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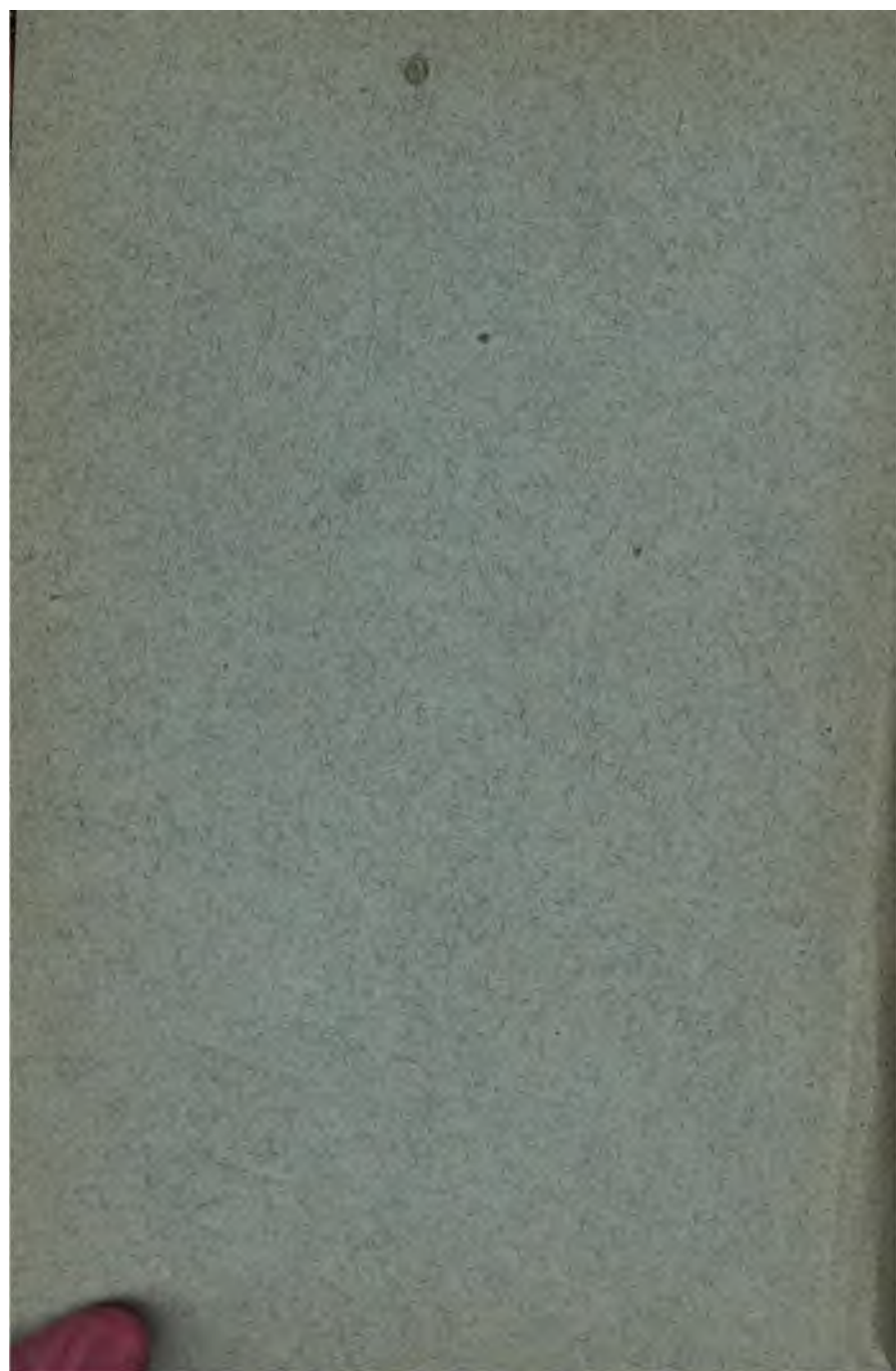
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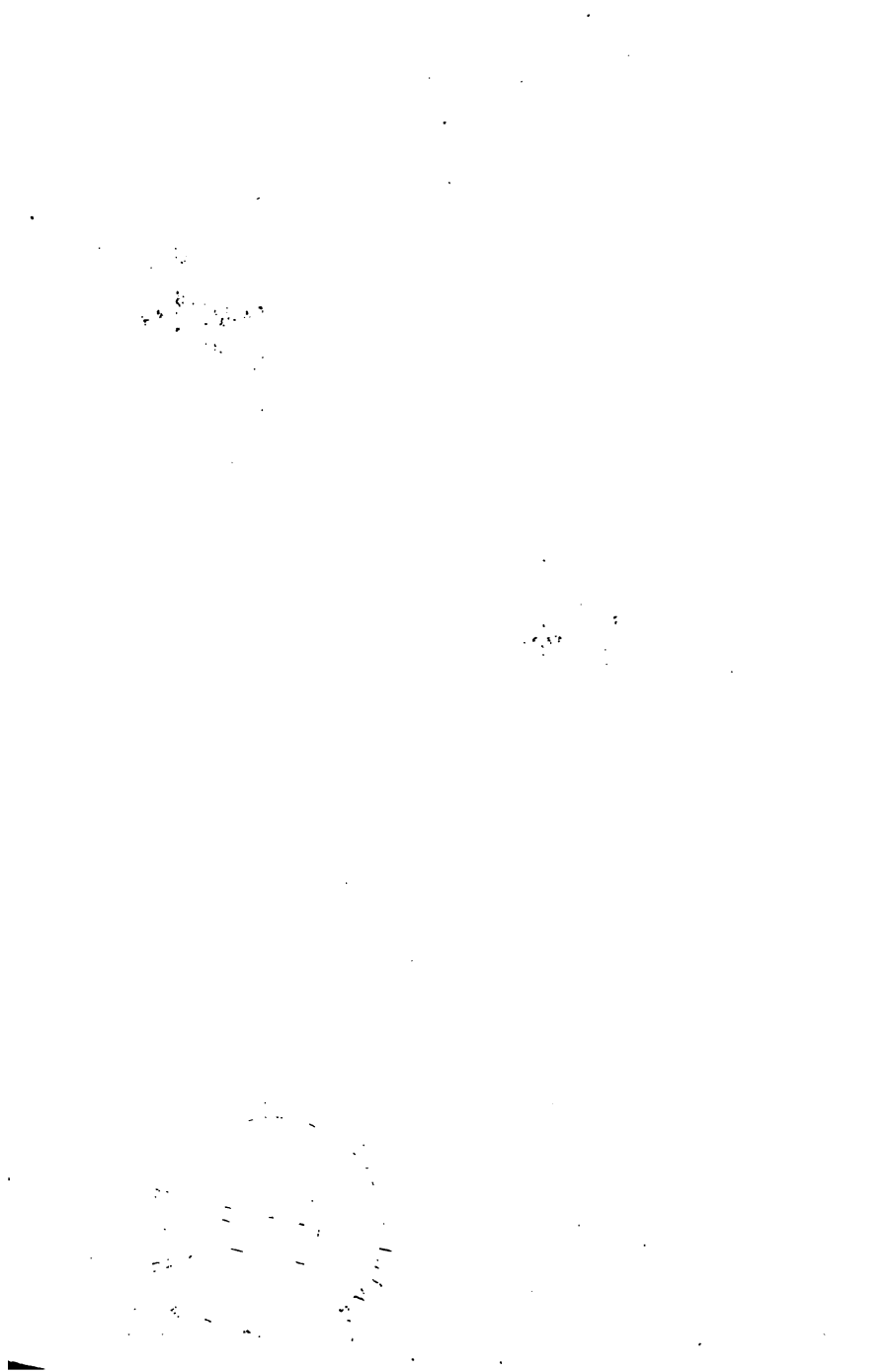




My
Rambles
in the

ENCHANTED

SUMMER LAND



MY RAMBLES

IN THE

ENCHANTED SUMMER LAND

OF

The Great Northwest

DURING THE TOURIST SEASON OF

—1881—



Washington by

CHICAGO.

1882.

INTRODUCTION.



THE series of letters that are here for the first time presented in type, were written by a well known literary lady while rambling through the Northwestern "Enchanted Summer Land." They were addressed to her invalid friend in Louisiana, for the purpose of compensating that friend, in a slight measure, for her unhappy inability to accompany the writer, as had been planned while making her vacation tour to and through the watering places and pleasure resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota in the summer of 1881.

As will be seen, they are descriptive of what the writer had been pleased to call the "Enchanted Land," and give pen pictures of places, people and things as they were actually seen by the writer, and as they may be seen and enjoyed by any person who may follow the same route. Written as they were, for the eye of her friend, their accuracy can not be questioned, and they consequently can be relied upon in every particular. The reading of these letters will show you that the writer was more than charmed—nay, was enchanted with her experience; and it is with the hope that you may follow her course and may be equally pleased, that we have collected these letters and placed them in such a shape that they may be read and their counsel may be followed by thousands rather than alone by the select circle surrounding the invalid in her Southern home, to whom, as we have before said, they were originally addressed. Written as they were, and published as they now are, we have not felt warranted in eliminating any reference to public institutions or public houses that are found in them, as perhaps would have been done had they been presented as a purely literary work. By those intending to make a Northern trip we believe these references will be largely valued, for their truthfulness and impartiality if for no other reason.

Compliments of

W. H. STENNETT,

Gen'l Passenger Agent,

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY,

CHICAGO, ILL.



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MY RAMBLES
— IN —
THE ENCHANTED SUMMER LAND.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.



EARLY in the season of 1881 our author makes the trip from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway, to Lake Geneva, Wis.; remains there many days; thoroughly explores all of its varied and beautiful surroundings; writes the following letter to her Southern friend, and then returns to Chicago. In her kindly, womanly, yet vivid style she discourses brilliantly and wisely, and gives advice like a philosopher. We would not add a word to her letter, but must be allowed to say that the Chicago & North-Western Railway offers two routes between Chicago and Lake Geneva, and that it is the only railroad that reaches that favored spot.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., August 15, 1881.

MY DEAR IRENE:

You dispense advice like a philosopher. You treat "circumstances" with that peculiar placidity which characterizes a fatalist. You endeavor to cultivate a graceful resignation while elaborating upon the "inevitable," proving humanity as plastic as clay to the intricate conditions of life, which are entirely subservient to events that are emphatically planned for us all!

I translate your well expressed sentiments very briefly, my far-away friend! I must endure your absence, instead of enjoying the fruition of our hopes—that we wander together this summer time, in quest of rest, pleasure, and that profit intellectually and physically which is the result of Nature's teaching and a relaxation from general duties.

Your erudition has not concealed the fact that you are disappointed! Beneath that avalanche of logic I detect an undercurrent of sad longing to join me in the expeditions we mapped out together. For my part I confess to a genuine, sharp *rebellion*, and had I the opportunity, I should discuss the subject with your physicians who prescribe "home" and "absolute quiet" as requisites to your restoration to health.

You cling tenaciously to the hope that I will send to you, while you remain in your balmy Southern home—which I frankly believe savors of the *torrid*—graphically delineated sketches of my rambles, which, although being idle exploits, can not be of that inertia which you are commanded to follow. I will try to please you, to entertain, and instruct for the future—for, with a woman's pertinacity, I believe they will send you North to recuperate after you have wilted and languished sufficiently to prove the fallacy of their doctrine!

Collect your mental imagery, prepare your colors, make ready your visionary canvas, and I will furnish material for your pictures. Unlock your knowledge box, and I will give you some scraps to stow away with your other treasures.

Preliminary to setting out for Lake Geneva, I packed with deliberation and discrimination exactly what I required—no more, no less—in as small a space as possible. I had learned by a bitter experience that a woman's folly is never more prominent than in an over supply of baggage at "summer resorts." I had previously ascertained that but one railway from Chicago led to Lake Geneva, and that was THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN.

After arriving at Chicago, and after I had completed my arrangements, I went to the elegant, new Passenger Station of the "Chicago & North-Western Railway." Reaching the main building, the sounds of a miniature city echoed from the vaulted archways and through the extensive waiting rooms, as the multitude surged here and there in eager haste, while the ringing of bells, the calls of officials, and the panting of engines anxious to be off, mingled with the great tide of bustling humanity.

We descended the broad steps, entered the train arena, and found our coaches in readiness. We settled ourselves in comfortable quarters for a ride of two hours, the distance between Lake Geneva and Chicago being but seventy miles. In due time we glided out of the city with almost imperceptible motion, between vegetable gardens which add to the metropolitan markets their varied products; out into the green, bright country; through thriving and attractive towns. No jolts or jars, thumps or unwieldy plunges disturb our reflections. I may mention that the "Chicago & North-Western" owns two routes to Lake Geneva—one via its Wisconsin Division and Crystal Lake, which is the one most used from Chicago, being the shorter, and over which we rode; the other via its Rockford, Freeport and Dubuque Line, to a point near Elgin, which is known as the "Fox River Route," a distance of eighty-five miles. On the Crystal Lake route we pass Montrose, Plank Road, Park Ridge, where the country begins to be slightly broken, and several other pretty places. The ride is not monotonous, but offers a continuous succession of rural beauties.

Our destination lies thirty miles west of Lake Michigan, and, by land *measurement*, sixty-three miles northwest from Chicago. The beauties of *this section have been introduced to the world by the "Chicago & North-*

Western" corporation. Apart from its scenic attractions, its salubrious climatic influences are invaluable. No marsh or slough poisons the air with miasmatic vapors. No decaying vegetable matter floats in sullen vileness upon the waters of the lake.

The village of Geneva is situated in Walworth county, in the State of Wisconsin, which has gained an enviable reputation through its agricultural and dairying pursuits. Geneva possesses superior water-power facilities. The population of the village numbers about 2,900, and is rapidly increasing. It is prominent, through its elegant residences and educational advantages. Its Ladies' Seminary is firmly established as a thorough, progressive institution, while its High School carries out a three years' course of instruction, embracing the principal sciences, classics and higher mathematics. Its churches are well built, and literature has many devotees who worship at the shrine of intellectual culture, within the limits of this tree-embowered, lake-bordered town. Its streets afford pleasurable walks, marking their regular lines beneath thickly leaved boughs. Its society is refined and its amusements of a high order. Property is steadily advancing in value, and we predict a rapid advancement in all respects for this meritorious and charming town.

You will discover when you come here, Irene, that you can procure the little et ceteras you may require at any of the well-kept stores, or replenish your stock of reading, or, if you are so inclined, cultivate your scientific or artistic inclinations by daily converse with master minds in these professions.

I shall never obliterate from my memory the thrill of ecstatic awakening to nature's loveliness that suddenly permeated my sensibilities, as I stood, for the first time, upon the pebble-stranded beach of Lake Geneva! Although my eyes had become wearied with the dazzle and glare of a feverish world, they seemed awakening from darkness, bewildered with the effulgence of a glorious light that can be described as nothing less than *divine!* A flash of bright coloring glinted before me—I stood in a maze of shifting sheen and brilliant sparkles that at last crept up to my feet in playful antics like the incoming tide of the mighty deep. It was the steamer's miniature breaker, that was all, and I relapsed again into a dreamy delight. That self which had grown immured within its own narrow powers, weary and even worn with counting the never-ceasing pulsations of anxiety and excitement; that self which had never before realized its feebleness, its smallness, snapped asunder its irksome bonds and went beyond the circumscribed limits that hem in life's earnest, anxious, laborious pursuits—drifted beyond to a full knowledge that living may be a beautiful tribute to higher creative power—a gift not to be blurred, defaced, distorted, rendered a burden! People make a great mistake, Irene, living as do the oxen, rising and plowing through the day, sleeping at night to rise again and plow—accumulating, to die at last, with this world a mystery to them, and the next a greater! The work is all the better done for a little recreation, and the mind becomes a motive power instead of a slave to routine—aimless beyond the accomplishment of a task and the dollars it counts. Let the severity of the *real* be toned down by the *ideal*—lose your every-day identity in that delicious repose which the persuasive loveliness of Nature never fails to induce. In some gracious, beneficent mood she fashioned Lake Geneva, and her children now luxuriate in its delights, gathering the daintiest of life's blossoms to preserve for memory's casket, as they do the exotics given them by a cherished hand, somewhat faded mayhap, but always dear to the owner.

I had stepped out of the train in my usual business-like manner, finding

myself in a quiet, wooded scrap of country that promised peace. I arranged with the knight of the carriage with practical equipoise, and rode down the broad, straight street, noting the merry tourists tripping merrily down the walks on either side, their large hats shading their faces and their jaunty summer suits bespeaking comfort. The masculine portion, *sans* coat, wearing in the place of that article the regulation blue blouse and Spanish belt, sauntered along quite regardless that military promptness adds twice to a man's bearing—ah no! nobody was doing anything that was inconvenient. I speculated in a commonplace way upon my temporal requirements, when lo! the gleam of silvery water came through the interstices between the interlaced boughs, and, as the carriage whirled, with a rasping, crushing sound upon a graveled walk in front of the Whiting House, the sublime scene widened, and Lake Geneva lay before me in moulten glitter and glory!

I left such trivial matters as carriage bill and creature comforts to other members of our party and sped over the quaint little bridge, down the sloping, verdure-carpeted shore, in a very rapture of enthusiasm.

I had heard—I had read—but I was unprepared and startled with an undefinable, strange joy, when my vision swept round this diamond of the lake gems of the Northwest. I repeat, I shall never cease to cherish that memory.

Under a vividly azure sky, flecked with feathery, roseate-tinted clouds, glittered and gleamed a restless, rippling combination of clear, pure ebullitions from deep, cool springs; all around a hill-side shore that measures twenty-five miles in length. United, these springs form a lake of unsurpassed clearness, its emerald wavelets so pellucid that the gaily colored pebbles and shells are plainly discerned at a depth of thirty-five feet! The setting of this jewel of Nature's treasures, is a circlet of scenic loveliness rarely equaled. Its borders are diversified with inlets, bays, sharp points of jutting headland, bold and picturesque, and crowned with noble forest trees; while in comparison, the curves of the bays are characterized by gently undulating lands, swelling hills and limited meadows. In the background, darkly looming against a softly blended sky of blue and cloud vapors, the grand old trees are deep and sombre in their depth of foliage, while nearer shore the colors lighten and brighten in various contrasts. But I am called away from my reverie and my picture, and, turning round, face the majestic seminary building embowered in trees, and then glance upward toward the town as I recross the little bridge, run through the summer-house and up the main steps leading into the wide, cool hall of the Whiting House. Mr. W. W. Watson, the urbane proprietor, welcomes us cordially, and we readily perceive that he possesses that requisite faculty of rendering his guests contented. True, the house is elegantly appointed, its cuisine perfect, and every convenience supplied, but even with these it might be a failure as a summer idling resort. Mr. Watson adds the two needful things—*able management and courteous attention*, and the Whiting House is a popular summer rendezvous of merry-makers. They walk, talk, sing, sail and dance in refreshing *abandon*. The house fronts the lake; is convenient to rail communication with the world, the village of Geneva, and boat facilities around the lake; 220 feet of piazzas afford a view of yacht adventures, regattas and other aquatic sports. Tourists can procure superior accommodations at \$3 per day, and from \$10 to \$17.50 per week.

You are not painting your pictures now, you are singling out the practical bits, and stowing them away in your knowledge box for future use. It is well, for sometime in the near future you and your friends will require *these aids while making your plans to escape the fiercely scorching rays of*

a tropic sun. There is room and to spare for you all in the gigantic Northwest, which is rich in cool, shady retreats, and blessed with balmy air and refreshing water. It is comfortable, however, to understand one's destination; the way thitherward; and to be enabled to make judicious selections. Expect then, the useful and beautiful combined, and separate them according to your taste and skill.

I had arrived in the hall of the Whiting House, I believe, already beginning to enter into the general spirit of lawless ease. Now, my dear, be not appalled! I use the term in a refined sense, I assure you. I convey the



The Bay, from Broad Street, Lake Geneva, Wis.

meaning that the rigid, conventional, ceremonious rules of society succumb to the weather and the season, and everybody is delicately comfortable, and socially interested in the well-being of others. I walk up the stairs to the apartment assigned me. And then, refreshed after my ride of two hours in the parlor cars of the Chicago & North-Western Railway from Chicago, I went down to tea, where I found groups of bright-faced summer idlers, the ladies draped in cool muslins and laces, and the young men adding a jaunty, nautical dash to the scene with their sailor *neglige*. Fans move lazily in the summer air, useless rivals of the breeze that sweeps in through the open windows from the lake, while strains of select music come in full, rich volume from the green sward in front of the house, where a well-trained band of musicians hold a *musical*. During dinner hours they sit within the office rotunda. And thus one may eat and listen, and feel

almost persuaded to become a Christian. It is so easy to feel those influences which are apart from the world's conflicts and temptations, when one is not beset with difficulties even to the opportunity of finding the least fault! And the fitting, whilom, midsummer guest subsists not principally on visions or retrospections, but exhibits an earthly inclination toward a good bill of fare.

And then I was in time for the sunset! We engaged a cranky little row boat that shot away from the shore with the swiftness of an arrow, and then reaching deeper water, curveted, oscillated and trembled as if imbued with the mad glee that seemed to possess the revelers, for we are surrounded by fifty light skiffs, while steam yachts dash noisily about, and the steamers sonorously plow their ways from point to point.

And now the sun goes down behind the hills in a flood of glowing carmine, and the water's emerald is deluged with a shifting, shimmering crimson flush, that gradually with declining day softens into pink, amber and pale green lights—which, as the darkening shadows settle lower and lower and deepen into a dusky film, bring out more intensely conspicuous the majesty and grandeur of these overlapping, darkly gleaming waves. A bond of silent meditation seals every lip, a sympathetic awe quells every tone, and we all rest upon the softly sounding lake, drifting with the gentle motion of the water—drifting into solemn questioning in unison with the hour—until the moon came slowly up from her gray couch, at first shedding a ghastly, spectral lustre over all objects. It was a weird resurrection of light from the pearly ashes of a burned-away day, enthraling us with a peculiar fascination. Higher and higher mounted the empress of the night, until earth was enveloped in a mellow, silvery robe of rare lustre. The shores came out distinctly, spires and towers were like burnished metal, the breeze sighed a prelude and then sprang into a frolic, while the white sails began to fill, and the lake had awakened to vivacity again. Pretty-lips laugh, and deeper tones reverberate on the air. White fingers troll along in the water, and dashing the wavelets upward in a shower of drops, ruin forever a bit of sentiment, perhaps! And so they chatter, sing, and doubtless flirt a trifle, out there in the moonlight, while our miniature craft makes its way back to the dock, and I seek my own quarters, there to sleep the slumber of the peaceful—for so "circumstances" shall number me while I am at Lake Geneva!

When I awoke the next morning I heard the splashing rain drops, and the sun was concealed by masses of murky clouds. The shores of the lake were hidden in the obscurity of a dense mist while the white-crested waves were dashing vindictively upon the beach. But the day's pleasure was only augmented, for, before eleven o'clock, the sombre clouds blanched, sunlight came drifting through the broken masses, and nature was doubly bright and inviting.

The little steam yacht is ready, and the shrill signal is sounded. With an agile bound that is somewhat out of our line, we enter the boat, and begin our ride round the lake. Do not omit this when you come to Lake Geneva. You can engage a yacht and leisurely skirt the hill-girt shores, pausing at will.

We began running along the north shore which bends in a southerly direction, passing the superb summer homes of G. Sturges and L. Z. Leiter. Further down we reach that of N. K. Fairbank. The architecture of these edifices is romantically novel. Experience and skill are evident in the proportions and combinations of gable, peak and quaintly embellished windows. The grounds are admirably kept. At the docks float the sail boats, *skiffs and yachts of these landed proprietors.* Somewhat beyond Mr. Fair-

bank's place the lake turns to the westward, and so continues, its length being about nine miles. H. Strong, H. L. Gay, E. Burke, Judge Withrow, Geo. L. Dunlap, Geo. Sturges, Gen. A. C. Ducat, Gen. Henry Strong, W. W. Patton, Julian S. Rumsey, Buckingham Sturges, W. Schneider, Gen. Anson Stager, R. T. Crane, Col. B. F. Norris, and many other wealthy and prominent Chicago gentlemen, have built charming and magnificent permanent summer residences along the lake shore, and have in various enterprises added to the popularity of this summer resort.

Gliding along the shore we behold a bewildering confusion of luxuriant coloring. The numerous varieties of trees, white, red, black and burr oaks, butternut, black walnut, white birch, blue beech, hickory, poplar, basswood and red cedar, in vigorous growth and in infancy, shrub and tree formation combining in noble embrasures and thicket, copse and dingle! Here a gauged old patriarch leans over the water, heavy not only with years and boughs but with trailing vines and scarlet berries, while just beyond is a smooth, grass-carpeted bank, its border resting upon a bed of pebbles so accurately arranged that you might fancy Art instead of Nature had been busy there. Further up, there is a natural pillow of purple, bell-shaped blossoms, while peeping through the tall grasses are yellow daffodils and tiny white and pink wedding bells, swaying in the breeze. To the west of us the high, bold points cast long, deep shadows, and boulders are heaped up here and there like war battlements just begun. It was a royal day, and Nature was in gorgeous drapery. Filmy cloud islets, with glittering strands, clustered in the upper air. Cumulous masses of vapor floated to the westward, dipping against the horizon just beyond the white tents of a camping party on a cliff over yonder. Everywhere there is color or life or movement and animation. Children scramble and shout, gathering pebbles and wading in the water. The bathers are beating the waves with their hands, and diving about in reckless exultation, while clustered here and there are groups of fishing boats lying in treacherous waiting to allure the too confiding and unsuspecting finny inhabitant of the deep. Let us not make light of the unsophisticated fish, my dear recluse, since you and I know that a golden bait and a sharp, deadly hook are not confined to a fish line, and that human victims are every day gasping agonizing regrets over misplaced trust and blind ambition!

But here we are at the "Elgin Camp," which has become one of the most attractive points on the lake. A magnificent club house stands near the pier, and on each side in Nature's "cultivated wilderness" are flanked artistic, novel cottages belonging to different members of the club. A mutual dining hall and a cook house obviate the necessity of culinary bustle and bother in individual cottages. R. T. Crane's residence, just beyond, is magnificent in battlements and towers.

Our captain wheels about the staunch boat, which plunges and buffets a moment, and then dashes up to the pier of "Pishcataqua Park"—the park of "the sparkling waters," in respectable English—situated on Cisco bay, and occupying sixteen acres of forest dell and dingle. It is situated on the north shore, proverbial for its cool breezes. Here, we have elegant and first-class accommodations in the very midst of the wild wood!—four miles away from the village, not lacking conveniences, and mail missives arriving by steamers regularly.

The Pishcataqua Hotel stands but a short distance from the shore, while the grounds are finely laid out in walks and drives. Swings depend from the trees, and hammocks are swung about promiscuously for the languid and the idle. The house is built strictly for summer accommodation, the outside door of every room opening upon the veranda. Every pair of rooms

connect, one having a north and the other a south outside door, with one between, thus affording free ventilation. The building is commodious, and the verandas are twelve feet wide, occupying a total space of 2,000 feet. They extend entirely around three of its floors. Mr. C. F. Hall, the obliging and genial proprietor, makes a special effort to render this a family hotel. His extensive clover-carpeted lawns are cultivated for the children, who find ample room all over the grounds for amusements. Mr. Hall's guests are entirely satisfied that his hotel is first-class, and his table never lacks an abundant supply of the season's delicacies and luxuries. A band of music is in constant attendance, while boating facilities, bowling and billiards, with other amusements, are amply provided.

I have jotted down a reminiscence of this place. Later, when I made a sojourn at this point, I could not resist the temptation to steal forth from my room for a midnight view of the lake from my aerial bower mid the boughs, for I could brush my hand over the tree tops. The stillness was absolutely penetrating. The fluttering of leaves and the washing and echoes of the water alone disturbed that quietude which might have brooded over chaos before the dawn of creation. The blackness of the forest, down in its depths, suggested those awful mysteries of Druidical antiquity, fraught with the flame of mythological superstitions. Shadows assumed the shapes of Cambrian oracles in black vestments bent on a mission of dire warning. But with all these supernatural suggestions, this limitless spontaneity of Nature had none of the acrid bitterness, the dust and the ashes of cultivated, enlightened, city life; and a baptism of pure sympathy, unsullied with selfishness, seemed to drench and drown the unhealthy weeds of worldly strife. "This is more grandly, solemnly sublime than all the canvas glory of a Florentine gallery, filled with the products of genius," I said aloud. Alas and alas! my own voice banished the spell, and, beginning to realize the dampness of the night air, I went within.

This park affords tenting accommodations for those who desire that primeval style of rustication—the tent and its accompaniments—at reasonable rates. Terms for the house, \$2.50 to \$3 per diem; \$10 to \$15 per week.

Our yacht rounds "Clear Point" neatly, nestling under the umbrageous shadows of the leaning trees, and floats over the waters of Williams Bay. At "Camp Collie" and "Clear Point" the elevations are sharp and high, and the shores bold and defiant; while at the head of the bay the beach is low and gently rising, disclosing meadows and fields of cereals. These two bristling peaks stand as sentries over the mouth of the shining waters of the bay. Off "Camp Collie" the water is some 200 feet deep, as it is in various parts of the lake. Near the shore in numerous places it is reasonably shallow, and the timorous take advantage of its safe depth.

"Camp Collie" is owned by Rev. J. Collie, of Delavan, Wisconsin. Cottages and tents are ready for the occupation of guests by the 15th of each June, and facilities furnished for the ordinary routine of living. This is not a hotel resort, but a camp sustained for the purpose of relaxation from business cares. Steamboats pause at the pier. All conveniences for boating, fishing, etc., furnished.

"Forest Glen Park" and "Belvidere" follow, situated at the other extremity of the lake, followed by "Fontana." At this point of the lake fish culture is carried on extensively. "Marengo Park" on the south shore is a sequestered nook, terraced, sloped and rounded, and lavishly embowered mid spreading trees. Its main building is a mansion of considerable pretensions, of two floors, and would be designated by you as a Southern planter's home. Cottages, swings, croquet grounds, etc., make up a *tout ensemble* eminently desirable. We glide by the Harvard and Oak Parks camps and

reach the camp grounds of the Bon Ami Club, of Chicago. This society, as yet, have no cottages, but are "tenting out" in numerous even sumptuously furnished tents mid wild wood surroundings. Here in the recesses of a capricious chiseling of Nature, these white tokens of a burdenless existence perch upon the deep green land swells, while through the weaving, silvery-flecked, emerald-leaved boughs, the free, sweet, cool breath from the lake sweeps up to them, mingling with the land breeze, which is freighted with the breath of odorous blossoms and the scent of fragrant herbs. The brilliant-winged butterfly fluttered through the links of trailing vines, and settled softly down upon a velvet moss pillow, under a canopy of leaning tree tops, the very moment we implored our captain to approach nearer and to rest upon the water. A heaven-born anthem of delicious melody came from myriads of gaily-plumaged birds, like the echoes of everlasting praise from an inspired celestial choir. And the water catches the rythm, blending poetry and music in softly responding murmurs. We hear the voice of the wood dove, cooing to its mate up yonder in the grotesque curve of the oak bough, the social croaking of the frog, and the hum of insects as they flash from petal to leaf, with the carol of children's voices as they dart in and out and through the vistas of light and shade in their wild gambols, as happy and as fully satisfied as human nature ever can be. And over yonder bright-eyed maidens are swinging in their hammocks, their muslin drapery hovering like clouds of mist about them, while near them the more matronly members of the group recline in chairs or lie upon improvised divans. The stern guardians of this forest-walled citadel are attitudinizing according to their appreciation of ease—reading, talking, sleeping, for time was as the vapor, and hours but for peace! Up and down the lake we glance, and fail to count the hosts of canvas harbingers of a summer's freedom! All along the south shore they hover, quondam villages of a few weeks.

Away again, passing the Oak Park camp, we arrive at "Kaye's Park," which is exquisitely embellished with arbors, rustic seats and walks, fountains, and amethystine, flame and iris-hued blossoms. As we spring upon the pier, we obtain a more comprehensive view of the hotel, and write it down as a Venetian villa. Its principal facade fronts the lake, and is replete with broad, shaded verandas. A benign creative power has combined the



Porter's Park, Lake Geneva, Wis.

leaflets, vine tendrils and parasitical plants into the semblance of a sculptured lotus border, to the east of the house, with a frieze of the gracile birch, dark oak, and mobile chestnut. Serpentine walks terminate in sylvan dells and dingles, orbicular in form, with tapestry of ermine softness and vivid coloring, dome of waving tree boughs and rifts of boundless sky. Up on a noble terrace, the arches are set and the balls are skipping, while the game grows more exciting and the mallets clink resolutely as a challenge passes from lip to lip.

Under the trees are delightful cottages that are rented for summer use, while innumerable tents flank them on all sides. The occupants can partake of meals in the hotel. Mr. Kaye has been lavish in planning and beautifying his grounds. His house also bears evidence that the abundant patronage he yearly receives is entirely deserved. The park is about six miles from the village, and includes an area of 200 acres, and a lake shore of over a mile. At least nine times during the day regular steamers call at the pier. A telephonic connection is made with the Western Union Telegraph lines at Harvard Junction, Illinois, ten miles distant. The museum of Mr. L. B. Wyatt entertains with a valuable collection of natural curiosities. Terms at Kaye's Park, \$2 per day, and \$8 to \$14 per week for the season.

Our captain turned on his propelling steam again as we returned to our transient "gondola," and puffed away, around the curve of the lake, to saucy Black Point, which is just opposite Pishcataqua. There is not a tinge of grimness lingering about this promontory. Its crest and beetling sides are bathed in summer shine and the water leaps and frolics at its foot.

Here lies "Warwick Park," a tract of some fifty acres, owned by Mr. W. Anson Barnes. As yet, Mr. Barnes has no hotel proper, but he affords accommodations by means of cottages and tents, and a gracefully constructed dining hall. Part of the land is elevated 300 feet above the surface of the lake, while in various places it sinks into vales. Mr. Barnes proposes to render this place a landscape garden—fashioning rare pictures with the material Nature has given him, and framing them with her own tender forest arms. The view from "Observatory Hill," through a deep embrasure of foliage, discloses the entire lake in all its transcendent loveliness. The water, like a mirror of light, reflects its shores in shifting gleams like their inconstancies of shade and glow—while beyond are breadths of breeze-billowed corn, bronzing wheat and meadow upland, redeemed from a monotony of expanse by clusters of trees and fanciful homes, with their brown lines of fence and blazing red barns; and there, to the right, is Geneva, with its conspicuous pulse of the great world, its white-faced houses and green palings, its spires and churches, and the Whiting House standing like a castle in the foreground.

But we must find our way down the steep, and proceed. We round Long Point—whistling a salutation to fishing parties all along shore—skirt around the coast to Button's Bay, and then glide northward, the lake thus defining itself. There is not a foot of coast which is barren or bleak or bleak!

North of Manning Point the scene becomes radiant with the augmentation of an exuberant buoyancy of soul that is increased in volume by a transition from nature's kingdom to that of man—for we were approaching Geneva, which lay like a glimmer of Naples upon her storied bay; before us, the Whiting House in the foreground.

"Well?" laconically inquired Mr. Watson.

"It is beyond description! it is just *perfect!*" I replied.

The boating accommodations of the lake are most extensive. Thirteen *fine steamboats and steam yachts* ply over its waters, four being for

public use—Lucius Newberry, Lady of the Lake, Commodore, and Lady Annah. The Lucius Newberry is 115 feet long, and will comfortably accommodate 500 persons. The ladies' cabin is elegantly furnished, while the decks are amply provided with seats. It is owned by F. W. Wilson, of Chicago, who is also proprietor of the Lady of the Lake, which carries 300 passengers with ease. The Commodore is very roomy and airy, and a general favorite. The Lady Annah is particularly adapted for fishing excursions, and is the property of Messrs. Sanford & Moore, whose boat house is located at the docks near the Whiting House, where they also have over fifty jaunty row boats. They furnish boatmen when desired. Every park has a boat livery of its own. They average \$1 per day or \$5 per week, for use; furnishing bait, when desired, at \$1 to \$1.50 per hundred.

The private steam yachts are especially elegant—Mr. N. K. Fairbank's *Cisco*, Mr. George Sturgis' *Arrow*, Mr. Geo. L. Dunlap's *Gertie*, Mr. R. T. Crane's *Passaic*, Mr. T. J. Schneider's *Dora*, Mr. L. Z. Leiter's *Daisy*, Mr. B. F. Norris' *White Cap*, Dr. Robert Hunter's *Piscator*, and Mr. George Hunter's *Dot*, being models of art and speed.

The tourists who flock here during the heated term are eminently refined. The most fastidious can not fail to be entertained and delighted. What with idling, reading, old fashioned visiting, impromptu concerts, hops, riding, boating, fishing, billiards, yacht racing and walking, the days seem too brief and the summer too soon over!

The fishing is most excellent—so repeat to your father, brothers, uncles, cousins and lovers. The Hon. N. K. Fairbank, of Chicago, has established a large hatching house at the outlet of the lake, with breeding ponds at the head, from which rare varieties are distributed in the lake. Salmon trout, lake, mountain and brook trouts, whitefish, salmon, pike, pickerel, bass and croppies sportively dart through the clear water, frequently to meet an unhappy but useful fate! Lake Geneva is the natural and original home of that peculiar and much sought finny species called the *Cisco*—a beautiful silver-scaled fish, about eight inches long. They are only caught in the month of June, generally in the full of the moon. At that time a certain species of fly hovers over the water, and the *Cisco* come from their hiding places in schools, generally near shore.

The accommodations for guests are beyond the average provision at summer resorts. Besides those enumerated, the Lake House, St. Dennis, and many private houses and camps open their doors to guests.

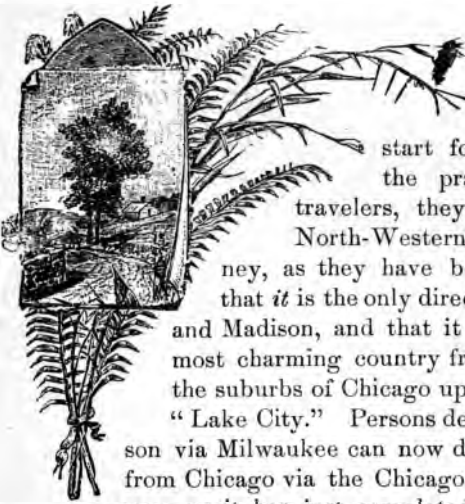
Let me not omit the item of mineral springs. These are abundant and valuable, although undeveloped. At no distant day they will become as renowned as Lake Geneva's other attributes.

And now farewell for a time, Irene. With a hope that this letter may mitigate your disappointment the merest trifle, I am

Sincerely—



MADISON, WIS.



OUR friend is joined at Chicago by a lady from New Orleans, and together they start for Madison. Following the practice of all informed travelers, they select the Chicago & North-Western Railway for their journey, as they have been truthfully informed that it is the only direct road between Chicago and Madison, and that it carries them through a most charming country from the time they leave the suburbs of Chicago up to the very gates of the "Lake City." Persons desirous of reaching Madison via Milwaukee can now do so, and go all the way from Chicago via the Chicago & North-Western Railway, as it has just completed its road between Milwaukee and Madison, and placed in service on it the finest trains that are run out of Chicago. This new line passes through Waukesha and Lake Mills, two charming summer resorts. The first is well known—the last soon will be, as may be guessed after reading its description as given by our author.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR RECLUSE :

Two days in Chicago, with the thermometer tripping capriciously above the nineties, suggested a continuation of my summer wanderings. Not only did I seriously desire to lengthen my days in the land, but I had compassion on my immediate friends, since many of these *Northwestern Resorts* have an atmospheric or some other tendency to gracefully "modulate" one's disposition, and mine, Irene, has acquired some abrupt contrasts.

I honestly believe that all household circles would grow brighter if the several members would but "summer out" for a season. Unconsciously one grows mechanical—life runs in set grooves—and that part of one which should be the best of us, at home as well as everywhere, grows the least—*the intellectual.*

I was agreeably surprised when Beatrice (you have not forgotten her?) volunteered her society for a few days, for, as a lady of "Eastern proclivities," I had not ventured to entice her from her usual White Mountain, Long Branch, etc., expeditions, even for a single week.

I had planned a trip over that division of the Chicago & North-Western known as the "Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis" line, which was once known as the *Elroy Route*. If you will glance over the map I have sent you, that you may follow my wanderings, you will observe that the direction is northwest from Chicago, over the Wisconsin Division to Harvard Junction, and the Madison Division, also leading northwest, to Elroy—thence to St. Paul, etc. But as I had designed no further travel in that direction than Elroy—you will discover that at Elroy the lines diverge, one turning more directly west and known as the "Minnesota & Central Dakota Line, or Huron, Pierre & Deadwood Line"—but tended in another direction, I will not give space to its through tracing.

Beatrice and I found the throng yet surging around the Company's passenger station at the corner of Wells and Kinzie streets, always there, yet always changing, and found our way easily to our train. I would advise every one to take this ride during the day, as its panoramic beauties alone repay one for the trip. However, if one desires to set out at night, one may, and slumber calmly in a superb Pullman until rosy morning surprises one in a land of picturesque beauty.

We sped over miles of well-cultivated land, its quiet pastoral loveliness gradually preparing us for more surprising developments. This part of our enjoyment was varied by a first-class dinner at Harvard, which, after all, is rather essential though one is enchanted with art or nature.

At Beloit Rock river spans the landscape like a ribbon of sheer silver, its banks girt with groves and dells that remind us that **BELOIT, AS A SUMMER RESORT, possesses a bright fame of its own.** Many persons leave our train to repose for a short time in the "Yale of the West"—the town being of the college order, and its society delicately refined and literary. It is an alluring spot, Irene, away from the noise of city life, curtained by Nature with gentle hill, and grove, and floweret, resting among lights and shadows with the murmur of water at its feet, and yet a little city where intellect is strong and unites with Nature to call the tourist hitherward to cull rest and knowledge.

The **IDO-MAGNESIAN SPRINGS** at Beloit are rapidly gaining popularity through their curative qualities. They are owned by a company who intend developing them for the use of the public. Rock river affords boating and fishing, and hotel accommodations are ranked as superior, the Goodwin and Commercial leading.

Our train glides swiftly and lightly toward Madison, and a poetic symmetry and harmony has taken possession of the landscape. There is no abruptness, no startling contrast—it is the exquisite blending of Nature's symphonious benedictions! There is a softness and modulation in outline that reminds one of that sweeter cadenza which precedes a glorious *Te Deum*.

We are very near Madison—the sparkle of water surrounds us—aye! it is all about us, for the true steel has made its way over the lake, and, reaching the opposite shore, skirts its border a short distance, and then our train pauses at the station.

Beatrice and I collect our thoughts and our belongings and join the people on the platform and look about for present needs. We are not nervous—Beatrice never is—and we are soon on our way to the Vilas House. We ride but a few blocks, and then, alighting, get through the usual hotel formula, repeat our names and mention Chicago, and then I find myself in

a large, airy, refreshingly cool room, the carpet softly yielding beneath my feet, the easy chairs and sofas inviting me to a listless siesta. But I proceed to divest myself of harmless travel dust. I am not weary, the opportunity not having been presented. I sit down in the easy rocker a second, rise and walk over to the window, brush the sweeping lace curtains aside, and open the blinds—when lo!—an elysium of verdure surrounding a magnificent monument to the stalwart vigor and worth of Wisconsin, dawns upon my vision. A fountain tosses its showers of crystal drops high in mid air, where they glitter like diamonds one brief second, then fall like crystal tears into the marble basin around which the grasses and blossoms cluster in sympathetic condolence that so fair a flight should so soon be over. I have time before tea—and so I run out upon the broad-roofed veranda, look over into the park, just across the street—run back to my room—and I am over there myself before I take a second thought!

The park is simply and compactly laid out in broad avenues of asphalt that terminate at the several entrances. Its lawns are cleanly shorn, and lie like emerald carpets beneath the great boughs of the patriarch trees, forming a leafy canopy under which one finds shade and free air when the sun's rays are the most lurid and the gray streets lie blistering in the heat. The ladies are resting on rustic seats, books in hand, while their cavaliers bare their brows, using their chapeaux as rivals to their companions' great feather fans.

The capitol stands in the centre of this park square—a noble edifice, built in the form of the Greek cross, in Corinthian architecture, with modern modifications. Its straight, mighty pillars take us back to the days of the august Roman tribunal, while its stately white dome, visible from every point for miles around the city, betokens Grecian chasteness. Its solid walls are of stone, quarried near Madison. The park is surrounded by a graceful iron fence, the statues at the four entrances, in the centre of each side, representing the seasons.

We cross over to the Vilas House soon, find Beatrice, who has been indulging in a nap, and go down to tea. The dining room is large, well ventilated, and its tables admirably arranged. I dislike the straight, prison order—the stiff, rigid rows of long, bench-like tables that are frequently used in dining rooms. Not so here. I may as well explain here, Irene, that the bill of fare, for all meals, could not be improved. The epicurean can not fail to be satisfied. Added to that, is the quiet, non-obtrusive manner of serving. One is immediately provided with all those trifles that complete a meal, without an unnecessary and tiresome parade. The parlors are tastefully furnished, and the guest chambers elegant and comfortable. Mr. and Mrs. Van Etta, the proprietor and his wife, intend to render their guests that courteous attention which transforms hotel life into home ease without its care, and they succeed charmingly! Summer guests enjoy spacious apartments, wide halls, the freedom of parlors and broad verandas, with a cordial request to ask for what they desire, if by any chance it is not placed in their way. The house is of cream-colored cut stone, five stories high, facing the park. Monona avenue runs east and west, to the south of it, leading to Lake Monona.

Beatrice and I go out on the veranda after tea, watching the people as they go restlessly up and down the streets. Of what are they all thinking, Irene? Every life has its romance and its bitterness. You have seen the hurricane come: some trees bend and groan and writhe, but when the storm has gone they stand erect again, a trifle bruised, with a bough *distorted and a twig gone*. They are as strong as ever, but never *quite as before*. Others fall with a dire crash—they can not bend—they crush and

splinter and tear; they can not rise again! The *past* was for them, they have no present but what we find in a wreck! Perhaps some of these people on the broad streets of Madison have seen a hurricane. Perhaps they are weaving their romances! There is a maiden with her lover, living on visions; the wife with her husband, measuring the practical requirements of the day as she glances in the gay shop windows; and the children with their mother, rollicking and free, with the blessing of inexperience yet upon them. We look at them all, Irene, for the streets seem very merry; but we will not venture a conjecture of their lives from their faces, because Beatrice and I know them to be masks many times, after the owners have learned the lesson that a life is, after all, valuable mostly to the owner, and its different struggles are best confided to that individual alone! And so we leave them all. I send Beatrice to her slumbers, and I seek mine in a bed of downy smoothness and luxurious ease.

Madison is one of the brightest jewels that gleam in the setting of the brilliant crown the world has bestowed upon the great Northwest. It is girt by lakes, being situated upon an isthmus belt of land between lakes Mendota and Monona.

In nearly a direct line from northwest to southeast, lies a chain of four limpid lakes, four naiads, connected by the Yahara. Mendota is the uppermost and largest, and its entire surface lies within the town of Madison. It is about nine miles long, and a little northwest of the city. Monona lies on the other side, to the southeast, and is also within Madison.

Waubesa and Kegonsa complete the line, which may be counted as five, if we accept "Dead Lake," (and, despite its name, I see no reason why it should be omitted).

After Beatrice and I had breakfasted, we proceeded to investigate the city "by carriage." The day was very warm, but Madison has the luxury of perfectly shaded streets, and although the heat may flood the world, they lie temptingly cool beneath the great boughs, breezes sweeping from the lakes, so that a ride is always enjoyable. It is not a regulation drive, where well-trained steeds go up and down and back again, but one may take a different route every day for a month, and never leave shaded avenues that are further beautified by palatial residences and grounds embellished with floral exuberance rarely equaled.



East Walk, Capital Park, Madison, Wis.

The truth is, Irene, the "world" can not appreciate Madison until it comes here. Its approach is *deceptive*—oh, that is, perhaps, a dear, exclusive scarf of drapery that Nature wraps about those more precious treasures which she has collected and deposited in her well-protected cabinet in the valley of the Yahara! What was in the beginning an exquisite harmony, surprisingly resolves itself into a magnificent combination of vivid opposites! Our ride to the University grounds startled us. We were prepared for loveliness but not for grandeur. Within this wide educational domain, Romance, Science and Nature murmur an eternal anthem, which woos for every soul that finds itself herein, a new aspiration, and a realization that, after all our study and care, we have appreciated creation so lightly! Turn in any and all directions, at every point a view greets the vision which rivals the touches of an almost divine brush on Oriental canvas. Proud, chaste, beautiful queen city, guarded by her seven stalwart hills and gleaming lakes—empress of Wisconsin, fitting is the tribute the people have bestowed in selecting her the child of the State—the *capital*.

Avenues lead through a perfect labyrinth of forests, in all directions, the one leading to University Hill being particularly charming on account of the superb view which is obtained from the summit. Madison nestles at its foot to the west, over a mile distant, its church spires and great public buildings shooting up from a sea of waving tree tops. We are surrounded by verdure-capped crests and sweeps of forest and mysterious glade. But lakeward, the scene is fairly luminous! The yellow sunlight falls with dazzling force upon the waters of Lake Mendota, where it breaks into millions of sharp sparkles that flash and dance from wave to wave as they wash and dip toward the tree-bordered shore. The bold escarpments on the opposite shore, dark in their forest growth, stand out against the clear blue sky, while athwart the picture darts that caprice of land, sharp-pointed, long, grass-carpeted and grove-finished, known as "Picnic Point." White sails flutter and fill, and egg-shell skiffs dart here and there, their oars dipping and gleaming, while the larger craft sail majestically round. We are very silent up there—we can not speak! The burden of a grateful gladness prevents. As the horses start and the wheels grate, we are almost pained because the transcendent scene is disturbed! We ride down by the shore, through embrasures of naturally entwined branches, down to the strand where the pebbles lay bright in the sun, and where, across the way, the quick squirrel pauses in the shade, to question our privilege of invading this realm which seems given over to the changeless asphodels of paradise! But away we ride through waves of light that ebb and flow from the shining lake to the shining sky, back through the darkling shadows cast by the great trees that almost brush our faces with their leaves, just to show us how perfect a leaf is with its shape and stem and veins and body—a *living leaf*—yes, *living grass, living vine, living floweret*—there is no desolation in this phase of Nature, Irene—there is nothing cold or dead here!

We pass the University buildings which are numerous and grand. The *observatory*, over yonder, was donated to the State by Governor Washburn. If we had time I would take you through the Hall of Science. The main building is in the form of a parallelogram, surmounted by a grand and graceful dome, while all square effects are toned by projections and angles.

We dine, Beatrice and I, and then we drive out to the *State Fish Hatchery*, four miles from town, over a good road, located upon what is known as the "Nine Springs Tract." Mr. Bailey, the present superintendent, is making many improvements in the grounds, and tourists will find the place even more interesting and attractive in the future than in the past.

For myself I found a diversity of entertainment there, watching the mere

lines of fish, *atoms* darting about in the tanks, followed by growths of all sizes in different tanks or reservoirs in the ground, until they were ready for distribution in the lakes about the State. Fancy 15,000 black bass whirling about in a very vortex around one spring—half grown and exceedingly frisky. I saw them, and had I attempted I might then have achieved the feat of catching a fish—and I shall feel my deficiency until I do!

After tea, Beatrice and I decided not to omit any of the prominent attractions. Consequently we determined that we must do more than look upon the magnificent proportions of Dr. Jacobs' "Park Hotel." The transfer was easily made—hardly a block intervening—and we found ourselves treading wide halls, luxuriously furnished parlors, and then within large, inviting apartments that are not surpassed in any other palatial hotel. The Park is situated upon the highest elevation of ground in Madison, opposite the park and the capitol, on the corner of Main and Carrol streets. It is of Milwaukee brick, with trimmings of the best Madison stone, and a Mansard roof. The hotel is well furnished with verandas. Its table is elegantly supplied, and in all respects The Park is one of the palatial hotels of the West.

We went over to the dock of the steamer "Mendota," and were just in time to add ourselves as her passengers for a sail around the lake she represents in her name. The water was just rippled by the breeze, but each of these miniature wavelets caught a gorgeous dash of coloring from a sky aflame with vivid clouds of crimson and banks of intense violet, through which were circular openings serving as vents for floods of pale yellow sheen. Nowhere in the world are the sunsets more sublime than on Lake Mendota! The painter's most sacred and inspired fancy never portrayed upon canvas a sky so full of triumphal glory as we saw over the waters of this lake. World-wide travelers affirm that the sunsets in Madison are not surpassed even in languishing Oriental skies where their coloring is startlingly vivid and their shadows shudderingly striking. As our little steamer plied conveniently near shore, we were half enshrouded in the deep shadows, from which the view was doubly grand. In many places the banks are of great height, with forest-capped summit and irregularly defined, tree-draped water-side, while at others the bluffs are bleak and defiant with a venturesome dash. Every crag, projection, cave and dingle came out luminously, marvelously distinct. Even the pebbles down several feet in the clear water, caught the earnestness of the scene and lay like so many rare gems in their beds of silver sand.

Gradually the sun went down, and down, and down, the colors grew deeper and deeper, until a crimson mist deluged the entire lake and shore with an Etruscan splendor. It was so very like the impress that the old Roman art teaches us, that I fancied, Irene, I could count the thousand glistening spears among the tree tops, and follow the steel head pieces as they cut through the foliage. The vapors upon the heights were banners, to me, and I saw lines of pilgrims winding down the crevices, while on the shore the crimson Cardinal waited to bless. But before they arrived, the crimson mist verged into a dull gray that fluttered and quivered as if in weak resistance—but darkness fell! When we rounded up to the dock, the moon was doing her best, (she was very young yet), and we walked back to *The Park* in an uncertain, pale light—and I slept dreamlessly, unbrokenly, in a bed fit for a princess, until a bright sun tapped at my eyelids rather smartly, and I begged pardon for idling away his time.

Breakfast was delicious, and I think I did it justice. I found my hat, mantle and gloves, and walked down three blocks to Lake Monona. Two inviting pleasure steamers, the Bay State, Captain Blackman, and the

Scutanobaquan, Capt. Barnes, ply about the lake for the convenience of the people. We confided ourselves to the "Bay State," in company with Dr. William Jacobs, proprietor of *The Park Hotel*, who accompanied us to his famous and delightful retreat across the lake, known as **THE TONYAWATHA**. The steamers make hourly trips to this resort, so that communication con-

veniences are perfect, considering the fact that Dr. Jacobs has a telephone and telegraph line between his hotels—The Park and The Tonyawatha—and between them and town.

As our boat approached the site of the resort, we were amazed with the beauty of the scene. We had expected a cool, refreshing grove, with inviting grounds, but we saw a well-defined, sharp shore line, with a speedy, swelling rise of the ground that constitutes a wooded, grass-carpeted "bluff," which crops into the pure, exhilarating, bracing *upper* air that gives life a renewed impulse and that sweeps away the heat of summer whenever it strives to creep there.



State Capitol, Madison, Wis.

All over the sides of this "rounded bluff" we could discern the leaves of the quaking aspen, the bright tamarack, the oak, hemlock and maple. Between the forest vistas we saw an emerald green, grass-carpeted sward, that just then bore the rapid tread of anxious feet, for "the boat is coming, and perhaps they are here!" For somebody seems to be expecting somebody, every time the boat comes over! There are a few polished screams of joy and several pretty sighs of disappointment, and the group has regained its equipoise, and we all go up the rising steep, the Doctor being, meanwhile, besieged with questions by his younger guests, eager for scraps of news and world-gossip.

How daintily the bitter-sweet vine festoons the pathway over yonder!

See! its tendrils so gently clinging to the young twigs, and then creeping up the silvery-mottled trunk of a smart young birch tree. The yellow honey-suckles flash and shiver, and we brush them aside; while the herbs, crushing beneath our feet, as we leave the path and take a shorter way to the hotel, waft a sweet perfume upon the summer air that rebukes us for inflicting a bruise so wantonly.

"The Tonyawatha Spring Hotel" is situated upon the summit of this wooded knoll or bluff, commanding a beautiful view of the city of Madison and the lakes. The building is well constructed, and although designed as a "summer resort," is so substantial in every respect that the rigors of winter could not creep through crevice or crack. The material is of wood, with tasteful finishings. Its halls are wide, and its rooms cool and inviting. I might say the hotel consisted of two buildings, closely united. The lower part of one is devoted to culinary purposes, a very large dining room and necessary compartments, hotel office, clerk's apartment, gentlemen's parlor and toilet rooms, with guest apartments on the second floor, while a long extension of one story is divided into delightful suites of rooms. The other building is devoted throughout to parlor and bedroom use. The long front is wonderfully imposing, up there in a sea of verdure, as one comes up the bluff; and the long, one-story apartment to the north, set back from the line, and the southern long projection or wing, making a sharp right angle to the front, adds a pleasing air of quaintness.

How deliciously cool and clean and pure the rooms seemed, Irene. I longed to lay my hat and mantle aside and forget the world, just for a little while. It seemed that I might succeed in effecting that desirable object in this lovely retreat, and at the same time gain a longer, stronger lease of life, through the efficacy of the Tonyawatha Spring water. This famous spring is upon the grounds purchased by Dr. Jacobs, and he has erected his hotel conveniently near it, so that its waters are used for all purposes therein. Beatrice and I went down the path to the pretty pavilion over the spring, and found it bubbling and boiling from its bed of solid rock, clear as crystal, cold as ice water, and as nectar to the taste. One craves more after a first draught, it is so purely refreshing without the feverish effect left by ice-cooled water. In former years the Indians prized this spring as the "medicine water," and visited it at certain seasons of the year for the benefit of its curative qualities. All through the winter it boils and bubbles here, always the same temperature the year round. Experience and experiment prove this water a specific for dyspepsia and kidney diseases. It contains the same ingredients as the Waukesha water, with the curative salts in even larger proportion. I inclose an analysis that you may know for yourself, and inform your friends.

Chloride of Sodium	Grains.	Alumina.....	Grains.
Sulphate of Potassium	0.1362	Silica.....	0.1503
Sulphate of Sodium	0.1983	Organic Matter	trace
Phosphate of Sodium	0.3624	Total Solids per U. S. gallon of 231	
Bicarbonate of Sodium	trace	cubic inches	29.8382
Bicarbonate of Sodium	0.2125	Grains of Carbonic Acid (CO ₂)	
Bicarbonate of Magnesia	12.0735	per gallon	17.2936
Bicarbonate of Lime	15.9402	Temperature, April 5, 1879.....	43° F.
Bicarbonate of Iron	0.0415		

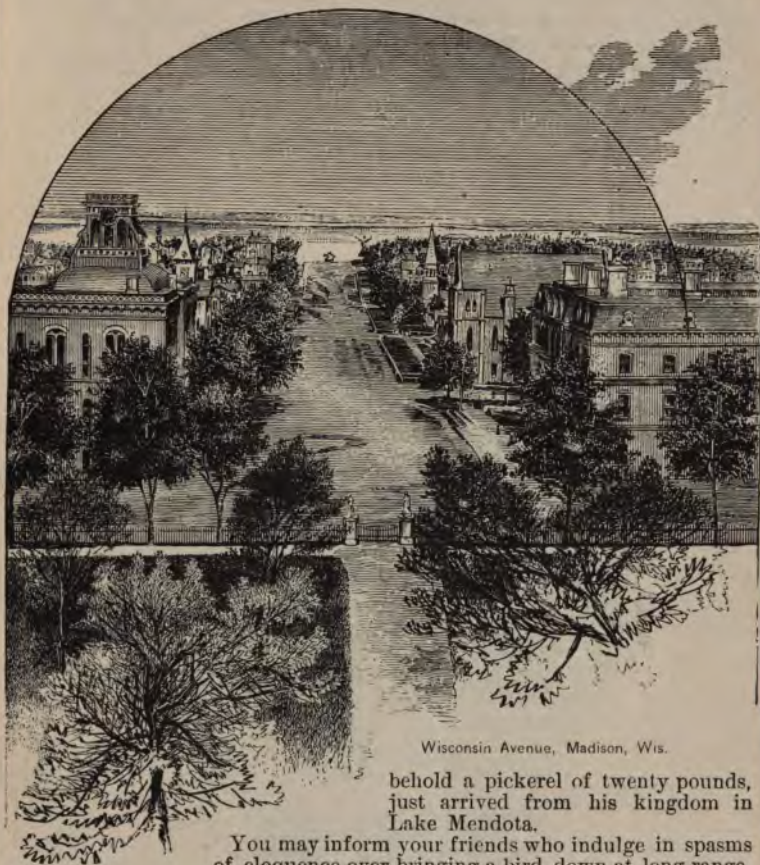
We turned reluctantly away and went back again to the house, where we forgot our slight disappointment in not dreaming by the spring side, in an elegant dinner! Is it not always so?—the break or tangle in life, or thought, or plan, or deed, is so soon patched over by a natural succession of events! But we went our way all too soon, leaving the guests walking and boating.

swinging in hammocks, playing lawn tennis and billiards, and bowling, sleeping and laughing—for the "Bay State" was at her dock, and the Captain had sounded the last whistle.

Back again over Lake Monona, and three blocks only to *The Park*. There I left Beatrice to indite letters to her friends—more properly expressed, "friend," who must literally "hang upon her words," she sends such packages of them. But I am patient with her—she is younger than I, and has much to learn—and I set out on another jaunt that may be termed *The Blue Mound Excloit*. This is rather more than the usual hour-expeditions from the city, being a ride of something over twenty miles. But one enjoys during that time such a variety of scenery, that the distance seems surprisingly short. Beauty, sublimity, solemnity and weirdness are strangely wrought into a stupendous masterpiece of Nature's creative power, in this scrap of the world between Madison and Blue Mound. West Blue Mound is 1,151 feet above Lake Michigan, and 1,729 feet above the ocean, and is, moreover, the most elevated point in Southern Wisconsin. These mounds are landmarks of an ancient people, who, in ages previous to the Indian era, built their earthworks and fortified their towns in various localities over the Western Continent. Antiquarians are now tracing their works, and building theories, and we will rest, for their wisdom to work out the problem of their relationship to the present—from whence they came, and whither they went—since these sharp cut, deep ravines and valleys radiating from their hoary sides in all directions, invite us to explorations of fern-draped bower, and ivy-canopied glade, where the rill murmurs a prelude to a grand symphony of wind echoes up in the tree tops, and where gaily-plumed birds flit from branch to branch, trilling their improvised chorus of gladness.

Another night of rest, and then Beatrice was ready to accompany me to the great *Cave of Dane county*, situated about ten miles southwest of Madison, near the crest of the dividing ridge which separates the lake section from the valley of Sugar river. The ride thitherward is charming. We found a great basin which had evidently been the repository of a body of water, ages ago. This water has evidently surged and worn and beaten its way through a cliff or bluff, excavating most curious and mysterious caverns and chambers during its exit. This yawning, murky archway leads into a magnificent rotunda, from which many cleft and riven passageways wind tortuously in all directions. One instinctively traces herein a wondrous river system of the long ago, in this subterranean solemnity! As our torches lighted up the colossal caverns, millions of sparkles flashed like a silvery shower from depending stalactites, which seemed to unite half way down from the black and awful roof, trickling in little bright streams over their corresponding stalagmites. The stained and lofty walls are fantastically carved and hewn into weird and wonderful shapes representing figures and groups, so like the work of human hands that we almost questioned its being the result of aqueous agency—the erosive power of rushing water which fashioned these long corridors, lofty chambers and startling forms! Our strength did not admit further exploration, but it is quite evident that this great cave consists of several stories of these attractions. The geological or scientific tourist, as well as the antiquary and artist, will find ample material for each special profession.

Back again in Madison for a brief amusement at *fishing*, for *these lakes afford one of the best fields in the country for that amusement*. Throughout the entire season the finest of the finny tribe dart from wave to wave, and are easily lured by the angler. Bass, pickerel, pike, trout and other desirable varieties are surprisingly abundant. It was our good fortune to



Wisconsin Avenue, Madison, Wis.

behold a pickerel of twenty pounds,
just arrived from his kingdom in
Lake Mendota.

You may inform your friends who indulge in spasms of eloquence over bringing a bird down at long range, that mallard, canvas back and other species of duck roam about these lakes in endless abundance during the proper season, and, if they do not scorn too ready a field for their sport, advise them to try their marksmanship here. Quail, woodcock, snipe and prairie chickens, squirrels, rabbits and other game will add a diversion.

But we can not remain too long in beautiful, lake-girt Madison. I think longingly of her wooded clefts and boulder-studded hills, and brighten up as I seem to view, beyond them, those swelling billows of grain as the wind swept over them. But pantheistic destiny is practical with me—and I must gather my adjuncts of a Bohemian existence and consign them to their usual repository—convenient leather bags. Before doing so, let me give you these everyday bits—since I have now left my roseate colors for those of “everyday wear.”

The Park Hotel is fully prepared for summer guests at the rate of \$3 per day; special arrangements for the week or season. Tonyawatha, under the same proprietorship, \$2 per day, \$12 to \$15 per week.

The Vilas House, from \$2 to \$3 per day, with specially reasonable rates by the week or season.

I proceed northward within the hour, and so adieu, Irene, and

Dieu vous garde.



DEVIL'S LAKE, WIS.



FROM Madison our lady friends went to Devil's Lake. They, like all other visitors to that romantic spot, were enchanted, and it was here that they finally determined that Wisconsin was "The Enchanted Summer Land." Devil's Lake can not be reached by railroad saving by the Chicago & North-Western route.

DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

Hardly had my pen ceased tracing the autograph which completed the missive I sent you from Madison, ere Beatrice entered and announced that but ten minutes intervened between sealing my envelope and setting out for the "North-Western" station. You will remember that Beatrice is never in undue haste, and never late! She is always

prompt, and yet the most companionable summer idler—delightfully at ease without being lazy!

I glanced over the paraphernalia scattered about in confusion, a sense of desperate urgency stealing over me. But Beatrice's small, firm hands were active—not a moment lost—not a step counting for naught! When I had conquered my dismay, everything was in readiness, and she was holding my hat, cool and quiet.

"Always preserve your presence of mind when traveling," she said, while sweeping a glance around the room, "the very same as in a case of fire. You will then never find occasion to bewail its inconveniences, since it has none but of one's own creation—if one sets out over a well-appointed 'Road,' as we have done."

Beatrice possesses that powerful mesmeric authority that is couched in the most delicate deference to one's desires, and yet never admits the slightest argument. The silvery intonation of her voice is never tinged with arrogance, yet every word is a command—albeit garlanded with roses! So there are no mistakes, no perplexities, and everything is possible when Beatrice is the general. It seemed that we had ample time, but not too much, and when we settled ourselves in the swept and garnished railway coach, I fully realized that a summer jaunt should always be characterized

by the spirit she exhibits; otherwise the hurry, heat and dust, that are at intervals unavoidable, must detract largely from one's enjoyment.

Leaving Madison, we glided in a northwesterly direction over a fertile and attractive country. Approaching Lodi, the scene became enchanted, with broken, sudden, forest-capped elevations, meeting in transverse directions and producing picturesque vales. Lodi nestles lovingly mid this luxury of picturesque beauty, and we ventured a belief that its people were wise and good, since they live in the very smiles of nature!

Just beyond, we pass over the graceful yet staunch bridge that spans the noble Wisconsin river. We bade adieu to repetitions of gentle slopes and sweet dingles. Suddenly our railway coach seemed contracting—we were prisoners! Our glad, exultant spirits went beyond and beyond the circumscribed limits that fetter an actual world. We longed to escape; to dart to the summit of those isolated pinnacles and domes; to hide in the darkling crevices; to laugh with the children tossing bright pebbles into the babbling brook! But steadily, swiftly, on we went toward Devil's Lake. Sharp projections vanish in beetling crags. Cliffs loom darkly against an azure sky. We peer wonderingly into mysterious intricacies that remind us of the fabulous labyrinths of glowing Grenada! I positively believe, my dear Irene, that if a mandate had been sent forth that our shrieking, hot-breathed engine should *not* be checked, I should have made a mad plunge, unable longer to restrain the enthusiasm which can only be expressed by that stupendous word—*infinite!* Even Beatrice's cool cheek exhibited a shade of excitement, and her calm eyes were sparkling with exhilaration. As we swept round the cliff that bordered the glinting, gleaming lake, our train barely clearing the boulders outcropping from the towering peaks on one side, and clinging to the track at the border of the lake on the other, my paragon of composure actually forgot her creed, *lost her presence of mind*, and, clapping her hands with the *abandon* of a light-hearted child, exclaimed: "Let me out—let me out!"

The next moment the train came to a standstill, and an instant thereafter we were in the midst of weird grandeur one could not believe existed in the State of Wisconsin, considering the fact that it is without ranges of mountains. Yet there we stood, surrounded by pictures from Nature's own gallery—some of tragic boldness and heroic adventure, with contrasting portrayals of color and shade and shimmering lights. On all sides of us were castles, constructed of mountain and precipice mightiness, rock-ribbed, with battlements that pierced the cloud-flecked sky! We beheld fortresses, but they were hewn and rent in adamantine, geological formations, cleft and protected beyond human ingenuity to devise or build! We heard delicious music—the wind in the tree tops, the echoes of life reverberating from cliff to cliff, and rebounding again and again—growing fainter and fainter, ultimately lost in the depth of some great unknown repository of earth's beautiful reminiscences.

But practical considerations divert our attention.

Perhaps Nature fashioned this land-harbor in the bosom of this bewitching, sublimely desolate retreat, for the convenience of the "*Cliff House.*" The spot is a miniature oasis of gentle rest in the midst of a majestic solemnity that is as irresistible as it is mysterious. The builders of the Cliff House have taken advantage of this wild caprice of Nature, and here is a charming and spacious hotel—"a la Swiss"—under the proprietorship of W. B. Pearl, who has gained the reputation with his guests of being a very *guardian of their rest and enjoyment.* The hotel is finished with large *wings, and broad, shaded verandas, where guests find recreation or rest as they desire.* The house was very pretty as we viewed it, the wings

extending considerably beyond the central portion, and the entire building, for three floors, surrounded by verandas, with the exception of the back, where the cliff rises rapidly—not bare and barren, but a curious mixture of rock and soil, tree and shrub, cavelet and green sward! The verandas were brilliant with the bright summer garments of the ladies, intermingled with white draperies. They were laughing and chatting, reading and sewing—and perfectly cool, although the daily papers were recording sufferings from the effects of heat all over the country. The

gentlemen were lounging about, and the children were playing on the lawn in front of

the house, where croquet grounds are laid out and hammockswing temptingly under the trees. I detected a covetous expression in Beatrice's eyes as she glanced that way. The entire bearing of this Swiss hotel is *Southern*, Irene. It has the same airy, free and roomy effect of your Southern homes. You have complained to me that you would long for your wonted *luxury of air*—that you dreaded even the idea of stifling within a "four-walled" structure. Here you may find your realization of a Southern home, as I found them in your sunny clime, when the rigor of winter was over the North land.

We found wide, clean halls and stairways, and apartments that were models of neatness. The floors are covered with pretty Brussels carpeting, the chairs are of the rocker and comfort order, and the bedstead of a French pattern, with comfortable belongings and snowy spread. There is not an atom of that stiff, wearisome discomfort that one encounters at many "resorts." We discover that the place is exactly what it pretends to be—a retreat for recuperation, rest and pleasure! Even to the very office there is a dainty, home influence.

I believe you would get well and strong here, Irene. Respiration is free and vigorous. The weak and indifferent grow ambitious, earnest and



Echo Cliff, Devil's Lake, Wis.

reliant. The dry, clear, rarified air induces sleep and rest, and, consequently, a natural renewal of vital energy. Natural causes produce this result. The lake is 300 feet above the Wisconsin river, and some 700 feet above Lake Michigan! No miasma lurks about, and the water is from pure, everlasting springs. Added to this, the guests of the Cliff House are served with an abundance and a variety of perfectly cooked food, in a large, cool, well-appointed dining room.

After tea, Beatrice and I went out in the lively little steamer that plies constantly about the lake. Our craft had plenty of company in the way of small boats, many of them filled with chivalrous anglers. The fishing in the lake is superb. I overheard one mortal—pitiably lost to all poetical appreciation, I fear—make the very expressive remark that “even the average woman can make a success of fishing in Devil’s Lake, and they wouldn’t be such a bother here since they are kept busy, if it wasn’t for the bait—!”

An unfeeling and cruel way of saying that the lake is fairly alive with fish!

As we went out from shore, we gazed down through a clear green volume of water to a depth of nearly fifty feet. Not an atom of sediment collects upon stone or surface. No outlet or inlet is accessory to the purity of its waters which are so marvellously clear, but living springs boil up from the unexplored recesses of the earth, filling this cliff-bordered basin to a depth of over 350 feet in many parts of the lake, a length of one and a half miles, and a breadth of nearly a mile. Noiselessly we sped over the water, its extreme border skirted by the track of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, to the eastward, while just beyond rise precipitous bluffs to the height of over 500 feet. To the west are corresponding peaks and sharply defined needles that bristle over 600 feet in mid air, while to the south the elevations are more subdued in outline and less lofty. Notwithstanding these magnificent upheavals of porphyry that have packed and piled and cemented to a giddy height, the cool, soft air sweeps over the lake, unscathed by a city’s dust and blistering heat. To the north, the crags subside into sombre but self-asserting escarpments, with glimpses of pastoral peace beyond.

We glanced from one succession to another of the castellated heights, titanic monsters of grotesque and sublime form; rugged and picturesque boulders and rocks standing out like grim sentinels before dark vistas, whose portals are fern and moss embellished, with trellis work of mountain vines interwoven by tendril and leaf, as poetic draperies. In many places the dense growth of trees casts a peculiar, impenetrable shadow, like utter darkness at midday, strangely at variance with a barren, stubborn rock-cliff just beyond. The “Turk’s Head” and the “Devil’s Arm Chair” are remarkably prominent, and as we pass through the “Gateway,” we come upon the Kirkland House at the southeast corner of the lake, where our boat rounds to on her return trip, crossing to the western shore.

The Kirk Brothers have a delightful farm, with a rural cottage and a small hotel. They use the space between east and south cliffs as vineyards, and furthermore, the rich purple grapes are turned into pure wine, that is stored in cool cellars for the thirsty guest, who may quaff “sour” or “sweet” at his will. We ran over the clover lawn, the tree boughs meeting over our heads; we rested upon a rustic seat, and inhaled the perfume of blossoms that blushed rosy red in their wicker baskets hanging from interlaced vines; we saw the bee intent on the completion of his day’s task; and we heard the keen whistle of our boat, and went through the *orchard and the vines and the clover, past the wine press, the dovecote, the beehive and the antiquated low cottage; and out upon the lake again, into*

a startling sunset, barbaric in lurid bars of crimson and gold, athwart which slanted drifts of purple-edged clouds darting out fiery arrows of flame from the livid fires of a consuming day. The crags reddened and then grew radiant, gradually melting into a crimson mist, which, at last, veiled itself with the soft gray of early evening.

There was music and dancing, playing of billiards, and tableaux in the parlor of the Cliff House, when we came on shore, but Beatrice and I retired and slept profoundly until the morning, for the nights are always cool here. We went

out into the delicious morning air, redolent with the odor of the pine trees and the songs of birds. Beatrice left me that early morning time, the "North-Western" train conveying her home to Chicago, 173 miles from the lake.

I expected to feel lonely, for Beatrice is of the class that gives no relief with her absence! But the guests at Devil's Lake are kindly courteous to new comers—perhaps because so many of them consider themselves "old residents" through a repetition of several "summer times," in the Cliff House.

The truth is, one always desires to return to the lake. It never grows monotonous or wearisome. Those who desire the glare of fashion and ceremonial trappings, a conventional routine of society's demands and frivolities, had best seek other "resorts." The Cliff House is filled with highly intellectual, contented and courteous people, who do not sacrifice their own comfort and everybody else's to ostentation or hollow-hearted glitter. There is the sterling ring of a high grade of existence—not of the æsthetic and visionary flightiness—at Devil's Lake, combined with merry cheer,



Devil's Lake.

I sat under the trees watching the train twist and wind out of sight, signaling Beatrice as long as I could discern the flutter of her handkerchief, and then turned toward the office, where ladies and children, as well as gentlemen, seem to feel at home. Whatever gloomy thoughts might have succeeded Beatrice's departure, were put to rout by an impromptu expedition up the cliff, to the west of the hotel, verging southward on our way, gallantly led by Mr. ———, of Chicago, whose four summers' experience in exploring this wonderland has rendered him what may be termed a "practical enthusiast" over its beauties and mysteries. Moreover, his fund of information saved our party the dismal fate of being lost in the rock recesses and chaotic cleavatures that yawned on all sides of us. At times we stood upon the brink of sharp declivities; the great throbbing world at our feet and the wide dome of limitless heaven above; the wind moaning in the dark caverns beyond, sighing a requiem mid the leaflets overhead, and then, carolling away in a mad gallop down to the gleaming lake, it ceases its caprice in a sly kiss which sets all the grave fish gossiping, and sends the coy mermaid down to her bower in the depths, to blush and glance in her mirror. We rested beneath the great boughs of the trees at intervals, catching sight of mountain blossoms that brightened up the old rocks with their moss and lichens, restraining our wayward hands from breaking their stems and thus ruining their sweet mission of mercy—an appealing sermon up there mid rugged nature, to many a hardened human heart! Then we went our way, between jutting rocks and colossal boulders, past the huge "Elephant Rock," until we arrived at "Table Rock," where the weary paused to rest, while the brave and venturesome proceeded to climb to that dizzy eminence—the "Devil's Arm Chair."

I was satisfied with the rock, Irene. Now paint your picture! Far below lies the glittering lake, surrounded by a strange confusion wrought by a mighty contention of Nature's forces, succumbing at last to beneficent influences, and accepting a tribute of tree, vine and blossom. Evidences of igneous and aqueous action lie side by side, both submitted to some awful upheaval. Look to the west, Irene, where rock citadels rise hoary and broken against the azure sky; and grim archways, frescoed as in the days of the Renaissance, with cherubs of flint, guard monasteries wherein the winds and the echoes of the waves chant Ave Marias the livelong day. See the machicolations of the battlements, and the million spears of gold with which the sun environs them! See the bold curves of the boughs just beyond us to the south, and even in the bosom of bleakness, the amber, the sapphire, and the topaz of trefoil blossoms. See the brilliant butterfly, delicate, and short of life, like so many glimpses of beauty—see the ant, industrious even for a boulder hamlet—listen to the birds, the wood doves! Look over into the black shadows where the woods are, and watch the shifting gray lights fashion sombre-robed nuns at their vesper worship. Just above, a trifle to the west and north, far below, is the Cliff House, very like an Alpine villa, its galleries and balconies a miniature carnival of merriment, bright-colored draperies mingling with black and white as the people walk up and down. Children are playing on the lawn under the trees, and suddenly the engine of a "North-Western" train shrieks a salute, while, away down, the coaches wind round the curve, the rocks and cliffs echoing the cry of triumph thus uttered by mechanical genius! To the south, the lovely Kirkland vineyards and cottages steal into the wildness of the scene; while to the north, we catch a glimpse of clover and maize far beyond the bluffs and hills.

I had read the various reports that Devil's Lake was an exquisite resort, *but that its abundant supply of rattlesnakes precluded actual comfort and*

safety—one verbal "bulletin" went so far as to recount the quadrilles they performed on the front lawn, and one of the Chicago dallies contained a letter made recklessly interesting with these serpents' heads protruding from every rock crevice, their forked tongues and basilisk eyes coinciding with the appellation bestowed upon the place! What is a summer without an adventure? I climbed rocks and explored caves. I peeped into crevices and endeavored to entice the musical and sociable rattlesnake to an interview by plunging my parasol into suspicious nooks. I beat the lawn with my slippers, and set all manner of traps—but never, never, even the ghost of a rattlesnake to rebuke my wanton raid upon their precincts! In despair, I appealed to Mr. Pearl and his guests, to ascertain whether they were "out of season." My impatient spirit of conquest was shattered! Why had irresponsible persons led me to expect more than I could find! Why had an aspiring correspondent emblazoned a romantic article with *absolute fiction!* Guests who had become familiar with every foot of cliff and bluff, seeking them for four successive summers, declared they had never been rewarded beyond a diminutive green "garter" species, such as children sometimes capture. And to aggravate the state of affairs, mine host offered a liberal reward if I could coax an agile "rattler" into the light.

I am aware that fancy can take peculiar flights, and it may be that a sensitive imagination emblazoned these grand cliffs with waving reptile heads, and an overwrought brain had the satisfaction of transforming the jovial croaking of a frog, the gleeful chirp of a cricket, or the hum of a wild bee into a "deadly warning" that produced a clammy chill and a reeling of the senses—this *may* have been, but I can not say I am just now prepared to place much confidence in this extenuating conjecture, as to the reason of the "rattlesnake story"! I believe, if anything can be found through application, I can find it—but what nobody ever found, at Devil's Lake, I will cease searching after—and that is, a rattlesnake!

The guests at the lake never omit visiting the *Dells of the Wisconsin*, seven miles distant. Carriages can always be procured, and the trip is easily accomplished in one day. Mr. Charles Davis, versed in the mysteries of the romantic scenery thereabouts, piloted our party, and to him we owed the accomplishment of much in a short space of time.

We arrived at Kilbourn City in due time, a pleasant, quiet little town, but quite devoid of the wildwood luxuriance we left at the lake. *The Dells* constitute the charm of the place. A good hotel provides amply for the people, but the town, although high and dry and healthful, soon grows monotonous, for one can not live in the Dells, as they do live in the sublimity of Devil's Lake.

A couple of steamers run up the Wisconsin river a distance of five miles, allowing passengers the privilege of exploring gorges and cañons. Here the strata is clearly defined, and regularly placed, although disjointed and fractured by some volcanic action, and groups are now lying at different angles. It would seem that this channel was rent and torn for the Wisconsin river, for on either side the rocks rise perpendicularly, bare and bleak, a great gorge with fantastic forms on either side, caves and grottoes admitting exploration. "Cold Water Cañon," a regular stopping place, is a narrow passage way into the bosom of the earth, the cliffs almost meeting and shutting out the light of day, far above. Picking our way over stepping stones that crossed brooklets which somehow crept in here, our hands touching either side of this sepulchral recess; again the way widening and the light drifting from above, we reached the "Devil's Jug" at last, a circular cavern, similar to the old earthen ware designated; the opening, at

the top nearly closed and the gorge terminating. This is evidently the result of some mighty whirlpool in ages gone by.

"Witches' Gulch" is another point of interest, together with many others. As one goes up stream "The Navy Yard" is most impressive—the old hulks standing out in bold detail, some battered and worn, others jaunty and trim as if eager for a fray. We thoroughly enjoyed our day's recreation, reached the dock at Kilbourn City in the best of spirits, rested and procured refreshments at the Finck House, and then set out for Devil's Lake. Mr. Davis' team knew the way, and, evidently appreciating home,

rapidly shortened the distance between them and the lake, where we arrived in the "cool of the evening," finding Mr. Pearl ready to receive his straying guests with a sumptuous supper, although the regular time for that part of the programme was numbered with "events that were."

You may inform all your friends, Irene, that Mr. Pearl will have in readiness for the season of 1882, a number of charming cottages in addition to the "Cliff House." You may proceed with your scraps of interest by saying, that the regular price per diem will be \$2 for adults, or \$10 per week for all individuals over fifteen years of age; between twelve and fifteen, \$7; and for children under twelve, \$5. Thus you will discover that a summer resort of delightful rest, away from dust and heat, can be secured at a moderate price. All children are to take meals at the second table, where they will be amply served and attended.



Devil's Lake, South from Kirkland.

I believe, Irene, that if all domains said to be in possession of his Satanic Majesty, could be as alluring as this locality, and the way thereto as cosy and delightful as the one by which we reached Devil's Lake, I should be fully satisfied with the "broad path" and the "destruction" whither it leads, since the dividing line between that and Paradise must be almost in obscurity—if I can accept this locality as a specimen.

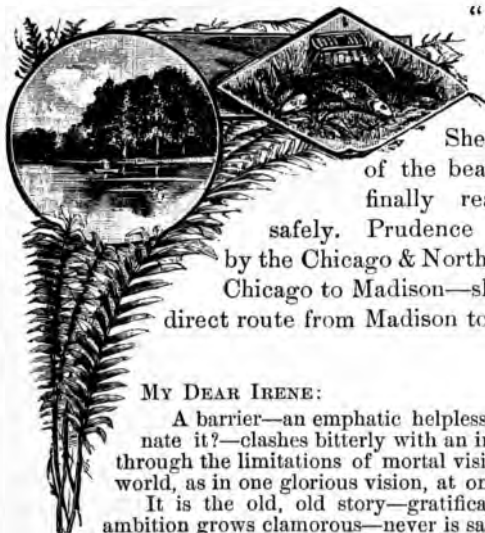
Remember, the lake is reached three miles before Baraboo is announced, and is a station; so do not make a mistake in checking your trunks.

I am not ready to go away—the longer one remains, the less one is so inclined. But I must continue my journey on the morrow, leaving my earnest best wishes with the House and its inmates, confident that these inspiring surroundings will bestow success and pleasure upon each and all.

Good night, Irene,—blessings be with you, and a thought for your wandering friend,

Thine—

SPARTA, WIS.



"BEATRICE" seems to have left our writer, who made her trip to Sparta alone. She discourses charmingly of the beauties of the route, and finally reaches her destination safely. Prudence had taught her to go by the Chicago & North-Western Railway from Chicago to Madison—she could go by no other direct route from Madison to Sparta.

SPARTA, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

A barrier—an emphatic helplessness—what shall I denominate it?—clashes bitterly with an impatient yearning to break through the limitations of mortal vision, and behold the whole world, as in one glorious vision, at one's feet!

It is the old, old story—gratification incites ambition, and ambition grows clamorous—never is satiated nor even satisfied.

And so up here in Sparta, the view is so wide, so gloriously boundless, that one's sensibilities instinctively overreach possibilities and yearn for forbidden luxuries. It is "natural," these cool, deliberate mind-anatomists will inform you. These people look upon joy or suffering simply as material for their profession, and tear it in shreds, without the least compunction, to arrive at the elementary principles of "motive" and effect. They have analyzed what we call "character" and "disposition," and I suppose you and I must accept their ultimatum that human nature is never at peace with conditions as they are! But we must accept them, and I must submit to the knowledge that all creation will not unfold itself in panoramic splendor before me up here in Sparta, however much I may desire it. Nature has been lavish in these magnificent surroundings, and has nurtured a wish for the inexorable "more," which receives a negative response quite as inflexible.

I found my way here from *Devil's Lake*, but those who leave Chicago with Sparta as a first destination, will ride via the "Chicago & North-Western" in a northwesterly direction, passing through Beloit, Madison, Devil's Lake, Elroy, etc., a distance of 246 miles, over a delightful country and an even railway track. From Elroy the way is romantically diversified

with bluff and defile surprises that contrast with the milder pastoral glades beyond.

I stepped from the train upon a broad, smooth platform, and there met several individuals who seemed particularly solicitous as to my intentions, but, like the veteran tourist, I had shaped my course, and, without argument, entered the brightly painted but curtailed bus that ministered to travelers. "*The Warner House*" I simply said, and away we went over a hard, level road a mile or more, arriving in due time before a commodious, substantial, brick structure, directly in the centre of the pretty little town. The hotel attaché took possession of my portable property with that *sang froid* peculiar to his class, and ushered me into a large, luxurious reception room, there to await future developments. They came in the shape of mine host, B. F. Brown, who conducted me to a room on the same floor, and there left me to my own meditations. Looking about I discovered my apartment to be lofty, large, airy, with a carpet of pretty Brussels, elegant walnut furniture, and capacious easy chairs. No odorous oil lamp illuminated the scene, but a clear gas flame shed its light over the smooth, inviting, white bed, reminding me that the hours were counting into the night.

And how I slumbered! The bed was superior, and the air that came through the open window, clear and absolutely delicious. I was thoroughly rested and ready for the delightful breakfast served me in the large, airy dining room. Fresh vegetables, eggs and butter—have you ever spent a week at "grandfather's farm"? Well, you obtain all the luxurious abundance of that table at the Warner House, with the *et cetera* and serving of a first-class hotel.

As for the town, Irene, it is a clean, bright, little place of about 4,000 inhabitants, enterprising and improved. Do not expect to find a drowsy rural hamlet, where the people bask in utter oblivion of aught but their own rest and existence—oh, no! They are a busy people, very like the scrap of some large city—busy ever, gleaning all the "new ideas" and going far beyond the primitive simplicity so many persons expect to find in "pretty little Sparta," as a main characteristic. Its streets are wide and well kept, its business houses numerous and first class, its residences elegant in many respects, and beautifully attractive. It is situated in a broad valley which is rich in productions, and well settled. I rode out to Observatory Hill or Hollow Bluff, situated in the northeastern suburbs of the town, to obtain a better view.

Down below, the town nestles in a bower of green trees, her church spires rising in worshipful tokens that the people are good as well as wise. Far, far away on every side sweeps this rich, fertile valley, dotted over with fine farm houses. The breadths of grass land lie vividly green under a clear, blue sky, with intervals of bronzing wheatfields between. A mid-summer glow rests upon the yellow cornflowers, and the little brooks sparkle in the sun, bordered by the cistus which cling along the turf paths and mingle with the ivies and stalks of millet. Fences cross and recross, and cut up the landscape with the aid of placid La Crosse river. The men are out in their fields, and the patient workhorse treads up and down, and up and down, between the long straight rows of shining corn, while the sober cattle take a midday nap in the clover meadows spangled with white and red blossoms. *Athens* is plainly seen on the one side; while on the other, the blue hills of Minnesota and the flat lands that mark the track of the Mississippi river, are distinctly portrayed against a golden sky. And only through this "flat land" opening which means the "Mississippi bottoms," has this fair valley an outlet! On every side are stupendous rocky bluffs

and crags, forest-crowned, and brook-traced; these little streams leaping and hissing and boiling over declivities and steeps, creeping through defiles and widening into pools in strange, weird caverns; and finally rushing frantically, gladly, laughingly, into the golden, rich valley, there to coquette with the sun's flaming darts and to kiss the shy, trailing arbutus, and to lure the flushing Badger blossoms crouching in their nests of velvety leaves. Miniature mountains are these grand and stupendous upheavals all about this plain, constituting a natural fortification through which railway corporations must

tunnel to reach the town. The "Chicago & North-Western" has constructed a subterranean passage of over three-fourths of a mile through one of these bluffs, and so brings its passengers fair and square into Sparta. Although the valley is thus surrounded with a succession of bluff and crag formation, it is not shut away from free invigorating air. Many hundred feet above

Lake Michigan, it attains an altitude where the atmosphere is peculiarly dry and invigorating, pure and cool, without the least acrid effect, and perfectly free from malarial poisons and humidity. The air itself is a tonic! It buoys up one's flagging strength—in my own experience it was *similar to a stimulant without its depressing effects*. Upon Hollow Bluff I took a copious draft of it, and then came down from the Observatory to tramp over the bluff that I might listen to the reverberations which go to substantiate the theory that a great vault exists beneath, as yet unexplored. The sand, strewn through the interstices and piled against the boulders, is silvery white, and lies sparkling in the sun like precious mineral dust drifted against a sombre, gray barrenness.

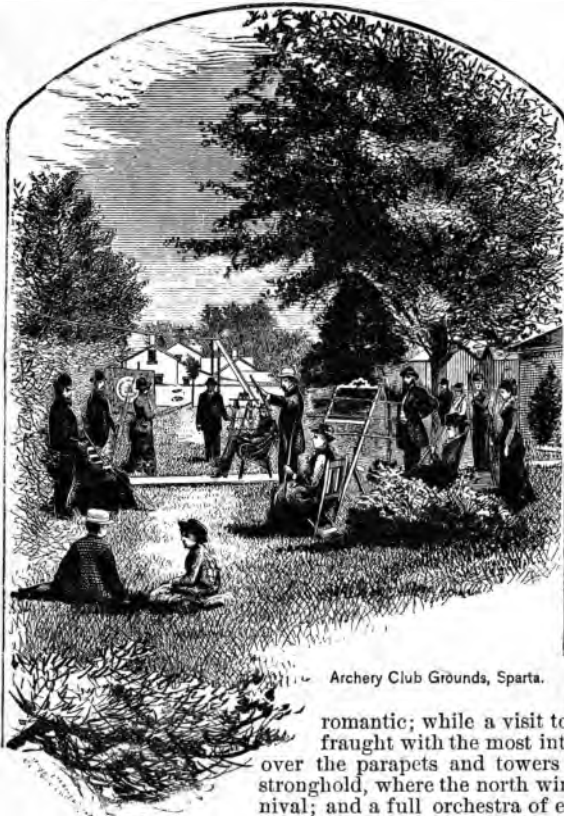
We rode back again under the interlaced boughs of the great trees; past the yellow honeysuckle and the blue bells; the purple wild morning glories and scarlet trumpet creepers—down into the charming town, where



La Crosse River, Sparta.

the people are all out, and the children are playing, hatless and free, growing strong, and brooking little of life's care.

Away again to the northwest, through the forest and plum thickets, five miles over a fine road, to *Castle Rock*, an enormous bluff, some 700 feet high, its bleak summit beetling sixty feet or more above the lofty trees that have sturdily taken root upon its rugged sides until adamantine sterility triumphed,



Archery Club Grounds, Sparta.

and left the dizzy height a seamed, brown, defiant castle, impregnable in its rocky mightiness. The view from this elevation is most picturesque. As we retrace our way, we discover enchanting dells in the woodland where the sunshine rarely penetrates, conopied by tree boughs and coiling vines. Occasionally a brooklet gushes from a living spring hidden in the lofty grandeur, its waters leaping and foaming in miniature cascades down to a more even flow over a strand of variegated pebbles.

The drive to the "Chimney Rock" is no less

romantic; while a visit to "Rock City" is fraught with the most intense wonderment over the parapets and towers of this envired stronghold, where the north wind holds high carnival; and a full orchestra of echo nymphs revel and riot among the red and gray rock palaces.

Another interesting resort is "Trout Falls," five miles above Sparta. The La Crosse river, in its course through this valley, flower and tree-bordered, possesses no greater attraction than these falls. It suddenly descends some nine feet; the water being hurled upon a broken, rocky plateau, it descends, foaming and hissing, in miniature rapids. Its volume of water is so transparent that one can plainly discern the speckled trout as they glide over in the descent. "Perch Lake" is another attraction, receiving its name from the fish with which it is stocked.

I will not enumerate the many charming resorts that flank Sparta on all

sides, but let it suffice when I inform you that it is circled by romance and poetry, the grotesque and the sublime! *Let me add that this section is the gala ground for speckled trout fishing.* No county in the Northwest can boast with accuracy such a length of trout streams, which are fairly alive with these lively little fellows. Nearly 500 miles of trout brooks traverse this county. Now, you must not suppose the people sit in their balconies and bait these finny dainties, or that the brooks run down each side of all the streets, and bias-ways the town lots. One must march away with a hook and a line to the hilly localities, where the springs bubble up pure and clear from rocky depths, for there the trout sportively dwells, and is ready for a game of chance. I may also add that these hills and bluffs afford famous shooting.

Prominently would I predict, Irene, that *Sparta is bound to become the Mecca of the Northwest for invalids*, through advantages it possesses that are valuable beyond all computation.

Accident gave the people of Sparta the knowledge that, at a certain depth, their section of country possessed an inexhaustible supply of pure, clear water. A movement was inaugurated to supply the town with a fountain, and through Mr. J. T. Hemphill's (president of the First National Bank) energy and perseverance, the object was accomplished. Water was reached at a depth of 315 feet, the jet amounting to 100 gallons per minute. This was in 1867. Since that time eighteen artesian wells have been bored, and the flow is simply astonishing. The properties of this water were, in the beginning, passed over slightly, as the object was merely a supply; but these mineral qualities asserted themselves so prominently that it became a *self-evident fact* that it was a *water of life*, possessing curative powers for certain affections, to a degree heretofore unknown in America or Europe. Residents of the town were permanently cured of chronic diseases of long standing. Since that time many invalids all over the country have been reclaimed from suffering and death through its agency. Its value has not been sufficiently known from the fact that, being free to everybody, it has not been to any one's pecuniary interest to send the news broadcast. But its own achievements have won its own fame, and one "personal experience" has attracted a dozen others, until throngs are to-day surging toward Sparta, and it is surely destined to become the proud queen of living waters. I add Prof. J. M. Hirsh's analysis of Sparta Mineral Water, as follows :

	Grains.		Grains.
Carbonate of Iron	14.33501	Sulphate of Lime	0.18020
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	4.03101	Chloride of Calcium.....	0.60502
Carbonate of Lime.....	0.40202	Chloride of Sodium.....	0.14301
Carbonate of Strontia.....	0.01402	Iodide of Sodium.....	0.00014
Carbonate of Baryta.....	0.00600	Phosphate of Soda.....	0.06400
Carbonate of Manganese.....	0.00072	Phosphate of Alumina.....	0.06800
Carbonate of Soda.....	0.21090	Silica.....	0.28000
Carbonate of Lithia.....	0.02400	Hydric Sulphide.....	0.00840
Carbonate of Ammonia.....	0.00210		
Sulphate of Soda.....	2.21430	Total	23.21735
Sulphate of Potash.....	0.64130		

It will be seen that this is the most powerful chalybeate water yet discovered, containing double the amount of iron found in any other discovered mineral water. In combination with this mineral are the necessary elements to counteract any constipating effects. It is therefore a rare tonic and a desired diuretic. Its magnetic properties are very decided, the well or fountain contiguous to the Warner House being the strongest. *Trout can not exist in it. Clothes can not be washed with it, as it rusts them. The tin cups hung at the wells or fountains become coated with a bright yellow*

in two days' time. Reddish sediment collects wherever it escapes or flows, and yet the minerals are in such perfect solution that the water is beautifully clear and pure. In taste, the iron is strongly prominent. Some persons drink it with the keenest relish in the beginning, while others, not favorably impressed at first, soon acquire an appetite for it. Those afflicted with debility, pulmonary affections, indigestion, headache, kidney and liver complaints and severe rheumatic and neuralgic affections, should certainly avail themselves of an opportunity for a pleasant, safe and sure cure at vastly less expense than remaining at home under ordinary treatment with necessary care. In connection with the Warner House, where the water is constantly served, is a Turkish Bath Institute, under the supervision of F. P. Stiles, M. D. The mineral water is of course used, different forms of baths being adapted to different patients. The eliminating process of clearing the system of disease is a physiological one, equalizing the circulation and relieving congestion. Mr. William Lohmiller, the representative agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, who has ample opportunity to observe the arrival and departure of the afflicted, assures me he has long ceased to be surprised over the coming of emaciated mortals, many on crutches from rheumatic complaints, and the departure of the same individuals, bright-eyed and hopeful; while those of the crippled limbs amble along, independent of stick or support.

I do wish, Irene, I could everywhere proclaim to those suffering, abject, pitiable objects known as *hay fever people*, the fact that Sparta is an elysium for them. The disease is unknown here. The accommodations are first class, at a very moderate rate; special arrangements given by the week or season. Mr. B. F. Brown, of the Warner House, will speedily respond to all letters of inquiry, as will Mr. William Lohmiller, Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. The village is well supplied with private boarding houses. The Ida House affords good accommodations, as do several other hotels.


With all the advantages of the air and water, the invalid enjoys the pleasures of a superior summer resort, where the resident townsfolk are cultured and courteous, entertaining all strangers within their gates with that kindly consideration which alleviates every tinge of homesickness, and gives one a pang of regret when leaving delightful Sparta. I have packed away many choice reminiscences of the place in my memory casket, one of the brightest being the hours I spent with the *Archery Club*, on its wide, well-kept grounds. The ladies in their pretty costumes, flitting hither and thither among the grand old trees, added to the gayety of the scene, while the rushing arrows, cutting through the air and shivering a moment as they struck the target, told how enthusiastic was the amusement, and what rare skill these Spartan archers had achieved. I earnestly appreciated the kindly invitation, and reluctantly left the red and the blue colors, battling for the laurel crown out there under the trees on the greensward, while I returned to the Warner House for a few last preparations before riding to the train—one of them my letter to you, with a hope that these leaves will not be tiresome, but will accomplish their mission of lightening an hour with an inadequate description of one of the bonniest resorts in the great Northwest. You will come with me next season, will you not?—that is, unless some Nemesis shall glance askance, or Destiny lead us away and beyond, *what?*—or bind our pinions.

The horses are ready—so am I. Accept a sympathetic heart throb and a merry good night.

Au revoir.

WAUKESHA, WIS.

IN the midst of "the heated term" our writer left Chicago for Waukesha. Again she selected the Chicago & North-Western Railway. From Chicago she went to Milwaukee, and enjoyed the ever-to-be-had pleasant ride along the shore of Lake Michigan that alone is to be secured by taking the trains of this road.



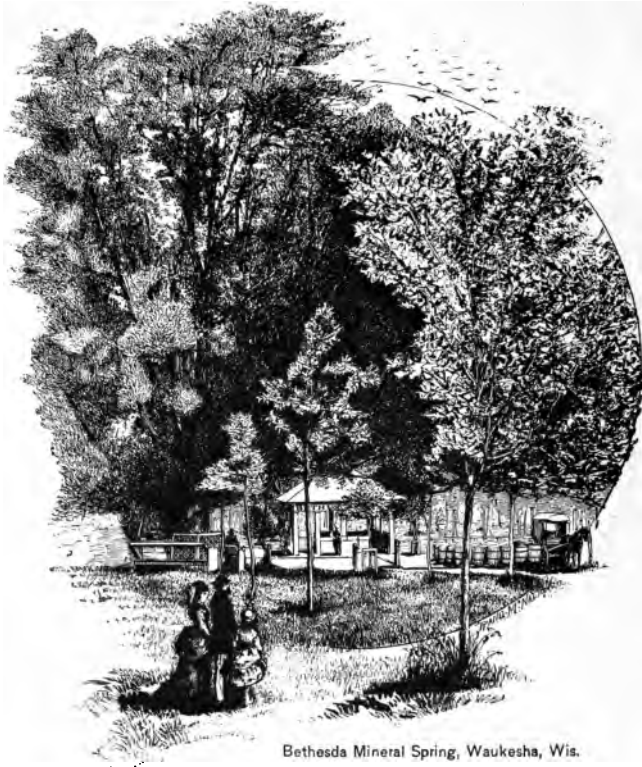
The Chicago & North-Western Railway is the shortest route between Chicago and Waukesha, and doubtless will soon attract the larger proportion of the public that travels to or from this noted health and pleasure resort. The road between Milwaukee and Waukesha is new, and has been built in the most substantial manner. It is nearly as straight as an arrow, has no high grades, and can be traversed at as high a rate of speed as a locomotive engine can be made to haul a train. The station of the North-Western Railway is in the heart of the village of Waukesha, and close to all the leading springs and best hotels and boarding houses.

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

Beneath the limitless sky, basking in the sunlight, sweet in the fragrance of myrtle and thyme, gorse and clover—peaceful in her low-toned chimes of unison and good-will to all—half dreaming, in her happy oblivion, of what strange circumstances the busy world is made of, down in its whirlpools—*was* the calm little village of Waukesha! It had come up from the soil as the blue bells do: modestly, coyly, growing stronger and stronger in the vigorous light, extending its streets up and down, under the trees, and bordered with grass and shrub, while in the portcullises of nature the birds sang ever an anthem of rare purity. And the people built their houses as

the romance weavers do—savoring of poetry and a dear old-fashioned affection that somehow shuns the great cold palaces, and shrinks away from the mysterious as from an uncanny sepulchre! And so in the midst of broad acres of waving maize and bearded wheat, in the very place where the trees had clustered and clung together, and the vines had crept and twined and linked, and where the land had fluffed up in beautiful, soft hills, and where the air seemed to grow tender and kind, they built their little town



Bethesda Mineral Spring, Waukesha, Wis.

of *cosy homes*. They fenced them in, and taught the vines to nestle about the arbors and bowers, and to cling to the very housetops. They planted magnolias, and great glowing poppies, and ruby dragon-heads, purple violets, blushing and pale white roses, and the sweet jessamine—and they reared their shrubs with blossoms like yellow stars, and leaves bright as if fresh washed with heaven's dew, always. And they cut their pretty paths through the thick green sward, and cleared away a little space for the trees that should bear them luscious fruit, and for the bushes of succulent berries. And they planted seeds that gave them all the products of the soil, *and built barns for their steeds*, and for their cows that gave them pure,

rich milk. And when morning rebuked the darkness, the shrill salutes and echoes bespoke the thrifty chicken harem, and suggested fresh eggs or an omelette. And the people thoroughly enjoyed their work—no panics to frighten, no surging and clashing of interests—no overstrung tension of the nerves that turns pain to grim despair, and pleasure to excitement—ah, no! they were living their lives out as holy incense, envious never, disturbed not!

A worn and weary mortal, chastened and suffering, drifted into this safe retreat—why not?—since Providence “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb”—and, burning with thirst, he quaffed the clear, cool water of a natural spring which bubbled up from the land. It was like an enchanted draught! And so the pilgrim was cured of his affliction, and to-day hundreds stand as living proofs that Nature has prepared her own specific for many ailments, and that *Waukesha* is the treasury of some of these divine gifts! With Mr. Dunbar's discovery came the shock that *awakened Waukesha*, and she became of the world! But her pretty homes and her delightful charms were born with her, and although she lost them not, she was destined to share them with the world, and for this sacrifice to reap a goodly reward in the way of the world's wealth and wisdom.

Mr. Dunbar designated his spring “Bethesda,” in the firm faith that Providence had led him thitherward. He proclaimed the fact that he had been cured of a medically hopeless case, and proceeded to improve the property. The appellation was taken from the ancient pool in Jerusalem where the people waited in five porticos for the angel to “trouble the water,” preparatory to their stepping in to be made whole.

The modern Bethesda is about the same dimensions as its ancient namesake, and in representation of the five porches are five springs encircling the curative pool, not, however, endowed with medicinal qualities. Beside the efficacious water, bubbling from deep rock formations, is the image of an angel. A graceful pagoda covers the spring, while the grounds are tastefully laid out. Paths lead in all directions through cleanly lawns; inviting arbors tempt one to repose under the grand old trees; and attendants supply the water *free* to all who come to drink. And so Waukesha was awakened, and she emerged from her obscurity, and was known through the length and breadth of the land as the town of the great healing fountains!



Maple Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

And then the people of the great cities went there in crowds and troops, and suddenly, with a meteor-like flash and a brilliant sparkle, Waukesha became the *Saratoga of the West*, a *recherche* resort, the arena of fashion and gayety as well as a place of health-giving waters.

Thus had I heard of it, Irene, and so I determined to go there.



Glenn Mineral Spring, Waukesha, Wis.

Waukesha has been given its best impetus, since its spring discovery, in being reached directly by the "Chicago & North-Western Railway." As usual, the track is superior and the coaches perfect. I went by way of Milwaukee, thence to Waukesha, over that enchanting way I

have described to you—a ride that remains ever a rare picture in the minds of those who are so fortunate as to go over it. One can come by way of Madison, for the line continues there, but I wouldn't advise it—*never* omit that lake shore ride, when you can secure it. Arriving here, I found the "Chicago & North-Western" depot in the most convenient location, a very short distance from the Fountain Spring House, mid pleasant surroundings. As a building, it is a model for all depots in much frequented resorts—sufficiently

large, with convenient apartments, handsomely finished, and with broad, spacious platforms. It is not close or stinted or dirty, or even disagreeable. It is just the kind of depot the fastidious tourist desires.

Of course I went to the Fountain Spring House, the palatial hotel of this popular resort. It is of magnificent proportions, almost incredibly so to those who have heard about but not seen it. A solid, brick structure, set on high, rolling ground, massive and grand, and yet possessing that airy gracefulness that clings to all mansions *profusely* supplied with verandas. Upon these broad, delightful piazzas the ladies are sitting in animated groups, busy with their fancy work, chatting, and enjoying themselves. It reminds me of Coney Island, save the ocean—there is such merriment, activity, and such throngs of people. But there is abundant room, the hotel furnishing ample accommodations for 800 guests. I found my prettily furnished apartment exceedingly cool—the breeze is so fresh and free here—and well supplied with conveniences. The halls are wide and cool, the parlors spacious and numerous, and the dining room extensive and superbly appointed. And the table—*well, it could not be better!* Little wonder that the cuisine of "The Fountain Spring House" is *talked about*. It surpasses most of the renowned hotels of our largest cities in variety, perfection and the manner of serving. Most emphatically, it is a perfect success! The proprietor, *Matthew Laffin, Esq.*, and the well-known manager, Mr. Albert Cleveland,

have given this "Saratoga of the West" a hotel equal in every way to any Atlantic seaside rendezvous of fashion. That it is appreciated is attested by the liberal patronage bestowed upon it by the most eminent people. From the summit of the house, with its extensive and grand observatories and promenades, I beheld a beautiful country, such as Wisconsin possesses; a landscape of verdure and flashing streams, of sparkling lakes and grove thickets, of pine clusters and trailing vines! and the husbandman's acres were before us; not flat prairie, but upland and hillock, with white farm houses and red brick barns, sleek herds and gossiping hens—and plenty of sunshine, and pure, dry air! This valley of the Fox river is a glade of romance, and it would not be surprising if the people never settled down to plow and to hoe!

Down again with the throng who have all opportunities of billiards and bowling and card parties, hops and out-door amusements, I went out on the balcony and I fear I interrupted a demure flirtation, there was such a tangle of scarlet worsted about two pairs of hands, and such gentle agitation; but I only desired to get out upon the walk which led me to the spring, situated within a few steps of the hotel—the *Crescent*—which has effected some remarkable cures. Indeed, Irene, I am not conning a fable or repeating a fairy tale—the water is a magical restorer. If you could see pale cheeks grow rosy, dull eyes grow bright, languor and weakness verge into strength and gladness, you would believe as I *must and do* that the Waukesha springs are blessings! Doubtless a change of air and rest accomplishes its own part of the work, with the aid of the superior food at the Fountain Spring House; but the *water* is an actual medicine, proving its own properties. One spring to another—the Bethesda, Crescent, Silurian, Glenn and Rock—always craving more.

The drives here are numerous and desirable. One may bring one's own horses or obtain them in town, or the house will provide. After four o'clock, and especially after tea, the streets are a perfect carnival. High stepping steeds, with proudly arched necks, skim over the gray streets, and jaunty, gay and elegant equipages bear mirthful groups. Laughter floats from crimson lips, and repartee trips from tongue to tongue, and there is no wan spectre of human woe—unless it is safely locked in the recesses of a heart. And all the people are out upon their piazzas and swinging in hammocks and idling in arbors and rustic nooks—for the town is one great rustic dingle—and the children are playing, and the birds not ceased their singing. Over 4,000 tourists and guests have been stowed away, daintily accommodated, in the *private* homes of this little town of the same number of residents! Besides this, there are several hotels, including the Fountain Spring.



Silurian Spring Park,
Waukesha, Wis.

Guests go from
one spring to another—the Bethesda, Crescent, Silurian, Glenn
and Rock—always craving more.

The business portion of the place is much beyond the average town of the same size. Its "emporiums" are abridged, to be sure, but well stocked with the "latest styles." The "solid" interests are admirably sustained.

Excursions that are beneficial and interesting can be taken in all directions from Waukesha. Out to Lake Pewaukee, where the dells and nooks are enchanting—or to Oconomowoc of picturesque lake scenery and island beauties—or to dozens of beautiful retreats flanking the town; for Waukesha is situated in the midst of Nature's most lovely caprices.



Entrance to Bethesda Park, Waukesha, Wis.

You may give your Sunday to churches, if you like—they are prolific here; or you may read, walk, or ride, or talk. In fact, one may enjoy the high tide of existence as a gift divine.

Here mid mossy knolls, under the trees, in quivering shadows, the sunlight just burnishing the clover tufts, we forget the dead hopes, the bitter, maimed ambitions that we have laid away in the mausoleums of a regretful past; and in a priceless present we grow stronger for a wider cycle in the future, where we will unite our empirical and philosophic knowledge. We will be aided thus in Waukesha, since *her* influences induce retrospection, not of a gloomy, austere type, but of the hopeful.

I think you will come fluttering up here, Irene, because you desire health, and because you will find that rest, that flash and chorus of life which will send your languid blood dancing to your very finger tips, and will inspire you with throbs of exultation that human breath is not an inanity but a mighty power for the fruition of a glory.

And you will drink the water, Irene, and you will bathe, for at the "Silurian" spring a well arranged establishment will give you thermo-electric, thermo-vapor, and all varieties of baths. And you will grow vigorous and sparkling, as everybody does here—and I shall be glad for you.

I send the analysis of the "Bethesda," by Prof. C. E. Chandler, of Columbia College, N. Y.:

In one U. S. or wine gallon, of 231 inches, there are:

Chloride of Sodium	Grains. 1.160	Phosphate of Soda	Grains. a trace
Sulphate of Potassa	0.454	Alumina	0.122
Sulphate of Sodium	0.542	Silica	0.741
Bicarbonate of Lime	17.022	Organic Matter	1.988
Bicarbonate of Magnesia	12.388		
Bicarbonate of Iron	0.042	Total	35.510
Bicarbonate of Soda	1.256		

Also that of the "Crescent," by Prof. A. Voght, of New Orleans:

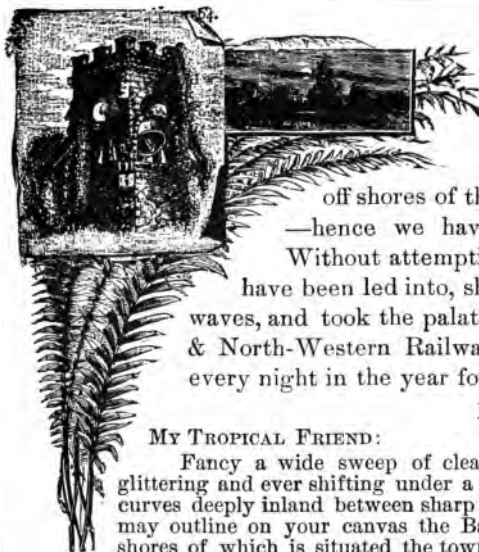
	Grains.		Grains-
Free Carbonic Acid.....	11.7825	Sulphate of Lime.....	0.2470
Bicarbonate of Lime.....	16.1885	Sulphate of Soda.....	0.2006
Bicarbonate of Magnesia.....	9.7530	Chloride of Sodium.....	0.7253
Bicarbonate of Iron.....	3.7654	Alumina, Silica, etc.....	0.5093
Bicarbonate of Baryta.....	0.2469		
Bicarbonate of Lithia.....	1.1267	Total.....	44.5452

Another admonition: remember to purchase your tickets to Waukesha over the "Chicago & North-Western," and my earnest word in guarantee, you will not regret it.

Believe me always thine—



MARQUETTE, MICH.



THE torrid days of an unusually torrid summer seem to have determined our author to seek the far-off shores of the grand Lake Superior—hence we have the following letter. Without attempting the folly that others have been led into, she shunned the perilous waves, and took the palatial train of the Chicago & North-Western Railway that leaves Chicago every night in the year for Marquette.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

MY TROPICAL FRIEND:

Fancy a wide sweep of clear, sapphire-colored water, glittering and ever shifting under a golden sun—a sweep that curves deeply inland between sharp jutting headlands, and you may outline on your canvas the Bay of Marquette, upon the shores of which is situated the town of the same name, with wide streets, well built, and possessing that righteous attribute, *cleanliness*. As I sit in my room which opens upon a wide veranda, I look directly out upon the waters of Lake Superior—as you are already aware that Marquette Bay is upon the south shore of that enormous body of water. The hotel—"The Northwestern"—is located upon the border where the land is level and wooded, with the gray-road drive just before its grounds, by the lake side. Directly to the rear, and at either side, bluffs rise precipitously, their sides rock-ribbed, with relief embellishment of shrub and tree. Up yonder lies a goodly portion of the town, one street rising above the other in a series of plateaux. It is a summer town emphatically, always cool—during the day from the invigorating breeze that drifts over the town from the lake, and at night from the same cause and the sun's absence. Be sure you are supplied with an extra blanket, when you come here, or you may really suffer with a "chilliness."

Consult your map again, Irene, for an intelligent understanding of my course thitherward. As usual, when starting from Chicago for anywhere, I go over the Wells street bridge, and a block north to the superb Passenger Station of the "Chicago & North-Western," and secure comfortable quarters in the train about to start over the "Milwaukee, Green Bay & Mar-

quette Line." The ride from Chicago northward to Milwaukee, skirting the shore of Lake Michigan, is superlatively delightful—a continuous landscape of harmonious coloring, land and water charms, with the variation of large, elegant towns. I would strongly recommend this ride as a summer recreation and even a luxury. It is marked by several prominent summer resorts.

WAUKEGAN, thirty-six miles from Chicago, on this line, is the county seat of Lake county, which has within its limits *fifty-six* charming lakes! It is located on a picturesque bluff on the western shore of Lake Michigan, about one hundred feet above it. Its drives and surrounding dells and ravines; its cirlet of lakes and rippling brooks; its refined society and superior advantages, attract hundreds of summer visitors who desire rest and healthful amusement, together with the benefit derived from its valuable mineral water—the Glen Flora, Powell and McAllister being the most widely known. *Glen Flora* is about a mile north of Waukegan, and has honestly earned its good reputation. These springs gurgle up from their rocky depths, clear and cold, and, augmenting and gathering, seek outlets in rivulets that glisten their way down to Lake Michigan. Prof. Blaney has carefully analyzed the water, and finds life-giving properties. I could not resist the temptation to visit them, on my way up here. They were nestled lovingly in a romantic glen, the sunlight sifting through the trees, and mellowed into faintly tinged reflections, forming amber arabesques mid the flower-tufted cushions that were disposed lavishly round the greensward. Nature has chosen this for an exhibition of wildwood profusion, but man has taken advantage of her generosity, and, without marring the exuberance and loveliness of creation's art, has added human skill and convenience. Terraces and flowers are introduced in every opportune spot, and rare exotics mingle with wild blossoms, while pretty little paths lead in all directions. It is a miniature "Garden of Eden." But I must not omit the practical part—the sparkling water that restores health, as the enchanted fountains did of olden days. Here is the analysis:

	Grains.		Grains.
Chloride of Sodium.....	0.183	Alumina.....	0.151
Sulphate of Soda.....	1.852	Silica.....	0.907
Bicarbonate of Soda.....	6.447	Organic Matter.....	0.100
Bicarbonate of Lime.....	15.568	Sulphur.....	a trace
Bicarbonate of Magnesia.....	11.091		
Bicarbonate of Iron.....	.115	Total.....	36.414

The Powell water is known as the "Waukegan Magnesian Mineral Springs," and has effected many remarkable cures, which are so astonishing, yet perfectly reliable, that their repetition savors strongly of the "legendary." These springs are about three-fourths of a mile southwest of the depot at Waukegan. And yet again to the southward are the McAllister springs, five in number, each possessing its own curative properties, especially adapted to different ailments. The water has been carefully analyzed, and that belonging to some of the springs very closely resembles Bethesda of Waukesha, and is efficacious in liver complaints, Bright's disease, general debility, etc. The town numbers about 8,000; possesses good hotels, the Waukegan, the German and City, leading. Private accommodations may be secured, if desired.

Onward again, reaching KENOSHA, fifty-one miles from Chicago, another popular resort, situated on the "Chicago & North-Western." Reposing directly on the shore of Lake Michigan, it is enhanced by both land and lake attractions. Being one of the best harbors on the lake, the activity of a great shipping interest enlivens the broad bosom of this mighty deep, and the novelty in a variety of craft occupied my attention for some time. The two lighthouses stand out like great sea-sentinels, guarding the human

treasure that rests in hope of fair weather and fleet sailing, on the unstable waves. The island in the mouth of Pike's creek, forming the harbor, basks in the glinting light like an empress born to rule and receive homage. The breeze from the lake surges over its forests, rustling from bough to bough, until it deftly glides down upon the United States "Life Saving Station," on its shore, facing the city. The 6,000 people convened in Kenosha are enterprising, and have spared naught to place their town in the foremost ranks of Western cities—where you will find it. It is a beautiful summer resort, and provides ample accommodation for tourists. The Grant, American and City hotels are the main homes for the transient public.



Lighthouse Point, Marquette, Mich.

Directly north, on the lake shore, another staunch city holds forth her hands in welcome to the wayfarer—62 miles from Chicago. RACINE has worn her diadem a number of years, earning the rich rewards that have annually been bestowed upon her. She is rich and fortunate, as her palatial residences testify. She is good and wise, as her

fine churches and schools indicate. She has a population of nearly 17,000, and a great commercial and manufacturing interest. As a summer resort she is emphatically pleasing, bestowing metropolitan as well as rural pleasures. Congress Hall, Huggins House, the Commercial and the Blake, are its first-class hotels.

Nearing MILWAUKEE the busy hum of a city startles us from a reverie, induced by the quietude of a wide, rolling stretch of land such as might have been included in the "promise" of sacred writ. Ranged round a crescent-shaped bay, this lake city sits proudly on her high bluff, the magnificence of her residences attesting the wealth and culture of her people. Terraced lawns and emerald-leaved shrubbery, noble forest trees, and gorgeous blossomed flower plats, environ the broad, hard streets, where the people have erected their home altars; while nearer the lake, great business blocks loom up, representing their millions. The Plankinton, the Newhall, and Kirby, are the leading hotels. I can not point out to you eighty-five miles of more interesting country than that between Chicago and Milwaukee. But my destination was beyond, and away I sped, my course from this point bending more toward the west, yet continuing northward over a prolific country that sends its russet grains to the great marts of commercial traffic.

One hundred and seventy-six miles from Chicago, and FOND DU LAC is reached. It is situated near the southern extremity of Lake Winnebago, and upon the Fox river. All about the town is a picturesque country, teeming with springs and brooklets and shaded dells. Boating and yachting afford much amusement, while fishing and hunting engage the attention of devotees of those pleasures. The city numbers about 18,000, is admirably built and well supplied with hotels, the Pattey and American being the principal ones. Directly north from Fond du Lac, bending slightly eastward, and seventeen miles beyond, OSHKOSH lies peacefully upon the western shore of Lake Winnebago, mid a profusion of scenic charms, rendered doubly potent by traditional lore. Its woodland glades; its clover-clad hillsides, and bright lake and river, all bear the impress of history and romance. The city extends from the shores of Lake Winnebago up the Fox river to Lake Buttes des Mortes, a distance of three miles. The country for miles in all directions is a rare commingling of prairie and forest stretches, lakes and rivers, that are rich in fish and water fowl resources. All facilities for boating and hunting are within reach of the tourist, and rural sports vary the attractions of the long, drowsy summer days. Its population is about 17,000, its buildings are superior, and its hotels first class. I may mention the Beckwith, the Seymour, Fowler, Frey's and Tremont.

Rapidly northward, through Neenah and Menasha, up to APPLETON, 214 miles from Chicago, within a sequestered valley where luxurious nature seems to create beauties spontaneously, and to combine them adroitly with that prosperity which supports and intensifies the finer appreciative tastes. There is not the merest dash of bleakness or sterility in this broad, rich valley—not the faintest shadow of desolation, unless it be within human hearts. Nature chants no requiems here—she has no dirges for this arcadian loveliness! Fox river here widens into a noble stream, now flowing in quiet dignity over a level bed, happily in unison with the broad meadows and highly cultivated farms upon either side, and again dashing and storming over rocky ledges, in cascade grandeur, waking the wildest echoes in darksome ravines on either side—gradually subsiding in the hiss and shrill whisper of a mad, whirling current. Appleton is a favorite with tourists. They appreciate her charms and her rest. They go to the *Telulah Springs* in the eastern part of the city, and in the shade of a beech and maple grove, upon the softly sloping hillside, drink the fabled water, clear and cool and curative. The spring boils up at the foot of the Grand Chute Rapids. Fishing, duck shooting, boating and riding keep the whilom guests busy. Appleton numbers nearly 8,000, and as a town is beautifully laid out and built. Its main hotels are the Waverly, Northwestern and Appleton.

Yet northward, reaching GREEN BAY, situated upon that important arm of Lake Michigan—Green Bay, a sharp indention, guarded by a yet sharper, long projection of land. The town is a historic landmark, and has since its first settlement been famous as a summer resort. It seems almost drifted away from the world, this modern Venice—verily drifting upon the restless tide, since to the north, the south, the east, it is water-girt. Of a necessity its climate is cool and pure. It is protected by its situation from epidemic and malarial influences. Its regularly angled streets are shaded with grand old elms, poplars and maples, forming leafy archways over the avenues beneath. Living springs supply its 15,000 people with water, aided by a valuable artesian well. The Fox river is 1,500 feet wide at this point, gradually widening into Green Bay, an expanse of water 150 miles long with a breadth of fifteen miles. Its sandy beach affords excellent bathing facilities. The best hotels are the Beaumont, Cook's and Bay City. Fort Howard is directly

opposite Green Bay, on the other side of Fox river, and connected with it by means of four bridges.

North of Green Bay, the road runs through a directly contrasting country. Farms disappear; rural villas resolve themselves into queer little cabins; and the immense granaries dwindle down to cone-shaped, sharp-pointed structures wherein charcoal is made in smoke and blackness. All agricultural traces are lost in lumbering and mining interests. Freight cars by the hundred rumble past us, red with mineral, and heavy with ore. At Negaunee I left the "Chicago & North-Western," although I had not reached its terminus. *Ishpeming*, just beyond, marks its northern limit. As a town it maintains considerable commercial importance. It lies between two iron hills, which pierce the blue of the sky in ridges and peaks. Negaunee never rests. She everlastingly delves away at her mining interest, something like thirty-two mining companies spurring her to yet greater exertions. Her 4,000 people huddle together in a narrow valley between broken hills. The town is nearly 1,500 feet above Marquette, and down this rapid descent I glided, thirteen miles, over the "Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon" Railroad—435 miles from Chicago.

I have sketched my way, Irene, briefly, all too hastily to do justice to its attractions. A party of tourists leaving Chicago and pausing at the various summer resorts on the main line, and, if possible, giving those on its "cross divisions" a call—would find this northward expedition fraught with a curious and interesting diversity of attractions. Marquette is singularly symmetrical. Its graceful curves and equal sweeps all along shore, seem actually measured in proportionate combination. The beach of shifting sand, and the fathomless, far-reaching water that mingles with the horizon away to the east, are suggestive of old ocean and its tide songs.

This aesthetic smoothness gives way as soon as we turn inland and begin to explore the great mineral region where wealth underlies all the earth in masses of precious ore. A vast obscurity pervades these colossal, sombre piles, summit-crowned with a crosier to awe into terrified subjection the disturbing energy of mankind. But that perseverance has encroached, and these tiaraed and travertine-robed fastnesses, frowning from gorge to gorge, have succumbed at last, and human footsteps disturb the vague, nameless immensity. But the wild sense of boundless wilderness is yet upon these fierce and tortuous crags, and the realm of free-born power may yet be said to be all unbroken, wherein is born most unexplainable phantasies that haunt one as a questioning doubt will, long after the sunlight of reason solves a treacherous theory!

From Marquette I undertook several expeditions. A smart steamer puffed vigorously over the lake, reaching in due time, Sault St. Mary, Isle Royale, St. Ignace Island, Fort William, and other shore points, where an unbroken wilderness tempts the venturesome to mysterious wanderings. There is no danger—no necessity for the quickened pulse of the timorous, but a guide is a requisite, because, you know, the extent of country is vast, and paths peculiar and deceptive. Secure the services of an intelligent Indian. Dispel all fear; he is tractable, and will pilot you safely. Trout fishing is excellent on the north shore. Parties fit out at Marquette, and cruising about, return with a cargo of these speckled fellows, ranging in weight from five to twelve pounds. The rivers Nipigon and Michapacaton are affirmed to be the best streams for trout fishing on the shore. I did not visit them, but I saw ample proof—and partook of the fish. Isle Royale is thirty miles from the north shore, surrounded by this clear, cool Lake Superior. *Its length is about fifty miles, so wildly rugged and even austere that it should be visited only in midsummer. Its shores are deeply in-*

dented with bays, while near its centre are two beautiful lakes. It is rich in silver deposits. Thousands of islands cling to the north shore, dotting the surface of the lake like gems. As the steamer goes coasting about, a terrific apparition seems suddenly to loom up, breaking against the cloud-flecked sky with prophetic warning—yet it is only Thunder Bay cape, darting up 1,350 feet above the level of the water, a mighty promontory, towering skyward, with deep stone ways in which black water sleeps and glitters, and where the denseness of a wilderness boasts its supremacy.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Samuel Schock, General Manager of the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Railroad, I took a ramble through the

great "copper district," a trip that no Marquette tourist should ignore. Leaving Marquette by way of Negaunee and Ishpeming, the road runs through a wild section of country, quite uncultivated. Vast iron mountains crop out on every side, and the clangor of iron furnaces clashes against the deep stillness of an unsettled district. The whirr of our train, and the shriek of our engine seem almost sacrilegious, and one rebukes the haste of a rapidly flowing river, as an interloper. At *Republie*, are the largest iron mines in the Superior region. Lake Michigammi is a lovely body of water, thirty-eight miles from Marquette, its surface strewn with pretty islets, and its irregular shore abounding in wooded capes and points. A steamer plies over its surface, and we begin to waken from our awe-inspired lethargy. The



Castle Cave, Lake Superior.

great iron interest has indeed peopled this rugged fastness; and all the way to L'Anse we grow more and more of the world, until at last upon the shore of Keweenaw bay the spell is broken, and I step upon the steamer "Ivanhoe" of the "L'Anse, Houghton & Hancock Transit Co.," quite myself again, and so enter with zest into the enjoyment of a trip across the bay, to Houghton and Hancock, passing also, through copper colored Portage lake and river. From Houghton one may reach all the great copper mines of this vast section—or one may go fishing in L'Anse bay and Fall river, and bait brook and salmon trout or whitefish. Back again to Marquette, to indulge in a trip to the eastward, over to Grand Island, and the "Pictured Rocks" on the southern shore of Lake Superior—and so am I here again, in "The Northwestern" hotel, in full view of the charming bay, surrounded by hill and valley, brooks and rivers. Tourists are here by the dozens, bent on catching thirty-pound fish in the lake, and speckled trout in the brooks, hunting, and visiting the mines and furnaces; while the troupes of invalids breathe the clear air, delighted in the knowledge that that insidious foe, lung

fever, immediately vanishes in this part of the world, and that all malarial affections quickly disappear. "The Northwestern," Messrs. Small & Houk, proprietors, is the leading hotel, with ample room for guests. The management of the "Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Railroad" promise, for the season of 1882, a new and elegant hotel structure, not to be surpassed in conveniences and luxuries by any other.

The time warns me, my languishing little friend, that railway trains are very like time—*implacable*. And as I am going down the line of the "Chicago & North-Western," I must up and away.

Sincerely—



ESCANABA, MICH.

ATTRACTED by the "piney woods" and glimmering waters that surround Escanaba on three sides, our author tarried a brief time at this unique spot, and was well repaid for the venture, as may be seen by the perusal of the following letter:

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

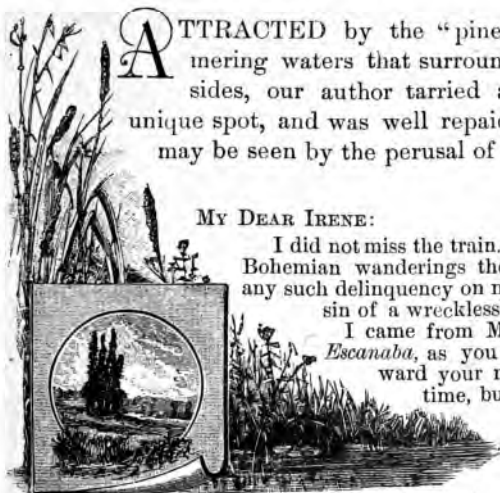
MY DEAR IRENE:

I did not miss the train. In all the annals of my Bohemian wanderings there is but one record of any such delinquency on my part—and that was the sin of a wrecklessly demoralized clock.

I came from Marquette, southward, to Escanaba, as you may see by glancing toward your map, arriving here in due time, but rather in doubt when

the train paused, as to the existence of a town, proper. Entering the "Tilden House" omnibus, a ride of a mile

brought us to a very long street, closely flanked on either side by white-faced buildings devoted to business interests. It seemed to me an interminable length before our vehicle turned to the right, and soon thereafter entered the most charming grounds, and briskly rolled up to the entrance of the "Tilden House." As I walked into the parlor, I almost fancied myself a guest at some great tribunal of the feathered tribe, for a representative of nearly every species perched upon twigs and branches, their smooth, shining plumage and graceful poise so exceedingly natural, it seemed impossible *art* had preserved these once animated songsters so perfectly. Beautiful plants and vines are disposed about the room, and the outlook is directly upon the lake or bay; grand old forest trees, a velvety lawn and plats of exquisite flowers intervening. Being assigned an apartment on the same floor, I hastily parted with my traveling suit, and arraying myself in sober habiliments, I sped down the pathway, and out upon the dock, so that I was really out in the great lake, its waters murmuring at my feet, and white sails fluttering like peace tokens, here and there, and everywhere. The skiffs were dancing nearer and nearer shore, for night was coming on, or what I suppose the active rowers heeded more, the supper hour was approaching. The "Tilden House" possesses the advantage of large grounds perfectly shaded, that run directly to the shore, with no public highway to mar the scene; and being devoted to the exclusive use of guests, they are



indeed a pleasure arena, rarely equaled. Hammocks are swaying beneath the trees, and rustic seats are placed in every convenient niche. Turning homeward I could not resist a stroll over the carpet of vernal green, pausing to admire the profusion of cultivated flowers and vines which heighten the bower-like appearance of the "Tilden House" grounds.

Supper being over, and having indulged in conversation in the bright parlor where guests convene and cast aside conventional rigor, I proceeded to slumber soundly, awaking in the clear, cool morning—an August day, you will remember—prepared for a cosy breakfast; and then set out to investigate the town.

Escanaba is 357 miles from Chicago, located at the head of Little Bay des Noques, at the northern extremity of Green Bay. On a jutting arm of fairest land, the beautifully transparent water of the bay bathing either side, clusters the town; its third boundary being laved by the Escanaba river. On the fourth line the aromatic, darksome piney woods form a delicious parapet of living green.

This is the coolest location on the shore, during the heated term. The thermometer rarely reaches eighty degrees, the average being about sixty-five degrees. There are many mornings during the month of August when a crackling wood fire, with a free circulation of fresh air, is by no means uncomfortable. I found myself quite braced up with this atmospheric restorative, and as I went over the place, every mile of exercise created new vigor instead of weariness or languor. The streets are long and wide, and somewhat given to sand. The residences are tasteful, a few being elegant; and the churches are modest and unpretentious, but rigidly clean and roomy. The most surprising business success may be found in the stupendous docks of the "Chicago & North-Western," which daily facilitate the moving of about 800 cars of iron ore. The monster vessels crowding to their places; the bustle attendant upon freighting them with the precious metal as the railway fairly flows it into port; and the activity out upon that harbor, sufficiently extensive to accommodate the navies of the world, actually confused my woman's head, and with a roar in both ears and a sense that I was behind time, lost, or something desperate, I turned back and retraced my steps over the red mineral stained way. The very tracks, the waxy planks, the stones—all are deeply colored with the mineral dye.

Tourists here find delicious air; recuperative and free from malaria; charming walks and drives; bathing conveniences and boating accommodations; cosy nooks for resting; and the kindest attention at the "Tilden House"; but they are of the straying propensities, generally, and so they roam about in quest of amusement, returning, as do the swallows, when the race is over. Moreover, all conveniences are prepared for these scouting parties by the proprietor of the house, with guides when desired, and they are given "good speed" and a merry welcome on their return. White Fish bay allures the sportsman, and the little brooks entice with their spotted brook trout. But those of a stalwart ambition ignore such tame amusement, and chivalrously plunge into the forest and dispute the right of personal possession with the fleet deer, and the stubborn bear occasionally enters the field. Ducks, geese, brant, partridges and other small game offer constant occasion for the practice of marksmanship. The naturalist may wrap his mantle of wisdom about him, and, while reaping rich geological information, may gather valuable specimens for the cabinet.

But invalids gain the greatest blessing and happiness of them all—*health*. They visit this place by the dozens, and all express themselves satisfied. *Hay fever* people are here in full force, as they always escape the terrors of that annual affliction in this climate.

Escanaba is already popular as a resort, and yearly becoming more so. Yet it is not what one may term a *fashionable* rendezvous. Large numbers of cultured, educated and accomplished persons congregate here, but they do not devote their time to toilette arts and triumphs. They dress well, but with an apparent regard for the eternal fitness of their own ease and pleasure.

The "Tilden House," Brown, Butler & Blake, proprietors, is the first-class hotel of the place. Mr. and Mrs. Brown personally supervise the comfort of their guests, and spare no care to render their house a veritable home for the tourist and invalid. The rates are very reasonable—from \$10 to \$12 per week. The Ludington House also offers good accommodations.

My greatest pleasure has been, book in hand, to swing in the hammocks *very lazily*, under the immense boughs of the grand old trees; the pure air, redolent with flowers and fine odor, wafting over me—with a gleam of the great lake through all the interstices between the tree trunks, before me; gay butterflies flitting about me; birds wheeling and circling and singing; azure coloring sifting through the tree tops above with sprinkles and beams of golden sunshine—and wherever I glance, the symbols of tranquillity and beauty; and withal, so *delightfully cool*, away from the scorch of the south wind, and yet far removed from the howl of the North monarch.

Those who like to do so, go sailing out on the inland sea, over to the islets, and the wooded points, but Escanaba suffices me, with her peace and her own beauty.

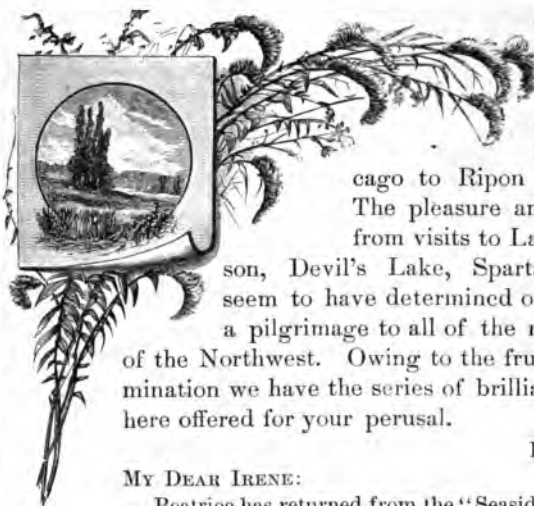
I came down here from Marquette, but from Chicago the way is the same as to Marquette, only not so far north, as you may see.

Adieu—I am so comfortable, I can not even fancy your climate to-day—adieu, with my warm affection.

Thine always—



RIPON, WIS.



"**B**EATRICE" again appears, and accompanies our friend from Chicago to Ripon and Green Lake. The pleasure and benefit derived from visits to Lake Geneva, Madison, Devil's Lake, Sparta and Waukesha seem to have determined our author to make a pilgrimage to all of the most noted resorts of the Northwest. Owing to the fruition of this determination we have the series of brilliant papers that are here offered for your perusal.

RIPON, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

Beatrice has returned from the "Seaside," bringing with her a firm conviction that I have been wise in devoting my summer to Northwestern resorts. I have reveled in the luxury of broad, beautiful creation—the very cloisters where she holds faithful vigil over her dearest treasures having given me shelter. Not that I have ostracized myself from "society," since I have always found the most delightful companionship, but, with it, I have reaped the richest harvest of scenic loveliness, and rested, and renewed my strength for the assiduous duties that are scheduled for the crimson and russet fall, and chill, white winter. Beatrice has lived, most of the season, in a round of excitement. It gave her momentary animation, but since she has left its stimulating presence, she finds herself worn, and with an undefinable mental dearth which gropes blindly, beyond a certain latitudinarian idiosyncrasy—at least, she affirms this—in search of something more substantial than colloquial frivolity or the intricacies of a toilette or a "German." And so she has come up to Ripon with me, for a real pleasure. She was an enthusiast over the ride from Chicago—everybody calls that lake shore trip via Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee, only to be secured by the "Chicago & North-Western Line," "a ride through Eden." From that point, (Milwaukee), the road tends westward as far as Fond du Lac, from which place we proceed directly west, reaching Ripon, twenty miles further, in due time—a model rural town of some 3,500 inhabitants. We alighted at a neat little station, and, glancing northward, saw a breadth of green fields, but

quickly turned our attention to the south, where lay the principal part of the village. We found ample quarters at Wood's Hotel, and after a well-served dinner went out for a drive.

The town is built upon a gradual rise of ground, tree-shaded and shrub-ornamented, with finely kept streets, which afford most enjoyable rides. The impressiveness of this quiet beauty is best discerned from a point without the village, glancing upward to the vivid coloring. The intuitive artistic taste singles out a gentle, sweet accuracy of delineation, only found in simple, natural, country-side towns, where Nature seems to have smoothed away all abruptness, and left clear, clean, graceful outlines. As we rode along the straight streets, we saw how thriffully the people kept their homes, lawn-trimmed and yard-garnished, and all shaded and cool. There was no noise, no bustle, no surging tide of human haste. The bee hummed drowsily past us, and the great blue fly settled upon a green leaf, while the children went noiselessly their several ways. It is a place of beautiful homes. Lovely cottages are embowered in vines and flowers, while a few mansions are set within wide, flower-studded lawns. It is the realization of quietude, and we half-listened for a Kyrie Eleison every time we passed a pretty little chapel. Poetry and music seemed to be in the very air—rose leaves of solitude, drifting away, ungathered fragrance, to die somewhere, all unnoticed.

There is a ripple of activity down where the "stores" are, where they buy and sell, and the great farm wagons bring in the produce and take away "the purple and fine linen" and what the soil produces not.

Ripon is a literary town. Its famous, grand college occupies a prominent position, surrounded with extensive grounds, well under improvement. Besides this, its ward schools are said to be every way superior. Silver creek runs gently through the town, breaking in upon the vivid green landscape in sparkling contrast.

As a resort, it is most valuable as a supreme resting place. Beatrice and I found it very welcome. We grew pensive and meditative, awakening in time to walk the short distance to the depot, from Wood's Hotel. Besides that public hostelry, the *Mapes* also provides comfortable accommodations.

We are going yet westward—to Green Lake, from which place I will send you tidings.



College Buildings, Ripon, Wis.

With best wishes—

GREEN LAKE, WIS.



RIPON was merely the gateway that led to Green Lake, and chance and curiosity caused our visitors to give it a call before passing beyond its portals and entering into all the joys that awaited them on the shores of the "Lac Verd" of the early French explorers of the Lake country.

GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

I am glad we arrived here in the shadows of eventide—it was so enchanting to waken in the roseate morning mid a very elysium of glowing beauty—a fairy-land of enchantment. Only the vision did not fade, but grew more and more delightfully real. And yet, Irene, we could not separate the practical from the ideal, that we had floated into the realm of light, where the beams of glory inspire the most minute object. The voice of Petrarca in the rustle of the leaves, the smile of Raphael in the sky, the glee of Boccaccio in the water—ah! words grow beggarly, so meagre, to describe this Arcadia that laughs and flaunts the artist's effort to prison its mellow, heavenly sunshine upon his canvas, or to catch the intoxication of fragrance and to breathe it into every rose thicket and deep vista he essays to paint! No, no, Irene, its pulsing *life* is here, and the picture with all its passion of coloring and dream of romance is a dead, soulless thing beside Green Lake as it really is in the full, rich summertime!

Our way was from Ripon; six miles only—but if you come up from Chicago you must take the "Chicago & North-Western Railway," as it is the only railroad that reaches this point. You can come via Milwaukee and Fond du Lac, or the Wisconsin Division of the "Chicago & North-Western" will bring you here, via Harvard Junction and Janesville; but I would by all means recommend the former, as by it you come without change of cars. As we stepped upon the depot platform we were introduced to a long, covered vehicle which four horses propelled, as our conveyance to the "Oakwood," the palace hotel of this sylvan retreat. Over a mile we rode, the darkness growing deeper as the great, sombre trees grew thicker and thicker, until by and by we arrived at the "Oakwood," and sprang out upon a broad veranda, into a flood of brilliant light that streamed from numerous gas

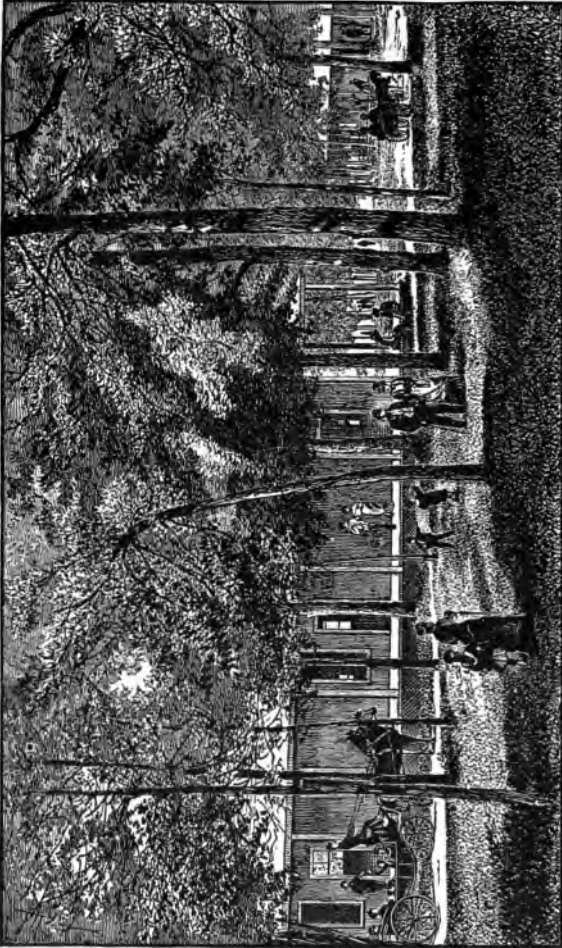
jets in office, hall, parlor and reception rooms. We registered, of course, paused in the reception room, and then sat down in the large, airy parlor where were congregated merry groups—ladies with their gay fancy work; gentlemen reading; groups conversing; and a few writing letters home, for the morning mail. We sat there but a few moments, (there was no waiting for apartments, because we were expected), and soon found ourselves within daintily, prettily furnished, good sized rooms, where we laved our faces with *soft* water, and, refreshing ourselves a trifle, went down to supper—



The Lawn at the Oakwood House, Green Lake, Wis

and *such* a supper! An epicure would have gone into raptures over its choice dainties and well-cooked viands. As for us, we expressed our satisfaction in the most natural manner, and made sad havoc with the good things set before us. Back again to our rooms—where we found lovely bouquets placed upon the bureaus in our absence, and pitchers of ice water upon the stands—there to rest, for we were tired. And how we rested in luxurious downy couches, waking, as I stated, in an ecstasy of glad surprise. We expected to find a pretty resort—but we were unprepared for this divine beauty, this striking loveliness.

The "Oakwood" is an exceedingly large hotel, with delightful rooms, convenient halls, and almost endless verandas. It has that enchanting southern vastness and yet hospitable luxury that clings to your own tropical mansions, Irene. Its numerous cottages, cosy and attractive, grouped all



Pleasant Point Hotel, Green Lake, Wis.

about it, give it the air of a tiny city in this forest glade; while its pavilions, boat-houses, bath-houses, billiard and bowling halls, add to the gayety of the scene. The house is but a few yards from the lake, well shaded by trees, so that it is always cool even during the most intensely hot weather. Mr. David Greenway erected the edifice in 1867, in the then decidedly secluded spot, but from that first year when Wisconsin's summer resorts were almost unknown, until the present season, the house has been crowded. The natural attractions of Green Lake being unsurpassed, and the hotel so

eminently superior, this success was positive. Such milk, such cream, such vegetables and fruits, and the cookery—well, they have made a "fine art" of it! Those who desire, can obtain saddle ponies or carriage horses, at the "Oakwood," and boats, etc., at reasonable rates. The proprietorship is the same, David Greenway and Sons. The season of 1882 will be quite as

charming here as ever, Irene, and the terms, \$2.50 per day or \$12 a week. Children under ten, half price; servants, half price. I wouldn't miss this place, if I were you; and once coming is to become, like the birds, annual visitors, bringing all your friends with you.

We went out for a ride around the lake in Mr. Lockwood's steam yacht, *Pallet*. As we glided out upon the water, its transparent greenness was so striking, that we dipped our hands into its waves, half expecting the drops to be of emerald hue. But they dripped from our fingers clear as Madonna tears. Its surface is not mirror like, but disturbed by ripples and waves and tides that ebb and flow, thus sparkling and darkling and flashing and shadowing in its restless, impatient motion. It is not a silent lake, it is resonant in echoes and whispers and even laughs—or, when the wind blows, its white-crested waves sob and wail and shriek and groan, beating the shore frantically, and swelling back again in wild commotion, to join the mad carnival of the elements. But we went out on a fair, clear day, Beatrice and I, and so the deep green water simply danced about us, and sang its sea-rhythm. Its length is about fifteen miles, and its breadth three. Its borders are irregular, with bays and indentations, sharp, jutting capes, wooded heights and gentle slopes. In one place we saw a fair sample of the surrounding, rich country—grassy banks and fields of grain; stretches of plummy, shining maize; heights dusky with the emerald leaf of leaping, clinging vines; and little tinkling bells that bespeak the roaming herd. But all about us else is the forest primeval, hiding monastic bowers, where the sounds of the boughs, the echoes of the lake, the birds' carol, and the whispering of the air, unite in a melody like the improvisatori of the crusaders' times, and lull one into a sweet restfulness and contentment akin to that of a mortal who has lived under the little roof of his father; working and living a few leagues from a great city, yet never once going there; going round a narrow life, without envy, without curiosity, without malice, without knowledge; but with a great undefinable peace, and *faith*. Here, mid these wooded hills and cliffs, we rest, entirely free from the irresistible hazard that sends us out over a trackless unknown into the great, wide world; too frequently reaping our harvest of weeds and brambles and thorns! These disappointments, these sad "trials by fire," have dazed us, and we almost forget there is aught of existence but strife and anxiety. And now, floating over the surface of Green Lake, we are oblivious of everything save happiness, and strength, and a joy in living! White-winged sail boats are all about us, and jaunty little skiffs and fine steam yachts dart hither and thither. Faint, curling smoke marks various encampments, while stately hotels dot the shore at intervals. Fishing is most excellent, and the sport is indulged to the full bent of the ambitious angler. And they add variety here, with croquet, picnics, lawn parties, walks, rides, excursions, card parties and charades, and brilliant hops. Therefore *ennui* can not exist any more than HAY FEVER, and we were assured over and over again that a summer residence here was a surety against this wily enemy. Many persons, given over to its torments, have come to Green Lake before the fatal day, and have suffered no inconvenience whatever for the entire season from the familiar attacks.

After a charming cruise we land again at "Oakwood," and before tea take a ramble through the extensive flower gardens and park, not omitting a peep at the vegetable field—which explains the fresh garden products on the table. The spacious carriage house over yonder gives ample accommodations for all those who bring their own horses and carriages. However, horses and vehicles can be procured at any time. One may ride over to Ripon, six miles, in the afternoon, find good dry goods stores, etc., get over

one's shopping and return to Green Lake to tea. Mr. Greenway and his sons take special care to render all their guests perfectly at home.

"Clarence Park," R. C. Baker, proprietor, is yet another charming retreat on Green Lake, being first class as to hotel accommodations, and delightful in its grounds. The large, villa-like hotel, with its broad verandas, is near the shore, and surrounded by a hundred acres of magnificent old oaks, the land being picturesquely diversified. Its outlook upon the lake is exqui-

sitive—the scintillating green water of the lake and the broken shore, extending in sublime loveliness far away where the horizon dips and meets the earth in mammoth banks of cumulous clouds. The drives are numerous, and fraught with glad surprises at every turn and nook. The hotel will furnish horses and carriages, boats, fishing tackle, etc., while facilities for all indoor and outdoor amusements are amply provided. Here, as at the Oakwood, the table is bounteously supplied with good things. Mr.



View on Green Lake, Wis.

Baker has but recently purchased this interest, and he has already exhibited first-class ability in giving the public a superior summer resort. We predict rare success for him. The house has been crowded this season, and his guests express themselves as more than satisfied. Mr. Baker has ample accommodations in the hotel, with a number of pretty cottages on the grounds. Terms for 1882, \$12 to \$15 per week, or \$2.50 per day.

"Pleasant Point" is another cosy retreat, situated upon a wooded, rising point, green-lawned, cool, and home-like. Mr. Geo. A. Ross, the proprietor, has been very busy this season, and will add to the number of his cottages another year. The place is a new one, well kept, and so advantageously situated that it can not fail to be numbered with Green Lake's

favorite haunts. The terms for the coming season will be \$12 per week, or \$2.50 per day.

Mr. C. F. Dodge, at "Como Bay," in a large, rambling, country-side hotel, mid the trees and the blossoms, can accommodate about sixty guests, at from \$7 to \$10 per week, or \$2 per day; providing a restful home life, and plenty of amusement. The people were darting about the lawns, and the children playing with bright pebbles, as our jaunty craft floated away from the dock.

Mr. H. R. Hill, of "The Spring Grove House," administers to the needs and caprices of a house full of guests, who seem quite contented with his earnest efforts. The hotel is spacious, its grounds most admirable, and the terms from \$7 to \$10 per week, or \$2 per day.

Private accommodations can be secured, if desired.

I earnestly hope, Irene, you will remember Green Lake, next season, for your own sweet sake. I know you will recuperate so rapidly here—I know you will be so happy here! The fair State of Wisconsin can boast no more exquisite jewel than this deep, cool lake, with its setting of high, wooded, healthful shores, teeming with transcendent charms. Would that I could prison a breath of this fragrant, delicious air, and send it to you, as I do this letter—better, far better than all your physician's panaceas—better for your mind, your body, your very heart! People are transported, transformed—they become grateful perfections of God's mighty work. Let me cry—"Eureka! Eureka! I have found it—the source of redeeming health and energy—the surcease of sadness!"

I am sorry to go away. No wonder guests linger here until the chill autumn winds shake the glowing crimsoned leaves from the tree-boughs, and the flowers wither and die; no wonder the "summer folks" remain with the "hunters" who come trooping up here in early fall—it is so hard to turn away from Paradise!

But they bid us good speed with an early breakfast—not a picked-up, warmed-over affair, but a meal of superior order, well served; and one is called early enough to enjoy it.

And now, good night, my winsome friend, for I am going to my rest, since the train sets out early—going to my slumber, better, wiser, and more at peace with myself and all the world, for this brief sojourn at Green Lake.

Thine—



ELKHART LAKE, WIS.

UNFORTUNATELY for this charming summer resort it is as yet unblessed with commodious hotels, and its visitors are consequently numerically limited, but its beauties and attractions being of such a high order, our lady traveler could not call her trip finished without a brief visit to the shady shores of the tree-embowered lakelet. In her letter she plainly shows that she was more than repaid for her trip. It is a charming spot, and is yearly attracting larger and larger numbers of visitors.

ELKHART LAKE, WISCONSIN.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND :

Another trip to the "Chicago & North-Western" passenger station in Chicago, where the train is in readiness for its swift race over

a smooth track, and I started on my way northward, over the Milwaukee Division, by the lake shore. I have described this exuberant country in such detail, that a repetition would not be of any material benefit. At Milwaukee our course verges to the westward until *Fond du Lac* is reached. Here we change cars—without the least annoyance—proceeding directly eastward over the "Sheboygan and Western" Division, toward Lake Michigan. To be explicit, we change cars at the "Junction," just out of Fond du Lac. Leaving this popular town we come out into a full view of Lake Winnebago. At times it is hidden by intervening hills and trees, but its mirror-like surface suddenly flashes into view again and again, until by and by we behold it no more, being hemmed in on both sides by a succession of low hills with an occasional broken ridge. The foliage seems to grow brighter as we proceed, and ere we are aware we are twenty-three miles from Fond du Lac, at *Glenbeulah*—pretty name, isn't it? And here, as the train pauses, I alight. I take time to glance about, and find myself in a delightful locality. This small town of about six hundred decorous people, is situated in a fertile valley, surrounded by beautiful, wooded hills that are very suggestive of natural summer arbors and the most enticing ramble paths. I do not care to linger in the town, and am soon speeding rapidly over a level, hard road, which gradually rises as it makes its way up an ascent of land. All through



the season, a line of omnibuses rolls over this road, meeting the incoming trains. If one desires a carriage it may be procured at the depot.

With a turn and a cry to his steeds, the driver executes a flourish with his carriage similar to the appendage some folks add to their autographs, and I was whisked under an arch of forest trees into a bower of verdure, and directly before the House proper of the "Rural Home," located upon the shore of "Elkhart Lake." I was most cordially welcomed by Mr. J. R. Tallmadge and family. I do not designate this as a hotel, although it should

be classed as such. It is what its name implies—a large, rambling *rural home*. I was given an apartment in an adjacent cottage—a most charming room. After the usual regenerating process as applied to those persons just arrived from a railway ride, I opened the door and stepped out upon a rustic balcony. I knew I was in a most alluring retreat, but I was not prepared for the revelation that dawned upon me now that I was critically intent upon discovering the attractions of the place. On all sides of the quaint cottage stood grand forest trees, their foliage so diverse in tints and shades that as their boughs met, the vivid contrast outlined very pictures resembling dells and hills, in the tree tops. You have read or dreamed such delineations of objects in the "fire place," the coals glowing red, but darkling and brightening in different places. The breeze, clear and fresh, swept over them, setting them all in motion, fluttering, panting restlessly, as if these grand old monarchs breathed as do mortals, and became nervous or agitated, glad and sorry. Evidently the place has been cleared of an undergrowth, and entirely cut out in places to admit the sunlight, but an adroit hand has left a young aspirant here and there, a shrub, a



Lone Tree Point, Green Lake, Wis.

5

vine, so that Nature has not been despoiled of her treasures. I discovered that the cottage stood upon a high elevation, the descent from the balcony being somewhat precipitous, yet not to such a degree as to prevent my standing almost mid the tree tops. Through the boughs, but a few paces away, the lake gleamed brightly, piquantly challenging a nearer approach. So around the corner I sped, and down the steps, but my inconsiderate haste was checked by the taunting reality that I must attempt the exploits of an acrobat, or go down by the lengthened, sober, circuitous pathway. However, I could glance down into the labyrinthian maze of tree, and vine, and shrub; and speculate upon the probabilities of invading this sylvan arbor from the shore. I trod over the hard-packed path which accommodates itself to the rise and "glide" of the land; between the trees; and finally down a sharp decline to the water's edge, where the skiffs are rocking beside a boat house and dock.

Probably Nature, in a spasm of eccentricity, tossed these hills and dingles together; crowned them with a profusion of trees; and then viewing her work, just to see the effect, scooped out a great hollow, not so long or so wide, but deep, and introduced a lake! The result must have been satisfactory, because Wisconsin must enroll this bonnie retreat as one of her valuable gems.

The lake is transparently clear, its water being pure, since it is supplied from numerous springs. It covers an area of some 800 acres. The vision sweeps its entire circuit, which perhaps accounts for the prevalent idea that boating here is so exceedingly safe, and so social, although its depth is in many places over 200 feet. This lake has been particularly fortunate in a clear record of security, and a blank schedule of accidents. This exquisite lake is surrounded by high and even bold land, surmounted by a wilderness of forest trees. The shore is hard and firm, with stretches of sandy beach at intervals. Its wildwood loveliness is not interrupted by palaces or random cottages, as yet, but as soon as the world is aware that such marvelous picturesqueness exists at Elkhart Lake, throngs will besiege it in quest of health and rest. The Rural Home can accommodate about sixty persons, and has been crowded this season, which necessitates increased cottages. At Sharpe's they have also been busy, as at the other houses (two or three) about the lake.

Mrs. Tallmadge came down to me, as I sat upon the steps absolutely transported with the rare views I was collecting as mind-jewels, and invited me out in her staunch boat. Very gladly I accepted, and with a practiced, firm hand she managed the craft, dancing over the rippling water, where black bass are numerous. The rays of the sun were almost vertical, and the shining surface about us was transformed into an indescribable gleam of prismatic lustre. From this we glanced shoreward into the soft, green gloom; far into the shadowy vestibules, draped and festooned with the richest textures of linden and oak and maple, hung with priceless jewels of berry and blossom—weird embrasures, fitting abodes for oracles and for the formation of philanthropic missions that, somehow, fade when brought from this dusky solitude into the maddening surge of actual existence. But Mrs. Tallmadge speeds her boat back to the landing, with a practical idea of the dinner hour, for she seems to have little faith in the all-sustaining properties of fresh air. Judging from the ample bill of fare, and its superior quantity and quality, the proprietor of the "Rural Home" believes that the more abundant the supply of the former the more necessity of the latter.

After the midday meal we went out again upon the water, Mr. Tallmadge joining our small party, The lady did not relinquish her position,

but handled the oars again without apparent effort or consequent weariness. Fancy, Irene, this bright little lake, dotted with skiffs and yachts, the merry-makers chatting and fishing, calling out each to the other, and exploring the shore, for there is not a straight, stiff, repellant rod in all its length. Inlet and points, curves and sharp dents succeed so rapidly that I may as well term the boundary a succession of whims. There is an embryo ruggedness, not sombre with austerity, which is akin to sublimity and grandeur, that half startles the beholder with amazement. I can not better express the influence of the scene than by saying it is a *subdued mightiness*.

The overhanging trees in many places almost rest contentedly upon the water; the earth evidently contorted and twisted out of its original position, not thwarting the persevering, ambitious old trees that have proceeded to awaken each succeeding year quite as vigorous after a winter's slumber, as their undisturbed neighbors.

We paused at "Sharpe's" and found a comfortable house, exchanged a few words of good cheer with the urbane proprietor, and then went back to our boat. After a few dashes around inlets, we paused again at "Pine Point," where Mr. Pettibone has erected a rustic cottage in semblance of the "log cabin" days. The logs are there, considerably polished; and altogether it is the most aristocratic log house I ever beheld. There is a romantic attempt at primitiveness, neatly carried out in the stair balusters and supporting pillars, but the old-fashioned crudeness is not there. It kin-



Pigeon Bay, Green Lake Wis.

dles an aspiration for just such a wildwood *play house*. Mr. Pettibone has built quite an extensive cottage, and has already begun a commodious habitation on a high, picturesque knoll. Away again, and we circle the lake before reaching the landing. I step ashore, but turn back again for another view; for another glimmer of its silvery sheen.

Up the path, grassy glades on both sides, resplendent with luxurious vegetation, reaching, by and by, a miniature gulch, filled with an exuberance of mosses, ferns and grasses, and spanned by a rustic bridge. Crab apple trees mingle with the forest representatives, adding a vivid dash of coloring as they redden and ripen. We pass the wild, timid blossoms, staying our hand from the sacrilegious act of tearing them from their dear homes—sorrowfully to droop and die! Somehow, a charmed sacredness seems to guard everything here. I wonder, when the acrid, bitter world surges up here, as it will do now that Elkhart Lake has attracted its attention—I wonder, will this exalting influence be broken—I wonder if this free, natural, welcome simplicity will be ruined. I hope not—it would seem cruel to stifle the natural impulses of Elkhart Lake! And yet I am not so selfish as to wish to bar this noisy, resistless world from its quiet retreats. Let it come hitherward—and it will!

Mr. Tallmadge informed me that, so far, hay fever patients had obtained a release from that dire affliction by removing to the lake before the insidious enemy makes his usual first call. Malarial fevers are unknown hereabouts, and epidemics shun the spot. The terms of the "Rural Home" are very reasonable, and will be furnished upon application.

Another ride over the four miles of even road, and I reached Glenbeulah in time for the train eastward.

You ask me if I am not lonely during my solitary railway rides—whether I am not "bothered" with inconveniences, etc. Well, my dear Irene, pleasant companionship is always to be desired during a journey, and a railway coach has not a steamboat's privilege of casual acquaintance. But one can hardly be "lonesome" in a gloomy sense, when surrounded by attractive scenery, and if I travel in the night the sumptuous Pullman Sleeping Cars lull me to sleep. This does not mitigate the pangs of regret I suffer over my disappointment in not securing your own society.

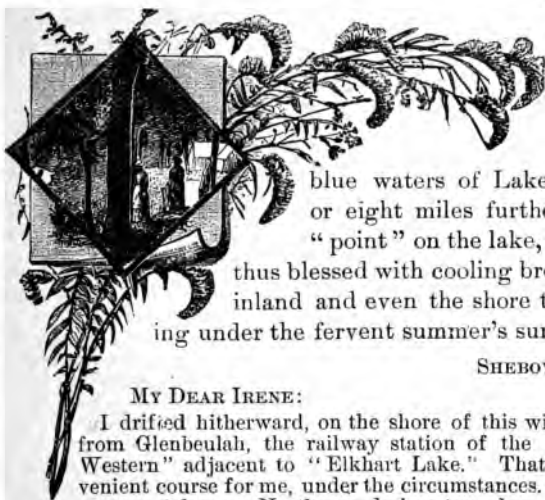
As to the "inconveniences"—*they are not allowed on the "Chicago & North-Western" trains!* They were ruled out some time since. One must expect a few slight cares—we have plenty of them at home—but no great troubles. The employes of the road consider it a part of their business to assist, in every possible manner, the passengers in their care. A lady may travel alone over every mile of its line without the slightest fear or apprehension. And so I am not "bothered" in the least. I assure you a party of ladies could set out upon summer excursions, making a round of the several resorts, and rest perfectly contented that they would be quite as comfortably cared for as if accompanied by a gentleman escort, and quite as safe in every particular.

And now I must cease adding words to my letter. Be of good cheer, and may angels guard you.

Thine—



SHEBOYGAN. WIS.



THE "spit of land" on which Sheboygan is situated pierces the blue waters of Lake Michigan seven or eight miles further than any other "point" on the lake, and Sheboygan is thus blessed with cooling breezes when all the inland and even the shore towns are sweltering under the fervent summer's sun.

SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

I drifted hitherward, on the shore of this widely sweeping lake, from Glenbeulah, the railway station of the "Chicago & North-Western" adjacent to "Elkhart Lake." That was the most convenient course for me, under the circumstances. For, like the average mortal, your Northern admirer (you have so long occupied a prominent place in my heart, you are aware) is averse to superfluous exertion. Should you ever desire to follow my example of reveling in the shining sand of this famous lake beach, you may proceed over the "Chicago & North-Western" track to Milwaukee—thus securing that enchanting lake shore ride over which the poetical part of my intelligence is so enthusiastic—from which point you may proceed directly northward, or by way of Fond du Lac. I should advise the latter route, as it affords a diversity of scenery, the ride by Lake Winnebago, and a rest at Elkhart Lake, if desired.

When you rejoiced in pinafores and new sashes for exhibition day, when the "company" was wont to convene and to grow surprised over the precocity of the little folks—in those dear days of the long-ago, you learned that Sheboygan was situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, in the State of Wisconsin; and here it is to this day, Irene, grown larger, like yourself, and wiser, and new fashioned. In fact, it has developed into a full-fledged "summer resort." It consists of a population of over seven thousand proper, with the addition of troops of summer visitors who flit here as do the birds, for I find that year after year the same families return, bringing others with them. Add to this the usual rambles and accidental tourists, and the prospect grows strong that Sheboygan must provide even

more accommodations than she now possesses for the general public. Her people are industrious, and are engaged in manufacturing, commercial and shipping interests.

To my physical needs the *Park Hotel* is administering, and I find myself even over supplied. It is a cozy house, pleasantly appointed, well kept and conveniently located. Its pretty Swiss stairs occupy a central space, with rooms ranged on all sides.

After lingering over a finely prepared meal, I went back to my hat and wrap, and, taking them with me, set out upon a tour of inspection. But three blocks, and the lake is reached—that magnificent body of water in its far-reaching extent, mingling with the horizon in a mist of indefinable ether, so suggestive of that mystery which begins as life ceases! Standing upon a high, bold, curving eminence of land, grass-carpeted, with here and there a sentinel tree and a wayward boulder, there appears a graceful curve of level shore to the north, with a jaunty, saucy projection of land just above, since it abruptly and audaciously cuts directly athwart an otherwise limitless view—the trim homes clustered in the trees and the gray streets creeping between—the jutting headland to the south, with clumps of great trees, and the long sand beach, where the children are playing in the bright sand, with their little pails brimming over with the shining grains. Listen to their glad shouts as, becoming exhilarated with the sport, they roll over and over along the beach, tossing the sand over their mates, then rising, with a few vigorous shakes and a merry laugh, they are fresh and clean and rosy-cheeked after their mad frolic. It is very like a scrap of ocean beach, Irene, and the ladies walk and chatter down there, like your gay mocking bird in an early spring carnival. Of course I did not struggle against the temptation to leave my high point of observation, and I was soon down there with the others, digging my feet in the sand and dipping my hands in the water.

They are out in row and sail boats; these people who have left their realisms at home, and have come here to glean the brighter blossoms of idle days; riding the great water bravely and laughing dull care away. Well—there are no furious billows hereabouts, to rise, to fall, to overwhelm or terrify! There is no anger or despair in this palpitating, restless, benign lake, that whispers romantic ballads as it creeps coquettishly up to my feet, wooing the sand into a dimpled smile, only to leave it again, for the magnificent chorus of sea-songs out yonder, wins it back again. Perhaps it was a jubilee day—how can we know?—in commemoration of some by-gone good cheer, for the air seems resonant with sounds as daintily harmonized as the most delicate harp. No wonder they are courageous in their little boats, and that the great ships go placidly on their way toward that curious blending of sky and water! So are we all staunch and chivalrous in the sunshine of life—but in desperation, in temptation, in anguish—let us not think about the tempest, Irene! I far prefer to fancy what my friends might be during the test, than to subject them to the ordeal in proof of their strength.

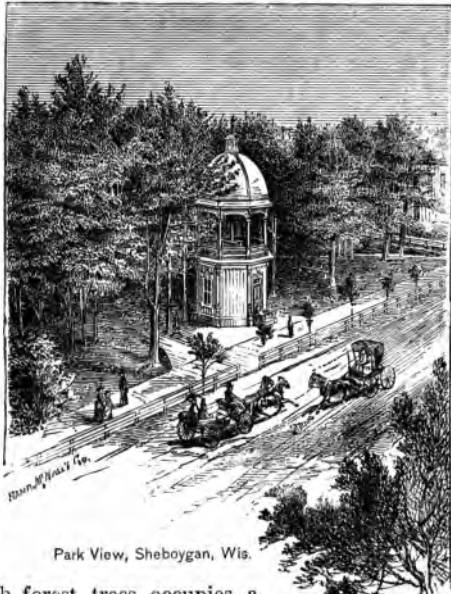
In this beach and lake, Sheboygan possesses great advantages, besides her attractions in scenic charms. True, there are no escarpments or startling changes, and it may be that some of my friends would fail to appreciate the actual loveliness of *any* scene and so could not justly appreciate Sheboygan. It is not the absence of beauty, but the lack of a *capacity* to understand Nature. Those of intuitive artistic taste instantly detect in form, color, blending, the most exquisite loveliness. However, the impressiveness of any landscape depends upon the ability to select advantageous points of observation, in a *large measure*—or upon the kindness of friends to reveal those subtle *glimpses of poetry and romance*. As I have rambled about this summer

time, I have been pained and even shocked with this sordid, blank dearthness that I have occasionally clashed against. Those individuals deal with the frailest loveliness as they would with a flat stone doorstep! They tread upon the rarest exotics as they would upon a city pavement. Their object in leaving the city is to rest in the "cool places." I just now recall an awe-inspiring, beetling height that had quenched all light, mirthful gayety in the solemn shadow of its mighty solemnity. Not a word was spoken—the breath faintly fluttered from lips mute in the magnificence of so grand a presence. Suddenly a strong voice disturbed the silence—"Now, that's nice—good place for my sign, '— — & Co., Fine Clothing!'" A murmur of horror went from one to another—what unholy desecration, even in the thought! And so some persons will blot and mar this delightful world, and fail to detect its very ecstasies! You and I pity them, they lose so much. But even that they can not understand, having never possessed.

But I must not tarry on the beach in a long retrospection, so I climb up the steep, and take my way over the town. It's a pretty place, homelike and inviting. Its residences are well built, some elegant structures numbered with the rest. Its business streets are wide and even, with evidences of thrift and sure progress.

The Sheboygan river traces its way through the town to greet the waters of the lake. A park of superb forest trees occupies a prominent locality, the numerous vistas between the trunks invitingly cool under the protecting boughs that unite in a canopy of shining-leaved foliage. These representatives of the forest have not been disposed and reared and coaxed into what they are. They had their birth-place in this soil, growing up side by side like a congenial family, standing there to-day, patriarchs honored and beloved. In this park is situated another of Wisconsin's wonderful healing fountains. Its water resembles the Kissenger of Germany. The *Granite Rock Springs* is derived from an artesian well which has been sunk by the city to a depth of 1,475 feet, yielding 225 gallons per minute.

It is said that the Chippewa Indians designated the site of the city of Sheboygan as Sheub-Wau-Wau-Gun, meaning a hollow under the ground where water runs. These former inhabitants of the place insisted that peculiar sounds indicated the existence of such an underground channel or tunnel. Their successors, acting upon these suppositions, bored the well and found the water! The pressure is fifty-two and a half pounds to the



Park View, Sheboygan, Wis.

square inch, sufficient to raise a column of water to the height of 115 feet. The well has been perfectly tubed, and this volume of water comes clear and sparkling to the surface, strongly impregnated with mineral and medicinal salts. A company was formed, which leased of the city the exclusive right of the sale and shipment. A graceful octagon building has been erected over the spring, which is surmounted by a large bronze statue of Hebe, the cup-bearer to the gods.

This water is declared a famous curative of malarial fever, and most valuable in kidney and liver affections, besides a host of other diseases. It is bottled and sealed in kegs ready for shipment, so that it can reach those who are not able to come to it. Below is an analysis of the water:

	Grains.		Grains.
Chloride of Sodium	306.9436	Bicarbonate of Iron	0.5944
Chloride of Potassium	14.4822	Bicarbonate of Manganese	0.1742
Chloride of Lithium	0.1062	Phosphate of Lime	0.0883
Chloride of Magnesium	54.9139	Bicarbonate of Soda	trace
Chloride of Calcium	27.8225	Alumina	0.1283
Bromide of Sodium	0.1873	Silica	0.4665
Iodide of Sodium	trace	Organic Matter	trace
Sulphate of Lime	169.8277		
Sulphate of Baryta	trace	Total	589.3436
Bicarbonate of Lime	13.6585	Density	1.0093

A short distance from the park, a view worthy a canvas copy, is disclosed to the westward. Fields of grain and emerald meadows; clusters of trees and rows of shrubbery; fences outlining the swelling land where homes are grounded and sustained in this land of promise and fruition; swiftly flowing streams and small lakes—all these, and more, combine in a glowing landscape.

Many from the South are here. This place seems a favorite with them. What with boating, fishing, bathing, walking and driving, they are fully employed. A large hall, moreover, is nightly occupied by some first class entertainment, and parties and receptions by the towns people, add a variety. The question is not, *What shall we do?* but, *How can we manage all these amusements during the given time?*


Besides the "Park House," the "Beekman" offers first class accommodations, while several large private boarding houses shelter a goodly number.

If any of your friends desire further information, Mr. Tallmage, agent for the "Chicago & North-Western," will, upon the receipt of a letter of inquiry, ascertain what is desired, and speedily reply. This is a great convenience where special knowledge is desired.

I am about to set out for the train, Chicagoward. As I prepare the now familiar valise, my mind reverts to our plottings for this season's pleasure. I regretted in the beginning that you were debarred from following out our plans, and I now sincerely lament the loss of health and pleasure you have suffered. Strength has not returned; a heated rest has only exhausted you. Ah, if they had only sent you to some of these deliciously buoyant resorts, there to remain quietly, I believe you would have been recuperated. Mayhap my jaunts have been too hurried; but you have required this Northern tonic of invigorating air, pure water, delightful scenery, all the comforts and luxuries you desire. I derive no satisfaction in the feminine "I told you so,"—I only grieve that you suffer, and intensely hope that the fall will do much for you.

Ever thy friend—

MENASHA AND NEENAH, WIS.



THESE twin cities fairly fascinated our lady friend. The story of the lake, islands, river and other surroundings of these pleasant cities had reached the distant home of our friend's friend, and the marvelous stories told by her sport-loving friends impelled her to go there, to personally prove or disprove them. She found that not half the truth had been told her, and that for black bass fishing no spot in the United States can "hold a candle" to these places. Read her letter, and we are sure that you will certainly follow her footsteps. Bear in mind that the Chicago & North - Western Railway trains run direct from Chicago to Menasha-Neenah. The trains of no other road do this. To avoid unnecessary changes of cars you must go by the route selected by our author.

MENASHA-NEENAH, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

If you will follow out the line of the "Chicago & North-Western" from Chicago through Milwaukee and Fond du Lac, you will find, about thirty miles above the latter place, and 148 miles from Chicago, the twin cities of Neenah and Menasha. This is the route over which I came, and pausing here, I write you from one of the most exquisite summer haunts of Wisconsin. One might reach the same destination over the Wisconsin Division to Harvard, thence over the "Janesville, Watertown & Fond du Lac Line," to Fond du Lac, and north to this point—but the course I pursued is preferable.

I arrived in the darkness, went to the Russell House, and after a supper that exactly suited me, and a couple of hours of reading and writing, I proceeded to lose all the tribulations of this world in a dreamless sleep. I succeeded admirably. Rising the next morning and beginning the day with a good breakfast, I began its pleasures by accepting an invitation for a drive over the towns. Away we dashed, the pure air obliterating the last fragment of lassitude that clung to me. With quickened pulse and a respiration

that seemed to expand and grow stronger, a mental vigor gave me the power of grasping the faintest tints of color, the most delicate combinations of light and shade. It was a glorious awakening—not from slumber, but from dormant idleness of intellect.

The streets of Neenah are level and smooth, and we are not subjected to any sudden dislocations of the vertebrae. The buildings devoted to retail trade are snug and neat, ranged regularly on both sides of a few streets. But all over the town, or around it, are large, flourishing manufactories and mills that bring rich harvests of wealth to their owners and to the city.

Neenah, with its sister city, Menasha, has the best water-power in the State. Indeed, its value can not be computed. To enumerate the products of their industries would require too much of your time in the reading, but I may say that they are shipping immense quantities of a surprising variety. The residences are charming. With so much wealth, we can justly expect some palatial abodes as monuments to an earnest effort, and they are here. There are so many superb localities for homes that one becomes confused as to a decision where nature has been the most kind. The churches are numerous, and educational buildings superior. Driving about, a stranger, I was not aware when I left Neenah and entered Menasha, and the question naturally arises why two municipalities govern one collection of people and industries. But they are twins, we are told. And one is much like the other—why not?—save that Menasha is somewhat more scattered and not so numerous in population as her sister.

Lake Winnebago is renowned for its romantic surroundings, which are considerably extended, as it covers an area of 300 square miles. The towns are situated on its shore, just at a point where the Fox river divides into two noble channels, sweeping round a beautiful island which is about in the central part of united Neenah and Menasha. A street running through the centre of this island, which is followed out on the corresponding shores of the mainland, divides the towns. You may live on one side in Neenah and your neighbor is a Menashaite. *Did* I say the "mainland"?—well, really, the word is hardly properly applied, for this entire section is not only water-girt, but what with Lakes Winnebago and Little Butte des Morts, and the different channels of the Fox river, it seems water-traversed, or a collection of islands. They have spanned these streams with six bridges, and perhaps regard that as a cementing power, considering all things. And this is not a low, treeless tract—it is high and dry, and heavily wooded, although there are no abrupt elevations or cropping ridges. Here and there and everywhere, glide these clear sparkling streams—now running swiftly between narrow banks, and then widening between velvety swards, the grass as clearly green as Dante's crushed emeralds. Flashing from this luxurious bed of verdure, are bright-hued blossoms exhaling such fragrant odors that the air is joy to breathe. Just beyond, the banks rise higher, the stream narrows again; the trees on its shores bending as the sides of an arch might, with the central piece as a completion; a sky of azure with a drift of golden vapor, through which the luminous sun sifts a flood of glorious sunshine upon the pure, clear water, shading and tinting and coloring its surface like the gleams of crown jewels. This is an alluring stream, twisting and looping, rife with surprises!

After our drive, I went to "Roberts' Summer Resort," situated on the island. This tract was once the property of Gov. Doty, and is now known as Doty Island. Mr. Roberts purchased the old residence site, and near the rambling log house, containing thirteen rooms, he has erected a tasteful *hotel*, *besides cottages*. This old log mansion is remarkably preserved, *having been built over forty years since*, and is a special favorite with many

who annually seek pleasure at this resort. Upon this shore tract, trod the most distinguished men of days bygone, receiving hospitality in the then sumptuous abode of the governor. On the point opposite—a sharp projection extending into the lake across a pretty little bay—stands the ancient elm under the branches of which Gov. Doty enacted his treaty of peace with the red men, and smoked the pipe of peace.

This resort is located on the island, on the Lake Winnebago shore, at the mouth of the lower Fox river. The Roberts tract extends over twenty-six acres of grandly wooded, elevated surface, which is charmingly improved for the special purpose of a summer resort. Standing upon the shore, and taking the full view, one may discern the lofty escarpments at Clifton, on the opposite shore; Stockbridge in the distance; the lake dotted with sail boats and yachts; the woodlands; the meadows; Island Park, just across the deft little bay, with its enchanting drive; and a sky over all, with the lustre of the Orient in its depths. Turning shoreward I found grass-clad lawns, and lofty trees; arbors and miniature copse and dingle, where the breezes sigh and whisper the livelong day; with nice ramble paths and mossy banks; and then entered the new house, which is built on the modern plan, and is commodious and attractive. Mrs. Roberts possesses the peculiar faculty of welcoming her guests with a cordiality that is sincere. I believe she enjoys their summer enthusiasm as earnestly as themselves. The table is laden with good things, their own gardens supplying the vegetables, berries, fruits, etc., and fine Jersey cows furnishing an abundance of delicious milk and cream. With the fresh eggs, the perfectly browned fish from the lake, and the *home-made* bread, cake and pies, an epicurean can detect no fault. Mr. Roberts' quarters have been more than filled this season, but he proposes to be prepared with ample facilities for another summer. His Resort is of recent date, but its delightful location, the advantages it possesses, the salubrity of this climate free from all epidemics, could not fail to attract a throng of those who know what Neenah and Menasha and their surroundings are. And their ecstasy has been contagious, and Roberts' Resort has already become popular, with increasing admiration constantly bestowed upon it. Telephonic communication may be had with the town hotels and the depots. It is but half a mile to the railway station—the "Chicago & North-Western" depot is situated upon the island, and but a mile from Neenah. Carriages and boats, with or without boatmen, may be procured at any time.

The fishing is unsurpassed, and rarely equaled. Parties flock here early in the spring to engage in this amusement, before the summer idlers convene; they continue it all summer, and long after the fall sets in. It is not necessary to row out into the lake, as fine fishing may be had directly off shore, black and silver bass being found in abundance. But gentlemen like to cruise about in an adventurous manner, and so the entire lake is a regular gala arena. While enjoying a pensive rest after the active pleasures of the day, half dreaming in the cool air and the first silvery haze of evening, I was aroused by the return of one of the numerous fishing parties. Notwithstanding I have heard some elaborated fish stories, such recitals have not grown less in interest. Approaching the excited party with a number who hastened to learn whether the result had been success or failure—the reward was ascertained to be seventy bass in three and one-half hours, caught by a party of three! They brought their laurels with them, so there was no excuse to refer to the old story of a thousand cats on the garden wall. Little cared they for burned faces or half blistered hands—the one wasn't serious and the other was cured in a night, ready for another trial.

The hunting in the woods along shore is also good. The House is open

each season on the first of May for the numerous parties who desire to take advantage of the early fishing and hunting.

Boating affords a pleasing amusement, and one may vary it by means of skiffs, yachts and steamers that ply about the lakes.

I must not omit adding that the Hon. Perry H. Smith, of Chicago, has a pretty "Lodge," or a neat cottage, on the Roberts grounds.

You will surely come here next year. The terms are \$2.50 per day, including the use of boats, and from \$8 to \$14 per week, according to the location of rooms. Any further information will be furnished by Mr. Roberts upon application, or by the Chicago & North-Western agent, Mr. I. W. Hunt.

Of course I did not omit a ride over the lake. It is so large compared with most inland lakes that I fancied I was out upon an embryo ocean. To secure the benefit of the scenery, we coasted along shore, darting up inlets and rounding projections, creeping under the shadows of high elevations, and reaching upward to greet the boughs of immense trees. Anon we dashed out upon the water to obtain a view of the noble sweep of land that hems it in—a picture never to be forgotten! Away and away extends this silvery lake; away and away glide fleets of row boats, and all the air is filled with sounds of joy!

The Riverside Drive is a favorite haunt. It runs through the park, under the shade of forest trees, with a view of water on all sides.

Everybody should be aware of Neenah's attractions. Its six thousand people will welcome the tourist, while the four thousand in Menasha will add their courtesy. Private boarding houses are established, and families entertain strangers within their gates, that all may be comfortable.

Mr. Russell, of the Russell House, Neenah, or Cole & Fisher, of the "National," in Menasha, will entertain summer guests with, I am positive, entire satisfaction to these idle ramblers, at very reasonable rates.

I have returned to the Russell House, and am sitting in my cosy, well appointed room, writing to you. I have walked through the wide, airy halls, lingered in the parlor, chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Russell, and am now waiting for train time to arrive, thus congenially occupying my time.

Sincerely—



LAKE MILLS, WIS.



OFF the older and more traveled routes, this little nook has not, until recently, been sought as a summer resort. It was not until late in 1881 that the Chicago & North-Western Railway completed its Milwaukee and Madison line through this place, and thus rendered it accessible to the railroad traveler. As yet none of the nuisances and extortions too often found at summer resorts have taken root here, and it is believed they will never be permitted to do so. You can reach this pretty hamlet by three of the Chicago & North-Western routes, namely: 1st, from Chicago by its line via Milwaukee and Waukesha; 2nd, from Chicago via its Wisconsin Division and Jefferson, Wis.; and 3rd, from Chicago to Madison, and thence *east* by its new Milwaukee & Madison Railroad. No other railroad reaches it. If you would like to experience the charms of an entirely *new* summer resort, try Lake Mills, Wis.

LAKE MILLS, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR IRENE:

Do you remember the day when you and I, hand in hand, walked under the maple trees, singing "Bittersweet and Daisies"—days that are put away and cherished as the maiden does her love tokens in the halycon flush of a guileless youth? They come trooping back to me to-night, for I have twined some sprigs of the one with the blossoms of the other, culled to-day by my own hand, in the daintiest, sweetest, fairy-like bower that nature ever fitted up for her sylvan worshippers. I have placed my little clusters near me, as an impromptu "anniversary" of one very earnest, and I venture, very uncultivated in tone, duet. Where did I find them?—let me begin methodically, in reply.

A romantic little town has been nestling away from the world, hemmed in with its own glories; a quaint little recluse that was never aware of its

own loveliness until a stray cavalier happened that way and awakened its modest blushes by his eloquent admiration. When he went back to the busy world, he depicted the charms of the treasure he had found to his friends, who determined to invade the hallowed retreat. And so vivid recitals were wafted to us, of the rapturous glories of this reserved, coy hamlet, which induced us to arrange a few of our belongings for another trip over the "Chicago & North-Western."

You may glance over your map to understand that after seeking the proper train at the Company's passenger station, we set out in a northwesterly direction, passing over a verdant, luxuriant country—through many enterprising towns, reaching Harvard in due time, and proceeding toward Janesville, where romance inaugurates her sway over a large section. The town is located upon very high ground, on both sides of Rock river, surrounded by hills and groves. Yet northward, and arriving in Jefferson, 117 miles from Chicago, we alight on a broad, even platform, where we pause to arrange for the old-fashioned stage jaunt to Lake Mills—oh! the explanation is lucid, is it not? you can understand why this retreat has been so primitive, so reserved! It has been so long "off the railroad." I use the words "has been," because over yonder, through the trees and between the hills, the polished rails of the "Chicago & North-Western" are gleaming, and ere many days pass, the engine will whistle a merry salute, and the people will triumphantly welcome the dawn of their new prosperity.

And so next season, that of 1882, summer idlers can reach Lake Mills directly by means of the "Chicago & North-Western." One may come via Milwaukee and Waukesha, and then directly westward, or via Madison and then eastward twenty-six miles. But Beatrice and I came up over the Wisconsin Division, and the stage route of eight miles. Mr. Cook's conveyance is entirely comfortable, and the drive being picturesque, we thoroughly enjoyed our jaunt. Let me tell you that this is the *mail* line, and never misses its train. However, Mr. Cook verges deftly into the new ways, and to be equal to the fine fashions, has in readiness a smart new omnibus to run between the railway station and the village.*

As we entered Lake Mills, we realized that its people live in an extended bower. We paused before the Newton House, bade Mr. Cook and his faithful conveyance farewell, and were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn most cordially.

I could hardly restrain Beatrice from rambling at once, but the incentive of a speedy supper had its effect, and she remained within. And then, after a quiet chat in the parlor, we went to our cosy, neat rooms.

Notwithstanding my wise advice as to garnering strength for the morrow, I could not resist the temptation, after the light was out, of opening the blinds to peep out into the soft gloom. I heard the leaves whispering their lullaby to the birds, as their boughs almost reached me. The gentle breeze wafted up and down the streets and through the trees; and the stillness settled lower and lower until the universe seemed slumber-locked, and my own movement in turning to my couch a presumptuous disturbance! I soon succumbed to the influence, slept not to awaken until the joyous beams of the morning sun glanced athwart my tardy eyelids, and suddenly awakened to think for a moment that I was submerged in a golden flood.

Beatrice was already out upon one of the piazzas, swinging in a hammock and watching the people as they went to their daily duties. Although she has traveled much—become "satiated," she declares, yet she always re-

* The railroad is now completed, and trains run through Lake Mills twice daily in each direction.—COMPILER, Feb. 1, 1882.

vives wonderfully whenever she comes with me into Wisconsin. "You see, it is so untainted, so divinely pure—there is so much in one locality that surprises and pleases," she falters, when I rally her upon being enthusiastic, for Beatrice is almost stoically undemonstrative, you will remember.

A nice breakfast, such as can only be found in the country, and we spring into a carriage and speed away. All about the village are charming drives, new views disclosed at every half mile. The wind was blowing fresh and cool from the lake, gathering odors of rosemary and wild myrtle on its way to us; and so the more golden the sunlight, the more delicious

was all the earth, the air, the sky. The heat was bereft of its fierceness—it did not scorch or blight, it only nourished and strengthened, the myriads of blossoms that sprang up every where from the earth, and made the foliage fuller and more intensely green. The great orchard trees extended their strong limbs, heavy with a harvest of fruit. The hop fields were tangled with vines, starred with minute white petals, eschewing the



Fairy Falls, Stillwater, Minn.

prim, stiff poles, and saucily reaching out each to its neighbor, as if to contemn all rules of propriety and escape from ways in which hops should grow! You have seen the same tendency out of the fields, Irene. Away to the horizon is a sea of maize, waving its long, glistening leaves in the sun; while to the left are wind-billows of wheat and barley—but not in wide, unbroken extent. There are cropping and rounded hills, and clusters of trees everywhere. We saw some patient, gentle-eyed oxen toiling in the field, the farmer plodding beside them, and Beatrice declared that the scene was complete.

Lakeward then we turned, again admiring the pretty town so sweetly cool and pure under its trees, and ascending a hard road that winds up the steep—well, you understand there were so many trees and the hills were high, so that one wild ecstasy, as the lake suddenly comes in view, should be excused on the plea that we were about as much surprised as though we had not expected this sheen of silver; this brilliant caprice; this classic and mediæval poem of nature. A lake of water that had caught the sky that,

lay revealed before us, circled with jutting bluffs and high hills, heavy with forests that encroach even to the pebbly shore; darting inland here and there in piquant little bays that wooed most successfully the dusky hillside, so that they audaciously crept into the dark background, murmuring their conquest over the many colored stones and brushing the lips of the modest wild rose.

We deserted the carriage, Beatrice and I—all at once it became too small to hold us comfortably. We ran over hills and down into the most romantic valleys, under the low laurels, the tall maples, oaks and silvery birch. I gathered the bittersweet and daisies there, forgetting long years of perplexity in the fancy that my eyes were cloistered from the world as in my childhood days; and there was naught but visions of luminous beauty in all the wide earth, and the universe was chanting a magnificent "Rex tremendæ majestatis!"

Everywhere we found vistas and dells, shady and cool; knolls where the butterflies circled; and hills like citadels with their fastnesses of forests, where the birds trilled all the day, and the vines trailed and twined and crept until their emerald arabesques marked delightful frescoes in the green arches over us; creeping down at last into the lonely little dingles, there to plait and weave a drapery of fluttering leaf and tiny tendril that somehow inspires a protesting reverence against all rude destruction.

They had talked about the "little" lake, but we found its length to be something over three miles, and its breadth nearly two. Its name, "Rock Lake," was bestowed on account of the character of the bottom—so far as explorations have extended, for in many places its depth is over two hundred feet. Spring fed, its water is always clear and cool, and delightfully refreshing. Upon the banks, in earlier years, stood a simple, honest mill, isolated but brave, so picturesque as added to this rugged scene, that some susceptible mortal applied the appellation "Lake Mills" to the village as it cropped up out of the maze of thicket, and hill, and dale, creeping up under the forest, to become, some day, one of the cheeriest, most exquisite idling places in charming Wisconsin! The railroad has arrived—the "Chicago & North-Western" have sundered the strong bars that have so long hedged it round, and now it is of the world! Its 700 people have been dreaming; always possessing the lake and the land glories; and so unmindful of their great value either to themselves or others. They only know they were born there or came here, and live counting their years so very, very long, for a demise is deemed an accidental shock that agitates the entire 700, since it is quite out of their everyday method. The people live to be so old, and the doctors flee the place with the exception of a couple or so who are grounded in their homes, very like the generality of patients who elude contagion. An epidemic of health reigns at Lake Mills! There is no malaria, no lurking disease, there is scarcely fatigue! No wonder then, that after Beatrice and I had rambled long and actively, we were only the more exhilarated for a row over the limpid water. Row boats dotted the lustrous surface, and white sails fluttered, like the wings of angels, between. How transparently beautiful was the water as our little craft cut through it, the silvery foam curling in feathery, crystal wavelets about us. We play about in the centre of the lake for a time, and starting shoreward, rest under tree shadows and breathe the clear air that knows no rank taints. Bending in and out our course is almost tortuous, but we must not omit the fantastic grottoe; the slopes where the mosses lie like velvet; and fern chapels where wood nymphs must hold their revels. We glide *beside the bluffs*, and, looking upward, discern the blue-bells and the yellow *daffodils nodding* over to us, fringing every border and crevice with their

bright coloring. We skim over the shallows where the pebbles laugh up to us, and the green shore rounds into hills and dips in dales. All around this charming lake we row, but we find no flat sterility, not a vestige of dearthness. We step out upon terra firma, buoyant and glad, spring into the carriage, and whirl back to the Newton House, a short distance, where Mr. Joslyn, the proprietor, and his wife, render their guests all possible service. The hotel is neat, and bright with dashes of home art. Mr. Joslyn has added to his facilities for entertaining the public, a goodly number of boats for the lake. It is fully expected that next season a steam yacht will be introduced to its surface, which will materially enhance its attractions for tourists. A philanthropic land owner on the lake shore has beautified his property, and extended its use to the public. If this spirit of enterprise can be emulated, and a commodious and even elegant hotel erected, there is not the slightest doubt but Lake Mills will rank among the best known and most frequented summer resorts of Wisconsin. It possesses the natural, superior material. Nature has even exerted herself—capitalists will not hesitate to take advantage. This season, the Newton House, the only real hotel in the place, and the Oak Grove and Sanbourn boarding houses, were filled with enthusiastic tourists, while many private houses accommodated transient guests.

The town is absolutely neat, its residences cosy, and many of them quite fine. It possesses good schools, four churches and a newspaper, *The Spike*. It is surrounded by rare drives, the one to Jefferson, a town of nearly 3,500, being one of the many charming. The boating is good, the fishing excellent, pike, pickerel and bass predominating; while small game abounds in the woods. The people are cordial; and recreation and rest complete.

Beatrice and I return to the city on the morrow. We shall frame in our memories one of the brightest pictures of the summer, and its subject will be "Lake Mills." We predict a glowing future for this place—and we will not be disappointed! Not that we illy brook opposition to our "wills," but the natural course of cause and effect will consummate this pleasing result. It will be no miracle—there will be no question *why* Lake Mills has become so popular. Just visit the place next season, and you will understand, my dear Irene.

Beatrice is sleeping, and so must I. There is yet the luxury of that drive in the morning, so I have hardly completed my pleasure. Let me add that Mr. Joslyn of the Newton House will always furnish teams, and all information at any time, as will the proprietors of the "Oak Grove" and "Sanbourn."

And now another good night, with the wish that your slumber may be restful, and that your eyelids may greet to-morrow lightly freighted with anxiety. Such is my perpetual wish for you.

Faithfully,



OTHER SUMMER RESORTS.



IN addition to the pleasure resorts that are so pleasantly described in the foregoing pages we would mention a few others that are attractive and popular, and that are well worthy of being visited. For more ready reference in the future we have placed them in alphabetical order.

ALBERT LEA, MINN., is situated in the southern part of the State, and is a local station on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway. It is reached from Chicago over the Chicago & North-Western Railway to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where the two roads above named meet. Trains leave Chicago at 8.30 A. M., 12.30 NOON, and 9.30 P. M.

Albert Lea is surrounded on three sides by beautiful lakes. The largest one is called Albert Lea, and is fourteen miles long and varies in width from a half mile to a mile and a half. Fountain Lake is the pride of the city, and is two and a half miles long and half a mile wide. Its shores are lined with beautiful woodland and handsome residences, and it is encircled by a broad avenue affording a charming drive of eight miles in length. Sporting of all kinds, fishing, hunting, etc., are abundantly supplied; and as a healthy location this resort is without a rival. Its hotels are unexcelled.

Mr. George C. Harper, Depot Agent, will take pleasure in furnishing information to tourists, and in securing good boarding places for them.

APPLETON, WIS., 185 miles from Chicago, is on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, the only road having a line of its own from Chicago to Appleton, and the only road by which tourists can reach this point from Chicago without change of cars. This line also stands alone in furnishing a choice of two routes to Appleton, the one being via Milwaukee to Fond du Lac, and the other via Janesville and Watertown, Wis., to Fond du Lac, where the two trains meet and form one to Appleton and points north. Trains leave Chicago at 9.30 and 10.45 A. M., and at 9 P. M., the latter via

ing Pullman sleeping cars attached. This is the only line on which these celebrated sleeping coaches are run to Appleton and points beyond.

Appleton is situated on the Lower Fox river, and is noted for its beautiful scenery of variegated woodland and meadow. It has a romantic history, connected with the valley of the Fox river, the celebrated pathway of "La Pere Marquette," and the scene of the State's most bloody Indian wars. The well-known Telulah Springs, with a daily flow of 6,000 barrels, are here, lying at the foot of the Grand Chute Rapids. Some of the remarkable Indian mounds of the State are within the distance of a pleasant ride. The river abounds in fish, the wild rice tracts are filled with ducks, and the woods with much small game. The healthfulness of the city is proverbial, and, being seventy feet above the river, the atmosphere is pure, and free from malaria and epidemics which rarely ever visit the city. Appleton is well shaded, and is threaded by beautiful drives and filled with pleasant homes.

C. B. Morrison, Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, will be glad to furnish further information on application.

ARCADIA, Wis., on the Green Bay & Minnesota Railroad, 310 miles from Chicago, is reached via the Madison Division of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Mineral springs, of medicinal qualities equal to any of the most noted for giving tone to the system, have been made accessible to the tourist, so that Arcadia now steps to the front as a watering place.

George Smart, Agent of the Green Bay & Minnesota Railroad, at Arcadia, Wis., will give further information on application.

BARABOO, Wis., is a local point on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, 175 miles from Chicago, three miles from Devil's Lake; contains 3,000 inhabitants, is the site of many manufactories, and is surrounded by many resorts for the tourist—caves, gorges, ravines, drives, etc. Sauk county, in which Baraboo and Devil's Lake are found, is noted for its romantic scenery, the giant upheavals of the earth and the rocky formations teeming with interest on every side. If you are destined for St. Paul or any points beyond, do not fail to stop off at Baraboo and Devil's Lake, accessible by the Chicago & North-Western Railway *only*.

J. H. Halsted may be addressed regarding a few select boarding places, or H. C. Strong, Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Baraboo, Wis., will reply to your letters asking for information.

BELOIT, Wis., ninety-one miles from Chicago, on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, is rapidly coming into prominence as a summer resort, owing to the presence of Iodo-Magnesian springs which possess unquestioned remedial virtues. They are owned by a company which is thoroughly developing the merits they possess. The city is located on Rock river, in Rock county, one of the prettiest counties in the State, the surrounding country being charmingly diversified, and highly cultivated, affording many delightful drives. The city also possesses attractions, as being the seat of Beloit College. The public schools are of an exceptionally high standard.

Trains leave Chicago in the summer season, for Beloit, at 10.45 A. M., 4.45 P. M. and 9 P. M. Mr. L. F. McLean, Agent for the Chicago & North-Western Railway at Beloit, Wis., can be addressed for further information.

DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX, MINN. The tourist who wishes to make his trip to St. Paul complete, must not omit the opportunity of taking a trip to the Dalles of the St. Croix. Go from St. Paul first to Stillwater, by rail

twenty miles, then by steamer to Taylor's Falls, where you reach the famous Dalles. The Dalles are also reached over the Chicago & North-Western Railway, over its Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line to Stillwater or St. Paul. Apply to T. W. Teasdale (for address, see ST. PAUL.)

GREEN BAY, WIS., is 213 miles from Chicago, on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, reached by two daily trains with Pullman cars attached on the night train; contains 8,000 people; has excellent hotels; the best accommodations are offered to summer tourists, or to those who desire a cool and pleasant retreat from the heat and malaria of the South. The city is surrounded on all sides but one by water; lying on the point of land at the confluence of the Fox and East rivers, and about a mile from the mouth of the former. Fishing, boating and bathing can be enjoyed to their fullest extent. Cook's Hotel is a first-class and very popular house.

Persons desirous of reaching Green Bay or any point north thereof, must see to it that their tickets read, all the way from Chicago to Fort Howard (Green Bay) or beyond, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway, or they will meet with unpleasant and needless transfers, etc. Do not be deceived into taking any other road if you desire to go by the direct line, and the only one that is controlled by one corporation all the way from Chicago. By taking the Chicago & North-Western Railway you have the choice of two routes from Chicago as far as Fond du Lac. By the one you have a view of the beautiful suburbs of Chicago—Evanston, Highland Park, Lake Forest, Lake Bluff and Waukegan, and the thriving cities of Kenosha and Racine, to Milwaukee, the metropolis of Wisconsin, and thence to Fond du Lac. By the second you pass through the enterprising towns of Crystal Lake, Woodstock and Harvard, Ill., and Janesville, Jefferson and Watertown, Wis., to Fond du Lac, where both branches of the line meet, and you are taken through the busy cities of Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Appleton and De Pere, to Green Bay. H. A. Ranous is the Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway at Green Bay, Wis. and will promptly answer your letters.

HUDSON, WIS., 380 miles from Chicago, is reached from Chicago only by the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line (composed of the Chicago & North-Western Railway and of the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Railway). Hudson is a well-built city, and has excellent schools, fine churches and private residences. The surrounding country is very beautiful, and is full of fine drives, pretty waterfalls and picturesque scenery. The lake and river furnish admirable boating and fishing. Several yachts are owned here, and annually its yacht club has a regatta. River Falls, close by, is an unending source of pleasure, not only in the summer but in the winter as well. Game abounds in the woods and prairies surrounding Hudson, and can always be had in quantities sufficient to please and repay the most exacting sportsman. A branch line runs from here to Stillwater (with its population of 5,000), higher up the river. The Dalles of the St. Croix are still further up, and will amply repay the visitor for the time spent in reaching them. The largest Mississippi steamers ascend the St. Croix river to this point. Twelve miles southeast is Kinnickinnick river, yielding the finest brook trout, not only in the main stream but on the north and south forks. Tiffany creek also abounds with brook trout. Bass Lake, eight miles northeast, furnishes excellent bass fishing. Four miles from the station is Willow river with its beautiful falls, which rival those of the noted *Minnehaha*. Taylor's Falls, at the head of the famous Dalles, and St. Croix Falls, are worthy of a visit. Osceola Mills, having medicinal springs

and good hotels, is reached by steamer in the summer and by stage in the winter.

Trains leave Chicago for Hudson at 10.45 A. M., and 9 P. M., both having Pullman drawing room and sleeping car attached. Mr. T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent Chicago; St. Paul & Minneapolis Line at St. Paul, Minn., can be addressed for further information.

JANESVILLE, Wis., ninety-one miles from Chicago, is located in Rock county, noted for its beautifully diversified scenery and its highly cultivated farms. It is situated on high, rocky ground, on the banks of Rock river, and as the traveler approaches the city by cars, a charming view presents itself—the busy city a few rods before him, the broad river flowing rapidly beneath his path, and the green hills fading before his gaze in the distance. The groves of fine timber which surround the city, and the many noble shade trees that line its broad avenues, have given it the name of “The Bower City.” Its buildings are very rich and expensive, no city in the State, outside of Milwaukee, having expended as large sums in public buildings. The Wisconsin Institute for the Blind is located here. From its many manufactories, with power afforded by the Rock river, and because of its enterprise and thrift, Janesville is often called the Chicago of Wisconsin.

Janesville is best reached from Chicago over the Chicago & North-Western Railway. C. A. Potter, Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway at Janesville, Wis., will reply to your queries.

LAKES CALHOUN AND HARRIET. These lakes are part of a chain of some twelve or fifteen small sheets of water that form nearly a semi-circle on the north, west and south sides of Minneapolis, and are but three and a half miles distant from the business centre of the city. A fine carriage road extends from Hennepin avenue to Lake Calhoun, and thence to Harriet. Besides this, we have the Lyndale Railway, which runs from Bridge Square via First avenue south and Nicollet avenue to Lakes Calhoun, Harriet and Minnetonka.

Lake Calhoun is a handsome sheet of water about a mile across, its banks being partially prairie, relieved by several fine groves. An excursion steamer, owned by the Lyndale Railway, carries excursionists about the lake, and gives an opportunity to visit any of the hotels, of which there are several, or the groves on the south side. An immense building, known as the Pavilion, is located near the railway, which is used for parties during winter and summer. The Minneapolis Gun Club has grounds near the lake.

Lake Harriet is about the same size as Calhoun, but its banks have more timber, and it is generally considered the handsomer lake. There is no hotel or house of entertainment on Lake Harriet. It was the location of the first mission school among the Dakotas that was opened in the wilds of Minnesota, and, we believe, the first place where the savages were given religious instruction. Both these lakes were the homes of bands of the Dakotas, and were among the last of the lakes in this vicinity to be deserted after the whites came to take possession of the land west of St. Anthony Falls.

Lake of the Isles is located northeast of Lake Calhoun, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of land, probably thrown up by the ice, and along which the wagon road to Excelsior, Lake Minnetonka, passes. Lake of the Isles possesses no attraction except its fields of water lilies, which are usually abundant in their season.

In the chain of lakes north of Lake Calhoun are Cedar Lake, Twin

Lakes, Keegan's Lake, Crystal Lake, and some half dozen others of more or less note.

Cedar Lake is located on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, two and a half miles from Minneapolis.

Medicine Lake. This is one of the popular resorts at all times of the year for lovers of piscatorial pleasures. It is a famous lake for wall-eyed pike particularly, and other kinds of fish are caught in great numbers. It is located eight miles west of Minneapolis, and is reached by the Wayzata wagon road from Plymouth avenue, the route diverging to the right a short distance from the "Farmer's Home." At Medicine Lake there is no hotel, but a party by the name of Smith keeps boats, tackle and other accommodations for visitors. Our sportsmen all speak well of the place, and the lake furnishes more big fish stories than any other small lake in the country.

Parker's Lake, lying to the right of the wagon road between the Farmer's Home and Wayzata, is also a profitable place for sportsmen to visit.

Of Twin Lakes, Keegan's Lake, and a half dozen others lying west and northwest of Minneapolis, it is hardly necessary to speak, except as handsome specks in the landscape, which add much to its attractiveness in summer and make grand skating parks in winter.

Big Medicine Spring. One of the places that should be better known and visited more frequently than it now is, is that called "Big Medicine Spring," "Indian Spring," etc. It is located on the road leading out from Western avenue, Minneapolis, a mile or two from the city limits. It was a noted resort for the sick of the Indian tribes who roamed in this neighborhood, and its waters are believed to possess remarkable curative properties. It bubbles out at the foot of a hill. The water does not taste nice—it wouldn't be a "medicine spring" if it did; but it is good for what ails you.

LAKE ELMO, MINN., is a small lake twelve miles east of St. Paul, on the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Railway; in the summer season has ten trains a day from St. Paul. It has good boating, fishing, groves, etc., and is famous for picnics and excursion parties. A large hotel, with a capacity for 200 guests, lately erected and elegantly furnished, has become one of the most popular resorts in Minnesota and especially to Southern people. For amusement and recreation it is supplied with billiards and bowling alley, steam yachts, sail and row boats, bath houses, and a large park with electric lights. Fishing is good. Apply to T. W. Teasdale (for address, see ST. PAUL).

LAKE MADISON, MINN. Four miles northeast from Eagle Lake Station of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, you reach the west shore of Lake Madison, Minn.

Situated in the midst of the "big woods" of Minnesota this magnificent body of water has until recently been overlooked by the tourist, but it is rapidly acquiring fame as the most beautiful of Minnesota's ten thousand lakes.

In outline it is extremely irregular, and presents a succession of views, as approached from almost any direction, of mingled lake, wooded shore and bold headland. The forest surrounding it appears almost unbroken, yet here and there the cabin of the hardy settler comes in view. The shore line is about thirty miles.

The water supply comes from subterranean springs, and is very soft and of crystal purity, and so fresh is it, that even in the dog-days it gives no evidence of malaria.

It is perhaps the deepest lake within the borders of Minnesota, having

an average depth of about sixty feet, while in many places it is almost bottomless, yet the level of the lake is twenty feet higher than the bluffs of the Minnesota river only ten miles distant.

The lake abounds in fish of all the northern varieties, bass, pickerel, muskallonge, perch, rock bass and sunfish being among the variety taken by the willing angler.

This has not yet become a fashionable resort, but is a favorite camping ground for those who delight in out-door life in its most attractive aspects.

"Point Pleasant," lately occupied as the headquarters for this sort of travel, has accommodations for about fifty guests, and will likely increase its capacity for the season of '82. Parties owning a camping outfit, but who want the proximity of a first-class hotel table, can be well suited here, and will find no more pleasant locality than among the towering forests surrounding Lake Madison. Point Pleasant is well provided with boats for either rowing or sailing.

There are a half dozen beautiful lakes within as many miles of Point Pleasant, all abounding in fish, because they have not been "fished out," and for one person to take from forty to one hundred pounds in a day is no uncommon occurrence.

Passengers can get hack or livery accommodations at either Eagle Lake Station or Mankato; or by addressing, previously, the proprietor, J. M. Barclay, at Eagle Lake Station, a conveyance will be provided.

Terms of hotel, \$2.00 per day. Liberal reduction to boarders, and special terms to families and campers.

LAKE MINNETONKA is on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, twelve miles from Minneapolis and 434 miles from Chicago. It is best reached by the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) from Chicago, and really the only direct route to take, as *you arrive in the same depot at Minneapolis from which you depart for the Lake.* Upon the 10.45 A. M. and 9.00 P. M. trains from Chicago, are run Pullman sleepers to Minneapolis.

This is the gem of the Northwestern lakes, where annually gather many thousands of nomadic health-seekers, who find in the immense forests that surround it, in the rural homes that nestle in shady groves on the banks of its bays, and in the limpid depths of its waters, the renewed vigor that comes from out-of-door life in that climate.

The Big Woods nearly encloses Lake Minnetonka in its midst, and many cozy villas are built beneath the branches of the great monarchs of the forest on its banks, while villages and hotels have sprung up at convenient and available points. Steamers ply on its crystal waters to carry pleasure seekers to their destination, and fleets of sail and row boats are to be found at all parts of the lake, to supply the demand of fishing parties.

Wayzata, the railway station on the north shore of Lake Minnetonka, is reached from Minneapolis and St. Paul by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, the distance being fifteen miles from Minneapolis, and twenty-five miles from St. Paul. Excelsior, on the south side of the lake, is reached from Minneapolis via the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway and the Minneapolis, Lyndale & Minnetonka Railway. The two lines to Excelsior are now being built, and it is expected will be completed soon.

The various points about the lake are reached by steamers, which make regular trips to meet trains to and from the city. Last season there were six passenger steamers, viz.: one side-wheel, one stern-wheel and four propellers on the lake.

The "Big Water" is a curious aggregation of bays, and is a wonder in

itself. With a length of over thirty miles and a breadth of about three or four miles at the widest part, it has a shore line of over 200 miles. Its undulating shore; bold headlands or points; high, forest-covered banks, and constantly changing views, as seen from the steamers, constitute its great charm, and make it unlike any other lake in the world. One may pass weeks in sailing about its bays, and on every expedition encounter something new and charming. The angler always finds ample employment in securing the bass, pickerel and croppie that abound in all parts of the lake. There is a summer home on its banks for every one. The palatial hotels of Minnetonka Park, Carson's Bay, "Breezy Brow," Crystal Bay, Mound City, Shady Isle and Excelsior, open their halls to the fashionable and unfashionable alike.

Those people who wish to avoid the noise and bustle of hotel life, can find pleasant homes in the village of Excelsior, or in the retired nooks about the lake, where the air is laden with the perfume of fruit blossoms and sweet scents from rustic flower beds, and where glimpses of blue water may be seen through vistas of green trees; where one may dress in old clothes, and swing lazily in a hammock, or recline on a velvety couch of moss at the foot of some venerable old maple, and dream of the dusky Indian maids and braves who dwelt here only a quarter of a century ago, or of the adventures on the last fishing excursion. They are places where one feels a sense of rest and relief, and a longing to stay awhile longer when the time comes to go back to labor, and the turmoils of life.

In the thirty miles travel required to make a tour of the lake resorts by steamer there are many beautiful views, which are constantly changing as we pass from bay to bay.

The village of Excelsior is located on the southwest side of a large bay, on a peninsula of hills lying between two bays and extending out on a high ridge known as the Commons—set apart as a public picnic grove and camping ground, where hundreds of visitors go to bathe. The village has about 400 inhabitants. Summer boarding houses are numerous. Excelsior is the centre of business for the lake and country south of it, and boasts of a large trade. It is naturally adapted to a summer resort, having high ground, ample shade, and a diversity of lake scenery. Fine drives extend in various directions into the country back of it, where well-kept farms, with large orchards and fruit gardens vary the monotony of a forest drive. Dozens of picturesque little lakes are sprinkled about promiscuously, where one can shoot ducks in season, gather pond lilies at any time during the summer, and catch the largest and gamiest of pickerel and bass.

A mile west of Excelsior is located Minnetonka Lake Park, a tract of 225 acres of forest land, on a peninsula bounded by Gideon's Bay, the main lake, as it is called, and the Narrows. Gideon's Bay is a sheet of water setting back between the Excelsior shore and the Park for over a mile, and its banks are destined to be the future summer home of a host of people who will build cottages.

Lake Park is the last stopping place for steamers on the trip to the Upper Lake resorts, and is distant by the route the steamers traverse, from Wayzata, at least six miles. There are many points north of the Narrows, in Lower Lake, which the tourist should visit, if he remains long enough to do it leisurely, especially as some of the most prolific fishing grounds are to be found in the bays of the North Arm.

The new line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway extends *along this part of the lake*, and its completion this season will open up large *tracts of valuable lake shore property* which has heretofore been *inaccessible to the general traveler*.

Passing through the Narrows, which is a narrow channel connecting the two large bodies of water, designated for convenience as Upper and Lower Lakes, we sail through a succession of bays, with high banks, covered with primeval forest. An occasional clearing is visible as we pass along, but most of the main shore and a greater part of the islands have been left almost unimproved, being only partially thinned out to supply the demand for fuel.

On the left, after leaving the Narrows, we pass a high point, where the State Fruit Farm is located; its mission is to propagatate hardy varieties of fruit.

Spring Park, on the right, is one of the improvements begun in 1880, and one that promises to be of considerable magnitude. The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba branch line has a station at Spring Park, which gives it the benefit of communication both by land and water. It is a fine tract of woodland, well adapted for a village of villas.

A little further on we pass Shady Isle, whereon a large summer resort hotel—Hotel Harrow—is located. Opposite Shady Isle is a long point, known as Howard's Point, on which are two villas—Hazeldene and Idylwild.

The beautiful islands of Upper Lake form one of its most attractive features, giving a variety and wildness to the scenery which is pleasing to the eye. Fire Fly (or Dunlap's) Island, a summer home, is one of the most romantic spots one could desire. Enchanted Island is the enchanting home of a St. Paul party. Phelps Island, containing over 300 acres, is one of the finest pieces of property on the lake. Crane Island, one of the curiosities of the Big Water, is noted as the home of myriads of birds—blue heron, cormorant and buzzard disputing possession, and keeping up a perpetual struggle for the spoils. The steamers usually pass Crane Island during the trip, to enable the passengers to get a sight of the birds, which are sometimes put to flight by the scream of the whistle.

The Hermitage, located opposite Crane Island, is one of the most interesting points on Lake Minnetonka. Reaching out from the Hermitage, to the northward, extends a long point known as Hardscrabble, west of which is located a handsome villa called Mapleshade. It is elegantly fitted up with the modern conveniences of a city residence, and its owner, with dogs, gun, boats and all sorts of hunting paraphernalia, enjoys life, making it a permanent home.

Mound City is at the end of the steamboat route to Upper Lake, and here is the Chapman House, located on one of the finest sites on the lake. Cook's Lake View House is not far distant, and two stores and a postoffice add their share to the business of the village.

Lake Minnetonka being near St. Paul, trains are run to accommodate those desiring to do shopping, attend theatre, etc. For further particulars apply to T. W. Teasdale (for address, see ST. PAUL).

LAKE ZURICH, MCHENRY CO., ILL., is thirty miles from Chicago. It can be reached only by the Chicago & North-Western Railway, to Barrington station, and thence by stage four miles. This is a charming retreat for a quiet summer home for a few days' relief from work or care. The visitor can secure good boats, fine fishing, shady groves, bracing air, country life, with no drawback incident to popular watering places. Col. I. W. Fox, the proprietor of the lake and of the principal hotel, gives personal attention to his guests, and offers a real home to those who place themselves under his charge. For a sojourn of a few days or for the entire season, no spot in the Northwest offers more real pleasurable attractions than Lake Zurich. I. W. Fox will answer your letters for particulars.

McHENRY, ILL. (also the station for *Fox Lake*), is on the Lake Geneva Line of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, fifty miles north by west from Chicago. Fox river flows through the village; and between the village and Fox Lake and Pistagua Lake, eight miles, the excursion steamers—the “Mary Griswold,” and one recently built—make double daily trips during the summer season, connecting with all passenger trains. A charge of fifty cents is made for the trip; but charters for the day, say between 8 A. M. and 6 P. M., will be made for about \$15. Besides those carried on the steamers, the owners have canvas-sheltered barges, that will carry from 200 to 300 persons. These barges are towed by the steamer, so that picnic parties, Sunday School excursions, and the like, can be accommodated. This offers facilities for many pleasurable days' jaunts up and down the beautiful river.

Bernard Buss, the Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, at McHenry, Ill., will cheerfully arrange for passage on or charters of these steamers, and furnish information as to hotels, boarding places, etc.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., is the commercial emporium of the State, and contains 150,000 people. Its buildings are mostly made of cream-colored brick, which are manufactured here in large quantities, giving to Milwaukee the popular name of “The Cream City.” The resorts are numerous, Lake Dells being the principal attraction. The celebrated Siloam Mineral Springs are also here. Hotel accommodations are of the best. The Plankinton House, the Newhall House, the Kirby House and the St. Charles are the principal hotels.

In making the trip to Milwaukee or beyond, from Chicago, stops might be made at *Evanston*, *Lake Forest* and *Waukegan*, as these are places of unusual attraction, and can not fail to remunerate in enjoyment for the trouble of stopping off.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway is the only line that takes passengers along the lake shore, through these beautiful villages, to Milwaukee; it is the only line that runs parlor chair cars, in which a good view of the lake and places can be had; and it is the only line running these cars through Evanston, Lake Forest, Waukegan and Racine. The rate in the parlor chair cars is only thirty-five cents for each chair between Chicago and Milwaukee, and twenty-five cents between intermediate points. In fact, the Chicago & North-Western is the only road you should think of taking from Chicago for Milwaukee or any point beyond. John S. George is our Agent at Milwaukee, Wis.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., is one of the most rapidly growing cities of the Northwest, being most advantageously situated for manufacturing purposes, having in its midst the immense water power of the Falls of St. Anthony.

With its vast extent of territory tributary to and naturally dependent on it, its numerous flouring mills, lumber mills, factories, railroads, beautiful residences, groves, parks, lakes, healthful climate, etc., its destiny is certainly to be coveted. Minneapolis has now a population of nearly 50,000. The hotels are good, among them being the Nicollet House, the St. James, the Clark House, the Bellevue House, and the Merchants Hotel.

W. H. Truesdell, General Agent of the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line, at Minneapolis, Minn., will reply to your letters for information.

MINNEHAHA FALLS, MINN., is made from a stream flowing from Lake *Minnetonka*. Longfellow best pictures these Falls. They are reached both by rail and carriage; distance, eight miles from St. Paul.

OSHKOSH, WIS., is a local station on the Chicago & North-Western Railway, 165 miles from Chicago. This road offers the only direct way by which it can be reached from Chicago without change of cars and tedious delays. It is a flourishing city, located on the Upper Fox river, at its entrance into Lake Winnebago. This lake is thirty-five miles long and ten to eleven miles wide, abounding in many varieties of fish. Its east shore, for an extent of fifteen miles, presents a remarkable feature, consisting of a wall of rock laid together as if by the hand of man. There are many attractions for visitors, and many come here during the summer months.

Good hotels are to be found here. Persons unacquainted may write to J. H. Martin, Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Oshkosh, Wis., and he will select such quarters as they may desire.

OWATONNA, MINN., 387 miles from Chicago, on the Winona & St. Peter Division of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Taking this route, the tourist has a view of the delightful summer resorts of Beloit, Madison, Devil's Lake, Sparta, Winona and Rochester—a privilege afforded by no other route to Owatonna. Trains leave Chicago at 10.45 A. M. and 9 P. M., with Pullman cars attached.

The name of the city is taken from an Indian word, "Ouitunya," meaning *straight*; hence Straight is the official name of the stream on which this city is built. Owatonna is the centre of a very fertile country, and has a large grain trade. It has fine schools and churches. Mineral springs, near the city, have been developed, and are now used to the exclusion of other water. The water of one of these springs is said to resemble that of the celebrated Vichy. This is a very desirable place in which to spend the summer season, being healthy and well supplied with means for amusement. R. R. Ritchie is the Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, at Owatonna, Minn.

ROCHESTER, MINN., 347 miles from Chicago, is reached only by the Chicago & North-Western Railway, and by two through trains, leaving Chicago at 10.45 A. M. and 9 P. M. The city of Rochester contains over 5,000 people, and is located in a beautiful valley about two miles wide, through which the Zumbro river runs. Picturesque bluffs lie along the valley, from the crests of which many fine views are obtained. The city has wide streets, good business houses, large manufactories, fine residences, eleven churches, and several schools; one school building cost \$75,000, and two others \$7,000 each. The court house is a fine brick structure, and cost \$50,000. Two public halls, seating 1,500 people, furnish ample facilities for theatres, concerts and other entertainments. The mineral springs near the city are highly recommended for their medicinal properties.

For particulars address C. Van Campen, Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Rochester, Minn.

STILLWATER, MINN., twenty miles northeast of St. Paul, is reached by the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line (Chicago & North-Western and Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Railways), 397 miles from Chicago, on trains leaving the latter city at 10.45 A. M. and 9 P. M., both having Pullman cars attached. Tourists en route to St. Paul via Chicago & North-Western Railway should stop off at Stillwater Junction, only three miles from Stillwater, which is reached by a branch road. Situated on the St. Croix river, connections are made at Stillwater with steamers for the famous Dalles of the St. Croix. By the completion of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad to Taylor's Falls (the station for the Dalles), tourists can vary their route by

continuing their journey to St. Paul, all rail, via White Bear Lake, instead of returning by steamer to Stillwater. This resort is popular with parties desiring quiet locations during the hot summer months, and with sportsmen in the autumn when deer and other game are abundant. The many lakes in the vicinity add to its attractions.

Further information will be furnished by Mr. T. W. Teasdale (see ST. PAUL for address).

ST. PAUL, MINN., the capital of the State, is located on the east bank of the Mississippi river, on high ground, which gives it a commanding view of the surrounding country. The scenery is picturesque and charming, presenting many attractions to the traveler. It is the oldest city in the State, the first settlers driving their stakes and putting up their claim cabins in 1838, shortly after the ratification of the treaty by which the Indians ceded their lands to the government; it was incorporated as a town in November, 1849, and as a city in March, 1854.

Being located at the head of navigation on the Mississippi river, St. Paul soon became the most important point in the State, and attained the position of chief commercial city of the Northwest, which it still retains. The visitor will view with wonder the great number of magnificent brick and stone business blocks that line the streets, and the evidences of prosperity indicated by the numerous buildings in progress of erection in all parts of the city. The population of St. Paul is 50,000.

Located but a short distance from most of the leading summer resorts, St. Paul has been for years headquarters for many of the tourists from abroad. Its numerous fine hotels afford ample accommodations, and the excursion trains running to the lakes enable them to enjoy the pleasures of the rural resorts at any time they wish. White Bear Lake is but twelve miles distant, by the St. Paul & Duluth Railway, and it may also be reached over a fine carriage road of about the same distance. Lake Elmo is twelve miles from the city, on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Line, which runs excursion trains to the lake during the day. Lake Minnetonka is but twenty-five miles distant, by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway. Lake Como, four miles from the city, Prior Lake, the Dalles of the St. Croix, Lake St. Croix, the Lake Pepin resorts, are all readily accessible by some one of the sixteen railway lines that lead from the city in all directions.

Trains between St. Paul and Minneapolis leave each city every hour in the day, on two lines of railway, the run being made in thirty minutes.

Minnesota Fish Hatchery. An establishment of much interest to every citizen of Minnesota, and to visitors from abroad as well, is the State fish hatchery, about a mile below St. Paul. Here the commissioners have labored assiduously in the work of propagating several varieties of fish to stock the rivers and lakes of Minnesota. Brook trout have been put into streams along the Minnesota river, where they have thrived, and bid fair to become a permanent addition to the list of delicacies on the tables of the people. Whitefish, California salmon, lake trout, shad, etc., have been placed in suitable waters, and some of the varieties are multiplying rapidly. The hatchery is under the care of Mr. Watkins, and visitors to Willow Brook, as the place has been named, will be courteously entertained.

Four miles from St. Paul, over a fine, hard, gravel road, is Lake Como, a fashionable resort of the denizens of the capital city, and a more beautiful spot does not exist, even in Minnesota. On a beautiful, cool summer evening the drive to Como is most enchanting. A short distance from the city, *is situated Carver's Cave*, the site where was signed the treaty between Jonathan Carver and the Indians, by which the title to large tracts of land was

secured from the aborigines. Many other points of historical and natural interest can be found in the immediate vicinity of the city.

The antiquarian and lover of the curious should visit the rooms of the Minnesota Historical Society, where, besides a large library and files of State newspapers dating back to the organization of the Territory, a museum of Indian curiosities is kept, which will be found interesting.

A few miles from St. Paul, on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Line, is Lake Elmo, a popular summer resort, and most beautiful and inviting retreat. A fine hotel, Elmo Lodge, affords good accommodations for guests, and is well patronized.

The Minnesota Boat Club has its boat house and grounds on the island above the bridge across the river, and it is a very attractive place in the summer.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway (Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line), St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, St. Paul & Duluth and Northern Pacific Railroads, use a *Union Depot*, so that passengers arriving on the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line, can leave from the same depot for all points north.

The hotels of St. Paul are fine in all respects, and their charges reasonable. The Metropolitan, the Merchants Hotel, the Windsor Hotel, the Clarendon Hotel, the Sherman House and the International Hotel are the principal hotels.

T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line, St. Paul, Minn., may be addressed for all information about St. Paul and all places in that vicinity.

WAUKEGAN, ILL., county seat of Lake county, is a fine city of 5,000 people, situated on a ridge 100 feet higher than the lake, parallel with the shore of Lake Michigan, and is surrounded by nearly fifty small lakes, from which the county derives its name. Among the ornaments of the city is a large and attractive court house, recently completed. Waukegan stands unrivaled in attractiveness as a resort; its beauty, fine drives, ravines and mineral springs making it a most desirable place for health and pleasure seekers.

Waukegan is reached only by the Chicago & North-Western Railway, being thirty-six miles from Chicago, and having seven trains daily each way. A. Z. Blodget is the Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, Waukegan, Ill.

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN. Among the numberless pleasure resorts of the Enchanted Summer Land, none have attained a greater popularity than White Bear Lake, which is located at the junction of the St. Paul & Duluth and Minneapolis & St. Louis Railways, about twelve miles from Minnesota's largest cities: Minneapolis, St. Paul and Stillwater.

Covering a surface of about 4,000 acres, with banks covered with the finest of forest trees, and beaches of pebble and sand, White Bear presents a combination of scenery that long ago gave it the title of Minnesota's gem. It is about four or five miles in length, and is nearly divided lengthwise by a long, forest-covered islet, located nearly midway between its east and west banks. The water is transparently pure, of the color that gave to our State its name—sky-tinted—and from its depths the angler tempts the wall-eyed pike, pickerel, black bass, red-eye or rock bass, croppy and perch.

Here also floats the largest fleet of sailing yachts to be found on any Western lake, many of them of elegant model and costly finish.

On its western and southern banks are to be found large and well-kept

hotels, each with its modest cottages and handsome villas for the use of guests. On its western bank are a large number of elegant villas, owned by wealthy business men of St. Paul, who send their families here to reside during the summer, and join them each evening after the close of business.

White Bear is the oldest summer resort in the State, and consequently is far advanced in many of the conveniences required by fashionable people who do not care to indulge in the wild and sometimes inconvenient modes of life found at our less developed watering places.

Being so near the large cities, with railways running from four to six trains a day for the express accommodation of pleasure seekers and the business men who live in cottages, it is no wonder that White Bear has attained its present popularity. One can here enjoy all the benefits of refined society, religious services on the Sabbath, society entertainments of all kinds, lectures, readings and private theatricals; "music by the band" once or twice a week—"regatta concerts," they call them—winding up with a good, old-fashioned, rollicking dance in the pavilion or dining room, or a more stately affair in the parlor, are on the list of amusements.

In the vicinity are numerous lakes where fishing and duck hunting are profitable pastimes.

From four to six trains a day are run between White Bear Lake and St. Paul, and two between the Lake and Minneapolis. Round trip tickets from either city are sold at a very low rate.

By the St. Paul & Duluth and Minneapolis & St. Louis Railways, which have their junction here, tourists have an opportunity to reach Stillwater, on Lake St. Croix, where the trains connect with steamers for points on Lake St. Croix, or for the Dalles of the St. Croix.

By the same lines they may visit Forest Lake, the Chisago Lakes, and the Dalles of the St. Croix at Taylor's Falls. Another trip by the same lines is to the Dalles of the St. Louis river and Duluth, where connection is made with steamers for Lake Superior Resorts. They afford ample opportunities for visiting the cities, or reaching Lake Minnetonka, Minnehaha, Lakes Calhoun and Harriet, Lake Elmo, and other resorts.

Board at the Lake ranges from \$8 to \$14 per week, according to accommodations.

The village of White Bear has a population of about 200, and included in its business establishments are three hotels, viz.: Hotel Leip and cottages, the Williams House, and the White Bear House. Hotel Leip and the Williams House have large fleets of row and sail boats connected with them, and a large fleet is kept at Lake Shore Park.

In the country surrounding White Bear are numberless smaller lakes, some of which possess attractions for camping parties, while others are sought for fishing and duck hunting. Adjoining White Bear Lake, and separated from it by a very narrow strip of land, is Goose Lake, which is a favorite resort of old sportsmen, who make Hotel Leip their headquarters. The hotel grounds lie between the two lakes, and it is but a few steps to the shores of either.

Bald Eagle Lake, a lovely sheet of water, full as handsome as White Bear, but not so large, lies a mile west of the latter. It is full of fish, and has high, picturesque shores. A few cottages have been built here by summer residents. A splendid mineral spring is one of the attractions for invalids. It is walled up with marble, and a handsome pavilion erected over it. This lake is much frequented by camping parties from the city, who find it a pleasant resort, and by many White Bear visitors.

Rice Lakes, a few miles from White Bear, furnish, probably, the best sport in wild fowl shooting that can be found in the West.

