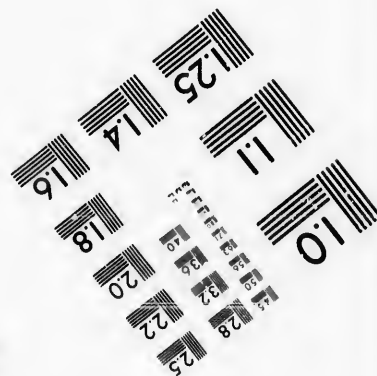
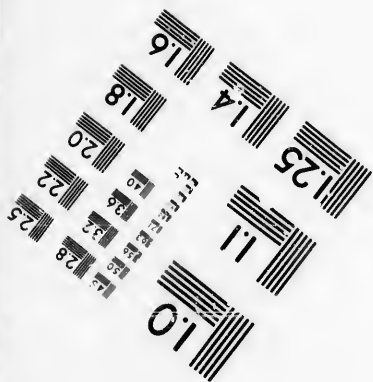
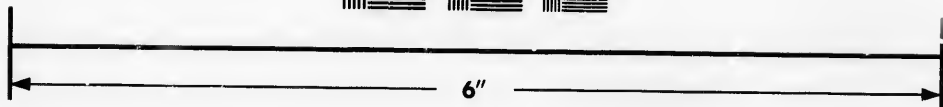
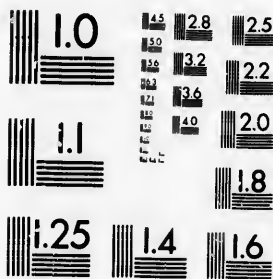


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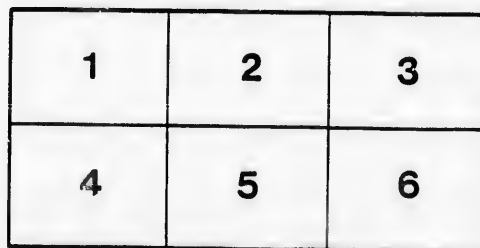
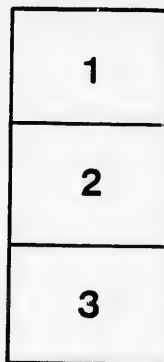
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LORD FRESHBOYS NEW ENGLAND TOUR



A SUMMER STORY OF THE PASSUMPSIC

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LORD FRESHBOY'S



A Story for Summer Travelers.

WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED AND PRINTED FOR THE

MONTREAL & BOSTON AIR LINE,

AT LEVE & ALDEN'S PUB. DEPT., 107 LIBERTY ST., N. Y.

A CONFESSION.

JMPRIMIS : I've been fooled—most egregiously and confoundedly fooled !

It's all my own fault, however, and I may as well admit it before I tell you about it.

Why shouldn't a journalist—a sort of newspaper waif like myself—who has been writing for years and years about the mistakes and follies of other folks, also chronicle his own ?

To be sure, it isn't exactly as pleasant to recount the manner in which one has been made the victim of a stupendous joke as it is when the joke is on somebody else; but it's too good to keep, and so here goes !



Lord Freshboy's New England Tour.

MY story opens upon the deck of the fine Allan Liner "Parisian," upon a bright morning in June of last year. Time, at the moment of casting loose from the wharf of the Line at Liverpool.

We had a large crowd of cabin passengers on board, many of them leaving England for their first voyage, and the scene was as spirited and interesting as any I have ever witnessed upon shipboard.

"Do you see that pair of gents aft No. 5 life-boat?" said a man near me to his wife, "well, one of 'em is Lord Freshboy, a big gun, and t'other is Mr. Salter, a Wall Street man, New York."

Looking in the direction indicated by my neighbor, I saw two men of the most diverse possible appearance and physique, engaged in an animated conversation, and apparently upon the best of terms. One was large, rotund and melo-dramatic; he was dressed in a suit of tweed and wore a somewhat dilapidated "plug" hat.

I mentally wondered where he had picked up the lithe, well-made and graceful young lord by his side, for the latter was so entirely in contrast, as I have said, with the elder, as to lead one to marvel at so strange a friendship. I mentally resolved that if I became acquainted with his lordship upon the voyage, I would take occasion to warn him as to the influence of such a man; for the young nobleman seemed to me to bear the impress of innocence itself.

Three days passed, three miserable and tumultuous days, for directly upon leaving port we were enveloped by a gale against which our great iron home battled bravely, meeting the huge green seas head on, and occasionally diving into them in such a way as to lead the unhappy passengers below, unable to get out of their berths, to believe that at last the end had come. They were days that one might well wish to blot out from the checquered calender of memory.



"MR. SALTER."

Then the storm passed by, and one by one the imprisoned voyagers ventured upon the wet and slippery decks.

It was then that I picked my way carefully along the rail, and laying hold of the door of the smoking-room, found myself deposited, by an unexpected lurch of the ship, plump into the lap of my lord, who was contentedly smoking in solitary state within.

It was due to the oddity of this incident, and the abject profusion of my apologies to his lordship, that our acquaintance began, and led to the veracious incidents which I am now engaged, a year later, in recording.

The smoking-room upon a huge trans-Atlantic steamship is one of the most democratic places in the world. Here, for the nonce, lords and commoners may meet on equal terms, and discuss through the softening medium of clouds of smoke international questions of the mightiest importance. Here the sporting nobleman going out to the Rockies, dogs, guns and servants, first discovers that it takes a week rather than a night's ride to reach our great and incomparable shooting preserves. Here the astute American fills the receptive British mind with many unheard-of and ingeniously stated facts regarding the greatness of our national bird.

I was glad to be able to forewarn this simple-minded young nobleman of the snares which might be laid for his innocent feet.

Said I. "It is a pleasure, my lord, to me, as a Bostonian, to welcome your lordship to our country. You will find in no other city so many devoted admirers of the peerage as in our town. I speak as a journalist and one having authority. I hope your highness has quite recovered from the effects of the storm, and that your friend from New York, the broker, is also recovering."

A sly twinkle overspread the noble countenance for a moment, and then Lord Freshboy replied :

"Thanks ! As for myself, you know, I 'aven't been down at all, and don't mind a bit of a blow; rather like it, in fact. It's pretty rough on old Salter, though, and I fear we shawn't see much of 'im this side of port."

I was inwardly glad, but outwardly sympathetic.

Gradually I led the nobleman to unfold his plans to me.

He was visiting Canada and the States for the first time. He had been at sea a great deal, however, in voyages to India and to the Mediterranean ports in his own yacht. Upon this trip, however, he had concluded to go over quietly by steamer, and travel privately and *incog.*, in order to learn all he could about the people, and find chances for good investment. He would be obliged for any information I could give him.

In return for the entire confidence which the young peer reposed in me, I told him that I had been doing Germany and France as correspondent for the *Daily Scooper*, which, I remarked by the way, enjoyed the largest circulation of any journal in New England.



"I WAS GLAD TO BE ABLE TO FOREWARN THIS SIMPLE-MINDED YOUNG NOBLEMAN...

During the successive days of the voyage our intimacy ripened, and I was happily enabled to give my noble acquaintance a great deal of information regarding America, but more especially that portion in which Bostonians have the most patriotic pride; and he had promised me to go down through the White Mountains from Montreal, and perhaps visit our own city.

I was determined, if possible, to introduce him to some of our solid citizens, and do my best to keep him away from the clutches of those

sharks, the Wall Street brokers, who would speedily discover the young noble and his money if he got into New York.

Upon the sixth day we sighted Belle Isle, a great rocky islet that marks the entrance into the estuary of the St. Lawrence, and passing this we enjoyed two charming days of voyaging in smooth water, passing up amid the grandly picturesque scenes of the lower portion of this beautiful river, and finally casting anchor at the stately city of Quebec.

It was my original intention to go directly from Quebec to Boston, via Newport upon Lake Memphremagog, stopping a day or so at that point *en route*, but when I explained this to my friend Lord Freshboy, he urgently requested me to accompany himself and his friend the broker (who only appeared upon deck when we got into the smooth water of the St. Lawrence), to Montreal where, it was understood, they were to meet several Chicago friends, and enjoy a few weeks of travel before going West. I agreed to go, as a matter of course.

At this period of our acquaintance I was delighted to note that his lordship appeared ready to accept almost every proposition I made, and I felt that his judgment consequently showed evidence of great good sense.

As the Western friends of my lord and Mr. Salter were not expected at Montreal for some days, we registered at the St. Louis Hotel, and enjoyed a leisurely series of visits to the many interesting features of this most un-American of cities.

We drove in caleche down the beautiful Beauport road, and spent a few hours upon the spray-swept banks of Montmorenci Falls. We promenaded in the evenings upon the grandly-placed Dufferin Terrace, listening to the band of the garrison of the fortress which frowned above. One day we drove to the battlefield and listened there to an historical oration by our versatile cabman, who "had it all down fine," as we Americans put it.

I was quite surprised and pleased to discover how much his lordship knew about Quebec and its history. Indeed, if he had not repeatedly assured me to the contrary, I should have believed he had been there before.

In the midst of our diversions I took occasion to apprise our editor-in-chief of my arrival, and gave the reasons why I had not hastened on to Boston, laying great stress upon the importance of traveling for a time with his lordship.

It's not often that a newspaper man has a live lord all to himself for a month, more or less, without letting the fellows upon other dailies get hold of him,

I was delighted to find that my chief agreed with me. He telegraphed to this effect :

"Hang to him. Don't let him get away. Bring him along at once. "
"EDITOR 'DAILY SCOOPER.'"

I wrote and explained that his lordship couldn't be brought in haste, but must be wooed by gradual advances, and that after we had reached the White Mountains, I would do my best to induce him to continue on to the Hub.

I was very thankful that I had adroitly prevented his lordship, who was standing by when the dispatch came, from seeing it.

"'Ope you 'aven't hany bad news?" he remarked, eyeing the telegram.

"Oh! Not at all. It's only word from home about our family. They're all O. K."

I blushed painfully when I said this.

All newspaper men blush when they tell lies. Some of them wear habitually florid complexions, suggestive of apoplexy.

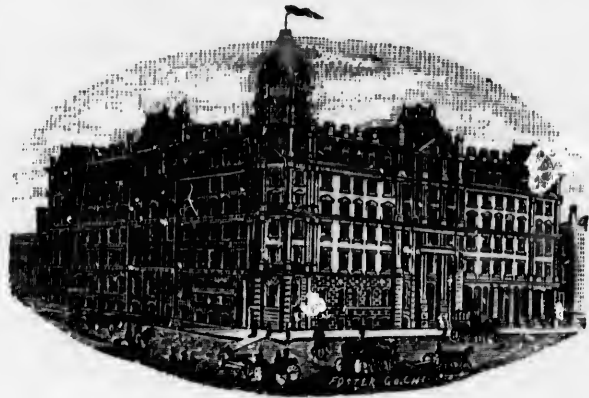
Lord Freshboy then asked what O. K. signified, and I explained that it was American for *Oil Ker-rect*.

We had intended to take the steamboat from Quebec to Montreal, as the trip is a very agreeable one, over night only, but my two companions expressed a preference for the trip by rail, and so we went by daylight over the North Shore line, which runs parallel with the river throughout the trip of about five hours. A fine view was thus afforded of the curious and primitive French-Canadian settlements.

Nearly all of the stations were saints something or another.

At Montreal we registered at the large and splendid Windsor Hotel, a house which does great credit to the entire Dominion.

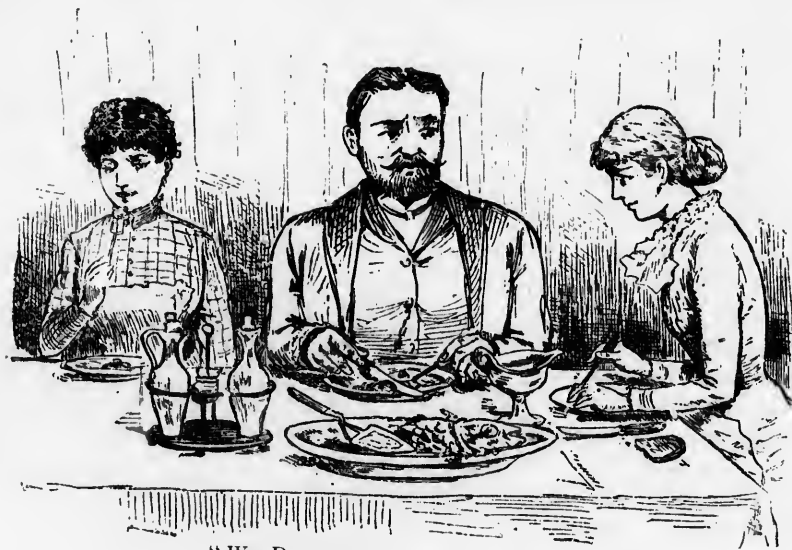
We found upon arrival that Mr. Salter's party from Chicago, two ladies and a gentleman, had reached Montreal, and, upon looking into the dining-room, we discovered them at dinner.



WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

While Mr. Salter was preparing the way in the spacious corridor upon the second floor for the introduction of the nobleman and myself, we loitered in the great hall below.

In the meantime I noted with some wonder that Lord Freshboy seemed to be already blessed with considerable acquaintances in the house. The clerk persisted in shaking hands with him and inquiring after the health of certain New Yorkers.



"WE DISCOVERED THEM AT DINNER."

He explained to me aside that the clerk had formerly been connected with an hotel in London where he and some New York friends of his had occasionally dined; but he did not inform me how it happened that, when two or three other individuals came up confidently and shook his hand, they almost immediately turned away, after casting a smile in my direction, upon a word from my companion.

I wonder now at my own obtuseness, when I think over the many little significant incidents of our acquaintance. Perhaps at this time I should have learned to suspect that somebody was playing a part, had it not been that just then we were summoned by our friend Salter to an audience with the ladies and gentleman (two of the former and one of the latter) in the parlor.

Fifteen minutes after, I excused myself and rushed out of the house to

get some fresh air and walk off a dangerous palpitation of the heart, for I, Melville Beaconstreeter, had just met and held converse with the most beautiful being on this hemisphere. You have her picture here. It does not half do her justice, but judge for yourself.



"JUDGE FOR YOURSELF."

There could be no doubt about it, although every young man in love may rise up and dispute the assertion. Yet here I set it down defiantly. Was I not a stony-hearted bachelor, who had withstood the social sieges of a dozen Boston winters and the smiles of a score of damsels who would have gladly shared the high respectability of my name, the only valuable possession left me by my paternal parent?

Her smile was like heat-lightning in its dazzling effect; and when she extended the dainty tips of her fingers, it was all over with me.

I felt like that noble red man who was induced to grasp the two handles of an electric battery.

I had a confused remembrance of being presented to another lady and her companion, a tall and judicial-looking young man, but if anyone had asked me their names five minutes afterward, I couldn't have recalled them to save my life.

After walking rapidly for an hour, I came back to the hotel and looked at the register.

Our party now numbered six—just a table full,—and stood upon the books of the hotel as follows, in their order of arrival:

Algernon Stanhope Freshboy, Bart., London, Eng.

Shakespeare J. Salter, New York.

Melville Beaconstreeter, Boston, U. S.

Miss Effie Monteith, Chicago.

Mrs. S. J. Salter, New York.

Mr. Monroe Monteith, Idaho.

By the next mail I received a letter from my principal, the able editor of the *Daily Scooper*, which, it becomes necessary in the development of my story, should be here introduced in full:

"OFFICE OF THE DAILY SCOOPER, }
 "1101 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., June 15, 1882. }

"MY DEAR MR. BEACONSTREETER:—

"You are doubtless aware that great interest is felt in certain quarters of this city in the expected visit of Lord Freshboy to the United States, and especially to Boston. His departure upon the "Parisian" from Liverpool was cabled, and it is reported that he is commissioned by a syndicate of capitalists abroad to make heavy investments in America in such enterprises as he may find to his liking.

"To be brief, we want to get hold of him. We—the proprietors, editor, and a friend or two—have got an enterprise in hand in which we need his interest. You must stay with him and bring him here."

"Money! money! nothing but money!" thought I bitterly. Am I to be a mere cat's-paw to drag an innocent capitalist into a speculative hive? I would never do it."

"I need hardly tell you," continued the letter, "that in case we succeed in obtaining the interest of Lord F. in our company, the 'Great Unlimited Florida Land and Emigration Company,' we shall let you in for a round block of shares."

"That," thought I, "alters the case."

"Unfortunately, one of the owners of that unprincipled and debased afternoon paper, the *Evening Bean Bowl*, has a scheme without the least chance of success to commend it. He calls it the *Mammoth Sure Thing Silver Mining Company*.

"He, too, has learned that our distinguished guest is coming, and the *Evening Bean Bowl* has a man now in Montreal trying to capture him. You must keep a sharp watch and prevent it."

"Well, I should smile!"

"Draw on me for all the money you need to do the thing up in good style, and assure his lordship of our most profound regards."

"Ahem! yes."

"Keep us privately posted each day as to the whereabouts of your party, and show our guest every possible attention. Hang the cost.

"Yours,
 EDITOR 'DAILY SCOOPER.'"

"Hang the cost! yes, indeed. Now, if Lord Freshboy didn't see New England in good style, why, you might shoot yours truly, the undersigned."

We were in Montreal three days, and my anxiety concerning the mysterious emissary of the *Evening Bean Bowl* began to give way to confidence, for no such person had as yet appeared.

I even ventured to hint to his lordship that it was possible he would be approached from that source, and he assured me that he would prove adamant itself to any such influences.

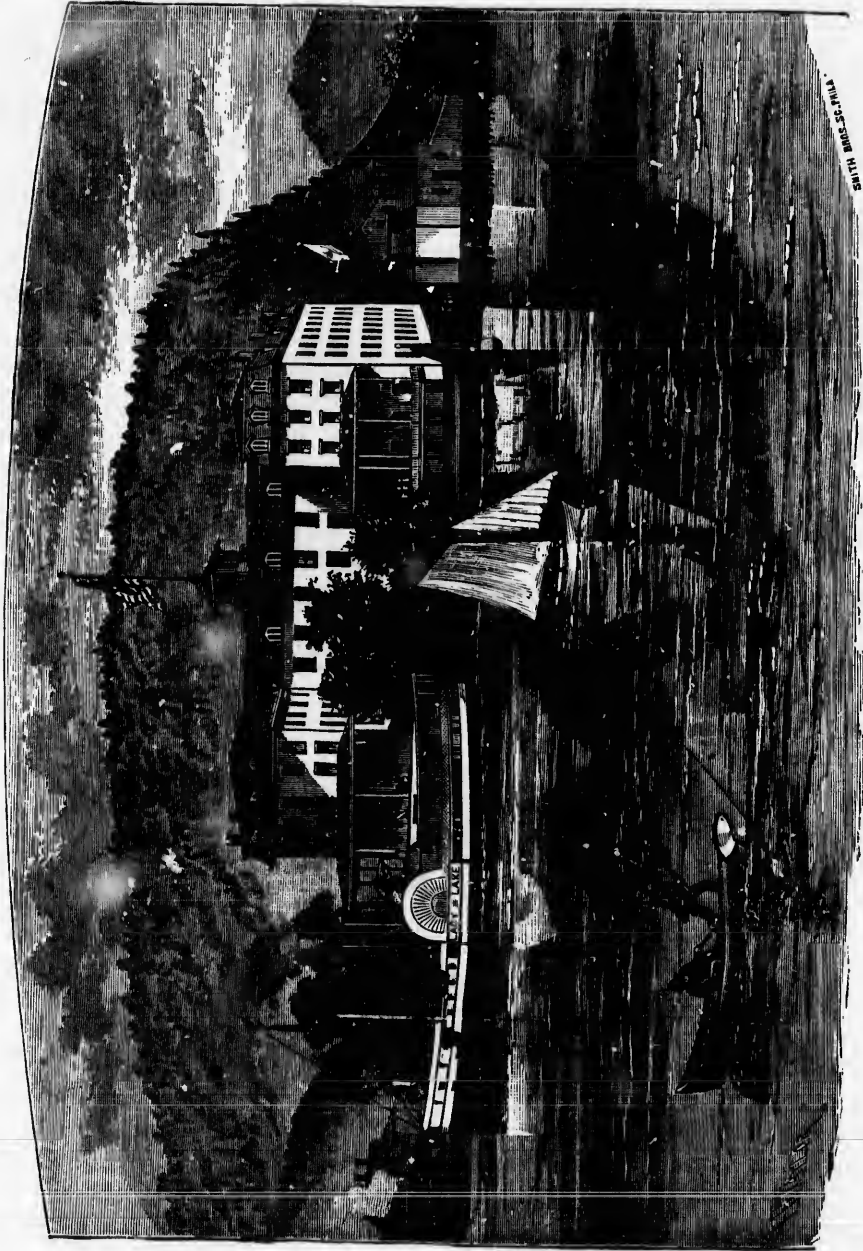
My life was now a delightful admixture of pleasure-making and business. It was my business to seek pleasure and my pleasure to seek business, as it were.

I was allowed, in our several excursions to Mont Royal and other delightful suburbs of the city, to escort the charming Miss Monteith.



"OUR SEATS WERE IN A PALATIAL PARLOR CAR."

By virtue of the unlimited funds placed at my disposal, I was enabled to tempt my lord and his party with a tour carefully prepared, which should lead down through the most charming scenes in New England, and eventuate at Boston.



SMITH BROS. & CO. N.Y.

MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE, NEWPORT, VT.

All that I proposed was gladly adopted, and I had the pleasure of wiring our editor that night :

"Got him O. K. I leave with party in morning for Lake Memphremagog.
"BEACONSTREETER."

We rolled out of Montreal and sped swiftly away across the superb Victoria Bridge and among the hills of Canada, over the South-Eastern Railway. One of the first objects to meet our gaze after crossing the river, was the splendid and spacious new shops, offices and restaurant, at West Farnham, a result of the enterprise and liberality of the Hon. Bradley Barlow, President of this railway. Our seats were in a palatial parlor-car, which runs through in summer from Montreal to the sea, via St. Johnsbury, Fabyans, and the White Mountain Notch to Portland.

Lord F. and the ladies were so delighted with the trip to the Lake that I felt half sorry I had not arranged to go right along to the mountains, but then, of course, it would be a great mistake to pass by the Lake.

I had engaged the best rooms in the Memphremagog House at Newport, by telegraph, having warned the proprietor, Mr. Bowman, in advance, of the distinguished character of one of my guests.

The apartments looked out directly upon the superb panorama of the lake.

An hour after our arrival I was surprised to find his lordship industriously engaged in sketching the scene from the end of the broad piazza.

"Why!" exclaimed I. "Do you sketch? What a pleasure it must be!"

"Oh! certainly. I assure you it's quite the thing to do. Should like to show you my sketches of our pig-sticking bout in India, or my tiger hunt, or a shipwreck we had down on 'the Horn,' or of my ride across Siberia. Unfortunately, I left 'em at 'ome;" said his lordship placidly, as he laid in the light shadow of far-away Mount Elefantus and the bolder form of Owl's Head Mountain, with Province Island showing still darker at its base.

I had no idea a British nobleman could be so talented and versatile.

"As you are so fond of sketching, you may be pleased to know that this region is a favorite resort with artists from Boston and New York. There are many beautiful points down the lake within a few miles you would delight in seeing. We will take a voyage to-morrow, if you like!"

"Agreed! I'm in for anything picturesque; but, I say, our friend Salter and Mr. Monteith talk of going on to Boston to-morrow morning; some business, you know."

I turned white.



OWL'S HEAD MOUNTAIN, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

"Will Miss Mon—I mean will the ladies also go?"

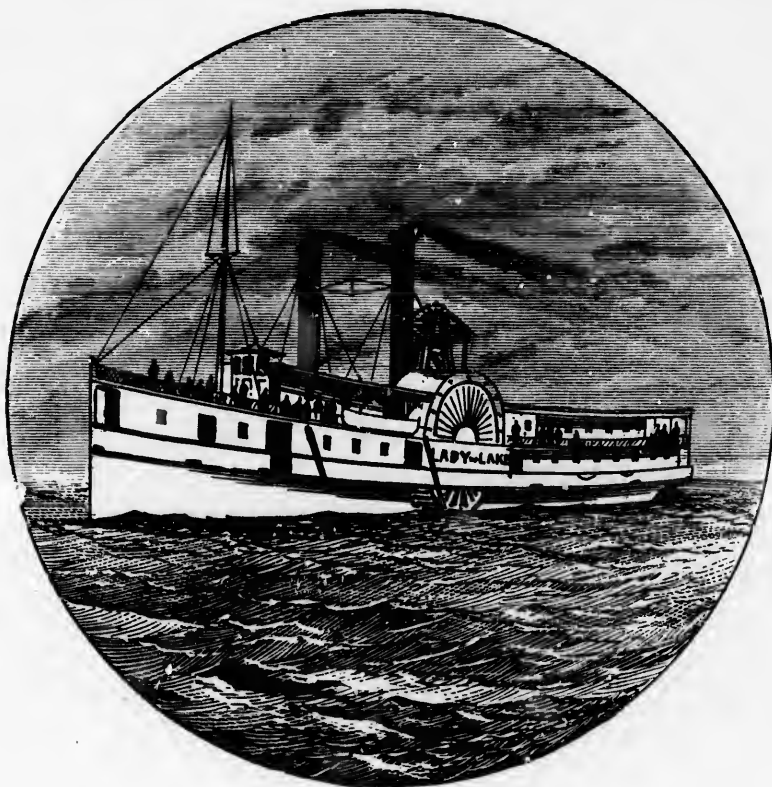
"Oh! no. They are going to await Mr. Salter's return here in a week or so."

I could have danced for joy. Did any one ever have better luck? What a jolly quartette we would make! Mrs. Salter in the care of his lordship, and as chaperone to the lovely Miss Effie. (You see we had already come to an understanding as to first names).

Lake Memphremagog is a peculiar, and in some respects unique, body of water. It rests partly in the United States and partly in Canada, the line being run across Province Island. The lake is about thirty miles long, and averages two miles in width.

Westward and northward it is hemmed in by a range of precipitous hills, the chief of which is Owl's Head Mountain, a peak of some 3,000 feet in height. The base of

this mountain is twelve miles from Newport, the American village at the head of the lake, where we were staying. Owl's Head forms a prominent feature in the landscape. Mt. Elephantus is seen remotely away toward Magog, the French and Indian village at the other extreme of the lake. Many rocky islands dot the surface of the lake, some of them being crowned



STEAMER "LADY OF THE LAKE."

with fine summer villas of wealthy Canadians. Conspicuous among these is the retreat of the late Sir Hugh Allan, chief owner of the Allan Line of steamships.

The water of the lake is deep and cool—salmon-fishing being, in consequence, very excellent.

Several steamboats ply upon the lake, making daily round trips between Newport and Magog, touching at several intermediate points.

The finest of these boats is the "Lady of the Lake," a staunch iron craft built especially for passenger traffic, and during the summer enjoying a large patronage. Capt. Fogg, her commander, is a well known and popular character upon the lake, ever ready to afford his guests diversion *en voyage*.



VILLA OF THE LATE SIR HUGH ALLAN.

Upon the eastern shore, opposite Owl's Head, is Bay View Park, a beautiful grove where large shelter-buildings, boats and all the conveniences for pic-nicking are kept, and which is occupied almost daily in summer by excursionists from points in Vermont along the Passumpsic Railroad.

At Owl's Head Landing the visitor will find a hotel, the Mountain House, neat and roomy, with excellent fare, and set in a most picturesque location. A little gem of a bay makes in to the northward of the house

and gives a pretty beach, where it is safe for children to play, and must even tempt children of a larger growth. Good boats are kept here.

From this point, agile tourists, fond of climbing, scale the sides of Owl's Head Mountain; a well-beaten path leads to the summit, which appears as broken and distraught as the crater of a volcano.

From this rugged coign of vantage, a grand and impressive scene meets the eye. Below, the quiet lake rests calmly, or perchance broken by sudden winds, between its rugged, green shores. Villages and farm lands, winding roads and silver tributaries are traced here and there; away down to the southward are the mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire, hanging upon the horizon vague and gloomy like a summer thunder cloud. Viewing this, the tired adventurer will feel well repaid for the labor of the ascent.



CAPTAIN FOGG.

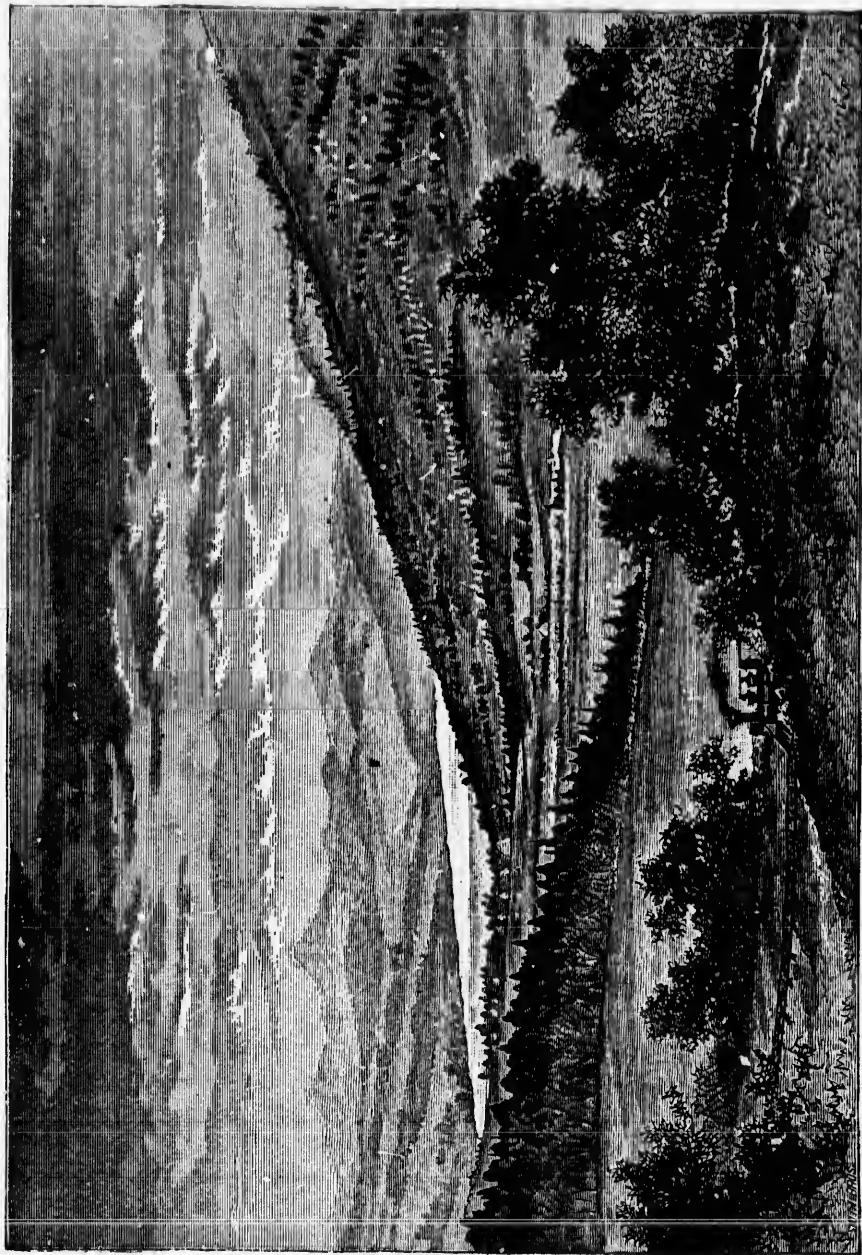
The foregoing I clip bodily from an article of mine printed in the *Daily Scooper*, resulting from a former visit to this beautiful sheet.

At Newport, the town where we were visiting, the leading feature is the large, white, Memphremagog House, which is set close to the lake, and contiguous to the Union Depot, where the Passumpsic R. R., and South Eastern Railways meet. The hotel is owned by the former company, and is maintained with a view to greatly popularizing this point as a resort. At the time of our visit the house was rapidly filling with guests from the New England cities, and from Montreal.

The Passumpsic Railroad which, as I have said, we meet here, continues northward near the eastern shore of the lake for some miles, and passing close beside Lake Massawippi, a very picturesque sheet, continues to Sherbrooke, a fine and enterprising Canadian town, where it meets the Grand Trunk and Quebec Central Railways.

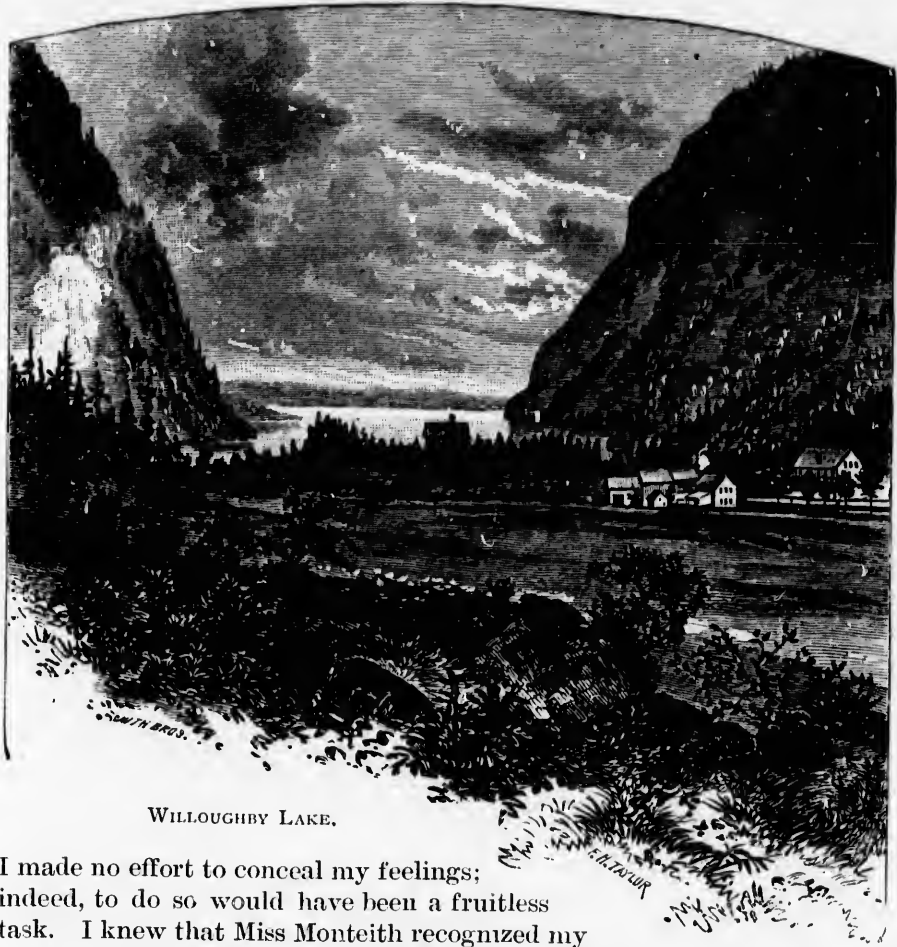
Remembering my promise to Lord Freshbey, I engaged a little steam yacht, very appropriately named the "Water Witch," for a day along the lake, and early the following day we started out, supplied with sketching material, an abundant lunch and a quantity of fishing material. I don't know much about fishing, but like to look on and see others, endowed with greater patience, amuse themselves in this way.

Ours was a day of perfect pleasure, and we returned that evening only to plan for another day of idling along the fern-embroidered banks, and



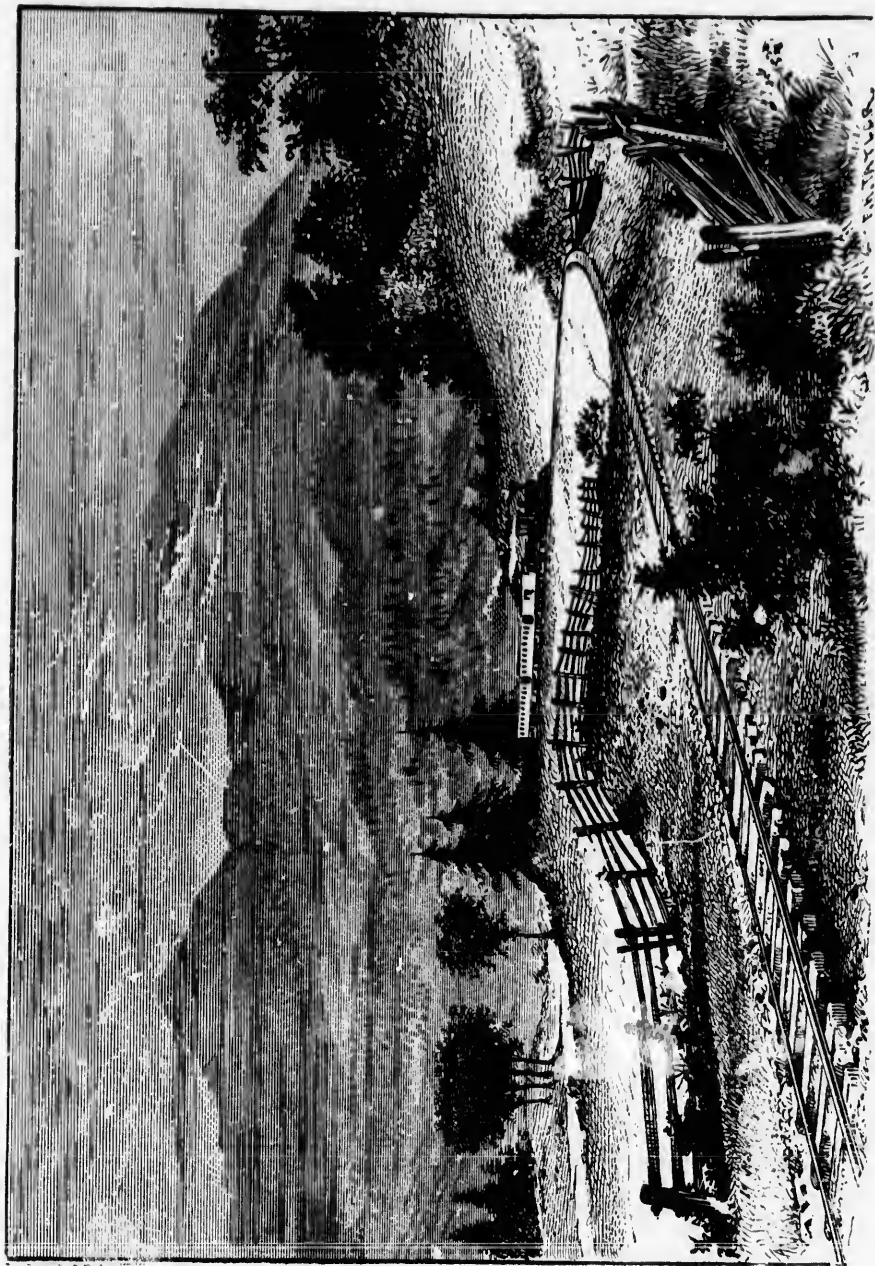
CRYSTAL LAKE.

amid the tangled recesses of the lake shore. I was madly, wildly, in love, and the more I brought the forces of logic to bear upon my case, the more I realized that I was hopelessly infatuated with the beautiful Chicagoan.



WILLOUGHBY LAKE.

I made no effort to conceal my feelings; indeed, to do so would have been a fruitless task. I knew that Miss Monteith recognized my plight, and yet I dared not say a word upon the subject to her. Why, only a week ago, I had never dreamed of her existence. No! I must be patient. As yet she knew but little of myself or my prospects, which I must confess were not very flattering. Journalistic promotion is slow and uncertain. But then I thought of the "Great Unlimited Florida

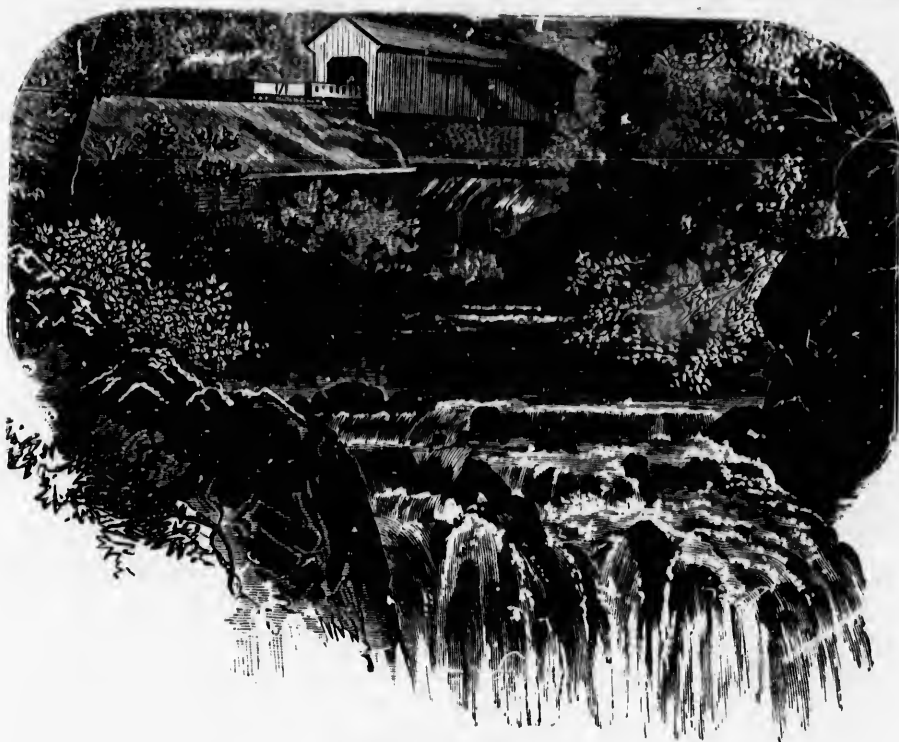


BURKE MOUNTAIN, VT.

Land & Emigration Co.," and of my prospective shares, and then I took heart.

I watched the register of the hotel, and pursued each suspicious arrival from Boston, until I was satisfied he was not an emissary from the enemy.

I also wrote daily to our editor, and in response to a dispatch from him,



PASSUMPSIC RIVER.

induced his lordship to consent to a little trip down the Passumpsic road to St. Johnsbury, and through the White Mountains.

Taking seats in the parlor car of the through train which leaves Newport in the morning, we were rapidly borne southward, the scenery growing wilder every mile of the journey.

We kept for many miles beside a little stream that flowed downward to the north, passing Crystal Lake along its western shore, and keeping steadily up the grade, passed the "divide" or summit of the road under the great shadow of Burke Mountain.

En route we enjoyed a passing glimpse of the cleft in the mountains in which Lake Willoughby sleeps, at a distance of four miles from West Burke station. Beyond Burke Mountain the waters flow southward, and we passed swiftly along, meeting the head waters of the rapid little Passumpsic River, from which this railroad derives its name, and watched the erratic little stream, constantly growing larger and stronger, caught up now and anon and made to turn mill-wheels, again dashing headlong over its rocky bed, or sleeping quietly within willowy shadows.

We reached St. Johnsbury in due time, and from this point turned away and began the up-grade ride to Fabyans, where this train stops for dinner. I felt half tempted to stop at St. Johnsbury, as it is a typical New England town, picturesque, wide-awake and prosperous. One can hardly gain an adequate idea of the beauty of the place from a car-window point of view. The business and residence streets are at the top of a long hill, and the factories of the Messrs. Fairbanks, whose scales are sent to all parts of the world, are in a valley hidden from view by the intervening height. This concern makes apparatus for determining weights, from the delicate instruments used by the assayer, and which will respond to a feather's weight, to the ponderous affairs upon which locomotives may be weighed.

We determined to remain at Fabyans over night, in order to enjoy the novelty of a ride to the summit of Mt. Washington, an experience which I had realized once before.

Every traveler is familiar with the charming peculiarities of this trip, and I need hardly describe them in detail here. There was an incident, however, which I afterwards recalled with some amusement, of which I must speak.

We all registered our names in a book at the Tip-Top House. My lord wrote them for the party. When I looked at them, proud to be set down in the company of such a distinguished person, I discovered, to my astonishment, that he had written, instead of his own name, that of Shakespere J. Salter, Chicago. In some agitation, I called his attention to it, upon which there was a laugh by the ladies, and a confused explanation by his lordship, who said:

"You see, my boy, I don't want to be recognized here. There's a man around here, somewhere, who is trying to get me to put some money into a scheme of his, as you warned me he would. He was at Lake Memphremagog, and failed to corner me there, and I caught a glimpse of him as we reached the summit. I thought we had got away from him. I hate to be bored! That's why I used Salter's name. Do you see?"

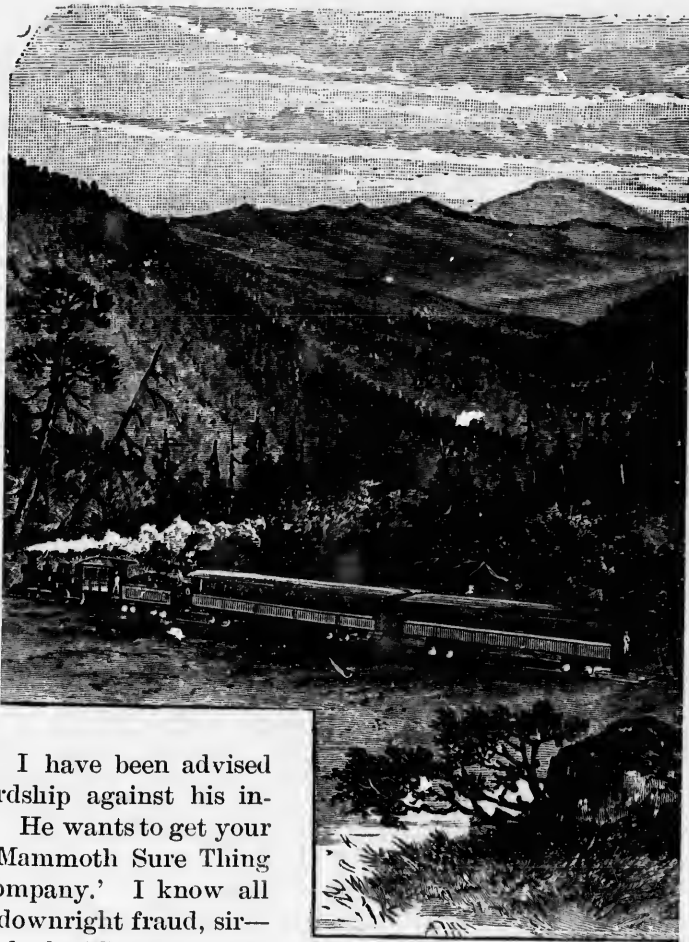
I began to admire Lord Freshboy's abilities as a traveler. Here was another instance of his refutation of the freshness implied in his noble cognomen.

"My lord," said I, in agitated tones, "Does this person who is haunting you come from Boston? Is he the minion of a detestable sheet called the *Evening Bean Bowl*? If so, beware of him! I have been advised to warn your lordship against his insidious advances. He wants to get your money into the 'Mammoth Sure Thing Silver Mining Company.' I know all about it. It's a downright fraud, sir—a humbug—as, no doubt, Miss Monteith's brother, who is from Idaho, can tell you."

Lord Freshboy grasped me by both hands, and, with tears in his eyes, thanked me for rescuing him from this dangerous individual.

During the remainder of our stay in the mountains I kept a vigilant outlook for my enemy, but, although my noble guest reported seeing him at several points, I was never able to discover his identity. This puzzled me no little.

The day following our trip to the summit of Mount Washington, we



THROUGH THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

continued our journey through the White Mountain Notch as far as North Conway, upon the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad.

This is the route taken by the famous through daylight express between Montreal and Portland, a train which always goes both ways well filled with Canadian and American pleasure-seekers.

The scenery here in the heart of this noble group of mountains is so impressive and beautiful that I must fail utterly in finding adequate language in which to paint it.

Observation cars were used between Fabyans and our objective point. These being open at the sides, gave every passenger a full view of the vast cañon, down the side of which our iron pathway is laid. Although I have made several trips by daylight over this beautiful route, I fully enjoyed it, almost as much so, I think, as did my noble guest and his fair companions. Upon reaching North Conway, where we registered at the Kearsarge House, we voted to change our plans and retrace our steps the following morning in order to again view the sublime scenery of the Notch of the White Mountains, after which his lordship promised to accompany me to Boston, where it had been arranged by mail Mr. Salter and Miss Monteith's brother were to await us.

Upon the return trip, via Fabyans, I arranged for a pleasant diversion from the main route, which would take us by the narrow-gauge railway past Bethlehem to Echo Lake, and the Profile House, a well-known resort in Franconia Notch, whence we might go by stage ten miles through the Notch, a most glorious ride, and thence, by rail thirty miles, to Plymouth, where the main line of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad would be met. This branch from Plymouth has been recently constructed, and will eventually be extended through to connect with the narrow-gauge railway at the Profile House.

This plan was carried out to the letter. After devoting a day to the scenery about Echo Lake, we took the morning stage, and reached Plymouth in time for the train southward, which stops here at the Pemigewasset House (a large and popular hotel, now filled with summer guests) for dinner.

The environs of Plymouth are noted for beauty and variety. Excellent roads tempt one to drive, and, as livery teams are plenty and good, carriage-riding is much indulged in.

At Plymouth I received the following dispatch :

“ BOSTON, June —
*“Try to bring party here on Thursday. Important meeting of
 U. F. L. & E. Company. Answer. EDITOR ‘DAILY SCOOPER.’”*

I replied, assuring my chief that we would be on hand, and then, as there were still two days intervening, I quietly laid out a little side trip, and when we came into sight of the picturesque shores of Lake Winnipisaukee, I informed my friends that we would alight at Weirs, where the railway runs close to the Lake, and the steamer, another "Lady of the Lake," was waiting to carry us away among the delightful bays and islands that make up the total of this most lovely and erratic of waters.



NEAR NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

A large and handsome hotel attracts travelers at Weirs, but I wished to have my friends enjoy the voyage upon the Lake, and we therefore decided to go to Centre Harbor—a fine old place, with a capacious hotel, the Senter House, among the trees, facing the lake, and backed by hills that command a delightful and expansive view of the many bays with which the lake is bordered upon one hand, and the peaks of the White Mountains upon the other. There are many fine drives in the vicinity, but I

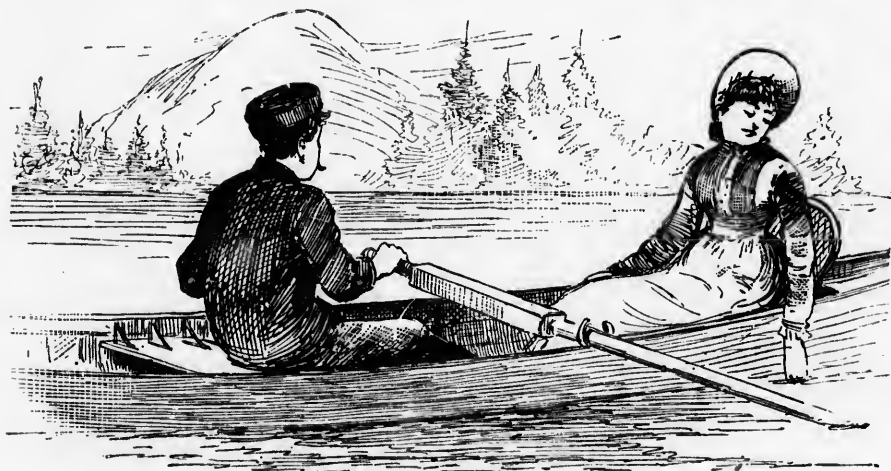
much prefer the boating. I shall never forget the rowing at Centre Harbor, for it was here, and in a row-boat, that I (or perhaps I may say we) reached a culminating point in this little story.

It happened in this way:

Miss Monteith, passionately fond of sunset effects from the water, besought me to row her far out upon the lake.

His lordship was busy writing a letter in the reading-room, and Mrs. Salter begged to be excused. We were, therefore, quite alone at that time of day, and under such conditions as are highly dangerous to susceptible hearts.

The picture of that evening lingers in my memory like a glimpse of heaven.

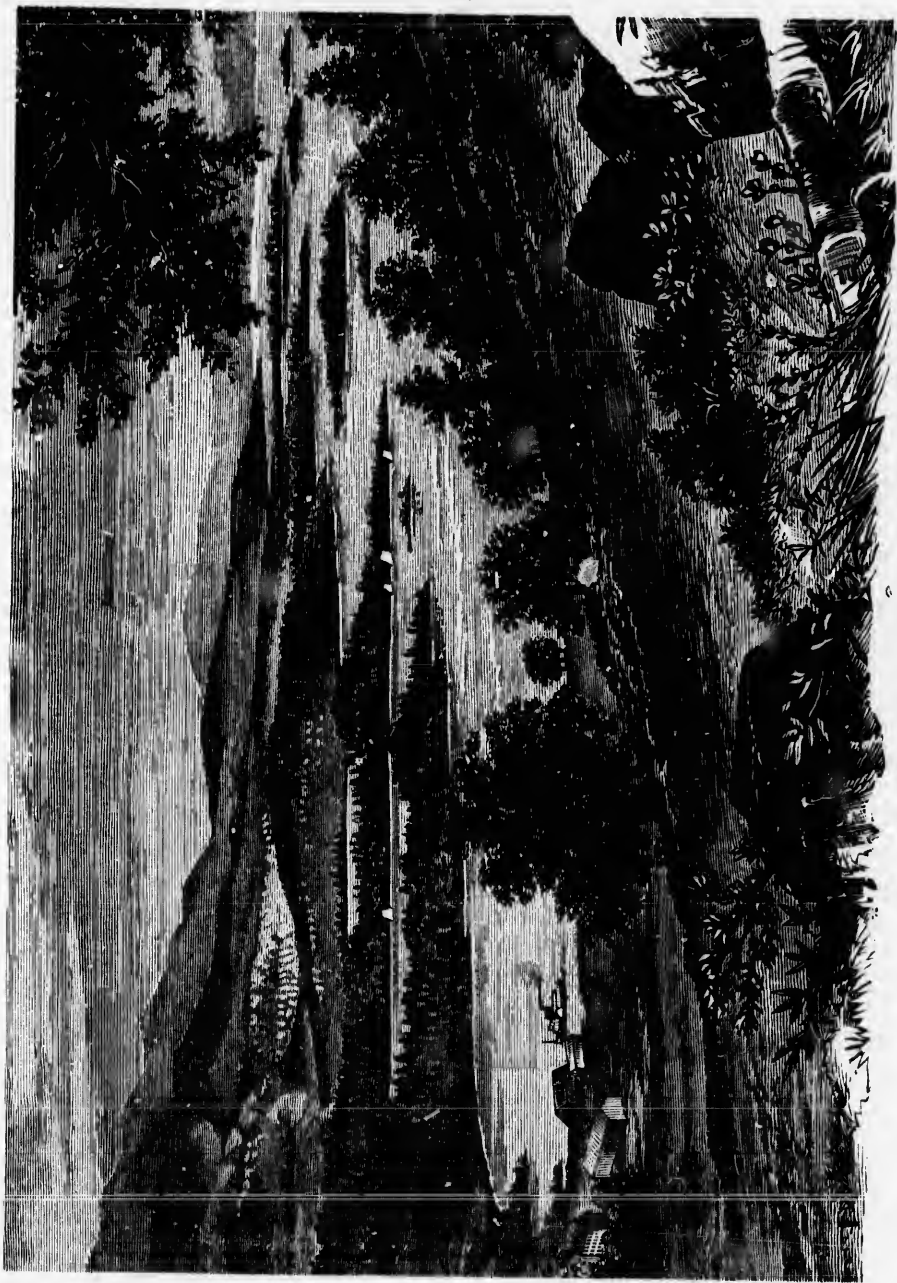


"IT WAS AN HOUR OF PERFECT PEACE."

It was an hour of perfect peace. The lazy plash of my oars broke the still surface of the lake into ripples that spread away into ever-increasing circles, and plashed upon the graveled strand as we floated along with a sweet and musical cadence. Miles away the blue smoke and twinkle of uncertain fire light bespoke a party of campers, and, indeed, we could distinguish their voices as they busied themselves in their primitive preparations for supper.

Along the hill slopes we heard the pleasant evening farm yard sounds.

The lowing of cattle, the baying of watch dogs, and the song of the plow-boy tramping homeward. Everywhere there seemed peace. Everywhere save in my heart, and there raged a consuming fire. Oh, love!



LAKE WINNIPSEOGEE.

thou most blessed and yet most evil of man's temptations, where were you leading me?

I spoke to Miss Effie of my absence abroad, and how often I had longed, when in some European capital, to again set foot in my adored Boston. I told her that within a few days a great change had been wrought in the scheme of life I had laid down, that Boston no longer had its charms for me, that anywhere else would be preferable, if only she were there.

I said a great deal more to that effect, and then she spoke:

"Mr. Beaconstreeter," said she, "I have learned within the short period of our acquaintance to truly estimate the sincerity of your nature, and to appreciate your worth. I might even promise to reciprocate your love, but there is an obstacle between us, of which you little dream, and which, I fear, will cause you to regret your advances to me. You have for some time past been the victim of deception, just in what manner, I cannot now say. If, after you discover the nature of this plot, you still think me worthy of your love—for I, too, have been a party to this league against you—why, then, if you ask me, I will be yours."

The sun had long since hidden his face behind the western slope, and darkness all but veiled the tender, yet eager, expression upon my companion's face.

I was filled with joy and apprehension. Could it be, then, that now I had stormed the citadel of her heart, I was yet to be dispossessed by some dire discovery? It could not, should not, be!

We rowed back to the hotel in silence.

We arranged to leave Weirs upon the Montreal & Boston Express in time to reach Boston upon Thursday evening, and it was with a truly regretful heart that I realized that now came the final stage of our delightful journey, and that I should be shortly apprised of the manner in which, and by whom, I had been fooled.

The solution came when I least expected it.

A newsboy at Concord brought through the train copies of the *Evening Bean Bowl*. Something tempted me to purchase one. I seldom ever looked into its columns when at home. One of the first items to strike my eye was the following:

"A HEAVY INVESTMENT OF BRITISH CAPITAL.

"It will be a matter of surprise to our citizens to learn that an English nobleman, Lord Algernon Stanhope Freshboy, has been in Boston for the last ten days, stopping at the United States Hotel *incog*.

"Lord Freshboy has been engaged for several days past in examining

the merits of a new corporation, and, being satisfied with the value of the lands held by this company, and which are located in the mining districts of Idaho, he has made final arrangements for the purchase of the controlling interest in its stock for himself and other capitalists.

"We may add that, as there is no further cause for silence, that his lordship thought best to temporarily exchange names with one of his associates in the new mining enterprise, a gentleman closely connected with the interests of this paper, although a resident of New York. The gentleman to whom we allude came from London with his lordship, and was, indeed, chiefly instrumental in obtaining the aid of his capital. He is expected here to-morrow from Vermont, where he has been visiting for a few days upon the invitation of a well-known journalist of this city, who was also a passenger upon the same ship from Liverpool. Our distinguished and esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Scooper*, will please note."

With a severe struggle, I maintained my composure, but what a volcano was raging within.

I saw at a glance through the whole sham.

The *Scooper* was undoubtedly *scooped*. I had been using its money for weeks simply to amuse a fictitious lord, and he an owner of the opposition sheet. And there he sat, within four feet of my chair, placidly reading a magazine.

Gone like a summer morning's mist was my block of shares in the Unlimited Florida Land and Emigration Company!

Gone was my self-confidence and elation!

And gone, in all probability, was my place upon the staff of the *Daily Scooper*! Heavens! to think that I must face the editor. A nice return from Europe, this!

At any event, I would now play my part through, nobly.

Arriving at Boston, I at once ordered a carriage, telling the driver to go direct to the United States Hotel. We were ushered into a private parlor. I at once took Miss Monteith by the hand, and said: "Mr. and Mrs. Salter, I am apprised of the deception which has been practised upon me. 'He laughs best who laughs last.' This young lady has given me her heart, with one proviso, that I should forgive her first for having known of this masquerade without warning me. It could not have been so seriously intended as it has now turned out, or such as she could never have consented to the fraud.

"*My lord*, and ladies, I hold Miss Monteith to her troth for one year. By this adventure, I am left without employment. Give me a year, and I will have regained my lost ground and will come for my bride. Adieu!"

In the midst of my melodrama, though deeply in earnest, I was

comically struck with the guilty and astonished appearance of both the spurious lord and his wife, and, when I regained the open air, I leaned against the first convenient post and laughed until my sides ached. I was nervous and worn out; a good laugh restored me.

I decided to face the music in the morning, and see the editor at his own house as soon after he was out of bed as possible. I will not harrow the soul of the reader with the details of that interview.

I emerged from the editorial mansion with the feeling that my usefulness in this life was undeniably a thing of the past. The money that was due me upon balance of account, for European letters, was to be applied toward refunding the sum spent upon his *lordship* in the mountains.

My heart was filled with bitterness.

A half day of such utter misery and indignation as I now passed through was enough of gall for a whole lifetime. That was the duration of my purgatory. In the afternoon, I was called upon at my lodgings by a messenger, who bore a note from the office of the *Mammoth Sure Thing Silver Mining Company*, tendering me the position of Secretary, with a salary far in advance of anything I had dreamed of in my hopes of future preferment as a journalist.

Thus came the first step in reparation. The others followed speedily.

The real Lord Freshboy did me the honor to call in person at my lodgings, and brought with him his duplicate, whom I now knew as plain Mr. Shakespere J. Salter, Member of the Board of Brokers, New York.

The latter said, "Do you recall the morning upon the 'Parisian,' when you stumbled into my lap and acquaintance at the same time? You then mistook me for my friend, the lord. I knew he would be kept in his stateroom until we struck smooth water, and for a joke, purely, I concluded to keep up your delusion. I told Lord Freshboy of the joke, and he at once begged me to keep his name until he called for it. It is a hobby of his to travel about the world without his title. I had no idea of carrying the conspiracy so far, but as I knew you were in the service of the *Morning Scooper*, and had private advices of their designs upon his lordship, I felt that all was fair in journalism, as well as in love.

"By the way, my dear fellow, I kept a pretty accurate account of our expenses after leaving Montreal, and as you will never get your money from the paper for your letters (you see I know all about it), you may as well take my check for said expenses. I can afford it better than you. I never had so much fun for so little money in my life."

And so Miss Effie's own brother was the agent for whom I was on the

watch and could never catch. It was he who carried My Lord right away from under my nose, without my knowing it. That was why she feared I would not forgive her when I discovered how I had been taken in !

While thus reflecting, Lord Freshboy gave vent to an ominous cough, and then spoke as follows :

“Mr. Beaconstreeter, I am aware from the lips of the young lady herself of the attachment you have formed. Permit me to say, as her uncle, that it has my approbation. She will, upon arrival at legal age, become possessed of a considerable estate in her own right. In addition to this, I promise to transfer to you, in the event of faithful service in the company with which I have just become interested, one thousand shares in the stock of same, upon the occasion of our first dividend. Let us hope it will be soon, sir. Good night, sir.”

Here, indeed, was abundant food for reflection, and ample salve for wounded feelings.

Who wouldn't forgive a joke, even when so seriously terminated, for a wife, a fortune and a good business position !

So, Mr. Monroe Monteith and his charming sister were related to the noble lord !

No wonder he captured the lord at Montreal. I learned later, indeed, that Mr. Salter went to Europe with letters to the nobleman from Mr. Monteith, with whom he was very intimate.

It was somewhat humiliating, however, after all my anxiety that my false lord should see the best resorts and finest views in New England, to learn that not only he, but the entire party, had been visiting Montreal, Lake Memphremagog, and the White Mountains for years, and knew the South Eastern and Passumpsic Railroad far better than I.

In another week, it will be a year since the evening when I declared my intentions in the parlor of the United States Hotel.

How much has been done within that short space !

The magic hand of capital has touched the bleak and rocky hills of Idaho. Hundreds of brawny men have been at work far into the bowels of the earth. Smelting works now belch forth huge volumes of smoke, and at night their lurid glare affrights the coyote in his retreat.

All has gone well with the *Mammoth Sure Thing Silver Mining Com-*

pany, and its stock would enjoy a healthy boom, but the fact is, that none of it can be found on the market.

Next week a dividend is to be declared.


I shall then take my certificates of stock, as evidences of good behavior, to Chicago, and claim my bride.

Our wedding tour will be over *the Montreal & Boston Air Line*.





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