommodate you, anyhow. I've crossed here late in the season when the wind was howling and the waves were on the rampage, but the steamers of this line move along with undisturbed dignity, just as an ocean liner would do. You can see the boisterous beauty of a storm without dread of its dangers, but you can't expect such entertainment at this time. Neptune and nature conspire to make the summer season up here one of unalloyed pleasure."

"And that suits the ladies, suh," announced the gallant Colonel, his face telling that his sympathies were all with them. He had charged to the top of a hill to help capture a battery, but he had no ambition to figure as a sea-tossed mariner.

Darkness had come upon the water while they were crossing the Bay, and the deck had settled into the appearance of some gay social function, when the dazzling rays of a flash-light lit up the scene and elicited expressions of startled surprise that ranged from a masculine exclamation to the familiar shriek with which girlhood accepts such unexpected shocks. Chairs were quickly shifted, sentences were cut in two, and all faces turned toward the source of this sudden illumination. It loomed up as a phantom-like mirage, for in everything, even to the glowing lights and streaming banners, it seemed the same boat on which those who looked were steaming to the northward. And the identity was not a seeming one, for it was the twin sister of the line, bound down. No marine scene could have been prettier as the City of Alpena flashed an answering light and the two ships moved, so clearly relieved in the luminous glow intensified by the surrounding darkness.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OSCODA.

W. E. YEN - CO. DETROIT

Group by group, as the air grew crisper, the passengers made their way into the elegant parlors of the saloons, where there was all the liveliness and vivacity inseparable from the atmosphere they were breathing. It was not the night for dancing, but the softened strains from the mandolins deserved the praise that Byron gave to the song of Adria's gondolier on the blue and moonlit deep. Some were out later to see the lights of Oscoda and Au Sable, two great salt and lumber ports, separated only by the famous fishing stream that here reaches the lake. But the luxuries of the bed are like those of the table on this trip, and earlier than would have been the case in a great hotel, the throng of passengers had scattered to their rooms.

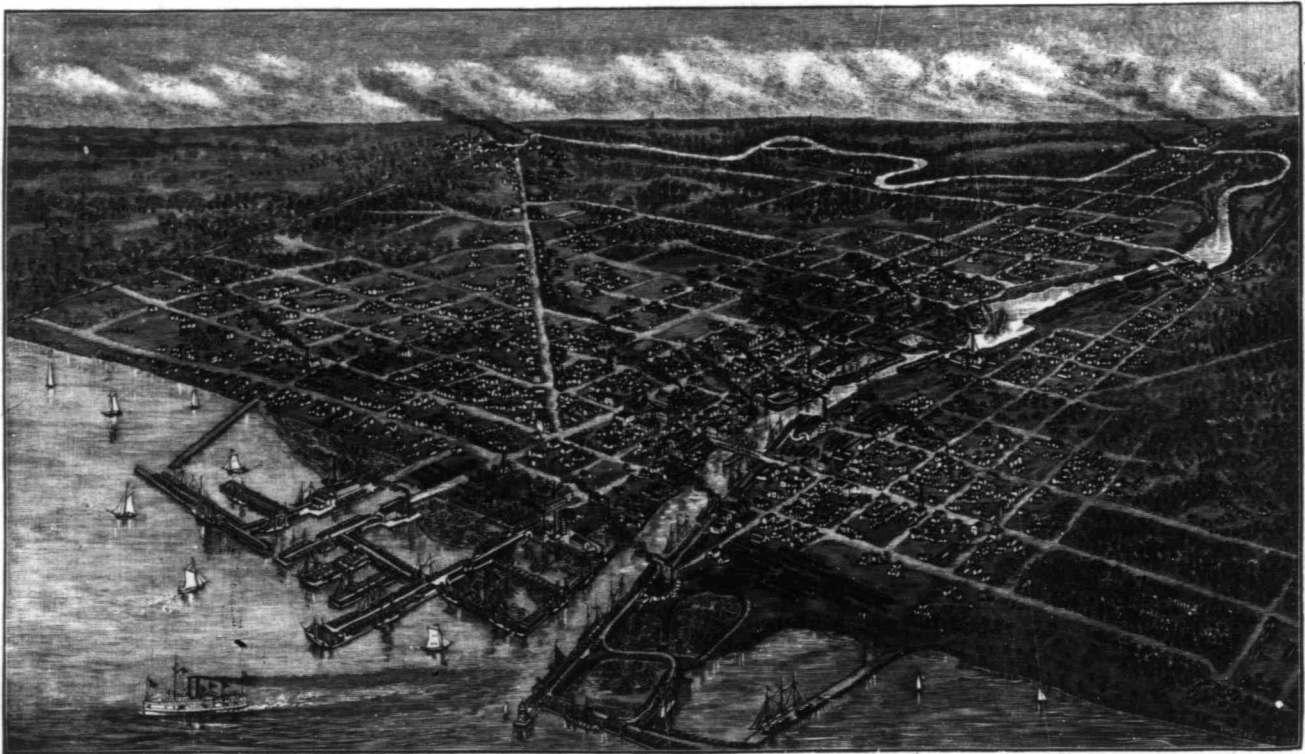
CHAPTER XVI.

"GOOD mornin', Dalton," saluted the Colonel, who declared that he had been on deck since the sea birds first began to skim the water. "I couldn't miss this. The ahtist that could reproduce that sunrise, gilding the horizon, shootin' its golden shafts across the wateh and glorifyin' the heavens to the zenith, would win immortality. And this air! Confidentially, suh, I believe I'd suffocate in the mountains afeh breathin' it. Wheh's those lazy young folks of ou's? To miss a mo'nin' like this is to miss the chance of a lifetime. I'll just rout them out."

But as the Colonel turned to carry out his purpose there was a shout of laughter, and the confessed eavesdroppers stood before him.

"I wouldn't have missed that ecstatic tribute of yours for the world," said Flops. "I'm proud of you, Colonel."

"Never up so early before in my life," yawned the freshman, who had the foolish desire of youth to appear blase. "Think too much of my bed in the morning. But this pays. There's beauty all about us." And he gave Flops a look that caused her to hide a smile, while the Colonel snorted and was about to deliver himself of some bit of sarcasm, when the father made a diplomatic diversion.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ALPENA.

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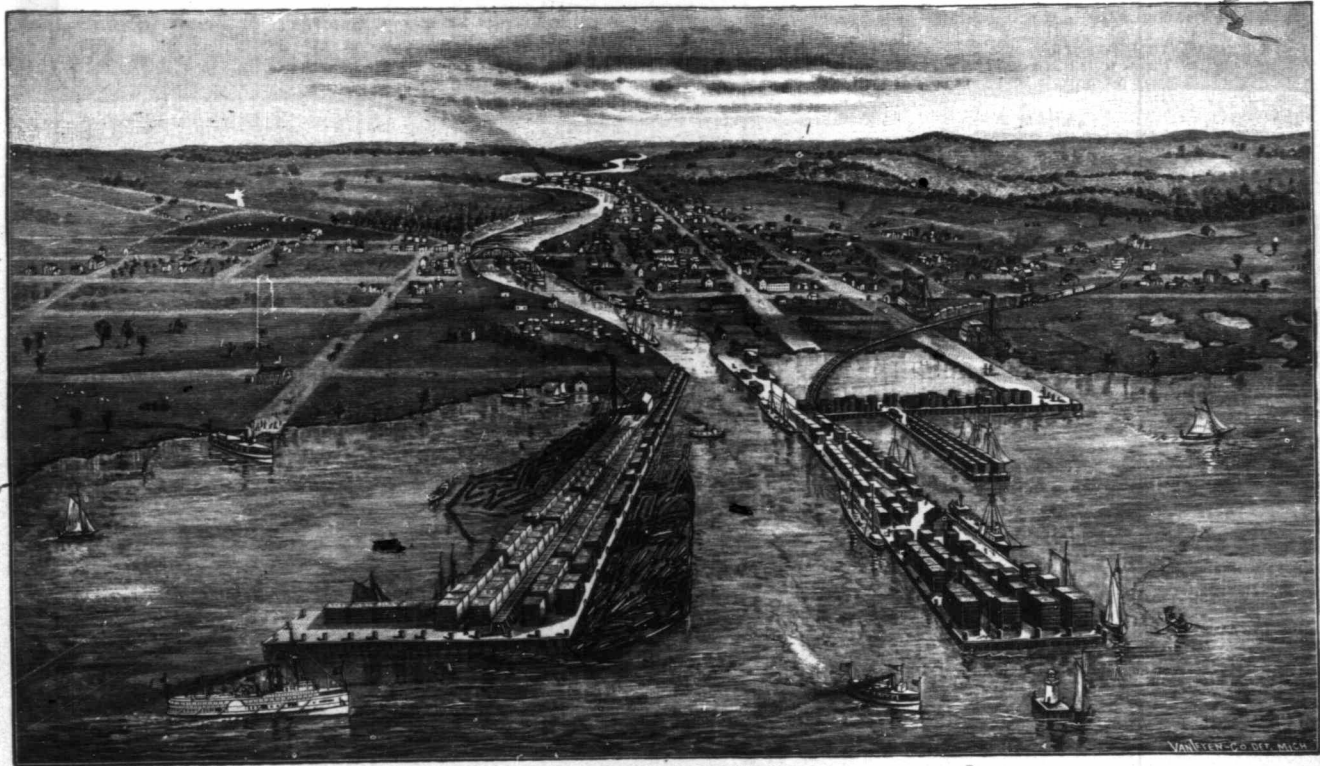
"I was in hopes to see Alpena," said Mr. Dalton. "We have important business connections there, and they tell me it's quite a place."

"We think so," said a magnificent specimen of manhood, who had just come on deck and lifted his hat as he spoke. "It's the biggest and busiest place on the lake, and you have no trouble in discovering its chief industry. Its huge piles of lumber, stacks of sawdust, busy mills and rafts of logs tell their own story. But it has beautiful homes, fine business blocks, churches, hotels and public buildings such as are found in few places of its size. It has a commercial vantage point on Thunder Bay and the river of the same name that reaches an outlet at that point."

Here the three older men seated themselves apart, while the lumber baron, who had pushed his way from a land looker to a millionaire, told them of the wonderful slaughter of pine, describing the almost magical process by which the standing trees are converted into their various products. It was a treat to have the subject handled by so competent an authority, and the Colonel was particularly impressed by the possibilities latent in the grand forests of the south. He had a more exalted idea of Yankee enterprise than ever before, then and there entering upon the thought of a project that threatened the crowning beauty of the mountains which he had loved from boyhood.

Never before was a breakfast more heartily enjoyed than by the guests of the line that morning. There were a score of invalids aboard, but there was not a vacant chair to account for any of them, and none among them that did not feel the touch of nature's healer. When the passengers had gathered on the deck, it was the man of great affairs who had told Dalton and the Colonel about Alpena that was induced to talk, while all within hearing were eager listeners.

"Here's where we enter the straits," said he, as the City of Cheboygan loomed in sight; and even he, accustomed to the scene as he was, stood for a time in silent admiration. The great field of sunlit waters lay as smooth as a mirror, save where the ships of traffic, the fishing smacks or the pleasure boats made their way. Off to the



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CHEBOYGAN.

right were Rock, Bois Blanc and Mackinac Islands, while beyond and to the left appeared Point St. Ignace, with the clouds of smoke lazily lifting from its great iron furnaces. It seemed a crowning effort of nature in her happiest mood.

"We are but sixteen miles from Mackinac," continued the speaker, "though the distance appears so much less as you look over the intervening water. For twenty miles away you see the straits, six miles in width, charming in themselves and infinitely more so in their surroundings. History and tradition are replete with interesting lore of Mackinac and these islands about it, but I'll not divert your attention from this wondrous picture by relating them now. There is an inspiration in some of the places you will visit, and there the creations of mysticism and romance, as well as the established truth, will impress you as having the integrity of veritable fact."

"I've read up for the occasion," said Miss Dalton, "and so has Flops. When all the conditions are favorable, we are prepared to hold you spellbound."

"I thought Fred and Hub were to be the spellbinders," shouted the freshman, with a mischievous laugh, "but I guess they have been too busy to prepare themselves." This brought the blush to four bright faces, and the Colonel walked toward the stern of the boat to conceal his mirth, while Dalton looked as though he had heard nothing and Aunt Kate felt that her suspicions had been strengthened. But there was a feast for the eyes that discouraged badinage and even woman's curiosity itself. Every sense of the beautiful was charmed and every delightful impression so strong as to be indelibly fixed in memory.

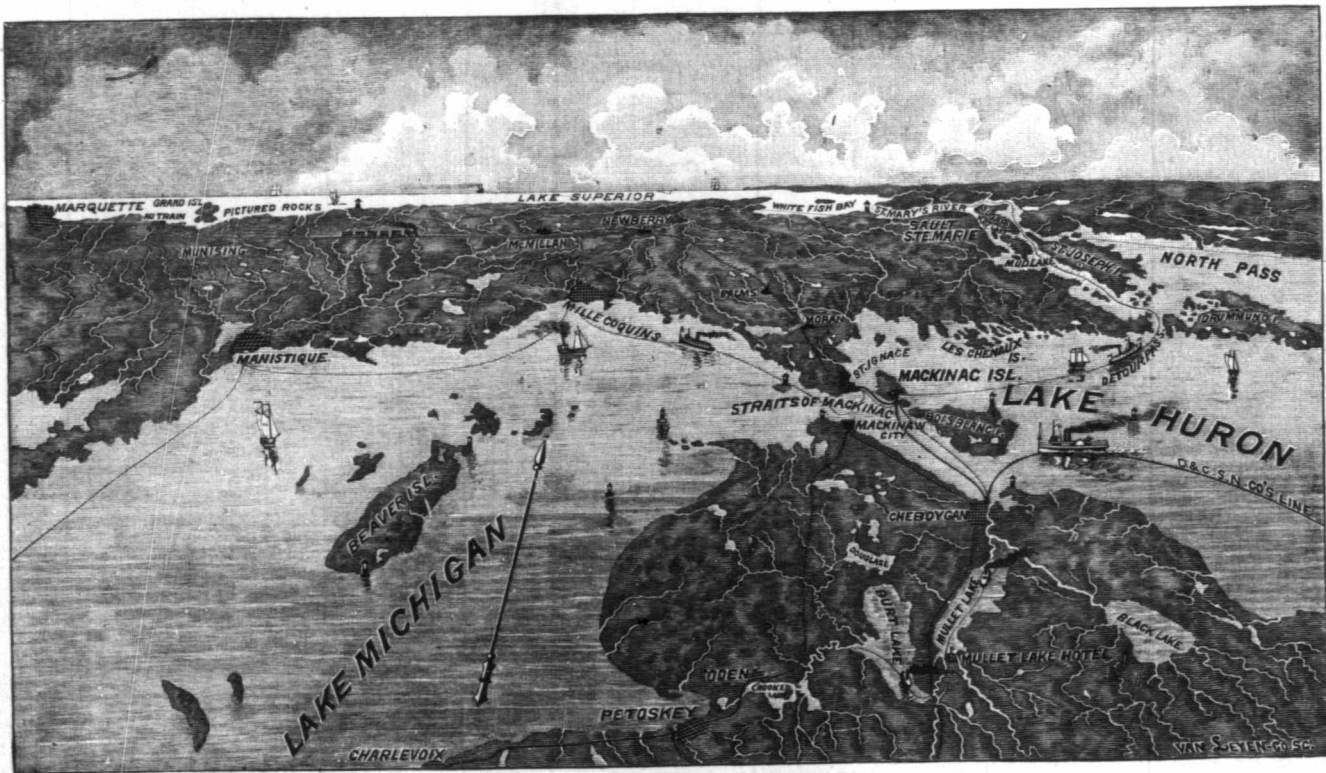
CHAPTER XVII.

[T was a shout from the Colonel that announced their destination at hand. "Heah it is," he said, with a look of wonder in his face as he doffed his big hat and held it, an involuntary tribute to the grandeur of the sight. Around the base of the bluff and extending

to the water's edge was the quaint village, its reminders of the remote past standing in marked contrast with the buildings and adornments of the present. There were the warehouses that had figured in the earliest commerce of the lakes; the pretty summer homes set down amid ornamented lawns; the John Jacob Astor house, a reminder of the distinguished family whose progenitor laid the foundation of a princely fortune in this region, then so little known; the Mission House, where those who seek the most perfect quiet are most apt to stop; the popular New Mackinac, that faces the landing and is in high favor with transients, tourists and the ladies; the Island House, with its home-like accommodations; the Murray House and several of less pretentious size, but all doing a worthy part toward the entertainment of those who visit the famous resort; the stands and the stores, the former suggestive of a street bazar, for they are heaped with specimens of the Indian's handiwork; the going to and fro of vehicles, and the crowd that had gathered at the dock to welcome the incoming steamer, an event that retained its paramount interest throughout the season.

Rising sheer three hundred feet above this pretty scene, constituting all but the fringe of the island, towered the mighty cliff of calcareous rock, covered with verdure and wearing its fitting coronet of stately forest trees. Part way up the ascent, standing out upon a natural stretch of table land, was the Grand Hotel, magnificent in its proportions as in all its appointments, architecturally worthy of its surroundings and commanding one of the most enchanting views among all of nature's beauties. "It is known as the finest hotel of the west," said one of the ladies from Ohio. "I come here every season because of the hay fever, for the relief of which all this section is famous, and I am free to admit that the treatment is such a pleasant one that I positively enjoy it. There can be no handsomer entertainment than is given you at the Grand under the management of J. R. Hayes."

"Permit me to subscribe to that," interrupted a fine-looking old gentleman from Detroit, who seemed to be in charge of a merry bevy of young people from his town. "Mr. Hayes runs the Wayne



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE FAMOUS MACKINAC REGION.

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in our own city, and looks after this mammoth institution here. I'm disposed to think that real hotel men, like real poets, are born, not made."

"I agree with you, suh," declared the Colonel, heartily. "And with you, madam," as he bowed to the fair representative of Ohio. "If this hay feveh is contagious, I ratheh think I'll catch it."

"Hi, theh, Cunnel Clayton!" came in a jovial shout from the dock, as a finely shaped six-footer swung his hat to attract attention. "Neveh reckoned we'd see you up heah, Cunnel. But you' welcome, suh. Welcome to the prettiest spot on ea'th."

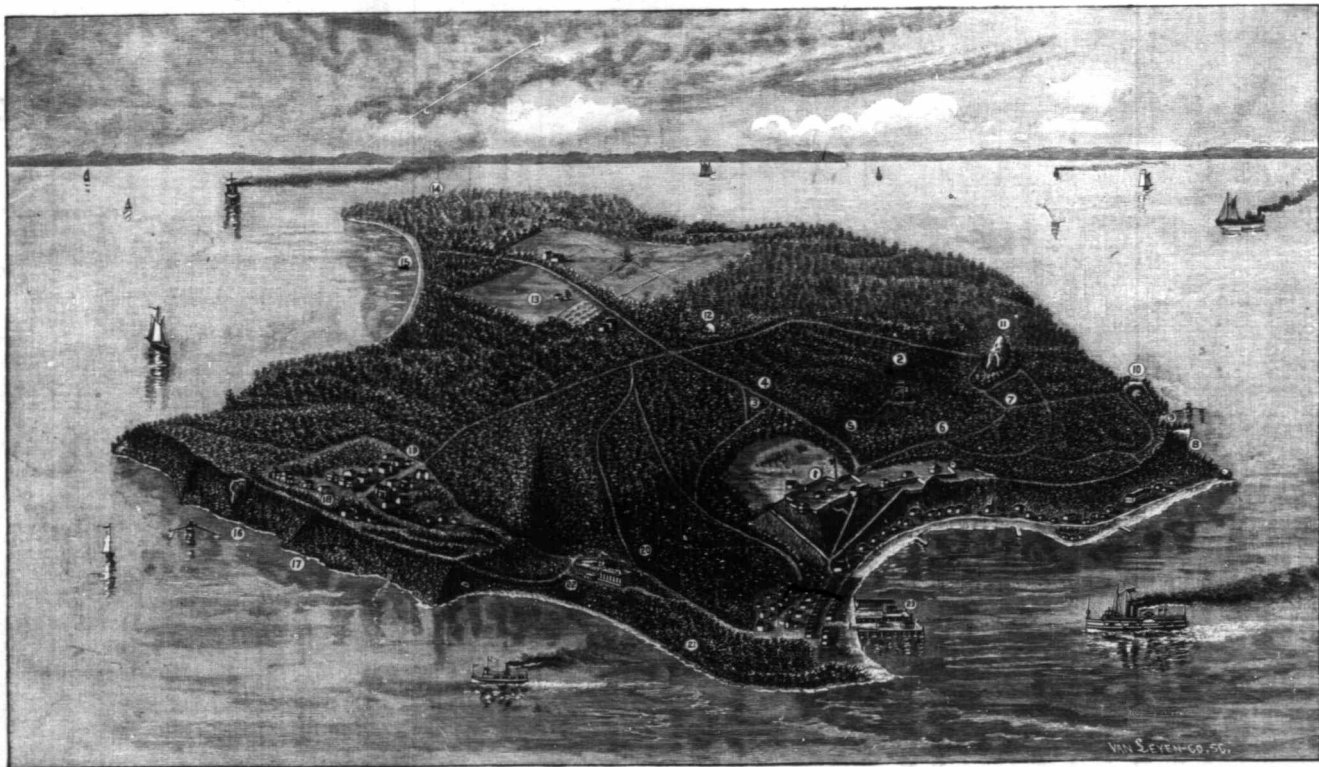
"O', and there's Flops," from a pretty girl, who was jumping up and down to give a more effective wave to a dainty lace handkerchief. "And Hub, too," whooped another of Kentucky's stalwart sons, as he pushed for the gang plank. Then there was a happy chorus of greetings, almost every one on board having friends or acquaintances to meet them with that enthusiasm which goes with buoyant spirits and health.

"It gives me a touch of loneliness," said the Englishman, as he walked from the boat.

"But it must not," announced the low tone of the thoughtful Aunt Kate. "You have come to know us. Here's a score of our friends from home awaiting us. A friend to one is a friend to all, according to the Blue-Grass social creed. Of course we will all go to the Grand, and I'm sure that our stay will be a pleasant one."

This was but the gracious act of a true woman, and yet it warmed the heart of the wanderer and brought an added glow to the pleasure of being at so glorious a place in such a glorious season. And he was accepted by those kindly people of the south, became one of them while on the island and emerged from that reserve which had seemed a part of himself into a state of appreciation that made his weeks at Mackinac among the happiest of his mature life.

"It seems just like some carnival or festival," laughed Flops to Alice, as they rode to the hotel. "The ladies are in their bright colors, the gentlemen are sporting their outing suits, at least the younger ones, everybody is hilariously happy, and you can easily



BIRD'S EYE VIEW ISLAND OF MACKINAC.

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|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Fort Mackinac. | 5. Skull Cave. | 9. Cliffs. | 13. Battlefield, 1814. | 17. Devil's Kitchen. | 21. Distillery, 1812. |
| 2. Fort Holmes. | 6. Quarry, 1780. | 10. Arch Rock. | 14. Scott's Cave. | 18. Pontiac's Lookout. | 22. Grand Hotel. |
| 3. Catholic Cemetery. | 7. Limekiln, 1780. | 11. Sugar Loaf. | 15. British Landing. | 19. Obelisk. | 23. D. & C. Wharf. |
| 4. Military Cemetery. | 8. Robinson's Folly. | 12. Skull Rock. | 16. Lover's Leap. | 20. Old Indian Burying Ground. | |

imagine that some mythical deity banished care and trouble from here, dedicating it to pleasure unalloyed. It is beyond the wildest flight of my imagination before coming here."

"I'll not try to express myself," was the response. "You have done far better than I could hope to; but there are feelings that you can't put into language, and the whole atmosphere of this place seems freighted with them. You can only look and wonder and admire."

The Colonel and Mr. Dalton were having a good time with the gentlemen from Kentucky. Fred and Hub chose to climb the hill on foot, while the freshman was happily perched on top of a load of baggage, shouting at every one he knew and beaming upon those who were without the honor of his acquaintance. It was all a jolly lark to him, and his humor was contagious. With two of her neighbors from her home, Aunt Kate was in a carriage, and beside her was the Englishman, who soon discovered that he could best entertain the fair majority by listening to the talk in which the three were simultaneously engaged most of the time. The Daltons found a number of Pittsburg and other Pennsylvania people at the Grand, and it required no gift of prophecy to foresee that the completed circle of acquaintance would be a large one.

CHAPTER XVIII.

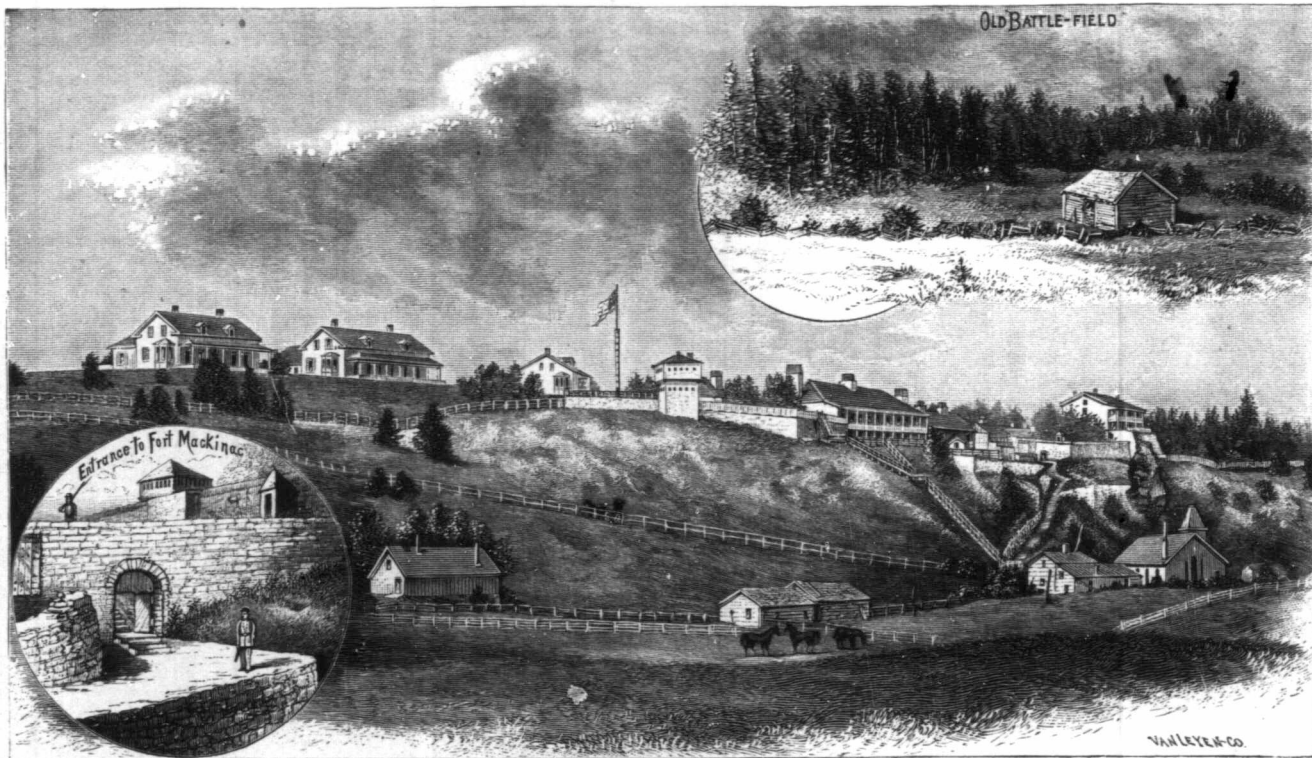
COMFORTABLY quartered at the great hotel, those whom we have accompanied on their delightful journey, with the hundreds of others who had sought this most enticing of summer retreats, entered upon the continual enjoyment of pleasures that no other resort can afford in such lavish prodigality. Existence, if confined to the hotel itself, would have been a joy. The long, white-pillared verandahs afforded an ideal promenade, where the air was pure and bracing, the view beyond compare, the brightness of the sunshine without its heat or the electric lights at night, and the freedom of motion allowed by a sheltered length of seven hundred feet by thirty in width. Within were perfect accommodations for 1,000 guests, the rooms elegantly fitted, the table the very best that can be provided and the service all that could be desired. The

parlors are commodious and furnished in superb taste, the dining-room one of the largest and most handsomely fitted in the country, light, airy, tastefully decorated and inviting from every point of view. A balcony at one end is the orchestra stand, from which sweet music is discoursed and under which the freshman vowed later that he had learned to eat by note. Under the great rotunda on the main floor is the office, where the guests receive their welcome, and near at hand are the rooms in which the invalids find everything to their liking while courting the restoration of health under a treatment more potent and more pleasant than the genius of man can devise. Only such attractions as are offered by Mackinac could have justified such an outlay as is represented in this immense and handsome structure, which it cost \$300,000 to build and which has in every detail all that is to be found in the best metropolitan hotels of the day. It is for the summer guests alone. For their coming it is opened, and with their going it is closed. Mr. Hayes is an unrivaled host, and nothing that thoughtfulness and experience can suggest is lost to the thousands he entertains.

A short distance from the main building toward the village, reached from above by a guarded tramway and from below by a foot walk, is the casino, where there are to be found billiards, bowling and other indoor sports for the entertainment of those who like them. From the driveway in front there is a terraced slope of the richest green, dotted with trees and brightened by ornamental fountains, running down to the water's edge, where it meets the wide beach, bottomed with white sand, in which the bathers disport themselves.

Under circumstances so congenial and inspiring, it is needless to say, the season at Mackinac is an unbroken round of genuine, wholesome pleasure, participated in and enjoyed by the old as well as the young.

"I've been to the Foht," said the Colonel, who had scarcely waited to be shaved before commencing his explorations. He had apparently arranged a truce with the freshman, for they came in side by side, and both were talking like school boys over what they had already seen.



FORT MACKINAC.

"One of the greatest fortifications in the wo'ld," blurted the Colonel. "You could fill it up with good American troops and stand off the navies of the wo'ld. Yes, suh. Regular Gibraltar. Have to blow the mountain up to captu' it. And one of the loveliest sights from the old parade ground you evah clapped you' eyes on."

At this juncture Charley Dalton surprised every one who knew him by declaring that he knew something about the Fort, though they still depended upon Flops for the history and traditions of the island. "You know," he rattled away, "that the pioneers in this region, as in many other parts of the great west, were missionaries of the Catholic faith. First among these was Marquette, whose name is borne by the metropolis of the upper peninsula, and closely following him came Cadillac, who founded the beautiful metropolis of the State. It was the latter that built the fort at Old Mackinac, providing the first defensive measure of importance against the English and the bloodthirsty savages who were allies of the King's forces. This was in 1695, and sixty-six years later all the French forts on the lakes were in possession of the English. Then came the conspiracy of Pontiac, a born general and a staunch friend of the French. It was this Indian chieftain who arranged a simultaneous attack upon all the English forts of the upper lake regions and recaptured Mackinac among others. Within a year the treaty of peace was made with the Indians, and the British flag once more floated over the old fort. In 1780 it was abandoned for this one, which was originally composed of block houses and cedar palisades, as were all the original forts of the frontier. When the war for American independence had been crowned with success in 1783, the Colonel's Gibraltar flung the stars and stripes to the breeze only to have them lowered once more in the war of 1812. From that time to this the supremacy of Old Glory has never been disputed in this quarter."

"And neveh will be," devoutly proclaimed the Colonel. "We have been made one people fo' all time and ouh united strength is as enduring as the grand underlying principles of ouh gove'nment."

There was a clapping of hands at this outburst of patriotism,



LOVER'S LEAP, MACKINAC ISLAND.

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the Colonel meeting it with a blush and a prompt request that Flops proceed with her "legends, traditions, romances and facts."

"I want to enter an objection," said Hub. "All these things have a local interest. They should be told where they transpired, for there is an inspiration in the scene, whether it was the silent witness of tragedy or love."

Many a fair listener to the dialogue looked approval at this avowal of sentiment from the handsome Kentuckian, for he had already found favor in the eyes of the other sex, a fact that Alice had noted and wondered why it disturbed her.

"That won't do, Hub," boldly proclaimed the freshman. "I can foresee with prophetic eye that we are not destined to do Mackinac in a body. There will be a scattering of forces, a pairing off, as it were, and Flops will have a scant audience if she unfolds the scroll of the past at the Lover's Leap or Robinson's Folly."

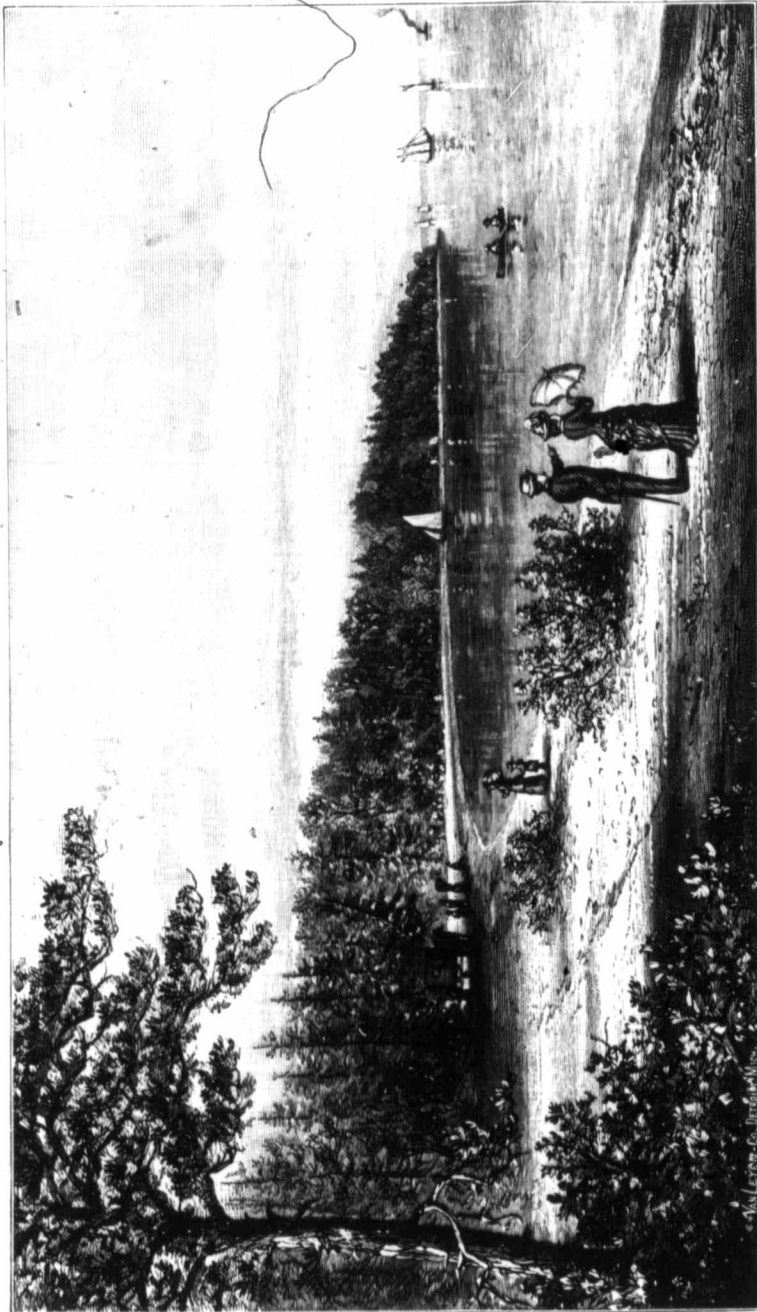
Most young ladies would have gone down under this shot, but Flops answered with a silvery laugh that all were invited to the recital, and that the brilliant young man from the university should have a front seat. To make sure that he would not be entirely ignored she would relate something in a general way right on the spot. And it was a pretty picture with this handsome belle of the Blue Grass region a central figure, while immediately about her were her oldest and her latest friends thrown into such happy companionship, while in the outer circle were the smiling faces of those who availed themselves of the Free Masonry prevailing at a popular summer resort.

CHAPTER XIX.

"IN the musical tongue of the aboriginal," began Flops, "this used to be Mechenomockemong."

"Whew!" interrupted the freshman. "But of course those fellows never had to learn to spell and could manufacture words by the yard, if they wanted to. Meche—what is it?"

"Mechenomockemong. Pronounce it slowly and spell it phonetically. That's the way with all the Indian words. You can't



BRITISH LANDING, MACKINAC ISLAND.

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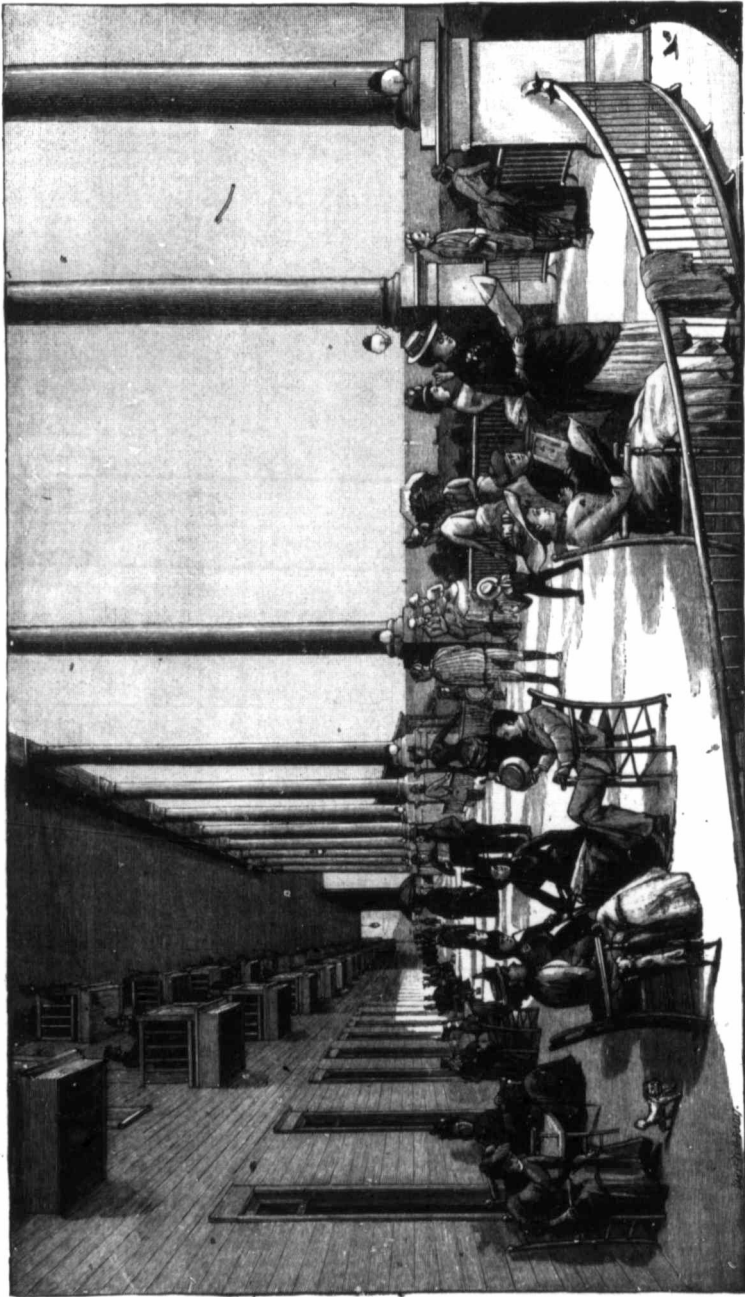
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say as much for English. Names were suggested to them by appearances. When a party of red men stood over there at St. Ignace watching the glowing sun as it appeared to rise from the waters, this rugged island stood out in bold relief against the rich background of purple and gold. It, too, seemed to have sprung from the unknown depths and to their untutored minds suggested the back of some monster sea turtle. That accounts for the christening.

"In many legends of the Indians there is a strange likeness to those of mythology. With them Micahabou held a place akin to that occupied by Neptune among the ancient deities. It was here that the Indian god of waters was reputed to have been born, and surely no more fitting birthplace could have been given him. Here, too, was the dwelling place of the giant spirits in a great cavern, now marked by the southern gate of the fort. It is easy to imagine that these powers controlled the winds and the boisterous elements of nature, loosening them to their rough play on land or sea, or confining them in the traditional cave in which these mythical gods held absolute sway. Offerings were made to these powers of destiny to invoke their aid or appease their wrath, and before this place became so charming an attraction to our own people it was the Mecca to which flocked the savage disciples of a rude faith. It was the work of Fathers Marquette and Joliet to redeem them from this imaginative worship, this religion of nature. It was to this end that Marquette founded his school for the education of the Indians, training their intellects while leading them to a higher spiritual life. Following in the van of civilizing influences came La Salle, the famous explorer, who brought the Griffin, the first vessel to traverse the waters of this delightful region."

"And with civilization came the almost total extinction of those who were original owners of the soil," interrupted Aunt Kate. "It is a sad story."

"And also manifest destiny," said the Englishman. "Where the barbarian will not accept the progressive forces of the world, it is his fate to go down before them. Nothing can be permitted to stay the onward march."



GRAND HOTEL VERANDA.

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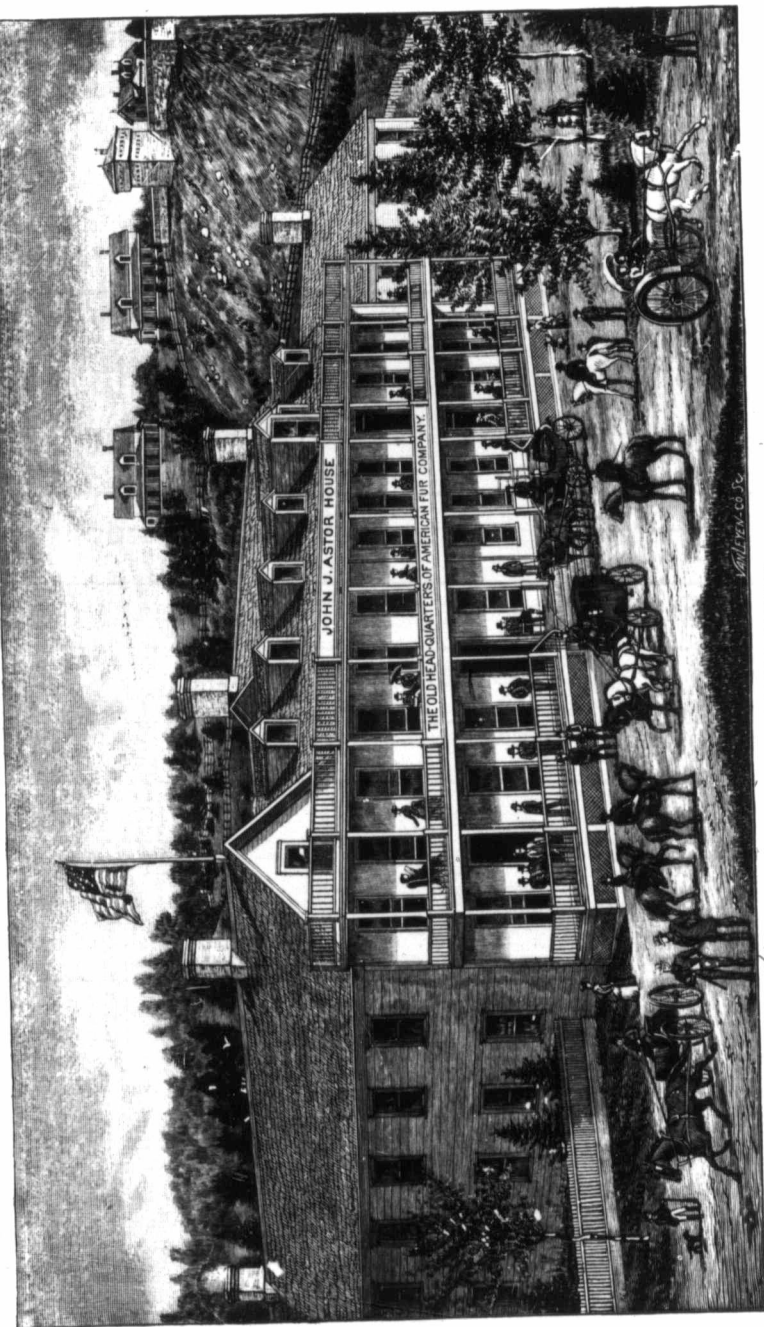
"For the love of goodness!" exclaimed the freshman, "don't throw this into a joint debate. If I understand the original question, we're after the fact and fiction attaching to this island."

Fred gave the younger scion of the house a look that temporarily suppressed him, but the Colonel only laughed, for there had been a sort of good fellowship established between him and the brash representative of young America.

"I stand corrected," smiled the Englishman; and Flops proceeded: "Even when you come to authentic history there is a glamor of romance thrown over it all. You know how the American Fur Company operated here with John Jacob Astor as the prime promoter and the moving spirit in all its operations. How bright trifles were exchanged for untold wealth, how the commercial interests were protected at this point by a garrison, how this became a foremost trading post, how Astor sold out in 1834 after coining money here for a quarter of a century, how the mighty traffic of the lakes was developed through the inexhaustible resources of the northwest, and how at length the big turtle back of the Indian became the favorite summer resort where those who visit are so sure to return and bring their friends to participate in the pleasures and benefits that are blended to a perfection found at no other point."

"Flops, you must write all that out and elaborate it," announced the Colonel as he looked proudly at his niece. "You have the spirit of the thing, and it's rich in mat'rial. I don't wonder that the Indians made this spot the home of their gods. It's as neah an approach to pahadise as I've eveh had an opo'tunity of seein' yet."

So thought they all and in one way or another there was a warm word of approval for Flops and for the theme she had discussed with such appreciation of its merits. But it was Fred and the freshman who expressed the most, one with his speaking eyes and the other with his willing tongue.



ASTOR HOUSE, MACKINAC.

TO record all the following to be to write voluminous alike of scene and point of interest drives, sails, rowing promenades, dancing rides, canoing parties that never sound ing, and those events for those he would

The freshman the cohesive power together. Hubert come as their ownness, but they had event best told in

"I'm out of business, as he walked "I guess I made a

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Fred swallowed

"I was dead me for that. I allowance. This bank to the left I proposed. Yes

CHAPTER XX.

TO record all that transpired in the lives of those whom we are following through the pleasures of one brief summer, would be to write volumes filled with movement, gayety and a radiance alike of scene and incident. There were merry excursions to every point of interest on and about the historic island. There were drives, sails, rowing parties, impromptu picnics, fishing excursions, promenades, dances, tennis, golf, athletic tournaments, horseback rides, canoing parties, indoor pleasures of every kind, the music that never sounds so sweet as when wafted across the water, bathing, and those exquisite tete-a-tetes that cunning Cupid arranges for those he would ensnare.

The freshman was wise beyond his years when he declared that the cohesive power of his party was not strong enough to hold it together. Hub and Alice seemed to find no other company so welcome as their own. Fred and Flops developed the same exclusiveness, but they had the freshman to contend with until a certain event best told in his own way.

"I'm out of it, old man," said the boy with unwonted seriousness, as he walked with Fred to the beach one moonlight evening. "I guess I made an ass of myself all right enough."

"No doubt of it."

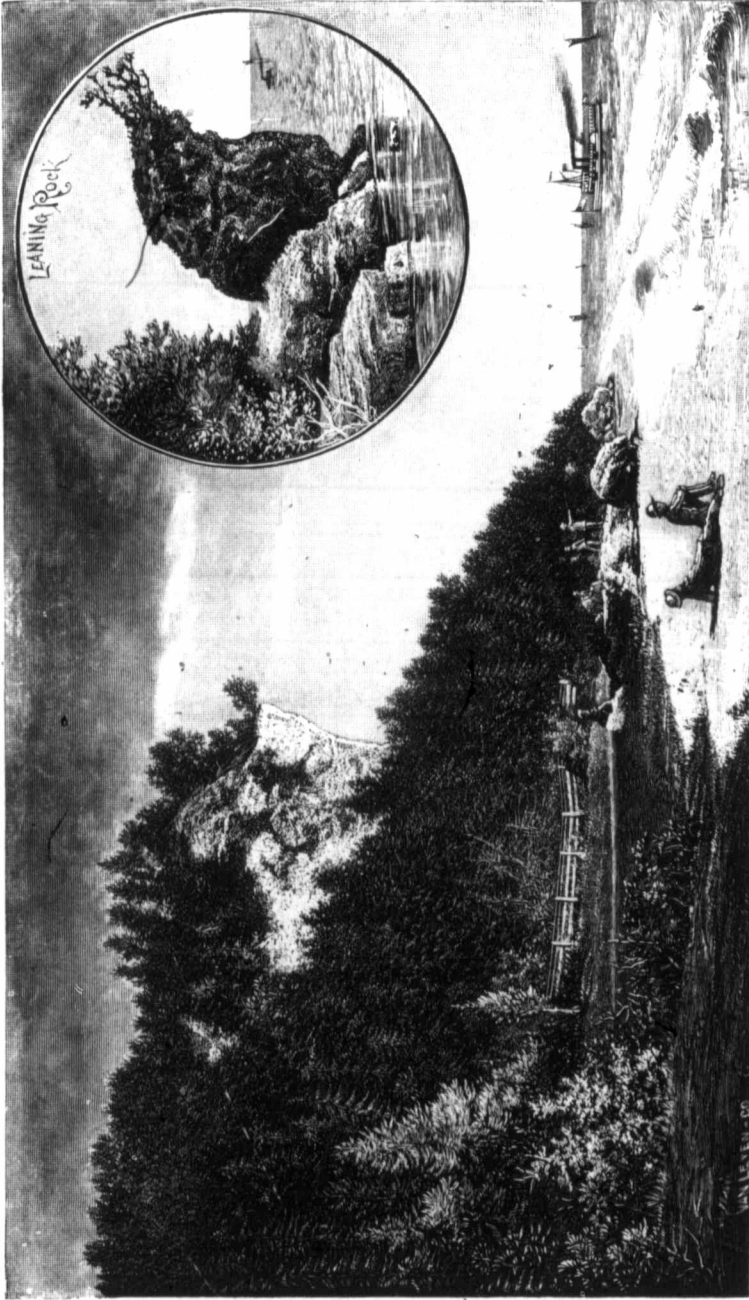
"Now, don't go to firing off your sarcasm. I'm not in the humor and it's not an accepted evidence of bravery to kick a fellow when he's down."

"What do you mean, youngster?"

"I'm going to tell you the whole thing, confidentially. That's the only square way out of it. I told you that I was a rival for the hand of Flops."

Fred swallowed a laugh and said nothing.

"I was dead in love and dead in earnest. You'll scarcely blame me for that. I wasn't going to give a fellow like you any time allowance. This afternoon I took her to see a pretty view from that bank to the left of the road after you've climbed past the fort. And I proposed. Yes, sir, went down on my knees and made a set



ROBINSON'S FOLLY, MACKINAC ISLAND.

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speech. She refused me so kindly and so sweetly that I kind of liked it at the time and would have come off with flying colors, but in my excitement I stepped over the embankment, rolled what seemed like miles to me and brought up in the gravel looking as though I had taken a ride under a street sweeper. To make matters worse, there were the governor and the Colonel puffing up the hill, and I gloated at the prospect of their rolling down again when sufficiently weakened by laughter. But they didn't and I scorned to make any explanations. When I scrambled back it was plain that Flops had to keep on laughing or have apoplexy, and I told her not to take any chances. But I'm generous even in defeat, old man, and when she said that she would follow the good old rule and be a sister to me, I promptly informed her that I would hold her to her promise. From the way in which she blushed I'm satisfied that you're the lucky one. But if there's any hitch just let me know."

"You brazen imp, I ought to give you a good hiding; but I suppose you did the best you knew. It's a good deal to have you quit tagging me about day and night."

"Of course it is, and you don't appear half grateful enough. But don't you think for a minute that I'm going into a hermitage, a decline, or a state of cynicism. There are more pretty girls here than I ever saw together and I'm going to plunge into a whirl of festivities that will keep things going on the keen jump while the season lasts."

That he did so goes for the saying, and the boy vowed at least once a day that the merry old Colonel was his chief lieutenant.

Aunt Kate was soon a prime favorite with all, and particularly those whom the Colonel had facetiously referred to as the invalid corps. But there was only a short time that the designation fitted them. They were out of the enervating atmosphere in which they had lived and moved. They were breathing exhilarating strength and in a place from which hope had exiled melancholy. Soon they were unmindful that they were there for health and were courting it in the most effective way as they heartily joined in all the



ARCH ROCK, FROM THE BEACH.

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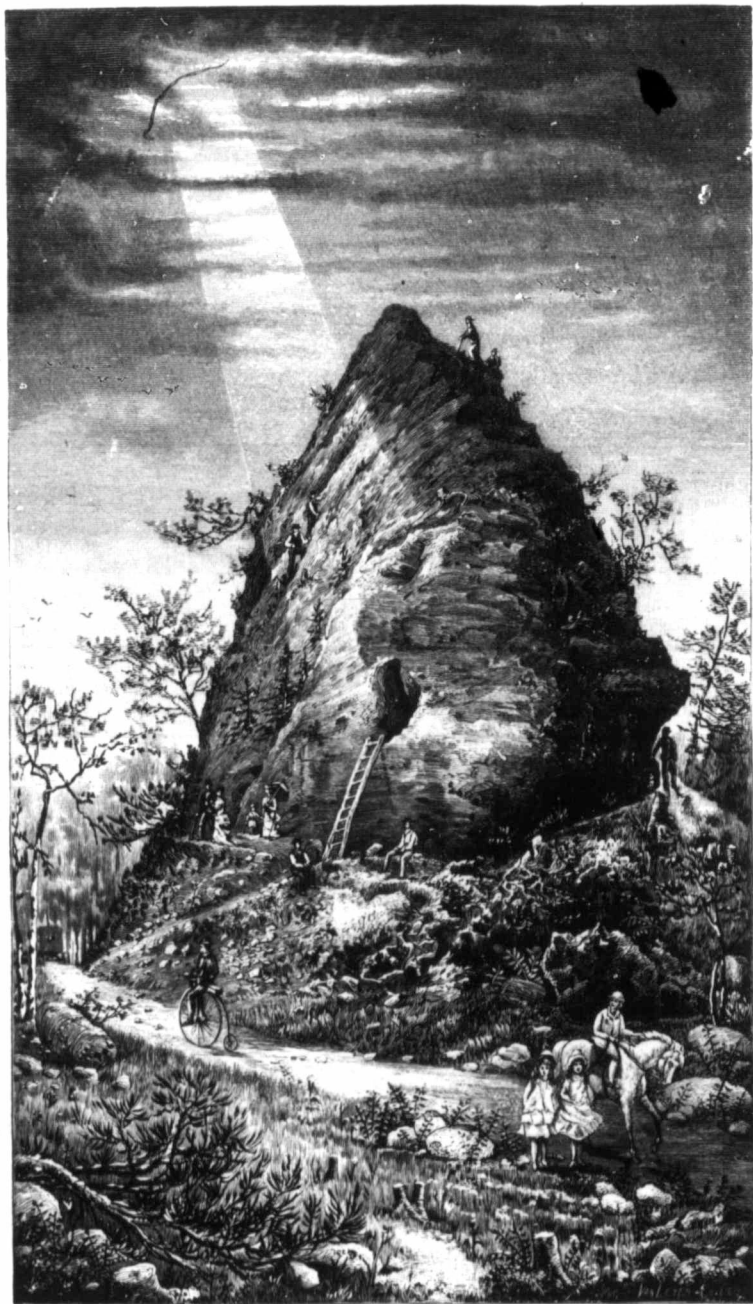
pastimes that go to make up the gay life inseparable from existence at the resort on the Straits.

The Colonel and his old friend Dalton naturally inclined to hunt in pairs and they were the pair, growing stronger in their work of climbing, boating, fishing or riding, and youthful again in the keen zest of their enjoyment. Frequently the Englishman was their companion, but he was a closer student of nature, a botanist, geologist and mineralogist whose pleasure was found in explorations of research in which Aunt Kate and some of her friends joined him on occasions.

CHAPTER XXI.

ONE evening the Colonel reached the hotel bearing a string of fish, glistening bass and pike that he displayed on every hand with a pardonable glow of pride. "Got a muscallonge down theh in the boat, too. Big as a young sha-k. Been to 'Snow Islands' with Dalton. Greatest spoht in the world. Caught two fish to his one. Goin' to make up a pa'ty and tak them ovêh theh."

There was no trouble in doing this, for the Colonel's magnetism was such as would have attracted volunteers to a polar expedition, to say nothing of an outing that had all the fascination of a voyage to the reputed charms of Fairyland. Arrangements were made for a sail boat, but the freshman, who had so recently been at the nadir of his fortunes, had shown a wonderful recovery and issued so many invitations that a second yacht was made necessary. The morning of the start was perfect. The early mist had vanished before the sun that kissed the waters and caressed the rugged shores. The air was balmy and exhilarating. Scents of the forest floated in the breeze and the rare colorings of nature were brought out in the purest light. The Colonel was happy in the thought that he was in command of the boats, though his general orders in no way interfered with the crews that manned the white-winged yachts. Laughter and song marked the course of the expedition to Les Cheneaux, or the islands of snow. The actors in this innocent merriment presented a picturesque scene in the bright colorings of their attire,



SUGAR LOAF ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

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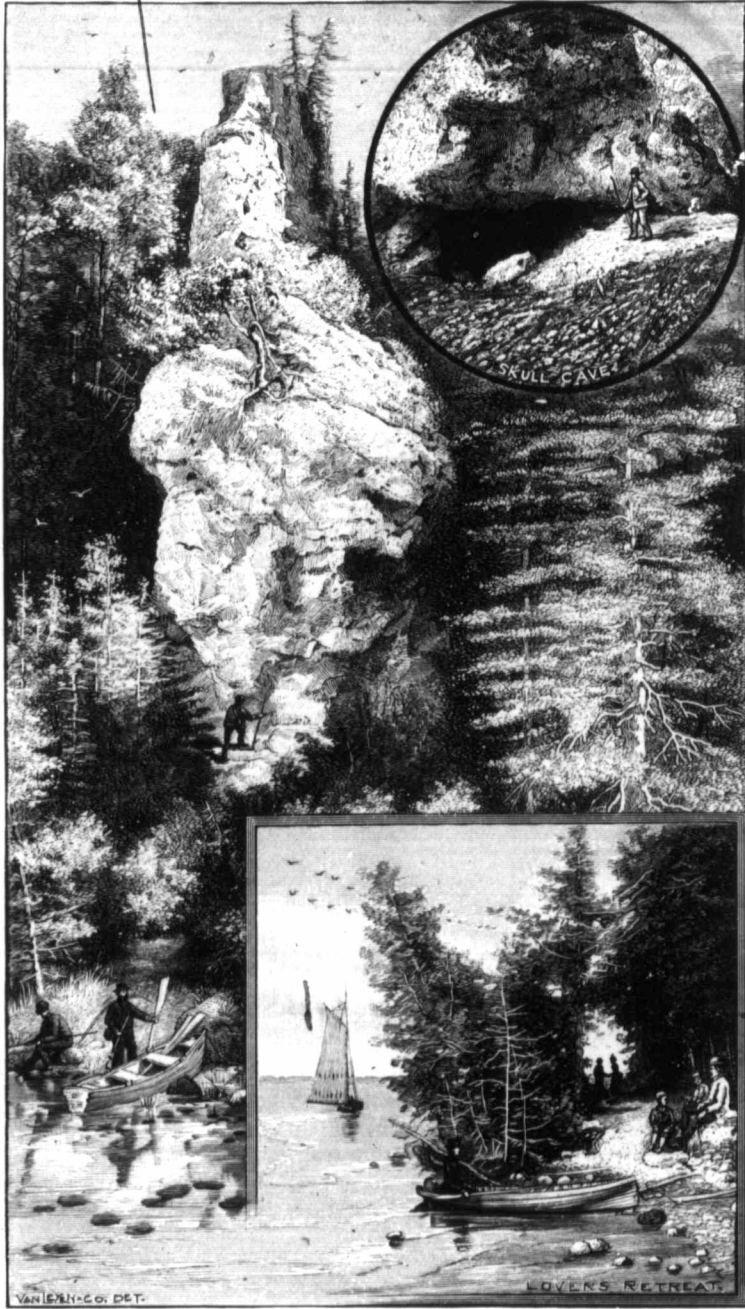
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emphasized by contrast with the spreading canvas and the silvered sheen of the waters.

There was beauty in the route as well as the destination. They glided past Robinson's Folly, Arch Rock, Fairy's Arch and the Giant's Staircase, to take their course thence through the open waters to the islands fourteen miles distant. The way seemed alive with pleasure seekers in every manner of small craft, recalling to the Englishman such scenes in Venetian waters as are preserved in story and song. Besides these smaller craft, the Arnold Line of Steamers daily carries large numbers to Les Cheneaux, who put up at the recently opened Islington, on Grand La Salle Island, or select their camping outfit there instead of carrying it with them from Mackinac. Here also can be secured boats, bait, and guides whose knowledge of the best fishing localities is of great advantage. So happily had the party beguiled the way that they were at the islands before realizing that they had made the trip. They found an archipelago near the head of the lake. The islands of more pretentious size were Marquette and LaSalle, the others grading down to what seemed like dazzling little spots of green that crowned some subterranean mountain. Through the winding and intersecting channels the yachts found their way, passing hotels, club houses, cottages, till the Colonel's "fishin' hole" was found.

Then there was rapid and amusing preparation for assault upon the finny tribes. Novices had to be assisted in putting their poles together and fixing the bait. Fred and Hub did this service for their respective partners, the Colonel looked after a whole bevy of ladies from Chicago, the Englishman deftly put Aunt Kate's tackle in fighting trim while the freshman was answering half a dozen commands at once and meeting the usual fate of those who spread their energies out too thin.

Soon there was heard the merry whirl of the reel, the excited exclamations of the fair fishers as an unexpected catch was landed and an extra grunt of satisfaction of the veterans who had won against the game fight of a Mackinac trout or the black bass that never surrenders while there's a good strong rush left in his body. Suddenly all eyes were centered upon Alice Dalton. She was



CHIMNEY ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

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braced like the strong man in a tug of war. Her bamboo pole was bent almost double. The line was taut as a fiddle string, but swaying back and forth with the savage dashes of some monster at the other end. "A whale, a whale," whooped the freshman, and a dozen voices were shouting advice in a chorus so that none of it could be understood.

"Let me land it for you," said Hub quietly; but the spirited girl was bent on doing her own fishing. "Loosen your reel, then," he advised, and it fairly sang a response. "That's it. Let him tire himself. Now reel up," as the line slacked. "Let it go again," when another strain came upon the line, the pole and the fair fisher. "Give him play." And thus it went till the big muscallonge lay panting at her feet.

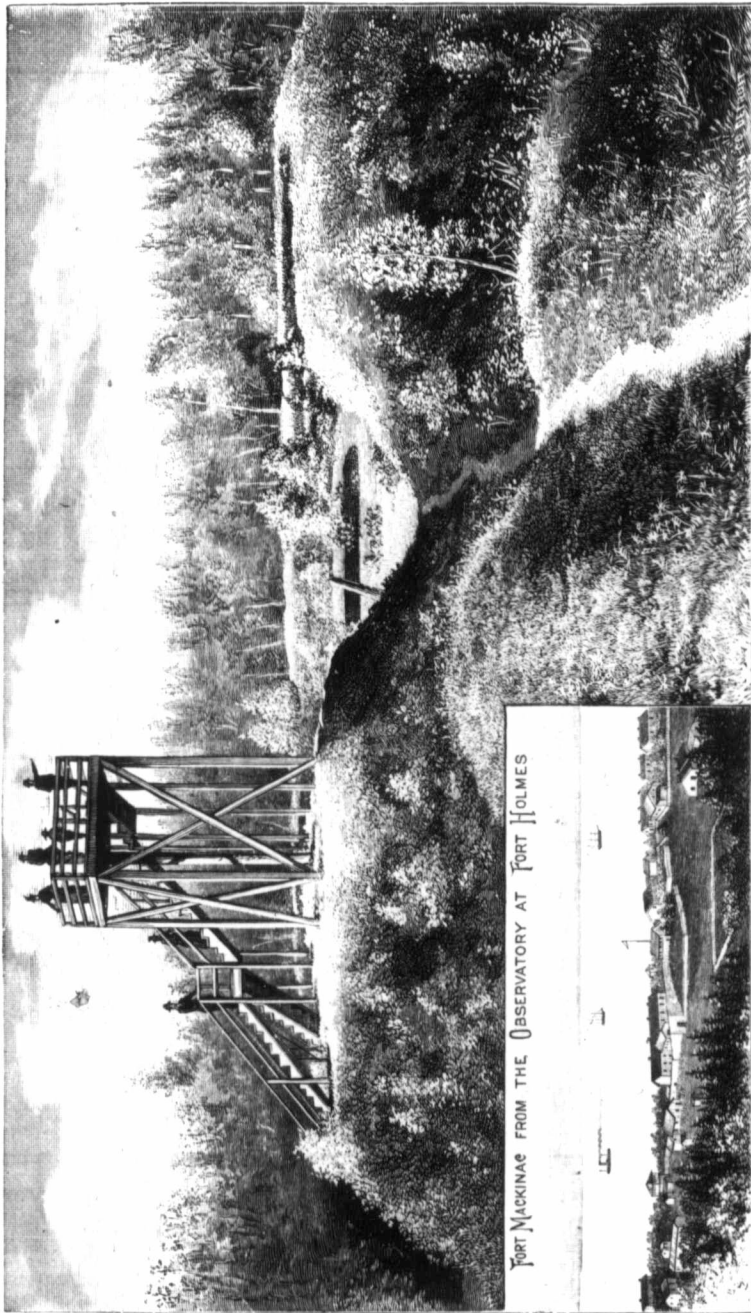
While the uproarious applause was going on the happy Colonel slapped Dalton on the back and whispered: "I reckon it would have been the same if Hub had been on the hook."

It was a day of unalloyed pleasure, and as the fishers landed with their spoils at Mackinac in the cool of the evening, there was a unanimous vote to repeat the trip as often as opportunity permitted.

CHAPTER XXII.

THIS was but one day in the never ending round of pleasure. They had been to a favorite spot in the fisherman's paradise, but it was all about them. There is no attempt to follow the daily order of recreation among the resorters, for this would be the history of the season. Life and energy was a part of their existence. They were constantly on the go because it became their chief enjoyment in a place which the highest medical authorities have pronounced the home of health. On the land, on the water and at the hotel, all was action. Such was the endless array of attractions that selection was the only difficulty.

It was at Robinson's Folly, a cliff at the southeastern portion of the island, rising 200 feet like a great pillar from the lake that laps its base, that Flops, surrounded by her friends, told the sad story from which the wild and romantic spot takes its name.



FORT MACKINAC FROM THE OBSERVATORY AT FORT HOLMES

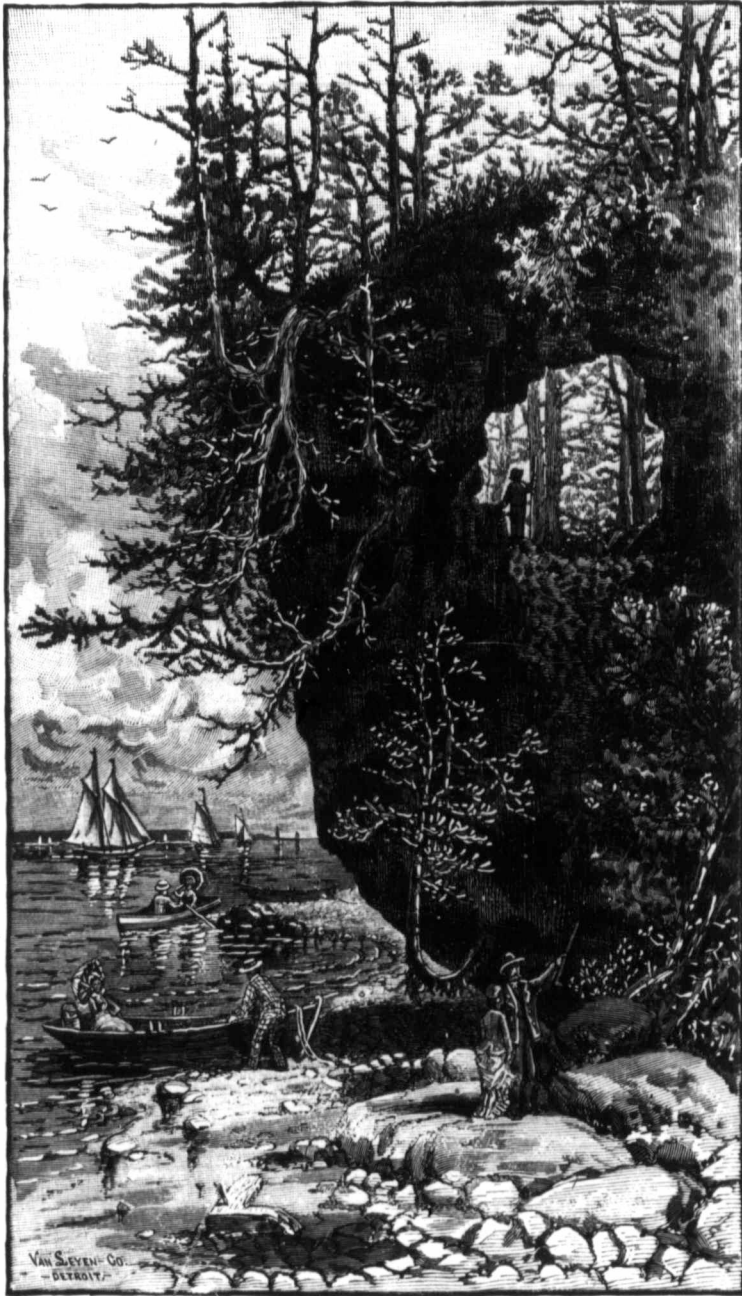
FORT HOLMES, MACKINAC.

"Captain Robinson," slain and in command at Fort Mackinac. He met and loved Wintemah, chief of a band of the Chipewyan at Mary Falls. But the chief, in his own time, wanted to marry her, and his ambitious plans and had proposed to the Chegoimegons, a powerful chief, to seal a friendly alliance. Wintemah, a ugly suitor, but loved her, and in the reverence of her people. Wintemah was seized with smallpox and in the immediate marriage of his daughter, her troth had been plighted. He then came a secret message to him, and fled to him and together they

Though Peezhicki seeing the seeming wrath wrought a new plan. Alone he took his canoe and returned to his father and return his daughter. He arrived on the day appointed, and celebrated where we now stand. The arrival of this Nemah was the heed. While the festivities were in progress, a sharp report of a rifle rang out, but it was not true, or he was not the victim, for it was a brother's death. Then, in accordance with the plan, there followed a hand to hand fight with the chief. In the excitement of the fight, he fell edge of the cliff and went down. His descent and, as if inspired by the love light in the eyes of the girl, he came back to the summit, grasping the rocks, and could not interfere, father and daughter, and to the rocks below."

"Captain Robinson," she began, "was of a proud English family and in command at Fort Mackinac when it floated the Union Jack. He met and loved Wintemoyeh, beautiful daughter of Peezhicki, chief of a band of the Chippewas on Isle des Iroquois, near the St. Mary Falls. But the chief, like many an ambitious father of our own time, wanted to marry his daughter in furtherance of his own ambitious plans and had promised her hand to a savage old warrior of the Chegoimegons, a powerful band with whom he thus sought to seal a friendly alliance. Wintemoyeh detested this venerable and ugly suitor, but loved her father, and had for him the traditional reverence of her people. While she was in an agony of doubt he was seized with smallpox and in fear of death, and demanded the immediate marriage of his daughter with the hated Assibun, to whom her troth had been plighted. While fate thus threatened her there came a secret message to meet the lover who had her heart. She fled to him and together they came to this island.

Though Peezhicki seemed in the shadows of death, his consuming wrath wrought a miracle when he heard of this elopement. Alone he took his canoe and came here with a vow to kill the captain and return his daughter to the fate he had in store for her. He arrived on the day appointed for her wedding, which was to be celebrated where we now stand. The gallant captain was notified of the arrival of this Nemesis, but believed him dead and paid no heed. While the festivities on the cliff were at their height, the sharp report of a rifle rang out, but the aim of the old chief had not been true, or he was mistaken in the identity of his intended victim, for it was a brother officer of the captain who went to his death. Then, in accordance with the rude chivalry of the times, there followed a hand to hand conflict between the captain and the chief. In the excitement of the contest the chief stepped from the edge of the cliff and went whirling down, but seized a sapling in his descent and, as if inspired to more than human effort by the sight of the love light in the eyes of Wintemoyeh, swung himself back to the summit, grasped her in his arms, and before any one could interfere, father and daughter were plunging through space to the rocks below."



FAIRY ARCH, MACKINAW ISLAND.

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"A tragedy within a romance," sighed Aunt Kate.

"A new cure for the smallpox," laughed the freshman, whose malaprop remarks had come to be ignored by common consent.

Again they were on the scene when Alice related the legend of a "Lover's Leap." The eternal reminder is a rock that rises like a monument 150 feet from the lake. "After invoking the aid of Manitou, the Great Spirit," said the fair narrator, "the Ojibeways and Ottawas had manned their canoes and gone to the southward to do battle with the tribes of their enemy. Among them, in the gay trappings of the war, and to whom fame had come, went Ge-niw-e-gon, and from the summit of this lookout watched the dusky maiden to whom he was betrothed. From Old Mackinac were wafted the shouts of victory and the quickened sense of love knew the voice of the lover as he shouted in triumph. But one day as they left for an advance to Fairy Island the note that had reached her heart was missing from the chorus of cheers. Ge-niw-e-gon was slain. Ever before the loyal girl was her lover beckoning her to join him in the happy hunting grounds. One morning she dashed herself from the summit of the rock and their spirits were united."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THESE were but samples of the weird stories that linked the present to the past. There was Fort Holmes at the very summit of the island, surmounted by an observatory, the central point in a circle of vision with a diameter of 60 miles. Spread out before the observer is a ravishing picture, the straits, the islands, the river, Lakes Huron and Michigan, Cheboygan and Point St. Ignace; fields of water animated with the life of commerce and pleasure, fields of land diversified by hills and dales, forests and meadows, busy towns and thrifty country sides. When these old breastworks of earth were first erected in the rear of where Fort Mackinac now stands, nature held unbroken sway save as disturbed by the presence of the red man, the hardy pioneer, the trading post and the bark canoe as the primitive means of traffic.

Clear across the island, with a shelving beach, is the British Landing, historic as the point at which the allied forces disem-



MACKINAC VILLAGE, AS SEEN FROM THE GUN PLATFORM OF THE FORT.

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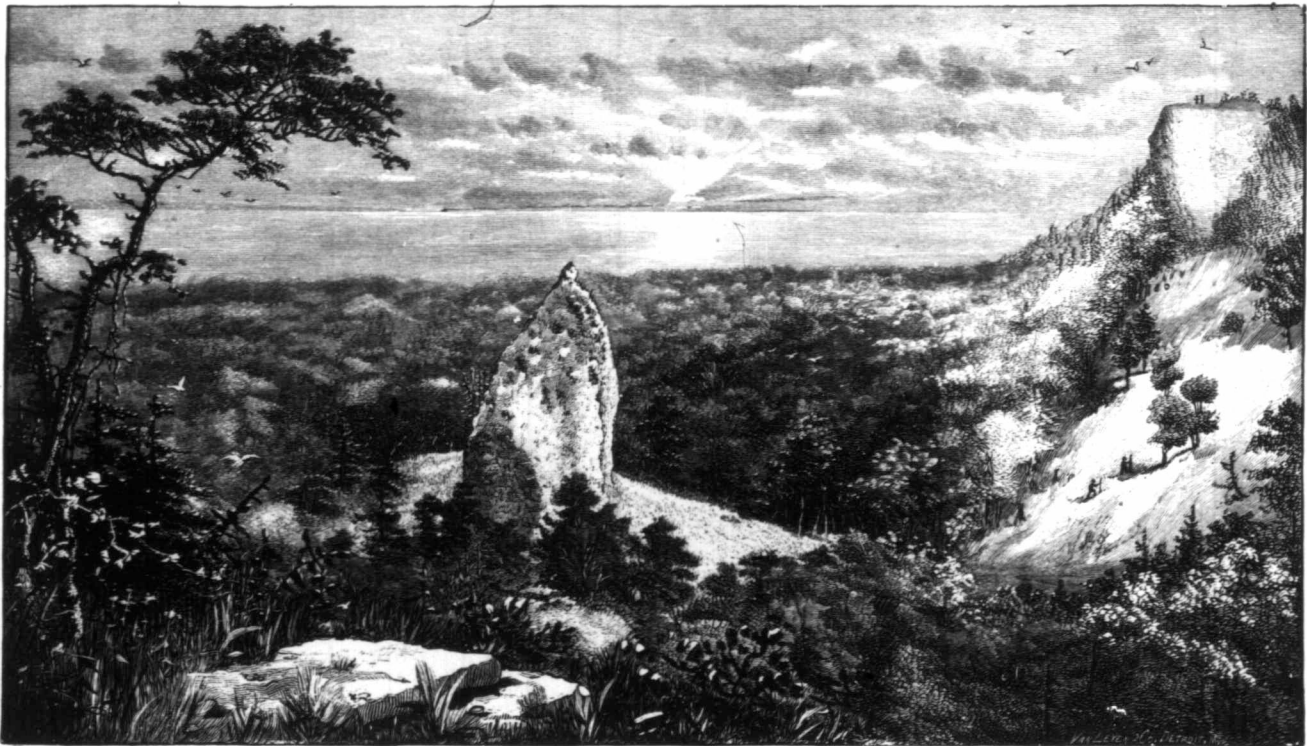
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barked when they captured the island in 1812, and where the American troops landed two years later in an effort that proved less fortunate. They made a gallant fight on the plateau above the fort on what is now the Early farm, but were repulsed by superior numbers.

Our tourists found an island of caves as well as cliffs. Under the bold outlines portrayed in the fantastic formations, hidden in the rich foliage of clinging vines, covered with towering trees and a carpeting of green brightened by delicately scented wild flowers, or rising in grim nakedness till they seem to pierce the clouds, are hidden caverns at almost every turn. Some of them are but miniature recesses cunningly concealed by foliage, while others partake of the immensity and the grandeur about them. After the people of our story had made their way into Scott's Cave through the low entrance, even the tall Colonel and his stalwart nephew had no difficulty in standing erect. Its dome is a huge rock. At Scull Rock they found a cave of limestone, expanding from a narrow entrance into a vast room with its arched ceiling 30 feet above them. Once it was used by the Indians as a place for the entombment of their dead, as attested by the bones found there after the white man had secured possession. Here it was, too, that Alexander Henry was concealed and saved by his adopted Indian brother, after the horrible massacre at Fort Mackinac, nearly a century and a half ago.

It was an ideal afternoon when they made their way down the long stairway from Lover's Leap to the beach and along the well-worn path to the Devil's Kitchen, that takes its name from the rocky formations which strikingly suggest the old and familiar Dutch oven, repeated again and again as though in generous provision to meet any possible demand.

"If his satanic majesty ever did utilize this as a culinary department," suggested Flops, "he certainly had the purest, clearest and most refreshing of water at his very door," for she had drunk from the bubbling spring which is but a sample of the beverage distilled in this great tumble of rocks and cliffs. It is only another



PLUMMER'S LOOKOUT, LES CHENEUX ISLANDS IN THE DISTANCE.

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of nature's contributions where she has mingled every attraction of health and beauty.

"Of course old Cloven-foot would have no trouble in the matter of fire," laughed the freshman, in his usually flippant way, that was only meant to conceal those deeper feelings that some youths think it unmanly to display.

Repeated visits were also made to the rocks that take their name from their respective shapes. There is the Sugar Loaf, rising 134 feet from the plateau on which it rests, and that is 150 feet above the sea level; Chimney Rock, a tall column springing up in the midst of a grove and the only visible stone formation within half a mile, and Pulpit Rock, near the British Landing, a like curiosity in its freakishness and isolation. There was the old and abandoned quarry near the fort, the remains of the lime kilns just at hand, the wonderful Arch Rock and a thousand other points of interesting scenes to inspire the artist, the writer and the lover. Flops and Alice were among the few of their sex who could not resist the view promised them from the summit of the great Arch, but three feet wide, yet 175 feet in height, and never was daring more lavishly repaid, for the charm of the view in every direction dispelled all thought of peril and enthralled the senses. They climbed about the giant's causeway like Alpine explorers and it was in the shadows of the Fairy Arch that Flops afterward told Fred Dalton that he might speak to the Colonel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUT the natural beauties of the island did not have a monopoly of its thousands of guests. There were the handsome summer residences clustered along the hill side, with their lawns and tasteful adornments, the old town with its two narrow streets and a scene of activity that would give way to a sleepy existence when the harvest time of summer was gone, the daily amusements and evening promenades about the spacious corridors and piazzas of the Grand, and moonlight on the waters with its spell of beauty and music, as those within its charm drifted in cushioned boats.



PULPIT ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

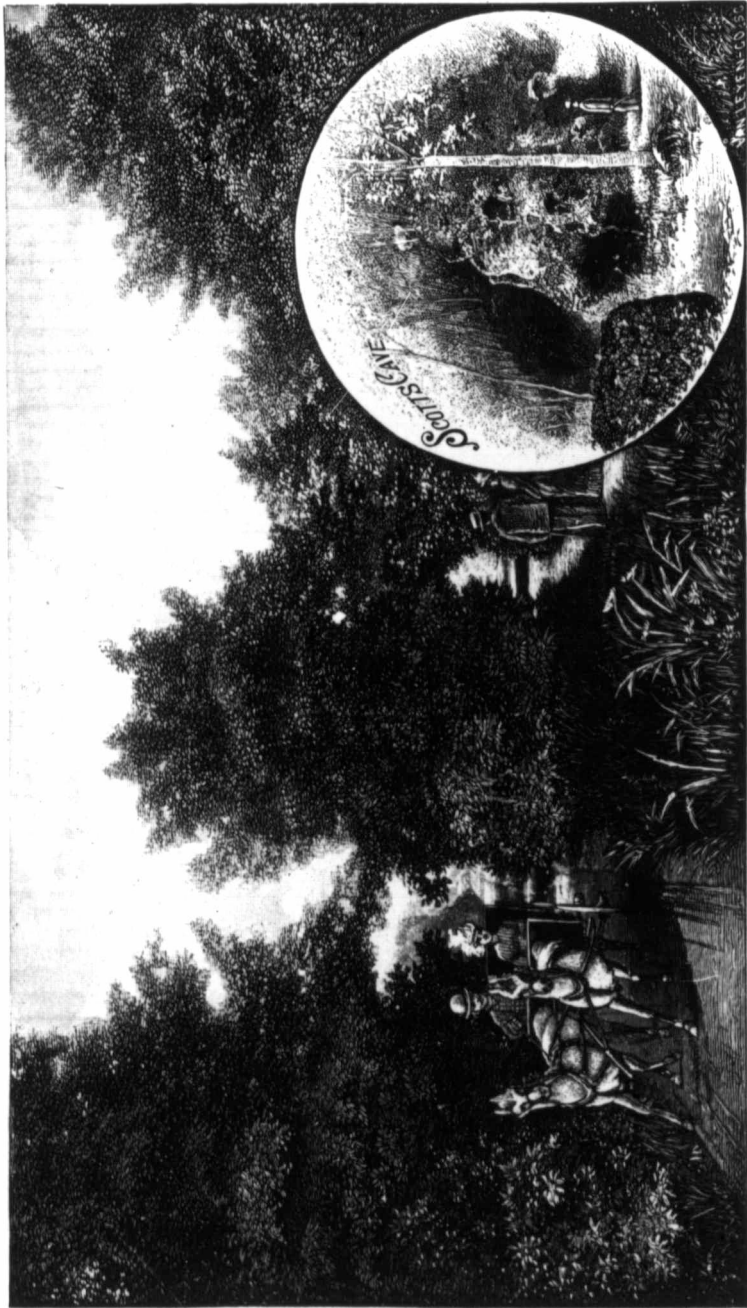
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It was at the first grand hop at their hotel that those who were new to the place appreciated how much of wealth, refinement and worldly wisdom in style were represented at the resort, which has come to draw from every part of the world. There was an entire absence of that rigid formality which freezes pleasure. There was the spirit of democracy native to those who possess the innate qualities that mark the gentle lady and the gentleman. But there were toilets that told the cunning of the master hand, fairest women, the brightness of whose eyes rivaled the flash of their rich jewels, men who knew the gracious ways of society at its best, and a presiding spirit of pleasure that counted for more than all. Among them there were none more lovely than Flops and Alice, none more admired or sought after. About them was that mysterious radiance which emanates from extreme happiness and the secret for which rested in the two young men of our story. The stately and courtly Colonel was almost as much a social lion as his nephew, and led forth partner after partner in a way to surprise as well as amuse those who knew him as a confirmed bachelor and something of a recluse. Aunt Kate revived the days of her girlhood, while the inexhaustible freshman was the very life and soul of the younger set that had no care save in a haunting knowledge that their ecstatic joy must have an end. Never was like entertainment more perfectly handled in every detail, for no one knows better than does Host Hayes how to make such a place a pleasure resort in fact as well as in name. He has a rare genius for his calling and the constant production of pleasing variety for his guests.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE Colonel had left home for Mackinac under protest, but no greater enthusiast ever visited the island. He had a divided opinion as to whether the sunrise or the sunset was the more beautiful there. He had selected all the finest points of view. He sang the praises of the nights as well as the days. His face was swarthy, his muscles strong and elastic from outdoor exercise. All with him and all he met had reaped the same inestimable benefits. As



A CHARACTERISTIC DRIVE ON MACKINAC ISLAND.

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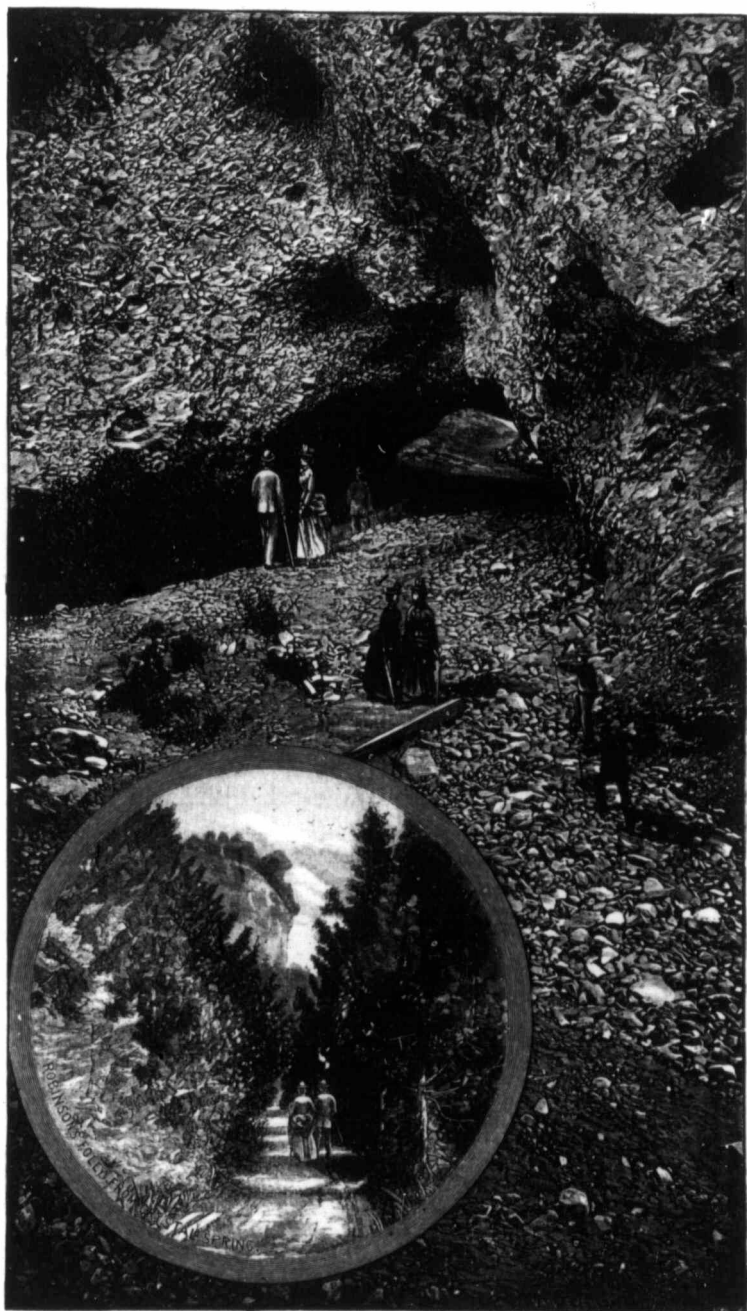
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Flops put it: "The Colonel is an incorrigible tramp on land and a tireless, reckless rover on sea," and the Colonel made no denial on either count.

There was nothing in distances to appall him. With all he could rally for the expedition, he made the trip to the "Soo" by the way of the St. Mary's river, availing himself of the excellent Arnold Line of Steamers that run from the island, connecting with the through steamships for all important points on the shores of Lake Superior, and with Canadian ports. The St. Mary's river delighted our voyagers with an ever-varying panorama created in nature's changeful moods. The tortuous channel lay at times between narrow banks, widening into lakes only to contract again into shallow rapids dashing amid the rocks that bestrew the channel. The scenery is the boldest and most romantic, rising at times in precipitous headlands to the encroachment of which the rushing stream must conform its course. For the first forty of their sixty miles through this connecting link between Lakes Huron and Superior there are hundreds of islands. At intervals there are famous camping grounds, and many a sportsman seeks the deer, the bear, the smaller game and the fish in this region. What they saw was the entertainment of the party till it reached the Soo.

"And this is Sault Ste. Marie," said Dalton when they had landed there. "The magnitude of the business done here is enormous. It is on the line of the vast traffic of the Lake Superior regions to the southward by water. It is the center of our international railroad communication to the north, and the tonnage through the Soo Canal is double that of the Suez Canal during the same period covered by our season of navigation. The lock of this canal is one of the world's finest pieces of engineering. It was constructed to overcome the force of the rapids that made this short cut impassable for vessels, and yet the power of the rapids has been so utilized as to run the ponderous machinery that operates the lock as well as the dynamos which serve to convert night into day that the continuous course of commerce may not be interrupted."



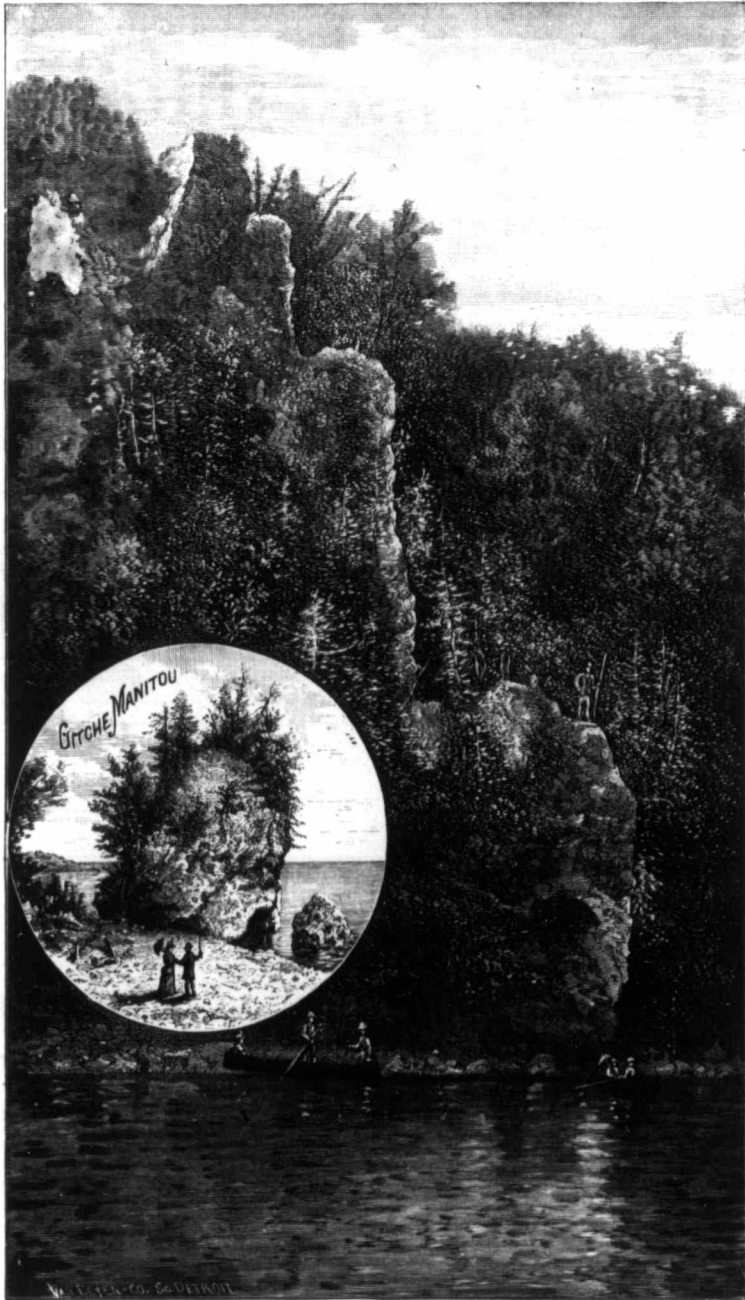
MAIDEN ARCH, MACKINAC ISLAND.

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The next place visited was Marquette, the metropolis of the Lake Superior country, which was found to be a very handsome city. Its business portion displays great activity and metropolitan tastes. Its residences, which are exceedingly beautiful, are placed high up on a bluff to the north, and command a view of the lake for thirty miles. While its central location makes it a capital base of operations for all the lovers of the rod and gun who visit these natural game preserves, it possesses no small attraction within itself. Speckled trout may be caught in the streams near by, while in the bay lake trout of twenty to thirty pounds in weight furnish exciting sport. The hotels are of the best, and everything necessary for hunting and fishing may easily be obtained.

But why describe the scenery presented in all these side trips which it was the pleasure of the tireless Colonel to conduct, though on many of them the younger people of the party declined to accompany for reasons that readily suggest themselves. He saw Petoskey, that most charming summer home of all the charming places that greet the eye on Little Traverse Bay. The famous resort is nestled on the side of a high bluff from the summit of which the view is a magnificent one. Beautiful homes flank the central portion of the city in either direction, there is a splendid pier at the landing, the beach is one of the finest, the hotels are the best, and it is a favorite place not only for resorters, but for campers, and especially for those who suffer from the annual affliction of hay fever. He visited Bay View, Harbor Springs, Harbor Point, all resorts that have the attractions inseparable from the climate, the scenery and the most thoughtful provision for the comfort and pleasure of those who go there in the heated term. He was at Charlevoix, which is eighteen miles below Petoskey, at Indian River, back of Cheboygan, and at a hundred different points on what is known as the Inland Route between Mackinaw and Petoskey. There was no end of such diversion, and every day brought a new revelation in the loveliness of the region, the inexhaustible fund of its legends and the phenomenal restorative powers of its climate.



GIANT'S STAIRCASE, MACKINAC ISLAND.

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It came as a great shock to the Colonel when Aunt Kate said one evening in the family circle that they must be making their arrangements to return home.

"Can't think of it yet, sisteh," was the quick reply. "I'm not half through. Theh's a dozen plans on and off the island I've arranged. Funny that you weh all so anxious to come and ah now in such a hul'y to get home."

"No funnier than that you should conspire to keep us away from this most enchanting of places and then want us to winter here," retorted Flops, with a mischievous twinkle in her speaking eyes.

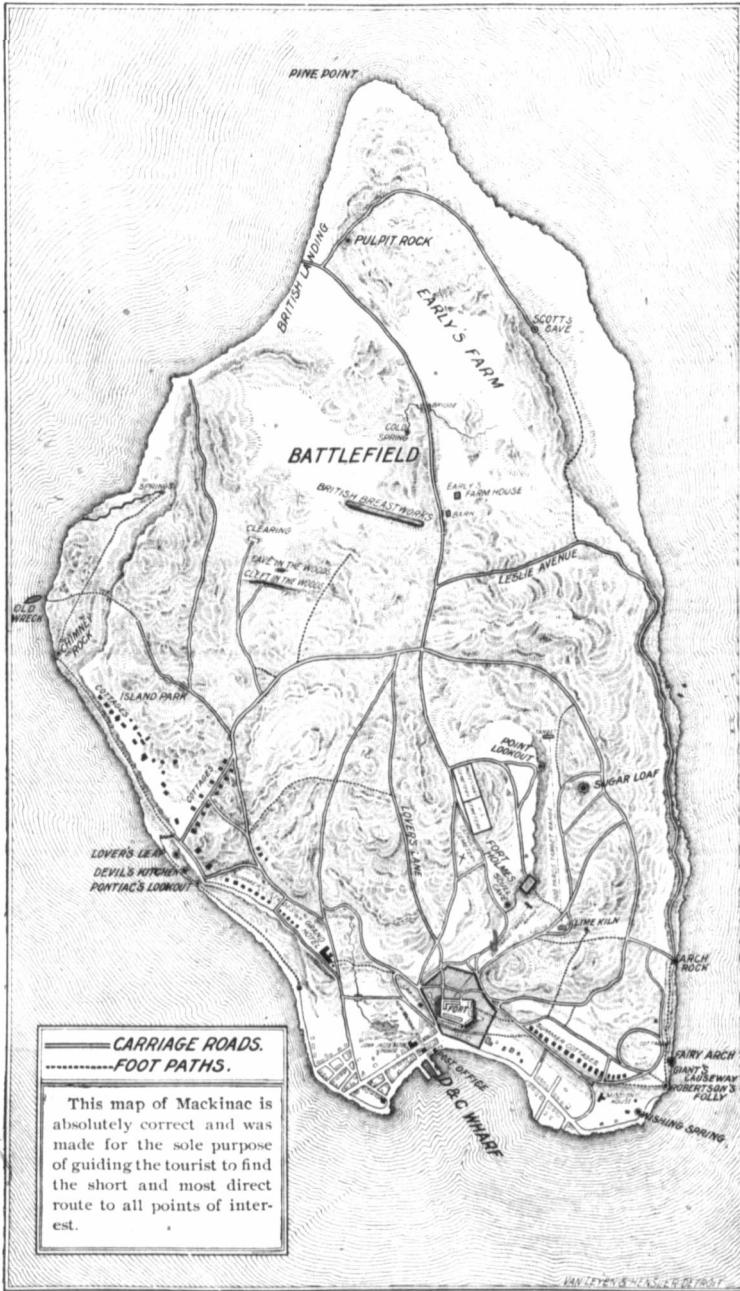
"Young lady, I was addressin' you' aunt, and—"

"Never mind, Colonel," from Aunt Kate. "The nights are beginning to get chill, the season is near its end, and you know that we are the last of the Kentuckians left."

"What of it. They came heah two weeks befo' we did. It's just impossible fo' me to leave on this sho't notice. Too many engagements that I can't cancel. I neveh knew of such opportunities fo' goin' befo' and so many ways fo' goin'. You can take steamehs like the monsteh Manitou fo' Chicago, smalleh steamehs fo' the sho'teh routes, the busy little dummies that ah marine wondehs to me, steam yachts, sail yachts, row boats oh canoes. I must stay heah at least a week."

And so it was arranged. All were as infatuated with the island and the endless attractions of which it is the center, but the weather is an inexorable tyrant, and where there are gentle zephyrs at Mackinac in summer, there are rude blasts during the cold season.

But all the pleasure possible was crowded into the week. In his impetuous way the Colonel sometimes managed as many as three different outings in one day, with a dance or some other diversion for the evening. Among other evidences of rejuvenation the Colonel had taken to the bicycle while at Mackinac and was among the merriest devotees of the wheel on the broad boulevard which is so nearly completed and which will encircle the entire island, making one of the loveliest driveways on earth. It makes



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the resort the paradise of those who ride the silent steed, and there is no prettier sight than that of scores of happy people spinning over the course with its background of green and bordering of blue waters.

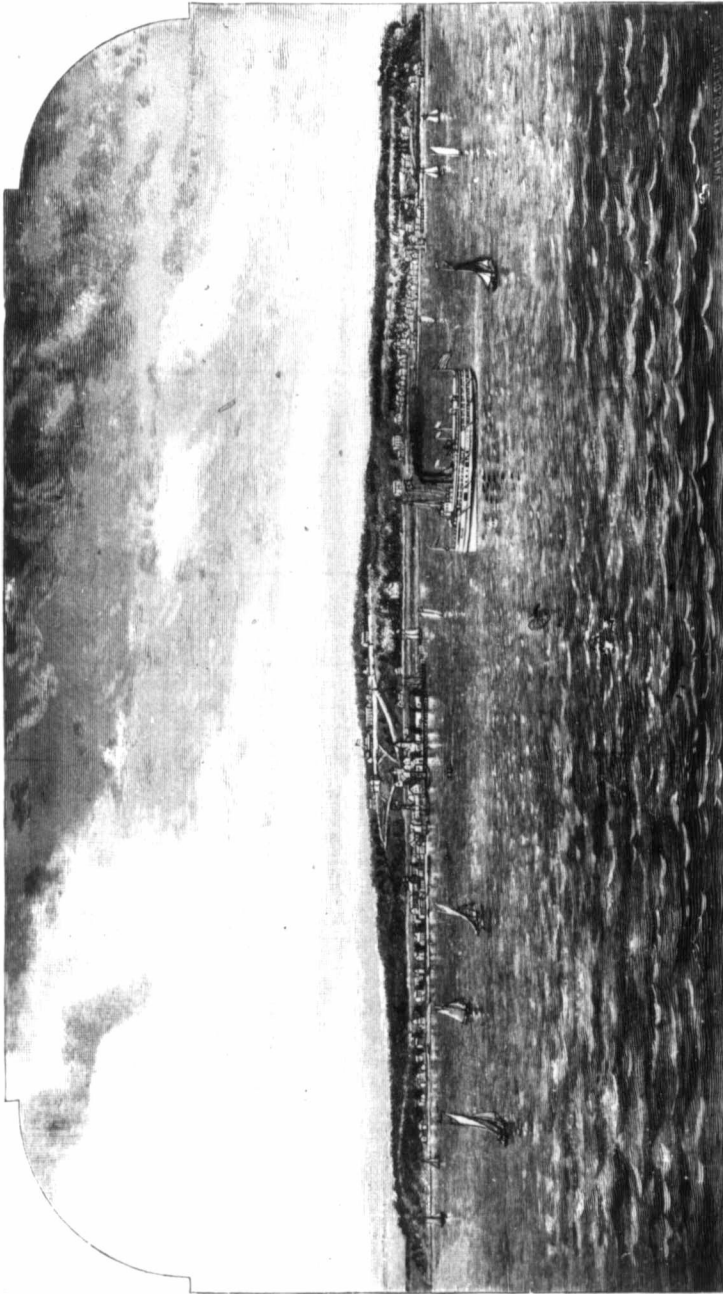
In addition to all other things, the Colonel seemed to have a good deal of business on hand. As treasurer of his special party he could not but express surprise that the trip by water from Cleveland to Mackinac and return, berths and meals included, was less than \$20 apiece. Before he could believe that there had not been some mistake in his calculations, he consulted with Dalton to find that their figures corresponded. Even the shrewd man of business shared the Colonel's surprise that so magnificent a line, doing the passenger traffic for the many summer resorts on the coasts, should maintain rates so reasonable with the thousands who expect to pay for the health and pleasures they find in the salubrious climate of the lake regions.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BUT the settlement of the Colonel's accounts was only a small part of his business. Within the brief hours of one moonlight evening he had given his consent to the marriage of both his niece and his nephew. That two of the Daltons were disposed of in this same transaction, goes for the saying. To tell how admiration had ripened so rapidly into love would be to explain the subtle and mysterious influence of association amid scenes and surroundings that quicken the finest and best sympathies of our common human nature.

When Aunt Kate had demurred at so sudden a bestowal of hearts and hands, the Colonel told her his cherished secret that her womanly objections might be removed.

"Just what Dalton and I planned," he told her. "Just what we wanted. I put the scheme afoot when I had my lawyeh write him befo' we left. Theh's no betteh stock than the Daltons, sisteh. You know that Hub thought he meant to be a bachelo' and Flops has been so happy at home that she neveh thought se'iously of gettin' ma'ried. But they've met the right people now and theh're not



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MACKINAC ISLAND.

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much happier than I am. The hand of Providence in this trip, sisteh."

"I hope so, Colonel;" and Aunt Kate had a look that puzzled her stalwart brother. But the explanation came like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. On a charming afternoon as they walked arm in arm by the picturesque cottages near the Grand Hotel, the Englishman went straight to the subject nearest his heart.

"Colonel Clayton," he said, "my social code is that of the old school. I am an aspirant for the hand of Miss Clayton and have reason to think that she is not averse to my suit. But before asking her consent, I deem it the part of honor to secure your approval."

"I'm surprised, suh," said the Colonel, with some excitement. "Was neveh mo' surprised in my life, suh. Hymen must luh' his victims to this point with malice aforethought. Everybody's fallin' in love. I esteem you highly, suh. You have confeshed an honoh upon my family, suh, by this proposal. This makes my regret the keenest that I must info'm you of Miss Clayton's determination to remain a single lady, suh. She has no mo' thought of marryin' than I have."

"Beg your pardon, Colonel, but I am satisfied that your sister only awaits your approval."

"Good heavens!" shouted the Colonel. "Is this place bewitched? I must see Sisteh Kate. Has she regained her health and lost her mind? I must have it from her own lips, suh. I'd as soon have expected to see the sun rise in the west. But I'll neveh put a straw in the way of her happiness. And I think all the mo' of you fo' lovin' her, suh," and the Colonel blew his nose till it was a disreputable color.

But it was all so. The Englishman had won the inner citadel of Aunt Kate's heart. She had capitulated, subject to the family's approval. It was made known that he was a man of great wealth as well as education, a fact that had not transpired until after an understanding had been reached. The Colonel had never before been so completely broken up, but he loved his sister and held the Englishman in high esteem, and he took to himself the credit of another sacrifice when he said that their wishes were his wishes.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LES CHENEAUX ISLANDS.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

I N his turn the Colonel sprang a surprise by coming in upon the party one afternoon, waving some legal documents and explosively making the announcement that he had bought one of the largest and finest summer homes on the island. "Had to do it," he declared. "With all my people gettin' ma'ried I must have a place wher we can all round up togetheh in the summeh time. Big house, plenty of room and beautiful location. Heah's wher we'll have ou' family reunions, and each yea' they'll last just as long as the hot weatheh does."

"But what about the mountains?" interposed Flops. "Have you foresworn your allegiance entirely, Colonel?"

"Flops," came the retort, "the change in you' prospects suggests that you take on mo' dignity and cease to be frivolous. If you want to be suah of the bride's dot, fo'get that theh ah any mountains. From this time fo'th ou' summeh residence will be at Mackinac."

An ovation attended the leaving of our party. From the deck of the City of Mackinac they shouted adieus and parting messages to scores of friends upon the dock. A great cheer went up when the Colonel assured the throng that they could rely upon him as a fixture so long as he was able to come.

The down trip was even more enjoyable than that which had taken them to Mackinac, for love presided at the festivities and it pointed out new charms in the superb steamer, in the balmy air and in one of the grandest vistas of scenery that the world affords.

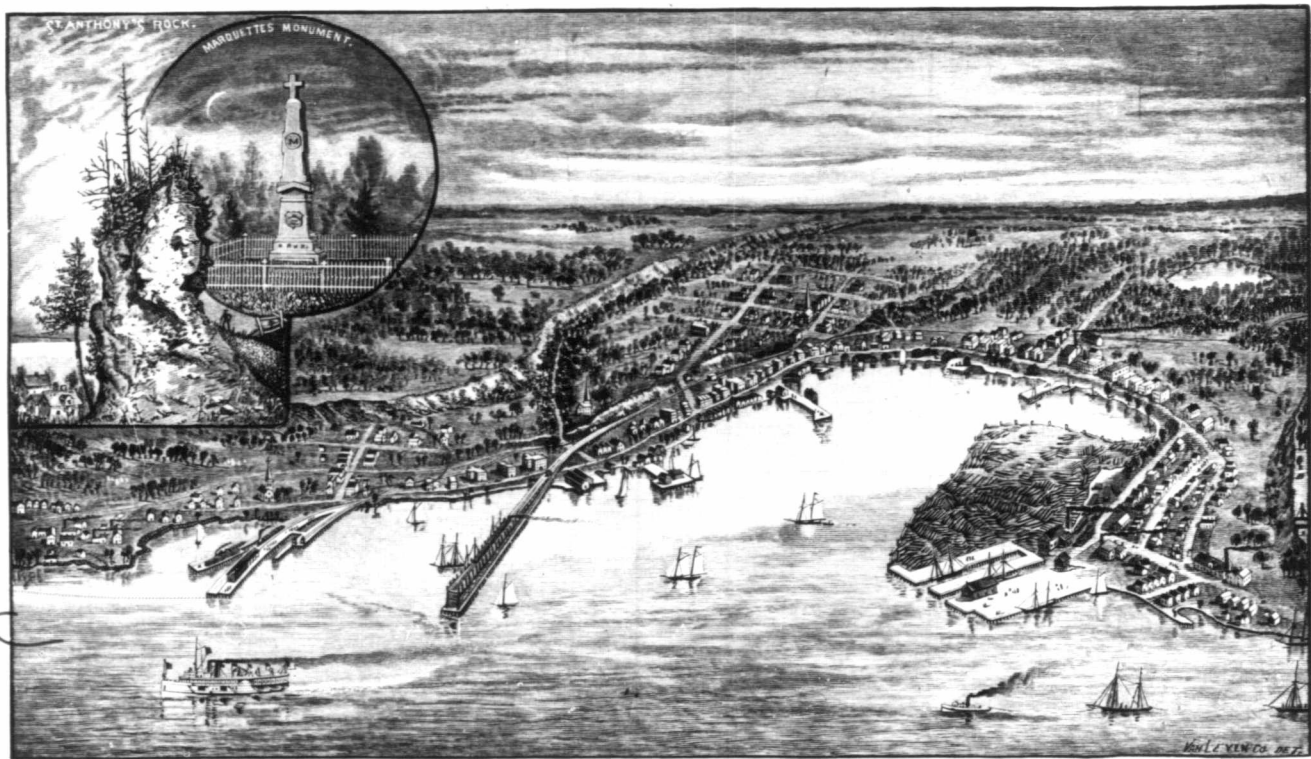
At Detroit came the temporary parting. It is needless to tell of this as of the old, old story by which true love had united more closely so many of the characters of this true story. Colonel Clayton and his folks took the boat for Toledo, while the Daltons went on to Cleveland, where they could secure the most direct train for home.

There were tender partings, but the last words called as the Daltons pulled out, were between the Colonel and the freshman.

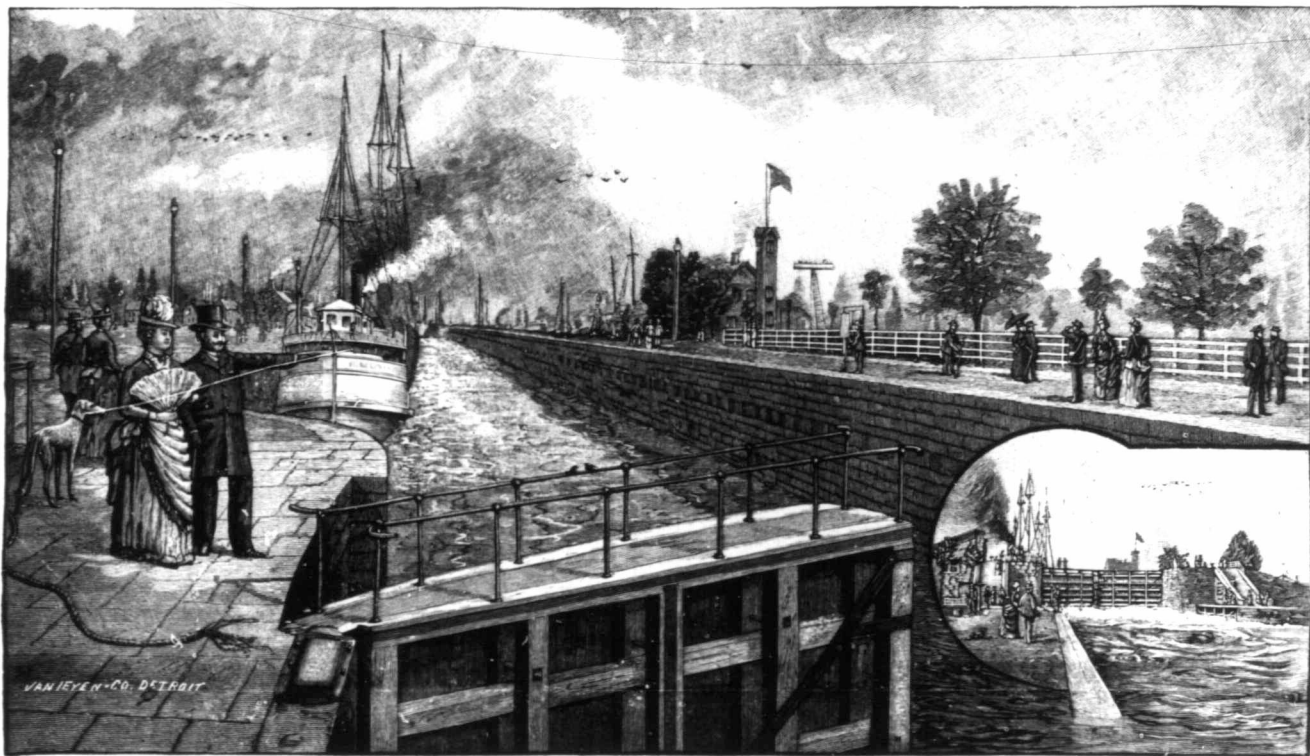
"Colonel," shouted the irrepressible, "I guess that you and I are about the only two lost in the shuffle."

"Neveh mind, my boy," came the answer. "Repo't at Mackinac next season. The Blue Grass region will be theh in fo'ce, and among heh faih maidens you'll find you' fate, suah."

THE END.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ST. IGNACE.



VAN EYEN & CO. DETROIT

CANAL AND LOCKS, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

TOURIST ROUTES AND RATES.

Meals and berths are not included in fares unless especially shown. They will usually cost the same as on the D. & C. During July and August rooms on Lake Huron Division must accommodate at least two persons. Tickets are good from June 1st until Oct. 1st. When bought by hunters, they are good from Sept. 1st until Dec. 1st.

Free stop over privileges on the D. & C. are granted at Detroit, Oakland Hotel and Alpena, on the up trip only.

Special routes and rates will be furnished on application.

Mackinac Island.

	FROM CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, DETROIT.	
ROUTE 24.	\$9.00	\$7.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
Return same route.		
	FROM CLEVELAND, DETROIT.	
ROUTE 72.	\$12.10	\$9.85
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.	
M. C. R. R.	Detroit.	
D. & C.	Starting point.	
ROUTE 73.	13.75	11.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.	
G. R. & I. R. R.	Grand Rapids.	
Any R. R.	Detroit.	
D. & C.	Starting point.	
ROUTE 9.	13.75	11.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
Any Lake Mich. Str.	Petoskey.	
C. & W. M. R. R.	Grand Rapids.	
D. L. & N. R. R.	Detroit.	
D. & C.	Starting point.	

Chicago via Mackinac.

ROUTE 9.	19.25	17.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
*Any Lake Michigan Steamer except Steamer Manitou.	Chicago.	
Any railway.	Detroit.	
D. & C.	Starting point.	
ROUTE 9.	20.15	17.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
*Any Lake Michigan Steamer except Steamer Manitou.	Chicago.	
L. S. & M. S. R. R.	Starting point.	

	FROM CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, DETROIT.	
ROUTE 27.	16.00	14.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
Express Str. Manitou.	Chicago.	
L. M. & L. S. T. Co.		
Return same route.		
See time tables L. M. and L. S. T. Co. and express steamer Manitou.		

Milwaukee and Chicago.

ROUTE 70.	\$20.00	\$10.00	\$18.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
*Lake Mich. Strs.	Milwaukee or Chicago.		
Return same route.			
The above route includes any Lake Michigan steamer except steamer Manitou.			
See time tables of L. M. and L. S. T. Co., Northern Michigan Trans. Co.			

Charlevoix.

ROUTE 77.	11.40	10.40	9.40
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Lake Mich. Steamer.	Charlevoix.		
Return same route.			

Traverse City.

ROUTE 77.	14.00	13.00	12.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Lake Mich. Steamer.	Traverse City.		
Return same route.			
See time table of Northern Mich. Trans. Co.			

* Meals and Berths included beyond Mackinac.

Petoskey and Bay View.

	FROM CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, DETROIT.	
ROUTE 77.	\$11.00	\$10.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
Lake Mich. Strs.	Petoskey.	
Return same route.		
See time table of Northern Mich. Trans. Co.		
ROUTE 78.	11.90	10.90
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.	
G. R. & I. R. R.	Petoskey.	
Return same route.		
ROUTE 83.	12.50	11.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
Inland Route.	Petoskey.	
Return same route.		
ROUTE 44.	12.50	11.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
Inland Route.	Petoskey.	
G. R. & I. R. R.	Mackinaw City.	
M. T. Co.	Mackinac Island.	
D. & C.	Starting point.	

Oden-Oden.

ROUTE 83.	12.00	11.00	10.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Inland Route.	Oden-Oden.		
Return same route.			
See time table of Inland Route Steamers.			

Petoskey and Sault Ste. Marie.

ROUTE 43.	13.90	12.90	11.90
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.		
G. R. & I. R. R.	Petoskey.		
G. R. & I. R. R.	Mackinaw City.		
M. T. Co.	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
Arnold's Line.	Mackinac Island.		
D. & C.	Starting point.		
ROUTE 42.	14.80	13.80	12.80
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Inland Route.	Petoskey.		
Lake or Rail.	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
Arnold's Line.	Mackinac Island.		
D. & C.	Starting point.		

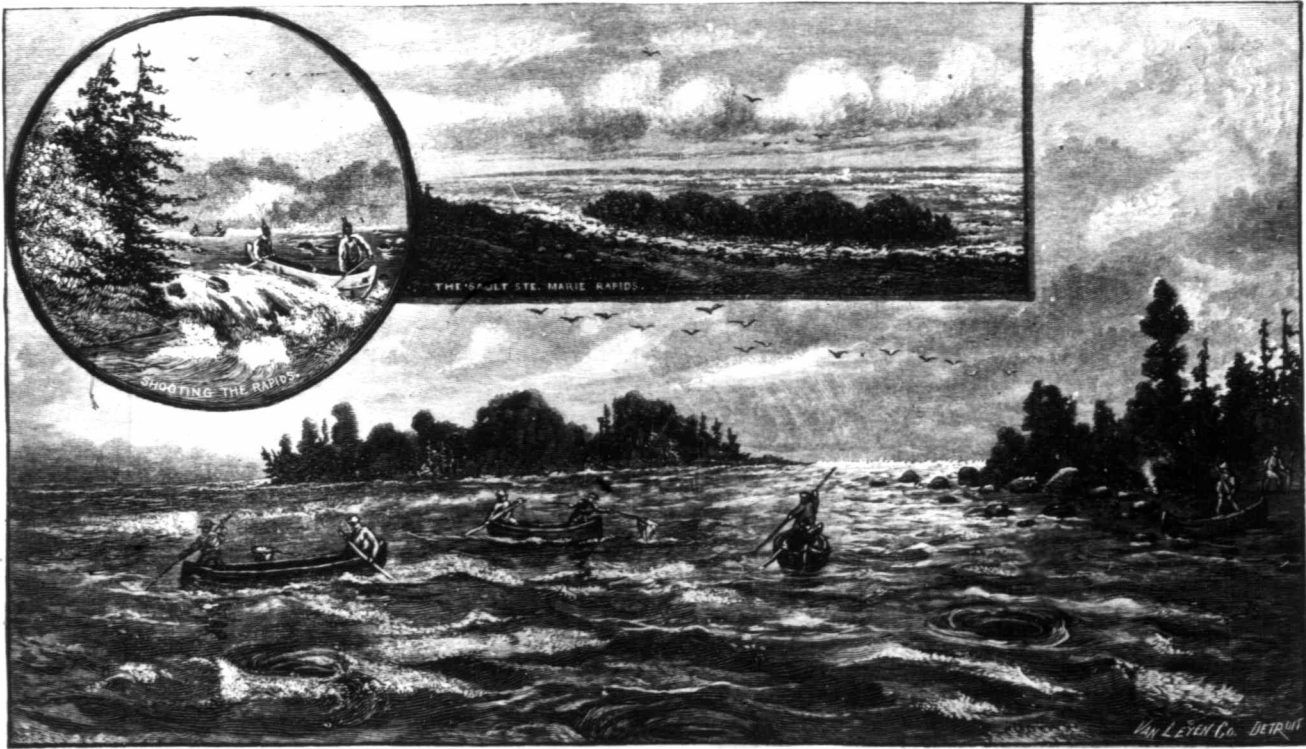
Lake Michigan Points.

ROUTE 77.	CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, DETROIT.	
Petoskey	\$11.00	\$10.00
Harbor Springs	11.00	10.00
Charlevoix	11.50	10.50
Traverse City	14.00	13.00
Northport	13.50	12.50
Elk Rapids	13.50	12.50
Frankfort	10.00	9.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
Lake Mich. Strs.	Destination.	
Return same route.		
See time table of Northern Mich. Trans. Co. and Lake Mich. and Lake Superior Trans. Co.		

Inland Route Rates.

ROUTE 83.	CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, DETROIT.	
Topinabee	\$11.00	\$10.00
Indian River	11.00	10.00
Sagers	11.50	10.50
Alanson	11.50	10.50
Oden	12.00	11.00
D. & C.	Mackinac.	
L. N. Co.	Destination.	
Return same route.		
See time table Inland Route Steamers.		

* Meals and Berths included beyond Sault Ste. Marie.



THE ST. MARY'S RAPIDS.

TOURIST RATES TO NORTHERN RESORTS.

Sault Ste. Marie.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 47.	\$11.00	\$10.00	\$9.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie.		
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
Return same route.			
ROUTE 61.	12.50	11.50	10.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie.		
D. S. S. & A. R. R.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
Return same route.			

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 79.	13.50	11.00	
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie.		
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
Northern Steamship Co.	Starting point.		
ROUTE 35.	14.50	12.50	
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie.		
Arnold Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
**Anchor Line.	Starting point.		

Les Cheneaux.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 77.	\$10.50	\$0.50	\$8.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Les Cheneaux.		
Arnold Steamers.	Les Cheneaux.		
Return same route.			

Green Bay.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 75.	20.00	19.00	18.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Green Bay.		
*Hart Steamers.	Green Bay.		
Return same route.			

Menominee.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 75.	18.50	17.50	16.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Menominee.		
*Hart Steamers.	Menominee.		
Return same route.			

Escanaba. or Gladstone.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 75.	18.00	17.00	16.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Escanaba, or Gladstone.		
*Hart Steamers.	Escanaba, or Gladstone.		
Return same route.			

Manistique.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 75.	14.00	13.00	12.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Manistique.		
*Hart Steamers.	Manistique.		
Return same route.			

Marquette.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 35.	20.00	19.00	18.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie.		
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
**L. M. & L. S. Trans. or	Destination.		
**Anchor Line.	Destination.		
Return same route.			

Marquette.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 36.	21.00	20.00	19.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
*L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or	Destination.		
**Anchor Line.	Destination.		
Return same route.			

D. S. S. & A. R. R. Points.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 61.	12.50	11.50	10.50
Sault Ste. Marie	18.50	17.50	16.50
Marquette	24.70	23.70	22.70
Houghton	27.00	26.00	25.00
Gogebic	27.00	26.00	25.00
Ashland	27.00	26.00	25.00
Duluth	27.00	26.00	25.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island or St. Ignace.		
D. S. S. & A. R. R.	Destination.		
Return same route. See time table.			

* Meals and Berths included beyond Mackinac.

M. S. P. & S. S. M. R. R. Points.

ROUTE	FROM		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 63.			
Manistique	\$14.75	\$13.75	\$12.75
Gladstone	17.55	16.55	15.75
Escanaba	18.60	17.60	15.60
Pembone	20.90	19.90	18.90
Rhemlander	25.40	24.40	23.40
D. & C.	Mackinac Island, Trout Lake.		
D. S. S. & A. R. R.	Trout Lake.		
M. S. P. & S. S. M. R. R.	Destination.		
Return same route.			

Circular Route via D. & C.

ROUTE	FROM	
	CLEVELAND.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 3.	4.50	
Cleveland	To Put-in-Bay.	
Put-in-Bay	Toledo.	
Toledo	Detroit.	
Detroit	Cleveland.	

ROUTE	FROM	
	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 3.	4.50	
Toledo	To Put-in-Bay.	
Put-in-Bay	Cleveland.	
Cleveland	Detroit.	

ROUTE	FROM	
	DETROIT.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 3.	4.50	
Detroit	To Cleveland.	
Cleveland	Put-in-Bay.	
Put-in-Bay	Toledo.	
Toledo	Detroit.	

The above circular tours are good vice versa. Star Line Steamers will honor these tickets between Toledo and Detroit.

D. & C. Local Points.

ROUTE LOCAL.	ROUND TRIPS.		
	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
St. Clair Flats			
Algonac			
Oakland			
Marine City	\$5.50	\$3.00	\$1.50
St. Clair			
Port Huron			
Sand Beach	6.50	5.00	3.50
Oscoda	6.50	6.00	4.50
Alpena	7.50	7.00	5.50
Cheboygan	9.00	8.00	7.00
Mackinac Island	9.00	8.00	7.00
St. Ignace	9.00	8.00	7.00
Route by D. & C. both ways.	SINGLE.	ROUND.	
Between Detroit and Cleveland	2.25	4.00	
" " Toledo	1.00	1.50	
" " Cleveland and Put-in-Bay	1.00	1.50	
" " Toledo	1.50	2.50	

Single Trip Tourist Tickets.

FROM	ROUTE.			
Mackinac	L	\$5.50	\$5.00	\$4.00
Petoskey	77	7.00	6.50	5.50
Petoskey	74	7.75	7.25	6.25
Petoskey	78	7.05	6.55	5.55
Sault Ste. Marie	61	8.35	7.85	6.85
"	47	6.50	6.00	5.00
*Milwaukee	76	11.50	11.00	10.00
*Chicago	76	11.50	11.00	10.00
Chicago	27	9.50	9.00	8.00
Charlevoix	77	7.50	7.00	6.00
Marquette	61	11.50	11.00	10.00
**Marquette	35	11.50	11.00	10.00
*Marquette	36	12.00	11.50	10.50
Duluth	61	20.50	20.00	19.00
*Duluth	36	20.00	19.50	18.50
**Duluth	35	19.50	19.00	18.00
Duluth	81	16.00	15.50	14.50
*Manistique	75	8.50	7.50	7.00
*Escanaba	75	10.50	10.00	9.00
*Menominee	75	11.00	10.50	9.50
*Green Bay	75	11.50	11.00	10.00
Oden-Oden	83	7.50	7.00	6.00

** Meals and Berths included beyond Sault Ste. Marie.



CAMPING AT LES CHENEUX.

TOURIST RATES TO NORTHERN RESORTS.

Duluth.

	CLEVELAND.	FROM TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 35.	\$34.00	\$33.00	\$32.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co., or			
**Anchor Line.		Duluth.	
Return same route.			

ROUTE 35.	33.00	32.00	31.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold Line		Sault Ste. Marie.	
*Any Lake Sup. Str.		Destination.	
(Except Nor. S. S. Co.)			
Return same route.			

ROUTE 9.	30.00	29.00	28.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
**Northwest Trans. Co.		Duluth.	
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co., or			
**Anchor Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
Arnold Line.		Mackinac Island.	
D. & C.		Starting point.	
See time table of Lake Superior Steamers.			

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP CO.

ROUTE 81.	25.50	24.50	23.50
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Nor. S. S. Co.		Duluth.	
Return same route.			

ROUTE 79.	25.00	24.00	23.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
Nor. S. S. Co.		Duluth.	
Return same route.			

ROUTE 38.	39.20	37.20	35.95
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold's Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or			
**Anchor Line.		Duluth.	
Any R. R.		St. Paul.	
Any R. R.		Chicago.	
Any R. R.		Detroit.	
D. & C.		Starting point.	

The above route terminating at Chicago will be furnished for \$30.50 from Cleveland, \$30.00 from Toledo and \$29.00 from Detroit.

NOTICE—The above route 38 will be \$2.00 less, transportation only, if passengers desire to go via Northern Steamship Co. from Sault Ste. Marie to Duluth.

ROUTE 9.	39.70	37.70	36.45
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
*L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or			
*Anchor Line.		Duluth.	
Any R. R.		St. Paul.	
Any R. R.		Chicago.	
Any R. R.		Detroit.	
D. & C.		Starting point.	

The above route terminating at Chicago will be furnished for \$41.00 from Cleveland, \$30.50 from Toledo and \$30.00 from Detroit.

NOTICE—The above route 9 will be \$2.00 less, transportation only, if passengers desire to go via Northern Steamship Co. from Mackinac Island to Duluth.

ROUTE 9.	35.70	33.70	32.45
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold's Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
M. S. P. & S. S. M.		Minneapolis & St. Paul.	
Any R. R.		Chicago.	
Any R. R.		Detroit.	
D. & C.		Starting point.	

* Meals and Berths included beyond Mackinac.

Duluth—Continued.

	CLEVELAND.	FROM TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 9	\$35.70	\$33.70	\$32.45
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
D. S. S. & A.		Duluth.	
Any R. R.		St. Paul.	
Any R. R.		Chicago.	
Any R. R.		Detroit.	
D. & C.		Starting point	

The above route terminating at Chicago will be sold for \$26.50 from Cleveland, from Toledo \$26.00 and \$25.50 from Detroit.

Minneapolis & St. Paul.

ROUTE 61.	29.00	28.00	27.00
D. & C.		Mackinac or St. Ignace.	
D. S. S. & A. Ry.		Duluth.	
Any R. R.		St. Paul or Minneapolis.	
Return same route.			

ROUTE 63	29.00	28.00	27.00
D. & C.		Mackinac or St. Ignace.	
D. S. S. & A.		Trout Lake.	
M. S. P. & S. S. M.		St. Paul or Minneapolis.	
Return same route.			

ROUTE 9.	41.00	40.00	39.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
*L. M. & L. S. T. Co., or			
*Anchor Line.		Duluth.	
Any Railway.		St. Paul or Minn.	
Return same route.			

ROUTE 9	40.00	39.00	38.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
**L. M. & L. S. Trans. Co.			
**Anchor Line, or		Duluth.	
**North West Trans.		St. Paul & Minn.	
Any Railway.			
Return same route.			

Lake Superior Points.

ROUTE 35.	CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
Marquette	\$20.00	\$19.00	\$18.00
Houghton	26.00	25.00	24.00
Hancock	26.00	25.00	24.00
Ashland	32.00	31.00	30.00
Bayfield	32.00	31.00	30.00
Duluth	33.00	32.00	31.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold's Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co., or			
**Anchor Line.		Destination.	
Return same route.			

ROUTE 36.			
Marquette	\$21.00	\$20.00	\$19.00
Houghton	27.00	26.00	25.00
Hancock	27.00	26.00	25.00
Ashland	33.00	32.00	31.00
Bayfield	33.00	32.00	31.00
Duluth	34.00	33.00	32.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or			
**Anchor Line.		Destination.	
Return same route.			

Collingwood and Owen Sound.

ROUTE 36.	\$23.00	\$22.00	\$21.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
*Great Nor. Trans. Co. or			
*North Shore Nav. Co.		Destination.	
Return same route.			

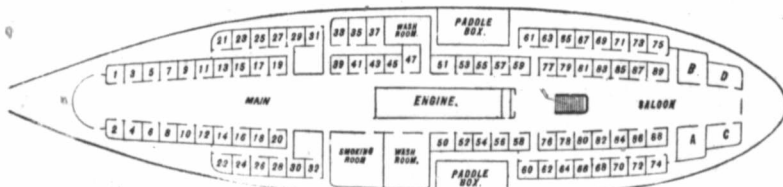
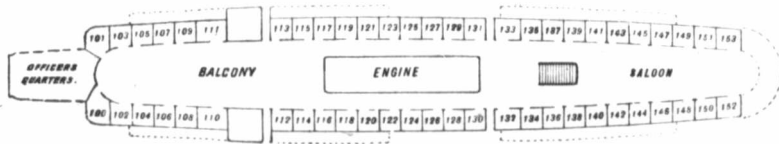
CAN. PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO.

ROUTE 35.			
Owen Sound	23.00	22.00	21.00
Port Arthur	26.00	25.00	24.00
Fort William	26.00	25.00	24.00
D. & C.		Mackinac Island.	
Arnold's Line.		Sault Ste. Marie.	
**Can. Pac. S. S. Co.		Destination.	

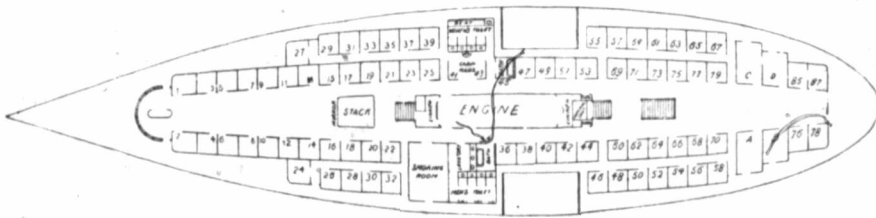
** Meals and Berths included beyond Sault Ste. Marie.

Cabin Diagrams of all Steamers.

STATEROOMS for any date may be secured at the local offices at Cleveland or Detroit. Address D. C. McIntyre, Dist. Pass. Agt., Cleveland; A. A. Schantz, Gen. Pass. Agt., Detroit; Wm. Gates Boody House, or F. N. Quale, Wharf Agent, Toledo, Ohio. During July and August, rooms on Lake Huron steamers must accommodate at least two persons. Price of rooms covers the trip on each steamer, whether for one or two nights: Upper berths, \$1.00; lower berths, \$1.50; whole stateroom, \$2.50; parlors, \$5.00. Please bear in mind that each stateroom is arranged for two or three persons, therefore it is important to state whether accommodation is desired for lady, gentleman, or family, that all may be properly located.



GALLERY AND GRAND SALOON—STEAMERS CITY OF CLEVELAND AND CITY OF DETROIT (NEW).



GALLERY AND GRAND SALOON—STEAMERS CITY OF ALPENA (NEW) AND CITY OF MACKINAC (NEW).

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OUR HOTEL LIST.

RATES PER DAY. CAPACITY.			RATES PER DAY. CAPACITY.		
Alpena.....	Churchill.....	\$2 50.....00	Marquette.....	Brunswick.....	\$2 00.....60
".....	Golling.....	2 00.....75	".....	Summit.....	1 50 to 2 00.....60
".....	Alpena House.....	1 00.....50	".....	Hotel Superior.....	
".....	Union Hotel.....	1 00.....50	Oscoda.....	The New Elliott.....	1 50.....75
Au Sable.....	New National.....	2 00.....100	Petoskey.....	Arlington.....	2 00 to 3 00.....500
Bay View.....	Bay View.....	2 00.....100	".....	Cushman.....	2 00 to 3 00.....150
".....	Howard House.....	2 00.....200	".....	Occidental.....	2 00.....100
Cheboygan.....	Cheboygan.....	2 00.....75	".....	Clifton.....	1 50.....60
".....	Spencer.....	1 50.....100	".....	Lawton.....	1 50.....50
Harbor Springs.....	Kensington.....	2 00.....200	".....	National.....	1 25 to 1 50.....60
Harbor Point.....	Resort.....	2 00.....200	Put-in-Bay.....	Beebe.....	2 50 to 3 00.....200
Les Cheneaux.....	The Islington.....	2 50 to 3 00.....150	".....	Hotel Victory.....	2 50 to 4 00.....1000
".....	Les Cheneaux Htl.....	2 00.....100	".....	Hunker.....	2 00.....75
Mackinac Island.....	Grand Hotel.....	4 00 to 5 00.....1000	".....	Park.....	2 00.....50
".....	New Mackinac.....	2 50 to 3 00.....200	Sault Ste. Marie.....	Iroquois.....	2 50 to 3 00.....150
".....	Astor.....	2 00 to 3 00.....200	".....	Exchange.....	2 00.....75
".....	Island.....	2 50 to 4 00.....400	".....	The Park.....	2 00 and up.....300
".....	Mission.....	2 00 to 3 00.....100	".....	Arlington.....	2 00.....150
".....	Murray.....	2 00 to 3 00.....75	Sault Ste. Marie.....	Can. International.....	2 00 to 3 50.....400
".....	Central.....	2 00.....50	St. Clair Flats.....	Star Island.....	2 00.....300
".....	Lake View.....	2 00 to 3 00.....100	St. Clair Springs.....	Oakland.....	3 00.....500
".....	Palmer.....	2 00.....50	St. Ignace.....	Sherwood.....	2 00.....150
".....	The Chicago.....	2 00 to 2 50.....50	".....	Russell.....	2 00.....100
Marquette.....	New Clifton.....	2 00 to 3 00.....100	Topinabee.....	Pike's.....	2 00.....70
".....	Marquette.....	2 00 to 3 00.....100			

Boarding Houses at Mackinac.

NAME	CAPACITY	RATES
Miss Mary Doud.....	35	\$10 00 to \$12 00 per week
Miss Amanda Hoban.....	20	" " "
Miss Mollie Todd.....	30	" " "
Miss Packard.....	25	" " "
Mrs. A. E. Davis.....	30	" " "
Mrs. F. M. Bennett.....	100	10 00 to 15 00
Mrs. Tom Gallagher.....	20	10 00 to 12 00
Mrs. Belle Gallagher.....	25	" " "

Boarding Houses at St. Ignace.

NAME	CAPACITY	RATES
Mrs. Tamlyn, Grand View 18.....		\$6 00 per week
Mrs. C. S. Carr, Carnation Cottage.....	12	" "
Mrs. Sheldon.....	20	" "
Mrs. Grant.....	25	5 00 and 6 00 per week

DAILY LINE CLEVELAND TO BUFFALO \$2.50

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CLEVELAND and TOLEDO,
Via "C. & B. LINE."

Steamers "City of Buffalo," (new),
"State of Ohio" and "State of New York."

DAILY TIME TABLE.

(SUNDAY INCLUDED AFTER MAY THIRTIETH.)

Lv. Cleveland.....7.00 P. M.	Lv. Buffalo.....7.30 P. M.
Ar. Buffalo.....7.30 A. M.	Ar. Cleveland.....7.30 A. M.

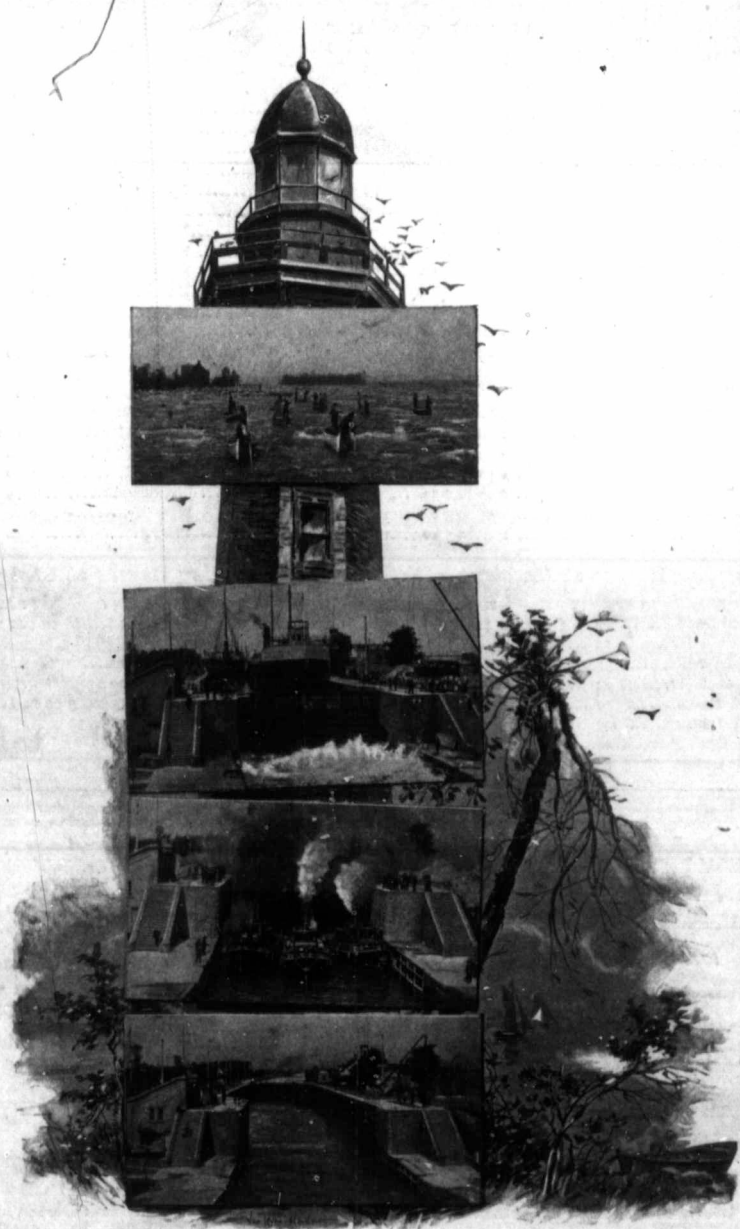
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

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W. F. HERMAN, **T. F. NEWMAN,**
GEN'L PASS. AGENT. GEN'L MANAGER.
CLEVELAND, O.



SCENE AT U. S. GOVERNMENT LOCKS AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

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