

SKETCHES AND STORIES OF
THE LAKE ERIE ISLANDS



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SKETCHES AND STORIES
OF THE
LAKE ERIE ISLANDS

BY
THERESA THORNDALE.



SOUVENIR VOLUME



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INTRODUCTION.

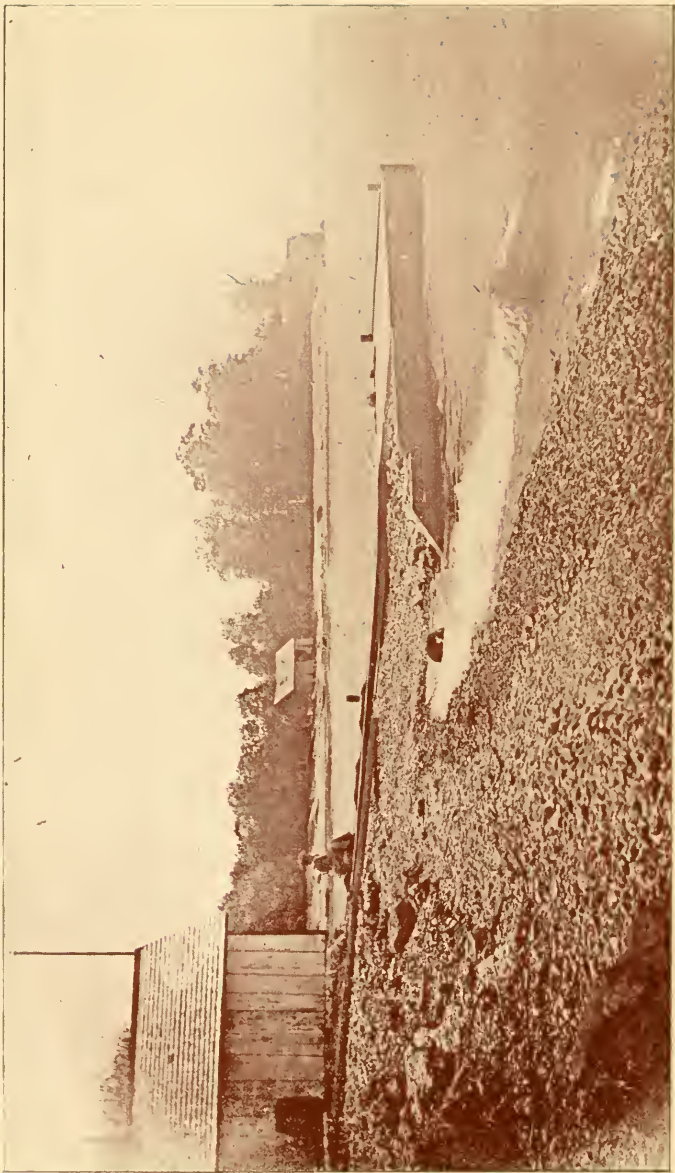
As a journalist and general newspaper contributor, resident for several years at Put-in-Bay, the writer has been afforded ample opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with each individual island of the Lake Erie group; and has frequently expressed surprise that no literary delver has ever entered the field with a view to the systematic working up of resources so extensive and varied.

The object of the work here submitted is, therefore, to present in compact form a collection of interesting and hitherto unutilized material; historical, reminiscent, legendary, combined with story and romance, tales of adventure and matter descriptive of the picturesque and striking scenes in which the Islands abound.

Though appearing in fictitious garniture, most of the stories herein transcribed are founded upon fact; and are true in detail to life and conditions as they exist in the archipelago.

While the compass of this volume is not sufficient to contain all the material of interest and importance which might be collected, the aim of the writer has been to combine as much thereof as possible, and trusts that the work may meet with a favorable reception.

THE AUTHOR.



LIMEKILN POINT.

A GEM OF HISTORIC SETTING.

“ O, boatman, row me gently slow,
Into the golden sunset glow,
That crowns the dying day;
Out where the emerald islands lie,
In the crimson sea of the western sky,
Row me away, away ”



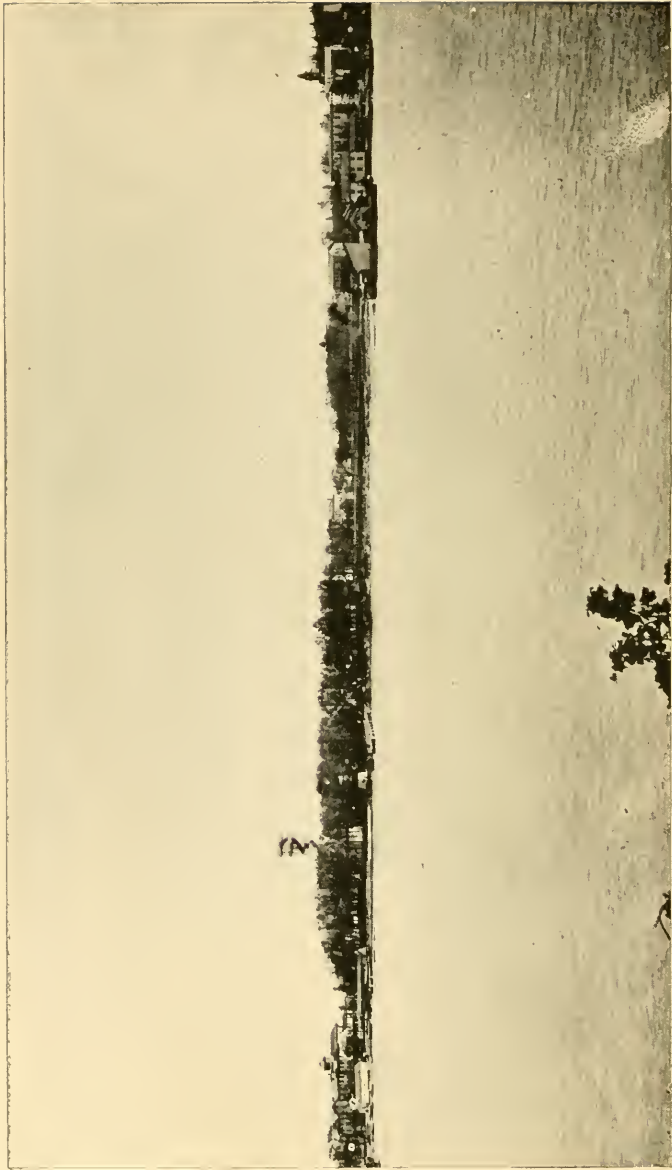
Environed by an atmosphere of poetic fancy and historic lore, the Islands of Lake Erie have furnished from time to time the basis of many an entertaining sketch, story and poem, embodying the best thoughts of some of America's gifted writers. The blendings of fact and fancy, and the crisply touched word pictures employed in the productions show an inspiration which only a meritorious subject could infuse. That men and women of genius have made the locality a field for literary and historical research, coupled with the fact that it is annually visited by thousands of tourists and excursionists, and is constantly

becoming more widely known and popular, establishes its claim as especially worthy of note.

Since, however, all that has been written concerning the archipelago by visiting journalists and literary contributors, has been of a desultory and fragmentary character, the idea of collecting for preservation within the compass of a volume some of the loose material so abundant, has been carried out by the writer in the following sketches and stories.

Approaching by any of the marine highways marked on the charts of lake navigators, the voyager, who from deck of cruising yacht or steamer first sights the archipelago, is charmed by the beauty which encircles and pervades it. When the islands are bright with the variegated greens of summer foliage, and the tranquil waters mirror the deep blue of aerial heights, the group seems a veritable emerald cluster in a setting of sapphire. Its dreamy groves, its vine embowered haunts and ethereal distances kindle the poetic fancy and delight the eye.

Down through time's dim vistas have descended traditions many concerning the dusky race which formerly inhabited the islands. These date back as far as the 17th century, when the Eries or Eric (wild cat) tribe of aborigines still existed. The history of these people is broken and imperfect. At the period indicated, however, the southern shores of the lake, together with the islands, were undoubtedly the favorite hunting grounds, and formed the stage where were enacted the tragic scenes which closed the drama, and ended the career of a fierce and war loving people. The Eries were swept out of existence by the powerful "Five Nations," forming the Iroquois, but they left their name permanently established, the name that now designates



PUT-IN-BAY FROM GIBRALTAR—Looking East.

the waters of Erie, lake of the "Wild Cat." Uncertain as are the records of this lost tribe, the antiquarian and historian groping amid ruins of the past, finds, nevertheless, broken bits which fit into their history. Notable among these may be mentioned "Inscription Rock" at Kelley's Island, said to be the most extensive and interesting relic of its kind in America.

At the opening of the present century, the islands were overrun by nomadic tribes which have been designated as "sojourners" rather than dwellers, representing the Senecas, Miamis, Ottawas, Shawnees, Potowotamies, and Wyandots; the latter being the most numerous. Representatives of other tribes, among which was that of the Mohawk, sometimes visited the archipelago. Though supposed to have been a favorite locality, the islands were not so much the territory of any one tribe as a common stamping ground for all. They came and went in a manner similar to that of the modern summer excursionists; the attractions of Put-in-Bay and her neighboring isles, as a summer resort having been known and appreciated, evidently, many thousand moons before the pale face came to know them. When the waters were fettered by ice, and withering blasts swept the island shores, the Indians are supposed to have retired into the thick, deep wilderness of the mainland; returning however with spring flowers and sunshine to their island haunts.

The romantic element—so instinctive to these children of nature—must have run rampant amid surroundings so calculated to inspire sentiment. The dim forests, the darkling waters; the shifting clouds

and night shadows; the gathering storm, the play of lightning, and roll of thunder; the war of winds, and rush of waves - all these things were invested by the savage with a wierd mysticism, and looking upon Nature and listening to her myriad voices, wild fantasies and strange beliefs took shape within his brain.



A ROCK-BOUND SHORE.

His imagination peopled with supernatural beings the caverned rocks, and witchery dwelt in the falling of a leaf, or the flash of a sea-gull's wing.

In feudal days such as existed in the archipelago where paths of wandering tribes so frequently crossed, occasions were many which gave rise to tales of love and jealousy, of conquest and adventure.

Thus touched by the subtle hue of poetry, and romance as charming and as real as that which has come down to us from the feudal days of "mediaeval" Europe, was the life of the untamed island dweller.

Antedating the period of Indian supremacy, lived and flourished in the archipelago, a people concerning whom no scrap of history remains; yet in the earth,—

defying still the wear and corrosion of time—evidences of former occupancy by the “Mound Builders” are found. Mingling heterogeneously in the same earthy treasure vault, these remains are often confounded with those of the Indian; the practiced antiquarian alone being able to assign each relic a place in the catalogue of antiquity.

Relics both of Indians and “Mound Builders” are numerous at Put-in-Bay. Stone implements used by the latter are frequently turned up by plow and spade. Of these the stone ax is common. It is ground to a sharp even edge. Axes have been found of a size so small as to suggest their design as children’s toys, or for purposes of ornament rather than for use. Stone pestles supposed to have been used for the pounding of grain are abundant, and arrow heads of white and blue flint are everywhere found.

A rude mausoleum of stone slabs, black in color, and of a formation unknown on the islands, was discovered some years ago directly beneath the roots of a stump, four feet in diameter. Within the mound thus enclosed, were eight human skeletons, one of which measured over seven feet in height. Evidently “there were giants those days.” How long these relics of mortality had reposed in their sepulchre of stone before the tree became rooted upon it, is a matter of conjecture. Other mounds of a similar character have been unearthed.

In the caverns of the island, human remains have been found. In one instance a skeleton was discovered in a position indicating that the luckless individual rep-

resented had become wedged between the rocks, and had thus succumbed to death by inches.

On the southern shore of the island, near the government light-house station, is a fissure in the limestone extending to a considerable depth below the earth's surface in which was discovered a large quantity of human bones.

Stumbling thus among the sepulchres of vanished races, we are led to conclude that though comparatively new to the modern investigator, the isles of Erie are as ancient in buried history, perhaps, as Egypt itself.

Though ranging as third in size, Put-in-Bay has from early days ranked first in importance among her sister islands, and is eminently deserving of the term—"Gem of Lake Erie."

In consideration of its position as the most southerly island of the Bass group, geographers have in a general way marked it on maps as South Bass. It was once known as "Ross Island." As to the origin of its present name there is a division of opinion. It is stated on the authority of a historian, that Put-in-Bay is a corruption of "Pudding Bay," an appellation given it by early navigators. A restoration of the old name it has been suggested, might be advantageous to the many summer hotels there located. Others assert that the name originated from the fact, that prior to the battle of Lake Erie, the ships of the American squadron put into the wide and ample bay which indents the shore, where they lay for several days. The latter theory is the one generally accepted.



VIEW ON THE BAY.

The bay from which the island derives its name is a sheet of water enclosed by two projections, "East Point" to the eastward, "Peach Point" to the westward. Its shores are encircled by stretches of gravel beach, or girt by rugged and picturesque rock; while its crystal depths mirror the cloud lights and shadows which play above them. Squaw harbor, forming a portion of the inner bay, is a beautiful sheet of water.

In the early history of lake navigation, this bay was known as a harbor of refuge; and while yet the savage beached his canoe upon its sands, and muttered the strange guttural of his tribe before the camp fire reddening its shores, the white man's bark cut the still waters and his anchor grappled the deeply hidden rocks.

The first vessel that ever spread canvas on Lake Erie, we are told, was built at Fort Frontiac over 200 years ago by Robert De La Salle, a Frenchman, as the name indicates. She sailed from Green Bay in

September, 1679, having on board a band of missionaries, among whom was Father Lewis Hennisin. This vessel—tradition informs us—cast anchor off the islands, and inspired by its beautiful scenery, the missionaries landed upon one of them, and within its green arched temple, conducted devotional exercises. These men, it is said, were the first of the white race to set foot upon the archipelago.

In 1766, four trading vessels which plied the lakes frequently cast anchor by its shores.

Concerning the early settlement of Put-in-Bay, historians are divided. Some obscurity evidently exists, but the facts, as far as obtainable, date back to a period shortly before the war of 1812. At that date, Put-in-Bay together with North and Middle Bass islands became the property of Judge Ogden Edwards, formerly of Connecticut; these islands being included in the Western Reserve grants to people of that state.

About the year 1810 two French squatters took possession of the island. These adventurers engaged mainly in hunting, trapping and fishing. Their tranquility, like that of the solitary exile of Juan Fernandez, was frequently disturbed by the discovery of "footprints on the sand," there indented by the moccasined feet of hostile red men. It is a natural presumption that these men felt relieved therefore when they were reinforced by several families of French Canadians. An individual, Seth Done, agent for the Edwards property, also located on this island with a view to clearing and improving it. Done employed a number of laborers, and the little colony thus formed turned attention to civilized pursuits. About 100 acres

were cleared and sown to wheat, the soil proving unusually fertile, and the first wheat crop grown was harvested in 1812. The grain had all been stacked, and the colonists were engaged in threshing it, when they were surprised by British troops. The crop was destroyed, and the colony driven from the island. In view of the troublous times, 2,000 bushels of wheat had been boated across to the peninsula only two or three days previous to the visitation above narrated, and st red for safe keeping in a commodious log pen. This pen and its contents were likewise destroyed by British and Indians. Thus disastrously ended the first settlement of Put-in-Bay.

After the war intervened a period in which the Bass islands almost relapsed into their former primitive state. Save the occasional appearance of adventurers from the mainland, or of sailors from vessels anchored in the bay, they were left to solitude. Two individuals are recorded as having, in the course of time, made brief sojourns there—"Shell" Johnson and one Captain Hill. Little thought of making the place an abode of civilization seemed to suggest itself, however, up to the year 1822. About that time A. P. Edwards, brother of Judge Edwards—then deceased—came to look after the property, to the control or ownership of which he had succeeded.

Landing at Put-in-Bay, Mr. Edwards found there a single squatter, one Ben Napier, a French Canadian, living in a little cabin constructed of red cedar logs near where the steamer wharves are now located. Ben had taken full possession of the island, and evidently considered himself "monarch of all he surveyed." He

vigcrously disputed Edward's right, and the latter was forced to visit Norwalk for the purpose of procuring papers wherewith to establish his claim, the islands being under the control of that judicial center. Ben was finally ousted, and retired in disgust to look for another "squatter's" claim.

The work of opening up and improving the island now began. A numerous band of laborers were transported thither, and the first movement was the erection of a building to serve as shop and warehouse; together with a commodious frame structure intended both as a residence for the agent appointed to superintend operations and as a boarding place for the laborers. These buildings were erected in 1823 upon the site known in after years as the Put-in-Bay House. This dwelling formed for many years the center of attraction and crowning glory of the island. Its grounds were pleasantly laid out, and basking under a virgin coat of white-wash, it came to be known as the "White House." It was successively occupied by agents representing the Edwards estate, chief among whom were Pierpont, McGibbons, Scott and Van Rassaler. McGibbons finally rented the island, paying \$500 in cash. Cord wood and limestone were thence shipped to Cleveland and Erie. No direct line of vessels connected with the islands, but by special agreement with the captains of schooners bound up and down the lake they were signalled in by shots fired from a cannon planted on shore when shipments awaited transportation. These vessels also brought supplies to the little maritime populace.

The only facilities afforded for reaching the main-

land at that period consisted of a small sloop—the A. P. Edwards—and a large boat called a “Zig,” rowed by ten men, five on a side, something after the fashion of an ancient galley. But the island pioneers grew amphibious in their habits, and their exploits on ice and water were marvelous; the details of which would supply material for a whole series of “yellow backs.”



A PRIZE WINNER.

Wishing to dispose of his island possessions as a whole, Edwards declined selling a foot of land by parcel, refusing even a location for a government lighthouse on Put-in-Bay, which in consequence was erected on Green Island. As a result of Edward's policy, the islands developed slowly, and at the end of two decades were still comparatively wild and unsettled.



RESIDENCE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

In 1843 Phillip Vroman, the oldest surviving resident of the place at the present time, came to Put-in-Bay from Cooperstown, N. Y. The "White House" above described and a half-dozen log cabins were then the only habitations, while Middle and North Bass contained each a single cabin. At that time the lake waters swarmed with fish. Game, such as water fowl, fox and raccoon, was abundant. The squirrel in his natural state, however, was never known to exist on the Bass islands, and few deer were then seen excepting occasional herds which crossed on the ice from Pelee island and the mainland. Rattlesnakes were a prolific crop, and gave the inhabitants some annoyance. The woods became infested by hogs, which for years had run wild and multiplied until very numerous. For

subsistence these brutes depended upon their own grubbing. They were savage creatures and the islanders were some times treed by them. When fresh meat was required a squad of mounted men, with dogs and guns, set out for the purpose of hunting them down, and the sport is said to have been very exciting.



BLACK BASS SHOALS.

In spring and early summer the islands formed—as they still do—a veritable Eden of bloom, wild flowers of endless variety appearing in overwhelming abundance and intermingled with native shrubbery, vines and mosses belting and overhanging, in a manner most picturesque and charming, the broken shore rocks. This prodigality of nature may be more fully understood when it is known that the island region forms the meeting place—according to Prof. G. Frederick Wright—of several botanical provinces, so that Canadian,

Southern, Atlantic and Rocky mountain species are found together as nowhere else on the continent.

The island forests were literally alive with wild songsters, and the eagle found here a congenial retreat, making the tall tree tops his home.

In 1845 Gibraltar Island was occupied as the camping ground of a large party of surveyors and engineers, employed by the government in making charts and maps of the lake. In order to secure an unobstructed sight, a strip forty feet in width, running the whole length of the island, was cut through the heavy timber of Put-in-Bay. This strip afterwards became the main island thoroughfare, and is still known as the "Sight road." Platforms seventy-five feet high were also erected at various points on the shore from which observations of the lake were taken.

Long before she had made her debut as a summer resort, Put-in-Bay had won many ardent admirers; and in 1852 a Fourth of July celebration formed an event such as the island had never before witnessed. The anniversary coming on Sunday, the principal doings were deferred until the following day, but a national religious service was held Sunday afternoon at which the first sermon ever preached on Put-in-Bay was delivered by Rev. Jewett of the M. E. church, Sandusky. Monday came with a memorable blow-out. The boom of cannon awoke the echoes. The burial mound where rest the slain of Perry's victory was decorated with the national colors. Military companies from various points throughout the state participated, and crowds from the lake towns and cities arrived by special steamers. Sandusky grocers had erected lunch

stands and stocked them with bountiful supplies, by means of which the hungry multitudes were fed. Inspiring music and eloquent oratory awoke an enthusiasm which reached white heat.

In 1854 the islands, comprising the Edwards property, were sold entire to Riveria De San Jargo, a Spanish merchant of wealth and distinction then residing in New York City. Up to this time, but a single frame house had been erected on Put-in-Bay, but with a change of proprietors, its prospects brightened. Contracts for buildings were issued by Riveria, and Middle Bass was disposed of to three purchasers—Wm. Rehberg, a German count, Andrew Wehrle, and a gentleman of fortune named Caldwell.

A steamer, the "Islander", began making trips from Sandusky to Put-in-Bay. Improvements went rapidly forward, and the islands as a body enjoyed that which in modern times would be called a "boom." Many visitors now began crowding toward Put-in-Bay, drawn thither by the natural and historical attractions of the place. Among the number was J. W. Gray, then editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Realizing the need of suitable hotel accommodations, Gray purchased the "White House." Changes and additions were made, and ere long a comfortable hotel opened its doors. The island was now becoming famous as a summer resort, and to meet the ever increasing demand for accommodation, a grand summer hotel was projected, built and christened—"The Put-in-Bay House." The structure was 450 feet long. Its verandahs extended the whole length of the building and commanded a magnificent view of the bay near



OLD PUT-IN BAY HOUSE.

which the hotel was located. The Beebe house, a commodious structure, was erected on the site of an old building known as the "Perry House." The Beebe house was owned and is still operated by Henry Beebe, the oldest hotel man in the state. Other hotels rapidly sprung up, and owners of real estate in sizable tracts suddenly found themselves wealthy. Not only had the place become an attraction to tourists and visitors in general, but the peculiar adaptability of the soil rendered grape culture a prolific source of gain; and Put-in-Bay and adjacent isles were soon covered with thrifty vineyards.

The Put-in-Bay house was subsequently destroyed by fire, but was afterwards rebuilt on a smaller scale by Valentine Döller.

In size and magnificence, however, the old Put-in-Bay house was finally eclipsed by the erection on Victory Bay of Hotel Victory, which enjoys the distinction of being the largest and most luxuriously appointed summer hotel in the United States.

Such in brief is the history of a summer resort.

PERRY'S VICTORY

In the Light of Local Reminiscence.

“As bears the noble consort slowly down,
Portentous now her teeming cannon frown;
List to the volleys that incessant break
The ancient silence of this border lake.”

“While Erie's currents lave her winding shore,
Or down the crags her rushing torrents pour,
While floats Columbia's standard to the breeze,
No blight shall wither laurels such as these.”

—HARPER'S MAGAZINE



Oliver Hazard Perry.

“The chief products of Put-in-Bay are fish, flirtations, limestone and Perry's victory.”

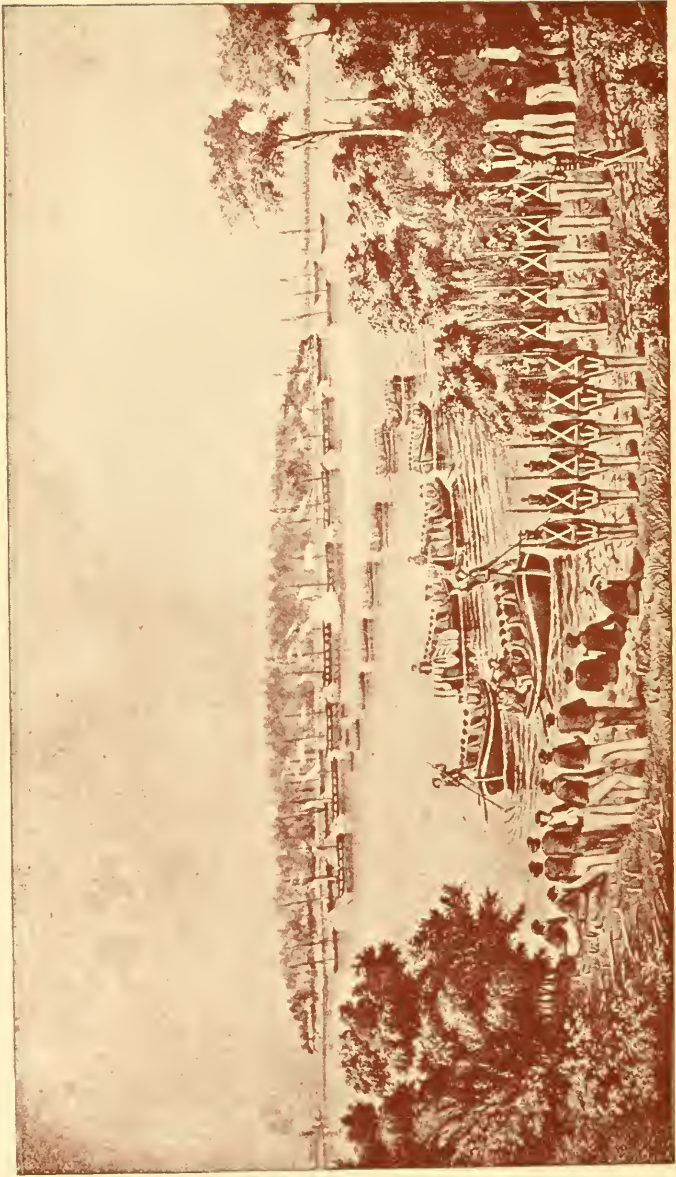
Thus facetiously comments an observer after duly sizing up the island in question. The latter commodity is especially abundant as may be divined from the fact that it forms the primary consideration of almost every visitor of intelligence who for the first time sets foot upon this historic bit of terra firma. Among the crowds which annually visit the resort are tourists from New England, from the land of the orange and palmetto, from the isles of Britain and from Continental Europe. As a rule, the farther traveled, the deeper the interest exhibited by travelers in a contemplation of the scene where occurred the great naval contest which swept from American waters the Cross

of St. George, and demonstrated the invalidity of England's pretensions to being "mistress of the seas"—a supremacy long the boast of this most invincible of old world powers.

On almost any favorable day during the "guest season" many loiterers may be observed near the "lone willow"—beneath which lie the slain of Perry's victory—leaning over the post and chain fence that encircles it, or resting on the lawn adjacent, evidently lost in retrospective cogitations. They have many questions to ask of the islanders whom they meet concerning points of history—local and general—bearing upon events associated with the spot, and are sometimes as easily gulled by the romancist as are travelers in the holy land by the relic vender. The burial mound, which thus forms a point of general interest, is located on a level sweep of greensward, a few rods from the bay shore, midway between the two wharves at which incoming steamers land their passengers. This spot was denuded of timber before the war of 1812, and save the old willow contains only a few second growth trees.

In consideration of its isolated position, it became known as the "lone willow"—an appellation given it by early settlers, and which it still retains. Its story as told by these pioneer dwellers runs as follows:

A few days succeeding the surrender of Barkley's fleet, a vessel hailing from the settlement now marked by the town of Vermillion, arrived laden with supplies for the American squadron. While anchored off shore, the master of this vessel visited the island, where were interred the slain officers of both fleets. In his hand



BURIAL OF THE "PERRY VICTORY" DEAD

he carried a walking stick cut from a green willow. The earth which rounded the lonely graves was still fresh, and into the yielding surface he imbedded the shoot. It became rooted and grew into the goodly tree which now marks the place.

This story is well authenticated, many of the old residents having seen and conversed with the man who planted the willow shoot, and who in subsequent years visited the island. Within a comparatively recent period the tree was encircled by the above mentioned post and chain fence which encloses and renders conspicuous the otherwise neglected spot. The tree has grown to stately proportions, but its trunk is becoming gnarled, and its yellow twigs and clustering leaves are oftentimes broken by the hands of strangers and carried away as mementoes. Two or three round, white boulders lie partially imbedded in the sod at its roots—the only monumental stones the enclosure contains; whether originally placed there by Perry and his men, is a matter concerning which the present inhabitants seem devoid of knowledge.

There are persons still living on Put-in-Bay who remember seeing the remains of an old scaffold capping a wall of rugged and precipitous rock near the "Needle's Eye," Gibraltar Island. From this commanding station Commodore Perry and his officers daily and hourly reconnoitered the lake, sweeping with their marine glasses the horizon to west and north-west for the first topsail of the British squadron, the appearance of which was to be the signal for action. A grass-grown path leading to this point of rocks from the opposite side of the island off which lay at

anchor the American fleet, is also remembered by early pioneers. The scaffold long since disappeared, but the spot upon which it stood is now commonly known as "Perry's lookout." It is marked by a flag-staff, and the neighboring scenery, as viewed from this eminence, is the most rugged, picturesque and romantic known in the archipelago.

Near "Perry's Lookout," on Gibraltar, is placed a monument intended to commemorate the battle of Lake Erie. It was designed and erected by Jay Cooke, the well known Philadelphia financier and present owner of the island.

Within the entrance hall of Mr. Cooke's stately summer villa—which occupies a central location on Gibraltar—hangs an old painting representing the scene of this famous engagement.

Several years ago a transportation vessel lost her anchor, and while grappling for it, her crew hauled up, not that for which they were looking, but an old wooden stock anchor, such as were used by navigators in early days. The wood had rotted away, and the iron was deeply corroded with rust. This anchor is said to have been lost from one of the ships of Perry's squadron. Other interesting relics of the troublous times of 1812-13, and of Perry's visit to Put in-Bay, have been found at various times and in divers places. Arms and military accoutrements bearing the United States brand have been picked up, of which the wood portions were rotted away and the iron deeply rust-eaten.

On Peach Point, which overlooks the battle scene, was found a cannon ball imbedded in a mass of rock

and debris. The ball corresponded in size and weight with those used for the naval cannon of early days. This relic came ultimately into the possession of Jay Cooke, by whom it is highly prized.

For an indefinite period of years an old dismantled cannon figured conspicuously in the history of Put-in-Bay. This piece of ordnance—it is asserted—belonged to one of Perry's ships, and was left on the island after the fight in a disabled condition. The piece was recently sold to the town of Port Clinton. The citizens of that borough feel proud of their acquisition, fondly cherishing the relic and bringing it forth with great *eclat* and profuse decorations whenever a street parade or public jollification is given.

The anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, September 10th, is recognized at Put-in-Bay as a holiday of an importance as great as that which attaches to the Fourth of July in other portions of the country. Whether any public celebration is or is not held on the island, the average islander suspends his daily occupations with the advent of the "tenth," and donning his best, repairs to the "Bay," where he aims to get out of the occasion all the glory there is in it. The residents of adjacent islands are accustomed also to gather at this common center, crossing in skiffs, yachts and sail boats.

If no special features of interest are afforded, a meeting with neighbors and friends in the Bay park, a dish of ice cream at the restaurant, a glass of lager or perchance of something stronger serves to round out the day, and in the evening the islander goes home with a serene sense of duty done.

However, the advent of this anniversary rarely fails to bring crowds by every steamer from lakeport towns and cities, and often from points far inland. Societies civic and military frequently parade the thoroughfares, bands discourse martial music, yards of bunting stream from public buildings; and inspired by the occasion, speeches full of fire and frenzy are projected by orators of every degree. Then, too, the "lone willow" is wreathed, ribboned, flagged and flowered in the most approved manner. On one of these occasions a large and handsome portrait of Perry garlanded with exquisite floral decorations, and knots of red, white and blue ribbon, was suspended against the tree. Directly beneath lettered in black on a white ground appeared the words of that brief but significant dispatch, penned by the hero to Gen. Harrison—"We have met the enemy and they are ours" At the tree roots lay the rusty anchor—that had been fished from the bay—twined with evergreen, and its chain clasped about the trunk. Upon each post hung an evergreen wreath and fluttered a flag, forming about the mound a bright circle of color.

One of the most notable anniversaries of the battle ever held at Put-in-Bay, occurred somewhere back in the "fifties." On this occasion, over 15,000 people were in attendance, and so many steamers arrived that scarcely room enough was afforded at the wharves to land their passengers. In anticipation of the crowd, bakers and restaurant keepers from adjacent mainland towns had put up temporary lunch counters and eating stands, and did a rushing business.

There were present at this anniversary nearly

sixty survivors of the battle, among whom was Capt. Elliott, who commanded the ship *Niagara*, which after the *Lawrence* became disabled, was boarded by Perry and made flagship of the squadron.

A thrilling address was delivered by Capt. Elliott in the grounds of the "White House." An old resident of the island, Phillip Vroman, who was present, describes the speaker, as he then appeared, as a grey bearded, but well preserved man of medium height, slender build, and intelligent countenance.

Gen. Harrison who figures prominently in history, both civic and military, was among the speakers; also Gov. Cass of Michigan, together with many other noted scholars and statesmen.

An incident which occurred in connection with this particular celebration is related by Mr. Vroman. He was standing near the old burial mound when he observed in the crowd about him a man of worn and grizzled appearance, with head inclined, and the tears coursing slowly down his cheeks. Mr. Vroman kindly inquired as to the cause of his grief. The man lifted his head and, pointing to the mound, said:

"Here lie my comrades. Forty-five years ago to-day we gathered at this spot to perform for them our last services. Since then I have not seen the place until now. Gazing once more upon it under circumstances so solemn and impressive brings back upon me an overpowering flood of recollections."

In reply to inquiries, the old man gave some personal experiences of the battle, as follows:

"I was with a large detachment of our men on the little rock island known as Gibraltar, when Barkley's

fleet was sighted approaching from the northwest. We lost no time in getting back to our vessels which were idly swinging at anchor. Orders from commanding officers were given, quick and sharp. There was a bustle of hasty preparation heard, a great straining of blocks and cordage, and a flap of canvas as the sails were unfurled. Our fleet passed out of the bay between Peach Point and Middle Bass Island. The morning was as beautiful as any that I have ever seen. When about five miles north of Put-in-Bay, we encountered the British squadron."

After giving a description of the fight, the narrator closed with an account of the burial of the dead at Put-in-Bay. According to his statement, six officers—three Americans and three British, were buried on the site marked by the willow; the sailors and marines, on a beautiful treeless knoll near "Squaw Harbor."

Some historians tell us that the latter were sunk in the lake by means of a cannon ball attached to the feet of each. This, however, must be erroneous, as other testimony to the effect that they were buried on the island exists besides that of the old marine above mentioned.

Had the fleet been sailing the high seas instead of lying in a quiet harbor, a disposition of the dead by committal to the waves might appear more reasonable. The spot pointed out as the burial ground in question was afterwards used by the early settlers as a place of interment, and in excavating, human bones were unearthed. Nearly all the remains of island settlers were subsequently removed to the present island cemetery. Greensward and vineyard sweep cover the

site of the old burial ground at the present day, and nothing is now left upon its surface to suggest that it was ever used as such.

Another point upon which historians differ is in reference to the exact location of the battle, its distance from Put-in-Bay ranging, according to several accounts, all the way from two to ten miles. Since, however, no measurements were ever taken by the participants, the exact distance in linear miles will probably never be known.

There are aged persons still living who remember having heard the cannon at the Battle of Lake Erie. E. W. Barnum of Cleveland, who attended a recent 10th of September celebration at Put-in-Bay, saw, when a boy of twelve years, the British fleet, before its engagement with Perry, lying at King's Quay, Ft. Malden. He was also on board the Queen Charlotte before her capture, and saw the identical cannon which has frowned for so many years upon passersby in Monumental Park, Cleveland.

At various times for years past, efforts have been made to secure the erection of an appropriate Monument at Put-in-Bay, intended both to commemorate this great naval achievement, and also to mark the burial place of the slain, but up to the present time all enterprises in this direction have met with signal failure.

Many years ago a fund for the erection of a monument to Oliver Hazard Perry was largely contributed to by island residents with the understanding that it was to be located at Put-in-Bay. Photographs of the



PERRY'S LONE WILLOW.

“Lone Willow” were circulated and sold in large quantities, and the proceeds donated to this fund. In due time the monument took shape, and proved a success, being an elaborately designed and exquisitely executed piece of sculpture, surmounted by a life-like statue of Commodore Perry. Instead of being erected at Put-in-Bay, however, it was placed in Monumental Park,

Cleveland, where beside the old British cannon mentioned in this connection it formed for many years an object of interest and admiration to the thousands who daily thronged the paved thoroughfares near which it stood. It was afterwards removed to Wade Park, where it will no doubt remain till time shall crumble it.



MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE—GIBRALTAR.

On September 10th, 1891, the Maumee Valley Monumental Association, with President Rutherford B. Hayes at its head, held a meeting at Put-in-Bay, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, and other men of prominence being present. At this meeting the Perry monument question was again agitated. As a result of this, and various other movements, a congressional appropriation was solicited; and ever since, the congressional body have been considering the expediency of granting the same. Meantime, Rhode Island—Commodore Perry's native state—has stepped to the front, and proposes undertaking, on her own account, the building of a monument at Put-in-Bay, and the islanders are praying that "Little Rhody's" good resolution may not fail until her task is accomplished.

PUT-IN-BAY IN SONG AND POETRY.



EVENING ON THE WATER.

“Did you ever behold a more lovely scene?”

“Never ! It is superlatively beautiful. It is glorious !”

The subject of discussion was a brilliant sunset viewed from a rocky projection. The interrogator an enthusiast who had never travelled far; the individual addressed, an enthusiast who had travelled extensively and viewed scenes and objects of famed attraction, but only to return to his own country, and there to discover among the isles of Lake Erie the acme of all

artistic inspiration and poetic sentiment shown up in one grand masterpiece. In its contemplation he grew ecstatic, and straightway exhausted the whole vocabulary of adjectives and terms synonymous expressive of highest and mightiest appreciation; but nothing could be too extravagant in the way of word garniture for such a scene. The Master Painter seemed indeed to have thrown into this stupendous effort the full power of creative genius. Such delicate pencillings; such exquisite shadings; such clearness of outline in the foreground; such films of haze and flecks of cloud in the distances; such combinations of color; such fantastic play of lights on wave and sky; such a glorious reincarnation of beauty as a whole.

A breeze with breath of balm, just rippling the channel waters. A murmur, just audible, of wavelets among caverned rocks. Ledges abrupt and crags overhung by riot-running vegetation. Cedar clumps abristle and maples thick leaved scumbled with golden bronze. To westward, the sun's divergent path; and far and near winged sails catching the crimson glow of the dying day. Such in outline is the sketch of an island sunset; and afloat upon a luminous sea of inspiration, poetic fancy awakens to "stir of waves and dip of oars."

"O, boatman, row me gently, slow,
Into the golden sunset glow
That crowns the dying day;
Out where the white cloud islands lie,
In the crimson sea of the western sky,
Row me away, away."

* * * * *

“Purple and carmine and amethyst,
 Waves that touching the sky unkissed,
 Leave a luminous trail;
 Across it floating a graceful thing;
 Is it a bird with a shining wing,
 Or a tiny glistening sail?”

However, not alone in sunset glories revels the poet, the artist and the creator of symphonious measures, since throughout the whole panoramic progress of the seasons, the shifting views on lake and land, and



A SUMMER SHORE.

Geo. Kerry, Put-in-Bay.

the harmonious blendings of life and color contribute to kindle and keep aflame the æsthetic fires. With the “month of roses” is attained the climax of inspirational fervor; when skies are bluest and nature at her best; when dreamer and castle builder are busiest weaving garlands of fancy and rearing architectural marvels, towered and turretted and aglow with “a light that never was on land or sea.”

Had our widely renowned American poets—Longfellow and Whittier—spent as large a share of their natural lives at Put-in-Bay as along the New England coast, every crook of the island shores, every wave-worn rock and mirrored crag that girds them, every quiet cove and dimpling bay which indents them would have been invested with the charm of romance, subtle and irresistible; for the natural beauty and historic interest attaching thereto would have called forth the noblest efforts of those gifted writers.

Howbeit, the island and its attractions, natural and historical, have not been overlooked; since immediately following the battle of Lake Erie in 1813, poets of every degree, from fledgling versifiers to hoary-headed bards all over the country, turned their attention towards it, eager to immortalize in verse the gallantry of Oliver Hazard Perry and the scene that witnessed his brilliant achievements. Books published shortly after the period above mentioned, containing poems describing the event, are still found in old collections.

Ablaze with fiery patriotism are these quaint effusions, though not always true to topographical detail—a matter which excites no surprise when it is considered that most of them were written at long range, imagination supplying material where facts were wanting.

A song, said to have been widely popular eighty years ago, is still known and sung by elderly people. Though not an example of perfect metrical composition, its long survival entitles it to notice in this connection. The words are as follows:

- “Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry where cannon did roar;
Your valor has won you an immortal glory,
A fame that shall last until time is no more.
- “Columbian tars are the true sons of Mars,
They rake fore and aft when they fight on the deep;
On the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
They caused many a Briton to take his last sleep.
- “On the tenth of September, let all well remember,
As long as the world on its axis rolls round,
Our tars and marines on Lake Erie were seen,
To make the red flag of proud Britain haul down.
- “The van of our fleet, the British to meet,
Commanded by Perry, the Lawrence bore down,
The guns they did roar with such terrible power,
The savages trembled at the horrible sound.
- “The Lawrence was shattered, her rigging was tattered.
Her booms and her yards were all shot away;
And few men on deck, to manage the wreck,
Our hero on board, could no longer stay.
- “In this situation, the pride of our nation,
Sure heaven had guarded unhurt all the while;
While many a hero maintaining his station,
Fell close by his side and was thrown on the pile.
- “But mark ye and wonder, when the elements thunder,
And death and destruction are stalking around;
His flag he did carry, on board the Niagara,
Such valor on record was never yet found.
- “There was one noble act of our gallant commander,
While writing my song, I must notice with pride;
When launched in a smack, which carried his standard,
A ball whistled through her, just at his side.
- “Says Perry—‘Those villains intend for to drown us,
Push on my brave boys, you need never fear;’
And then with his coat, he plugged up the boat,
And through sulphur and fire away he did steer.

“The famous Niagara, now proud of her Perry,
 Displayed all her colors in gallant array;
 And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
 Which soon put an end to the bloody affray.

“The bold British lion now roared his last thunder,
 While Perry attended him close in the rear;
 Columbia’s eagle soon made him crouch under,
 And call out for quarter as you shall soon hear.

“Brave Elliott—whose valor must now be recorded,—
 On board the Niagara had well played his part;
 His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,
 We place him the second on Lake Erie’s chart.

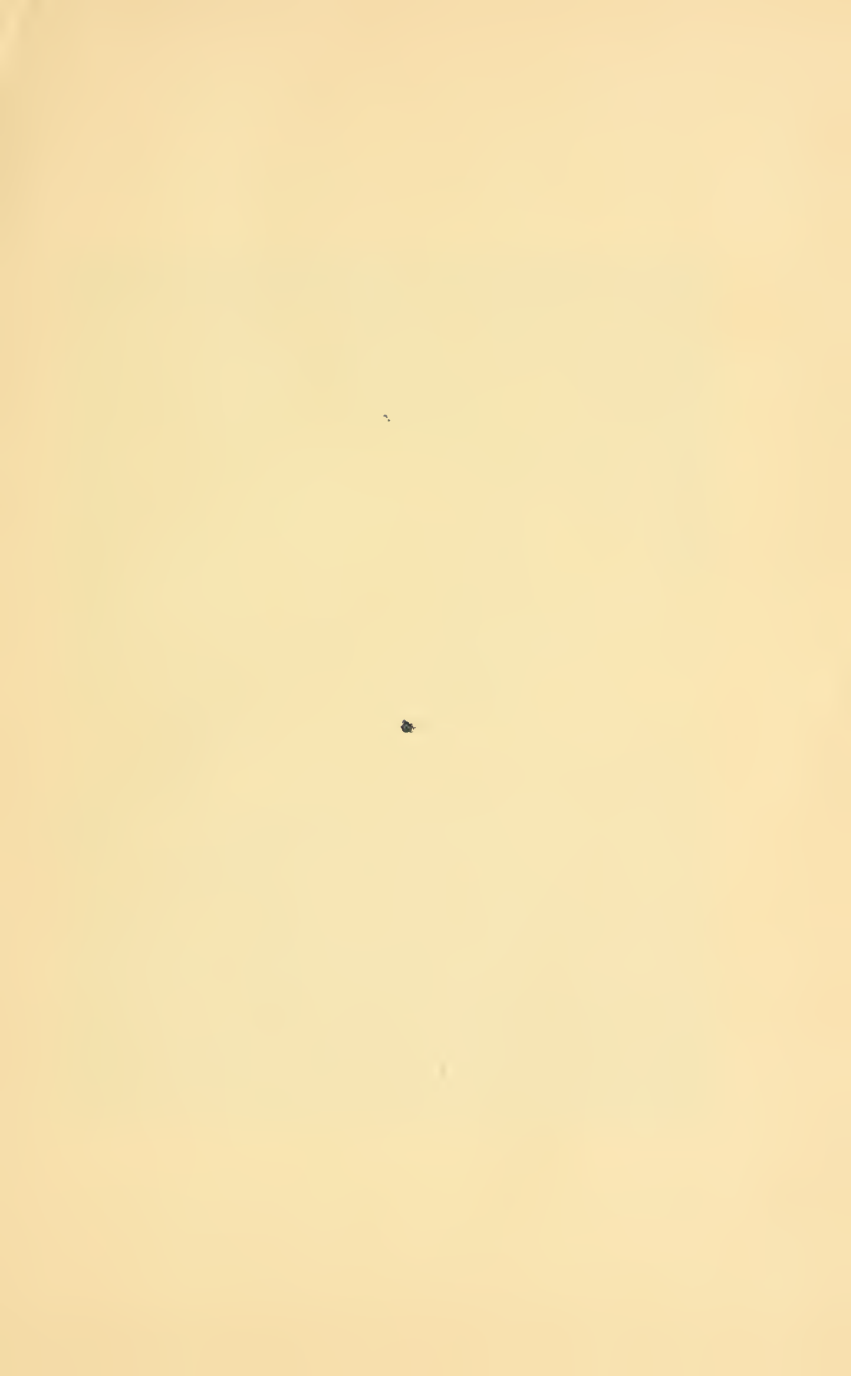
“In the midst of the battle the guns they did rattle,
 The Lawrence a wreck, and the men mostly slain;
 Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,
 And by this manuever the victory gained.

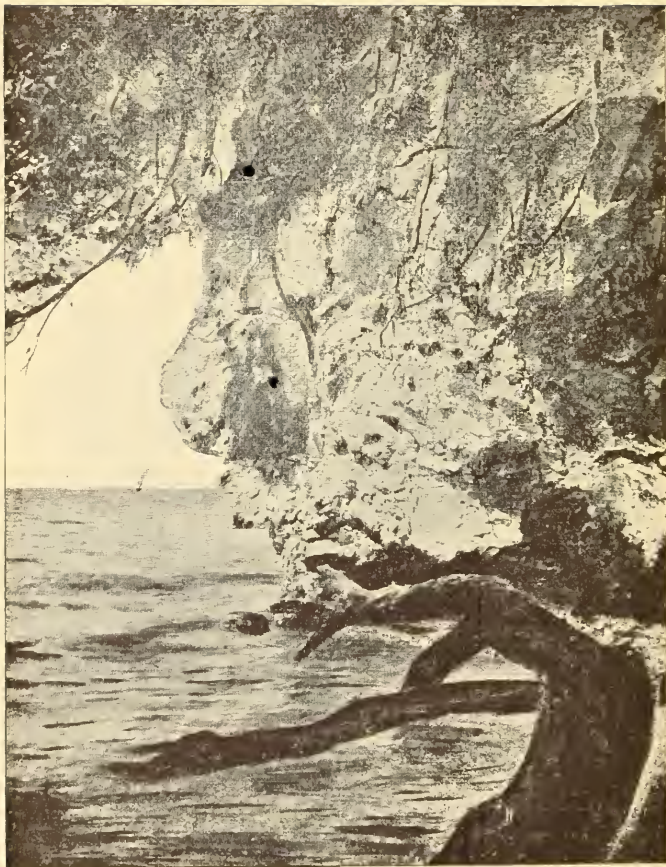
“Says Perry—‘Brave Elliott now give me your hand,
 This day you have gained an immortal renown;
 So long as Columbians Lake Erie command,
 Let the brave Captain Elliott with laurels be crowned.

“Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,
 Her Rodneys and Nelsons, and all the whole crew;
 And Rome in her glory ne’er told such a story,
 Nor boasted such feats as Columbians do.

“Columbians sing and make the woods ring,
 And toast those brave spirits by sea and by land;
 While Britains drink sherry, Columbians drink Perry,
 And toast it about with full glasses in hand.”

As “distance lends enchantment,” so with passing years looms the historical importance of “Perry’s victory,” and every scion of poesy who visits Put-in-Bay, experiences—as did his predecessors—an irrepressible desire to pour into rhyme the thoughts thereby awakened. Thus graphically described is the fray by Henry T. Tuckerman of Newport, R. I.:





"LION'S HEAD"—VICTORY PARK.

"Why to one point turns every graceful prow?
 What scares the eagle from his lonely bough?
 A bugle note far through the welkin rings,
 From ship to ship its airy challenge flings.
 Then round each hull the murky war clouds loom,
 Her lightnings glare, her sullen thunders boom;
 Peal follows peal with each lurid flash,
 The tall masts shiver and the bulwarks crash.
 The shrouds hang loose, the decks are wet with gore,
 And dying shrieks resound along the shore;
 As fall the bleeding victims one by one,
 Their messmates rally to the smoking gun.
 As the maimed forms are sadly borne away,
 From the fierce carnage of that murderous fray,
 A fitful joy lights up each drooping eye,
 To see the starry banner floating high,
 Or mark their unharmed leader's dauntless air,
 His life enfolded in his loved one's prayer. (*)
 Not o'er my head shall that bright flag descend:
 With brief monition from the hulk he springs,
 To a fresh deck his rapid transit wings,
 Back to the strife exultant shapes his way,
 Again to test the fortunes of the day:
 As bears the noble consort slowly down,
 Portentous now her teeming cannon frown;
 List to the volleys that incessant break
 The ancient silence of that border lake!
 As lifts the smoke, what tongue can fitly tell,
 The transports which those manly bosoms swell,
 When Britain's ensign, down the reeling mast,
 Sinks to proclaim the desperate struggle past."

One of the most interesting, yet saddest circumstances connected with the Battle of Lake Erie, was undoubtedly that recorded in the words of still another old song that has come down to us, "James Bird." To a lady resident of Sandusky is the writer indebted

* NOTE:—Perry said after his miraculous escape that he owed his life to his wife's prayers.

for details of incidents from which this song took its origin, and which contribute to form an additional reminiscence resurrected from a buried past. The story which may serve as a prelude to the song, runs thus:

After the Battle of Lake Erie, in which James Bird—the hero commemorated in this connection—distinguished himself, and which virtually ended the war, the American fleet sailed for Erie. Upon its arrival, Bird immediately set out for his home at Kingston, anxious to see the dear ones he had left behind. That a formal discharge was a necessary condition of release from his country's service, when that service was no longer required, never entered his mind. After a happy meeting with his friends, the youthful marine hired to a frontiersman and began the work of clearing up timber, unconscious of having committed any misdemeanor. Bird communicated freely with his employer concerning his experiences under Perry's command, revealing the fact that he had left the fleet without a discharge. Soon after this the heartless employer reported him as a deserter. He was convicted as such, and by the stern rigors of military discipline was sentenced to be shot. Perry having learned the facts, hastened to the young man with a pardon, but reached the place of execution just a moment too late. One singular circumstance connected with this tragic affair remains to be told. The land which the unfortunate Bird had assisted in clearing for his treacherous and unfeeling employer, never produced aught of vegetable life, but remained a desert tract of barren soil. The lady who kindly furnished the above, and who is highly estimable and wholly trustworthy,

verifies the truth of this statement, having frequently visited the spot thus strangely branded as with a curse.

The music which accompanies the song is as quaint and as wierdly mournful as the words copied below :

JAMES BIRD.

“Sons of pleasure, listen to me:
And ye daughters too give ear;
For a sad, and mournful story,
As e'er was told you soon shall hear.

“Hull, you know his troops surrendered,
And defenceless left the West;
Then our forces quick assembled,
The invaders to resist.

“'Mongst the troops that marched to Erie,
Were the Kingston volunteers;
Captain Thomas them commanded,
To protect our West frontiers.

“There was one among the number,
Tall, and graceful was his mein;
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Ne'er a nobler youth was seen.

“One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayer once more;
Pressed his father's hand, and left them
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

“Soon he came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

* * * * *

“Now behold the battle rages,
Is he in the strife or no?
Now the cannons roar tremendous,
Dare he meet the savage foe?

“Yes, behold him—see with Perry,
 On the self same ship he fights;
 Though his comrades fall around him,
 Nothing doth his soul affright.

“Ah! behold—a ball has struck him,
 See the crimson current flow;
 ‘Leave the deck!’ exclaimed brave Perry,
 “‘No’, cried Bird, ‘I will not go.’

“‘Here on deck I’ve took my station,
 Here will Bird his colors fly:
 I’ll stand by you, gallant captain,
 Till we conquer, or I die.’

“Still he fought, though faint, and bleeding,
 Till the stars and stripes arose;
 Victory having crownèd our efforts
 All triumphant o’er our foes.

* * * * *

“Dearest parents, read the letter,
 That will bring sad news to you;
 Do not mourn your first beloved,
 Though this brings you his adieu.’

“‘I must suffer for desertion,
 From the brig Niagara;
 Read this letter brother, sister
 T’is the last you’ll hear from me.’

“Dark and gloomy was the morning,
 Bird was ordered out to die;
 Where the heart not dead to pity,
 But for him would heave a sigh.

“View him kneeling by his coffin,
 Sure his death can do no good;
 ‘Spare him’! hark—oh God! they’ve shot him,
 See his bosom stream with blood!

“Farewell, Bird, farewell forever,
 Friends and home he’ll see no more;
 For his mangled corpse lies buried,
 On Lake Erie’s distant shore.”

Noteworthy among recent literary productions, was a long descriptive poem read at the Cleveland Centennial Anniversary on "Perry Victory Day," September 10th, 1896. The opening stanzas are as follows:

"The sparkling waters of Put-in-Bay
Are resting in placid peace to day;
But the silvery sheen of their ebbing flood,
Was once stained red with our grand sires' blood.

"And the dells and dales of the wooded shore,
Sent back the wild echo of cannon's roar;
While the drifting spars, and shattered hulls,
Formed a resting place for the white winged gulls.

"In one grave near the beach at Put-in-Bay,
Our friends, and our foes were laid away;
It is three, and four score years ago,
Since Oliver Perry met the foe.
But the deeds heroic done that day,
Cast a halo of glory 'round Put-in-Bay."

A "Forest City" pilgrim to the burial place of the illustrious dead, breaks thus into rhyme:

"Where the white caverned rocks are reflected,
On the swell of the long curving billow,
Near where Perry's dead heroes neglected,
Lie nameless beneath the gaunt willow,
I dreamed of our dead and forgotten,
Marked "unknown" on the tablets of fame,
And a long line of heroes filed past me.
Who for us gave a life, and a name "

Further eulogized in a poem by an unknown author, are these old time martyrs; and further deprecated the neglect that has thus far been accorded them:

"Their monument the willow tree,
Their requiem the waves,
Of old Lake Erie dashing free,
Around their nameless graves;

Their epitaph, the withered grass
 That marks their lowly beds,
 Their eulogy, the moaning winds
 That sigh above their heads.

“Neglected, and forgotten here,
 Without a line or stone,
 These brave defenders fill one grave,
 Their very names unknown.
 Four scores of springs have brought their bloom,
 To this immortal isle,
 Since friend and foe were buried here,
 In one promiscuous pile.

“My country, not too late to raise,
 A column to the brave,
 Who brought a glory to the flag,
 A victory to the wave.
 Who drove the Briton from these shores,
 Who gave this isle a name,
 Who brought the country fresh renown,
 To Perry, deathless fame.”

So great an aftermath of Perry Victory song and verse has been gleaned however, that further mention of individual effort along this line would be impracticable.

Though affording themes most favored, the Put-in-Bay muse and musician leave frequently the beaten paths of historical record and popular tradition, to revel in dreams of fancy, of love, and romance.

Poems of sentiment contribute a glamour of romantic interest; and compositions such as the “Put-in-Bay March” and “Put-in-Bay Polka” are known to the musical world. Even the “Masher” and his adventures are not forgotten, since in a very spirited song and dance issued by a sheet music publisher, both are embalmed in measures rythmical under the title, “The Girl of Put-in-Bay.”



BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

VISITORS FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

A Story of the Battle of Lake Erie.

CHAPTER I.

The fleet had sailed, and the eight vessels, armed and equipped as ships of war, were heading westward up Lake Erie in search of the skulking squadron of the enemy.

For some time previously, the red flag of Great Britain had carried terror to the inhabitants of new settlements along the southern borders of these disputed waters, but the eagle of Columbia now spread her wings to the breeze, and fluttered upon the pennons of the ships which carried the heroic Perry and his command.

It was twilight. The western heavens and a wide expanse of sea that blended were still aglow. The moon had risen, and a few stars bolder and more brilliant than their companions looked forth as if impatient at the day's lingering departure. A freshening breeze filled the bellying canvas of the vessels as they swept silently onward. Presque Isle, from which the squadron had cleared lay far behind, while to the left a long, low belt of land marked the southern shores with their dark interminable forests lit at intervals by Indian camp fires.

On the deck of the flag-ship Lawrence, leaning over the bulwarks, appeared a young man attired in

the uniform of an officer whom we will introduce to the reader as Arthur Holmes.

Though still under twenty-five years, the unmistakable lines of some deep sorrow were already traced upon his brow. Near the young officer a group of tars and marines were discussing the prospective engagement and its probable results. At the mast-head a man was stationed to watch for the appearance of the enemy, and a half-suppressed buzz of expectation extended to all the vessels of the fleet. The young officer appeared too closely occupied by his own thoughts at this moment, however, to join in speculation regarding the expedition, and too calm to be agitated by anything that might occur in the near future. He seemed oblivious to all around, when approached by a brother officer of about his own age and rank who bore the name of Robert Reade.

"Don't brood," said Reade, placing his hand on Holmes' shoulder.

The latter turned toward his companion with a smile so sad that it failed to illumine even for a moment the settled gloom of his features.

"This will never do, Arthur," said Reade, speaking in a kind but decisive manner. "You must get out of yourself. You must drown past sorrow, by throwing yourself into present activities. Surely we have enough to occupy our minds at this time without brooding over a dead and buried past. We shall soon stand shoulder to shoulder in a combat that must result in signal victory or defeat, and we should try to forget everything except the issues of this glorious undertaking."

“I cannot drown nor forget the past, but when the time comes to fight—I am ready.”

Holmes spoke with quiet firmness, and an expression of steady determination shone in his dark eyes.

Before proceeding, we will further introduce our young hero by sketching a page or two of his previous history. It was six months since a tragic occurrence had seemed destined to overshadow all the remaining years of his life.

A year previous he had become engaged to a young and beautiful girl, Nellie Wilder, the daughter of Connecticut parents who had settled upon the lake border. Arthur cherished a strong attachment for the girl which was fully reciprocated, and forgetting the dangers and privations incident to the pioneer, his life grew into perfect happiness beneath the sunshine of her presence..

The parents of Nellie Wilder lived in a cabin near the banks of a small river. On the opposite side had settled the family of a hunter, and an intimacy fostered by the solitude of the situation sprang up between the two families. An Indian canoe served to bridge the stream, and one afternoon in the early spring, Nellie, wishing to visit the neighboring cabin, crossed in the canoe and fastening it to a stake, proceeded on foot through a strip of forest that lay between the stream and the hunter's home.

The afternoon wore away. The sun went down, and early twilight shadows gathered darkly in the thick forest. Nellie had not returned, and the Wilder family grew alarmed. Crossing the river on an improvised raft, Mr. Wilder repaired to the hunter's cabin.

To his dismay he found that Nellie had not been there and had not been seen. The news of her disappearance spread rapidly through the small settlement. When it reached the ears of Arthur Holmes he instantly proceeded to organize a body of men for the purpose of pursuing and overhauling a roving band of Indians which had passed that day through the settlement. Arthur had felt convinced that the Indians had captured the girl and carried her away with them. Full of restless anxiety, he was soon in hot pursuit at the head of twenty armed men. They struck the trail of the fugitives and pressed forward, but it was not until the afternoon of the next day that they were overtaken. The Indians were surprised and captured in a ravine where they had camped for the purpose of roasting game; but Nellie was not with them, and no trace of her could be found. The Indians professed total ignorance concerning her. They represented themselves as peaceably disposed, and begged permission to continue on their way. Arthur was bitterly disappointed but persuaded that the statement made by the Indians was correct, he allowed them to proceed.

A new apprehension now took possession of Arthur. Perhaps Nellie had wandered into the forest and had become the prey of wild beasts. The thought filled him with agony, and he cursed his weak judgment which had led him so far on this wild chase, when he should have scoured the nearer forest. A solution of the mystery awaited him when he reached the settlement, and uncertainty gave place to horrible reality.

In his absence, search had been made along the river bank. At a point where the trees grew thick

and dark, twenty yards below where the canoe was fastened, strips of clothing identical with that worn by Nellie, spotted with blood, together with small wisps of tangled hair were scattered promiscuously about a pool of clotted gore. The hair, soft and wavy, was of a peculiar shade of auburn seldom seen, and all who had known Nellie Wilder at once recognized it as hers. At this revelation some of the settlers now remembered having heard the howl of wolves west of the river on the afternoon of the girl's disappearance. Nellie had undoubtedly been killed and devoured by wild beasts. A curl of the blood-stained hair and a locket containing her miniature was all that remained to Arthur of one who was dearer to him than life.

We will briefly pass over the months that followed this occurrence. Arthur was at first stupefied and unable to comprehend the truth. When at last the terrible reality came surging upon him, his brain reeled and reason tottered. A violent fit of sickness followed, his life hung in the balance, but he recovered and went out into the world a changed man, for all the music and sunshine had departed from his life. When in answer to a call to arms he entered the navy under command of Perry, he cherished the secret wish that should a sacrifice of life be required, his might be the first.

Such was the state of Arthur's mind, when the reader first sees him in the person of a handsome, intelligent, but sad faced young officer on board the man-of-war.

Two days after clearing from Presque Isle, the squadron reached the head of Lake Erie without hav-

ing encountered the enemy; and now lay within a sequestered bay formed by the protecting shores of clustering islands. Under the mellow light of dreamy skies, and lapped by blue waves, these islands appeared serenely beautiful, though no sight nor sound of visible life disturbed the solitude of their forest covered shores save the chattering of birds, or screaming of eagles as they wheeled away over the topmasts of the vessels at anchor. In this bay, the fleet lay for days and weeks watching for that of the British. Meantime, the officers and marines pulled ashore in straggling bands in quest of amusement. There were recent traces of Indians, but they had doubtless fled at the approach of the battleships. Two or three indifferent looking cabins in cleared spaces indicated that the whites had also held a foothold there, but they too had disappeared.

One afternoon, weary of life on shipboard, Arthur Holmes had landed at one of the larger islands with the intention of exploring its shores. He was accompanied by Rudolph Gustave, an old marine commonly known as "the bull-dog"—so called from his fighting qualities. The two had spent the afternoon wandering about admiring the romantic scenery and remarking the peculiar roughness of the limestone upon every side. Numerous caves and crevices had also attracted their attention, but warned at last by approaching night they started for the shore where they had left their boat. On the way thither Arthur halted to examine a curiously formed specimen of rock over which he had stumbled when attracted by an exclamation of surprise from his companion.

“What have you found ?” queried Arthur stepping quickly forward.

“What say you ?” returned Rudolph.

“Witches, faries, spirits, or flesh and blood ?”

“What do you mean ?” exclaimed Arthur, noting the look of amazement on the swarthy face of his companion.

“Did’nt you see those two women ?”

“Women! There are no women on this forsaken island.”

“Then they were spirits,” replied Rudolph.

“It must have been imagination on your part, or an optical delusion.”

“No imagination, no delusion. I saw them as plainly as I see you.”

“Then where did they go ?”

“That I don’t know; they seemed to disappear behind that clump of cedars, but may be they vanished into the air.”

“I see you are inclined to be superstitious.”

“Call it superstition if you will,” returned Rudolph testily.

“Let us see if we can catch another glimpse of them;” said Arthur walking toward the clump of cedars in question. “What did they look like ?”

“One was a white woman; the other dark. I hardly noticed the dark one, but I should know the white face among ten thousand.”

“Was there anything peculiar about the face?”

“There was everything peculiar. I can’t exactly explain in what way, only it was the most beautiful face that I ever saw. Dark curling hair with a glint

of gold touching it, and blue eyes that looked as if they belonged to an angel."

Arthur was visibly impressed by this description but said nothing. They searched among the thick growths of underbrush, but found no trace of any living creature. Arthur thought strange of the affair, but inwardly laid it to the superstitious fancy of Rudolph and as it was now growing late they hurriedly left the spot and returned to the vessel.

That night when the moon shone brightly overhead, Arthur Holmes looked about the deck for Rudolph. He found the old soldier reclining against the truck of a cannon. Arthur wished to speak further concerning the singular occurrence in the woods, but waited for Rudolph to begin.

After a few common-places, the latter turned suddenly toward his companion.

"So you don't believe in spirits?" observed he.

"O yes! in their places of course, but I should hardly imagine them stalking about deserted islands."

"That might depend upon what their errands were," replied Rudolph.

"Young man," continued the latter after a moment's silence, "don't tell me there are no spirits, because I have felt their presence. Yes, and they can travel between this and the other world just when they have a mind to."

He drew from his pocket a metallic case, one side of which was partially shattered, and opened it.

"Look! Here is a picture of my mother. She died when I was a boy, and now let me tell you how that case got shattered."

“It was the night before the battle of Trafalgar, and I lay with my mess mates about me. I was pretty tired and dropped into a sound sleep. I don’t know how long I had slept when I was suddenly wakened by a voice close to my ear calling ‘Dolphie’—that was what my mother used to call me, and it was her voice just as I remembered it when a boy. I started and looked around. My comrades were all asleep and everything quiet. It must have been a dream, I said to myself, and though it impressed me a good deal, I lay down after a little and was just dozing off when I felt the touch of a soft hand upon my forehead, and heard that same voice again calling my name. I was wide awake in an instant. My comrades were still sleeping, and the silence around made it seem strange and solemn. Then I felt and knew that a visitor from another world had come to me and that visitor was my mother.

“‘But why should she come to me now after these many years?’ thought I. ‘Is there anything that disturbs her rest?’

“I couldn’t sleep, so I got up and took a few turns up and down on a short beat, speculating on the curious affair and thinking of my mother. After a while I sat down and put my hand into my breast pocket for this picture—I always carry it there. Then I remembered that I had slipped it into my knapsack when mending my blouse a few days before, and hadn’t thought to put it back in its place. I looked at the picture a long while. My mother as she appeared in life was a quiet, sad faced woman, but pretty looking with mild brown eyes and fair hair. As I

gazed, old memories came crowding to my mind, and the picture of a church, a graveyard, and a little marble cross bearing my mother's name—lying under the shadow of mountains among which I was born away in sunny France—came before me.

“I had grown up rough-like, but at that moment my feelings got the better of me, and I cried like a baby. I put the picture back in my pocket, close where my heart could beat against it.

“Well, the next day when the battle was at its height and shot and shell were showering about like hail, a ball penetrated my clothing and struck the miniature that lay over my heart, shattering the case as you see. That picture saved my life. Then it occurred to me why my mother had come to me so strangely at dead of night and jogged my memory. But for the reminder, I shouldn't have thought to put the picture in my pocket before the battle.

“Another time when the frigate *Marseilles*—on board of which I served—went to pieces off the Cape of Good Hope, all through the storm and darkness of that awful night, when the seas were sweeping our decks fore and aft and the timbers were wrenching apart and everything going by the board—that night I could feel my mother's presence about me which ever way I turned and when the vessel parted amidships and went down, I reached land, clinging to a broken spar, one of only three men saved from a crew of eighty tars and marines.”

At the conclusion of this narration Rudolph relapsed into silence, while under the brilliant moonlight Arthur examined the shattered case and studied the

picture with interest. The wierdness of the old veteran's stories had strangely impressed him.

"You seem to think a great deal of this picture."

"Yes ! Wouldn't part with it for a kingdom."

"I too have a picture that I always carry, and that I value as highly as you do this," observed Arthur, handing back the miniature.

"Indeed !" exclaimed Rudolph brightening. "Your mother?"

"No."

"Sister?"

"No !"

"Sweetheart then, perhaps?"

Arthur nodded assent, and taking the picture of Nellie Wilder from his pocket, passed it to the old soldier.

"I don't wonder you value it," said Rudolph, holding the picture so that the moon's rays could fall full upon it.

"It's the face of a saint and no mistake."

Then suddenly, with a puzzled expression, Rudolph bent over, scanning it still more closely; his hand to his head as if trying to recall something which he had forgotten.

"I believe that I have seen that face somewhere before," he said musingly.

Arthur shook his head.

"I think not," he replied.

"Then I have seen one exactly like it, I swear!" replied Rudolph with increasing interest.

"I would go a long way to see a face like that; who, and where could it have been?"

"That's just what I'm trying to get through my head.

"I know!" he exclaimed, "I know!" Then dropping his voice to a low tone, he continued—

"It was the face that I saw this afternoon, over on yonder island."

Arthur was not superstitious, but his imagination had been deeply wrought upon during the afternoon, and evening, and the color now left his cheeks and he trembled with nervous excitement.

"You are fanciful," he said turning to Rudolph.

"May be I am, but what I see, I see." "You know I told you that I would know that face among ten thousand."

"So you think the face that you saw was like the one in this picture."

"I do," replied Rudolph emphatically.

"What did you say was the color of the hair?"

"It was dark with a shade of gold running through t, and was wavy and curling like."

"Then the color must have been auburn," suggested Arthur with quivering lip.

"Yes, I believe it was what would be called auburn."

Arthur took the picture from its case; as he did so a curl of hair fell at his feet. He picked it up, and laid it tenderly within his palm. There were stains of blood upon it, but observable only on close examination. Catching the moonbeams a glint of light mingled with the darker shade.

"Was it anything like this?" queried Arthur, handing Rudolph the lock of hair.

“Aye, the very same; where did you get this?”

“It belonged to the girl in the picture.”

Rudolph gazed at the curl of hair, and the miniature and was silent.

“Young man,” he said slowly at last. “I don’t want to say anything to make you uneasy, but I am afraid there is something wrong. This appearance may be a token to you from your sweetheart. Something may have happened her.”

“Something has happened her,” replied Arthur, choking with emotion.

“How’s that?”

“She has been dead these six months.”

“Then it was her spirit that I saw.”

“Well, but why should she appear to you, a stranger, and not to me?”

“That is a question which I cannot answer.”

Arthur related the circumstances of Nellie Wilder’s death, and the two friends remained in close conversation until the moon had passed her zenith and was climbing down the western skies. The midnight stars were looking down into the sleeping bay, and the wild notes of the whip-poor-will re-echoed from adjacent shores when Arthur turned into his hammock.

The strange problem presented by the incidents narrated, together with other thoughts and emotions, so occupied his mind that to sleep was impossible. Questions to which he could find no answer recurred to him again and again.

“Did the departed ever return? And had the spirit of Nellie Wilder appeared to Rudolph Gustave; or was this man the dupe of superstition, weakness and

ignorance? Superstitious he might be, but he was neither weak nor ignorant.

“Why may not etherealized beings traverse measureless distances and become visible to mortal eyes?”

“If this were so, then might not the spirit of his loved and lost return to him again?”

“Oh, that she would come back to me now. That I might feel the touch of her hand upon my forehead and gaze once more upon the sweet face, though it were that of spirit.”

CHAPTER II.

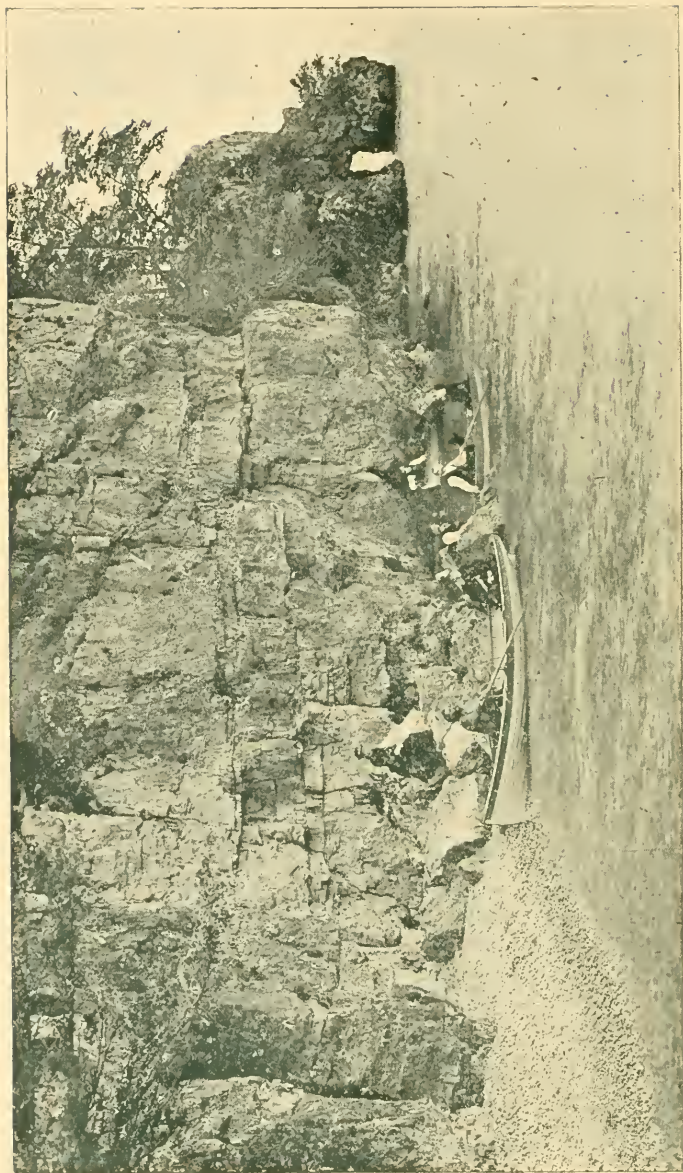
A Mystery Unravell'd.

Two days after the events above related occurred the battle of Lake Erie, the details of which have passed into history and need no rehearsal in this connection.

Arthur received a wound in the left arm, which though comparatively slight, was very painful. The next day after the battle he witnessed from the deck of the Niagara the burial of the officers of both squadrons slain in the engagement. The bodies were conveyed in boats to the shores of the larger island and interred with fitting ceremonials.

“By what strange providence?” questioned Arthur,

“By what strange providence has my life been spared? I who have nothing for which to live, while



"PERRY'S LOOKOUT" AND THE "NEEDLE'S EYE"—Gibraltar.

others bound to existence by ties of love and tenderness have fallen victims to the grim destroyer?"

His wound exempting him from further duty, Arthur obtained permission to remain in a small settlement on the peninsula lying southwest of the islands, the squadron having anchored off that place to prepare for a transportation of troops to Canada.

At the expiration of two weeks the wound had so far improved as to allow the young soldier freedom to move about. He grew restless and finally became possessed of a strange desire to return to the islands off which the battle was fought, although he could not have defined satisfactorily the motive which prompted the desire. He felt a morbid longing to see the spot where had occurred the singular adventure with the old French soldier. The solitary island possessed for him a fascination which grew as the days went by. There were but a few intervening miles of water between it and the peninsula, and yielding to a freak of fancy he resolved to again visit the place.

Under pretext of reviewing the scene of the battle and burial place of the slain, he persuaded two young men to accompany him. Accordingly on a bright autumnal morning, when scarlet-leaved sumachs drooped over the rocks and were reflected in the calm blue of Erie, a light, staunch boat containing the trio pulled away toward the lone island in the distance. In less than two hours they had reached their destination, and finding a level beach landed and drew up the boat. On proceeding along a bend of the shore, they discovered two Indian canoes lying within a cove. The discovery rather intimidated Arthur's companions, but they were

all well-armed and he persuaded them to proceed, having first secreted the boat among some bushes. They advanced cautiously, Arthur leading the way. He remembered the spot where lay the Mecca of his pilgrimage and moved eagerly toward it.

"Hist ! I thought I saw a shadow moving among the trees," said one of the men in a low tone.

"Where?" queried Arthur.

"Beyond that bunch of cedars."

It was the very spot upon which Rudolph had witnessed the unaccountable appearance. They paused a moment, but seeing nothing crept silently forward, when they came in view of an Indian camp.

From a heap of faggots the smoke curled lazily upwards through the trees, and near the fire stood a wigwam. An old squaw was stirring the contents of a kettle suspended over the blaze, while two Indians sat upon their haunches conversing in the broken jargon of their native tongue.

The three men lay motionless in a thicket that screened them, fearing to move lest they should be discovered. In a few minutes, however, the two unsuspecting Indians arose, and taking their rifles that lay across a fallen tree, left the camp.

"Now's our time," whispered one of the men. "The squaw will see us if we move and give the alarm."

"We must be cautious, for there may be Indians enough in the vicinity to outnumber us," observed Arthur.

"That's true, but we must get out of this; suppose we gag the woman and tie her to a tree."

The woman stood with her back toward the thicket where the men were concealed, and rising they advanced stealthily towards her.

While making his way through a mass of undergrowth Arthur's feet slipped from beneath him, and he sank through an opening in the ground. He felt a rush of cold air and stifling darkness about him, but after descending several feet struck upon the floor of a cavern. A torch was burning within, and half dazed with his fall, and the discovery to which it had led he groped his way toward the light. The cavern appeared long and wide, and myriads of stalactites glistened overhead. The farther extremity was apparently bounded by a wall of abrupt rocks, beneath which a crystal lake seemed to lead away into unexplored passages through and under the shelving wall. All this he took in at a glance, and having recovered himself, Arthur hastily retraced his steps toward the spot where he had so abruptly descended. He saw a glimmer of daylight, and by the aid of a pole let down by his companions from above, clambered to the surface. Unaware of danger, the squaw still bent over the steaming pottage with her back toward the approaching pale faces. She was seized, securely bound to a tree, and a handkerchief tied over her mouth to prevent an outcry. The men were turning to leave the spot, when they saw two more squaws approaching.

"We'll have to nab them too, observed one of the number or they'll make us trouble."

They crept once more into the bushes.

"One is a white woman—sure as fate!" he continued under his breath, peeping from the covert.

Arthur looked cautiously over a log behind which he lay.

“Great heavens!” he exclaimed. “The white spirit—Nellie Wilder!” and forgetful of danger he sprang to his feet.

Yes, it was indeed, her face and form, just as he had known her in life: no change was observable excepting in attire, her slight form being clothed in the Indian costume.

“O, Arthur! Arthur!” she exclaimed, holding out both hands while a glad, tumultuous light shone in her eyes. “Don’t you know me, Arthur?” for he stood as if spell-bound.

He had wished, aye prayed to behold the spirit of his lost love; was this the fulfilment of his wish—the answer to his prayer?

But the hands that clasped his were pulsating with the swift warm current of life: the form was not that of an etherealized being, while a tint of rose touched the rounded cheeks slightly browned by exposure.

“Nellie, in Heaven’s name, tell me, is this you or your spirit?”

“It is I, Arthur, I have lived among the Indians ever since I was stolen away, and oh, I am so glad that you have found me at last.”

Was it reality? Arthur drew his hand across his eyes, his brain whirled and he grew faint. During this scene the squaw was secured by the two men who now stood regarding with astonishment this meeting between Arthur and the unknown beautiful girl who had so mysteriously appeared amid that scene of wildness and solitude.

“But Nellie,” insisted Arthur, unable to grasp the truth, “I thought you were devoured by wild beasts?”

“I will tell you all. But come, she said with sudden terror. If the Indians find you here they will kill you. They are four times your number. Oh, what shall we do?”

“Come with me.” Arthur clasped the girl’s hand, and the whole party set out for the shore where the boat was secured.

They had just shoved it into the water when a yell broke from the forest. Their flight was discovered.

“Oh, haste ! Haste !” exclaimed Nellie.

“You will not let them take me, Arthur?”

“Not until they have first taken my life.

In a moment they were in the boat, and in answer to long and vigorous strokes the light craft shot like an arrow through the water. A crack of fire-arms sounded from shore and several bullets struck the water that swept by them. Another volley soon followed, but the bullets fell short. The boat had passed beyond the enemy’s line and was speeding toward the peninsula. Though greatly disappointed at the loss of their game, the savages showed no disposition to follow, and the suspense was over.

“Now, Nellie, tell me how this has come about; I cannot understand,” said Arthur, holding closely her hands, as if he feared that she might yet vanish from his sight.

“I was captured by Indians while on my way to the hunter’s cabin,” said Nellie. “They were traveling towards the west and took me with them.”

“Well, but we found a pool of blood with tangled

tresses of hair and shreds of clothing about it, which we knew to be yours."

"Yes, they took away from me my clothing and dressed me like an Indian maiden. They had killed a deer, and the ground where it had fallen was saturated with blood. They tore my clothing into strips, cut off some of my hair, and trampled them into the pool of blood. I saw and knew that it was done to make it appear that I had been torn to pieces by wild animals."

"But, Nellie, we overhauled that band of Indians the next day, and you were not to be found among them."

"Yes," she replied, "but the band separated, part going by another way and taking me along. I think that it was done to get their white pursuers off the track, for the two divisions afterwards came together.

"We travelled several days, finally camping upon the shore of the lake, where we remained three or four months, then crossed in canoes to the islands, where they have kept me ever since,"

"I tried to escape, but found it impossible, so closely watched was I.

"An old squaw took charge of me, and I grew to regard her as a friend and protector. But the chief of the band wished me to marry his son Chewipsa, a young warrior. I refused and Chewipsa went away to fight the pale faces, but they made me understand that when he returned, I was to be forced into marriage with him. The time had come for his return, and I cried and prayed every day that I might be delivered from such a fate.

"One night I dreamed that I saw you on board a

vessel bound up the lake. The next day a fleet bearing the American colors put into the bay. I tried to escape to those vessels, but my captors secreted themselves and me in a large cave, near the place where you found me—the entrance being concealed so as not to be easily discovered.

“One day there was heavy firing and I knew that a battle was being fought on the lake. We remained several days in the cave, and when we came out the vessels were gone.”

Arthur in turn related his story, to which Nellie listened with a look of wonder.

“Now you will not think it strange that I should have regarded you as a visitor from another world when I met you in the woods,” he added after the narration.

“And, Nellie, I should never have known the joy which I now possess, deep and unbounded, if I had not suffered so.

“The same Providence that preserved my life, the life that I fain would have cast away as broken and useless, has brought us together, Nellie.”

Thus speaking, a silent prayer of thankfulness went upwards from the two united hearts to the great Father of Mysteries.

But little more remains to be told. Arthur Holmes and Nellie Wilder returned to their respective places of abode, and with the dawn of national peace and prosperity which followed Perry's victory on Lake Erie, they were sealed in a solemn compact of love and faith which through the sunshine and shadow of their subsequent lives remained unbroken.

A NOTABLE CONSPIRACY.

Capture of the Steamers *Philo Parsons* and *Island Queen*.

Lying as they do on the boundary line of two countries, the Lake Erie islands are destined to figure conspicuously on the page of future history, and in time may rival in tales of war and romance the castled and fortified shores of Germany's famed Rhine river and other renowned frontiers of countries and kingdoms. In the event of war with Great Britain these islands would fall an easy prey to British and Canadian cruisers, and would also afford convenient skulking places for spies and plotters. Already have they become historic, not only as the scene of Perry's victory in 1813, but also as the hatching ground of plots and conspiracies during the war of the rebellion.

Old residents of Put-in-Bay and neighboring isles still take interest in an occasional review of reminiscences connected with the notable conspiracy of John Yates Beale and his abettors in 1864, the object of which was the liberation of rebel officers—3,000 in number—confined as prisoners on Johnson's Island; the rading and capture of Sandusky and other lake towns, and the devastation of Northern Ohio by armed Confederates and their allies. The plot, its attempted fulfillment, its timely discovery and subsequent failure,

are facts of historic record, a reiteration of which is not the object of the following narration, excepting so far as concerns their bearing on local incidents and reminiscence. From a local point of view, therefore, the event will here be considered, thus perhaps bringing to light matter of interest which has escaped the general delineator of history.

Very quiet for a summer resort was Put-in-Bay at the time of which we write—a fact due in part to the lateness of the season and consequent withdrawal of summer guests, and partly to a deficit in the island's male population occasioned by the absence of a large proportion of able-bodied men, then doing duty in the ranks of the Union army on Southern soil.

September 19th, 1864, dawned serenely over stretches of purpling vineyard and orchards full fruited. Old men and boys, women and children were early at their work gathering the luscious clusters and heaping the measure with orchard fruits.

The morning steamer cleared from the wharves on her usual daily trip to Sandusky, and no suspicion of brooding danger threatening the peace of island homes or that of the nation entered the minds of island dwellers. True, there had been reported among visitors to the place, a few days before, individuals who had acted strangely and said some queer things concerning the war, its prospects and the relations of North and South, hinting darkly of what 'might' happen. These individuals were spotted as 'rebel sympathizers,' if not as genuine rebels. No special importance was attached to the circumstance of their presence on the island, however, until afterwards.

Late in the afternoon of the day above specified, the steamer *Philo Parsons*, of the Detroit, Island & Sandusky line, landed at Wehrle's dock, Middle Bass, distant a mile or so from the "Bay." At the latter place the usual crowd of interested parties and dock loungers awaited the steamer's arrival, but as she showed no signs of putting off from Middle Bass some debate as to the cause of her detention was excited. A little later the steamer *Island Queen*, which had left Put-in-Bay in the morning, was seen threading her way through the channel to Wehrle's, and soon the two steamers lay side by side.

Darkness fell and the crowd on the docks at Put-in-Bay increased. Both the *Philo Parsons* and *Island Queen* were expected to touch, one on her way to Detroit, the other bound for Toledo. Both were long overdue. No telephone or telegraph cable connected the islands as now, and no messages could be exchanged. It was proposed to send a boat across with a committee of investigation, but nobody volunteered to go. Some were awaiting expected friends, others the evening mail or parcels from the city. Weary of delay, the less curious and anxious of the crowd finally dispersed to their homes and turned in for the night. Scarcely had they closed their eyes in slumber, however, when each in turn was startled by a thundering knock at his door.

To the query: "Who's there, and what's wanted?" came the astounding reply:

"Get up! The steamers *Island Queen* and *Philo Parsons* are in the hands of the rebels! Secrete your money and valuables, and if you have any fire arms

or ammunition in the house, get them together and hurry to the Bay."

From house to house swiftly sped the messenger, and silently stealing through the night from every part of the island flitting shadows might have been seen of men and often of women and children with frightened faces all hurrying toward the bay center. The news which had thus aroused the island from center to circumference was communicated by Capt. George Magle, a passenger of the *Island Queen*, who, under cover of darkness had crossed from Middle Bass. Capt. Magle stated that a large force of men, armed to the teeth, had taken possession of both steamers, and that the officers, crew and passengers were held as prisoners, though the latter were finally allowed to go ashore at Middle Bass, after a promise had been exacted from each to divulge nothing concerning the occurrence for twenty-four hours—a promise which in numerous instances was quickly broken.

Certain of the passengers had gathered from words let fall by the conspirators, that their object was the capture of the United States gunboat *Michigan*, then lying in Sandusky Bay, and the liberation of the prisoners on Johnson's Island. These movements, together with the uncertainty of their results, filled with foreboding the minds of island dwellers. By common impulse, people gathered to the Bay from Middle Bass and Isle St. George, and excitement knew no bounds.

A military company was hastily organized, and Capt. John Brown, jr., son of old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, who resided on the island, was chosen

its commander, and every available man was enrolled within its ranks. The members of this brigade were



U. S. GUNBOAT MICHIGAN.

Geo. Kerry.

variously accout-
tered. Captain
Brown possessed
in his own right
quite an arsenal of
weapons, some of
which had been
used by his father
and other members
of the Brown fam-
ily in their raids
and skirmishes.
These were dis-
tributed among
the men, together
with a nondescript
assortment of
muskets, breech-
loading rifles,
Springfield rifles,
shot guns, revolvers and horse pistols.

The old "Perry victory" cannon—which ever since the war of 1812 had kept watch and ward over the island—was wheeled into position, commanding the wharves and heavily charged with powder, gravel and old iron.

Meantime wagons were driving about like "Jehu," conveying goods from stores and private dwellings to the thick woodlands of the west shore, where they were secreted. Old stumps and hollow logs were

utilized as banks of deposit for money, jewels and valuables of all sorts, while the numerous caves which perforate the island's sub-strata of limestone afforded refuge for the weak-kneed and faint of heart. Into these retreats, it is said, crowded the "Copperheads" as the southern sympathizers were then called—and so demoralized with fright were they, it is averred, that they did not emerge for three days.

To the inhabitants of Put-in-Bay the night which followed the first news of the plot was fraught with all the tragedy of war. The air was filled with flying and exaggerated rumors; the suspense was painful; women grew nervous with apprehension and no thought of sleep was entertained.

As soon as practicable, news of the capture was sent to the commanding officer of the guard on Johnson's island—a deputation selected for the purpose bearing the message and proceeding by boat across to the peninsula, and thence to the island lying just beyond in Sandusky Bay.

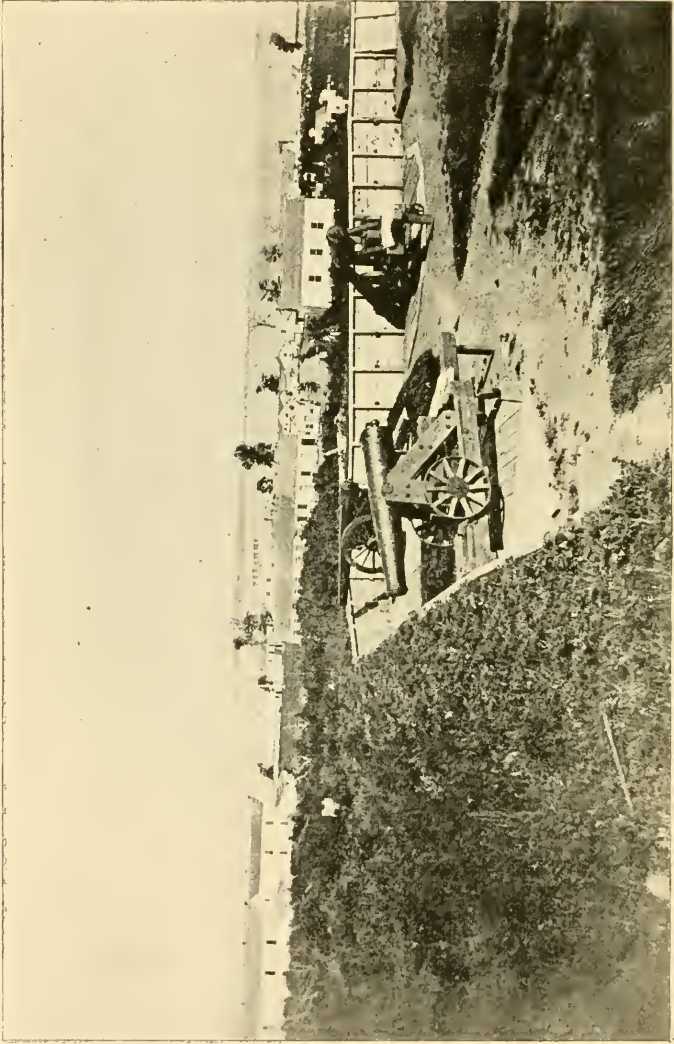
During the time that Put-in-Bay was under arms, two alarms were reported. The first occurred at the old "South dock." In the distribution of guards, two men had been picketed at that place. One was armed with a rifle, the other brandished an old musket. The men had been lying under a tree, when they perceived a squad of men approaching. One of the guards grew alarmed and wanted to run, but was rallied by his comrade. Together they faced the marauders, and in true military style demanded the countersign. The strangers couldn't give the countersign, but the spokesman of the party reported as

captain of a small trading vessel anchored off shore, accompanied by his crew, and the new-comers were allowed to pass without molestation.

The second alarm occurred in the early dawn of morning, when a vessel entered the bay and cast anchor under the shadow of Gibraltar Island. Imagination had played wild pranks during the night, and become highly wrought. By its aid in the dim, uncertain light, the strange craft was readily resolved into a piratical cruiser upon evil intent. The shore battery was brought to bear upon her, and other preparations made for a gallant defense. The guards felt shaky, but anxious to ascertain the intruder's designs, a boat was manned and sent out to hail her. The first countenance that appeared over the "cruiser's" railing as they approached was that of a well known sailor and fisherman—Meachem by name—a resident of the island. By this sign they knew that their fears were groundless, and that the vessel was an unoffending frequenter of the island waters.

With the approach of day, all eyes were turned expectantly in the direction of Johnson's Island and Sandusky, and at 6 a. m. a report gained circulation that during the night the steamer Parsons had been sighted heading for the Detroit river; and from the way that her chimneys threw smoke it was evident that steam was being crowded. From this circumstance the islanders judged that the plot had failed, and the conspirators were trying to make good their escape.

The island military now grew very brave, and disbanding, went home to breakfast, which was dispatched with a relish. Later in the day a tug arrived



THE FORT ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND DURING THE WAR—Looking Toward Cedar Point.

from Sandusky, bringing definite news of the plot and its failure, and bearing dispatches stating that the officers of the *Island Queen*, who had been carried away as prisoners on the *Parsons*, were safe landed and on their way home.

Concerning the capture of the boats, Capt. Geo. W. Orr, master of the *Island Queen*, tells an interesting story. Captain Orr is now a man of about eighty years, though apparently younger, and still exhibits the fire and energy which characterized his spirited resistance of his captors, to whom at the muzzle of a revolver he was forced to yield. Captain Orr is a summer resident of Put-in-Bay at the present time, owning and occupying with his family a pretty cottage environed with shrubbery, orchard and vineyard. Following is his account, as furnished the writer :

“I had no personal knowledge of the capture of the steamer *Philo Parsons* by the same men a few hours before the taking of the *Queen*, but according to the statement made me by Captain Atwood, master of the *Parsons*, the latter left Detroit on the morning of September 19th. On her way down she stopped at Sandwich, on the Canadian side, when some ten or twelve men got on board as passengers for Sandusky. Leaving there she touched at Amherstburg on the same side, and there twelve or fifteen more men got on board, also as passengers for Sandusky. Amongst the baggage here taken on was a large, old fashioned trunk covered with sole leather, which afterwards proved to contain a quantity of revolvers, hatchets, pistols and bowie knives. Leaving Amherstburg the steamer came direct to Put-in-Bay, then to Middle

Bass, where Captain Atwood got off, leaving the boat in charge of the mate, his son-in-law. Continuing the trip to Sandusky, the Parsons stopped at Kelley's Island. Leaving Kelley's she had got about three-fourths of the distance between that place and Cedar Point when the men who came as passengers from Canada opened the leather trunk and arming themselves at once took possession of the steamer, made prisoners of the crew, and compelled them to navigate the boat as their captors directed. Under their orders the Parsons passed into Sandusky bay a little beyond Cedar Point to where a fair view could be had of Johnson's Island. A short stoppage was made, then without proceeding further, for some reason, they put about, and returned to Middle Bass. Before reaching there they threw overboard several tons of pig iron which had been consigned to Sandusky. At Middle Bass, when wooding, the steamer *Island Queen* came alongside on her way from Sandusky to Put-in-Bay and Toledo. Forty or fifty soldiers—100 day men—who were going to Toledo to be mustered out, were on board the *Queen*, together with a large number of island people, making nearly 100 passengers. Here the *Queen* was taken possession of by the armed conspirators, who leaped aboard from the Parson's upper decks. The men comprising crew and passengers of the *Queen* were compelled to go into the Parson's hold, while the ladies and children were all ordered into her upper cabins.

Engineer Henry Haines was ordered out of the engine room, and told that if he did not come they would shoot him. He refused and they shot him in

the face, causing a flesh wound and filling his face with powder.

A few minutes later I was ordered up from the hold and taken on board the *Queen*, where the leader of the gang demanded the boat's papers.

"Whom am I giving them to?" I enquired.

"I am Lieutenant Beale of the Confederate Navy."

"What do you want with the papers?"

"We want to send them as trophies to Jeff Davis."

"You can't run the boat without the papers," I then said.

"The boat isn't going to run much longer," was the reply.

"I told him that the papers were in the office, which, when we reached, we found had been broken open, the papers scattered about the floor and the money drawer rifled."

"I asked him what he was going to do with the women and children who were up in the Parsons cabin. He said that they would be put ashore on Middle Bass, and that he should require of them an obligation not to divulge anything in regard to the matter for twenty-four hours. I told him that I had three children in the cabin, that I knew most of the others, and would like to go up and see them, and he went with me.

"He then placed the clerk, William Hamilton, Engineer Haines and myself under guard, and calling together all the prisoners, made them promise to say nothing of the affair until after the time specified. I wanted to go ashore with the others, but the guard would not let me off.

“The leader then ordered the Parsons to get under way the Queen lashed to her side. When about half a mile southeast of Bailast island the boats came to a stop. Lieut. Beale then ordered the Queen’s yawl-boat lowered and taken in charge of the Parsons; this done, he ordered the former scuttled.

“I asked permission to go and get the Queen’s books, as they would be of use to the owners.

“‘The books are all right where they are,’ was the reply.

“‘They are going to destroy the boat,’ I insisted

“‘I guess not,’ answered the guard.

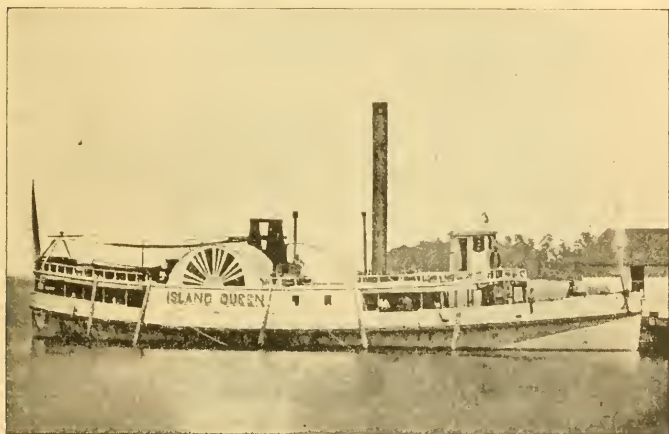
“A man then came up out of the hold and said that he had cut the steamer’s feed pipe, and that the water was coming in fast. Then they cast off her lines and let her go adrift in the darkness, and the Parsons was headed for Sandusky. When within a mile of the outside channel buoy, at the mouth of the bay, we hove to. I was called out of the cabin, and Lieut. Beale asked me whether I had heard of any report that a raid from Canada was going to be made on Johnson’s Island. I told him I had not.

“It was then about 10 p. m. The U. S. gunboat Michigan lay off Johnson’s Island, her black hull glooming through the night. The plotters were awaiting signals evidently which failed to appear. Three or four of the leaders went aside and held a consultation, and I overheard Lieut. Beale say to the men:

“‘I have a notion to make the attempt, anyhow.’

“They waited about a half an hour longer, and then headed back up the lake, and the Parsons was put under crowded steam. There were lots of old

coal oil barrels aboard, and the boiler was kept in a tremendous heat. The first halt was made in the Detroit river just above Amherstburg; off that place a number of men got into the Queen's yawl and went ashore. The next stop was made about daylight at "Fighting Island," a marshy strip of land about four or five miles long, uninhabited at the time. There they put us ashore.



STEAMER ISLAND QUEEN.

"I told them we had rather be landed on the main shore. They said they had rather we wouldn't."

"Leaving us, they continued on up the river to Sandwich, where, after removing the piano and other valuables, the Parsons was set adrift, but was afterward picked up by a tug. The raiders then scattered into Canada as fast as possible.

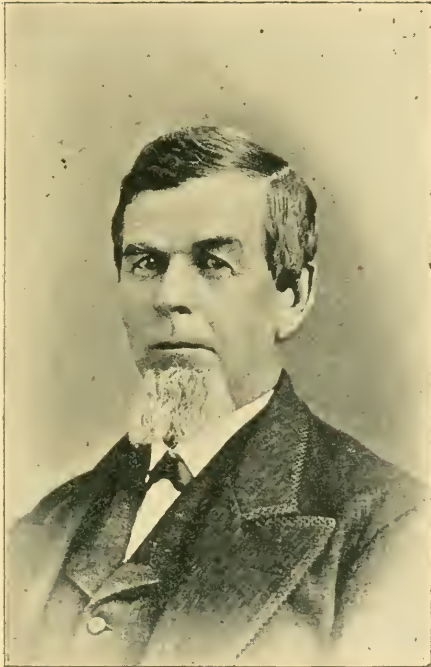
"Hamilton, Haines, and myself remained on Fighting Island about two hours, when a fisherman passed

in a boat. We signaled him in, and got him to set us across upon the American side, where we took the cars for Sandusky, going by the way of Monroeville, at which place I learned on arriving that the *Island Queen* had grounded upon 'Chickanola reef.' I at once telegraphed to Detroit for a tug and steam pump.

"When we reached Sandusky, we found the place wild with excitement. While waiting there, I had a plug made three feet long, four inches in diameter, and tapering to a point. Next morning we boarded the tug *Louise* and started for 'Chickanola' reef, where we found the *Queen* sunk in about ten feet of water, which just covered her lower decks. Had the steamer gone down in deep water her whereabouts would never have been known. The tug and pump arrived from Detroit, and at once they began to lower the water. When low enough so that I could get under the deck, I went with the plug—knowing just where to find the pipe—and driving it in, stopped the leak. After that we soon had her pumped out and towed to Kelley Island, and none too soon, for in an hour after reaching there it began blowing a living gale from the west."

As described by Capt. Orr, John Yates Beale—who was afterward captured at Toronto, sentenced and shot as a spy on Governor's Island, New York—was a youth of courageous and courteous bearing, aged at the time of his execution twenty-two years.

A piece of paper—accidentally or intentionally dropped—containing plans of the conspirators, putting on their guard the officers of the gunboat *Michigan* and the guards at Johnson's Island, were the agencies, it



CAPT GEO. W. ORR, of Steamer Island Queen.

is said, which arrested in its incipient stages and frustrated one of the deepest-laid plots of the civil war—a plot, the success of which would undoubtedly have caused devastation to Northern homes, and turned perhaps the chances of war in favor of the Southern Confederacy.



SUMMERTIME SAUNTERINGS

Among Island Resorts. •



EXCURSIONISTS ARRIVING.

Photo by Geo. Kerry.

As viewed during the guest and excursion season, a livelier place would be hard to find than the little center locally and generally known as the "Bay," which, notwithstanding its original incorporation as "Put-in-Bay village," is never so called excepting in connection with matters legal or municipal.

At the "Bay," on almost any day of the seven, are vividly presented panoramic views of life as it appears at a summer resort—interesting alike to lovers of gaiety, to sight-seekers, to observers of fashion's fads, and to philosophical students of human nature.

BEEBE HOUSE

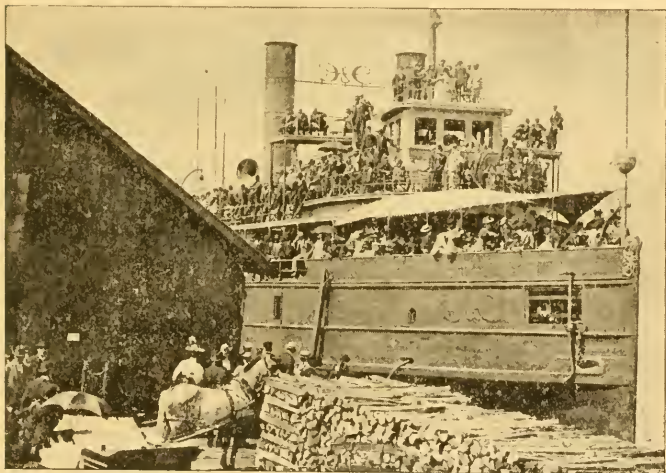
PUT-IN-BAY ISLAND
LAKE ERIE, OHIO.
U.S.A.



THE FRET PTG. CO. LINC. O.

A BIRDSEYE VIEW.

The simultaneous arrival from the big cities of the large excursion steamers, representing the D. & C. and C. & B. lines, furnishes occasion for an animated scene. The gigantic black hulls of each, from lower to hurricane decks, swarm with passengers, and the mingling streams of humanity which pour upon the piers



EXCURSIONISTS DEPARTING. *Photo by Geo. Kerry.*

from respective cities, the waiting throng of interested spectators, the flutter of flags and handkerchiefs, the flash of bright badges and gilded uniforms, the shouts and hurrahs, mingled with the vociferations of hotel criers, seen and heard amidst a flourish of whistles, bursts of band music, and pouring clouds of smoke from the great steamers, combine to form a Bedlamic, yet inspiring spectacle. The onsurging crowds set the observer thinking, and Tennyson's "Brook" and the stream of humanity get confusedly jumbled.

“For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.”

The song sings itself over and over, until you hardly know whether it is the brook or the people that go on in such an unending babble and rush.

Hailing as do these excursions from various portions of the country, each representative party has its special characteristics, its peculiarities of dress, manners and general make-up. Cleveland and Detroit crowds, for instance, bear with them an atmosphere redolent of teeming streets and busy marts; of dim courts and gilded palaces. Blank, *blase*, individuals; women with inartistic touches of powder on their cheeks, and a proclivity for loudness; merchants, office clerks, and salesmen; mechanics and artisans, and the representatives of organizations civic, military, social, and religious, are a part of the big city excursion--for a glance over the throng reveals unmistakably the half-concealed secret of individual character, origin, occupation, and belonging.

In excursions from the extensive farming districts of Ohio and Michigan figures conspicuously the knight of the plow and pruning hook. Bronzed hands and a countenance ruddy and honest are his. Hints of live stock, of stables and country mud may be gathered from his appearance. There is a lingering suspicion of hayseed upon his coat collar, and a suggestion of horse hair clings to his Kentucky jeans. At his side, in fluffy lawn and bright-ribboned hat, appears the rustic belle, with eyes like dew spangles, cheeks that suggest the pinks and peonies of country gardens, and an atmosphere about her of shyness and sweet simplicity born of country seclusion.



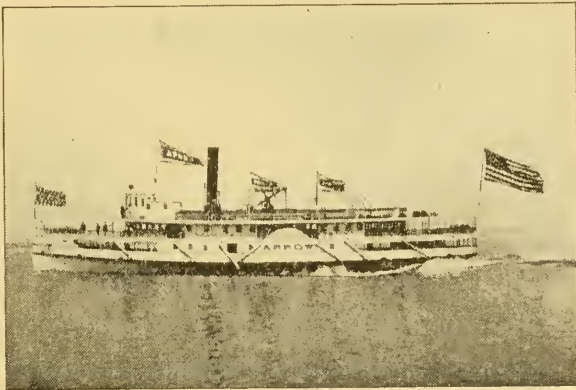
CAPT. A. J. FOX.



MANAGER W. H. McFALL, JR.

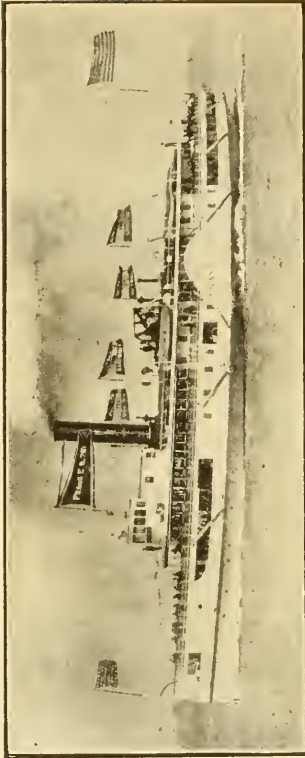
OFFICERS STEAMER FRANK E. KIRBY.

Arrivals from the Dominion of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, across the lake, are occasional. The "Kannucks" have a style of their own. While not exactly foreign in appearance, their manners and speech are somewhat Frenchified, and they are generally distinguishable from citizens of Uncle Sam's territorial limits.



STEAMER ARROW.

Excursions from central and southern Ohio, Kentucky and points south arrive via Toledo and Port Clinton steamers, by the Frank E. Kirby, or by the Arrow from Sandusky. Figuring distinctively as the island steamer, the Arrow is an especial favorite. The islanders particularly dote upon her and with reason, since she is a model of beauty and strength, and a triumph of marine architecture. She is built for speed, and glides with yacht-like grace. Her cabins are finished in mahogany, artistically decorated with paintings, frescoes and gildings, and luxuriously furnished.



STEAMER FRANK E. KIRBY.

The steamer Kirby, known as "the flyer of the lakes," operating on the Detroit, Island and Sandusky line, is also magnificently appointed, and is highly favored of the island people and traveling public generally. Her fleetness makes her true to the popular title the public has given her.

Whether as season guests or as sojourners for a week, or only for a day, summer visitors all come for pleasure, and many are fortunate in finding this widely sought treasure. The observer nevertheless wonders whether all the apparent mirth and gaiety are real, or only assumed for the purpose of disguising inward grief and corroding care.

On a corner poses a sad-faced man. Above him a suspended card bears the words: "Who will help the blind?" He has manipulated the keys of an accordeon until tired of his own melodies, and now listens attentively to other sounds which tell of a busy world that he cannot see, while with head inclined he analyzes them as they strike his ear—the hearty guffaw, the gay repartee, the rumble of passing hacks, and the

buzz of the "merry-go-round." A lady bends over him with a kindly word. A pleased expression illumines the blind man's countenance, and we wonder that anything so akin to light as a smile could animate a gloom so settled. The lady drops into his hand a dime, and receives a little yellow book, entitled "The Blind Man's Robbery," detailing some adventures of



"TO THE CAVE."

the vender's life. Even here among the pleasure seekers we find them—"the lame, the halt, and the blind." They give no sign, but as they pass you can read their unspoken history.

Along the crowded thoroughfares, and among groups of park picnickers, an Italian laden with toy balloons and brilliant-dyed Pampas plumes hawks his wares, and a Jap, esconsed with Oriental merchandise in a way-side booth attracts a share of attention.

The man with the camera presides in his tented studio and smiles a welcome upon the spoony young couples and newly made mashes that wait upon him, eager to be tin-typed together. In response to "a nickel in the slot," Edison's automatic phonograph reels off some touching performances. Nor is there lacking the professor of psychological mysteries who for a consideration lifts the veil of futurity and reveals to anticipative youth approaching successes in love and matrimony. Rows of wry-faced rag babies wait to be knocked from their perches by successful cracksmen; and the "wild man of Borneo" sits grinning in his cage.

To the museum threads a numerous crowd, some to see the large and diversified collection there displayed, others to sample the "bottled goods" on exhibit. Curio lovers experience also a drawing toward the out-of-door novelty stands laden with exquisitely tinted shells and corals, island specimens, birchen canoes and articles of Indian manufacture, together with glass and chinaware, artistically decorated with pictured scenes from Perry's victory. Souvenirs and novel bric-a-brac, such as toy alligators carved from alligator's teeth, shell necklaces and brooches of agate, moonstone, "catseye" pearl and scarlet sea beans. Delicate fancies and pretty trifles of every description are here seen, and any desired novelty may be procured, from a wire and worsted rooster, all complete except the crow, to a patent squawker. Street-side soda fountains beguile and ice creams and lemonades are plentiful. Stands freighted with ham and cheese sandwiches, fresh pastry and confections, offer seduc-



GEO. A. BROWN.
Captain.

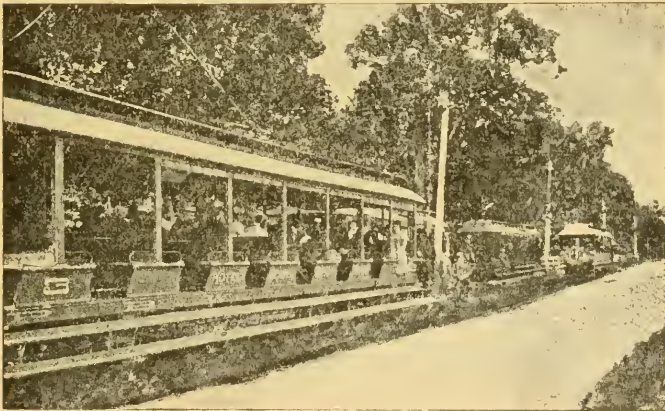


EUGENE McFALL,
Manager, Sandusky and Islands Steamboat Co.

OFFICERS STEAM L 'RROW.

tive delights, and the Bay restaurants are crowded oft to an overflow by hungry excursionists.

The attractive grounds and breezy verandahs of the Beebe House, Put-in-Bay and other hotels are filled with guests, and strolling about the grove and along the shore, drifting idly in gayly decked pleasure boats, lingering over wine and card tables, one may see the



VIEW ON THE ELECTRIC ROAD.

votaries of pleasure flitting about like beves of summer butterflies. Yachting, camping and canoeing suits of taking designs appear on the promenades and filmy laces float by, with jewel flashes and a shimmer of satin. Glimpses of rose and violet, embroideries of gold and tracings of silver appear and disappear like visions of fairy land.

Flirting is freely indulged and mashers of both sexes go about seeking whom they may entangle. Hotel orchestras fill the air with music and waltzers gather

in hotel parlors or on open air platforms to join in the mazy whirl.

A ride over the electric railway to Victory Park and a visit to Hotel Victory on the west shore, are treats which no excursionist can afford to lose, even though his stay on the island be limited to two or three hours, and the cars going thither are frequently overcrowded. Midway on the electric line in the edge of a little grove where the cars pass each other, is located a little station house at which passengers for "Perry's Cave" alight. Perry's Cave is the property of Geo. E. Gascoyne. As a natural curiosity it is widely famed, and is annually visited by thousands of people. "Crystal Cave" recently opened is also attracting much attention.

Ferry line steamers connecting hourly with the Middle Bass club house and grounds, "Wehrle's Landing," and Ballast Island afford opportunities for delightful excursions. A trip to Kelley's Island, classic Lakeside or a yachting cruise to the "Hen and Chickens," the "Sisters," or to other outlying islands of the archipelagian group—when the day is favorable and the breeze propitious—are experiences fraught with pleasurable adventure.

Visits to the United States Fish Hatchery on "Peach" Point, and to the government lighthouse station on "Parker's Point" are included among island attractions.

On afternoons when the mercury crowds close upon 90 and the air quivers with heat, the bathing beach affords a larger amount of live amusement, probably, than any other specialty. Heading toward



PUT-IN-BAY LIGHT HOUSE.

this Mecca of aqueous delights on such afternoons, may be observed a gay procession formed of hotel guests and excursionists. In the throng appear coupled youths and maidens, buxom matrons and *pater familias* of portly presence. There are romping misses and children with sand pails and carriages; pugs with the most approved wrinkle of nose and curl of tail, and canine pets of every degree, silver collared and ribboned.

The bathing beach is a semi-circle of sand, bordered with clumps of willow and basswood. Its wide

reaches are strewn with wreckage and afford a lovely outlook toward Kelley island and the peninsula.

Two rival bathing establishments are here located. The situations of both are delightfully cool and breezy. Tree-sheltered porches and platforms are

crowded with amused spectators, while the water is full of frisky, flopping



mermen and maids in picturesque attire. The diving platform and the steam toboggan are important ad-



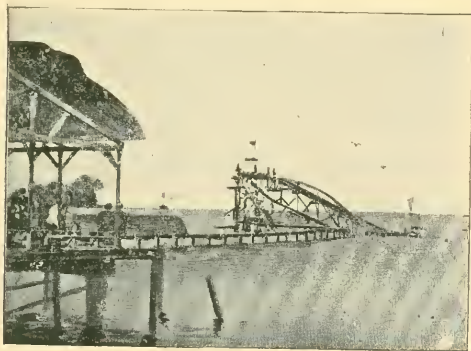
SCENES ON THE BATHING BEACH. *Geo. Kerry,*

juncts. Watching the antics of bathers forms a diversion of which the spectator seldom tires. Swimming, splashing and plunging are indulged, and screams and laughter alternate, when a spanking breeze sends tumbling ashore line after line of breakers.

Flirtations are carried on as successfully in the water as upon land. Flirting is possible even on the toboggan slide where patrons must hold their breath to prevent losing it altogether. Descending with its passengers, the toboggan increases in speed until striking the water it rebounds, and leaping three or



PUT-IN-BAY DOCKS IN OTHER DAYS.



THE BATHING BEACH.

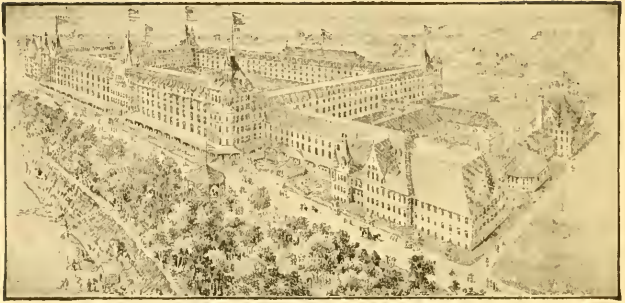
four times its length again strikes and glides away amid spray showers, to stop when its momentum is exhausted.

On the beach from time to time are seen many well known and popular society women of our lake and inland cities. Most of these fair patrons provide pretty and expensive bathing suits of their own, and wear them as gracefully as nymphs.

Such, in sunny summer time, is life at gay, giddy Put-in-Bay.



HOTEL VICTORY.



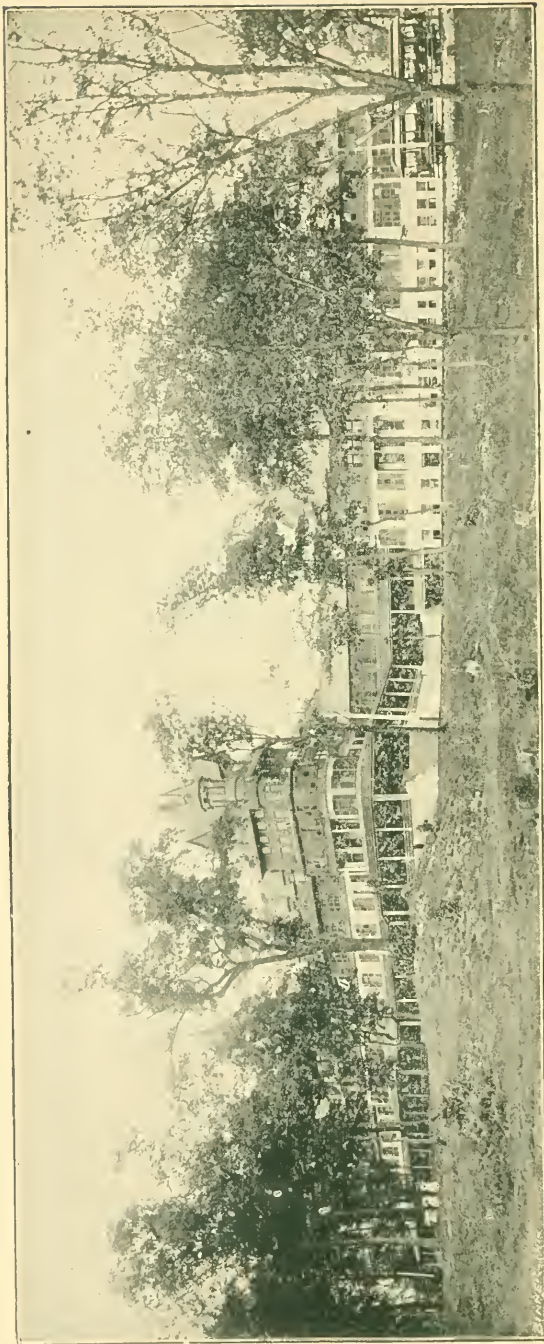
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOTEL VICTORY.

A famed attraction of Put-in-Bay, toward which visitors from all portions of the United States turn attention, is Hotel Victory; and in contemplation of this architectural marvel—its size, design and magnificence—are they lost in wonder.

The hotel, which is said to be the largest summer hostelry in America, occupies the highest site of land on the island overlooking Victory park and the waters of Victory bay and commanding a scene of unrivalled beauty.

The main building is in the form of a square and is 600 feet long, by 300 feet deep; the main portion surrounding a court 300 feet square.

On one side forming a wing and connected with the main building by a lobby are the main dining hall,



HOTEL VICTORY—South Side of Put-in-Bay Island.

ordinary and kitchen, and back of these the servant's quarters.

The main dining hall is 155 feet long, 85 feet wide and 52 feet high, wide gallerles encompassing the entire hall.

The ordinary is 50x100 feet, and the combined dining capacity, including private banqueting halls and



D'ISTANT VIEW OF THE VICTORY. *Pho. Geo. Kerry.*

children's and nurses' dining hall, is 1,200 guests at one sitting. The guest chambers are 625 in number, large, light, airy and elegantly furnished, including 80 suites with baths. Every room fronts upon some lake view or toward the interior court, rendered charming with luxurious floral adornment, gravelled walks and other attractions.

There are three elevators, bell boy stations on every floor, electric call bells, 6,000 incandescent elec-

tric lights, steam heating throughout the entire structure, and the most modern equipped hotel kitchen, it is said, in the world.

A ramble through the big hotel is almost equal to that taken through a small town

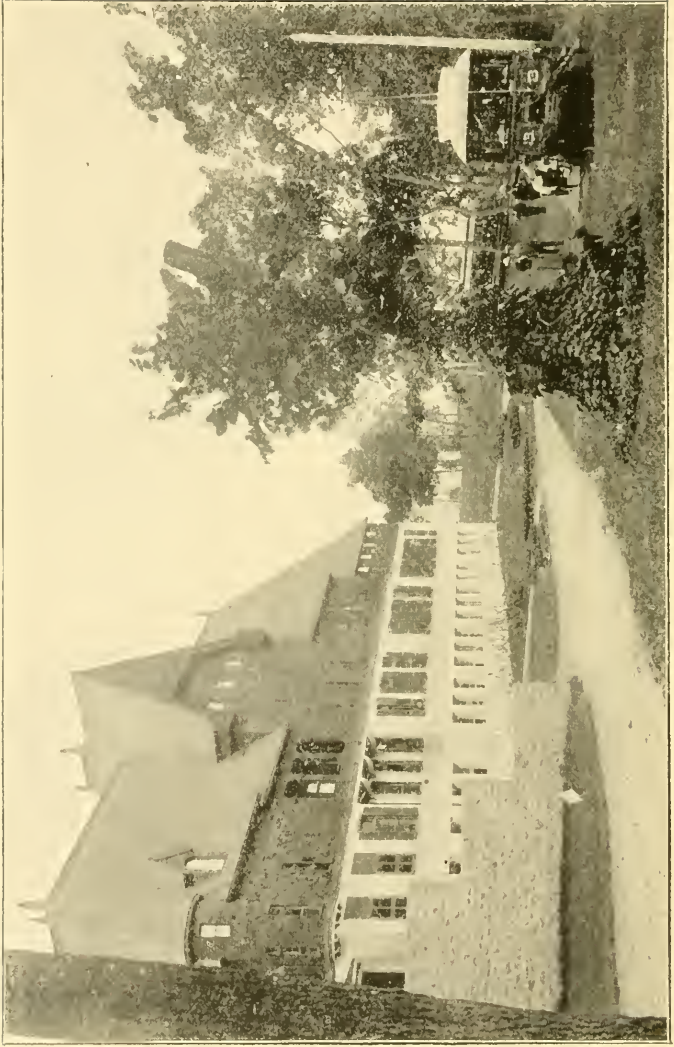


FCX'S DOCK — Landing of D. & C. Steamers and Steamer Metropolis.

Luxurious appointments are everywhere seen. The parlors of the Victory are numerous. Showing varied styles of furniture and embellishment, each a model of elegance, comfort and luxury. Especially rich in upholstery are the ladies' grand parlors.

The office, halls, lobbies and corridors are correspondingly magnificent, and in extent the place seems interminable, the combined length of the corridors alone being one mile, all handsomely carpeted.

The main lobby—having a seating capacity of 1,000 persons—is a favored resort for hotel visitors. Here the orchestra daily and nightly assembles, and



HOTEL VICTORY—Exterior Main Dining Hall.

music, mirth and festivity rule the hour. However, it is in the great ball room—by myriads of electric lights arcaded, and rendered brilliant as noonday—that representatives of social gaieties are more frequently found, joining in the grand promenade and mazy whirl.

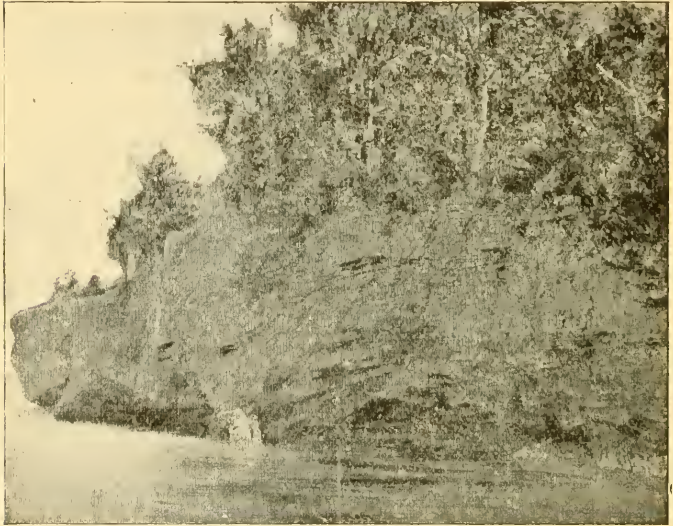
Others, again, seek the grand piazza, which extends the whole length of the main structure, where by day, or at night when illumined with electricity, is found a breezy and most delightful place in which to doze and dream, or to hold social converse. From this outlook is afforded a scene upon which the eye may linger long without becoming weary, so charmingly picturesque, so restful and delightful, its environments.

The grounds adjoining the hotel form a landscape garden which nature and art combine to beautify. Profuse but tasteful and exquisite floral decorations appear. Foliage plants and blooms of torrid richness blend with paler hues; while climbing the white walls and stone-pillared steps, masses of maderia, morning glory, nasturtium and woodbine spread a mantle of blossom-starred greenery. Care is taken to preserve natural effects, and in the park, consisting of twenty-one acres, extending to and along the shores of Victory bay, revels a profusion of flowers, both wild and cultivated.

A rustic bridge of artistic design spans the park ravine; rough ledges of lime rock outcrop, and hollow stumps form receptacles for tender, blossoming plants and vines. An electric fountain sends aloft its jetting spray, and a cascaded board walk descends by gentle slope to the shore five hundred feet distant.

The greatest charm of the park is its freedom, for

the shore upon which it opens is as picturesque as ever conspired to woo the lover of Nature. Masses of beetling rock, of rock cleft and riven as by volcanic action, gird its broken line, while in the caverns indenting their



MERMAID'S CAVE, VICTORY PARK.

base echoes the sound of waves. As if to screen their roughness, vines and mosses cover and shrubbery and cedar clumps edge and overdroop them.

Boat and bathing houses occupy an eligible site, commanding a beach of smooth sand reached by a flight of steps. All the facilities for bathing are here afforded. In addition to these, a newly constructed Natatorium, or swimming pool, with canopied covering, wide platform, and comfortable seats for specta-



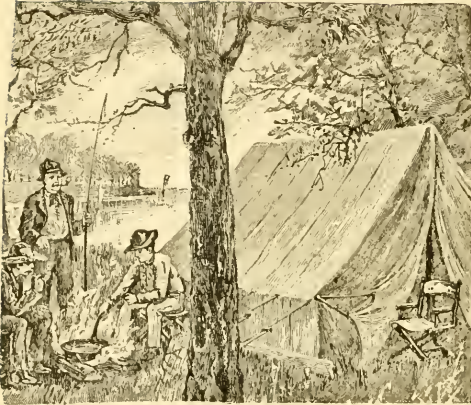
HOTEL VICTORY—Electric Fountain.

tors, is afforded. The place is lighted at night by electricity.

The hotel is connected with the bay and boat landings by the Put-in-Bay Electric Railway.



TENT LIFE.



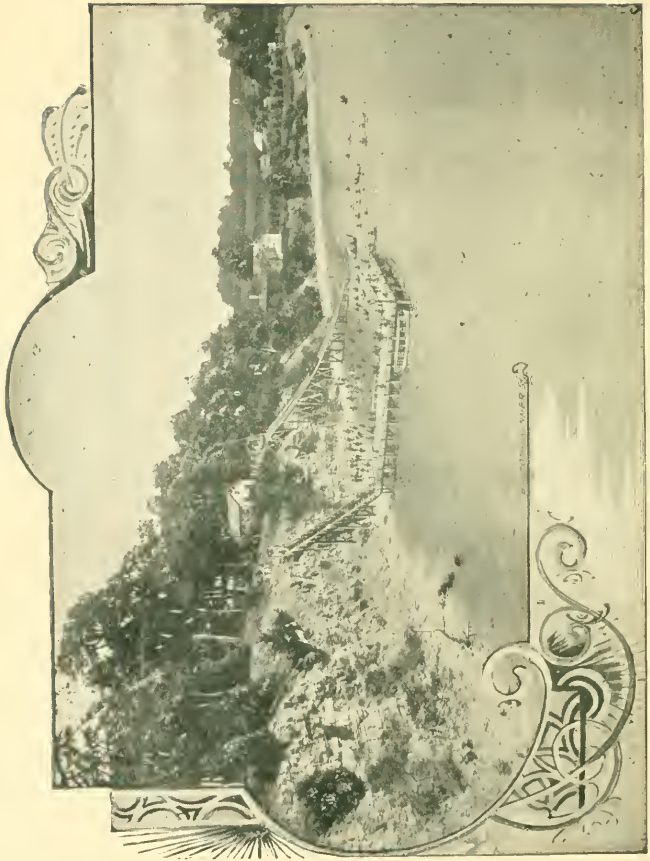
TENT LIFE.

Micsummer, such as environs the archipelago with balm and beauty, renders life under canvas half dream, half romance—so say the many who have tested this happy-

go-lucky mode of existence and know its charms.

When vineyard and orchard lands are thrifty with tender foliage and fair with promise, and every shore stretch and creviced rock is exuberant with wild vegetation: then, too, the deep, cool shadow of grove and forest belt invite the summer nomad, and tent and pavilion whitens among the trees.

Reclining in a luxurious hammock among the wood's arcaded aisles, gazing dreamily upward through its green net work into ethereal depths, watching airy cloud temples and palaces adrift, or the shifting sails of vessels afar on the blue lake; listening to the notes of birds, the chirp of crickets, the subdued splash of waves;



VICTORY CLIFF AND BATHING BEACH.

feeling the zephyr's breath soft upon the cheek, tis heaven to swing and doze.

There is lots of romance, too, in a camp by moonlight when a soft splendor bathes lake and land, and silver pencils penetrate the dim forest. From out the twinkling firmament the gazer may then single his star of destiny, and the vocalist afloat upon the waters pour forth his soul to the click of row-locks. All this the average camper duly assimilates.

Life in camp brings the individual into close communion with nature, enlarges his ideas and makes him healthy and happy. Bugs, ants, spiders and June flies dismay him not, and when fairly filled up on poetry and romance he may have recourse to other amusements, such as rowing, wrestling, bathing, foot-balling, love-making and yarn spinning. That the crew of every passing craft may know how extravagantly happy he feels, the summer nomad explodes, by way of salutation, gun powder and torpedoes in endless quantities, and shouts himself hoarse, forcibly expressing thereby his irrepressible jollity.

The denizens of summer camps hail mainly from lake and inland town and city, and the change from interminable walls and crowded streets with their inevitable heat, dust, dirt and discomfort, to the breezy haunts of island shores is novel.

The first installment of campers puts in an appearance about the latter part of June, others coming and going from this date until the first of September. Representing all classes, they arrive in parties of all sizes. Romantic young couples sighing for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," spend the honeymoon in tented

seclusion, and family parties are common. Cliques of college students, sporting clubs, social clubs and clubs of divers sorts variously costumed and equipped are numerous, and military organizations occasional. Each encampment is rendered conspicuous by flag and other decorations, and to each is attached some strikingly novel or romantically suggestive name usually blazoned in black letters on a strip of white canvas stretched from tree to tree. Exceedingly picturesque are the scenes sketched from life in the woods. That it is not all poetry and romance, however, and that its experiences are not all of a dreamy, indolent nature, is frequently demonstrated; the term "roughing it," having oftimes a literal and unwonted signification.

"Taking it all through, you have a good deal to contend with?" was asked of a tent dweller.

"Oh, yes indeed," he replied wearily, "We have our ups and downs of course. For instance, last night after we had got nicely settled in our straw mattress beds, the rain was pattering soft upon the canvas roof and we were just going off on an excursion to the poetic nooks and crannies of Dreamland, when zip! down came the tent, collapsed you know quicker'n a man could say Jack Robinson, and there it lay flat as a pancake with us squirming under it, and the rain a pouring. The worst feature of the whole business, though, was the laughter that greeted us from the boys in an adjoining tent, but that serves to illustrate the cruelty of human nature and the readiness of its representatives to laugh at misfortune."

"A speedy retribution awaited the game makers, however, for the roars of merriment to which they

gave utterance had not yet subsided, when down came their tent amid the rain and darkness. Suppressed groans were heard beneath the writhing heap of canvas, but we felt that for us the tables had turned and naturally looked upon the last collapse as a just judgment sent upon the unregenerate doers.

Investigations were continued in another direction.

“How do you make out in the culinary department? Suppose you are all good cooks?”

“Well, I don’t know,” he replied, slowly. “I suppose there are just as good cooks to be found. The fact is, we never have had very extensive experience in that line.”

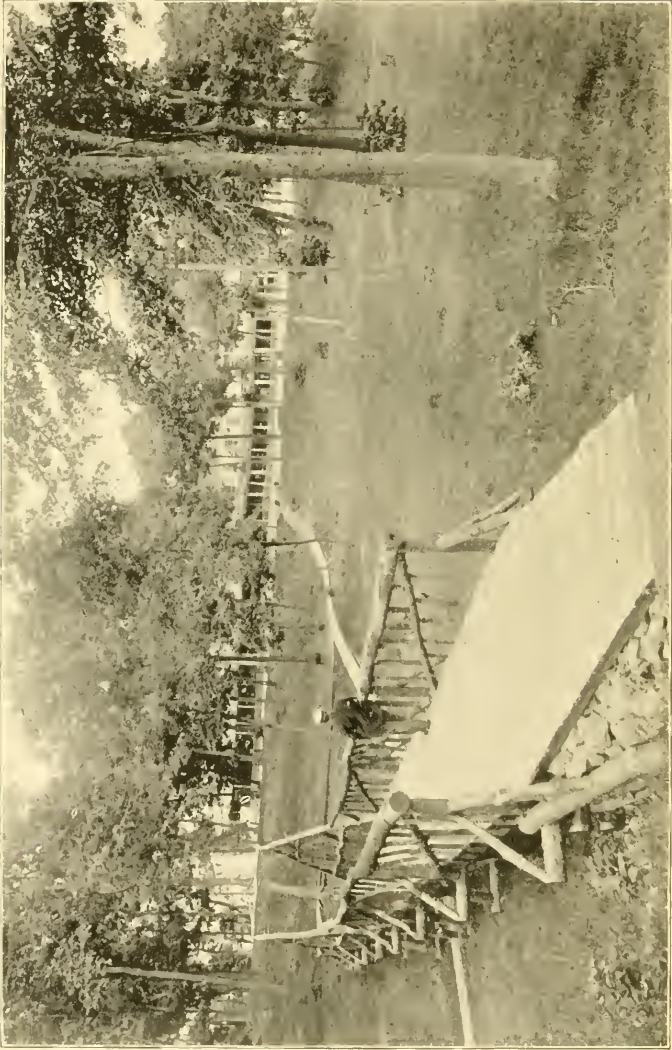
“You ought to have a cook book.”

“Oh, we have a cook book and medical adviser combined; but somehow we get Jenny Lind’s cream cake and Victoria fritters all mixed up with catarrh remedies and rheumatic balsams. I don’t see how it is, but I believe that a woman can conjure from her head in half an hour a better meal than we can study out of a cook book in a week. We don’t have our meals regularly,” he continued, plaintively, “because we can never decide who is to cook them. We get up at 7 o’clock with sharp appetites, expecting to sit down to a breakfast of French rolls, *fricandelles* and *omelet soufflé*, but instead we have to hold a council of war to decide who is to be the projector of the enterprise. Every fellow wants his breakfast, but none of ’em wants to cook it. As a result, we don’t get ready to serve up till about 11:30, and that makes a late dinner, you know; and then sometimes we don’t get any supper till the next day.”

Initiation to camp life is frequently made interesting by the elements which arise to welcome the novice, summoning for this occasion the whole fantastic band of buglers, harpists and pipers at command; Æolius and Boreas leading, with prelude and plaint, whoop and howl, an extravaganza the weirdest and most magnificent in all Nature's collection.

On one occasion the arrival of a veteran military organization at "Camp Bowler," on East Point, was thus notably greeted. All the tents having been staked in position by an advance guard, the main body reached the grounds just in time to render themselves "useful, as well as ornamental," in holding them down. The wind howled, trees were twisted into hard knots, spray spouted up the rocks, and tent canvas flapped like the sails of a frigate in a typhoon. For a time brawn and muscle prevailed over the elements; then, with a suddenness appalling to onlookers, the steel ribs of the dining hall tent gave way, and the whole concern snapped together like a rat-trap. Two or three men narrowly escaped being caught in the wreck; dishes innumerable were broken, and the quartermaster—so mad was he, it is affirmed, that you could have heard him swear from Put-in-Bay to Sandusky. The tent was an elaborate affair, and had kept a dozen men busy two days putting it up.

While all this was transpiring, old Neptune was busily engaged in administering rites initiatory to other members of the camp on their way thither in row boats. The first boat, containing a party of ladies and an oarsman, narrowly escaped swamping. They made land after a hard struggle, but were drenched by rain



HOTEL VICTORY—Rustic Bridge by Electric Light

and driving surf. The wreck of dry goods and millinery was simply awful, and the half-drowned party presented a pitiable but picturesque appearance. A second boat went ashore upon the rocks and capsized; its occupants were picked up, sustaining no damage beyond a thorough wetting. While the storm was making things lively at "Camp Bowler," the occupants of an adjacent encampment were routed. They, too, had arrived that day, and had just got their tents fairly anchored when the gale struck, capsized and tore them from their moorings. Descending floods of rain quickly submerged the ladies and gentlemen of the party, together with bedding, provisions and camp equipment generally. Two immense trees close at hand were blown down, the air was filled with flying leaves and limbs, and the terrified party beat a hasty retreat to the nearest house, the hospitalities of which they were forced to solicit until the following day.

Within the past few years Put-in-Bay and adjacent isles have formed the scenes of many notable encampments. Of the numerous military organizations which have made the former place a rendezvous, the most brilliant, as well as the largest and most rollicking, was undoubtedly the First Regiment O. N. G., under command of Col. W. B. Smith of Cincinnati. From early morning reveille until cannon thundered forth a parting salute at sunset, the drum beat and bugle call, the sharp word of command, the prolonged cheer, and bursts of music from the grand military band resounded from shore to shore, filling the day with a continued round of excitement. The camp was thronged with visitors, ladies and gentlemen, and the band, containing over

forty performers, furnished an abundance of inspiring music for the edification of listeners. The arrival in the bay of the U. S. gunboat Michigan was honored by a salute of several guns from the First Regiment camp and a storm of martial music by the regimental band. The soldiers and marines and the officers of the army and navy visited each other in camp and on board the man-of-war.



CAMP GROUNDS ON THE EAST POINT SHORES.

Fewer in numbers but hardly less brilliant was the camp of the Duquesne Grays, pitched on the shores of "East Point," and a pleasant recollection here recalled was an evening spent at their camp. As our party approached the grounds, we were greeted by a brilliant flood of light, which, bursting through the wood, penetrated its dimmest recesses. A massive stand occupying a central position was encircled by flaming torches, many more of which, fastened to trees, were inter-

persed through the grove. The tents were lighted by swinging lamps and chandeliers, and the rays falling upon gnarly tree trunks, and flashing upward into the leafy vaults overarching, produced an effect which was both novel and beautiful. The tent floors were tastefully carpeted and each was furnished according to the tastes of the occupants, decorations of flags and flowers appearing. Near the tent occupied by Col. Campbell of the Mexican Veterans drooped the torn and tattered folds of an old standard which had been carried through the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo and on other noted fields at the head of the Colonel's command. Col. Campbell appeared hale and hearty, though advanced in years, and on this occasion was busy receiving and entertaining the many visitors who thronged the camp.

At 8 o'clock the band, consisting of twenty-one performers, took their positions, and the evening concert began. Visitors to the number of 300 or thereabout crowded around the stand, many selections were rendered in a brilliant manner, and for an hour the audience was held under the witching power of music. When the echoes of the last notes had died away, a shrill whoop was heard resounding from a remote part of the forest, it was speedily answered by other whoops, and a band of Indians appeared leading by the foretop a white man. They were hideous in war paint, red blankets, feathers and fantastic ornaments. "Big Injuns" were they in every sense of the word, besides whose gigantic proportions the unfortunate pale face seemed a mere Lilliputian. With guttural howl and broken jargon the man was lashed to a

tree. His face was painted, and a pile of faggots lighted about him. Midst ascending smoke and the glare of flames, the savages circled 'round the tree in a wild war dance, brandishing knives, guns and tomahawks. "Buffalo Bill" in bear skin suite, belt and revolvers figured conspicuously in the scene, and a rescue party and a horse appearing, the captive was released and smuggled into the saddle. The horse, after plunging and kicking at everybody in a manner most extraordinary, escaped with his rider through the wood.

Scalping bees and "neck-tie parties" were amusements also indulged to the delight of spectators.

The Duquesne Greys, or "Pittsburgh Heavys" form an old military organization originally named in honor of Old Fort Duquesne.

"We're Tenting Tonight On the Old Camp-Ground" is the song which more than any other finds an echo in the hearts of comrades of the Seventh O. V. I. when gathered around their annual "campfire" they note the absence of once familiar faces and the changes which time has wrought; while in story and reminiscence they live over again those memorable events which so closely connect their history with that of the nation.

"Banner regiment of Ohio," honored alike for past deeds of heroism. as for the present staunch patriotism and worthy citizenship of its members. For nearly twenty-five years East Point, Put-in-Bay, has formed the annual rendezvous of this famous regiment, and its members entertain a natural and strong attachment for the old camping ground which has witnessed all

these meetings. Its location is most charming. "Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife"—it forms a secluded retreat where naught is heard but wild bird notes, and the swash and wear of waves. The shores are clothed with natural forest, and girt by picturesque rocks fantastically carved and covered



BY THE CAMP FIRE

with mosses rare, embroidered by wild blossoms and festooned with drooping vines and Cedars. Detached rocks, overhung by native vegetation, form tiny islets in the blue water, and many other romantic bits of natural scenery appear. From the camp grounds a long pier projects into the lake, at which land the dashing little steamers of the island ferry lines.

Few veteran members now are left, but the families and friends of those who have passed away and of those who survive fill the vacant places at yearly gatherings, and the organization is commonly known as the "Seventh Regiment association."

The old battle flags carried by this regiment through a blaze of shot and shell at Lookout mountain, at Winchester, at Port Republic and upon many other noted fields, were formerly exhibited at these encampments—blackened by smoke and so shredded as to scarcely bear unrolling. The "white banner" of sheeny silk, elegantly wrought and bearing upon its center the words: "First in valor; first in achievement." is also treasured with the regimental colors. This trophy was presented the regiment by Ohio ladies as a mark of highest appreciation for gallant services rendered during the war. For safe keeping these flags were recently placed in the rooms of the Northern Ohio Historical society at Cleveland.



UNDER A STEAMER'S HEADLIGHTS.

Two Silly Girls and Their Adventures.

To begin, I may state incidentally that I was born and bred in a section of country lying well inland, and until a few weeks previous to the occurrence which I am about to relate, had never seen a boat, save the tiny models in toy shops, nor a body of water bigger than "Taggart's mill pond." I experienced then a rapture inexpressible when first I sighted Lake Erie, wide rolling in all the reflected blue and golden glory of summer skies. And when in amongst the sleeping islands, emerald dotting her broad bosom, I was borne and sighted the shifting sails, grey and white, of cruising vessels, and the pretty painted pleasure craft gently rocking on the bay, the scene impressed me like a dream. I questioned my reason as to whether the pictures were real, and wondered whether the "Isles of Greece," where "burning Sappho loved and sung," were lovelier than these. The bulk of my knowledge concerning great waters had been gleaned from poetry and fiction and I was proportionately susceptible to romantic impressions. The depth and mystery of the blue expanse where it met and blended with the horizon was to me awe-inspiring, and when the skies darkened and the waters turned green and black with storm, and turbulent waves thundered among caverned rocks,

I was fascinated by the sublimity of a scene so new and novel.

I loved, feared and venerated the *Neptune* of the inland seas and felt anxious to be on a friendly footing with this particular deity, hoping thereby to gain the freedom of his wide domain. Sailing and rowing afforded attractions irresistible which I was eager to enjoy, but was afraid of the water. A thought of its depth and the thinness of the boat's sides between it and me caused a choking sensation in my throat. With a trusty oarsman I felt no especial timidity, though still there remained an aching void which could only be filled by a personal and practical knowledge of boats and oars. To obtain complete satisfaction I must learn to row. Once formed, the idea grew and strengthened, and one afternoon I found myself on a little wharf that projected into the waters of a quiet cove. The spot was romantic. The surface dimples were flashing gold and crimson from the westering sun and the faintest of zephyrs stirred the shore trees. Moored to the cribbing was a skiff, blue and white painted, in which lay a pair of oars.

"Now's your time," something whispered. I obediently loosened the chain which held it and slipped down the cribbing into the boat. The water, as seen by the pebbled bottom, was but two or three feet in depth.

"Should I fall in or the boat capsize I can't very well drown, because there isn't water enough." The thought gave me courage.

Cautiously adjusting row-locks and oars, I was soon in the midst of my experiment. I kept the boat

for a time in water shallow enough to wade, in case of wreckage. Having studied the movement of oarsmen I now endeavored to imitate, but sometimes my right oar struck bottom in a most provoking manner, while the left barely skimmed the surface, and *vice versa*. Still the boat moved and I was exultant, for I could row. Little or nothing knew I, it is true, about feathering, backing and curvetting, and having lived on a farm, might have turned a two horse wagon in far less time and space than I should have required to turn a boat; still I got along amazingly—so I thought—diffidence began evaporating and boldness grew apace. I resolved to pull into deep water, a daring venture, but the boat showed no signs of treachery or insubordination. Confidence in myself, and it became stronger, my strokes bolder, if not more dextrous, and I ventured still farther until the boat was lifted by the gentle roll of undulating swells from the westward. How delightful! The motion was like swinging, with space illimitable above and below. Read and his exquisite Neapolitan song came to mind, and a stanza went jingling through my brain. I sang “Rocking on the Billows,” “Song of the Sea,” and “Life on the Ocean Wave,” and thought of Grace Darling and in my soul emulated her daring spirit. Thus I found myself luxuriating in a heaven of my own creation, when a young woman, an acquaintance, appeared on the shore. I invited her to join me, and nothing loth, she accepted. With some difficulty I got the boat headed landward, and later, we together quaffed nectar to the fresh water *Neptune*.

Arra evinced a slight distrust of my abilities, when she learned that I was handling the oars for the first

time. However, I was the better of the two, since she had never pulled an oar, and never had indulged aspirations along the oar pulling line. There was no danger, obviously, of Arra usurping my place, so I laughed at her fears, sang "Bounding Billows," and she became more courageous.

I was growing heroic to a painful degree, and having like Alexander conquered the world, yearned for more worlds to conquer, when an idea flashed upon me dazzling with its brilliancy. I had long wanted to visit an adjacent island lying in the distance; "why not now?"

My companion thought it a risky undertaking and objected, but I overruled her objections and we started.

"We can easily get there and back again before dark," I observed, and so thought, but had miscalculated both the distance and my ability as an oars woman. Had our course been direct, we might have progressed favorably, but I knew nothing about fixing a point on shore by which to keep the boat in line, so Arra kept constantly bothering me with—

"You're too far to the right," or "You're too far to the left"—until I ardently longed to box her ears, but contented myself with the demand: "Who is rowing this boat?"

We thus described a course which might have suggested the "worm" fence seen in rural districts.

Outside we encountered a passing steamer. I was somewhat alarmed, having heard of small boats being run down by larger craft; but we got by without dif-

ficuity, and my fear of steamers was at once dissipated.

The sun went down under a cloud which rose to meet it, and we missed the sunset scene which we had previously anticipated. Other clouds came up and overspread the sky. Twilight shades were gathering, and still we had not reached our destination.

"It seems as though we should never get there," observed Arra.

"We're bound to get there," I replied, buckling in energetically. It was beginning to get dark when we reached the island,

"Let's not land," pleaded Arra nervously. "Nobody lives there but an old hermit, and I'm afraid."

Now, on this bit of terra firma was an old tree with a big eagle's nest. The nest was the nearest approach to an eagle I had ever known, and I could ill brook the disappointment of not seeing it. Once more, then, I overruled Arra's objections, and we quietly beached the boat.

"We'll arm ourselves with sticks, and if the hermit comes out of his hut yonder we'll go for him."

I seized a fragment of ship timber that had washed ashore. Arra picked up a broken lath, also tossed up by the waves, and we quietly stole along a gravelly stretch, and were soon beneath the eagle tree. The big nest in its top, outlined against the sky, was built of twigs and small limbs of trees. After a moment's contemplation thereof, we hastened back to our boat.

"Dear me, how dark it is getting, but never mind, we're homeward bound."

I adjusted the oars and we were off. There was no moon, and only an occasional star appeared through cloud rifts. The zephyr had freshened to a breeze, a strong current was setting through the channel, and we made even slower progress than when coming.

"I'd like to know what ails this old boat, I can't keep it straight !" It did behave very badly with the current against it. My hands, too, were blistered, and I was getting very tired, but I steered as well as I could by a light gleaming from a cottage window in the cove from which we had started. To while the tedium, we began telling stories. I was in the midst of a narration, when Arra interrupted me.

"Say, we had better hurry and get out of the way, the Jay Cooke is coming."

"I don't care anything about the Jay Cooke," I replied and resumed my story.

A few minutes passed, and Arra again poked me up with the remark :

"I think you'd better keep the boat straight and row faster; the steamer is not far off, and coming right this way."

"Do let her come; we're here first."

I would not deign a look, and so persistently returned to my story. I did not finish it, however, for Arra again broke in :

"If you don't row faster we'll be run down, just as sure as the world ! It's so dark they can't see us, and she's coming straight toward us."

The churning of the steamer's big wheels did sound ominously near, and for the first time I turned and

looked. She was indeed but a short distance away, and I saw that we were directly in her course, her port and starboard lights glaring full upon us. I felt a sudden alarm, but confident of being able to clear her, began pulling with all my might. At that place, however, the channel curved visibly to avoid hidden rocks, and veering to starboard, the steamer appeared to follow us. My alarm grew, while strength began failing. My hands trembled, and despite every exertion the progress of the boat was scarcely perceptible. The steamer was now but a few yards distant, and coming at full speed. The thunder of her great wheels sounded frightful, and her red and green eyes blazed down upon us like those of a monster.

I spoke not a word, but my thoughts were all awirl.

“She is following us; we must turn and row the opposite way !” flashed through my mind.

“No, there’s but a moment left; before I can turn the boat she will have passed over us !” flashed back.

I made another effort to send the boat forward, but my hands were nerveless.

“’Tis useless; we are lost ! Another instant and we shall be under her wheels ! In the darkness her crew will never know, and we shall be left to our fate.”

These were some of the thoughts that spun through my brain while the red and green eyes of the monster loomed above us, holding mine by the spell of their fascination. Already life and consciousness seemed slipping away. She was upon us. We were directly under her bow and awaiting the final shock when—

was it luck or Providence?—she suddenly veered. Whether by accident or whether the pilot sighted the struggling boat I will probably never know, but an instant turn of the helm “hard a-port” saved us as by a hair’s breadth. The steamer passed us close; our boat trembled and was nearly swamped by the great waves from her wheels. It was some moments before we fully recovered our senses. The steamer was then far past, and taking the oars, which had fallen from my hands, I headed the aimlessly drifting boat toward our destination.

“I hope after this experience you’ll know better than to toy with steamers.”

Arra spoke wrathfully and reproachfully, but thoroughly humiliated I answered never a word. I heard, nevertheless, and heeded her wise counsel, and will continue to heed it to the end of my days.



WINTER AT AN ISLAND RESORT.

One may travel the country over without striking a locality in which the contrast between winter and summer is so strongly marked as at an island resort, so complete is the revolution from scenes of exuberant life as witnessed during the gay season—to silence and desertion entailed by the rigors of winter, that the place seems almost to lose its identity. Such at least is the impression received by individuals having occasion to visit Put-in-Bay at both seasons of the year. Shut in by icy fetters which interlock bay and channel, communication by steamer with all lake towns and cities, excepting that of Sandusky, is entirely cut off, and though comparatively near, even this place occasionally proves as inaccessible to island dwellers as the north pole to Arctic navigators.

So uncertain are the chances of the journey that but few of the class known as “land lubbers” seek the island shores during the ice blockade. Those who venture across have experiences sometimes which intimidate them from future enterprises of the kind. The few visitors seen at the island during the winter are mostly those who come on urgent business, or are lured to the place by curiosity, both to see how its isolated inhabitants live and how the place appears *en dishabille*. In looking for accommodations the stranger finds the hotels deserted by guests not only, but frequently by

the proprietors as well. Only the watchmen keep daily and nightly vigil under the massive walls of Hotel Victory, but a side door entrance may sometimes be found into some of the smaller hostelries and a boarding house or two keep open doors for the benefit of adventurers.

The tramp never seeks the winter attractions of Put-in-Bay and peddlers, book agents and solicitors for patents seldom show up to vex the islander's soul.

The pretty summer cottages and club resorts are all vacant; the windows closely shuttered, the gates locked, while the snow on the gravel walks lies unbroken save by footprints of sparrows and of vagrant cats which rendezvous about them.

At the "Bay" dancing pavillions, bowling alleys, boat houses, bathing houses, groves and gardens are empty now as were "Tara's Hall," whence the soul of music had fled.

During the day when the island denizens are busy at their homes, or engaged in amusements and occupations on the ice, the observer may walk from end to end of the main village street without meeting a person. The distant ring of an ax or hammer, the barking of some perturbed canine, the voice of chanticleer, or possibly the rattle of a wagon are about the only sounds which break the otherwise oppressive silence. The visitor, accustomed to the rush and roar of the city, is especially struck by the absence of sound indicative of life and enterprise, and wonder how people keep alive in a place so dead. The inhabitant, grown accustomed to quiet surroundings, however, assumes the winter to be the gayest season of the year. After a busy sum-

mer he rests contentedly, and if the ice closes in early and remains solid until spring, his happiness is complete. An iceless winter is to him an abomination and little wonder, since upon good ice depend so largely both his winter recreations and employments. The inhabitants represent mixed classes and nationalities. They are constitutionally and practically independent, with other strongly marked characteristics.

In the way of amusements on shore an amateur theatrical, concert, dance or masquerade occasionally varies the monotony.

The island church, St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal, built and donated by Jay Cooke, the noted Philadelphia banker, affords a school for religion and morals.

The provident islander always lays in ample supplies for winter while the lake is unfrozen. His less wise neighbor provisioned less bountifully, sometimes runs short of the comforts and necessities of life at a time when they are most difficult to procure. The most calamitous thing that can happen during the season of broken and dangerous ice, however, is when the beer runs dry, with no way to obtain a fresh supply.

The island dweller is a great observer of the weather. He always notes from which quarter the wind blows, and by the depth of water in the ice opening, from which he gets his household supply, marks the daily rise and fall of the lake. When the more distant islands loom up, and appear as if hung in space, with a strip of sky under them, he predicts a nor'easter, which rarely fails to materialize. He makes a daily study of the weather map and watches the storm signals. The central idea, however, around which revolve all other

ideas, and which dominates during the winter season the island dweller is comprehended in the three lettered word, *ice*. The idea is omnipresent. It is obtrusive, confronting him at every turn. It is a cold, hard fact which deprecate as he may, he cannot ignore. It thwarts or favors his purposes, and enters into nearly everything that concerns his occupations and amusements, and with an interest unflagging he watches its making and shifting, its coming and going. Ice in quantities illimitable shuts him in on every side; ice sufficient to swamp whole empires in cooling drinks and iced creams, expands its trackless plains to the horizon where ice and sky blend into one.

The resident islander is a sort of amphibian, and excepting under extraordinary circumstances, to drown him is among impossibilities. There are few enterprises on ice, apparently, too hazardous for him to undertake, and during a single season he tempts Providence oftener than he has fingers and toes. He breaks in frequently, but by some "hook or crook" usually gets out again; while his associates treat the affair as a good joke rather than as a mishap that might have ended his earthly career. Occasionally, however, there is a body to be fished from under the ice, if not carried away by undercurrents, and a funeral varies the program.

By means of the "ice bridge" connection is made with neighboring islands and the mainland, the inhabitants passing to and fro on foot and with teams when the ice is solid; with boats set upon sled runners when it is broken and running. Under stress of circumstances may be seen imitators of "Eliza," "Uncle Tom's

Cabin" celebrity, performing the somewhat stagey feat of making both speed and distance on foot over the floating ice.

Port Clinton, distant fourteen miles, is an objective mainland point for islanders. Fish, wine and other island products are conveyed thither by teams, which on returning bring loads of farm produce, lumber and supplies of various kinds. When the ice bridge is uncertain, these teams travel near each other, so as to render mutual assistance in case of accident. They frequently break in with drivers and conveyances, but by means of a hoisting apparatus, ropes and pike-poles, always carried along, the luckless animals are extricated. Sometimes the poor creatures refuse to make an effort, and are drawn under and drift away beneath the ice. The only way to induce a horse to help himself when chilled and stupefied is by choking him with a rope fastened tightly around the neck. He then begins to struggle violently, and assisted by men and ropes regains solid ice. In some instances teamsters carry with them strong brandy or bourbon wherewith to warm and encourage their horses in case of immersion. If not required by equine representatives of the party, said cordial is apt to find other ways of disposal.

As notable examples of native hardihood, sagacity and experience in ice travel may be cited the U. S. mail representatives of the island route. In accordance with the present existing postal regulations, mails cross the lake twice daily between Put-in-Bay and the peninsula, with tri-weekly trips to and from Middle Bass and Isle St. George. The individual selected for this task must be a live man in every sense of the word. He must be



DEPARTURE OF THE ISLAND MAIL.

possessed of agility and alertness, unflinching courage and physical endurance. He must thoroughly understand the ice, its foibles and weaknesses; must know where the undercurrents, which wear it, are strongest, and be able to locate shoals and sunken reefs—dangerous to the ice navigator as to the mariner. With a light horse and cutter, or with iron-sheeted boat made expressly for the purpose, he daily traverses miles of ice, precarious and uncertain, sometimes dragging the boat, but often forcing it through by means of oars and pike-poles; and he must work his cards well at times to prevent being caught and crushed in the grinding drifts that sweep down upon him.

The most dangerous period of travel is when violent gales have extensively broken the ice and piled it in



MAIL ON THE WAY.

slushy gorges many feet in depth. On days when even the hardiest knots among island denizens hug closely the stove and incessantly smoke their pipes to keep warm, the mail carrier and his assistants are abroad on the lake. On one occasion, when a terrific storm of wind and snow swept Lake Erie, the mail cutter, accompanied by that of an islander, was returning home. Storm coats and collars notwithstanding, the snow and sleet cut the men's faces until it seemed unbearable. They accordingly took turns in leading the way, the slight protection afforded by the advance team proving a relief to the one following. The greatest danger lay in the snow, which covered alike the good ice and the bad. Unable to choose their path, they went hap-hazard, trusting to luck for solid footing. As frequently happens, luck failed them; for when off Green Island down went the carrier's horse, and in a

moment it was floundering in the water. Aided by the horse attached to the cutter following, the men succeeded in dragging out of the water the unfortunate leader. In consequence of hard tugging the animal had been in a perspiration, and its sudden immersion so benumbed the poor creature that it was at first unable to stand. The horse was given a thorough rubbing, and by the help of its equine friend, to which it was fastened, was enabled at last to proceed, the party finally reaching Put-in-Bay.

On another occasion a party had made the trip to Port Clinton and were returning laden with merchandize, having left that place early in the afternoon. The snow was deep and very compact, and the traveling hard. When a mile or two on their way, the horse having become jaded by its previous fourteen miles of travel, succumbed to weariness and refused to proceed farther. No other alternative presenting they were obliged to unhitch the animal, and leaving the sled and its unprotected wares, proceeded on foot. Owing to the difficult walking the men soon became very tired, and varied the tedium of the way by mounting and riding the horse, each in turn. Even with this help the journey grew more and more exhaustive, and before they were near their destination a rising wind and a howling snow storm swept down, blotting from view the point toward which they were heading. Night came on, and a realization that they were lost on the ice dawned upon them with uncomfortable suggestions, considering the fact that Lake Erie is a big place for waifs and strays to get aboard on a night of storm and darkness. In one place they

struck slush ice into which the horse sank to its girth and the men to their waists. After serious difficulty they succeeded in floundering out of this unpleasant predicament to solid footing. Wet and bedraggled and chilled to the marrow, man and beast were obliged to keep moving to prevent being frozen to death, even at the risk of their unguided course leading them out toward the open lake. Fortunately as night advanced, the snow storm cleared sufficiently so that a light became visible. Guided thereby they finally reached home at a late hour. Meantime, friends on the island becoming alarmed, had started out with teams and lanterns to look for the missing party, but finding no trace thereof returned with the intention of enlisting other assistance and extending the search. On arrival they found the party safely ashore, though nearly dead with fatigue.

Probably one of the most hazardous experiences ever endured on the island mail route, however, was during the winter of '97 and '98 by the Hitchcock brothers—U. S. mail representatives. Caught in a storm and running ice, they were carried down the lake by the resistless force of a drift in which they became wedged. The boys were given up for lost by the excited islanders who at various points thronged the shores. A cablegram wired to Kelley Island read: "Look out for the carriers; they are fast in the ice and drifting that way."

Howbeit, to the intense relief of all, the carriers succeeded in escaping from the drift, and after a desperate struggle reached shore.

They were in an exhausted condition and so com-

pletely covered and weighed down with ice as to be perfectly helpless. Their caps were frozen fast to their heads and their garments so loaded with ice from the showering spray that the wearers were unable to bend.

On arrival at home their friends were obliged to cut and tear from them their ice-armored clothing



STR. AMERICAN EAGLE.

which they exchanged for warm, dry garments. After changing more than a bushel of ice that had fallen off in the process was swept from the floor.

The above serve as fair samples of adventures on the ice plains annually taken by island dwellers. Space permitting, scores of blood curdling, hair lifting experiences of this kind might here be narrated, which would afford material for a whole series of sensational novels. In winter the steamer American Eagle may



CAPT. F. J. MAGLE—"A Veteran Ice Navigator,"



CLERK ALEX BRUCE.

OFFICERS STEAMER AMERICAN EAGLE.

be justly termed "Queen of the Islands." Seen beside the magnificent steamers of the Cleveland and Detroit lines when the excursion season is at its height, the *Eagle* shrinks by comparison, but when ice twelve to eighteen inches in thickness extends from island to mainland, the superior prowess of this ice battering monitor becomes apparent. The *Eagle* is a craft of medium size, heavily clad in steel armor and is built and ballasted in a manner which enables her to keep her nose well out of water. Running thus upon the ice, she crushes it by her weight. The steamer is sailed by Capt. Fred Magle, of Put-in-Bay, whose skill is equalled only by his courage. Though capable of breaking twenty-two inches of solid ice, the running expenses are heavy, and as the winter freight and passenger traffic is dull, the steamer runs but a part of the winter.

Line fishing through the ice has become an industry of no small importance among the islands. Villages of tiny but comfortable fish houses dot the lake surface at a distance of a mile or two from shore, and during a single season fish from seventy-five to a hundred tons are annually caught with hook and line at Put-in-Bay alone. These are shipped over the ice to mainland market towns where they bring a good price.

Occasionally when the ice weakens and becomes precarious, these venturesome fishermen allow their aquatic houses to remain a little too long exposed, and an unlooked for parting of the ice carries some of them away. The winter of 1897 and '98 witnessed a notable disaster of this kind. Following an extended

period of mild weather, a gale struck suddenly and with great violence. The wind which was off shore quickly seamed and parted the ice and sent adrift a great floe containing a whole village—nearly 100 houses and about seventy-five people, among whom were a number of women. Some of the airy domiciles were blown over. White caps began surging around



PLOWING ICE.

the frail ice raft and fast the big floe began drifting down the lake. So hard blew the gale that the beleaguered villagers could scarcely keep their feet, and were in imminent danger of being blown into the water.

Consternation reigned not only on the drifting floe but on shore, which was soon thronged with spectators. As soon as boats could be procured and launched, a rescue party pulled after the fugitive fish-

ing village. After serious difficulty, some lively work and many narrow escapes, the castaways were all rescued, but many of the houses were caught and crushed in the breaking ice or carried away bodily with all their belongings.

The cutting and storing of ice affords extended occupation to day laborers. Immense quantities of this commodity are stored annually in the houses of the Forest City company.

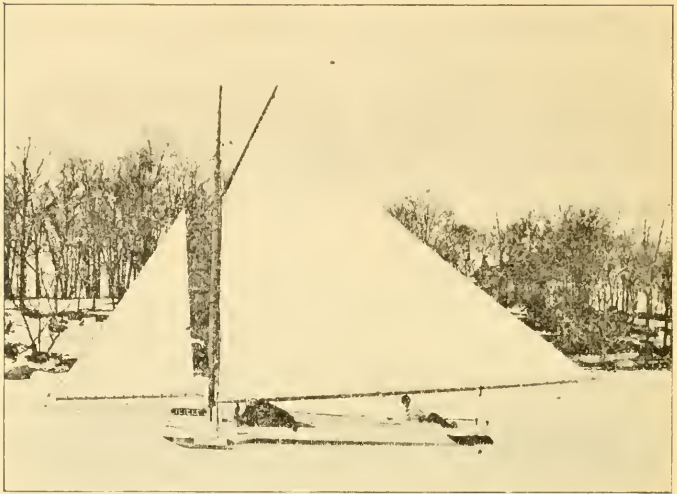
Winter recreations of the island young people are mainly on the ice. They skate, sail and sleighride on the ice and hold afternoon matinees and torch light parties thereon. Skating is greatly in favor, but chief among amusements is ice yachting.

At one time Put-in-Bay claimed the finest fleet of ice yachts on the whole chain of lakes, ranking as second in the country, being outrivalled only by those on the Hudson river. A commodore and other officers are appointed to direct the fleet and pretty and suggestive names, such as "Icicle," "Frost Fairy," "Winter King," and "North Wind," are bestowed upon these swift flyers. A large fleet of ice yachts in motion is an interesting spectacle, and with a



A SAIL SKATER.

crisp breeze on smooth, solid ice, the speed of a mile a minute is attained. Moving, as they do, swifter than the wind, they sometimes sail away from it,



AN ICE YACHT—THE "ICICLE."

and come almost to a dead stop for a second until the wind "catches up." Strange as it may appear, the yacht makes better speed with a quartering wind, than when running directly before it. The sport is very exciting, though not without its dangers, as yachtsmen are venturesome, often sailing over ice so thin that only the great speed at which they go prevents breaking in. Accidents likewise occur on rough ice from "bucking" yachts. "Bucking" is occasioned by the yacht striking an obstruction, which causes an emphatic pause on its part, while the crew and passengers travel on quite a distance in advance, and if they escape without serious injury they may consider themselves favored by the gods. Ladies of the courageous sort enjoy ice yachting, but the timid ones prefer looking on.



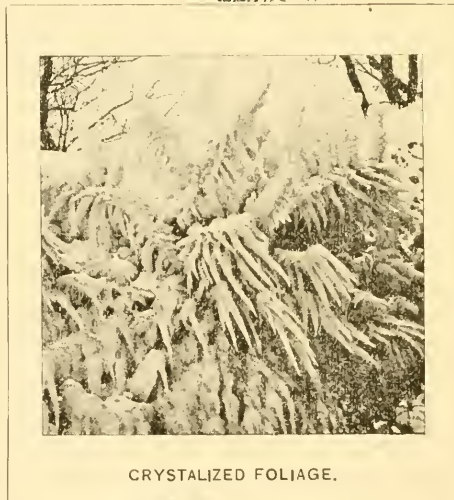
CRYSTALIZED ROCKS.

The breaking up of the ice after a hard winter and long freeze involves chaos, such, we imagine, as must have brooded over "the great void" before the spirit of creative power moved upon the face of the waters. An inland sea seeking escape from thralldom

presents a spectacle of grandeur, embodying as it does the warring elements. Advances and retreats are made to the flourish of wind trumpets. Vast plains of ice drive down with the weight of an avalanche; and on-rushing waves, a force of equal power, meet the icy foe and shatter and channel its solid line, sending adrift towering masses, solitary burls and crystal islets, cragged and castellated. The waters foam and spout and surging floes crash against each other, filling the air with a roar like the thunder of battle.

On windless days when the waters rest the million shaped ice fragments floating upon the surface show a variety of beautiful tintings in neutral tones of grey and white, steely blue and pearl, which, touched by the sun's rays, flash with iridescent splendor, each glistening point a prism. With its pointed rays the sun drills the ice through and through with tubular pores until each solid mass becomes a veritable honeycomb, which a slight blow shatters into hundreds of

long icicle-like fragments. Thus, what the wind does by force, the sun accomplishes by strategy; for when the ice is once in this condition, the end is near and like a wraith of mist at sunrise, it vanishes so suddenly that observers wonder what became of it.



AN ICEQUAKE;

Or, The Wreck of Herringtown.

A novel place was Herringtown. Other villages might boast greater wealth, finer architecture, and improvements of a more extensive and substantial character; but for location and the peculiarity of its general get-up, this little burg took the medal.

Herringtown was an aquatic village, containing about sixty houses. Like the proverbial mushroom, it had sprung up in an incredibly brief period, and had become a commercial center of no small importance. It was situated on the frozen plains of Erie, two miles from the nearest point of land, with a coldly desolate yet magnificent prospect unrolling upon every side. Ice, ice everywhere, stretching afar, forming rough, broken plains, apparently illimitable in extent. The lake had frozen during a heavy blow, and the mottled grey and white of shattered floe and crowded drift flecking wide its surface merged into the grey and white of bending skies which curved low at the horizon line to meet it. The only breaks in this icy vastness were the haze-scumbled dots and elongations outlining shapes of islands, large and small, and a narrow strip of water, black-blue, a few miles to eastward, where the lake had opened.

Herringtown was the exclusive resort of fishermen, who made a living during the winter by catching

fish through the ice. Contrary to the usual method of building, the houses which they occupied were first constructed, then moved to the locations selected, upon runners, which formed the foundation of each. These houses were necessarily small. Some were rudely finished; others triumphs, in their way, of the builder's art. The framework of each was of wood; but while some were boarded up in the conventional manner, others appeared in exterior coverings of heavy canvas securely tacked, and made impervious to wind and rain by coatings of oil and paint. Each householder exhibited a pardonable pride in his own individual domicile, and vied with his neighbor in embellishing both interior and exterior. Some of these structures vividly blushed under liberal applications of Indian red and vermilion; some basked in lemon and strawberry tints and sunflower yellow. A few wore unpretentious wood colors, and one or two reveled in cream. Tiny windows with real glass looked from the gable ends of each, and a stovepipe chimney protruding from the roof sent upward soft ringlets of smoke, telling of cosy warmth within.

True, there were no clearly defined plans as to the laying out of Herringtown. Its streets were slightly erratic as to course, and some of the houses turned their backs upon these thoroughfares in the most unconventional manner. Pavings of good, solid ice did away with every suggestion of mud; but as the inhabitants were too metropolitan in notions and too aristocratic in tastes to tolerate fenced-in houses, there were no restrictions as to dooryards. Since none of the inhabitants engaged in gardening or poultry rais-

ing, however, there was no clashing of interests along these lines, and peace and harmony reigned throughout the village.

Here, as in other boroughs, was developed an ear for poetical euphony, and Herringtown fairly reveled in poetical appliances as to names of streets, avenues and parks. Besides "Herringtown" proper, there were "Herring Center," "Pickerel Station," "Catfish Crossing," "Perchville," "Saugersville," and "Piketown"—all suburban annexes.

In big letters done in white chalk across a brown front at the corner of the principal street appeared a sign which read:



BASS & TROUTMAN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FRESH FISH.

To this emporium fish buyers from the surrounding islands came with teams each morning, and having struck satisfactory bargains, loaded their sleds with the commodity and set out for the market towns of the mainland.

Such, in brief, was Herringtown in its palmiest days; but at the period wherein opens our story, rumors of gradually weakening ice came with a disturbing effect to its inhabitants, the mild south winds and beating sunshine having honeycombed it in many places. Captain Dubb's mare and cutter and himself and old woman broke in off shore, and would all have been drowned but for other teams with their



VIEW IN HERRINGTOWN.

drivers going that way. They were safely fished out, but the mare and the old woman got severely chilled, and the latter had her fur fascinator and alligator skin satchel carried away under the ice.

Such was one of the many reports brought to Herringtown concerning the treacherous condition of the ice. Even skaters had broken in, and an ice yacht with a party on board had narrowly escaped being engulfed. Prophecies of an early break-up were rife, and some of the Herringtown inhabitants began moving in nearer shore their portable houses. But with the characteristic recklessness and perverseness common to the islanders, many of these denizens refused to budge, insisting that the ice was "all right," and would be for two weeks to come. They were having a good run of pickerel and sauger, and receiving good prices for the same, and disliked to abandon their excellent

grounds; and so, after a thinning-out had taken place in the fishing village, quite a district was still left of this "hub" of the archipelago.

Among those who remained was an islander known as "The Shad," but whose real name was Tom Stevens. Tom was tall and shadowy as to substance, but an excellent man. He had run for mayor of Herringtown, but was beaten by "Fishy" Finaflopper, a solid citizen who tipped the scales at 280 pounds avoirdupois, and was likewise a manipulator of ponderous and progressive fish stories. Tom had retired to private life and his own domicile, known as "Shadburrow Cottage," which stood in a side street, and to whom we will now introduce the reader. The interior was comfortably furnished. From a tiny soft coal burner that stood in one corner radiated a genial warmth. On the stove steamed a coffee pot, and the atmosphere was redolent of baked fish. A window six by eight inches commanded a view of Mayor Finaflopper's premises across the way. A colored chromo representing the battle of Lake Erie, together with some flaming newspaper pictures, a storm signal card and an Ayer's almanac adorned the walls. Ranged along a rude shelf were a few dishes and cooking utensils, and above it hung a cracked looking-glass. A locker and three stools comprised the furniture. In the center of the wooden floor was a large square hole, with a corresponding aperture cut through the ice beneath it. On opposite sides of this opening were seated the "Shad," otherwise Tom Stevens, and his hired man Jack, engaged in operating the minnow-baited lines. A tin pail containing minnows and a box filled with fishing

tackle stood near, while a litter of fish, comprising all sorts and sizes, flopped lustily on the floor.

Both fishermen looked down-in-the-mouth. Tom had had very indifferent luck all day and was just then wrestling with a huge water lizard that had caught the hook and woefully tangled his line.

He had "goldarned" the "pesky critter" until it was nearly paralyzed. Having finally disposed of the nuisance he arose in disgust.

"Guess I'll go home. Ma wants the stove pipe cleaned, and the chickens want their feed before dark, and other chores want doing."

All afternoon there had been a whipping breeze. Sharp cracks and nollow rumbles under the ice were heard, with reverberations like distant thunder, and the sky was gray with clouds which thickened as evening drew on.

"The wagons are coming across from Canada," muttered Tom, referring to a local legend, as he listened to the hollow rumblings beneath his feet. He adjusted to his feet a pair of "creepers" to prevent slipping on the ice and loading a handsled with fish, set out for shore.

"You can bring the girls home and the rest of the fish," he called, looking back at Jack.

Jack muttered something in reply, which was not quite intelligible, and Tom went his way. The girls to whom he referred were his daughter Randa and Dolly Finasflopper, who had come out to fish—as the wives and daughters of Herringtown fishermen were accustomed sometimes to do.

Now Jack and Randa were keeping "steady com-

pany," but Jack had caught his sweetheart in a fancied flirtation that afternoon with Moses Horner and was howling mad. He had spoken some hasty words, and Randa had gone off in a pout to Mayor Finaflopper's establishment, accompanied by Dolly.

At any other time Jack would have jumped for joy at the prospect of seeing the girls home and would have made an early offer of his escort, but in his present frame of mind he wrathfully repudiated the idea. To himself he muttered, and jerked as savagely upon the line as if he had got Moses Horner at the end of it

"They can see themselves home or get Mose Horner to, I'll be blamed if I do. If they wait for me they'll wait till midnight."

Randa was too angry and too independent to ask any favors of Jack, but still she watched and waited, hoping that he might yet relent and come for them. Twilight brought deepening shadows, but no Jack. The rumbling sounds under the ice had increased, when suddenly there was a roar and a jar that shook Herringtown. The girls screamed.

"It's nothing," said Mayor Finaflopper, hastening to allay their fears.

"One of the wagons broke in coming across from Canada, I reckon," he said, smiling at his little joke, but he warned the girls that they must be off at once. The wind was blowing strong and steady, the skies were lowering and the night would be dark.

Mayor Finaflopper took Dolly and Randa under his escort. They had not gone far when they were startled by shouts of the fishermen, who had preceded

them homeward and who were now some distance ahead.

“What’s the matter?” yelled Finaflopper.

In a moment came back the answer: “The ice has parted and we are adrift.”

“Great Scott!” ejaculated the Mayor.

Consternation was depicted in the girls’ faces. “Oh, where is Jack?” moaned Randa: but Jack crouching like a great bear in the gathering gloom of “Shad-burrow cottage,” hugged himself and gloated over the sweetness of revenge, all unconscious of impending danger. He had resolved not to stir therefrom until the girls were safely home and out of his way. True, he heard the shouts of the fishermen who had gone on ahead, but supposing it only “tomfoolery” on the part of his comrades paid no attention.

A vast field of unknown extent had parted from the shore ice. When discovered the breach was already fifty yards wide. Under the irresistible force of a strong wind this great floe was slowly, but perceptibly moving eastward, gradually gaining a momentum that threatened destruction to itself and to all other objects within its power. The lake was in fact breaking up. In the teeth of such a wind the floe could not long hold together and might in a short time break into a thousand sections. There was every prospect of a violent storm, and within an hour or two the solid foundation upon which they now stood might be ground into powder. The awful possibilities of the night were such in fact as to cause a creeping at the hearts of even these hardy fishermen, brave to recklessness as they were. It was now too dark for friends on shore to perceive the danger

which threatened the castaways. All that remained for them was to shout for help, but the wind was off shore and the shore a mile distant, and though they shouted themselves hoarse, no answer came back.

"Where is Jack?" again repeated Miranda.

The fishermen had now gathered in a huddle, but he was not with them.

"Ashore, I suppose," replied a grizzled fisherman.

"But how could he get ashore?"

"Went before the ice broke up, of course."

Randa wrung her hands.

"Oh, Jack! Jack! how could you be so cruel."

Another crack and a booming jar attracted the listeners.

"The floe has split somewhere," observed one.

Peering anxiously through the gloom they perceived less than twenty yards away a long, dark rift, which momentarily grew wider. The field had broken in two.

Seated before the dying firelight of "Shadburrow cottage," meditating profoundly upon his grievances, Jack became dimly conscious of a lifting motion beneath the floor like that of a smooth but irresistible swell. At the same time he heard the coffee pot dance on the stove. The warning was significant and an inkling of the situation suddenly flashed upon him. With a spring he darted from the place. At last he knew the meaning of the shouts he had heard. In a few minutes he was with the waiting group, arriving at the spot where they had gathered, excited and breathless.

Terrified beyond measure, both the girls were on the verge of hysterics. In a fatherly way Mayor

Finaflopper was trying to pacify one, while the other was clasped protectingly in the arms of Moses Horner. The "green-eyed monster again took possession of Jack. He doubled his fist and was about to let drive at Horner's nose, when he discovered his mistake—it wasn't Randa at all that Moses held so lovingly; for the next instant Randa pounced upon him with

"Oh Jack! Oh Jack; I'm so glad, I'm so glad."

Well, there was of course the usual scene, better imagined than described, over which we will let fall the curtain.

The high pitched voice of Mayor Finaflopper now broke in with its inspiriting strain.

"Don't any of you be skeered and don't give up; the folks on shore aint a goin' to let us go by the board. They'll miss us, and as soon as they find out what's happened, they'll be out after us with boats."

The mayor was right. The absent ones not returning, investigations were made, the situation discovered and the alarm given. In a short time a rescue party with boats, lanterns, ropes, pike poles, and whatever was deemed necessary for the undertaking, was on its way to the scene of distress.

Along the line of shore ice which still held intact, twinkled a host of moving lights and the imperiled fishermen knew that their friends were coming,

Once more a shout went up, and this time came back an answer. A number of boats, which were launched and manned, pulled after the fugitive floe with long and rapid strokes, and within an hour the castaways were all rescued. Quantities of fish and articles of value from the fishing village were also removed and

several of the light, portable houses were towed across the now widely open lake by means of ropes and thus saved, but a number of these structures which could not be reached were carried away in the general break up. Among them was "Shadburrow" cottage and all its belongings. Engrossed by his solicitude for Randa, Jack never even thought of it. With its wreck he lost a pair of new skates, his second best overcoat, a hand sled and a lot of fish, but he didn't care for "the whole durned outfit," as long as Randa was safe—so at least he declared.

Not a vestige of Herringtown was visible the next morning. As if by magic had it vanished in a night, and over the spot where it had flourished rolled a turbulent sea, bearing upon its crested waves masses of ice drift, which, shattered into a million shapes, presented a spectacle seeming the very personification of chaos.



ROMANCE OF THE ICE PLAINS.

A young country girl of poetic temperament and romantic ideas was Nettie Blake. Anything real or imaginary, combining in its make-up a semblance of novelty or variety, appealed to her sensibility. With these natural tendencies, she was fond, intensely fond, of sight-seeing and adventure; but her poor little life had been narrowed down to the limits of a very commonplace neighborhood, burrowed like a partridge nest in the midst of an extensive farming district.

A little brown house on her father's little farm was the only home that Nettie had ever known, and although very comfortable, and she loved in a general way its surroundings, the girl longed for a change—the more ardently longed when the family newspaper made its weekly visitations to inform her concerning the great world and its doings; of its stir and enterprise, its strange sights, its wide prospects, and its panoramic scenes of beauty and magnificence. In novels, too, she had read—while her mother softly chided—about the great world's heroes and heroines; of its storied beauty and bravery, bold adventure and tragic situation, chivalrous deeds and daring—until two worlds instead of one grew upon her consciousness: the one apparent to outer sense, the other to an inner perception; the one real, the other ideal.

The people of the neighborhood were old-fashioned, slow, plodding rustics, prosaic in ideas, uncultured in manners. They read little, and thought and cared less concerning matters beyond the affairs of everyday life, farm duties and neighborhood gossip.

Two or three little villages were within reach of Nettie's home, but they were dull, poky places. Even the largest and liveliest seemed half asleep. Only twice could she remember having seen the place fully awake—once when "Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth" chanced to strike it like the tail of a great comet, driving the inhabitants nearly frantic with excitement; then again when the governor of the state, an ex-member of the legislature and the town mayor addressed a political gathering on the square, and a brass band played "Hail Columbia" and "Marching Through Georgia." On these important occasions, as she remembered, all the farmers for miles around had flocked to town with wives, children and sweethearts, and all the roads approaching were lined with "buck-boards," piano box buggies and big grain wagons drawn by heavy farm horses, and the country had virtually taken possession of the town. People congregated upon the streets, crowding densely the narrow pavements, and forming a wondrous conglomeration, with rustic humanity largely in preponderance. Country youths appeared in every style of apparel, from blue drilling overalls and cowhide boots to more pretentious suits, showy neckwear and abundant jewelry. Lanky, wide-mouthed specimens of the *genus homo* were there, with frowsy locks and hayseed clinging to their coat collars. They rolled from cheek to cheek prodigious quids and

expectorated freely—now and then sending up a vociferous “hip, hip, hurrah.”

“Look at the goslings!”

Nettie was in the crowd and her attention was attracted by this uncomplimentary observation. The “goslings” indicated proved to be a neighbor’s sons, and she mentally compared them with her ideal heroes, was disgusted at the contrast and went home more dissatisfied than ever. How she detested these common place “clodhoppers.” True, they were good, honest fellows, but she ached to see a real hero—one who could achieve something gallant besides steering a cultivator, hoeing corn and cracking a whip behind a team of plow horses. For relief, Nettie turned to mother Nature, but this usually beneficent dame had provided but sparingly for hungry-eyed Nettie Blake, as the scenery about her home was tame and uninteresting. Still there were a few redeeming traits in the landscape. “Walnut Ridge” lay a mile to eastward, which, with the morning sun touching its forests, and tinging its vapors, formed to her a sort of inspiration. It overlooked vast stretches of country upon the other side, and she often climbed its summit to catch, as it were, glimpses of the Beulah of her dreams. Beyond it swept the waters of “Eagle Creek,” a very quiet stream at its ordinary level, but somewhat boisterous when on the rampage. Nettie took as kindly to water as does the wild duck, and “Eagle Creek” was to her a source of solace in the summer season. With her girl companions she fished and bathed in its waters, and loitered along its banks of pebble and shale, watching the swift current and wishing that upon it she might drift, with

the sticks and leaves, out to the great ocean and the great world which is encompassed. Poor little Nettie!

In winter when the stream was frozen and the trees on "Walnut Ridge" were bare and colorless, her dissatisfaction grew apace. A meager supply of literature afforded some relief, and she liked to talk of what she read, but Mistress Blake was too busy with household cares to listen, and old man Blake would only wrinkle his forehead, and say as how "gals ought to let such rubbish alone an' 'tend to their work."

To her most intimate friend and associate, Mandy Johns, who was several years older than she, Nettie ventured to introduce a book of travels, but Mandy was piecing a quilt of the "wild goose chase" pattern, and lost all connection of what her companion was saying.

Amanda had been piecing quilts for the last ten years. Quilt-piecing was her especial fad, her one accomplishment, and she pursued it with astonishing pertinacity—never so marked as since Ben Peters had begun paying her attention. She was evidently indulging hopes matrimonial—which if not realized would be no fault of hers—and all that she could find of any earthly interest to talk about was her quilts and Ben Peters.

A vision of Ben's red hair, coarse hands, long legs and number thirteen boots rose before Nettie, and in disgust she turned to "old Gregory," the cat. He was the only created being that showed her any appreciation. This patriarchal feline always listened to her with at least respectful attention.

It was under these trying circumstances that Nettie

longed for "the wings of a dove that she might fly away to some secluded isle where Mandy's quilts and Ben Peters' big feet might never intrude," and, as if in response to her wish, there came a letter from some distant relatives containing an invitation to visit them. They lived on an island of the lake archipelago, and now that the backbone of winter was nearly broken and the steamer beginning to run, Nettie must come and make them a visit—so the letter read. After some demur on the part of her parents, the girl secured permission to go. She had never been over fifteen miles from home and her heart was all aflutter with expectation, though the undertaking seemed formidable. "Two hundred miles to Lake Erie and a trip by steamer. Just think of it!" Now she should see something of the big world, its big waters and big enterprises, and perhaps meet some of its big heroes.

Nettie required no very elaborate preparations for her visit, and so after a fifteen miles' drive to the nearest railway station, and a few hours' ride on the through express, she found herself boarding a small iron-clad steamer at Sandusky. She gazed in wonder at this, the first object of the kind her eyes had ever beheld, and had she been informed that the craft was a first-class ocean liner, never a suspicion of the difference would have suggested itself, so impressed was she with its size and dignity. Imagine her astonishment, however, to find the lake a vast out-reaching plain of ice with no apparent boundary. All the ice that had ever formed on "Eagle Creek" was not a circumstance compared with this gigantic sweep. She had no idea that Lake Erie was so big—so un-

comfortably big—and yet it formed but a small part of the big world. Then as the staunch craft under a full head of steam drove into the great floes, and the cabin windows rattled, and the strong timbers quivered from bow to stern, and the chandeliers overhead swung to and fro, Nettie became frightened. “What if the steamer should stick fast or go down in this awful crush?”

Poor little Nettie! So this was seeing the world. Already a dreadful homesick feeling was creeping over her. Had the girl’s parents known the condition of the lake they would not have permitted her to come—of this she felt assured—and now she should probably never see home again, nor parents, nor Eagle Creek, nor “old Gregory.” Even Mandy’s quilts and Ben Peters’ ungainly presence would have been a solace to Nettie in this awful crisis—poor little girl. She would have cried had she not been too frightened to shed tears; and how she lived through those long hours of suspense she hardly knew, while heavy clouds of smoke and rushing steam poured from the chimneys, blackening all the sky, and the powerful engines groaned with their enforced labor, and the steamer’s armored prow butted heavily into masses of drift many feet in thickness. Sometimes the steamer struck with such force, and came to a stop with such a shock as to throw the passengers from their seats. Then with reversed engines she would back for some distance, and again drive headlong into the obstruction, while the great floes seamed and bulged and the water churned into foam by her wheel spouted up the sides. At such times Nettie would thrust her fingers into her ears to

shut out the horrible, crushing, grinding noises. They touched at one of the islands where it was found necessary to repair some slight damage sustained by the steamer in her scrimmage with the ice. This done, they continued on their way.

Nettie was approaching her destination, but when still a half mile from shore, the steamer blew her whistle and came to a sudden stop. The captain entered the cabin. Said he:

“We shall not be able to make port, owing to the heavy ice drifts, and will be obliged to put off passengers and freight where we are.”

A new and greater terror seized Nettie.

How dreadful to be put off on the treacherous ice so far from shore!

What was to become of her? With palpitating heart she followed the cabin passengers down a flight of stairs to the lower deck. On reaching the gangway she saw groups of islanders coming out over the ice to meet the steamer, forming what seemed to her a strange procession, some walking, others upon skates with large triangular sails in their hands, by the aid of which they moved very rapidly. There were objects too that looked like great V shaped sleds, having masts all aflap with white canvas and aflutter with bright flags and streamers, the upper portion resembling the boats she had seen in pictures; these were coming towards them with astonishing swiftness. There were sleighs too, and cutters with horses attached and men and boys with large hand sleds. This spectacle was reassuring and, assisted by one of the deck hands, Net-

tie passed down the wide plank to the frozen channel surface.

“Are you Nettie Blake?” queried a young lady.”

“I am, and you are —”

“Alice Benton, your cousin.”

“Oh, I am so glad, I’ve had such an awful time!” exclaimed Nettie crying for joy.

“This last cold snap has made the ice pretty tough again; we meant to have written you to wait until the ice broke up a little, but you got through all right, so it don’t make any difference. We thought that you might come today, so we drove out to meet you—here is the cutter.”

On the front seat holding the reins was seated a young man whom Alice introduced as her adopted brother Fred. He had dark hair, fine dark eyes, an intelligent countenance and pleasing manners, but so queerly dressed. His attire was of pale yellow canvas, with wide flapping trousers, loose, bagging blouse, and a hat termed a “sou’wester.” All sailors and fishermen wore them—Alice informed her—and as Fred had figured as mate on an upper lake transportation vessel, his dress only signified his calling.

The “bold sailor boy” of the girl’s romantic dreams had become a living reality, and the ugly, yellow oil suit was proportionately transfigured.

What a refreshing change from plowmen in blue drilling, wood choppers with brawny fists and farm boys generally.

Nettie drew a sigh of relief when once again her feet touched *terra firma*, but the thought of being so

far from home and upon a remote island caused a queer sensation, and yet how romantic it all seemed. She saw many objects which were new and novel to an inland dweller, but being very tired was glad of the rest afforded at the pleasant fireside and hospitable board of her relatives.

During the evening Fred put aside his yellow over-dress and appeared in a neat, well fitting suit of dark grey. A very good looking young man he was, and interesting withall, but to Nettie he seemed shorn of his glory. She could think of him no longer as a "bold sailor boy." He was like a soldier without his regimentals, and she felt disappointed.

The next day Fred proposed taking the girls for a ride upon his ice yacht, and the party set out for the bay. Nettie had confidently expected to see Fred in his oil suit and sou'wester on this momentous occasion, but strangely enough, he had put these things aside, and there was absolutely nothing in his make-up to indicate that he had ever sailed the blue, except that he let fall two or three sailor-like expressions, such as Nettie had heard only in sea stories. She was now introduced to one of those queer looking objects—half sled, half boat—which had so perplexed her the evening before. The lower part was painted a bright vermillion with the name "Blizzard" emblazoned in big letters on the bowsprit. The sails and jib were new and of snowy whiteness. From the peak waved a handsome edition of the stars and stripes and a long blue pennant, star spangled, and edged with white whipped from the mast-head.

"So this is an ice yacht," observed Nettie, regard-

ing with intense interest this strange but very pretty craft.

“Yes, did you never see one?”

“No, not until yesterday, and then I did not know what they were, and they went so fast it made me afraid of them.”

Fred smiled.

“They are quite frisky, but perfectly harmless,” he replied.

With slight hesitation Nettie seated herself beside Alice on the deck of the “Blizzard.”

“Now look out for your heads and hold tight,” exclaimed Fred.

A haul of the sheet and the boom swung around. The canvas flapped and with a sudden bound the yacht was in motion. How like a winged creature she flew. The speed of the through express was nothing in comparison. It took one’s breath.

“Hold tight,” again repeated Fred as he spied a stretch of rough ice ahead. A shift of the helm, a swing of the boom, a swift curve, a slight jar, all as quick as a flash, and the yacht was again speeding away faster, far faster than the wind before which she flew.

The first shock of alarm at being shot over the lake at such a rate soon subsided, and Nettie felt her nerves beginning to thrill with the excitement.

Fred noted her animated face and shining eyes.

“You enjoy the sport?”

“O, it is glorious,” she replied.

Fred was an ardent lover of ice and water and a skilled navigator of both, and from Nettie he at once caught a new enthusiasm. Moreover, he was anxious

that the "Blizzard" should do her very prettiest for Nettie's sake, so he put the yacht upon a course calculated to give her every possible advantage of the stiff breeze. He ought to have known better. He did know better in fact than to allow the swift flyer to venture so far upon the course selected, being aware of the unsafe condition of the ice, but his sympathy and interest in Nettie's enjoyment made him forgetful and even reckless.

"Fred, I don't think we had better go any farther out," said Alice anxiously.

But Fred was watching the play of pleasurable emotion over Nettie's fine features and heeded not, nor scarcely heard indeed.

With eyes fixed upon the line where lake and sky merged into a single seeming stretch of infinity, Nettie felt as if borne forward upon the wings of a great bird and wished that thus they might go on forever.

A scream from Alice awakened both these dreamers. She motioned toward a spot of open water several feet across and edged around with thin white ice. Instantly Fred put the helm hard a-port, but it was too late. Into the opening leaped the "Blizzard," capsizing, and crushing the ice for quite a distance around. Fred and Alice maintained their hold upon the yacht, which lay with the tip of her tall mast upon a rim of the unbroken ice, but the concussion loosened Nettie's grasp and into the water she went, disappearing beneath it. Fred jerked off his overcoat, threw it over the mast and sprang in after her. He caught the girl as she was going down under the ice and drew her to the surface. It was the work of an instant. Climbing

with his burden to the mast he wrapped the drenched and shivering form in the coat which he had just thrown aside, though sadly needing it himself. He cut a rope from the rigging and lashed her to the yacht, while his wet garments clung to him, and his teeth chattered with cold. They were safe from immediate danger, but how were they to get out? How long could they survive the cold and exposure? Was there any likelihood of being seen from shore and relieved? These were questions with which Fred now wrestled. He thought of trying to reach solid footing by means of the mast which lay with its tip upon a projecting point of thin ice, but the yacht was delicately poised, and the slightest movement might disturb its equilibrium and perhaps engulf both his sister and Nettie. Had he been alone he would have had no hesitation as to his plan of procedure, but under existing circumstances he knew not what to do. While his thoughts were busy planning means of escape, he endeavored to sooth the terrified girls, though the chill of his wet clothing struck to his very heart.

Meantime, parties on shore, apprehensive that the "Blizzard" was venturing too far, had been watching her movements with a glass and saw the accident, and another yacht with a rescue party was immediately sent to her assistance. After some difficult and hazardous work, the crew of the "Blizzard" were fished out and brought ashore. Closely muffled in Fred's big overcoat Nettie felt no ill effects from her involuntary bath, but for the want of it Fred got badly chilled and was sick for a week.

Nettie felt dreadfully, knowing that she was the

direct cause of his illness, but Fred only smiled and assured the girl that it was "only a sweet pleasure to suffer for her sake." At last Nettie had found a real hero.

However, after her experience on board the steamer and her ice yachting exploit, she became very distrustful of Lake Erie and of the world in general, and was glad when the ice all broke up and the time came for her to go home. She departed, how-be-it, with the assurance of a visit from Fred at a very early date, and now—so it is creditably affirmed—"bold, sailor boy" Fred is going to settle down to the common place life of a farmer, and Nettie is to be his wife.





CAPT. JOHN BROWN, Jr.

PEN SKETCHES OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. 1.

CAPT. JOHN BROWN, JR.

Among interesting characters who at different periods of its history have made the archipelago a temporary place of sojourn or a permanent home, is one well remembered both for personal traits and for the bearing upon national events which his name suggests. This individual to whom attention is directed in the following sketch, was Capt. John Brown, jr., the eldest of a family whose records have become a thrilling and important part of the nation's history. The details of the Kansas troubles and the Harper's Ferry tragedy in which they so conspicuously figured are too well known to be touched upon in this connection, but a few glimpses of the every-day life, character and environments of one of its chief actors will undoubtedly prove of interest.

For a number of years the writer lived in the immediate vicinity of Capt. John Brown's home, and knew him personally and well.

It was in 1862, about three years after the execution of his father, that Capt. Brown located on Put-in-Bay. This was before the island had become widely

known as a summer resort. It was then sparsely settled, and quite out of the way of ordinary travel and traffic, and its comparative isolation was probably one object which induced him to seek its shores, for at that time public feeling North and South was at flood-tide. The Browns had been hunted and haunted, and many rabid Southerners and Southern sympa-



HOME OF THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN, JR.

Photo by Rev. W. Fred Allen.

thizers still thirsted for the blood of the sons and allies of the martyred abolitionist, and their lives were endangered.

At the outbreak of the war Capt. Brown entered the Federal service, but after twelve months' active duty became disabled and was forced to retire.

In a beautiful, sequestered nook on the South shore of Put-in-Bay, Capt. Brown made him a home.

He had never sought notoriety; such a quest would have been foreign to his nature. He had nevertheless won it through unflinching adherence to that which he believed right, and through strenuous defense of the principles of liberty and humanity. Not only had he gained notoriety, but he had also gained the warm friendship, admiration and esteem of some of America's trusted and best men, many of whom sought and found him in his solitude. "Hero worshipers" of all grades visited him, anxious to see and accord to him due honor. Among these were scholars, statesmen and philanthropists of national repute. On numerous occasions he was visited by individual representatives of the colored race, who in the old slave days had been aided by the Brown family in escaping from bondage.

All this might have inflated with lofty conceit an individual of less mental expansion, but Capt. Brown cared not for flattery. Less of self and more of humanity seemed the rule and purpose of his life. He was modest and unpretentious, never boasting of his exploits and seldom indeed referring to them. He revered honest toil, and though a man of education, culture and fine sensibility, a close student and admirer of nature, with a decided literary and scientific trend, he chose to become a tiller of the soil and a grower of fruits. He labored early and late, spending leisure hours with his books, or in the society of congenial friends. He was especially interested in Geology, Phrenology and Metaphysical science. Geometry was also a hobby, and he taught at one time the science to a class of island young people. His

views were broad, his opinions liberal. His only creed was—"The fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man." Though possessing no clearly defined religious belief, his tendency was toward Spiritualism, and for a number of years he was accustomed to meet with a few spiritualistic investigators—residents of the island—to discuss with them the problems and possibilities of the life hereafter.

A thorough humanitarian in every respect, he took a lively interest in philanthropic movements and reforms of every kind. He was fearless and unflinching in whatever he knew to be just and right, and having once taken a position could not be swayed therefrom.

In his neighbors he evinced a friendly interest, sharing their joys, sympathizing with their griefs—and had for all whom he met in his daily walks a kindly word.

He entertained a sincere appreciation of true worth—whether existing in the higher walks of life or struggling alone with poverty and obscurity.

He was open as day—so free indeed was he from everything which flavored of hypocrisy that the petty deceits and conceits of little minds excited more than anything else his contempt. Such in brief was the character of Capt. John Brown, "who was the son of John Brown"—as has been significantly observed—or in other words, who inherited from his parent traits which made the former a martyr and hero.

The wife of Capt. Brown was his congenial companion and helper; a thrifty housekeeper, a suc-

cessful homemaker, and an intelligent and cultured woman.

Together they worked and in a few years were surrounded by all that combines to make a cheerful and a happy home.

Active was he in every worthy work until heart disease began sapping the vigor of life, and for several years he was subject to attacks of great severity. On the day preceding his demise he had worked in his garden and was feeling better than usual, but when seated for the evening meal experienced a sudden attack. His wife led him to a rocking chair, where, after two hours of suffering his spirit took its flight into the great unknown.

He was buried in accordance with the rites of the Masonic order, of which he was an honored representative, May 5th, 1895, and a poem from the pen of Prof. Coler, of Sandusky, commemorates the impressive occasion in lines as follows:

“Yonder on Erie’s peaceful isle
Amid the scenes he loved so well,
Was laid to rest the hero of a cause
Of which all ages shall delight to tell.”

“Great he was in his simplicity,
Great in his love for humanity,
Great, because for nature’s laws he stood,
And dared to do,
What others only dared to think.”

“Great, because his name we justly link
Forever with the world’s reformers,
Great he was because for other’s good
He dared to be
John the Baptist of Liberty.”

“Bright was the day,
 And sweet the breath of May,
 With opening buds and flowers;
 Maple and oak
 In tender accents spoke
 Of him who slept beneath their bowers.”

“Cedar and pine,
 With voices soft and fine,
 Joined in the requiem of the dead;
 The birds drew near,
 As if they wished to hear
 Every word that might be said.”

“Humbly he lived and earned his daily bread,
 By honest toil and with a cheerful heart,
 He sought for all things good and true; content
 Whate'er his lot might be, to do his part.”

“Approach that silent mound,
 No monument is there,
 But nature whispers low,
 This epitaph in air.”

“Here rests beneath this sod
 Till resurrection's dawn,
 John Brown—the son of him
 Whose soul goes marching on.”

Those who participated in the funeral services of its late owner will call to mind the roomy, hospitable dwelling, as it then appeared, with its open verandahs nestled deep amid native red cedars and orchard trees all in a glory of pink and white bloom; the fenceless lawn, green stretching to the lake, and edging a beach of white sand and flat rock against which beat the south channel waters; the fertile garden, with vineyard lands, and a thick foliated grove of natural forest trees; an old black horse, which for many years had

served faithfully his dead master and friend, cropping leisurely the Maytime grasses; and *Arbutus*, Sweet William, and other delicate wood blossoms everywhere besprinkling the sod. From environments such as these, John Brown, Jr., was carried to his last resting place.

In the grove, a short distance from the Brown dwelling, is located "Brown's cave." Its mouth is wide and high enough to admit a person entering it in an erect position, but narrows away into mysterious passages unexplored, save by cats of the neighborhood. During summer heats the grove forms a favorite ground for campers and white tents spreading beneath dark foliaged trees add romantic interest to the scene. The dwelling is approached from the main road by a drive way deep bordered with red cedars. It is an ideal spot, such as a man like its late owner would naturally choose in which to live and die.

Everything which can add to the attraction and comfort of home is found within the dwelling—books, music, pictures and a fine collection of geological specimens and other curiosities. In one room hangs an old family picture—portrait of John Brown, sr. In another apartment—a memorial presented the family representing scenes from the life and adventures of John Brown all the way from Kansas and Harper's Ferry to his burial place among the picturesque hills of North Elba, New York.

In a little building used by him as an office, which he called his "den," John Brown, Jr., kept some interesting family relics. The most interesting relic of the Brown family ever brought to Put-in-Bay, how-



LOOKING FROM HIS DEN.

ever, was the mummified remains of Watson Brown, who was killed at Harper's Ferry. Many years they had been preserved in a medical college, but were finally recovered by a friend of the Browns and sent to Put-in-Bay, where they were viewed with great curiosity by many persons, and afterwards forwarded to North Elba and buried by the side of old John Brown.

Among the friends who honored John Brown, Jr., by their visits to his island home were the members of his old command—Co. A, Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, who met in a general reunion with their gallant captain about eight years ago.

In local relations Captain Brown was recognized as a leader, and was frequently called upon to head enterprises of various kinds.

Captain and Mrs. Brown had two children—a son and daughter—the son bearing his father's name. The daughter, Edith, is an accomplished musician. She is the wife of T. B. Alexander.

Eloquent and beautiful words were spoken over Captain Brown's grave in the little island cemetery, but the most tender and touching eulogy pronounced was perhaps that of his wife, as with tears in her eyes she bent over his inanimate form, and gently stroking his hair, observed:

“John was always a kind and loving husband.”

Put-in-Bay is notably honored in that she holds the grave of such a man—having yielded for that purpose one of the loveliest spots along the whole extent of her lovely shores.



BURIAL PLACE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, JR.

(Photo by Rev. W. Fred Allen.)

No. 2.

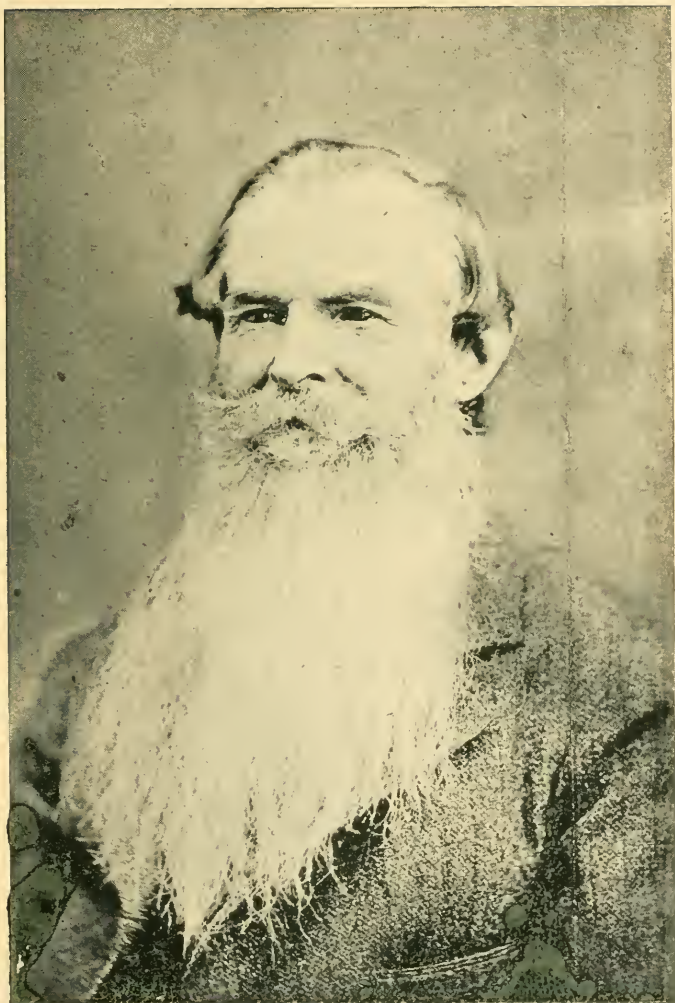
OWEN BROWN.

Under the heading of historical characters may be fittingly placed the name of Owen Brown, a participator in the Harper's Ferry tragedy, son of its chief hero and a brother of Capt. John Brown, Jr.

Owen Brown came to Put-in-Bay shortly after the execution of his father. His object in seeking the retirement here afforded at that time was owing partly to his love of seclusion, but more ostensibly to escape the intense animosity which the conspiracy to liberate the southern bondsmen had engendered against the Brown family and their allies in pro-slavery circles.

For over twenty years Owen made his home among the islands. He was unmarried, and being much of a recluse lived alone; at one time in a small house on the premises of his brother, Capt. John Brown, near the south shore of Put-in-Bay. At another time he was owner and occupant of a house and vineyard lands on the same island. His winters were sometimes spent at the deserted summer villa of Jay Cooke, on Gibraltar, of which he had been left in charge by the owner.

The writer cherishes a vivid remembrance of Owen Brown—as he appeared from time to time on the streets of the Bay village—and was once privileged to take him by the hand; and on this occasion noted his kindliness and geniality of manner and the thoughtful and intelligent expression of his countenance. He was tall and slender, having blue eyes and a full sandy beard, tinged with grey. He dressed plainly, his everyday wear being similar often to that worn by working-



OWEN BROWN.



men; but however rough his attire, it was always clean and neat, and the quiet courtesy and native refinement of the wearer stamped him unmistakably as a gentleman.

In his inquiries for the health and welfare of neighbors he evinced the most friendly interest, while the details of their afflictions or misfortunes elicited his warmest sympathy. The islanders, all of whom knew him well, remember him with tender regard and recall his many virtues; especially remarking his modesty, scrupulous honesty and generosity, the last mentioned amounting almost to a fault.

Accustomed as he was to frugality and economy, he yet saved little, because he could not resist the impulse of giving. At the island stores he was frequently known to purchase sugar, tea, coffee or other substantial, which he distributed among families known to be in need, while Indian meal made into bread formed the staple article of his own hard and homely fare. These small acts of kindness were but the outcroppings of sympathies, which in breadth and depth were measured only by the magnitude of human want and distress. The spirit of self-sacrifice that prompted the father to his death in behalf of an oppressed people survived in the son and the life of Owen Brown, dating from the thrilling events of Harper's Ferry and the Kansas border to its closing struggle, was one long round of self denial, which he practiced not as a painful penance, but as a means of the highest happiness. Though the friendliest of men, who would not harm a living creature for his own gratification, he was fearless and aggressive where the wrongs and grievances of

others claimed redress. He aided his father in conveying fugitive slaves from the southern states to Canada, and in 1857 accompanied him to Harper's Ferry.

Owen never talked much of his personal adventures unless urged, or when drawn out by skillful questioning. When he did consent to a repetition of his history, and became interested himself in a retrospection of past experiences, he talked readily, and was very precise in his descriptions and minute to the smallest details. The account of his escape from Harper's Ferry after the capture of his father forms one of the most thrilling narrations of danger, hardship and privation ever recorded. Though lengthy, the narrative is unflagging throughout in interest, and would furnish material for a drama. The touching pathos of many of its scenes grapples irresistibly the heart chords and forces tears to the eyes. At other points there are touches of quaint, dry humor, which even the rehearsal of reminiscences so painful could not suppress. This story, and the calm deliberation with which it was told, is said to have impressed the listener with the conviction that Owen was a man of such make as old John Brown told the Massachusetts legislature he wanted with him, namely: "Men who fear God too much to fear anything human."

With a reward of \$25,000 upon his head, and minute descriptions of his person circulated over all the land; with the whole country on the alert, and bands of armed men and bloodhounds scouring in every direction, Owen with a small company of followers made his exit from Harper's Ferry, through Mary-

land and Pennsylvania, traversing mountain ranges, hiding in thickets by day and traveling at night, guided by the north star. Many times his pursuers were close upon him, but by some trifling circumstance were thrown off the track. Twice was he identified, but, as it chanced, by friendly eyes. During the three weeks which occupied their escape, Owen and his men were frequently chilled by the cold November rains and snows which fell. They forded and swam swollen creeks and rivers; climbed rugged mountain sides; endured fatigues the most exhaustive, and slept in wet clothing under the open sky.

They subsisted for the most part on hard, dry corn and raw potatoes, gathered from fields through which they passed. They had deemed it imprudent to visit any human habitation, but on one occasion, when driven to extreme measures, one of the number, Cook by name, ventured to a farm house to buy provisions for the nearly famished party, and was captured. The next day, when on the outskirts of Chambersburg, lying among some bushes which concealed them, they heard the sound of martial music played by a band, as they afterward learned, which escorted Cook to the depot, and saw the train move away that bore him back to Harper's Ferry and the gallows. That Owen should have succeeded in eluding his pursuers seems almost miraculous, a feat which he nevertheless accomplished with the loss of but one man, as recorded. Physically disabled by the arduous campaigns through which he had already passed, Owen Brown was not eligible for military service at the outbreak of the rebellion. Being of a literary cast, much

of his time in later years was spent in reading, writing and in the study of nature. His eccentricities, mode of life and habits of thought were remarked as corresponding to those of Henry D. Thoreau. Though lacking the scholarly attainments of this gifted student and philosopher, Owen's delight in the most trivial objects in nature was parallel.

Subsequently, Owen Brown removed from Put-in-Bay to Pasadena, California, where, with his brother Jason, he took up his abode on a mountain of the Sierra Madre range, a lonely summit afterward named "Brown's Peak," where he spent the remainder of his eventful life.

Previous to Owen's death, Jason had written to John Brown, Jr., at Put-in Bay, concerning the oddities and eccentricities of the former, complaining thereof somewhat, but in the letter, which gave a touching account of his brother's last hours, Jason says:

"When I spoke of Owen's faults, I never once thought of my own, nor did I think of his good qualities, which so far outbalanced mine."

Having occasion to visit a sister, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, who lived in the valley below, and expecting to be absent some weeks, Owen had said "Good-bye" at starting. As Jason watched him down the precipitous path the thought strangely occurred:

"What if he never comes back alive?"

Owen had often expressed a wish that at his death he might be buried on the peak, and as if following some unaccountable intuition, Jason cleared up a beautiful retired nook which he thought might at some time be used as a burial site. He broke the ground



"BROWN'S PEAK"—BURIAL PLACE OF OWEN BROWN.

and sowed it to grass, which, watered by rains and mountain dews, sprung up and in a short time covered the spot with a carpet of tender green.

Owen never came back alive, but was carried up the steep mountain side in his casket, followed by a large concourse of mourners, among whom were men of the first rank as scholars and statesmen. Owen had died from an attack of pneumonia at the home of his sister; and though the city of Pasadena offered an eligible lot in her well-kept and exclusive cemetery for his burial, the wish of the departed was remembered, and Jason made the grave beneath a mountain tree in the quiet, green nook which he had prepared. Said he:

“I never could have gone back to my lonely claim upon the mountain had Owen been buried elsewhere; but since it holds his grave, I am content.”

As if the lower earth were too cold and damp, too densely permeated with the malaria of human wrong and wretchedness, Owen sought a place in the upper atmosphere, nearer Heaven, where amidst freedom untrammelled he found a Pisgah top upon which he lived, and at death was buried, like Moses, within its solemn and impressive environments.



AUTUMN ETCHINGS.

Now through the smoky atmosphere,
Fantastic lights and shades appear,
And vibrant echoes far and near,
The island shores awake.

By wayside path and thorny hedge,
Along the copse's tangled edge;
And midst the miry marshland's sedge,
Dieth the Golden Rod.



IN THE MARSH LAND,

By fences rude, and cottage gates,
The noxious burdock grimly waits
With bold intent and sinister hate,
The passer-by to seize;

And "beggar lice," and "pitchforks" brown.
Bedeck the garb of fop and clown,
And ornament the maiden's gown,
In novel style and gay.

Where erst the campers' tents were seen,
Beneath the woodland's glossy green,
And forest giants intervene
Their wide extended arms;

Now broken stakes, and trampled earth,
Which relics of the camp begirth,
A vanished season's festive mirth,
Alone is left to tell.

Here leafy showers, with gentle pour,
Have covered all the woodland o'er,
From mossy glade to pebbled shore
With russet brown and gold.

Nestled within their earthy bed,
The leaflets rustle to my tread,
Or by the wind are briskly sped,
Over the channel wide.

Gone is the piquant summer girl,
With laughing eye and teeth of pearl,
And glowing cheek and glossy curl,
For summertime is o'er.

Dead are its myriad blossoms rare,
Vanished its day-dreams, bright and fair,
Faded the hopes that budded where
Dead leaves lie withering.

But why in tearful grief beside
The place where leaves and flowers have died;
And rest in common burial wide,
Thus sadly linger now ?

For leaves and flowers will come again
And joy spring forth from bitter pain,
And nothing shall have lived in vain,
That we have fondly known.

And cruel loss, and fruitless toil,
And grief that made our hearts recoil,
Shall in a more congenial soil,
Prove but the goodly seed;

To germinate, and grow and thrive,
Till hope and happiness revive,
For that they too shall e'er survive
Is universal law.

So turn we then from pensive themes
To where the wavelet brightly gleams,
And genial sunlight golden streams,
The vistaed groves among.



THE VISTAED GROVES.

Still brightly mid the trees which crown
Yon rugged bluffs that lakeward frown,
The tall oaks touched with reddish brown
A softened splendor shed;

And maple boughs, and cedars old,
Display a wealth of green and gold,
While sumach flaunts in crimson bold,
Beside the naked thorn.

Full of its own deep mystery,
The sky soft blending with the sea,
A portion of eternity
Vaguely suggestive seems.

Along its blue line pencilled black,
A smoke trail marks the steamer's track,
And cruising vessels slowly tack
Against the channel breeze.

White sails upon our vision grow
And loom against the Western glow,
Then fading wraith-like from us go,
Into the distant haze.

A filmy veil enwraps the isles,
And each through gauze of purple smiles,
With all the captivating wiles
That youthful maidens know.

Fair "Middle Bass" her greeting sends,
And "Rattlesnake" its length extends,
And rocky Gibraltar blends
To form a picture rare.

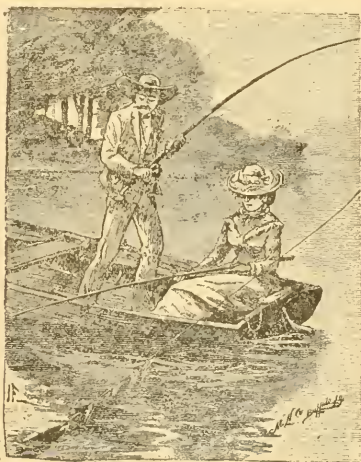
Now rests in dreamy solitude,
The lonely isle where Perry stood,
While ballast from its surface rude
Was taken for his ships.

But in Lake Erie's diadem,
And on her jewelled garment's hem,
The fairest and the brightest gem
Is storied Put-in-Bay.

Here resting in their earthy bed,
Where willow branches thickly spread,
And yellow leaflets freely shed,
Perry's dead heroes sleep.

Encircled wide by belting beach,
Inland the tranquil waters reach,
And bay and inlet mirror each,
The cragged, carven rocks.

Now freely run the gamy bass,
And in their light skiffs sportsmen pass,
With hooks of steel, and spoons of brass,
These finny to beguile.



"THE GAMY BASS."

Anon their voices blithely ring,
 And wooded cliffs the echoes fling,
 As outward bound they gayly sing,
 The theme to them most dear.

BASS FISHERMEN'S SONG.

O, jolly are we,
 And happy and free,
 As the gulls that flap overhead,
 We're lighter than air,
 Since for worry and care,
 We've taken our tackle instead

The feathery dash,
 And musical splash,
 Of the bending, pliable oar,
 Our voices attune
 To the song of the loon,
 And our spirits ecstatic'ly soar.

We're pulling away
 Toward far Point au Pelee,
 Where thickly the bass fishes swim;
 Though Lake Erie's pest,
 O'er her sun lighted breast
 Patrols the Canadian rim.

Now boatmen have care;
 Of the Petrel beware,
 For she's crammed with powder and lead,
 But the line will we hug,
 Persistently snug,
 In spite of our natural dread.

For to tickle the nose,
 While lapped in repose,
 Of the lion rampaciously bold,
 Is fun all alive,
 From which we derive,
 Diversion in measure untoid.

On Italy's soil, in sunny France,
Nor yet where Rhenish waters dance.
And golden sunbeams warmly glance,
Through skies of deepest blue,

Is found no spot more brightly fair,
With vintage grown so richly rare,
Sweet scenting all the dreamy air—
Than on Lake Erie's isles.

There witching views the sight commands,
Unbroken stretch the vineyard lands,
Enclosing with their purple bands,
The lovely pictured shores.

There interspersed with rows between,
And picturesquely clad are seen,
Athwart the mild October sheen,
The island maidens fair;

And blithely 'mid the foliage dun,
They gather grapes and have their fun,
And into mellow-rhymelets run,
With careless grace and free.

VINEYARD DITTY.

From early morn,
With fingers light,
And spirits gay,
And faces bright—

The clusters rare,
We deftly cull,
And heap with care
The baskets full.

But when at eve,
A crescent moon,
The shadows cleave,
And zephyrs croon;

AUTUMN ETCHINGS.

We haste away,
Where torches glance,
To join the gay
"Grape picker's dance."

And midst the din
And festive mirth,
Forget therein
All else on earth.

Serenely fair, the Autumn day,
Now softly melts from gold to grey,
And lengthened shadows thickly lay,
The vineyard rows among,

Slowly the evening steamer threads
Her course by "Ballast reef" and heads
Bayward, while sunset golden sheds
A brilliance over all.

So when for me life's sunset glow
Shall o'er my path its radiance throw,
Thus may I pass from all below,
And bid the world "Good Night."



FRUIT HARVEST

In the Archipelago.



(Photo by Rev. W. F. Allen.) PRUNING THE VINES,

Vineyards
—we read of
them in po-
etry and in
history, in
story and in
song.

Luxurious-
ly spreading
beneath the
genial skies
of Sunny

France are they found, and westward stretching toward the farthest outlying coasts of Brittany. They cover the Castillian slopes and Andalusian valleys of Spain, and run riot about the ivied castles and moss-grown ruins of the historic Rhine. In the warm, sheltered valleys of the Apennines and along the classic shores of the Mediterranean they grow and thrive, and the ripening clusters scent the dreamy air, while the red, white, purple and gold of the many varieties paint the landscape with diversified color.

Probably no spot within the Northern States east of the Rockies more resembles these storied lands of

poetry, sunshine and grapes than do the islands of Lake Erie—a feature often remarked by foreign tourists. However, not alone in grapes do they luxuriate, but in every variety of fruit native to the soil and climate, and a never ceasing wonder to autumn visitors are the overwhelming crops produced. Wherever the steamer touches at any of the numerous landings, and especially at the principal steamboat wharves where cargoes of fruit are taken on board, the observer is strongly impressed with the extent and importance of the horticultural interests of the locality. Business along the fruit line is seen to overshadow every other concern including pound fishing which ranks second as an island industry.

The rich and bountiful exhibit of Pomona's treasures becomes less of a marvel, however, when it is known that the whole extent of available surface on Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass and Isle St. George comprises each a magnificent sweep of vineyard and orchard lands without a solitary wheat, corn, oat or hay field intervening, and only occasional small pasture lots, gardens and truck patches appearing.

A grain reaper, mower or threshing machine are things never seen among the Bass islands, and the resident small boy would undoubtedly open his eyes as widely at sight of one of these objects as a youthful landlubber might open his at sight of a big lake steamer.

While the farmer's busy season is in mid-summer when the grain is golden and the meadows are sweet with new mown grasses, the island dweller begins his harvest of vine and orchard products in early September,



(Photo by Rev. W. F. Allen.) DRIVING GRAPE POSTS.

continuing it through crisp October, and on frequently until bleak November blasts smite his cheeks, and the frost-blight sears leaf and blade. During all these weeks

of fruit gathering, hauling and shipping, so busy is he that the proverbial busy bee is left behind in the competition.

Not only is the lord of the vineyard kept constantly at work, but likewise all his help, male and female, and his good wife, if she wills, and his sons and daughters and relatives near and distant, with goodness knows how many outsiders, are marshalled into service. Housekeeping affairs must languish to a considerable extent, of course. The bread gets away, pies and cookies mysteriously disappear, carpets and furniture get dusty, and the clothes basket becomes piled with soiled clothes. The thrifty housewife chafes and sometimes scolds over existing conditions, but is powerless to cope successfully against such fearful odds of dirt and disorder, and still do her part in furthering the fruit gathering.

Callers who come unexpectedly are apt to find the lady of the house in the vineyard arrayed in a ging-

ham sunbonnet, her husband's cast off coat and possibly his shoes. She looks ruddy and picturesque, and though slightly mortified and very profuse in apologies, laughs jocosely at being caught in "such an outrageous plight."

Agents and peddlars bitterly complain of finding "everybody in the vineyard and nobody at home," and though affording them excellent opportunity for munching rich clusters, and flirting with the pretty young girls who gather them, the vineyard is a bad place to talk business, and their trade correspondingly suffers.

At the islands grape picking is regarded as an exceptionally genteel occupation, and young ladies who scorn kitchen accomplishments, who eschew dining room service and chamber work, take as kindly to grape picking as fish take to water. Among the pickers are found shop girls, dressmakers, salesladies and book-keepers, and they sometimes go to work in dainty sailor hats and beaver jackets; but most of them don more picturesque attire. Though sickly and sallow at the beginning, the bracing breezes, the sun, the live fun, and the luscious grapes contribute to give tone, flesh and color; and the picker soon begins consulting the grocer's scales and to mark her rapidly increasing weight. The girls who pick grapes are usually witty and wise, as well as gay and piquant. They are out for a good time and have it, and why not? when the sunshine is so golden and sky and water such a lovely tint, and the beauty, poetry and music of nature are everywhere felt as well as seen and heard. So through mellow afternoons while lights and shadows



THE VINEYARD LANDS.

play among
the vines and
the aroma of
ripened clus-
ters scents the
air—while
sea gulls dip
and fishing
boats come
and go, the

grape pickers are busy, and blithe and song, shout and gay repartee are heard on every side. They meet many pleasant acquaintances, form lasting friendships and make some interesting “mashes” among susceptible island youths. Many who come to the island looking thin, pale and melancholy, go away jolly, romping girls, a trifle sunbrowned and a bit fleckled, of course, but healthy and happy.

“Anybody can pick grapes.” So they can, but know ye that it is an art to be studied, and to do the work speedily and well requires extended practice. There’s quite a knack, for instance, in rounding up a basket of grapes, and to do it perfectly requires almost as much constructive skill and artistic ability as the planning and execution of an elaborate floral piece.

Now, the grape shipper is very fastidious concerning his baskets. They must be heaped to the handles, yet so nicely rounded at the ends as to allow them to be stacked up in tiers one upon the other without bruising the contents. They must show to advantage the delicate bloom of the beauty bunches nestling under

coverings of pink tarletan. They must look smooth and even, and all imperfect fruit must be eliminated.

There's lots of character in basket building, so much, indeed, that the local phrenologist can tell therefrom the general character of the builder. If the basket has a mussy, topsy-turvy appearance, the picker is dead sure to be slovenly and disorderly in habits; if lop-sided and ill proportioned, generally the individual lacks form, calculation, etc. If bad grapes are found at the bottom with good ones on top, the picker is disposed to be tricky. An honest basket indicates an honest builder, and one symmetrically topped proclaims a symmetrical taste. Thus it transpires that if a young man with an eye to business wants to learn what kind of a housekeeper the girl who has been his late vineyard partner will make, he examines the basket she has filled. In like manner the damsel inspects his, and reads as in a magic mirror as to whether he will make a model husband or is likely to enter the house without cleaning his boots, to spit tobacco juice against the kitchen stove and to scratch matches on the wall.

The results of a day's picking are a surprise to the uninitiated. There are baskets and baskets by scores, and hundreds brimming with sweetness, and it is quite a trick to get the labels in place and the tarletan corners pinioned down smooth and tight. This done, they are loaded upon a fruit rack made to fit the wagon and conveyed to the wharves.

In the height of the fruit season a novel spectacle is presented at the Put-in-Bay docks. The warehouses everywhere are jam full of basketed products

—peaches, plums and grapes—the latter largely predominating. Loads are still being discharged and billed, while a long line of fruit-laden wagons stand waiting one upon another for opportunity to deposit their contents. The observer wonders at the patience of the drivers, for no matter how great his hurry, each bides his time with stoical grace.

Nearly every wagon met on the island roads is laden with grapes and other fruit for the steamer wharves. Grapes for wine purposes are enclosed in heavy wooden boxes. Fruit speculators abound, and many a sharp dicker takes place between buyer and seller.

Outgoing steamers of all the island lines carry cargoes of fruit, but the larger bulk is sent up the lakes via Detroit, and the signal for a general rush at the landing is the arrival of the Detroit steamer bound up, which on account of taking fruit at other island points does not reach the bay until late.

By the brilliant light of lamps and lanterns her decks appear already heaped with the spoils of vineyard and orchard, but under the direction of their superior officers the deck hands hustle on board the large consignments still awaiting them. The scene is a busy one. There are many spectators, and it is sometimes quite late when the steamer whistles "off lines" and heads away for Detroit.

A day spent in the island vineyards when conditions are favorable is a day to be remembered, for the sunny climes of foreign lands can furnish no fairer or more enchanting scenes.

“ISLE DE FLEURS.” *

From a time obscure and olden,
Linked by chain of legends golden,
 To the present day,
Comes to us a pleasing story,
Full of reminiscence hoary,
 Down the ages grey.

'Tis about a lonely islet,
Stretching under skies of violet,
 In the hazy west;
Brightly fair among the number
That together calmly slumber
 On Lake Erie's breast.

Near it one propitious June day,
Anchored fast, a wave-worn brig lay.
 After voyage long;
Over leagues of untried waters,
Where the dusky warrior's daughters
 Sang their chieftain's song;

While upon the wavelets lightly,
Touched by silver moonbeams nightly,
 Sped their bark canoes:
But the white-winged vessel lying
With her tattered pennon flying,
 Resting from her cruise;

*NOTE.—'According to historical account, the first sail craft that ever cruised the island waters anchored off what is now known as Middle Bass, in the latter part of the 17th century. The vessel, bound up the lake, carried a party of French missionaries, among whom was Father Louis Hennepin. Upon this island the missionaries landed, and there conducted the first religious service supposed ever to have been held in the archipelago by representatives of the Christian faith. So delighted with the island and its rich display of floral wealth were these early navigators, that they named it *Isle de Fleurs*—“Isle of Flowers”.'

Was the first sail of the white man
Ever risk of rock and reef ran,
 On Lake Erie's wave;
And the painted island savage,
Used alone to war and ravage,
 Fearful grew, and grave.

On the beach they quickly gathered,
Youthful brave and warrior feathered,
 At a sight so new;
And in silence there awaited
Small boats with intruders freighted,
 From "the winged canoe."

Facing then the vessel's captain,
Quoth an aged, dusky chieftain:
 "Wherefore art thou here?
Pale-face, tell us: Cam'st thou hither
All the red man's hopes to wither,
 By the breath of fear?"

"Cam'st thou to despoil our treasure,
Basely to enslave at pleasure
 Youthful maidens fair?
Cam'st for bloody war and pillage,
Ruthlessly to burn our village,
 And our braves ensnare?"

Then a man of stately bearing,
Symbols sacred meekly wearing
 On his priestly gown,
Rose to greet each dusky native,
While a heartfelt hymn oblation
 Softly floated round.

Spake the priest—a Bible holding,
And its precepts there unfolding—
 "Come we that strife may cease!
Fear not these, thy stranger brothers;
This our motto—'Love to others,'
 And our mission—peace."

Then he told the olden story,
 Which, transcendent in its glory,
 Gilds the sacred Word,
 And the painted island savage,
 Used alone to war and ravage,
 Marveled as he heard.



THE PAINTED ISLAND SAVAGE.

All the green isle overspreading,
 Widely fragrance richly shedding
 Through the balmy air ;
 Bloomed in wild, unkempt profusion,
 'Mid the tangled wood's seclusion,
 Flow'rets brightly fair.

With the lovely shores delighted,
 Which these voyagers had sighted,
 And had early hailed—
Isle de Fleurs—"Isle of Flowers"—
 Named they thus its pristine bowers
 Ere again they sailed.

Cent'ries now, with movement solemn,
Every trace has swept before them
Of these voyagers:
Yet this isle of pleasing story
Bears the name and blossomed glory
Which of old were hers.



MIDDLE BASS

And Her Attractions.



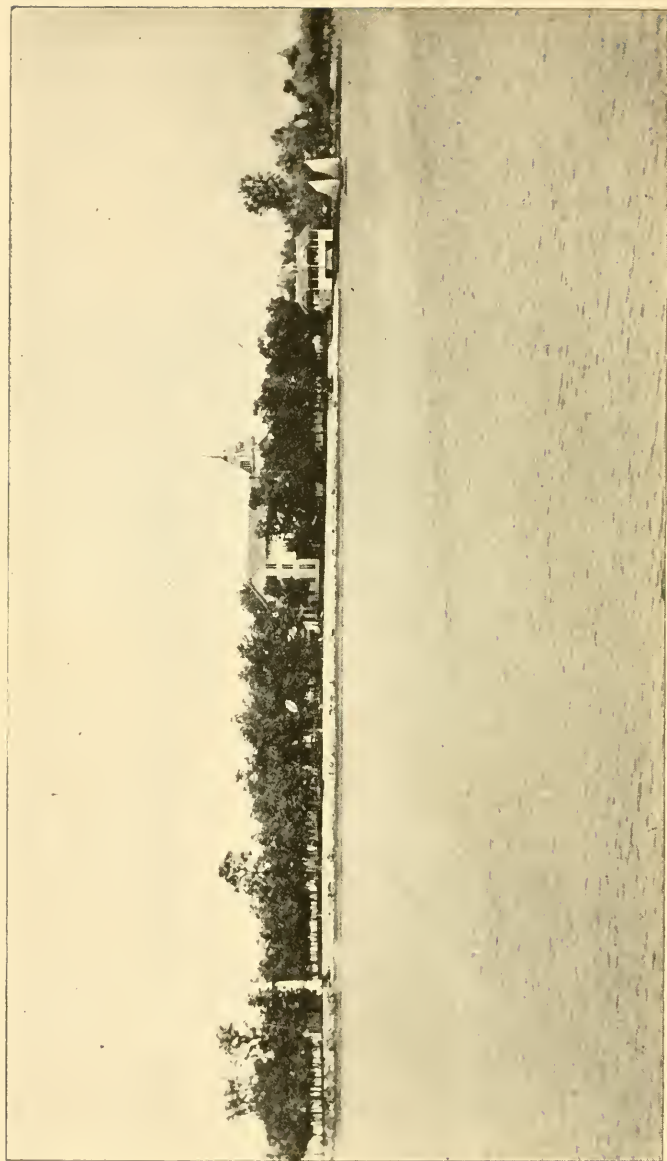
MIDDLE BASS CLUB GROUNDS

As one of the triplets which comprise the "Bass" group, Middle Bass island is a section of the same emerald, so to speak, as that from which Put-in-Bay was cut. Its coves and shore lines are pretty and pictur-

esque, and the place as a whole forms a natural garden spot. The primitive name, "Isle de Fleurs," is significant, and the blooms of field and forest not only; but fruits, and foliage, and vegetation, both wild and cultivated, unite in rendering it a perfect dream of beauty.

Middle Bass is shaped something like a duck—minus the legs—the neck forming East Point, a long, narrow projection luxuriant with tangles of wild growths and picturesque with rough rocks, and a tumbled beach over which ranting storms rush and roar.

A sort of "John O'Groat's house" occupies the extreme point, rising boldly over creviced shore and dashing sea.



A VIEW OF MIDDLE BASS CLUB,

The tail of the duck is formed by the bobbed off western portion of the island. Upon this caudle appendage is located the grounds of the Middle Bass club with its buildings and improvements. That Middle Bass holds, as a summer resort, an important place, is due to its charming location and convenience of access not only, but also to the enterprise of this association, which has expended a large amount of money in fitting up for the use of its members and invited guests during summer heats a most delightful rendezvous.

The approach thereto from the main landing at Wehrle's is by an angling road which cuts through rich tracts of vineyard and orchard lands, while to left and right appear the neat dwellings of islanders, with their pretty yards and gardens.

The grounds are sheltered by natural forest trees and the situation is refreshingly cool and breezy. In addition to the magnificent club house with massive tower and wide, cool verandahs, they also contain a handsome pavilion and boat house, a Gothic chapel in which religious services are conducted, and a large and elegant hall, at which are held club parties and entertainments. These attractions, together with a collection of artistically built cottages, shaded avenues and carefully kept lawns, form in themselves a village of unrivalled beauty and elegance. There are no fences to give to the place an air of littleness or exclusiveness and the lawns and grass plots reach unbroken to the gutter and are miracles each of the gardener's skill. Every beautiful and artistic effect is studied in the arrangement of vines, vases, plants and shrubbery, and every

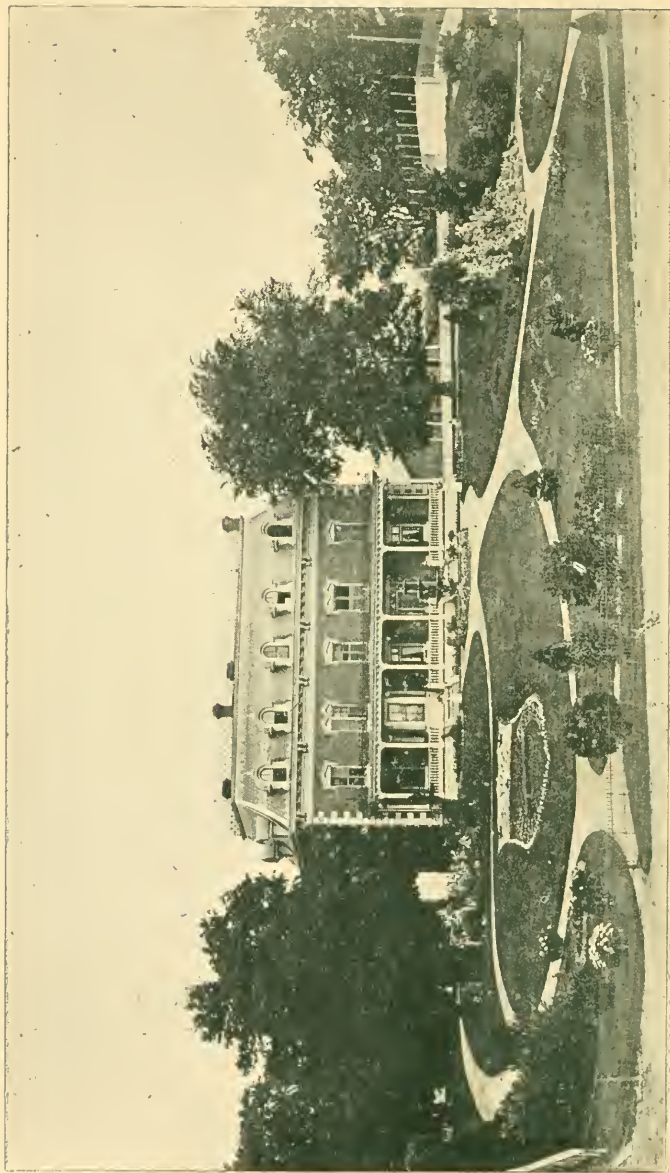
detail is looked after with the most scrupulous neatness and care.

Pavements of smooth, white stone, sawed into blocks of uniform size and thickness, edge the main avenues and connect the club grounds with the steamboat wharves and piers.

During the summer season a ferry line steamer—Le Roy Brooks—runs between the club ground and Put-in-Bay, and viewed from the steamer's decks as she approaches the former place, presents an exceedingly attractive appearance. Club resorters crowd the wide pier, idly promenade the avenues, or recline in the deep, cool shadows of spreading trees. Cots, camp chairs, rockers and tete-a-tetes stand ready for occupation, and luxurious hammocks swing invitingly.

The club consists of 200 members, having been limited to that number, and represents some of the wealthiest and most influential families of Toledo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Springfield, Dayton, Chicago and other cities.

In the club membership, or on the list of invited guests, annually appear names of prominent men such as Governor Asa Bushnell and representatives of his staff; Senator Foraker, General J. Warren Keiffer, Judge Haynes, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster, and Senator Hanna. These, and other distinguished public men, with their families, are members or guests at this resort. Among society people of prominence entertained there from time to time may be mentioned the Misses Clay of Lexington, Kentucky; Miss Rusk, daughter of Jeremiah Rusk, Mrs. Reese, sister of Senator Sherman, and ladies of like prominence.



WEHRLE RESIDENCE—Middle Bass,

The cottage of John Berdan has won distinction as the home, for two or three weeks during his presidential campaign, of Benjamin Harrison and family, who were then guests of the club.

Life at the club is delightful, and rest, recreation and happiness are found in measure unrestricted. Lawn tennis, bicycle riding, bathing, boating and other pastimes occupy old and young. Music by the hotel orchestra, piano or mandolin may be heard during the afternoon and evening. Singing by select solo and quartette performers fill the air with a medley of sweet sounds, Rehberg's hall echoes to the feet of dancers, gaily painted boats and swift winged yachts put out from shore laden with pleasure parties. Propellers, cargo laden, and strings of barges bound up and down the great highways of commerce, come and go, and shadowy sails appear, to vanish again in the blending haze of sea and sky. Such is life at this little earthly paradise.

Among resorts there is none which so strongly attracts the gayer portion of visiting crowds than that known as "Wenrle's Hall" where:

"Youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

For by day and night from the opening of the season to its close are heard the sounds of music and the dance, and thousands come and go, as many as a thousand persons having been on some occasions represented in the hall, the assemblage consisting of hotel guests from Put-in-Bay, island dwellers and parties from Sandusky and other points who arrive on moonlight



WEHRLE'S HALL.

excursions. On such occasions the hall is a blaze of light, the orchestra plays, the whistle of busy ferry boats is heard—the *Ina*, a well known and favored little steamer and other boats being represented—and red and green lights twinkle across the channel waters.

At a late hour when the entertainment is over, and the steamers with their crowds move away, the band strikes up a lively selection, a cannon mouths forth a parting salute and shouts and cheers resound.

Wehrle's hall occupies the upper portion of an ex-

tensive building fronting the steamboat wharves, and is reached from the outside by flights of stairs. A wide balcony projects over the entire front and across the end overlooking the residence and private grounds of the late Andrew Wehrle. The hall is wainscotted with light oak or maple. At one end is the music platform, at the other end billiard and other tables. From a side counter customers order refreshments of all sorts, which may be had, from a dish of ice cream to wines of every brand, and the tempting goblet with its color and sparkle and seductive sweets goes round.

Under the hall are the vaults of the Wehrle Wine company, which contains, it is said, some of the largest casks in the world.



EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD DOCTOR

Among the Islands of Erie.

Though small in area, North Bass—otherwise known as “Isle St. George”—is great in importance; so rendered by the many heroes of adventure there produced. This island lies four miles to the north of Put-in-Bay. Isolated as they were, its early inhabitants were prone to all sorts of difficulties and discomforts which overtook them whenever they made an attempt to get somewhere. Following is an old doctor’s description of his first visit to this remote isle and subsequent adventures in the archipelago:

“I was practicing medicine in the city of Rochester, N. Y., and having business in Sandusky, the owner of Isle St. George, Henry Champion, presented me a power of attorney to procure a lease of Roswell Nichols. He occupied the island as a squatter. To get to the place was a quandary—no steamboat. I got set over on the peninsula in a row boat; from there I hired an Indian to take me to Put-in-Bay in his canoe. Thence I got passage to Isle St. George. I found the said Nichols, his wife and two Scotts, brothers of Mrs. Nichols, sole occupants. At a later date, however, I became myself a resident of the island.

“A mail carrier and a doctor doing a traveling business among these islands frequently have some pretty tough experiences, and no mistake.”

The speaker spread his hands over the big base burner, by the aid of which he was trying to warm himself.

"The fact is," continued the doctor, after a moment's reflection, "I don't believe there is any class or condition of men upon this terrestrial ball that see more of rough-and-tumble experience than they, unless it be a Rocky mountain stage coach driver or an Arctic explorer.

"I have roughed it on old Erie for years—not as a sailor, but as a doctor, traveling by steamer, skiff, sail, team and on foot. Like the Flying Dutchman, I am forever on the wing, beating about in all weathers, over all creation and a part of Canada."

"Indeed! So your practice extends to the Canadian shores?"

"Oh, yes; I have had practice in Leamington, Kingsville and other places along the Canada main, as well as at Point au Pelee Island, Kelley Island, the three Bass Islands and the peninsula.

"I have traveled back and forth so much as to have nearly lost my identity, and hardly know whether I belong to the United States or Canada. When I'm here Uncle Sam claims me, and when I go over the lake they try to annex me to the Queen's dominions."

"I suppose you find it risky business, sometimes, traveling over the ice?"

"Oh yes, indeed! It's all solid enough this winter, but I have been called from one island to another, in the pursuit of my avocation, when it wasn't fit for any human being to cross. I have traveled for miles, from one point to another, when I had to bridge the whole distance, the ice being all broken up."

“How did you do that?”

“By means of two boards, one laid in front of the other. When I stepped from one board, I pulled up the board I stepped off and put it down in front, and so on across. Once I remember I came pretty near going down, boards and all. I tell you I had to lay my bridge and get over it just about as lively as anything you ever saw.”

“I am not a church member, and yet I have been immersed in Lake Erie often enough to have made me one several times over.”

“I crossed the lake once when the ice was very treacherous. I carried in my hand a long pike-pole, and picked my way carefully for a time. At last, I got careless, and being in a hurry did not watch my footing, when all at once the ice gave way beneath my feet and in I went. The long ends of the pole saved me, catching on the ice and holding me waist deep in the water. With the energy of desperation I grasped the pike-pole and threw myself right over it, landing upon the ice. The weather was intensely cold, and when I reached shore my clothes were frozen stiff and covered with ice like a coat of mail.”

“‘You look as if you had been in the lake,’ observed a man whom I happened to meet.”

“‘Maybe I have,’ I replied, and hurried on to the nearest house.”

At this point the departure of the mail cutter for Port Clinton caused a break in the narrative, and buttoning up his overcoat the doctor hurried away to visit a patient upon an adjacent island.



AN ICE DRIFT.

Photo by Geo. Kerry, Put-in-Bay.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Trip With the Island Mail.

Most persons who read the newspapers take a lively interest in exciting tales of dangers and escapes told by adventurers in remote western wilds, in mountain fastnesses, among Alaskan glaciers, or mayhap with train robbers on the night express, with floods, earthquakes, blow-ups and blow-outs of all descriptions.

As "distance lends enchantment," so a glamour of romance is thrown upon these distant occurrences, investing each detail with an abnormal interest, while oft-times within one's immediate neighborhood perilous ventures and hair-breadth escapes from danger and death are made but never recorded. No better illustration along this line could be cited than is furnished by the United States mail service in operation between the Lake Erie islands and points on the mainland during the winter season. Few occupations, indeed, could be fraught with more real hardship and precarious undertaking, and only the hardiest of that hardy race of amphibians who inhabit the archipelago, will incur the risk and responsibility attaching to the position of mail carrier, despite the very liberal pecuniary inducements offered by Uncle Sam.

The experience of a "landlubber" who once got

stranded upon the islands, is one among scores of stories which might be related in connection with the island mail service. The adventurer who lived in a thriving inland city, had been necessitated by urgent business to visit Isle St. George—the most northerly of the Bass group.

Fresh from the noise and enterprise of busy streets the little lone isle wrapped in its wintry environments appeared to the stranger most desolate and forlorn. He had intended remaining over night only, but in two hours after his arrival a nor'easter, one of the heaviest that ever struck the islands, swooped down with a fury that sent people flying to their houses, birds and animals to coverts wherever afforded, and made the fisherman's cot, wherein the visitor had taken refuge, rock upon its foundations. The wind blew a sixty miles an hour gale, and the lake, which had been frozen over, was broken up by the mighty sweep of the hurricane. The sea was tremendous. By its force, masses of ice were lifted and flung high upon the shores to weatherward, when drenched by surf and frozen together, they formed vast solid ridges and ranges of ice hills, arched, pillared and corniced like the facade of a northern iceberg, and rising in places to a height of forty feet. Spray swept in showers across adjacent lands, coating heavily with ice rocks, trees, shrubbery and all objects within a hundred yards of shore. Snow blew in horizontal lines. The roar of the wind and crash of the ice were terrific, and the scene presented was one of sublimity.

For three days the stranger was storm-bound upon

the island. Anxious ones at home awaited his return, wondering at his long absence. Damaged by ice, the wires of the telegraph cable would not work and he could send them no message, and so on the third night the storm having abated, he resolved to seize the first opportunity of escape from his forced exile.

The carrier left on the following morning with the mail—long delayed—and our adventurer was duly on hand ready to accompany him as a “passenger” to the mainland. The mail-boat, gotten up to order, was a solidly built yawl with an exterior covering of sheet iron, and furnished with short, narrow runners.

A motley crowd gathered at the island postoffice to see the carrier off with his party, and down the frozen ice banks they were soon plunging to the lake. The passenger, U. S. mail pouch and expressage were stowed in the stern, while the carrier and his assistants attired in water-tight suits and rubber boots managed the boat.

The entire network of inlets, bays and channels was packed throughout with heavy ice drift. The surface was frozen, but not sufficiently to bear a man, so that a passage for the boat had to be broken and cleared with pike poles. It was hard work and tedious and the distance between Isle St. George and Middle Bass seemed interminable. Lines of drift four or five feet deep barred the way at some points across which—it being impossible to force a channel—the boat was drawn and pushed, all the men disembarking for the purpose, save the passenger, who being unused to the situation was ordered to keep his seat as the surest means of keeping out of the way.

The ice was most treacherous. The waves had broken, pulverized and rolled it into perfectly round balls of all sizes from a lemon to immense spherical bodies many feet in diameter. These ball-like masses were liable to crumble beneath the feet at any moment. There were deep holes and fissures where water appeared and crumbling ice obliged the men to hastily grasp and climb into the boat. The surface, too, was broken with icy knobs and sharp spines rising high in places, and here even the passenger was required to land that the boat might be gotten over with less exertion. The experience was new and novel to the stranger. It was likewise depressing and made him wonder vaguely whether he would ever see home again. In fact he would have parted with a snug sum to have been safe once more on the mainland.

Middle Bass was reached; two men and a team were waiting to convey the party to the postoffice, where another mail pouch and more expressage were shipped. They were soon again on their way toward the eastern extremity of Put-in-Bay. The channel between these islands was even more difficult of passage. The ice had been wildly tossed and deeply drifted. Contorted images of mottled marble menaced, and berg-like masses confronted them. Approaching shore, the drift rose several feet above the lake surface. It was full of seams and cavernous hollows, and a mass giving way the boat suddenly reared and plunged bow foremost into the opening. The passenger, mailbags and express matter were as suddenly shot from stern to stem, where they lay in a confused mass. Two men went into the water to the girdle,

the other to his neck. Then and there was a squirming time, but men and boat subsequently fished each other out, and got righted, and wet, cold and hungry, they reached shore about noon. Here the mail boat, by which they had crossed, was left for the return trip. At this place a second iron-sheeted boat like the first had been left on the beach, which the carrier had purposed transporting to the opposite side of the island to connect between Put-in-Bay and the peninsula; but the boat had disappeared, having been buried ten feet deep under the drift ice which ridged the shore. Fortunately the exact spot where it lay was known, and although the men protested against the long, laborious task the carrier insisted upon digging it out. Axes, picks and shovels were procured from adjacent houses, and after two hours' hard work the boat was dragged forth. With mail bags, pike poles and passenger, it was loaded upon an islander's wagon and conveyed to its destination.

At the Bay village the man who had taken an involuntary bath exchanged some of his wet garments for others furnished, and dinner with hot coffee was partaken of with a relish. Here the third and heaviest mail bag was received with more expressage. Two more "passengers" anxious to reach the main shore wished to join the carrier, but were intimidated by reports of the bad going and gave it up. A crowd saw them off. The day was wearing along and the carrier hastened, realizing something of the difficulty yet ahead. Several miles of lake were still to be gotten over, with the prospect of having to break and force a passage the most of the way.

The ice was found to be in a most precarious condition, In many places it was too tough to break without great effort, yet not solid enough to bear men and boat, and was constantly crumbling beneath their feet.

To make matters worse, the wind freshened and began blowing a strong gale from the west. Clouds which had skurried about early in the day thickened, and snow began flying with prospects of more to follow. The passenger grew seriously alarmed; he was also benumbed with cold, and to keep from freezing begged to be allowed a part in wielding the pike poles and propelling the boat. The wind continued and the ice broke and began running heavily before it. Angular masses ground their sharp points against the boat's sides with a force, which, but for its iron mailing, would have shattered it. Midway of the channel they got fast in a running drift and were carried eastward several miles before they could extricate themselves. One of the men had broken in and was wet to the shoulders, while the others were nearly exhausted. To intensify the unpleasantness snow began falling so thickly as to entirely blot from view the land. The carrier felt in all his pockets for the compass which he usually carried, but found that he had forgotten to bring it. Twilight was then falling and darkness came on apace. Lights were invisible from shore and the party realized that they were lost on the running ice, in the night and whirling snow. They were nearly dead from fatigue but struggled on, not knowing whether they headed shoreward or out into the open lake. While assisting in working the boat through a

tough gorge our hero, the landlubber, got into the water over head and ears, and being less dexterous than his companions narrowly escaped being carried away under the ice. He was badly frightened and more dead than alive, but a heavy dose of brandy from a pocket flask served to restore him. There was no moon. Clouds shut out the starlight and wind and snow cut painfully. In this sad dilemma an idea struck the carrier. The wind had been blowing from the west and was probably in the same direction.

“Why not steer by the wind?” This suggestion was acted upon. Another hour passed when to their intense relief the snow ceased falling and a light became visible. Shouts were sent up and soon an answer came back and lanterns twinkled close by. The carrier and his party were helped ashore by men who came out to meet them. They did not know their whereabouts, but found that they had landed a few miles beyond the point for which they had aimed.

A steaming hot supper served before a rollicking fire in a shore dweller’s kitchen reanimated the exhausted party, and an hour later they were whirled away to the nearest depot, arriving just in time to catch the outgoing express.

Our landlubber was undoubtedly the happiest and most thankful man on the train, but the island mail reached Sandusky too late that night for delivery.

KELLEY ISLAND.

And Her Resources.

A condensed yet comprehensive history of Kelley Island, once given by an old resident of the Bass group, runs as follows:

“In the beginning Kelley Island was eaten up by rattlesnakes. You could harvest them by the wagon load, and the varmints held high carnival. Then came old Ben Napier, the pioneer of the archipelago. Old Ben turned loose a drove of hogs on the island, and the hogs ate up the rattlesnakes. Next, the Kelley family alighted on the spot, and the Kelleys ate up the hogs. Then came the Dutch, and the Dutch ate up the Kelleys.”

This, according to the narrator, completed the history of Kelley Island. It is sincerely hoped that this bit of pleasantry, or unpleasantry, on the part of a cynical punster may not be laid up against the perpetrator, as he is now dead and gone to his reward.

The above historical representation is in reality a compliment in disguise, marking, as it does, the varied stages through which the island has passed, and indicating like a steam gauge the irrepressible energy and enterprise which has distinguished from early days its inhabitants. A more detailed account of the island, its history and progress, will be interesting nevertheless in this connection, for like her sister isles, much of



KELLEY ISLAND — Southern Shore,

reminiscent interest and pleasing romance attaches thereto.

Kelley Island enjoys the distinction of being the largest of the lake group belonging to Uncle Sam. It lies in a southeasterly direction about eight miles from Put-in-Bay, and almost directly north of Sandusky. The bay-indented shores and rock-ribbed surface, diversified by vineyards, orchards and natural forest, as seen at Kelley Island, afford ample stretches of strikingly picturesque and beautiful scenery. Her resources are varied and profitable, and her population intelligent and thrifty.

Several separate series of early settlers are recorded as having made at various times the island their home, competing with the dusky aborigines for its possession, each in turn yielding to its prior claimants or succumbing to other incidental difficulties, and retiring to give place to new batches of adventurers. This, it seems, continued up to the war of '12, when the few white settlers then represented were driven away by the menacing attitude of hostile Indians. During the war the island, it is recorded, was made a military rendezvous, Gen. Harrison, then commanding the Army of the Northwest, having stationed on the west shore a guard for the purpose of reconnoitering the movements of the British and Indians on the lake. As late as 1828 the cedar tent-stakes marking the encampment of this guard were still standing.

According to historians, the squadron of Commodore Perry lay for a time in the harbor south of the island previous to its engagement with the British. While there, Perry received on board his flagship Gen.

Harrison and Gens. Cass and McArthur, who came to consult the naval commander concerning his plan of action. The battle of Lake Erie in 1813 practically ended the war, and permanently settled at the same time both the British and Indians. The red-skins skulked away in alarm after the defeat of their allies, and as far as authentic records show never again returned on sinister motives bent.

With the passing of the red man and his supremacy in the archipelago came more adventurers.

The pretensions of modern aristocracy were then unknown to the Kelley islander; his dwelling, nevertheless, was solidly and entirely constructed of red cedar, and the cutting and shipping of this rare and valuable wood formed an industry of no mean importance.

In the interests of Kelley Island prominently figured about that time a primitively constructed steamer, the "Walk-in-the-Water." This steamer, built in 1818, was the first that ever plowed the waters of the lake, and not only as a marvel of inventive genius, but as a most important adjunct of his commercial interests, was she regarded by the Kelley Island denizen. There were no docks to facilitate the landing of vessels, and the then reigning prince of the isle—Killam by name—carried in his sailboat loads of red cedar to the Walk-in-the-Water as she lay at anchor. Some of this timber, cut into suitable lengths, was used to fire the steamer's engine, for in those days there was cedar "to burn."

The career of the Walk-in-the-Water was, however, brief. After two years' service she was wrecked



A GLIMPSE OF SHORE.

and lost off Point Albino. This destroyed the cedar trade at Kelley Island and disheartened Killam, who soon after left with all his belongings. After Killam's departure followed a period of six years in which the island, as far as known, was destitute of any permanent inhabitants, though adventurers occasionally visited it.

Notwithstanding its almost complete desertion, the island became productive of a tragedy during this period, a review of which caused to contract with horror the spinal vertebræ of occupants who came after. The parties to this affair were Grummets and Barnum. These companions in solitude quarreled. Barnum shot and killed Grummets, and disposed of the mangled body by placing it in a leaky skiff and setting it adrift. The wind carried the boat out into the open lake, where it sank with its ghastly freight.

Ante-dating this occurrence, according to local tra-

dition, an adventurer lived on the island with his wife and boy, the only inhabitants, but in mid winter, wife and child were suddenly stricken by death. The solitary mourner performed for them unaided the last sad rites, rounding with his own hands their graves; after which, unable in his grief and loneliness to endure the spot, he left it, never to return.

In 1826 Elisha Ellis and his wife effected a settlement on the island. A little later they were joined by Samuel Beardsley and wife. They occupied one house, and were the sole inhabitants up to 1828, when Mrs. Beardsley died. She was buried on the shore, but her grave was afterward washed away by the rising waters of the lake, with that of a young woman—one Mary Kellogg—who came to the island in 1829, died soon after and was buried beside Mrs. Beardsley.

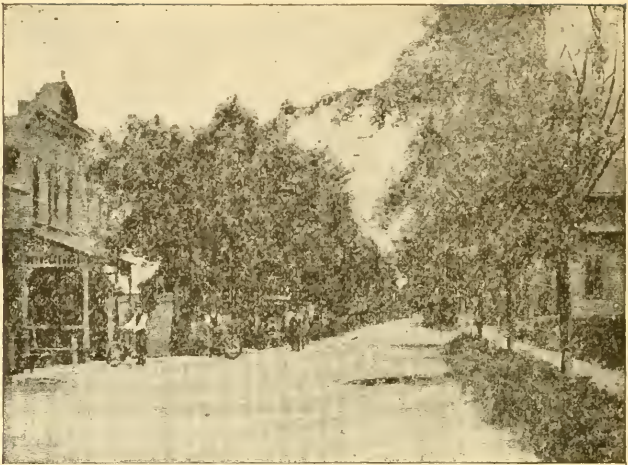
During the winter of 1829 and '30 Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Henry Elithorpe and an individual known as "Tinker Smith" formed, it is said, the total population of the island. It was therefore a decided boom for the place when in the summer of 1830 three additional families moved thereon.

Somewhere about the year 1833 a mimic lord, in the person of a French trapper named Ben Napier, tried to appropriate the archipelago, or that portion at least included in Put-in-Bay and Kelley Islands. By what fancied right this pioneer squatter sought to assert and maintain his monarchical reign does not now appear; suffice to say that he made himself very much at home and very numerous in both places, and gave the individuals who afterward came into possession of these islands a lot of trouble.

According to local legend, old Ben lived on the flesh of swine, fowls of the air and fish. The fowls and fish were supplied by the woods and waters, while the swine were bred in large droves by the squatter, and led a "root-hog-or-die" existence, fattening upon acorns and other forage, or growing lean, hungry and savage when the desired grub was lacking. Whenever Ben wanted meat he climbed a tree, taking with him his gun, and ensconced among the branches awaited the appearance of these wild porkers, and when a drove came within range he blazed away at the largest and plumpest. He thus kept his table supplied with fresh pork cutlets, ham and spare ribs, and grew correspondingly fat and saucy; and neither by threats nor coaxing could he be induced to relinquish his luxurious mode of life, nor to depart from the island. Like the hogs which he ate, he became very pugnacious. He appropriated to himself in high-handed style the property of his neighbors, and only by legal measures was he finally ousted.

For the first time since its occupation by whites the island was then permanently settled, having become after some litigation the property of Irad Kelley, of Cleveland, and Datus Kelley, of Rockport.

With the days of primitive savagery and lawless piracy at an end, dawned a new era of individual but legalized prosperity. Up to this date the island had been known as "Cunningham Island," so called after its first occupant, an Indian trader who flourished there before the war of 1812; but with its survey and final transfer, it was rechristened and placed upon the record books as Kelley Island—a name which has become as



STREET LOOKING NORTH.

widely known and as permanently established as that of the family from which it was derived.

Impressed with the belief that the place was destined to figure as a prominent commercial center, the Kelley brothers began at once making improvements in the way of dock building, in order to facilitate the landing of vessels and the shipment of building stone, lime and red cedar—the island being rich in these natural products. They sought also to encourage an extension of its population by settlement of lands, and with this object in view placed on sale at fair prices, lots and parcels of their possessions. Many purchases of homes were made, and the island speedily became settled by a class of people whose chief characteristics were sagacity, industry, and thrift.

The ample bay on the south shore afforded a safe

anchorage for vessels passing up and down the lake, and the docks and warehouses were filled with merchandise of divers sorts. Cosy cottages appeared, which in time gave place to more pretentious dwellings; and churches, school houses, hotels and other buildings, both public and private, arose to attest the growing prosperity.

The forests of cedar long since disappeared before the woodman's ax. With them the trade in cedar wood became a reminiscence, but not until it had materially contributed to the wealth of the island inhabitants. However, the stone and lime interests have since developed into large proportions. Derricks are numerous, large forces of men are employed in the quarries, and the Kelley Island Lime & Transport Company carries on extensive operations along these lines. After a glance at the vast areas of quarried and corded stone, and the outcropping ledges remaining, the island as a whole suggests itself as a single big lime rock, with a layer of earth spread over it.

The culture of grapes and manufacture of wine are carried on extensively. Among horticulturists of prominence are mentioned the names of the Kelleys, Charles Carpenter and others.

Like adjacent members of the group, Kelley Island has latterly become prominent as a summer resort, which is shown by her summer hotels and cottages for the entertainment of summer people.

The island is likewise noted for its important geological formations, as well as for its Indian antiquities, either of which would be sufficient in itself to render the island famous. A description of the former is



BAYSIDE COTTAGE.

elsewhere given in this volume under the heading: "Some Interesting Geological Features."

Concerning the latter, the researches of antiquarians have resulted in some

important discoveries. That the island formed a favored haunt of the red tribes is evidenced by the ancient mounds, fortifications and other remains.

The grounds now occupied by the residence of Addison Kelley are supposed to have formed anciently the site of an extensive Indian village; pottery, pipes and other articles, and implements of Indian manufacture, such as ancient grindstones, tomahawks and hatchets, being there found in abundance.

Remains of earthworks are numerous, the most extensive being found on the Huntington property, inclosing an area of nearly seven acres.

The most interesting relics of this vanished race, however, take shape in what are known as "Inscription Rocks"—two in number—one of which, located on the north shore, contains sculptured pipe-smoking figures. The second and most famous lies in the water's edge, near the steamboat wharves. The rock is 32 feet long, 21 wide, and rises about 11 feet above the water. It was originally discovered in 1833 by Charles Olmstead of Connecticut, while studying the



KELLEY ISLAND—ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE.



HONEY-COMB ROCKS.

glacial grooves. Concerning this rock we copy an authority as follows:

“It is a part of the same stratification as the island from which it has been separated by lake action. The top presents a smooth and polished surface, like all the limestone of this section when the soil is removed, suggesting the idea of glacial action. Upon this the inscriptions are cut. The figures and devices are deeply sunk in the rock. Schoolcraft’s *Indian Antiquities* says of it:



INSCRIPTION ROCK.

“It is by far the most extensive, best sculptured and best preserved inscription of the antiquarian period ever found in America. It is in the picture-graphic character of the natives. Its leading symbols are readily interpreted. The human figures, the pipe-smoking groups and other figures denote tribes, negotiations, crimes and turmoils which tell a story of thrilling interest connected with the occupation of this section by the Eries, of the coming of the Wyandots, of the final triumph of the Iroquois and flight of the people who have left their name on the lake. In 1851 drawings of these inscriptions were made by Col. Eastman, U. S. Army, who was detailed by the government at Washington to examine them, on the representation of Gen. Meigs, who had previously examined them. Copies of the inscriptions were made and submitted to *Shingvauk*, an Indian learned in

Indian picturegraphy, and who had interpreted prior inscriptions submitted to him.' ”

Through the aid of a chart kindly furnished the writer of this sketch by a lady resident of the island, many characters on the great rock were plainly deciphered, but the action of the elements and footsteps of the many adventurers and curio hunters who for years have made it the Mecca of their pilgrimages have worn its pictured surface; and unless some means are taken for their restoration and preservation, these inscriptions will in time be obliterated.



“ECHO:” THE IROQUOIS MAIDEN.

CHAPTER I.

The Untutored Savage and His Haunts.

At that period of American history when all the vast country to the South, North and West of Lake Erie formed a wilderness almost untrodden by the white man, opens our story. Where busy marts of trade and thriving villages now stand, then appeared the wigwags of tribal chiefs and burned their council fires. Where fertile farming lands and orchards stretch, and cosy cots and pretentious dwellings are seen, slept undisturbed by echoes of civilized life forests primeval.

The wind's solemn roar in the mighty woods, the howl and bark, the snap and snarl of wild beasts, and the savage warrior's whoop were sounds then most familiar. Reptiles swarmed in the dark swamps. Tall grasses and underbrush formed a rendezvous for crouching panthers, and strange birds, congregated in flocks innumerable amongst thickly crowding branches, set everything agog with their shrieking notes.

Painted, feathered and picturesquely attired in the barbaric costume of his race, the red savage watched from his accustomed hilltops year by year the sun rise and set, and the moons come and go, still holding in undisputed possession his title as “Monarch of the Wilderness.”

About this time there lived a chieftain named Tawapsett, a representative of the Seneca tribe, and a branch of the once powerful Iroquois.

Tawapsett was skilled in war, and so true his aim that a bird on the wing could he cleave with his feathered arrow. For many years on the banks of a stream he had pitched his wigwam; he was honored by his followers and many braves of other tribes smoked by his campfire the pipe of peace, and listened with interest and admiration to the thrilling stories of adventure told by him of his ancestors.

Tawapsett had an only daughter, of whom he was very proud, who bore the name Wineska. In that rare type of beauty peculiar to her race, the maiden was perfect. None among all the women of the tribe were deemed as beautiful as she. Black as night, her long hair fell in shining masses over shapely shoulders. Faultless were her features, with a complexion bright and glowing, and a flash in her dark eyes like that of an eagle. A lithe form and a step light as a fawn's were hers. A robe of scarlet covered with beaded decorations fell in folds about her, and a necklace and bracelets richly wrought encircled neck and arms. The maiden possessed various accomplishments. She was skillful at beadwork, embroidery, and the forming of strange and novel designs in colored quills of the porcupine. She was gifted also with a clear and richly modulated voice and the songs which she sang entranced the listener and awoke among the hills the *ccho*. Thus it transpired that her father, the chieftain, resolved to change her name, and henceforth she was known as "Echo."

Among the many admirers of this lovely maiden was a youthful chief—an Algonquin—named Mokego. Having once been subjugated by the Iroquois, the two tribes were on no very amicable footing, and Mokego, the young Algonquin, was strictly prohibited from making advances toward the daughter of Tawapsett. To make matters worse, "Echo" manifested a positive dislike for Mokego, and in a fit of rage and despair the chieftain resolved by fair means or foul to possess the maiden.

With a body of warriors he stealthily approached the camp of the Iroquois chief, near which they secreted themselves in a dense thicket. Here Mokego reconnoitered, awaiting a favorable opportunity of making a descent, or still better, of kidnapping the daughter of Tawapsett and bearing her away to his tribe.

Tawapsett and his sons, together with the warriors by whom he was surrounded, combined so much of courage and strength, however, that the heart of Mokego failed. He dared not attack the Iroquois and so he lay in ambush watching when and how he might carry out his designs. On the second day, accompanied by a number of squaws, Echo was seen wending her way along the banks of the stream. Its course led near the ambuscade. They were at some distance from the camp of Tawapsett, and wholly ignorant of danger, were conversing in their native tongue, when a rustle of leaves startled them. Several Algonquins sprang from among the trees and seizing Echo bore her away. The outcry of the frightened women aroused the camp, and immediately the war cry of Tawapsett and his men resounded through the forest. It was answered defi-

antly by the band of Mokego, as mounted on swift ponies they dashed away with their prize. For several hours they rode at the highest rate of speed possible over the rough ground and through the thick underbrush. Discerning no signs of pursuit and believing themselves entirely out of the enemy's way, they finally halted to rest their ponies. They secured Echo by fastening her with cords to a tree, built a fire of dry limbs and prepared to roast a deer slain by their arrows.

With characteristic cunning Tawapsett had followed them stealthily but closely. So guarded were his movements that not a suspicion thereof was entertained by the pursued party.

The latter had finished their repast of venison and were about to retake themselves to their ponies when a terrific yell burst from the forest. They were surrounded upon all sides, and a shower of leaden bullets and arrows began pouring upon them. A desperate fight ensued, in which nearly all of Mokego's band were killed and scalped; himself and two or three warriors only escaping. Echo was borne back to her father's wigwam, while the vanquished Mokego vowed vengeance upon the Iroquois, resolving to have at sometime the chieftain's scalp and to secure at any cost the beautiful maiden. In this manner began a feud between the Iroquois and Algonquins which had lasted for more than seventy moons and was still bitter, when through that portion of the Indian country began circulating rumors that the aggressive "pale faces" had appeared; that hordes of them were coming from beyond the Alleghenies of the east and were settling almost in their midst, that they were levelling the

forests, dispersing the game and encroaching in various ways. At campfire and council meetings these movements were fully discussed and many of the older and more sagacious received the intelligence with many grimaces and dubious shakes of the head.

Time passed, and still the ax of the pioneer continued its ravages. Small villages and trading posts sprang up as if by magic, and the red man trembled for his title of supremacy held by him through unnumbered centuries. Then came additional rumors of war and commotion, penetrating the dim wilderness and awakening new wonder and apprehension. A powerful nation, it was said, on the further side of the Atlantic had sent over its fleets and armies for the purpose of conquering the white nation on this side. Soon from end to end of the lake came news of musterings. Regiments and brigades of armed whites—British and American—were on the march, and great ships swarming with men and laden with terrible munitions of war were seen on the lake. Regarding as the red man's natural enemy the whites, whose customs so differed from their own, and whose interests were so antagonistic, Tawapsett cherished for them only jealousy and hatred, and gathering about him his braves he thus addressed them:

"Sons of the Storm Cloud and Tempest:—You have heard of the great chiefs who command the two nations of pale faces now at war. One has come eagle-winged over the waters of the rising sun. He is soaring in the sky and soon will swoop down upon the vulture chief whose subjects overrun our lands and spoil our hunting grounds."

"While they mangle and destroy each other let the

Sons of the Storm Cloud and Tempest swear by our own great chieftains whose spirits have flown to the happy hunting grounds, to stand ready when the time comes to kill, burn and disperse from among us the carrion fiends of the vulture chief."

"The Great Spirit, source of life, will provide for the squaw and papoose of the red man and will charm away the evil spirit of Defeat. Let us follow the war path wherever it leads, and with us carry death and confusion to the pale faces."

At the conclusion of this harangue there arose a general murmur of approbation, followed by the brandishing of war clubs and tomahawks, as with prolonged yells they joined in a war dance around the campfire. While thus excited and occupied, Tawapsett had unconsciously relaxed the vigilance with which he had been accustomed to guard his daughter from the designing Algonquin.

"Fire water," then a new and favored beverage, was freely dealt, and thereby stimulated, the dance became wild and weird. It was brought to an abrupt close, however, by the discovery that Echo was missing from the camp—for the maiden still lived in the wigwam of her father, though the hand and heart of many a brave had been offered her.

"The vile Algonquin has stolen her away," muttered Tawapsett. "Let us pursue!"

It was not long before the cunning Iroquois and his followers struck the trail of Mokego. Through stretches of tall prairie grasses and wild rice, forest and swamp land, northward they traced him to the shores of Lake Erie. While his followers dispersed

in different directions, Mokego had placed the captive in a canoe there waiting and was already far out on the waters, swiftly paddling toward a long blue stretch that outlined a distant island.

CHAPTER II.

Life in the Log Cabin of an Island Pioneer.

Amidst dense, dark thickets of red cedar, which intermingled with other native forest growths covered from end to end the lonely island, appeared a small clearing. Surrounded by stumps, log-heaps and brush piles, were two or three rude but newly built cabins forming the homes of French squatters who had worked their way thither from Canada. The representatives of this tiny colony were hunters and traders, and at that period comprised the entire white population of the island, although its shores were made the rendezvous from time to time of Indians bearing half a dozen different tribal names, who came and went in their bark canoes on fishing and hunting excursions. From the clearing with its log habitations led a path to a niche in the shore, belted at its base by sand and gravel and edged with wild shrubbery forming a thick covert into which were drawn up and secreted boats belonging to the settlers.

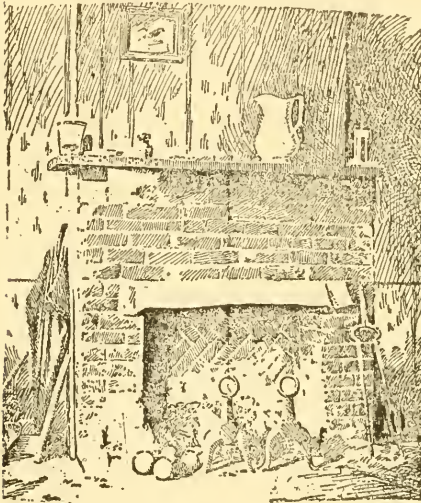
The cabin of an individual who earned a livelihood by trading with the Indians formed a shelter for his family not only, but a storehouse in a small way for

articles and commodities of Indian commerce, as well as for those of the white man's production, the former consisting in part of bear and deer skins, furs, wampum, maple sugar, beads and peltry; the latter, of blankets, flaxen and woolen fabrics, rice, coffee and tobacco.

The chinks between the unhewn logs of the cabin were daubed with mortar made from island lime which there abounded, and the chimney built of native lime rock was a massive affair. The rafters were formed of poles cut from straight saplings and the roof of undressed slabs. A huge slab turning upon hinges of wood and fastened by a wooden latch served as the front and only door. The flooring was of puncheon, roughly rived from oaken timber. A single window, high and narrow, opened upon a patch of growing corn and vegetables, and admitted the light through paper oiled to render it transparent. Rough stools and benches served as seats. A bed decorated with red and yellow patch work stood in one corner and a puncheon table covered with a cloth of homespun linen occupied the middle of the cabin. An open cupboard contained the household stock of earthen-ware, cutlery, pewter and pottery—a limited but invaluable collection. Shelves ranged along one side of the apartment were laden with the merchandise of which mention has been made.

The walls fairly bristled with pegs which were hung with garments of "linsey-woolsey," deer skin and fur, together with an array of various articles, such as powder horns, stag antlers, fishing rods and rifles. A few rude ornaments decorated the rude

mantel-piece, and above it in an oaken frame hung an old print representing William Penn's treaty with the Indians. Another household article—of too great importance to be overlooked—was the spinning wheel.



THE CABIN HEARTH.

In a wide-mouthed chimney blazed a fire which was never permitted to die. Day and night it flickered, flamed, smouldered or smoked in accord with its varying moods and conditions. A sooty crane swung in the center, and a pair of straddling, wrought iron "fire-dogs" per-

formed well their duty in holding up the "fore-log." A long-handled shovel and a pair of massive tongs reclined against the "jamb," and a tinder box with steel and flint lay on the mantel. Hams of smoked venison, bunches of dried herbs and other articles and edibles dangled from the ceiling, and a long-legged "Dutch oven" in which was baked the appetizing "Johnny Cake"—smoked upon the hearth.

In this little world the good wife toiled day by day frying, roasting, baking, brewing, spinning, reeling. Every day in answer to her conjuring, platters full of

wild fowl, fish and venison, steamed upon the table with swimming gravies, "pone," hominy and "slap-jacks." Her broad shouldered husband and his two strapping sons sat down to this feast with ravenous appetites, which having appeased they drank a cup each of spice wood tea or roasted rye coffee; partook sparingly of the pumpkin butter, or crab-apple jelly set before them as after relishes, and rose up to loosen their buckskin belts and give expression in deep-drawn breaths to the satisfaction which was theirs.

"Trader John," as he was called, bartered with the Indians who came and went in their canoes. Sometimes in a "dug out," rigged with a bear-skin sail and accompanied by one of his sons, he made trips across to the peninsula, where he visited the wigwams of the Ottawas and Ojibways. Sometimes he directed his course to the camp of the chieftain Ogontz by "Clearwater Bay." Sometimes to Venice, then the chief trading center of the shore settlers, where he exchanged his Indian wares for the products of pioneer industry.

Father and sons were on amicable terms with most of the Indians who frequented these places, and so familiar had they become with Indian customs, habits and manners as to be quite at home among them. They had learned sufficiently the varied dialects and signs in use by the different tribes, to be able to hold converse with any and all individual representatives thereof, and were thus fitted for their chosen occupation.

During the absence of "Trader John," and the son who accompanied him, the son who remained behind

worked in the clearing, hoed the corn and cut cedar wood for transportation down the lake.

On one of these occasions Anatola, the eldest, was left behind. Anatola was a young man of athletic but graceful build, and singularly handsome features. Having wielded the ax until weary, the young man took his rifle and started out in quest of game with which to replenish the family board. He had tramped for some time about the island, stumbling over rocks and crowding through tangles, but had dislodged nothing excepting a nest of rattlesnakes. Both the snakes and himself had had a hot time. He had left about fifty dead upon the field, and fatigued and thirsty was on his way to the adjacent shore for a drink of water. He was just emerging from the woods upon a stretch of level beach when an approaching canoe containing a man and woman attracted his attention.

With that caution which, born of necessity, grew to be a second nature to the early pioneer, Anatola drew hastily back and secreted himself behind some bushes. Peering through a small opening, he closely scanned the canoe and its occupants.

A stalwart savage leaped ashore and seized the woman whose hands were bound. Though at a distance of fifty yards, Anatola could see that she was an Indian maiden of rare beauty and a captive, for she cried piteously and begged to be allowed to return to her tribe. Save an occasional gruff response, her captor paid no attention to these supplications, but from the broken and fragmentary sentences let fall, Anatola correctly inferred that he was taking her to a

camp of Algonquins on another part of the island, intending there to make her his wife.

The twain were Mokego and the daughter of Tawapsett.

CHAPTER III.

A Desperate Struggle.

Indignation at the perpetration of such an outrage, burned in the heart of Anatola, and sent the blood surging to his temples. With rifle levelled he approached the savage. The latter was leading away the despairing girl, one hand clutching her arm, the other a flint-lock musket.

"Release her!" commanded the white man, his rifle aimed at Mokego's head.

"She big Indian's wife," remonstrated the latter.

"No, no; I am not his wife!" wailed the captive.

"Release her this instant or you're a dead man."

Anatola nervously fingered the trigger. The ugly, painted face of the savage scowled with rage and terror, but he let go his hold.

"Throw down that gun."

The wily Indian hesitated. By a rapid and dextrous movement, he could bring his piece to bear upon the pale face, but the latter read his thoughts and kept his searching eyes upon him. Anatola's finger was beginning to press the trigger.

With a half suppressed ejaculation of wrath, Mokego threw down the gun.

"Now take yourself off, you red devil!"

This command was immediately obeyed, and lowering his rifle, Anatola advanced to where covered the Indian girl.

Overwhelmed with gratitude to her deliverer, Echo knelt before the white hunter, clasping his hands, and kissing, and moistening them with tears of thankfulness.

In a few words she told the story of her abduction, and Anatola listened with a thrill of interest, for her brilliant beauty filled him with admiration.

"I will take you to my mother," he said.

"Nay, but to my father would I return."

"To your father will I take you, fair one, but not today, for see a storm is gathering. He pointed to masses of clouds which were sweeping up from the horizon and to the lake, which had assumed a grass-green color.

"Yonder canoe could not live for a minute in a tempest such as that which approaches."

"Haste! let me take you to my mother."

The girl looked up into his face, reading there naught but kindness and compassion, and placing her hand trustfully in his, submitted to his guidance.

Not far had they gone before the storm struck with terrific force. In an instant the air was filled with flying limbs and trunks of trees, and rain poured in sheets so that they could not see their way.

Unable to proceed, they took refuge beneath a projecting ledge of rocks. After a drenching shower the rain ceased. The wind still blew a gale, but they were now enabled to go forward and were leaving the

covert, when with a backward glance the girl uttered a startled cry. Her companion abruptly turned.

With features working in a frenzy of diabolism frightful to behold and tomahawk uplifted, Mokego stood within six feet of the pale-face. The savage had stealthily followed, and in another instant his gleaming weapon would have buried itself in Anatola's skull. Quick as thought he parried with his rifle the descending stroke. The two then clutched each other. Unable to use his rifle Anatola flung it from him and gripped the savage.

Mokego made several lunges at his adversary with the tomahawk, but the latter managed to parry them. Closely clutching each other, they were now upon the edge of a rocky shore. Anatola lost his footing, and together they rolled to the beach below, still locked in a vice-like embrace.

More cunningly skillful than Anatola was the Algonquin, and the former now found his strength fast failing. With one arm about his neck and pressed tightly against the windpipe, the savage was slowly exhausting his victim by strangulation. The white hunter felt as one might feel with the tentacles of a devil-fish clasped about him.

He struggled desperately, the sweat drops beading his forehead, but was powerless against superior skill and strength. All would soon be over.

Echo had stood by, a silent and horrified spectator. Seized at last by a sudden impulse, she darted forward and with both hands began loosening one by one the fingers that clutched the throat of Anatola. By a mighty effort she succeeded in releasing from that

awful death grip the pale face, and he regained his breath. Echo clung desperately to the great sinewy hand, with its bare, tattooed arm exposed. Thus relieved Anatola managed to shift his position to one more advantageous. Fast in his girdle hung the scalping knife of Mokego. For an instant as they struggled it touched Anatola's hand. Quick as thought he seized it, and while the savage was endeavoring to free himself from Echo's grasp the former plunged the knife into Mokego's bosom. With a fiendish howl fell the Algonquin. The blade had struck to the heart's center, and in a few moments he was dead.

It was now Anatola's turn for gratitude to the Indian maiden, but for whom he, instead of Mokego, would have been weltering upon the ground. He clasped the girl's hands, and looking into each other's faces, each felt that the friendship thus formed between them was destined to be life-long.

The white victor forebore taking the scalp of the dead chieftain, but he removed from the waist of his fallen foe a girdle—composed of human hair of various shades and textures, cut from the scalps secured by its owner. With this ghastly relic, Anatola and his companion left the spot.

To the Indian girl this island was familiar ground as in the company of her father, as it chanced, she had frequently visited it, and she now pointed out to the white hunter—who at once became her lover—ancient sites of Indian villages and forts, and a massive rock-tablet extensively covered with characters and symbols centuries old sculptured on its face. These, as she explained, told the story of the ancient Eries, who

had given their name to the lake and the wars in which they had engaged; of the coming of the Wyandots, their dispersion and the final triumph of her people, the Iroquois.

So attached to the maiden had Anatola grown that within a few hours after their first meeting he asked her to become his wife. Echo hesitated.

"The white hunter's people will not receive me," she replied.

"Many French-Canadian hunters, and traders take Indian wives," returned Anatola.

"Then be it as you say." Thus plighted was their troth.

For three days raged the gale that had struck the island immediately after Mokego and his captive had landed upon it. At the end of that period came a lull, and while Echo remained in the cabin, her white lover went abroad to hunt and to fish. On his return he found the little settlement in violent commotion. During his absence a party of Indians, headed by Tawapsett had visited the trader's cabin, and though the old chief had refrained from molesting those who had given his daughter protection, her request to see and bid farewell to Anatola was refused, and despite her tears and protestations the maiden was carried away. Their canoes were then fast receding toward the peninsula and the intrepid and half-crazed lover declared his intention of following. The mother expostulated, and while discussing the matter, the captain and crew of a trading vessel—which unnoticed had stolen into the bay—appeared at the door. Their faces were flushed and excited, and they hastened to inform the settlers

of the news just received in the mainst ore settlements of Hull's surrender in the Northwest, and probable uprising of the Indians which was expected to immediately follow.

"White settlers must now flee for their lives," said the captain.

The vessel was bound for a small trading post near the mouth of the Huron river, and the captain kindly offered to carry thither the cabin dwellers.

Anatola could not leave his mother unprotected, and to visit alone at that time the peninsula in quest of his betrothed bride would have been madness. With the settlers, therefore, who had hastily collected their valuables, he proceeded on board the vessel to the Huron trading post, and thence to the fort a short distance up the river.

Learning on arrival that a military company was about to take its departure for the peninsula on an expedition against the Indians, who had already attacked the white settlers, he joined it, and fully armed and equipped the company made their way thither. A fierce skirmish between a body of militia and a band of Indians had taken place. The former had been greatly outnumbered and compelled to retreat to a log house, which they had defended for three days. Wearied by their lack of success or learning of the approach from the Huron river port of reinforcements, the Indians finally dispersed, and with the arrival of the company the beleaguered garrison were set at liberty.

Several dead bodies of whites and red skins attested the closeness of the combat. Among the number lay a swarthy Iroquois chieftain who—as Anatola

afterwards learned—was Tawapsett, the father of his betrothed.

While scouring about the peninsula a day or two after their arrival, a party of soldiers captured a small band of Indians caught depredating. They were brought into camp, and with them was found the chieftain's daughter. Anatola received her with transport, and Echo wept tears of joy at beholding him.

Together the twain proceeded to the Huron river fort where they were legally united—a missionary priest officiating.

A small monument erected on the spot by its sole survivor—then remaining—the distinguished congressional representative, Joshua R. Giddings, just fifty years after the date of the memorable battle in which fell Tawapsett, the Iroquois chieftain, is all that remains at the present day to commemorate the struggle.

As to what became of Anatola and his dusky bride it is not definitely known, eighty-six years having merged in oblivion their subsequent history.

All traces of the island cabin which they once occupied have now disappeared, but the pictured face of "Inscription Rock" still bears symbolic records of the island's primeval dwellers—the red tribes—now passed to their "Happy Hunting Grounds."

EVERYTHING WRONG;

Or the Trials of Nicholas Beetlebrow.

CHAPTER I.

An old resident was Nicholas Beetlebrow. He lived in a flat, squarely built house situated on an extremity of the island known as "Land's End." This house had once been new, and Mr. Beetlebrow had once been young, but house and owner were now growing old together. Both were getting weather beaten in appearance, and cranky and rheumatic generally.

When it stormed, and the wind swept in gusts off the lake the old house shook; its doors, and windows rattled, while "Old Nick"—as Mr. Beetlebrow was familiarly called—sat in a corner of the brown painted kitchen, poked the fire, shoved in the coal, grumbled at the weather and exhibited a chronic dissatisfaction with everything.

As every community has among its individual members, odd and eccentric specimens of the *genus homo*, so the peculiarities of Mr. Beetlebrow had classed him among island novelties. Grumbling was his speciality. He grumbled at the heat, the cold, the rain, the sunshine. In fair weather and in foul his tongue seemed constantly shaping new forms of expression for new grievances. There was always some-

thing wrong. Wherever he looked, he beheld germs of evil sprouting, blossoming, and running up to seed. In the sun and moon he read all sorts of evil omens, while disaster and ruin blazed in the shooting stars of the midnight sky. So long and so persistently had he grumbled, and so fixed had become the grumbling habit, that to have broken off suddenly would have proven, doubtless, as calamitous to Mr. Beetlebrow, as total abstinence to the "arsenic eaters" of the Tyrol.

So constantly had he kept the corners of his mouth drawn down and his brow contracted that they had so grown, apparently; and the stereotyped expression of his face reminded one of a foggy morning in the month of March.

Betsy Beetlebrow, the wife of our hero, was the direct antipode of her "liege lord." Her sanguine temperament never permitted her to court the dampness and gloom of melancholy. She took the world, and the people and things in it just about as she found them, never borrowed trouble and appeared always the personification of easy, good nature. Increasing years had rounded to fullness the matronly form, but the rose flush of youth still dyed her plump cheeks, while a suspicion of mischief twinkled in the grey eyes, and played in mirthful curves about her mouth.

"Spring sunshine linked to a November snow squall"—was Aunt Polly Jones' comment on this strangely matched couple.

It was nearing the close of winter. Spring had already come, in fact; and following the ordinary course of nature, blue birds and robins should have been harmonizing their songs in the tree-tops; and blue-bells,

and "bare-foot blows," opening in sheltered glades. But the tardy songsters still lingered among the orange groves of the sunny South, while the blue-bells and "bare-foot blows" were still in embryo. There were circles of bare ground about the orchard trees, and the knolls showed many bald spots. Aside from these, the ground was still covered with snow and ice. A line of drifts appeared on the east side of Mr. Beetlebrow's dwelling, and since the preceding December had been an eyesore to that gentleman. At present, these snow hills were covered with sooty siftings from the chimney top, shakings of the table cloth and dribblings of dish water. The ice in the lake was still solid and the winds sweeping across it biting cold.

Mr. Beetlebrow sat in his accustomed corner. His brow wrinkled and the corner curves of his mouth appeared more decided than usual. He was cogitating, evidently, upon some absorbing topic, for he stared hard at the fire and from his pursed up lips came inarticulate mutterings addressed, supposititiously, to some offending object that intruded upon his imagination.

Betsy Beetlebrow was mixing pie crust at the kitchen table. Her sleeves were rolled to the elbows, and as she kneaded up the dough sang a lively ditty.

"Betsy, I don't see how you can go round singing, and laffin' and carryin' on when everything's to pay," exclaimed Mr. Beetlebrow.

"Why, what's to pay now, Daddy?" enquired she, flourishing the rolling pin over a lump of dough.

"What a'int to pay, you'd better ask," retorted he.

"The kentry is goin' to the dogs jist as fast as it kin; I'spose we'll have to go to the dogs with it."

"All you kin read about, or hear tell of, is dynamiters, strikers, political plotters, snow-slides, mine horrors, railroad smash ups, wars, and rumors of wars and everything by the ears ginally."

"Between the Klondike and the Spaniards everybody is goin' crazy as loons; and now that grape raisin don't pay any more, I wish that some of them fellers what blew up the Maine 'ud touch off a torpedo underneath this island, and blow it into kingdom come."

"Well," replied Betsy thoughtfully greasing her pie tins. "It might be a good plan."

Mr. Beetlebrow sat silent.

"Daddy, I wish you'd put a little more coal in the stove," said Betsy turning about.

"Yis, that makes me think, I've got to go over to the mainland for a load of coal in a day or two. The bin's most empty. If it had'ent been for havin' sech a raven'us coal-eater of a stove, we'd had enough to keep us goin' till the boat run; but that's jest my luck;" and Mr. Beetlebrow rattled the stove as if angry at the amount of fuel it had consumed.

"I'll have to be on the ice all day, goin' and comin' with that pesky hoss; an' I'd jest about as soon think of hitchin' up a rantin buffalo."

"I wish old Jake Flutterbudget had his hoss agin, and I had my fifty dollars back. I never see a meaner hoss than old Ripsnorter."

"What makes you call the animile such a hard name, Daddy?" queried his wife.

“’Cause I can’t think of any that fits him better. I’ve sized up all the names, from Noah down to the present gineration, and I can’t light on anything that suits him better than that. You jest ought to see the hay he mows away; and he kin demolish as much corn in a week as it ’ud take to fatten a whole sty full of hogs, ’n still he’s so thin you kin most see daylight through him. I expect if I should lean him up agin the fence the crows ’ud take him for a carrion carcase and go pickin’ him to pieces. Then of all the mulish, contrary creeturs in the shape of hoss flesh, Ripsnorter takes the cake.

“Yis, and he has an offul temper—shows the whites of his eyes; and he’s got so used to the layin’ of his ears back, that ’pears as if they’d growed that way. This mornin’ when I was puttin’ hay in the manger, the old dragon reached over and grabbed my arm between his teeth. Glory! I thought a crocodile had grabbed me. With my other hand I fetched the fork handle ’round, and he concluded to let go. I commenced to lam him with the fork, and would have taken the hide clean off of him, but happened to think that the handle was splintered, and shaky like. No, I don’t know any name that suits him better than jest Ripsnorter.”

“You ought to call him some of them tony names, like ‘Goldsmith Maid’ or——”

“Why, he’s a hoss; you don’t want to give him a female name, Betsy!”

“Well, then, call him after some of the presidents—George Washington, James Garfield, Grover Cleveland——”

“Grover Cleveland !” vociferated Mr. Beetlebrow. “Betsy, I’d jist as soon think o’ namin’ that hoss Beelzebub as namin’ him after a dimycrat president, and you know it. If I could git along without the hoss, I’d hire somebody to shoot him, and then he wouldn’t need no name.”

In justice to Mr. Beetlebrow, it must here be remarked that the worst part of his nature, the surface, always boiled over and sizzled away in highly seasoned language, and that he was never known to do anything half as savage as his words indicated.

“If you had him shot, what would you do for a carriage horse ?”

“I guess we don’t want no kerridge hoss when we hain’t got no kerridge,” replied Beetlebrow, savagely. “Betsy, I don’t see why you allers will make light of serious matters. I b’leeve if we wus goin’ to be turned out of house an’ home you’d want to celebrate the occasion with a dance or frolic of some kind.

“Thare ain’t no tellin’; we may find ourselves in that fix yit, and it’s the worst of all my trouble. That’s what I commenced to talk about, then we got switched off onto the hoss question.

“You know that two hundred dollar mortgage I gave Jerry Johuston on the place ? Well, I thought it wasn’t due till the last of May, but come to look at the papers I find it due day after tomorrow, and I hain’t got twenty dollars to spare toward it. So I wouldn’t wonder if we’d be booked for the poorhouse afore another winter.”

“Maybe we can borrow money to pay off the mortgage, Daddy,” returned his wife. “Then you will

have fishing to fall back on, besides raising vegetables to keep up the house, and all the other crops. Spite of the late cold snap, the peaches didn't get killed, you know."

"They ain't killed, no; but the bugs, and the blight, and the San Jose scale will clean 'em all out, of course. No, it ain't no use talkin'; we might as well slip our cables and lay our course for the happy land o' Canaan, the hull raft on us, as to lay still expectin' any good to come out of this Jericho. This world is nothin' but a howlin' wilderness of woe and a valley of tribulation. It's all bottomsides up and inside out, and nobody as has as much sense as a last year's bird's nest will take any stock in it."

"If Molly wasn't so bent and determined on makin' a fool of herself," continued Beetlebrow, "she'd ship that lamber legged lumpkins that's runnin' after her and take Fritzhanes, that rich Pennsylvania farmer. He's got two or three big farms, and hull droves of cattle, hosses, sheep and hogs, and any amount of ready chink, they say. He could make her a first-rate home, and maybe help us with the mortgage."

"Well, but Fritzhanes is old enough to be Molly's father; then he's so awfully Dutch. He's lived so long among the Berks county hills that I don't believe he could ever learn to talk English so that Molly could understand him."

"Women must always have their say, and their way," grumbled Beetlebrow; "but I think a gal a fool to let a fortune slip through her fingers all for the sake of a young coxcomb who ain't worth the powder to blow him up."

“That’s what my father thought when I had a chance to marry that wealthy old merchant and took you instead,” returned Betsy.

Mr. Beetlebrow winced perceptibly, and his wife continued:

“I think Wilbur Wilson a real nice young man, and if I was a young woman I don’t know but I’d go for him myself. He’s sober, honest, works hard and puts by his earnings, they say. If a gal is fool enough to git married, she’d better take a young man like that than a great, greasy old fellow like Fritzhanes, even if he is made of gold. You know what the Bible says about worshipin’ golden calves? Of course Mr. Fritzhanes is too big for a calf, but to use a figger of speech——”

At this moment Molly Beetlebrow, the subject of these remarks, appeared upon the scene, having just returned from a neighboring house, where she had spent the afternoon. Molly was a pretty, round-faced girl, with dark hair and elfish eyes, like those of her mother. She was merry as a bird and bright as a sunbeam—so thought, at least, Wilbur Wilson, the young man who paid her attention.

CHAPTER II.

“Well, I should think you’d got your visit out,” growled Beetlebrow. “I didn’t know but what you was goin’ to stay all night.”

“Why, what’s the difference if I did stay, Daddy?” queried the girl. “I’m sure I had my work with me;”

and she took from her pocket a roll of lace upon which she was knitting and sat down by the fire.

"If you call that work, then I'd like to know what you call play. When I was young, gals used to knit stockings and mittens, and things that was some account; they didn't have time for such tomfoolery."

"Well, I can knit stockings, and mittens, too, and make lace besides; so I'm that much ahead of those old-fashioned girls," replied Molly.

"Oh, yis; gals air a heap smarter nowadays, 'specially with their tongues," retorted Beetlebrow.

With a smile of amusement Molly continued her work. She was too accustomed to her querulous old father to feel annoyed. Presently she began studying the figures amidst the glowing coals of the grate, then she stole a look at her father.

"Daddy," she began after some hesitation: "Wilbur Wilson is going to the main-shore to-morrow, and he said I should ask if there was anything you wanted to send for."

"O, I'spose you've been off sparkin' up the young shanghi."

"I only met him on the road when I was coming from Spencer's," answered Molly with a blush.

"No, I can be my own waiter yet awhile," replied the old man.

"I'm a'goin' to the mainland myself to-morrow, and I can do my own errands. A purty accomodatin' set these young fellers are, if they happen to hev an axe to grind." Mr. Beetlebrow shut the door with a bang, and walked away toward the barn muttering to himself.

The following morning when the sun arose, illumin-

ating with flash and glitter the frozen lake, Nicholas Beetlebrow with horse and sled was heading toward the blue line of the peninsula some miles distant. Long before day, Betsy and her daughter had been bustling in and out. While Molly prepared breakfast, her mother busied herself putting up lunch for "Daddy," packing some butter for market, and attending to various duties.

Having let loose a whole swarm of doubts, and misgivings concerning the weather and the ice, Beetlebrow took his departure. His wife and daughter looked after him until a point of land hid him from view. Betsy felt just the least bit anxious, and wondered if there was any danger of the ice breaking up before "Daddy" returned—for she was just as fond of this wry-faced, curumdgeon of a husband as are other women of husbands who are good looking, and good natured.

The day wore on, evening came, and Mrs. Beetlebrow and her daughter were beginning to feel alarmed at the long absence of the husband and father, when they saw him approaching afoot, and alone.

"Why, Daddy, what's the matter, and where is the horse, and sled?"

"In Davy Jones' locker—least ways the hoss is."

"O, I hope the poor horse hasn't got into the lake!" exclaimed Molly.

"Well, I didn't see him go in, but he run off, and the last I see of him he was streakin' it round Birch Pint, goin' right fer a stretch of open water, and I expect he's in by this time."

Maybe he' gone ashore on the point—" suggested

Betsy feeling relieved that the animal was not known to be positively drowned.

“No, Ripsnorter is too tarnal contrary fer that. He’d go and dump hissself in jest fer spite. I don’t cackerlate on ever seein’ him agin.”

“How did he happen to get away;” queried Betsy.

“Well you see when I was jest about a mile off Birch Pint, the hoss took one of his streaks o’ cussedness. He wanted to turn in on the pint instead of comin’ home. When I tried to touch him up a little, he stopped short, and there he stood, and do you think I could budge him out of his tracks. I labored with him fer about half an hour tryin’ to persuade him to move on, but he wouldn’t, then I commenced to lam him with the ends of the lines—course I hadn’t the shadder of a whip along, or even a strap. The lines wus short, and I had to git purty close to him, and fust thing I knew, the pesky creetur’s heels flew up, and he blazed away like a hull charge of Roman candles. He didn’t hit me square, or I ’spose I’d a got my everlastin’ Jack. He knocked my hat off though, and knocked me down. I felt a good deal stunned, but scrabbled to my feet agin. Jest as this was happenin’ Nap Davis come along. He said he felt awfully sorry fer me, but I don’t ’bleve it ’cause he was laffin’ all the time. He said if he had sech a hoss, he’d tan his hide, and sell the carcase to a glue factory; then he passed by on the other side—like the priest, and the Levite—and left me in the lurch.”

“Well, I didn’t know what to do, so I set down to think. While I wus thinkin’, and contrivin’ that there Wilbur Wilson drove up. He had a long whip, so I

borried it and played it over old Ripsnorter's shanks awhile. But it wasn't no use, the old humbug jest stood there and layed back his ears, and kicked till you could see blue blazes. Then that Wilson chap said I'd better onhitch him, and he'd fasten the sled onto his'n, and we'd lead the hoss home. While I was standin' by old Ripsnorter after he was onhitched, a gust of wind took away my hat. I thought the old snipe would stand till I got it agin, 'cause he didn't want to go anyhow, but he happened to find out that I wanted him to stand still, so he jest gave a snort, threw his heels into the air, and off he went on full gallop. I was lame from the rheumatiz and kick together, so Wilson said I should drive his team home, and he'd go and look fer Ripsnorter. So he started; but the hoss was headin' fer open water and I know that'll be the end of him."

"Maybe he's gone and committed suicide by drownin' 'cause you said such hard things about him yesterday."

"There 'tis agin, Betsy, you're allers pokin' fun instead of sympathisin' with my sorrows and troubles. I bleve if I was dead, and lyin' in my coffin you'd poke fun at me. There's the hoss gone, and the mortgage hangin' over our heads—that's \$250. worth of trouble—and still you talk as if it wus all a good joke."

"O well, the horse wasn't good for anything you know, Daddy, only to keep hay, and corn from spoilin'," returned Betsy provokingly.

Nicholas Beetlebrow was utterly inconsolable that night. After supper was over, the dishes washed and

put away in the big, red cupboard, Betsy took from her bureau drawer a small box. Said she:

“Daddy, I’ve got a little present for you, I was going to keep it till to-morrow but I guess I’ll let you have it to sleep on to night.”

“One of them blasted monkeys, or baboons what jump up and scare folks, I’ll bet,” said Beetlebrow taking the box and eyeing it suspiciously. Betsy smiled.

“It would be jest like one of your aggravatin’ tricks.” He proceeded very cautiously to open the box. To his astonishment he discovered within, a nest full of shining coins, all ten dollar gold pieces.

“Jerusalem! where did you get this?” exclaimed Beetlebrow.

“Count it, and see how much there is.”

“Just \$200.” replied he, thinking of the mortgage—
“but where did you get it?”

“Well, Daddy, I’ll tell you,” replied his wife, “you know that I have had all the butter and egg money for the past four years. Well, I was real saving because I knew that you was hard up. So I put away in small bits all except what I needed to buy calico dresses, aprons, thread and things, and when I got a lot of small pieces I had them changed into eagles and laid them away in this box. So there is \$200 to clear off the mortgage. then I have fifteen dollars left, that’s going to be the nest egg for another brood of golden eagles.”

“Glory Hallelujah!” vociferated Beetlebrow.

“Betsy, if you aint a woman that’s worth havin’ now!”

At that moment a sound of footsteps and a scraping of boots was heard outside and Molly became suddenly flushed while she took a hasty peep into the glass to see if her bangs were all right.

"Come in," said Beetlebrow, in answer to a modest knock. The door opened and Wilbur Wilson entered.

"I have brought home your horse and sled, Mr. Beetlebrow," said the young man, after bowing to Molly and her mother.

"Then you found the hoss?"

"Yes, I found him with the man you bought him of a few weeks ago on Birch Point."

"Oh, I 'spose that's why he was so al-fired anxious to go in that direction, he wanted to see his old home. Well, I don't know as I kin blame him much. You brought the sled home too, did you?"

"Yes, sir; I left the sled by the wagon shed, and put the horse in the barn."

"By jocks, young man, you're as much help as a second pair of legs. You're a tip-top feller after all, and I don't know but you'll answer about as well for Molly as that old cub from Pennsylvany."

"O, father!" exclaimed Molly, her cheeks growing red as June roses.

"What's the use beatin' round the bush," continued the old man, apparently unconscious of the confusion he had created.

"Don't you 'spose I kin see how the land lays. You think a heap of the young man and he thinks a heap of you, or else he would't go to so much bother to get on the right side of the old man."

Turning to Wilbur he said: "Look here, would you like to marry my girl?"

The young man blushed to the roots of his hair.

"I—I don't know if—if—whether she wants me."

"O, then you haint come to an understandin'?"

"Would you marry her if you could get her?" continued Beetlebrow, pursuing his investigations.

Wilbur was reduced to the extremity of despair. Had he been a mouse he might have crept through a knot hole in the floor upon which his eyes were resting, but as a broad shouldered young man standing six feet in his rubber boots, the undertaking would have been impracticable. For some time he had thought of popping the question to Molly, but had never dreamed of having it popped to him. Forced to look the matter squarely in the face, Wilbur rallied his fleeing wits, and mustering all his courage, replied with a show of firmness—

"I think more of Molly than of any one else, and if she likes me well enough to have me, I will marry her."

"That's business," commented Beetlebrow.

"Now Molly, how is it, will you have the young man?"

Molly looked straight down at her feet, nervously fumbling the hem of her apron; covertly, but eagerly watched by Wilbur Wilson.

"Come, speak out," urged Beetlebrow.

"Molly's lips shaped an inaudible "yes" and she nodded an affirmative.

"All right then; its settled," exclaimed Beetlebrow.

"Now Betsey," he said, turning to his wife, "I've given Molly leave to make a fool of herself the same as

you did when you married your old crank of a husband, and I'm glad you did make a fool of yourself." Thus saying he kissed her.

"Well, Daddy, you generally complain about every thing being wrong, but I'm glad you've found something that's right at last," and she kissed him back.

So the mortgage was paid off and the wedding was set for the following June.



ADVENTURES

In Queen Vic's Domains.

An occasion of pleasing memory was the writer's first visit to Point au Pelee island some years ago, with a party of friends on board a small sail craft.

For two reasons this island was of especial interest to me. First, owing to its distinction as the largest of the Lake Erie group; and second, because of its position as an outpost on British territorial boundaries.

It was my first cruise under canvas. A head wind whipped us soundly, and though long and tedious, the tacks which the little vessel made were lively, so rendered by her pitching and rolling.

The wind too, made music, singing and whistling through the rigging. This, with the creak of blocks and strain of cordage, and the swash of waves under our weather bow, afforded exhilarating interest.

But one incident occurred to startle, and destroyed for a moment our pleasurable emotions. The occasion was the giving way of a block at the mainmast head, causing a sudden collapse of the mainsail and a corresponding commotion on deck.

The big black section of canvas loaded with tarry sheets, booms, and tackle, and wet with surf suddenly descending, buried us beneath its heavy folds. An ancient mariner a-doze, with head upon a pile of junk,

narrowly escaped having his perceptive faculties knocked out. When at last we succeeded in extricating ourselves from the promiscuous pile, the Mohican, our restive craft, was tossing in the trough of the sea—the steersman having in his excitement let go the tiller. Sail and tackle were dragging over the side, her starboard rail lay on a level with the water and spray showered freely over us.

For a moment we imagined ourselves going straight to “Davy Jones’ locker,” and one or two of our lady passengers were almost frightened into hysterics. Fortunately “Middle Island” was near at hand and the Mohican’s crew worked her under the lee and finally ashore, where repairs were made.

Here we first set foot upon Queen Victoria’s domains the island lying within the dominion waters. We visited the lighthouse and were entertained at the dwelling of the keeper.

Twilight shadows were thickly falling over the dark forests of Point au Pelee, when at last the Mohican made fast her lines at the old “south dock.” The party were received and entertained beneath the hospitable roof of friends, and wearied from tossing on the billows and the nausea it had occasioned, we were early to bed. But the Pelee mosquito; we had been informed concerning this island specialty. To learn that said insect, or animal, cracked hickory nuts with its teeth, and that many of them weighed a pound was not so much of a surprise, however, as the onslaught which there on the borders of the Pelee marshlands it made upon us. The night was “filled with music,” but the cares that infested the day stubbornly refused to “fold their tents.”

In addition to the mosquito fleet, we were assailed by a chorus of frogs, night-hawks, screech-owls and catamounts, also on the warpath. Just how we got through that awful night I hardly know, but we survived it at any rate, and next morning after bathing our bites in a solution of soda, we started out to view the land, very little of which was visible, however, on account of the thick woods and thicker undergrowths running rampart over tracts of land which had once been clearings. We had taken passage in a "one hoss shay" affair, the wheels of which gave forth an unearthly screech with every turn.

The road was a mere wagon track deeply worn into parallel ruts close crowded by trees, and notwithstanding the evaporative heats of July weather, the mud at some points was deep and sticky and it was necessary to keep going as fast as conditions would allow, to prevent ourselves and nag being devoured by mosquitoes.

That road—the "rocky road to Dublin"—wasn't a circumstance in comparison; its ruts and roots, holes and humps through and over which we were bounced made memorable the ride.

Wild cats were common and herds of horses were running wild through the woods, just as in early days hogs ran wild at Put-in-Bay.

A remnant of the red race still held a foothold on the island, and by request we were introduced to a family, representing as descendants the ancient Mohawks.

Black raspberries hanging rich and ripe were everywhere found through the clearings, and a few denizens

of the island were observed gathering them by pailsfull. The sight was tempting, and provided with suitable receptacles, we started in to try our luck. Inexhaustable in quantity were the berries, and snakes of various kinds were also prolific. Black snakes of immense size and length were especially numerous and could be seen whisking under and about rotting logs and hollow stumps, or gliding in and out among the bushes, causing a creepy sensation along the spinal column; and would have stampeded us all from the place undoubtedly, had we then known what we have since learned, namely—that the mysterious and unexplored depths of the island's land-locked bays and inlets are supposed to form the abiding place of that terrible, but elusive creature known as the "sea serpent."

According to the statements of reputable residents of the island, two specimens of this monster have there been seen, one of which was declared to be 100 feet in length. On one occasion, these reptiles ran afoul of a fisherman's pounds and chewed up and destroyed all the twine, even pulling up some of the stakes to which it was moored.

In harvest time these big snakes amuse themselves by coming ashore, chasing the harvesters from the field and tearing down the grain shocks.

Those of our readers who have been wont to regard the sea serpent as a mythical creation, should visit Pelee Island and get the testimony of its inhabitants. Knowing nothing of these sea monsters, however, ignorance to us proved blissful on the occasion described.

With an area of about 13,000 acres, a length of ten miles and a breadth of four, the island afforded ample

space in which strangers might lose themselves, and we were careful in our explorations not to get too far away from our guide.

While thus scouring the wilds of Pelee, a smart gale smote the Mohican. She dragged her anchor, drove ashore and stove a hole through her side. The breach was repaired, and fearing lest some calamity still more direful overtake us, we shook the Pelee dust, as well as mud, from our feet, and boarding the Mohican sailed for Put-in-Bay, which we fortunately, reached without serious mishap.

A second trip to Pelee Island at a later date was taken with a party comprising the membership of a newspaper correspondents' association, our objective point being the famous Pelee club house and grounds at Point Sheridan on the north shore.

We took passage on a trim, little Sandusky steamer, the *Elsa*. The day was glorious, the company choice, and as we headed for the north pole we were met by a breeze delightfully cool.

We had just disposed of a sumptuous dinner, or as much thereof as seemed prudent, served on the steamer's roomy decks, when the island was reached, and edging carefully along a precarious looking pier, her passengers succeeded in getting ashore.

A short walk brought us to the club house, a commodious structure; its olive-green exterior and red roof showing advantageously against a broad hem of dark foliaged oaks and elms.

Curiously and with a species of veneration gazed we upon the spot, since within its environments had as-

sembled for years some of the most distinguished men of America, such as Robert T. Lincoln, ex-President Arthur, General Schofield, Gen. Phil Sheridan, Marshall Field, ex-Secretary Gresham, Larry Jerome of New York, Geo. M. Pullman, Anson Stager, Bishop McLaren of Chicago, C. H. Thompkins, Harry Durand of New York, and many others of corresponding prominence.

The club corporation, we were told, represented somewhere between \$80,000,000 and \$100,000,000 and its appointments were all that might be expected—elegance and luxury everywhere, combining with comfort and convenience to render the place an ideal resort.

Each club member had placed at his disposal a servant to do his bidding, with a corps of oarsmen and lackeys awaiting orders.

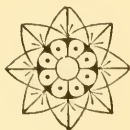
These representative men of brains and capital have been accustomed to meet semi-annually at their chosen rendezvous to fish for black bass—Canadian waters being more prolific in this game fish than those of the States. However, the recent restrictions placed by the Canadian government on bass and other fishing, have now curtailed to some extent the enjoyment here afforded adepts of the rod and reel.

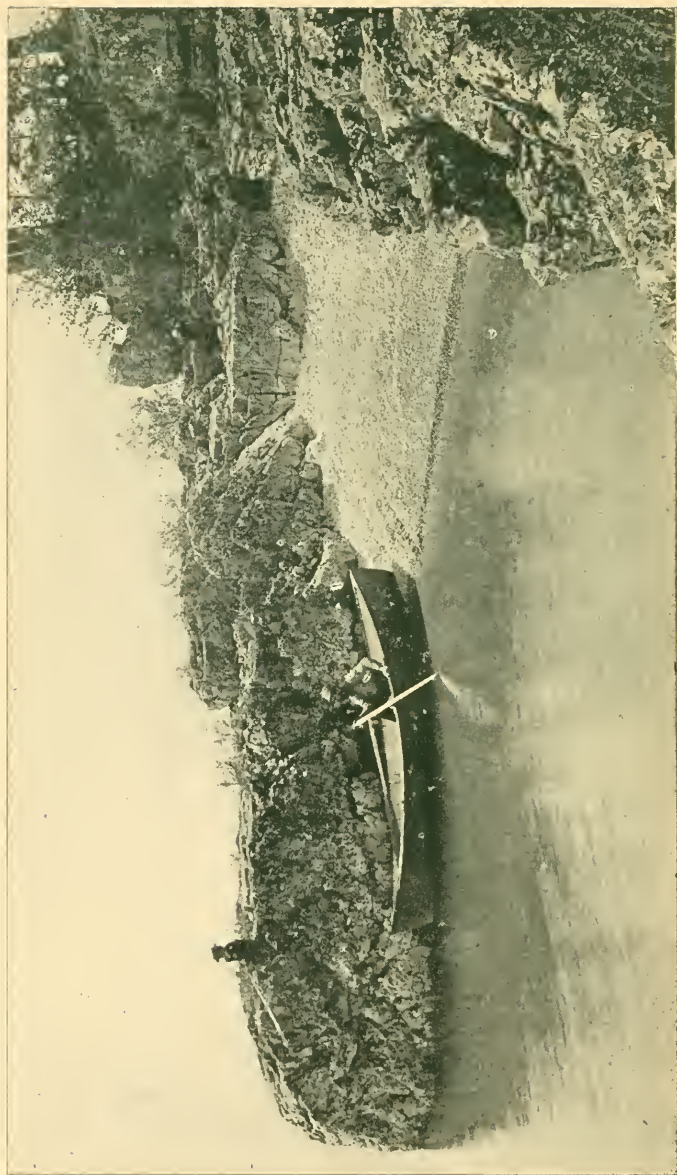
A large enterprise concerning which the Pelee islander talked volubly, was the successful drainage of the great Pelee marsh consisting of about 5000 acres. This extensive marsh was literally pumped dry by means of a massive steam pump run by an eighty horse power engine. The land, once submerged beneath malaria breeding swamp waters, now annually produces splendid crops of wheat, corn and potatoes,

while the domination of the mosquito has been materially curtailed.

From Pelee we sighted the Canadian main, with many vessels and barges cruising in the "North passage," and after an hour's sojourn again boarded the *Elsa* and bid farewell to this very interesting bit of Queen Victoria's possessions.

Though no calamity befell any of our party on this occasion, it may not be out of place to state incidentally that after a long voyage—taken the following year—and a series of thrilling adventures, the little steamer *Elsa* was lost on "Colorado Reefs," off the coast of South America.





A BIT OF BALLAST ISLAND SHORE.

BEAUTIFUL BALLAST.



BALLAST ISLAND.

Among the numerous resorts for summer visitors and tourists scattered among the islands of the archipelago, Ballast resort holds a prominent place. The island itself is a romantic bit of nature, consisting of picturesque rock, native forest trees and vineyard and orchard lands.

Numerous cottages, artistically built and vine embowered, with winding walks and smooth lawns, adorn the spot, and overlooking precipitous rocks to northward is located the Ballast club house, an airy structure. An ample wharf, boat house and other improvements also appear.

“Home of the Western Canoe Association” is the term, by which Ballast island is best known to its pa-

trons, having formed for years the resort at which this organization has held its annual meets, and a newly erected club house on the gravelly stretch of the south shore furnishes excellent accommodations to its membership. In addition to the club house of the canoe association, the canoer's camp—as seen during the summer—with its tents of white and striped canvas, and its line of birchen canoes crowding the beach, forms a pretty picture, which the photographer, camera in hand, has not been slow to discover. Ballast Island was so named in consideration of the fact that just before the battle of Lake Erie the ships of Perry's squadron were provided with ballast in the shape of stone brought from the shores of this island. History does not locate the exact spot where the gallant commodore obtained his supply, but he must have found it without looking far, as lime rock, gravel stone and boulders are there found in inexhaustable quantity.

The island contains about nine acres of land and is owned by a stock company, among whom are ex Mayor Geo. W. Gardner and Gen. James Barnett of Cleveland, Colonel Bartlett of Fremont and many other gentlemen of prominence who, with their families and friends, patronize the resort.

Nature's rugged wildness and art's refining touch here combine to form a scene most charming.

Notable among summer cottages may be mentioned the Gardner "log cabin," a romantic picture, a rustic poem, from its old fashioned chimney, furniture and spinning wheel within, to the scaly bank of its unhewn logs and ivy-clad gables without.

At this resort the Cleveland Canoe association was



THE GARDNER "LOG CABIN."

organized nearly twenty years ago, W. Scott Robinson, of the Cleveland Recorder, and Geo. W. Gardner being its chief sustainers.

In 1885 invitations were extended to all Western canoers to become guests of the Cleveland club at Ballast. These invitations were accepted and from this friendly alliance blossomed a new organization known as the Western Canoe association.

An extended program of races in sailing and paddling are arranged for each season and prize cups of chaste and costly design are annually competed for; each meet lasting about ten days.

Speaking of canoers, they are all extravagantly fond of just such a romantic situation as this little island affords. They are fond, too, of brisk breezes, flapping sails and dashing surf. They worship a canoe as a

Hindoo his gods, or an Arab his horse, and little wonder, for the willowy masted, swift-winged canoe of modern construction is the prettiest and most agile thing ever designed to float upon water.

Many of these canoes are trimmed in nickel and silver plating, with delicately wrought tiller chains and rudder of shining nickel. They are decked with flags and pennons of unique designs and their furnishings are novel and pretty.

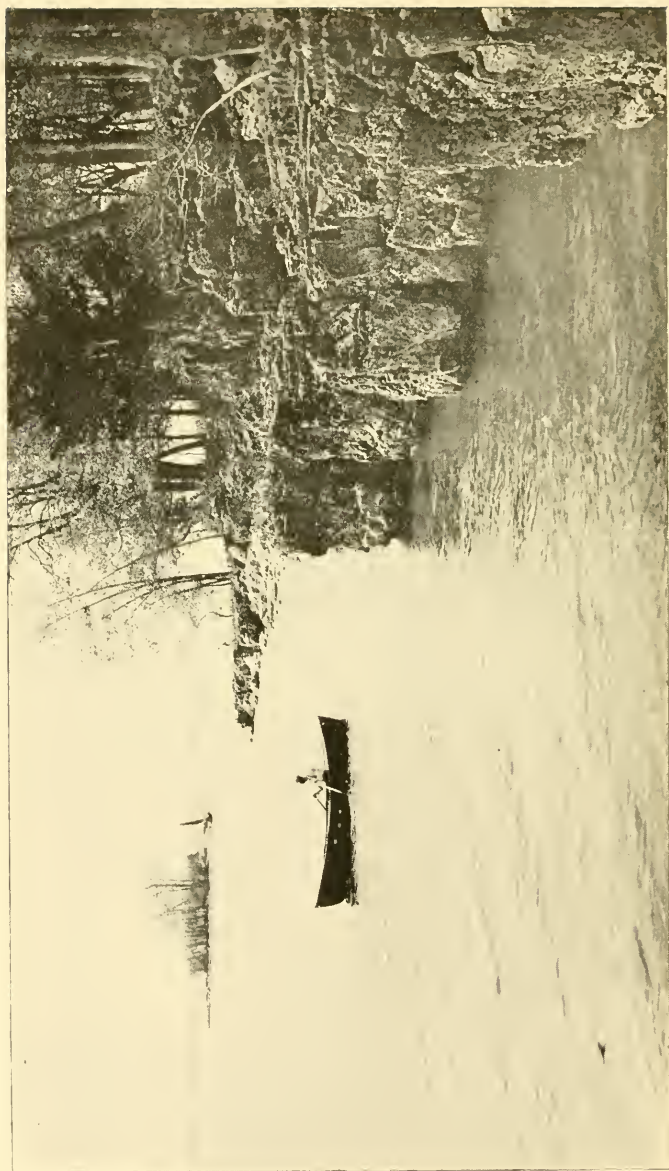


A CANOE RACE.

The canoe is an expensive toy and fit to grace a parlor mantel—only that it is just a trifle too big for this purpose. Its color is a pale birch-brown. It has two sails, but is also propelled, when desired, by a single paddle, after the manner of aboriginal canoers.

The canoer appears as strikingly picturesque as the canoe which he sails, for his costume is natty and novel.

Beside the trophy cups sailed for, flags are awarded winners, together with other prizes, both pretty and



SHORES OF BALLAST ISLAND—"LOST BALLAST" ISLE IN THE DISTANCE.

appropriate, consisting of articles such as silk blankets, silver soap cases, traveling drinking cups, fishing boxes, camp lanterns, canoe rugs and other novelties.

The families and friends of club members occupy the cottages, taking their meals in the dining hall. A manager is appointed to furnish supplies and to look after the interests of the island. This position is filled at the present time by S. M. Johannsen.

The Ballast resorter is a lover of nature, finding "sermons in stones and tongues in trees," and beneath his umbrageous screen of elms, maples, cedars and sycamores the days of summer speed like a dream. One especial favorite known as the "umbrella," or "eagle tree," contained for many years a large eagle's nest. Within it every returning season a pair of old eagles reared their young, and some of the brood were domesticated by the islanders. The nest and the eagles have now disappeared, but the tree still remains.

The Ballast patrons are individuals of quiet, refined tastes, but unconventional withal, and prefer easy but substantial comfort to stiff formality. -

They dress as they like and do as they please, bathing, boating, dozing, dreaming. They are all thoroughly in love with their pretty isle, and money would not tempt them to part with it.

“UNCLE JIMMY.”

The Ballast Island hermit, commonly known as “Uncle Jimmy” was a man with a history—suppositiously at least—though the haps and mishaps of his career were never quite clear to the public. However, as the old man was a bachelor and given to solitude, observers who took romantic views of existence, surmised that a love affair was somehow tangled up in the web of his life. Though averse to general society, old Jimmy was mild tempered, and kindly disposed toward any whom he chanced to meet.

At the period when he first took up his abode on Ballast Island, and for many years afterward, his weather beaten cabin was the only human habitation there existing, save the shattered remains of an old shed that had once been used by gillnetters as a rendezvous. His only companions were the proverbial dog and cat which found a snug abiding place beneath his roof, and a horse and cow sheltered in a roughly improvised stable. A portion of the island was cleared land, affording opportunity for tillage and pasturage. The remainder formed a picturesque tangle of Basswood and elm, cedar growths, wild grape vines and other undomesticated shrubbery. Eagles built their nests undisturbed in the tall trees, and when the heavens were black with clouds and storms swept by, mad with delight sea gulls screamed, and wildly plunged into the

breakers which whitened on the reef. Waves mounted the rocky walls of weather-ward shores, flinging foam flecks into overhanging boughs and filling caverned niches with a bellowing thunder. With spring time came troops of the scarlet-winged black-bird, thrush, and whip-poor-will, the wood was resonant with song, while the turf formed a carpet of wild wood bloom. Summer unveiled pictures of gold, and the trees covered with abundant foliage cast over the cabin roof shadows cool and deep. The birds nested, and short winged fledgelings hopped about on the mossy ridge pole chirping their delight.

With fading summer, autumnal fires kindled the maples until they flamed with scarlet and gold. Sumachs reddened and wild grapes purpled on the vines. With winter's advent the trees were bared of all save empty nests. Dismantled vines swung listless. The Canadian blasts swept down flurries of snow, and rigid ice plains glistened where blue waves had dashed. Such were the scenes which environed this solitary but charming retreat.

Excepting when a party of fishermen or pleasure seekers beached their boats upon the gravelled shore, or when the owner came to look after the place, few changes save those wrought by the changing seasons varied the monotony of the hermit's life. Having voluntarily chosen this mode of existence however, Uncle Jimmy was presumably satisfied with his choice, finding in solitiude a species of happiness unattainable elsewhere.

As years went by and the natural attractions of the archipelago came to be more and more appreciated by

visitors from abroad, Ballast Island was purchased by city capitalists. A club house and numerous cottages were built, and in a little while our hero found himself surrounded by gay crowds from the very center of city life and fashion. This innovation must have cost the old man some pangs of bitterness, but the invaders were kindly disposed toward their predecessor, placing upon him but few restrictions. Warmed by courteous treatment the old man exhibited so many good traits, that he eventually became a great favorite among guests during their summer sojourn at the island.

Uncle Jimmy had been accustomed to procuring supplies, consisting of provision, wearing apparel, and notions, in the shops and stores of Put-in-Bay, rowing across the channel in a small boat and carrying with him—by way of barter cat-fish, which he had taken on his hooks, or products of the soil. His wants, being few and simple, were fully supplied in this way and these trips to the "Bay" were said to have been his only excursions. For years he had not set foot on any of the steamers which constantly plied between island and mainland. One day, however, seized by some unaccountable impulse, or driven by some unusual business transaction, Uncle Jimmy boarded one of the island steamers for Sandusky.

Commanded by a throughbred captain who knew and could handle her as deftly as a lady handles a fan, this staunch steamer had for years made her accustomed trips day after day, had threaded narrow island passages, dodging rock and reef, unscathed in daylight and darkness, in storm and calm.

The steamer had proven thoroughly trustworthy,

and on that beautiful morning when Uncle Jimmy leaned over the railing and gazed upon the fast receding shores of Ballast Island, his mind was as calm and unruffled as the still blue waters, nor among the passengers was there any premonition of danger. However, in the afternoon of that day people of the surrounding islands were startled by a jarring report which came echoing over intervening miles of water. Men at work in vineyard and orchard paused to listen.

"A blast in the limestone quarries of the peninsula" was the explanation suggested and received, and the men continued their work.

At Put-in Bay a knot of men lounged at the door of the telegraph office while the instrument clicked off a message. The operator scanned the cablegram received and an excited exclamation burst from his lips.

"What is it?" and the gaping crowd closed quickly about him. The message read as follows :

SANDUSKY, O., May 18th, 18—.

"At 3:30 P. M. the island steamer — blew up off Kelley Island. Nearly all on board are injured or killed outright."

At Sandusky the wharves were black with crowds of people when the wrecked steamer was towed back to the harbor from whence she had departed but an hour before.

Scalded, blistered, disfigured by escaping steam, the dead and disabled were carried ashore. Among the number was Uncle Jimmy, not dead, but scalded almost beyond the consciousness of pain. All was done that human skill could do to kindle anew the failing life spark but to no purpose, and one night a clergy-

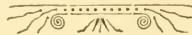
man summoned to his bedside administered the holy sacrament, and while a prayer breathed from the lips of the dying man, the failing eyes fastened upon the crucifix, held before him and so remained until the light in them faded—a life unobtrusive yet full of unspoken patnos was ended.

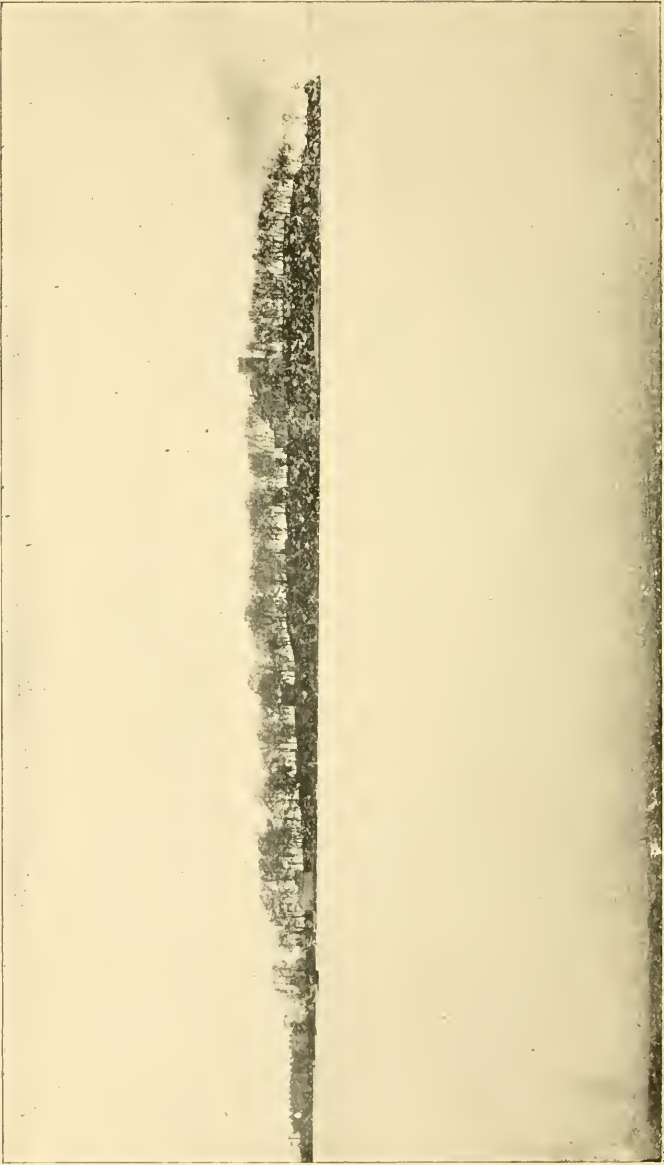
The remains were conveyed for interment to the little burial ground at Put-in-Bay. The deceased was without relatives to attend him in his last moments, or to direct his final obsequies, but among the Ballast Island summer patrons were found friends who, though representatives of wealth and social position, esteemed it a privilege to gather at the grave of the humble hermit, to scatter choice flowers about the casket, and to mingle tears of tenderness and sympathy with the earth that fell upon it.

Among these friends was a prominent representative of Ballast resort, by whom a slab of solid marble was afterwards placed above the mound. Upon it the visitor who may chance to wander through the beautiful and picturesque island cemetery may read:



TO THE MEMORY OF
UNCLE JIMMY
OF BALLAST ISLAND.
ERECTED BY HIS FRIEND — — —





GIBRALTAR ISLAND.

CASTLED GIBRALTAR AND ITS LORD.

Peculiarly appropriate as applied to the island in question is the name Gibraltar, since forming a mass of rugged rock and poised above the surface of Lake Erie within hailing distance of Put-in-Bay, it occupies a conspicuous position in the group—its boldness rendering it an object of striking interest.

Gibraltar lies opposite "Peach Point," and aids in forming the placid sheet of water known as "Squaw Harbor."

With natural forest and exuberant vegetation both wild and cultivated clothing its rocks and covering its whole extent, like an emerald gem in a setting of blue appears the island.

In its quiet, yet picturesque and striking scenery, Gibraltar takes unquestionably the first place among the islands of the lake—a fact clearly evident to its present proprietor when about thirty years ago it came into his possession, and with the multi-millions at his command he set about fitting it up as the ideal summer abode which it has since become. Especially noted as the summer residence of Jay Cooke—one of America's most noted financiers—is Gibraltar, and his stately villa, crowning castle-like the island's highest elevation, overlooks the treetops, forming a picturesque point in the landscape.



"PERRY'S LOOKOUT" AND "NEEDLE'S EYE."

All that wealth and cultured taste can suggest combine with natural attractions, and the effect is charming.

The surface is broken by rock ledges. Romantic paths wind in and out among trees and shrubbery. Floral arbors, niches and caverns, natural and artificial, with rustic huts, bridges and rockeries, appear. There are boats and boat houses, and ample wharves and ornamental structures of various kinds scattered about the grounds.



JAY COOKE.

The shore scenery is marvelously beautiful. Especially interesting are the "Needle's Eye" and the precipitous bluff, from which Commodore Perry watched and waited for the British fleet. The latter, known as "Perry's Lookout," is capped by a flagstaff, and near it is observed a fine monumental design in sculptured granite, commemorating Perry's victory, together with an old cannon used in this historic engagement.

Probably no portion of the visitor's experience at Put-in Bay is so dream like and enchanting as a row around Gibraltar when the harvest moon—newly risen—traces its wide pathway across the waters, silvering its waves, intensifying the shadows among arched and caverned rocks, and bringing into bold prominence every jutting crag.

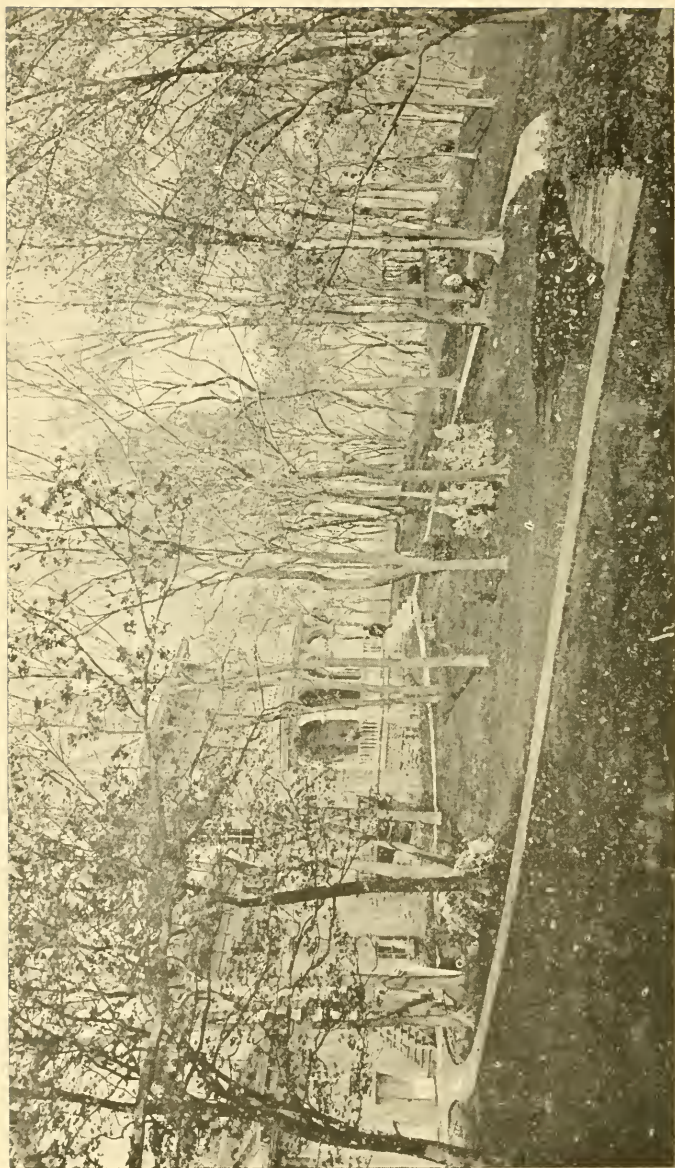
Wierdly white among huge fallen rocks lie the moonbeams. They thread the "Needle's Eye," penetrate the watery cavern at its base and silver the heights of "Perry's Lookout." They flood the white beaches of cloven shore niches and soften the rugged outlines of the rock masses seamed and rent by volcanic action in prehistoric times. With a faint breeze astir, may be heard within the chambered passages far under the rocks the reverberations of breaking swells. The tree-clad slope of Gibraltar appears sharply outlined against the clear sky, and the lights in and around its sheltered villa twinkle through the foliage.

Both the public and private career of Jay Cooke has been remarkable. As a "Napoleon of finance" he appears on record as having lost and regained a fortune within the period of five years.



VILLA OF JAY COOKE—GIBRALTAR.

During the war of the rebellion Jay Cooke figured more prominently in the monetary affairs of the nation, undoubtedly, than any other man, and his skillful financiering for the government during its serious embarrassment were such as had never before and has never since been equalled. He was intimately associated in governmental transactions with Secretary Chase of the United States treasury, as with his successor Secretary Fessenden, and through his agency the administrations of both were materially strengthened.



A VIEW OF JAY COOKE'S SUMMER VILLA — GIBRALTAR.



ST. PAUL'S REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH—PUT-IN-BAY.

Photo by Rev. W. Fred Allen.

Gibraltar and his Philadelphia country seat were bought back. The latter valued at \$1,000,000 and still in his possession, is known as "Ogontz," named after a Seneca chieftain of Sandusky bay with whom Mr. Cooke played when a child.

The benefactions of Jay Cooke are many, a certain percentage of his annual income being systematically set aside for religious work and charities. A monument of the banker's beneficence along this line is seen in the Put-in-Bay R. E. church and rectory, built several years ago through his efforts. Large quantities of books and pictures are from time to time distributed by him among members of the church and Sunday school, and among the island people generally.

At one time when the government was sorely pressed for the where-with-all to pay its military representatives in the field, the division known as the Army of the Potomac was paid off with money advanced by Jay Cooke, who received in exchange United States bonds covering the amount.

Of Mr. Cooke it is related that once in company with Gen. Bates, Secretary Chase and President Lincoln, he went to see reviewed by Gen. McClelland the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, which to organize and equip he had advanced the money.

On another occasion before the fall of Richmond, Jay Cooke, Jr., visited Gen. Grant. Referring to Mr. Cooke's many favors to the government the latter observed:

"I want you to tell your father for me, that it is to him more than to any other man that the people of this country will be indebted for the continued life of the nation."

One of the great enterprises undertaken by Mr. Cooke was the building of the Northern Pacific railroad but before the work was fully begun, and the \$50,000,000 bonds for the same deposited in Europe, the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and complications in European finances arising, forced Mr. Cooke into bankruptcy. To his creditors he turned over every dollar of his property, including his Philadelphia homestead and his summer residence at Gibraltar. However, through native sagacity, energy and enterprise, the unfortunate banker regained all that was lost, and was again upon his feet, having paid every dollar of his indebtedness.



SPHINX HEAD—GIBRALTAR.

Twice a year during the spring and fall bass fishing seasons, Jay Cooke visits Gibraltar for the purpose of indulging his piscatorial fancy. He is known as a veteran at the rod and reel, and can catch more bass in a day than any patron who visits Put-in-Bay. Unlike the average bass fisherman, Jay Cooke never fishes on Sunday, but may always be found in his pew in the Put-in-Bay church. Excepting when on piscatorial excursions, he seldom visits his island resort, but its doors are nevertheless open throughout the summer

season to his children, grandchildren and friends, including the Barney and Butler families and the families of Rev. Harry Cooke and Jay Cooke Jr. Rev. Cooke is a devoted young man who is giving his life to the ministry, not because of its returns as a means of support, but because his heart is in the work.



JOHNSON'S ISLAND ;

Burial Ground of the Confederate Dead.

Next in historical importance to Put-in-Bay ranks Johnson's Island, rendered famous during the Southern rebellion as a place for the confinement of Confederate prisoners, 3,000 of whom—all commissioned officers—representing the flower of the Southern army, were held in surveillance.

Johnson's Island is a strip of land one and one-half miles in length, and containing about 275 acres, lying near the mouth of Sandusky bay and three miles from Sandusky city.

In early days this body of land was known as "Bull's" Island, E. W. Bull, a pioneer of the lake region, having been its original owner. In 1852 it became the property of Leonard B. Johnson, and from that date has borne its present name.

During the war with the British and Indians in 1812, and in the struggle of the Canadian "patriots" in 1838, Johnson's Island figured more or less conspicuously, but it was not until the war of the rebellion that the place achieved historical prominence of a national character.

In 1862 the island was first used as a military prison post. The extensive grounds serving this purpose were enclosed by a fence or wall twelve feet high, with a parapet around the top, along which sentinels paced night and day.

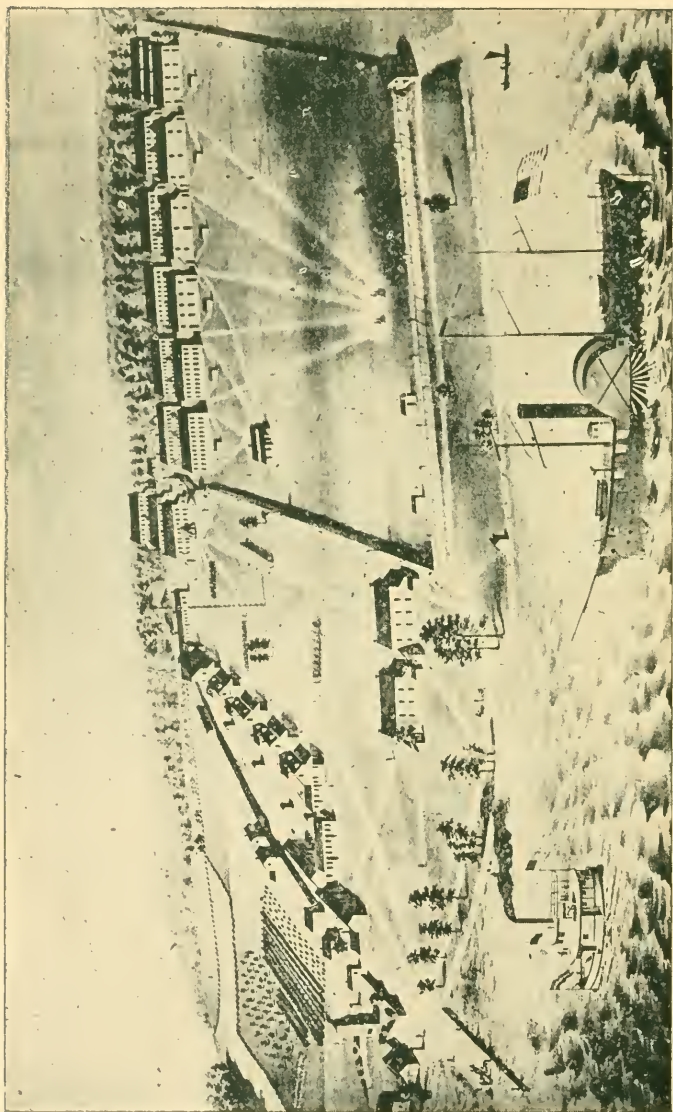
Lines of barracks for the prisoners, headquarters for officers of the guard, a fort, a prison hospital, and last, but not least in melancholy importance, a burial ground, became adjuncts to the military occupation of Johnson's Island.

In addition to a strong guard of Federal troops placed over the prisoners, the United States gunboat Michigan was detailed for duty and lay at anchor in the bay with her guns primed and ready at a moment's alarm to sweep the prison grounds with a full broadside.

No complete history in detail of prison life at Johnson's Island has ever been written, but judging from the many articles and sketches of a fragmentary character which have appeared from time to time in newspapers and periodicals, a narration of the reminiscences to which its possession by the United States government as a military prison gave rise, would fill a volume.

The one absorbing thought naturally uppermost in the minds of prisoners thus exiled, was comprehended in the word—freedom. The remote little isle, laved upon every side by the bay waters, afforded meager chance of escape, for were the prisoners successful in evading the guards and in scaling the stockade, they could get no farther than the shores. The only possible opportunity afforded for reaching the mainland was in winter when bay and lake were frozen. Inventive genius was then exhausted in devising plans of escape, but which, though cleverly laid, miscarried in almost every instance. An exceptional case is recorded as follows:

“The frigidly cold night of Jan. 1, 1864, is remembered by the prisoners, when the mercury sank to 26



PRISON GROUNDS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND—As They Appeared During the War

degrees below zero. The coal oil in the lamps lighting the prison grounds froze and the lights were all extinguished.

“The five daring men are also recalled who that night mounted the walls and crossed over the ice to Sandusky city, three miles distant. Two of the men were so nearly frozen to death as to be compelled to lie over at the houses of citizens and be recaptured, the remaining three having reached British possessions, thereby achieving liberty. They then traveled 500 miles over deep snows to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where they set sail for Havana, from which point they ran the blockade at Wilmington and joined their commands. Col. John R. Winston of North Carolina was the leader of this adventure.”

At Johnson's Island, in 1864, was enacted the leading events of a notable conspiracy to which reference has already been made in this work, namely: The attempt on the part of the Southern Confederacy through its agents to capture the United States gunboat Michigan and lake transports of the Detroit, Island and Sandusky lines, and the simultaneous release of the rebel prisoners confined at Johnson's Island, at Camp Chase near Columbus, at Camp Douglass near Chicago, and at Camp Morton near Indianapolis—in all about 26,000 men.

Hatched at the Confederate capitol, this plot was carried forward by a few sworn adherents, chief of whom were Colonel Cole, an officer in the army of General Lee, and John Yates Beall. The former was called to Richmond and there entrusted with this secret service. Colonel Cole is said to have been a man of

wonderful coolness and courage, as well as of ample resources, though to all appearances a coarse, uncultured man. Beall on the contrary was a handsome, well educated young man, a West Virginian, and an officer in the Confederate navy.

The "woman in the case" was Annie Davis, a female spy, who played skillfully her part in the drama.

The first move on the part of Cole was to open a correspondence with one of the Johnson's Island prisoners—Major Trimble. This correspondence was carried on through ink-written letters interlined with important messages written in starch, and afterwards rendered visible by an application of iodine.

Through Major Trimble was organized among the prisoners a society known as "The Southern Cross," having for its emblem a wooden cross twined with the Confederate colors. Its members were bound by iron-clad oaths, administered on the open Bible, to hold themselves in readiness, when the time came, to strike at once a blow for personal liberty and the Southern cause. They were also bound to the most solemn secrecy.

While Beall and about twenty picked men were detailed to capture by strategy the steamers *Island Queen* and *Philo Parsons*, Annie Davis, then located at the West House, Sandusky, was industriously working up the plot's initial feature—the capture of the *Michigan*—by first capturing by the wiles of coquetry her officers and eliciting from them information concerning matters military at Johnson's Island and Sandusky.

Woman, not only, but wine was employed by

sagacious Colonel Cole in addling the brains and drawing into his meshes the unsuspecting naval officers, and a champagne supper served by him aboard the Michigan on the night set for the culmination of the conspiracy came within an ace of placing the vessel and her command in the hands of the rebels.

The convivial cup had gone its rounds until as the hours of night wore on, the party had become mellow and merry. For the closing draught, however, was reserved a potion heavily drugged, which Cole was about to deal out, when suddenly confronted by the commanding officer, who had been absent during this time at Johnson's Island.

Advancing, the officer laid his hand upon Cole's shoulder,

“You d—n rebel spy! You are my prisoner!” he hissed.

“Sergeant-of-marines, arrest this man and put him in irons!”

Had a torpedo suddenly exploded under the Michigan her officers could scarcely have been more completely dumfounded.

Having successfully performed his allotted task and obtained possession of the two island steamers, Beall on board the Philo Parsons awaited off Cedar Point the signal agreed upon—a cannon shot from the Michigan—to attack and capture the gunboat and to assist the prisoners at the island, who were to rise at the same time in insurrection, overpower the guards and make good their escape.

The signal came not, however, and realizing that

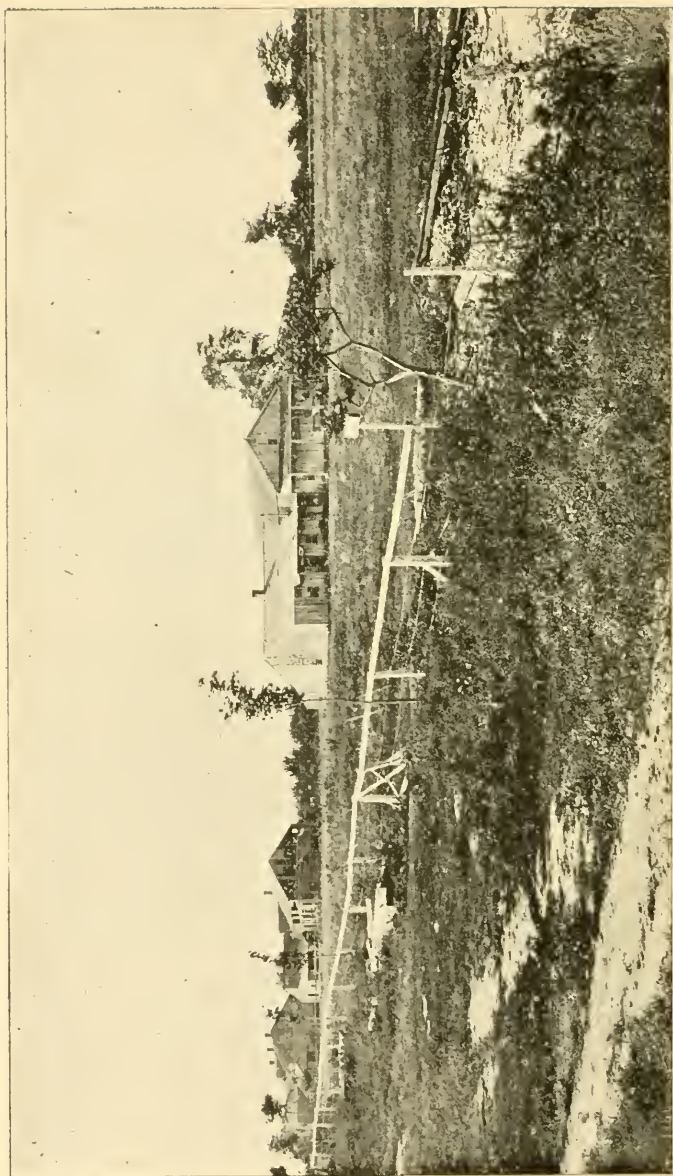


THE REMAINING BLOCK HOUSE,

the plot had failed, the Parsons, at Beall's command, was put about and headed with all speed for Canada.

Up to the afternoon of that day every part of the bold project had worked like a charm, but as afterwards generally learned, the plans of the conspirators were given away when nearly completed by one of the prisoners.

Cole was closely confined and guarded at Johnson's Island, and later was tried by a military court martial and sentenced to be shot, but ultimately through influential friends obtained pardon. While leader of the conspiracy, and as such more deserving of punishment, Cole went free, while his abettor, cultured and courteous Beall, was executed as a spy at Gouverneur's Island in New York bay.



PRISON GROUNDS AS THEY NOW APPEAR—JOHNSON'S ISLAND,

Not much now remains on Johnson's Island to remind the visitor of the tragic scenes there enacted, save a few straggling remnants of the prison buildings and the cemetery where lie buried 206 Confederate dead. Georgia marble headstones, inscribed with the name, age, company and regiment of each, were erected over these graves in 1890 through the instrumentality of Mr. John T. Mack, of Sandusky, and a party of Georgia newspaper men and prominent horticulturists who visited the place in 1889 and saw its neglected condition.

Previous to that time the burial site presented a scene of neglect. The writer was privileged once to view the spot before the erection of these tablets, the occasion being the decoration of the graves on Memorial day by a detachment of McMeens Post, G. A. R. of Sandusky.

After a run of twenty minutes the steamer upon which we took passage landed her passengers at a little dock that put out from shore. Headed by a drum corps and a flag bearer, the detachment took up its line of march for the burial place, distant nearly a mile, followed by a procession of people. There was no path, save that trodden by those who led. Following the shore bend, with the blue waters of Erie to the right, on the left a sloping sweep of grass land rolled its billowy verdure to the edge of a distant timber belt. This grassy plain was the site upon which had once been located the prison grounds. Remnants of the old barracks and other buildings were pointed out. The windows were broken and their exterior appeared weather beaten and ghostly. Startled by clang of drums and flap of flags,



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a few horses and cattle grazing amidst the deep grass scurried away to the farthest bounds of the pasture.

The procession continued its march, beating through rank grass and over piles of drift wood and ridges of gravel, which the high seas of recent storms had lodged in the edge of the meadow.

Leaving the shore line the path swerved a little to the left, leading through a thicket so dense that a passage would not have been practicable but for the opening previously made with ax and scythe. The underbrush finally merged into a strip of forest and here in a spot as lonely as was ever selected for the burial of the dead, under branches low bending, amid shadows and silence, appeared long rows of sodden mounds, marked only by wooden headboards bearing each the name and age of deceased, together with the number of the command to which he had belonged. These head-



BURIAL GROUND, SHOWING WOODEN HEADSTONES ORIGINALLY ERECTED.

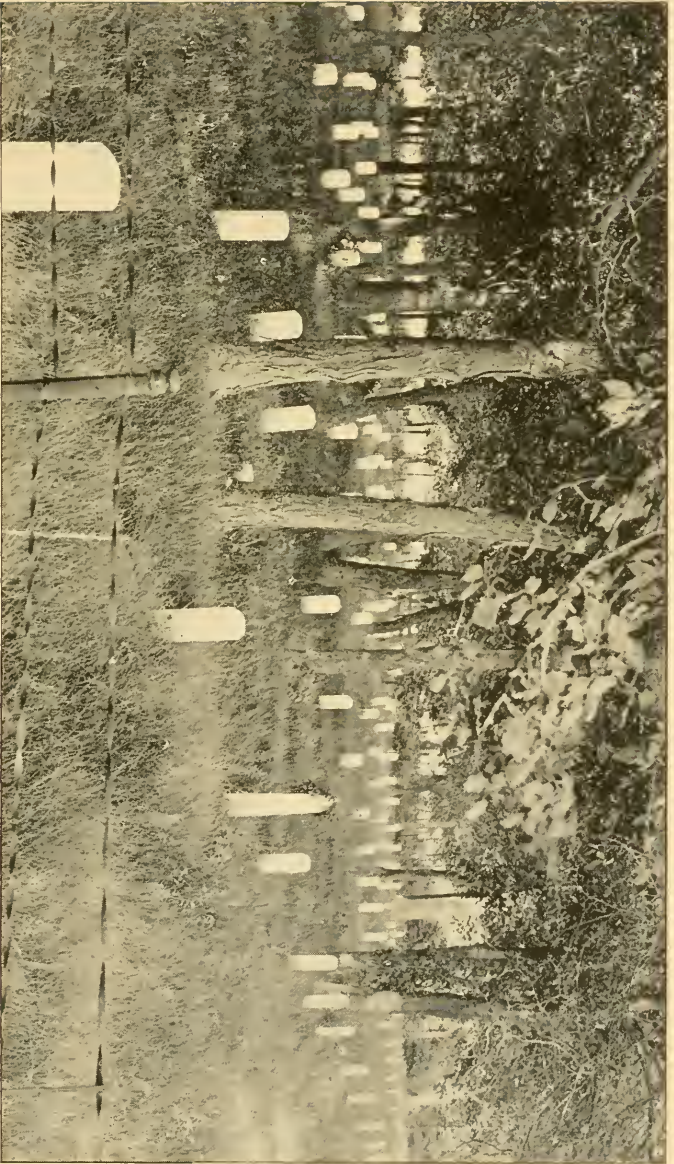
boards had been painted white, but the storms of more than a quarter of a century had worn them grey, and most of them had fallen to the ground. Though dim, nearly all the inscriptions were still legible and a mournful pathos breathed in the language thereby spoken. Gazing upon the scene, visions of homes amid the orange and magnolia groves of the sunny southland appeared, desolated by the removal of those who rest in this little isle far from the ministering hands of kindred and friends, with only the northern tempest's beat and the breaking waves of a northern sea lulling them to the sleep that knows no waking.

With uncovered heads, in which the grey freely mingled, the veteran band gathered about the graves of those with whom they had once closed in deadly conflict. There were empty sleeves and scars that told of bitter strife and bloodshed, but the bitterness was gone, the blood stains wiped out, and only peace and charity and a feeling of common brotherhood now dwelt within the hearts of the survivors.

The stars and stripes waved not triumphantly in the still air, but drooped silently, letting fall its silken folds where slept the brave but misguided sons of the South. Fair flowers were placed by fair hands upon the mounds already sprinkled with wildwood blossoms.

A prayer, a brief address, a benediction, and the dead were again left to the shadows and the silence.





CONFEDERATE BURIAL GROUND, JOHNSON'S ISLAND, AS IT NOW APPEARS.

“BROWN SUGAR.”

A Reminiscence of Sandusky Bay.

On a tiny projection an isolated dwelling reared its unpretentious walls. Though deeply sequestered, the spot was highly romantic. Above low levels of swamp land and stretches of black water, the point rose perceptibly with suggestions of an island, which it had undoubtedly been at no very remote period when the bay extended farther inland.

The broken edges of the little plateau were edged about with the tall, feathery plumes of the wild rice plant, intermixed with rank reeds, rushes and “cat-tails.” Willow copses and a few forest and orchard trees covered most of the remaining portion and seen through foliage of mixed greens, the black roof and weather-stained walls of the dwelling appeared strikingly picturesque. It was deeply banked with Golden Rod, now all aflame, and wild Rose of Sharon in full bloom, and the brilliancy and prodigality of color displayed blended in pleasing effect with the surrounding greenery.

Close by the house a winding pathway led to a rude dock beside which two or three boats rocked in the sunshine. Directly ahead and to left and right glinted the still dark waters, broken near and far by numerous small capes and promontories everywhere clothed with the rankest vegetation. Acres of wild

rice and reeds pricked above the surface, and vast floating islands of water lillies bowed gracefully their broad leaves and creamy blossoms to the incoming swell, which like a gentle tide rolled far up the bay when the wind was easterly and Lake Erie in commotion. Marine plants flourished luxuriantly under the water, and trailing masses of weed, vivid green in color, floated to the surface and frequently impeded the paddle wheels of the small tugs and steamers that ventured through the upper bay to the river beyond. A line of buoys marked the winding, deep water channel without which these craft would have been lost in the intricate maze.

The waters were alive with fish, and turtles, tadpoles, snakes and frogs abounded. The dense tangles formed a rendezvous for wild duck, marsh hen, loon and bittern. Troops of birds frequented the shores, and game of every description was plentiful. The whole region up and down the bay formed a favored resort for hunters and anglers, and boat loads of these sportsmen were constantly abroad.

The house on the little promontory was the only human habitation visible. It was the home of Pete Mathews, a bay shore farmer. Mathews owned a large tract of rich farming lands adjacent, but had chosen to build in this lonely place. Of neighbors, such as they were, he had plenty. Gulls and eagles screamed over his roof by day, and owls hooted him to sleep at night, but he had prospered, and from humble beginnings had evolved into a producer on a large scale of wheat, corn and potatoes which annually yielded him abundant crops.

He kept a hired man the year round, and his wife a hired girl during the summer months; for a thrifty-housewife was Mistress Mathews, and she made stacks of butter, besides entertaining summer boarders—sportsmen and rusticators—from the cities who came to hunt, to fish and to run wild.

The weather had been wet, with intermitting hot sunshine, and the weeds were threatening to choke out the garden vegetables, and Pete's wife had been trying to head them off. Weary and overheated she turned at last toward the house, left in charge of Cassie, the hired girl. She found the screen door open, the kitchen full of flies and mosquitoes, a kettle of bean porridge scorching on the stove, but no Cassie. It was twenty minutes to six, Mr. Bronson, the boarder, Pete the householder and husbandman, and Philander, the hired man, would soon be in to supper and not even the kettle over.

"I declare to goodness if it don't beat all with that girl!"

"I don't see what's comin' over her to be so ker'less and shiftless all to once."

"She's out front flirtin' with them city fellers"—said Pete entering at that moment.

For half an hour, Cassie had watched so intently the path leading to the dock as to completely forget her household duties. Going to and fro between the place where their boats lay, and "Walton" Hotel at which they sojourned,— a mile back from shore,— two sportsmen had passed the house frequently of late. To all appearances they were gentlemen. Both were

extremely polite, and one of the number had paid especial deference to Cassie.

Now Cassie—pretty, piquant, and saucy—was not averse to an occasional flirtation. Though of irreproachable character, a simple, unsophisticated country girl was she, easily flattered and imposed upon, and the smiles and graceful gallantries bestowed by Mr. Frank Harrow were most effective in turning her little head besides giving Philander a world of trouble, since for months past the poor fellow had been assiduous in his attentions to the girl and she had given him reason to hope.

Having put over the tea kettle, Mistress Mathews stepped to the front window.

"Cassie, Cassie!" she called.

The girl was leaning against the pump, her blonde frizzes flying all about, her cheeks a rich bloom.

In a lively tilt with Harrow she was flinging shrewd repartees with rapidity and effect.

"I must go"—Mrs. Mathews' imperative voice had at last recalled Cassie's wandering-thoughts.

"Take this then with my compliments"—said Harrow tossing her a water lily. He lifted his hat, and with a smile and graceful wave of the hand passed on.

Hiding the flower under her apron, Cassie hurried into the house where she made peace with her mistress as best she could.

Tenderly nurtured, that lily continued for several days to exhale its fragrance, Cassie having placed it in a vase of water in her room.

Again and again they met, he the handsome,

faultlessly dressed, affable, and agreeable city man, she the pretty, but crude and inexperienced country girl. One day while hanging out the week's wash, a boy from Walton Hotel delivered to her a letter. The missive was scented with Attar of Roses and enclosed within a dainty envelope. Hastily opening, she read as follows :

WALTON HOTEL, Sept. 18th, 18--.

My Dear Little Girl:

"You will doubtless think strange that I should address you, but the fact is I am writing because I can't help it. If you could only realize what a lovely little witch you are and how perfectly irresistible to me you have become, you would understand and excuse language which might otherwise seem extravagant."

"Now that you have so completely charmed me, my bonny bird, I must beg the pleasure of your further acquaintance."

"When the moon casts her pale light over the bay and the stars blink forth, will you not meet me down at the boat landing about eight o'clock, say. Together we will row over the glistening waters and forget all else save each other, then will I tell you of all that is in my heart. Yours devotedly,

"FRANK HARROW."

With puzzled look and flushing cheeks Cassie entered the house. A few hours later Harrow and Duffree, his companion, passed by on their way to the dock. Harrow cast furtive glances toward the house but failed to get sight of Cassie. He looked disappointed, and on reaching the willow thickets proposed halting under the cool shadow, for the day was sultry.

Seated on a log in full view of the house, each lit a cigar, but Cassie very obstinately kept out of sight.

"What's amiss up yonder, Harrow?" queried Duffree.

"Oh, the pretty dove is hiding out of sheer modesty, that's all," replied the other carelessly.

"You are really mashed on her then?"

"Well, yes I suppose that I might as well make the admission."

"And how about the dreamy eyed Creole. You don't propose this little rustic to take her place?"

"Of course, Nita and I have had frequent quarrels of late, and to tell the truth she has lost her hold upon me. But there'll be hearts enough open to receive a woman of her imposing style."

"But don't you know that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. You might experience some difficulty in gaining this girl's confidence."

"Leave me alone for that, Duffree; she is is of a simple and confiding nature, you know. It would be quite an easy matter to make her believe the moon is made of "green cheese."

"By the way, I've just thought of a name that admirably fits my new divinity."

"And what might it be?"

"Brown Sugar."

"And the application, or signification?"

Don't you comprehend?"

"I call her Brown Sugar because she's sweet but unrefined."

"Ah!" ——— and Duffree laughed.

"How about your wife, Harrow?"

"Arn't you afraid she'll get an inkling of your little escapades some time?"

"Oh no, I guess there'll be no danger. I've always posed as a dutiful and indulgent husband and she's a trusting creature."

"You dog!"

"Well, if I'm a dog you're another."

"Yes, but I have no wife."

"But for existing circumstances I should be glad if I had none, but my wife holds the ducats, you know, and to kick out of the matrimonial traces would make it bad for a fellow who has nothing of his own, see?"

"I will find some agreeable position for my little country girl and my wife will be none the wiser."

"First catch your bird," returned Duffree.

"Oh, there'll be no trouble. These green country girls are the most credulous beings in the world, as well as the most devoted."

"I'm not so sure of what you say. It strikes me that your new fancy has a mind and will of her own."

This was part of a conversation, supposed to be confidential, held between the two sports. They little dreamed of a listener, but by chance it happened that Philander was on the opposite side of the copse mending gill nets and had heard all. As soon as the men left the place he hastened to Cassie with his newly acquired information. When he had concluded the recital Cassie went up stairs and threw the unoffending water lily out of the window.

That night at eight o'clock when the moon rose over the bay, Frank Harrow paced back and forth over the rough planking of the dock, but Cassie did not

come. A long time he waited, but finally retired vexed and disappointed.

For successive days he saw nothing of the girl, but not to be outwitted, he resolved to make her a call.

Supper was over at Pete Mathews'. Cassie had washed and put away the dishes, and arrayed in a blue gingham sunbonnet was starting for the barn to feed a late spring calf there ensconsed. With a pail of bran and milk, thickly stirred together, in her hand, the rustic beauty was suddenly transfixed by hearing Frank Harrow speak her name.

"How do you do, Miss Cassie, I hope you are well."

There was an ominous pause.

"Not having seen you for some time, I thought I would call and inquire for your health."

A sudden redness flashed over Cassie's features. For answer her pretty, but athletic arm gave a convulsive swing and the contents of the pail went full into Harrow's face and ran down his enamelled shirt front. Splashes of the mixture decorated his beaver and coursed sluggishly down his coat sleeves, vest front and trouser legs.

Never in all his experience had Harrow received so complete a surprise and he was struck speechless with amazement. Having rubbed the gluten from his eyes and dripping moustache he at last found his tongue.

"What in thunder do you mean?" he roared.

"What have I done to deserve such villainous treatment? You hussy, how dare you perpetrate such an infernal outrage?"

"That comes of mashin round 'green country' girls," said Philander significantly.



JOHNSON'S ISLAND—LOOKING TOWARD CEDAR POINT

"Next time you and your pal talk over your love affairs, you'd better look on 'tother side of the copse to see if there be any to hear."

The air of offended dignity which Harrow had assumed now gave way to a look of blank dismay.

"Better take yourself off, mister, fast as yer legs'll let you, ef you don't want damages to the extent of a broken head."

Harrow took one look at the burly six footer and hastily quitted the scene.

The next morning he bade adieu to Walton Hotel.

"Business," he explained, called him back to the city.

"How's sporting up the bay, Harrow?" queried an acquaintance whom he met on reaching his destination.

"Tame—played out, in fact," was the moody reply.

"Ah, indeed!" Then assuming a confidential tone:

"By the way, pard, what's wrong between you and your wife?"

"Me and my wife?"

"Not anything, man!"

"Then I guess you haven't heard the news. She's filed a petition for divorce."

"What! no, that can't be possible!"

"But it is possible."

"On what grounds?"

"Don't know. I hear there's a woman in the case as usual, also a letter; that's all I know."

It was with some misgivings, cloaked under an outward guise of nonchalance, that Harrow reached his home on the avenue and confronted his wife. That Nita had made trouble was his inward thought. To his wife, however, he coolly put the question:

"What's the row?"

For answer she quietly handed him a letter which read as follows:

"WILD DUCK POINT, Sept. 2, 18—.

"Dere Mrs. Harrow:

"I write these few lines to let you know something what I think you ought to know. Our border, Mr. Bronson, says he knows you and Mr. Harrow both: He says you live close to where he does and that you air a real nice woman, and he is sorry that you have such a skalawag for a man.

"I send you a letter what Mr. Harrow wrote me yesterday, by which you can see how he carries sail when he's away from home. If you want to know any more, Philander Smith, our hired man, can tell you a lot about him.

Yours truly,

"CASSIE HART."

Harrow was visibly agitated when he had finished reading.

"And where is the letter enclosed?" he asked.

"In the hands of my attorney; but here's a copy."

Harrow was thus afforded an opportunity of perusing a reproduction of his epistle to Cassie.

The next outing season Frank Harrow was not among the guests at Walton Hotel. With the assistance of Philander and Cassie as principal witnesses, Mrs. Harrow had procured a divorce and with all her possessions had forsaken her lord. As a second rate clerk in a lawyer's office Harrow was now afforded an opportunity of making himself "useful as well as ornamental."

As to morals, he finds it easier living up to the common standard of virtue on a small salary than it had been with an unlimited supply of "ducats" at command; but any reference to "Brown Sugar" makes him visibly wince.

Cassie's summer time fancy was effectually dissipated and she returned at once to her allegiance. A month later Philander and Cassie were legally and securely knotted.



WHAT THE DRIFT BROUGHT ASHORE

A fog—the densest ever known in the archipelago—shrouded lake and land, shutting from view surrounding objects. Condensing vapors dripped drearily from grey gables and naked boughs; and a silence impressive and profound as if all the world were dead reigned unbroken.

It was early spring and the ice was breaking and sluggishly running in the island passages, carried along by shifting currents though scarce a breath of wind stirred.

A more dismal day had never dawned upon “Willow Point”—so at least thought Mittie McKay, while seated by the kitchen window she knit lace, and watched her father at work as with ax aswing he whacked away at the long, strong bolts and oaken timbers of an old wreck—a dismasted schooner—that lay amidst the driftwood and debris brought in by the waves and piled into winrows.

In vain had Mittie tried to pierce with her sharp eyes the obscurity. She could not see even the big, black buoy on Chenook reef. So nicely scumbled and blended by the fog were sky and water that the whole perspective seemed a single sweep of sky that reached to earth, and the only animate objects visible in all the illimitable expanse were the nearer flocs adrift in the dark water and appearing like white

clouds on a leaden background. The effect was striking, but too devoid of life for a girl like Mittie, and she withdrew her gaze from the colorless scene to that in the foreground representing her father, his swinging ax, and the broken and denuded ribs of the wrecked schooner.

Mittie's mouth had a perceptible droop at the corners, and her eyes a misty expression borrowed from the fog, and once when the thread kinked forming an obstinate knot, a frown wrinkled her smooth brow. Mittie's feelings were evidently in sympathy with the weather. For her on this dun colored day the old wreck had a peculiar fascination.

Nameless, it had come ashore about a year previous, on the sweep of a mighty storm, from whence nobody knew.

"What a fit emblem of life is that old hulk"—soliloquized the girl.

"We launch forth with fair prospects, and furthering gales only to fetch up on some desolate shore hopelessly broken and battered."

The sad case of the beached wreck seemed analogous to her own, and her eyes filled with tears at its contemplation.

Now, considering the fact that Mittie was a bright, pretty girl of only twenty years, the idea of comparing herself to that old bare-boned carcass seemed absurd. Nevertheless, she was just now very, very miserable. It was all in consequence of a quarrel between her and Santa Smith. Mittie and the young man had been affianced lovers when a misunderstanding occurred. Pride and resentment on both sides widened the breach

finally resulting in complete estrangement. To make matters worse, Santa had begun paying attention to Stella Pierce, the Willow Point school mistress—a flip, flirty, frizzle headed girl of eighteen; smart enough and good enough looking, but given to gush and a pronounced giggler.

This girl, who had gained the young man's preference, was two whole years younger than Mittie—a circumstance which caused the latter to feel very much like an old maid, and probably suggested the doleful analogy between herself and the old wreck.

As the thread continued to knot, Mittie continued to frown, until she suddenly caught a reflection of her face in a mirror. What a fright she was making of herself! Petulance then gave way to more tender feelings and she began to cry. She couldn't help it with the day so dull and her heart so heavy, for in spite of her lingering resentment she still loved Santa truly, devotedly, and he cared naught for her.

While in this tearful plight, her father, Mike McKay, entered with an armful of firewood.

“A March fog
Will freeze a May dog”—

Sagely quoted the old man.

“My, what nasty weather!”

He was damp and shivering from the chill fog without, and cramming the stove with wood spread his hands in front of the open hearth.

“Hullo there, what's the matter?” he queried catching a view of Mittie's tear stained countenance.

“Mourning over Santa Smith, Santa Mariah or some other Santa—as I live.

"No, I a'int,"—she replied testily.

"But I know you are."

"Never mourn over such a circumstance, girl, for don't you know—"

'There's plenty of fish in the sea,
As good as ever were caught.'

Seeing that the subject was painful to his daughter, Mike thought best to change it.

"Heigh oh! we're getting a breeze at last. Hear the wind roar. Now I hope the fog 'll lift."

At this moment the sound of a bell was borne to the ears of father and daughter. It was a church bell at the port a mile distant. Its tones were sonorous, and as it continued ringing the listeners looked inquisitively at each other.

"Some one lost in the fog," suggested Mittie.

"Must be so," returned the father.

"Most like it's the mail carrier and party. Pete Mooney said the mail hadn't arrived yet when he left the harbor and it was then two hours overdue. Pete went by about fifteen minutes ago."

"The carrier had a compass along, of course, but what with the currents and running ice, it might do him little good; for should the boat drift out of her course so as to miss the island, the compass would only guide him out into the open lake."

"How dreadful to be lost in such a fog and the ice a running and night coming on," observed Mittie with a shudder.

An early twilight was perceptibly deepening the gloom which had hung all day long over land and water; and the prospects of a night of blackness, such as

no gleam of beacon light could penetrate, served to increase the anxiety felt by Mike McKay and his daughter and was shared by most of the dwellers on that lonely isle. It was now definitely known that the carrier and party were astray on the lake and what might be their fate none could determine.

At regular intervals the bell pealed forth its signals, but the sound fell with a dirge-like cadence.

Vaguely seen through the fog-veil and darkness, trees, rocks and other objects near the isolated old dwelling appeared strangely weird to Mittie. The naked ribs of the wrecked schooner suggested the skeleton of some huge animal, and the dead-white floes piling the beach reminded her of marble slabs and shafts swept together from some abandoned graveyard. A nameless dread possessed her and a foreboding which she could not control.

In hours of melancholy such as these Santa's genial presence had often cheered the motherless girl and dispersed the gloom of her surroundings, but all that was now in the past. Her lover and friend had left her and she knew not where he then was. Some said that he had gone to Michigan, there to remain for a year or more. Had he been on the opposite side of the globe he could not have seemed more distant.

Darkness came on apace and shut out the fog phantoms. The wind had continued to freshen until it blew a gale, and the gale increased until it blew a hurricane. This caused the fog to lift and lights became visible, though inky blackness covered all the sky.

In more than one cottage on Willow Point lamp-light gleamed from windows looking lakeward, placed

there by anxious watchers with the hope that the rays shed abroad might guide landward the carrier's craft, if happily it were still afloat and able to outride the storm and crushing ice.

Within the McKay abode well seasoned driftwood crackled briskly, the kitchen stove grew ruddy with heat and the room was cozy and comfortable.

Seated at a table Mittie knit lace, but showed little interest in her work.

Mike McKay divided his attention between some torn gill net twine—which he was stitching up with a wooden needle—and the weather. The old man felt anxious concerning the missing boat and opened the door many times to scan the sky and the tumultuous sea rushing on the beach. The wind's howl over chimney and tree tops and the crash and grind of ice on the shore were terrific, and he shook his head as he calculated the slim chances of any boat or crew on such a night.

Nine o'clock was late bed time for Mike McKay; anxiety had kept him up, however, until after that time; but realizing the futility of further watching, he prepared to retire, first repairing to the beach to again look at the lake.

Ice in pulverized masses and in floes big as the side of a house—tossed up by the waves—formed a wide, white ridge covering all the beach and still piling higher. The wind blew with a violence which the old man cared not to withstand. It cut his face and chilled him through.

He had turned toward the house, when above the crash and roar he thought he heard a shout. Very

faint indeed; perhaps he was mistaken for the voices of contending elements pitched in myriad keys strangely commingled and were liable to deceive.

Mike was about to enter his dwelling when he again heard an outcry. This time he made no mistake. It was close at hand and came from the lake. Rushing into the house he hastily lighted a lantern and hurried to the beach whither he was quickly followed by his daughter.

Over bristling ridges and through pommaced heaps of ice they clambered until near the line where breakers gleamed white in the lantern's glare. At a short distance from shore a large mass of ice had grounded upon sunken rocks, and through the gloom was discerned the outlines of a boat fast upon the obstruction and a yeast of waves breaking over it.

"Hulloa there! Give us a line—for God's sake be quick!"

"Aye, aye," answered Mike.

He turned to Mittie.

"Run and get that coil of rope which hangs above the locker. Fly! Your limbs are more supple than mine."

Mittie started on her errand, instantly returning with a long, strong rope to one end of which was attached a piece of lead.

Having given the signal, Mike with well directed aim flung the lead and line into the boat. He was then directed to make fast the shore end, which he did by carrying it over the ice ridge and tying it to a tree. By this means the boat was freed from her precarious situation and gotten ashore, but would have been crushed

in the operation had it not been especially built for contact with ice. It was armored with steel and proved to be the island mail boat. After a hazardous experience the carrier and his assistants had gained the shore, but were so numbed with the cold wind and dashing spray that they could hardly walk.

"Come right up to my house !" exclaimed McKay hospitably.

"No, no, not yet," returned the carrier. "We've lost a man overboard—a passenger—we must look for him."

"He was standing at the stern, helping us with a pike pole to shove the boat off yonder rocks, when a big wave heavy with ice drift carried him into the lake."

"I'm afraid its all day with him. He was nearly dead from cold and fatigue before he went over and would hardly be able to make much of a fight."

"Who was the man?" queried Mike.

"It was Santa Smith."

The words rang confusedly through Mittie's brain. She was dazed but uttered no sound, and only for an instant paused with hands uplifted.

"Let us look for him, let us find him !" she exclaimed.

The wind was driving everything shoreward, and dead or alive the man might be brought in on the breakers. A dark object floating in the water soon attracted attention. The object was gotten ashore. It proved to be the inanimate form of Santa Smith.

The lantern flashed into the white, upturned face as they gathered about to examine the body.

"He is dead," said one of the men regretfully.

"There may be life in him yet, bring him into the house," suggested McKay.

Santa was stretched upon a lounge, vigorous stimulants were applied to the skin and administered internally, but as no responsive sign was visible they sadly shook their heads.

Just as the last hope had been abandoned, however, a faint movement of the heart was detected. Efforts were renewed, and the men were speedily cheered by indications still more hopeful.

Mittie was tremulous with emotion as she flew about procuring towels, blankets and other articles called for by the workers.

After a time Santa opened his eyes. At that moment Mittie was hovering near; the first face that he recognized was hers, and the first word that passed his lips was her name.

She came near and in a moment their hands were clasped and she was weeping for joy.

The carrier and his men had now performed their part, and after partaking of some needed refreshments, they loaded upon a wagon procured for the purpose the U. S. mail bags and other matter in their possession, and hastened on, leaving Mike McKay and his daughter to nurse the resuscitated Santa into full activity. Said the young man when he and the girl were alone:

"I was on my way home with the mail when we got astray in the fog. I came back because I couldn't stay any longer and wanted to make up with you—will you forgive me?"

“But how about Stella Pierce?”

“O, I just went with her because I was mad at you and wanted to show my independence. Stella knew it and accepted my company because she thought it fun to make you jealous.”

“The hussy!” exclaimed Mittie.

“Will you forgive me?”

For answer Mittie kissed his brow, and the old sweet confidence was restored.



AN ISLAND "FAMILY ROBINSON."

CHAPTER I.

Isolation.

A mere speck on the bosom of Lake Erie lay the little island where opens the scene of our story. It contained but a few acres and the rough limestone which girt its irregular shores was carven into grotesque shapes by the action of waves. Huge rocks split off from shore lifted their heads capped by gnarled cedars, the roots of which had taken so firm a hold that the fierce storms of wind and dashing surf had seemed to render them only more tenacious. Straggling trees and low scrubby bushes feathered the shores and in many places overhung them.

From the far mainland shores west and north, blue lying in the hazy distance, to eastward, far as the eye could reach, stretched the great ice plains, undulating and rough with their white and grey drift piled in confused masses. The scene presented was at once grand, yet bleak and desolate.

In the center of the island was a single dwelling sheltered from raking winds by a thicket of trees. Within a cove, approached by a rocky path, stood a roughly built shanty used for storing nets, buoys, ropes and other articles belonging to fishermen's tackle, and drawn up on the beach lay a boat. These two buildings were all that the island contained. Its in-

habitants were a fisherman, William Gerald, and family consisting of a wife, a grown daughter and a little child. A man who had been employed to assist in fishing operations during the preceding autumn lived with them.

None of the adjacent islands were at that time inhabited and very often in stormy weather and when the ice was unsafe these people were entirely cut off from the world and communication therewith. Though they had suffered many disadvantages and even hardships and had resolved never to spend another winter on the lonely spot, yet undoubtedly they had been as happy and as contented as mankind in general.

However, a shadow had crossed the cottage threshold and darkened its hearthstone. Little Charley, the pet of the household, was taken suddenly ill. The anxious parents did all that lay in their power, administering such medicines as they had, which they thought might prove beneficial, but their efforts were unavailing and the boy grew rapidly worse.

"In the morning," said Gerald—for the child was taken ill in the night—"In the morning I will start for the mainland and try to procure a doctor."

"I fear that it will be hard to find a doctor willing to risk traveling so far upon the ice," replied the wife.

"I do not think the risk great, as the ice appears quite solid," answered the husband.

When, however, the first beams of the winter sun illuminated the eastern verge of the great ice plains and shone through the cedars into the window, they fell upon the rigid face of a dead child. Little Charley had breathed his last.

The parents were stricken with grief. Isolated as they were, death had found and had borne away almost without warning their treasure.

Long and dreary was the day following that night of anxious watching by the bedside of sickness and of death. The sun veiled itself in clouds and the skies bent in cold solemnity. Dressed in a robe of spotless white the dead child lay in his crib. The room was partially darkened and through the house, which had echoed his ringing laugh and childish prattle, reigned a silence unbroken save by soft footfalls and low voices, mingled with a sound of weeping.

To the hearts of the mourning parents now came the question:

"Where shall we find a grave for our boy?"

"Shall we bury him in this desert little isle which holds no other grave and leave it alone and neglected with only the rain and dew to weep over it, and the voice of wind and wave alone hushing it to the sleep that waketh not?"

"No," the thought was unbearable. Then they remembered a burial site with white headstones, environed amidst shrubbery, flowers and drooping willows across on the Canadian main where rested friends and relatives. In this spot they resolved to inter the remains of little Charley.

"If we carry him to A——," observed Mr. Gerald, it will be necessary to set out as soon as possible. The trip over and back will take two days. The ice seems solid, but it is uncertain how long it will remain so."

"Reuben will be ready and willing to accompany me and I think it best to start early tomorrow morning."

"I hardly dare think of your going. What if anything should happen you?" said Mrs. Gerald. Then she thought of the void soon to be made by the removal of little Charley.

"Oh! how desolate would be the darkened home."

Mingled with her grief were misgivings concerning the safety of her husband, such as she had never before felt, for she was a courageous woman and seldom gave way to feelings of timidity. Long hours must elapse before she should again see her husband. He would be exposed to danger in crossing the bleak ice desert, yet this danger would not be greater than others to which he had often been exposed on previous occasions. Calling to the test all her fortitude, she refused to listen to the promptings of fears which she endeavored to persuade herself were groundless, and quietly acquiesced in her husband's plans.

A strange funeral procession was that which early the next morning moved from the door of the fisherman's home down to the cove where lay the boat. In his arms Gerald carried the dead child, wrapped in a blanket. He was followed by his wife and daughter and his hired man, Reuben Starr.

The boat had been provided with runners and ropes fastened to the bow, so that it could be drawn like a hand sled. Reuben Starr carried a small box which he placed in the boat's stern, and within it was laid the body. The little group gathered around it and remained standing for a few minutes, while the mother and sister took a last look at the dead boy. Tears flowed freely and the silence of the parting was broken only by sobs. The sky was covered with sombre

clouds; a settled gloom rested upon the underlying shores and pervaded the hearts of the stricken family. The little face was then covered away from sight.

With a few parting words to those left behind Gerald took his place beside Reuben Starr, who held the ropes, and together they set forward drawing between them the boat and its burden. Once again an indefinable dread of some ill befalling the two adventurers took possession of Mrs. Gerald and divided the grief she felt at the death of her child. She said nothing to her daughter in regard to these feelings and sought to drive them from her mind.

Over the lake toiled the two men. There were smooth, slippery places where the ice looked blue and firm. Then they came to narrow seams where water appeared. In one place a long rift of open water about fifty feet wide obstructed the way. Here they were obliged to launch the boat and pull across to the opposite side. In some places great cakes of ice lay heaped in confused masses. At other points they were gorged together in shattered, splintered confusion.

Meantime the clouds grew darker and the air warmer. Gerald, with a slight feeling of uneasiness, glanced at the lowering sky, while Reuben wet his finger and held it up in the wind to note its direction.

"I wish that we had brought a pocket compass," observed the latter.

Gerald made no reply and the men pushed forward as rapidly as the peculiar roughness of the way and the dragging weight of the boat would permit, toward the faint, blue line which marked the Canadian shores. However, the men were apprehensive of a danger

which those of less experience might not have foreseen. The wind was not blowing hard, but it had changed from the northeast to due west and the dense, black clouds along the western horizon had turned to a whitish grey. There were indications of a storm. Nearly three hours had they been on their way and the shores of the island were growing dim in the distance. Once they stopped and deliberated as to whether they had not better abandon the undertaking. Gerald seemed inclined to turn back, but Reuben Starr, who was an old sailor and had roughed it for many a year, insisted upon going forward. He had become hardened by exposure, was reckless of danger and his reputation for bravery was now at stake. After a moment's hesitation Gerald yielded to the old sailor's wishes and again they pressed forward with an energy that brought the perspiration to their faces.

Suddenly the wind arose. The heavy, grey clouds swept up from the horizon in a solid body, preceded by clouds as black as night, broken and flying in wild confusion.

"Look yonder!" exclaimed Gerald, pointing westward.

A dense, filmy line of snow was sweeping toward them over the lake. The men came to a sudden stop. Gerald's face was pale and anxious, and that of his companion showed deeper concern than he cared to express in words. In a few moments the storm burst upon them. The air was filled with whirling snow flakes driven before the fierce blast. It enveloped them as with a shroud. The island which they had left behind and the shore line toward which they had traveled

were entirely blotted from view. Not a point or landmark remained whereby they could determine their course.

"If we only had brought a compass," repeated Reuben, but they had not and now what was to be done? If they journeyed on without a guide they would in all probability lose the direction of the shore and perhaps wander from the confines of the islands out toward the open sea. They decided to remain where they were. The storm might soon abate and they could then proceed. But there were no indications of the storm abating. Not a break appeared in the solid mass of clouds that covered the sky. The wind blew a steady gale. Their situation was becoming perilous, for if the wind continued at its present violence the ice was liable to part and break up at any time. A knowledge of this fact was the principal cause of anxiety on the part of the two men.

Buttoning closely about them their overcoats they seated themselves on the edge of the boat. Having eaten nothing since early morning, Gerald opened a basket he had brought with him containing provisions, set it between them, and the two partook of its contents in silence. With the snow whirling around them they finished their repast, after which the time was occupied in watching the sky and in pacing backward and forward near the boat's side. The hours dragged wearily, and impatient of their length, Reuben asked for the time. Gerald took out his watch. It was just half past two. Dropping it into his pocket, he once more glanced at the sky. It looked sullen and the wind was increasing.

CHAPTER II.

In the Clutch of the Tempest.

The winter days were short, and by five o'clock it would be dark. Had the storm then cleared the remainder of the afternoon would not have been more than sufficient for them to have reached their destination. What if it continued snowing, and they should be compelled to remain all night in their present exposed situation. With such a wind it seemed no question with Gerald but that the ice must break up before morning.

"Should the snow cease falling might they not be able even in the dark to find their way by the aid of some friendly light," was the thought of Gerald. Then he remembered how wild was that portion of the Canadian shore, and how few inhabitants it contained. He could not remember having ever seen a light upon them. Gerald glanced at the snow covered heap in the stern of the boat, thought of his dead child, and wondered if they might not find a grave together in the cruel waters that lay beneath.

Still the snow descended, the wind increased and hope grew faint in the hearts of the solitary watchers.

The suspense became unendurable.

"It seems useless to wait," said Gerald. There may be a chance of making land at some point, and if we do not, we can certainly make our situation no worse than it is.

Reuben expressed the same opinion, and they continued on in the direction towards which the boat still headed, but as to whether they kept their course or

gradually deviated and wandered from it they never knew.

Wearily onward they trudged through the snow which was getting quite deep, but thought not of rest, nor lingered for a moment. The increasing gloom warned them that night was coming on. Thick and fast fell the shades. They stumbled blindly over rough surfaces, with the relentless flakes flying about them like vultures. Who could tell, perhaps each moment bore them farther away from the shore which they were striving to reach, out toward the open where storm and darkness centered.

Suddenly, an ominous grinding roar was heard. The men glanced quickly at each other and stopped to listen. Again the sound was repeated.

"It is coming," said Gerald.

"We may as well prepare for the worst."

Night impenetrable with snow, and darkness shut in this desolate scene. The demons of the storm were abroad and unrestrained were their orgies. The travelers had come to a dead halt, when they felt the ice lift beneath their feet. There were grating, crushing noises upon every side. The worst had come. The ice had parted and they were adrift.

Reuben seized a hammer, loosened the temporary runners from the boat, and got it in readiness for use at a moment's notice. The din of crashing ice grew louder. They could not determine the size of the floe upon which they stood, but it was moving rapidly; rising, falling, quivering beneath them, like the deck of a storm tossed vessel. They drifted for an hour or more when the floe upon which they were, broke, but a com-

paratively small piece holding intact. They took their places at the oars, and prepared for a contest with the crushing ice and thundering waves. Showers of spray filled the air. They were lifted upon the crest of a gigantic billow, then plunged again into the trough of the sea. The remainder of the floe was shivered to pieces and the boat nearly capsized. When it righted again they were tossing in the midst of the waves.

It would be difficult to describe the fierce struggle that ensued, or to recount the horrors of the long night that followed, during which the frail boat was driven by the tempest and threatened momentarily with destruction by the drifting ice. As by a miracle, however, they weathered the storm until the dawn of morning. About mid-night the snow had ceased falling, and stars came out into the sky, but the wind continued blowing as furiously as ever. They had been drifting with the ice down the lake all night; and now clearly outlined made out the rough, dark shores of a projecting headland some two miles distant.

The oil suits of the two men were covered thick with frozen spray. The water had penetrated their undergarments, they were numbed with cold, and almost exhausted. With their fast failing strength was it possible to pull through the gleaming white breakers and icy drift and reach shore? The wind was in their favor, though the sea was tremendous. Sighting a low sandy beach indenting a line of broken rocks, they exerted all their remaining strength, and pulled towards it. About half the distance was accomplished, when they were struck by a huge wave, ice loaded. There was a crash, and the shattered boat capsized.

A cry rose from the water. The men were struggling in the merciless waves.

Gerald seized the railing of the boat and looked for his companion, but saw only the shrouded form of his dead child float away and disappear beneath the waves. The stark, white face was turned towards him, and in that instant Gerald realized that the living and the dead had alike found graves beneath the relentless waves. A chill of horror froze the blood in his veins and his heart stood still. He clutched the boat with both hands, and his stiffening fingers held on with the terrible grip of the drowning. Blindness came over him. A confused din was in his ears which growing fainter died away. Gerald was unconscious.

* * * * *

On the etremity of L— Point stood a hut where lived an aged hermit. The morning after the storm the old man had risen early and repaired to the shore for a pail of water. The rocks were high and the waves beat up against their base. With a rope he let down the pail and drew it up filled with water. He set it down for a moment to watch the driving surf, when his attention was attracted by a broken boat washed upon a narrow beach at the foot of the cliffs. A strange, dark object was fastened to it. Clambering down the icy rocks, he approached the boat.

Clinging to it with both hands was the apparently lifeless body of a man. On examination, the old man thought that he detected a faint flutter about the heart indicating that life was not altogether extinct. There was an ugly cut on the side of the head, and blood had frozen in the hair.

He unfastened the closely locked fingers from the

boat, and half carried, half dragged the man up the rocks, stopping at intervals to rest for the ascent was laborious.

A hot fire blazed on the cabin hearth, and the old man laid his burden on a couch close beside it. For some time he worked over his charge, using every restorative at command, and by degrees the patient revived and began breathing regularly. He opened feebly his eyes and spoke a few words, but they were disconnected and denoted mental derangement. For twelve weeks William Gerald—for he it was—lay in a critical condition, suffering from injuries that threatened both life and reason. He raved day and night, and talked incessantly and incoherently.

At last there came a time when the fevered state of his mind grew more calm, and a deep, long sleep succeed'ed. When he awoke, reason was restored and with it the remembrance of events which had occurred, and through which he had been brought to his present condition. His first inquiry was for Reuben Starr, but they could tell him nothing concerning his companion's fated.

On the following day a child's remains, with the tattered fragments of a white shroud clinging to them were washed ashore. They were brought to the cabin, and although much disfigured were recognized by Gerald as those of little Charley, and subsequently buried in a little graveyard on the point.

Despite his restlessness, the invalid grew stronger each day, for he was deeply concerned about his wife and daughter alone and in exile all those dreary weeks and months.

Yielding to the continued petitions of his patient, the attending physician gave him permission at last to return to his island home, after cautioning him to be very careful.

Before starting, Gerald visited the new made grave and planted flowers upon it and a tree at its head, for spring had come.

* * * * *

The anxiety and suspense endured by the two women in their lonely situation during those long, winter months, can well be imagined.

The terrible snow-storm, with the breaking up of the ice coming when it did, had aroused serious apprehension for the safety of the absent ones.

As days went by and weeks succeeded, the fears that haunted the two women increased. That the men were lost in the ice grew into an awful certainty. Had they been living they could and would have returned. All hope of ever seeing her husband died from the heart of Mrs. Gerald, and now as their winter's stock of provisions was nearly exhausted, how were they to obtain help? Not a sail as yet had come near.

One bright May morning at last, on glancing from the window, Mrs. Gerald sighted a small schooner standing directly for the island. She was overjoyed, but after a moment's reflection concluded that the vessel must be on a long tack and would soon shift her course. Fastening a white cloth to a pole the woman ran to the shore, determined, if possible, to signal those on board. The schooner was still several miles distant, but the wind was fair and blowing fresh and sharp and

she bore down without deviating a single point. In a short time she lay just off the island. The white cloth fluttered from shore. The vessel hove to, let go her anchor and lowering a boat, a number of men climbed into it and pulled for the island.

Did her eyes deceive her? Who was the man in the bow of the yawl bearing so strong a resemblance to her dead husband? With her daughter she hurried to the spot where the boat was about to land. As it touched, the man in the bow sprang ashore.

"William!" Mrs. Gerald rushed toward her husband—for it was he—and fell fainting into his arms.

Gerald had taken passage on a vessel bound for the upper lakes. Having previously stated his story to the kind hearted captain, the latter, touched with sympathy, agreed to land him upon this island, although it lay wide of the vessel's course. However, the joy of the meeting between those so long separated by circumstances, so fraught with danger and uncertainty, more than compensated the good captain for his trouble.

As soon as he could make the necessary arrangements, William Gerald removed his family and effects to Canada. Trusting no longer to the uncertain chances of wind and wave, he became a well-to-do farmer. The family lived happy and contented among relatives and friends, but the recollection of experiences here narrated sometimes came back in hideous night-mare forms to haunt their sleeping visions.

Since then many a long year has passed. Times have changed and life seems everywhere; yet, lying on the bosom of this inland sea, the little island remains the same isolated speck, lonely and desolate as of yore.

CASTAWAY.

A Story of Rattlesnake Island.

It is remarkable what large sized romances small bits of territory are capable of producing under favorable conditions. Though containing but ten or twelve acres, Rattlesnake island forms the scene of quite an interesting episode along this line.

The island lies about two miles to the northeast of Put-in-Bay. Its surface, partially covered with forest fringe and red cedar, is broken by outcropping beds of limestone. In shape it is elongated with a hump in the middle, and two islets—mere dots—at the tail end, known as the “rattles.” Viewed from a distance, a lively imagination may readily resolve this dark couchant body of land outlined against the turquoise blue of Erie into a gigantic rattlesnake, with head erect and rattles in working order. From its peculiar formation the island is generally supposed to have derived its name, though some assert that the appellation was bestowed in consequence of the illimitable quantities of rattlesnakes which rendezvoused in and among the creviced and broken rocks. From these fastnesses they were wont to wriggle forth into aggressive prominence, hissing and clicking their spite, and whipping the earth and surrounding vegetation, until everything looked blue. Many “vets” were numbered among the reptilian hosts, regular old sockers with whole

strings of rattles. So thick were they it is avowed—that a man couldn't walk without treading upon three or four of the "varmint" at every step—this in the halcyon days of yore. At a later date the enterprising community of snakes here represented materially lessened in numbers, until comparatively few remain to adorn the spot named in their honor.

An able accessory in the dispersion of this reptile colony was undoubtedly vested in the brawn and muscle of the proprietor, whom for convenience we will call "Hank Smith," who with his family located on the island. Old Hank wasn't afraid of rattlesnakes evidently, and prided himself manifestly on owning and occupying with his household gods a whole island, which if not very big, was at least far enough removed from adjacent isles to afford ample seclusion. So at least he imagined, and so in reality it might have proven but for the obtrusive fact that the old codger possessed several comely daughters, and since "love laughs at locksmiths," traverses distances immeasurable and achieves impossibilities of all sorts, this blind but ever active imp was not long in finding his way to Rattlesnake island.

Celia, the eldest, was an attractive maiden with eyes that matched the color of the sea and sky and hair a fluff of golden brown. She was lithe and active, free and fearless, revelling like a duck in adventures on the water. She was an expert at fishing and fowling, could manipulate a pair of oars with admirable skill, and with a light skiff was accustomed to cross frequently the two miles stretch that intervened between Rattlesnake and Put-in-Bay.

At the latter place she speedily became the attraction of a youthful fisherman who crossed her path—whom we will call Tom Taylor. After this there was no more peace for Rattlesnake. From time to time it was haunted by a spectral sail which circled about the island, edging nearer and nearer at each cruise, until one day it lay beached close by the “grout” house of Hank Smith. At beck of the little winged god Tom Taylor and his boat had followed the charmer to her rocky retreat. This being his first experience in courtship, however, Tom proved a bit fresh and his bashfulness was excruciating. His feeble advances were regarded with apparent disfavor, the coy maiden turning a deaf ear to his importunities, until in blank despair he shook the dust of Rattlesnake from his feet. The spectral sail retreated over the water returning no more that season to haunt the mirrored coves of the little, lone isle.

Tom Taylor “darned” and “gol-darned” his luck and the girl, and wished himself and her in — well, in a clime too hot for health and comfort.

Having thus abandoned schemes matrimonial, he returned to his work of inveigling into nets of tarred twine the unsuspecting finny tribes, an occupation with which he was more familiar than that of love making.

One early spring day, some months following the collapse of Tom’s love affair, a terrible squall, such as sometimes swoops down unannounced upon the islands, struck Put-in-Bay with a force that twisted limbs from the trees and sent the tumbled seas spouting up the rocks.

Looking from her window an old woman who oc-

cupied a cottage on East Point thought she espied a small boat far out on the lake driving eastward before the gale. From a shelf she snatched a pair of marine glasses through which she took a second observation. Yes, the boat was evidently drifting at the mercy of the wind and current. Not an oar was in motion. Only a single occupant could be discerned and that was a female. With breathless haste the old woman rushed to a little cove where stood a fish shanty. Within an angle of the L shaped dock several boats lay moored, and two fishermen attired in yellow oil skins and Sou'-westers were coal tarring twine over a smoking kettle. One of these individuals proved to be our friend Tom Taylor. Tom took the marine glasses proffered by the scared old woman, and through them examined the drifting boat.

"Blast my buttons if it aint a woman!" he exclaimed. With two or three long strides he reached and began unfastening a boat.

"What you goin' to do?" demanded his companion.

"Going to pick up that skiff; come on Jim."

Jim demurred, urging that no boat could live long in such a sea, and that it was foolhardy to venture.

Tom, however, would take no denial, and with serious misgivings Jim was finally persuaded to take a hand at the oars. Under the double pull the boat plunged into the boiling surf. It was a hard struggle and many times the boat barely escaped swamping in the heavy sea that struck her, but at last the castaway was overtaken. As they approached the woman stretched appealing hands toward them and Tom turned in his seat to get a square look at her.

“Great Scott!” The beaded perspiration on his brow now began streaming down his cheeks. It was Celia, she who had so cruelly jilted him. But all differences were forgotten when life and death hung poised in the balance. The drifting boat was nearly filled with water and it seemed as if every sea would submerge it, but the boat and Celia were both rescued and landed upon the lee side of a projecting headland. Celia was drenched through and through. Her hair hung in strings, her clothing clung closely about her, and altogether she looked as picturesque as a ducked hen.

“You may thank Tom here for your salvation,” remarked Jim, turning to the fair but dilapidated Celia.

“I never see a woman yit that I thought more of than I do of my own individual self, an’ if Tom hadn’t shamed me out, I expect he’d awent alone and you’d both gone to Davy Jones.”

Now that they had reached land, the rough old fisherman had removed his boots and was draining off the water that had collected in them.

The girl made no reply, but from under dripping locks she beamed upon Tom a smile the most heart-some and approving that he had ever received.

In answer to anxious questions Celia explained that when midway between the two islands a rowlock had become detached and fallen overboard, rendering the oars useless, and being overtaken by the squall she had drifted until discovered and rescued.

Celia found shelter with some friends at Put-in-Bay until the next morning, when the gale having died, she was restored to her anxious parents by Tom Taylor in

person. She was not much worse for the wetting and scare received and was appropriately subdued in manner, treating Tom with uniform kindness and evidently regarding him as a hero.

Old Hank received him with effusive demonstrations and insisted upon his remaining for the day as an honored guest, placing before him in the way of entertainment the best that his larder afforded.

Celia behaved beautifully and it will hardly be necessary to tell of all the little flirtations successfully prosecuted by the young couple during that brief day.

In the evening as Tom was about taking his departure, his host clapped him on the shoulder and said:

“Young man, if it hadn’t been for you my girl would now be drifting down Lake Erie a corpse instead of sitting here. You’ve saved her life and now I don’t know how I am to pay you for the trouble, unless you’re willin’ to take her.”

A wave of scarlet suddenly swept over Tom’s face, extending clear to the roots of his red hair, while the girl looked the picture of confusion.

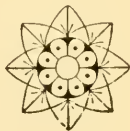
“Why, dad!” she exclaimed.

Tom succeeded after a mighty effort in gaining his composure, and after clearing his throat said that if the old man was “willin’” and the girl was “willin’” he guessed he’d call it “square.” The girl nodded; the old man said “all right,” and promised to throw in the boat as a part of the bargain. So before the ice fields blocked the island passages there was a wedding on Rattlesnake and Tom bore away his bride in triumph.

One by one old Hank Smith was robbed of his daughters and he eventually left the island himself,

and another "Family Robinson" who succeeded him now occupies the place.

Tom Taylor multiplied and increased as years swept on and now rejoices, with his "better half" in an ample share of this world's emoluments.



“CRUSOE” ISLANDS OF ERIE.

As a field for the development of novel and entertaining adventures like those of “Robinson Crusoe,” and the “Swiss Family Robinson,” or a fancy tickling bit of romance like that of “Foul Play,” a little, lone island in the sea is quite the thing, and in material for productions of this kind the Erie archipelago is prolific.

Mere dots as they are on the broad bosom of an inland sea, the reminiscent lore attaching to the smaller islets dating from their early history is interesting.

While too limited in extent to afford room for more than a few occupants at a time, the fact that so many individuals singly, or as families, should have sought at various times the seclusion of bounds so narrow, is a matter of surprise. Instances of the occupation of each by single families have been numerous, while correspondingly marked has been the tendency toward Crusoe life.

As will be seen on reference to the map, the islands in question are scattered promiscuously among the larger members of the group, and may be enumerated as East, West and Middle Sisters, Green Island, Rattlesnake, “Gull,” “Sugar,” “Mouse,” “Lost Ballast,” “Hen and Chickens,” North Harbor, Middle Island, “Buckeye,” and “Starve” islands.

As a light-house station, Middle island, situated in Canadian waters south of Point Au Pelee and containing but a few acres, has formed for many years the abode of a whole series of government employes whose main occupation it has been to kindle and keep burning through nights of storm and darkness the lights within its grey old tower, occupying in turn with their families or alone the one modest dwelling which the island contains.

Drawing from their personal experiences, the light-keepers of Middle island have contributed in ample measure to stories of adventure, and often of hardship and privation incidental to a life so isolated.

On one occasion a bass fishing party on an extended cruise approached the shores of Middle island. The party had observed two women watching from the shore and giving signs of distress. On landing they found near the stone-towered light-house a dwelling occupied by the keeper and his family. The former was suffering tortures from a broken ankle—the result of an accident three weeks previous. When first broken, the limb had been bandaged and treated by a mainland physician, but had since received no medical attention, and from appearances the case was likely to involve a sacrifice either of life or limb.

The family were in reduced circumstances and, cut off from communication with the outside world, no help could be obtained. The party did what they could toward temporarily relieving the unfortunate man and in supplying the wants of his family, and as soon as it could be procured, the necessary medical aid was dispatched to the sufferer.

On yet another occasion a solitary occupant of the island during the winter season was taken seriously ill and lay for several days uncared for, his only medicines comprising a few simple herbs, his only companion a dog.

In like manner the keepers of Green island light have had during the years intervening, since the building of the first light-house upon its shores, many haps and mishaps which if woven into story would make interesting reading. An occurrence most notable in the history of Green Island was the burning in 1864 of the light-house above mentioned, an account of which is elsewhere given in this volume.

A fine, new structure since erected has been for several years under the superintendence of Joseph Gibeaut and family, who by means of a snug little naphtha launch—The "Twilight"—make connection between its shores and Put-in-Bay. The island has had also its Crusoe dwellers.

For a number of years rocky little Rattlesnake was inhabited by a family bearing the name of Hammond, but now forms the summer residence of Capt. Freyense, of Sandusky, who annually repairs thither with his family. A romantic interest attaches to the place.

The "Sister" islands have rejoiced each in its solitary occupation from time to time by one or more individuals, and the past history of the trio is redolent of reminiscent lore, the repetition of which sounds like fiction.

According to tradition there lived on one of the Sisters in early days a fisherman and his family, to-

gether with a man employed by the former. They endeavored to accommodate themselves to the situation, and no serious difficulty had as yet overtaken them until in the midst of a long, tedious winter a child was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and died before medical aid could be procured.

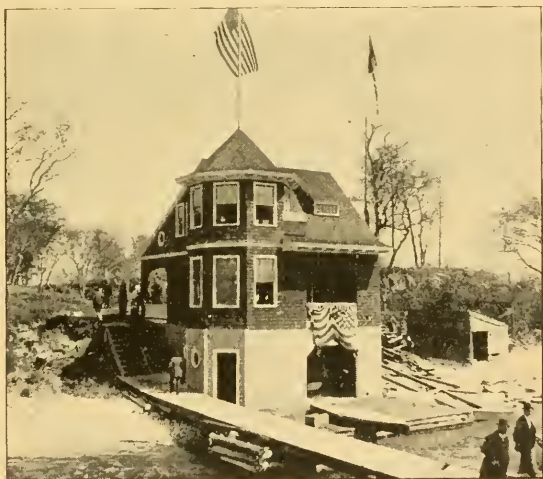
Unwilling to bury their little one uncoffined upon the lonely isle were the parents, and accordingly the two men set out across the ice, bearing with them the dead child. On the way they were struck by a heavy gale, the ice broke up, the adventurers were caught and lost in the running ice and together the three bodies were swept down the lake.

Left alone on the island mother and daughter awaited anxiously the return of the absent ones, but waited in vain.

Two or three months afterward with opening navigation a vessel chanced to be cruising near the island and was signalled by the distressed women. They were found to be in destitute circumstances, and the story of their desolate sojourn under circumstances so fraught with anxiety and grief, was one of harrowing interest.

For many years after the settlement of the principal islands, the "Hen and Chickens," lying north of the Bass group, were uninhabited. The "Hen" was finally settled by one Captain Blanchard, who came to be known as "the hermit of the old Hen." Unlike the proverbial recluse, Captain Blanchard was an able man financially and his hermitage formed a quiet, but very comfortable retreat, in which during the summer season he received and entertained many friends from a dis-

tance. Tired at last of his solitary life Captain Blanchard sold the "Hen" and her brood to a party of Sandusky gentlemen. An elegant and commodious structure was erected near the site of the hermitage and christened—"Quinnebog Club House," and semi annually its members repair thither to fish for black bass and run wild.



VIEW ON OLD HEN ISLAND—QUINNEBOG CLUB HOUSE.

Photo by Jno. Dietz, Sandusky.

For a time the only inhabitant of "Ballast" was "Uncle Jimmy," who occupied a humble cot and posed as monarch of all he surveyed, until after the purchase of the island by Cleveland parties and subsequent erection of a club house and cottages.

"Sugar," containing an area of about fourteen acres lying between Middle and North Bass, possesses varied

attractions and is favored as the resort of camping and fishing parties.

Concerning "Mouse" island a visiting journalist thus writes :

"It is a little gem of an island on the south shore of Lake Erie just a stone's throw from Catawba Island. May it be your good fortune to see it by moonlight, with Green island light blinking sleepily over the port quarter. Then see it with each leaf in the gentle silhouette. Here are bays and capes in miniature, and pretty little harbors where fairy fleets might anchor."

"From Catawba Island the telegraph cable takes a long leap—stops a moment at "Mouse" island and then plunges into the lake to go to Put-in-Bay. The happy swallows gather on the wire in August before their trip to the South and talk over the coming journey, all unconscious of the messages under their feet, messages of births and deaths and marriages that shall make the heart flutter, many a cheek to pale or flush at Put-in-Bay. What do the swallows care? Robins too shall sing a sunset carol for you on the wire, and you may sink to sleep with the echo of his gentle vesper in your ears."

"You might have seen Perry start out from here several years ago with his fleet. How queer those old vessels would look now!"

"On this shelving beach many and many a time has the bark canoe of the Indian grated. Here he was absorbed in thoughts of his spirit, and here too he probably absorbed a great deal too much spirit, after the white man came."

"If you do go to Mouse island this summer, the memory of it shall have its halo for you."

Mouse island—it may be added—has won distinction as having once been the property of ex-Prest. Rutherford B. Hayes.

Concerning "Catawba island"—it may here be stated that it is not an island, but rather a peninsula. It is therefore outside the territorial boundaries included in this volume. However, it may not be out of place to state incidentally that the locality is noted for its interesting reminiscences of aboriginal occupancy and early pioneer days, as well as for its extensive orchards, especially peaches, and for its desirability as a quiet, restful summer resort.

"Gull" formed in early days a resort both for sea-gulls which repaired thither in flocks to lay their eggs in the sand, and for adventurers who went to gather them.

"Buckeye" and "Lost Ballast" are gems in miniature. Only fifteen or twenty years ago the latter was an extension of Ballast island proper, from which it was cut by the wear of waves, and is now separated by a sweep of water. Covered with trees and shrubbery, this tiny islet—subsequently named "Lost Ballast"—forms an emerald setting in the blue water.

"Starve" island is said to have taken its name from the melancholy fact that somewhere about the opening of the present century a sailor got stranded thereon, where he starved to death. The skeleton of the unfortunate man was afterwards found bleaching upon its barren shore.

Starve island forms a mass of rock and scant vegetation and its adjacent reefs are known as danger points and carefully shunned by cruising vessels. It boasts not even a Crusoe, and was recently purchased by Cincinnati capitalists, who, it is said, propose establishing thereon an asylum for decayed politicians.



AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

Thrilling Story of the Burning of Green Island Light House in '64.



“That cold New Year’s night,” is the way the old folks put it when they refer to the time wherein occurred the events here narrated. The night was that of the outgoing of ’63 and the incoming of ’64, and is remembered as the coldest ever known in this country. Among the is-

lands, exposed as they are to the fierce blasts which sweep Lake Erie, this particular cold snap was especially noted.

December 31, 1863, was mild as an April day. Heavy rains had fallen, filling ditches and lowlands with water, while the lake was entirely free from ice. With the cessation of the rain, however, a gale sprang up from the Northwest which steadily increased in violence. As darkness fell and night advanced, the sea rose in its strength and swept the shores with a deafening roar. The gale became terrific in force and its breath cut like daggers, so that pedestrians along the island roads could scarcely face it. Within a few hours the mercury dropped from 60 degrees above to 25 degrees below zero.

At Doller’s Hall on Put-in-Bay, a party of young

people had assembled to dance "the old year out, and the new in," but owing to the extreme cold they had deserted the dancing floor and had formed a gathering around the stove. Suddenly the group was startled by a glimmer which shot up over the tree-tops, faintly illuminating the windows of the hall.

"It's the moon rising," suggested one. But no, there was no moon, and in a moment a bright flame arose, mounting higher and higher, while the sky was a lurid glare of light. A few moments later came the news:

"Green Island light-house is on fire!"

This intelligence struck a chill to the hearts of all who realized its import to the isolated keeper and his family on that bitter night; for in the wild storm raging without, the boiling sea and the midnight darkness, no human aid could reach them.

While at Put-in-Bay the alarm was spreading, Colonel Drake, the light-keeper at Green Island, and his family were gathered in the sitting-room of the cottage which flanked the tower, and formed a part of the structure. The hour was late. They were watching the old year out. No apprehension of danger came to them until above the roar of the wind they heard the crackling of flames. A moment later the whole upper portion of the building was discovered to be all ablaze.

With characteristic coolness Colonel Drake attired himself in boots, hat, and overcoat before making any attempt to fight the fire, but seized with consternation his wife and daughter rushed at once from the house—the latter bareheaded, barearmed, and with feet protected only by thin stockings and slippers.

By means of a ladder Colonel Drake mounted to the roof with a pail of water. Miss Drake caught up a pail in each hand, and filling them from the lake passed them to her mother by whom they were carried up the ladder to the burning roof where the keeper was making a brave effort to stay the flames.

Over thirty pails of water were in this manner transferred to the roof, but though they worked with the energy of despair the fire steadily gained and Colonel Drake was forced to beat a retreat down the ladder.

The family now turned their attention to the saving of their valuables, some of which were secured, but already the interior of the house was burning and smoke met them at the door in stifling volumes. A sudden thought of his family's precarious condition almost turned the brain of Colonel Drake. Unless he could succeed in saving a bed or two with which to protect them from the intense cold, they must inevitably perish, since no assistance could reach them from adjacent islands until the sea went down. He darted into the burning structure. Tongues of flame licked his face, singed hair and beard, and the smoke blinded and choked him. With a desperate bound he gained the door of an adjacent room. The flames had already communicated to this apartment, but the bed was still untouched. Upon it was a tick filled with feathers and another with straw. Hastily rolling them into a comforter, he shouldered the bundle and succeeded narrowly in making an exit from his perilous situation.

The scene now presented was one of the wildest grandeur. Blown by the howling blast, the fire surged,

and roared, and by its vivid light could be seen line after line of white breasted waves rushing tumultuously shoreward, and breaking with a thundering sound at the base of the tower. Clouds of blinding surf mounted thirty feet into the air and showered upon the steps, freezing as it fell, and forming a glaring pavement of ice upon the very threshold of the burning structure. Wind and sea, fire and darkness had united, and seemed to vie each with each other in painting a picture of savage sublimity.

To the houseless family the situation was one of horror. Under strong, nervous pressure Miss Drake had exhibited unwonted endurance, but when nothing more could be done, strength deserted her and she sank into an almost insensible condition. An examination revealed the fact that her ears, arms and legs were frozen stiff. The bed was removed to an out-house which remained standing, and with father and mother the girl was tucked carefully between the ticks, and thus through the remaining hours of the night they endeavored to keep each other warm.

Pitt Drake, son of the light-keeper, was at Put-in-Bay, having formed one of the party assembled at Doller's Hall. Frenzied with apprehension concerning the fate of his kindred, the young man could hardly be restrained during the night from setting out by boat for Green Island—an undertaking which could have resulted only in his being drowned.

With the dawn of New Year's day came a lull in the storm. The unprecedented cold had thickened the waters of the channel with slush ice and frozen drift, and although a heavy sea was still rolling a few miles

beyond, the channel between the two islands was becoming rapidly crusted with thin ice.

Pitt Drake was now determined to hazard a passage to Green Island, two miles distant, and in the enterprise was re-inforced by a number of hardy and courageous men. Two cutters were procured, together with ropes, pike poles and several long planks. The ice was not sufficiently strong to bear men and cutters, and the way was bridged with planks which were projected forward and each as it was passed over was taken up to be again placed in position. Several times the shifting and sinking of these planks threatened disaster, but the party reached their destination without serious mishap.

With a feeling of dread Pitt Drake now approached the smoldering ruins of the light house. No signs of life were visible; the little island seemed empty and deserted.

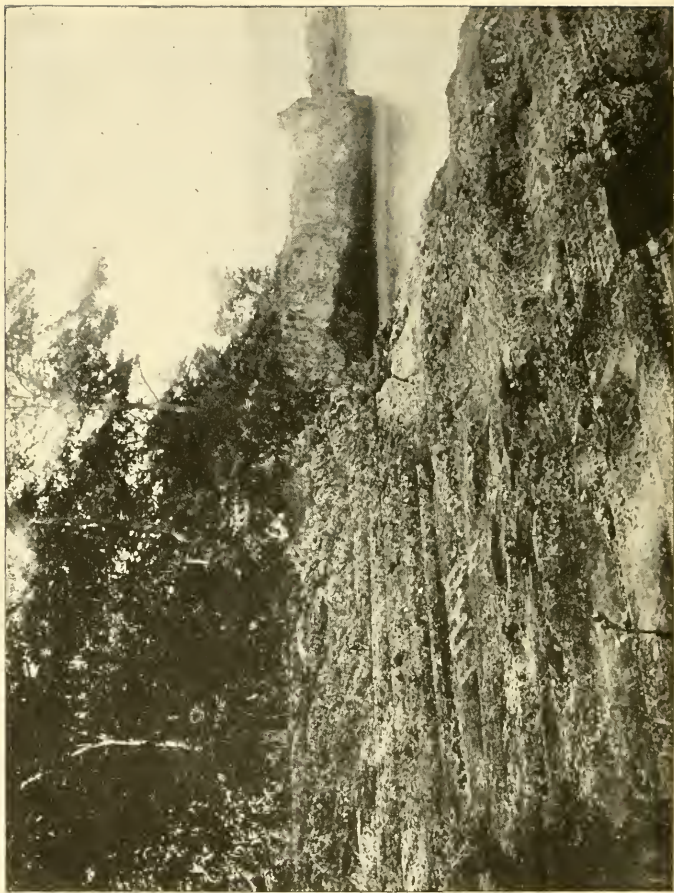
Had the family perished in the flames, or had they suffered the slower agony of death by freezing?

While with a beating heart he sought for a solution of this problem, a shout was heard from the outbuilding—the only one which the island now contained. The unfortunates had been discovered, and in a moment young Drake had clasped the hands of his kindred and was shedding tears of gladness and relief unspeakable. The family was removed to Put-in-Bay—by means of the cutters employed—where they were taken in and cared for at the nearest habitation. They were all more or less prostrated, and medical aid was summoned for Miss Drake whose sufferings from the exposure of the previous night were terrible. Col.

Drake also suffered both from the cold and from burns received.

The Drake family subsequently removed to the mainland. Thirty-five years have passed since the occurrence here recorded. Green Island lighthouse was substantially rebuilt at a later date by the U. S. government, but the old residents of neighboring islands have never forgotten the night when the original structure went up in flame and smoke.





GLACIAL ROCKS—PUT-IN-BAY,

Photo by J. J. Stranahan

SOME INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL FEATURES:

The "Lost Atlantis" of Lake Erie.



GLACIAL ROCKS—KELLEY ISLAND.

Photo by J. J. Stranahan.

While cogitating over the strange but not impossible story told by Ignatius Donnelly of a "Lost Atlantis," it is a question whether the average island dweller of the present generation realizes that within the Nineteenth century a Lake Erie "Atlantis" has disappeared, neck and heels beneath the waves.

Through local reminiscence and scientific record

we are informed that an island more than a mile long, one half mile wide and from twenty to twenty-five feet high, formerly extended across the mouth of Sandusky bay. Fertile meadow was there seen and trees measuring two and one-half feet in diameter. But where once flourished the island and its products now roll the billows of Erie.

From this and other circumstances, naturally leading to such a conclusion, Prof. Moseley of Sandusky, who has thoroughly studied the lake region, deduces the theory that the lake bed is gradually becoming tilted, or elevated at its eastern extremity, causing a rise in the average level of its head waters and corresponding submergence as indicated. Since, however, old navigators and others are inclined to ascribe this island's disappearance to the wear of strong currents and beat of storms, Prof. Moseley seeks to establish his theory by the results of further investigation, calling attention to the well known fact that in the caves of Put-in-Bay, the subterranean waters of which rise and fall with the lake, stalagmites not only but stalacites are found attached to the floor and roofs of submerged caverns; the latter five feet below the present lake level. For these to form in water would be an impossibility and their position as indicated show, according to Prof. Moseley, a rise of the water, though other theorists might ascribe the circumstance to a shifting and settling of the honey combed rocks.

Large quantities of submerged timber found in the extensive marshlands bordering the lake shores in the vicinity of the islands likewise indicate a rise of at least eight feet, and the submerged channels of rivers and

streams in the same vicinity show a rise of at least thirty-two feet. These facts are given by Prof. Moseley as proofs of a gradual rise of the waters. If the above theory is correct, then instead of wearing away and draining Lake Erie to the compass of a stream, as certain other theorists have predicted, Niagara Falls may become tilted to such a degree as to finally preclude the egress of the lake waters, which in consequence will continue rising and extending, submerging the lowlands along its shores and the islands at its center until, filled to overflowing, they will seek an outlet southward from the lake basin to the valley of the Mississippi.

This then seems the fate in store for both island and mainland at the head of Lake Erie, unless averted by a change in the earth's structural program. However, in the event of such a calamity, it is safe to infer that the present inhabitants will not be there to suffer from the consequent drowning out.

Concerning the lake archipelago, Prof. G. Frederick Wright, the noted scientist of Oberlin college, refers to the region as "one of the most interesting on the American continent," forming as it does a most important geological boundary.

Prominent among features of interest may be noted the fact that the islands are what remain above the present lake level of a long, narrow upheaval known as the "Cincinnati Anti-Clinal," which appeared when all the rest of the United States was still under the ocean. Further concerning this formation, an authority states as follows:

"A local and peculiar upheaval in this ridge, of which

Put-in-Bay is near the center, brought up a formation of the rocky structure geologically lower than the surrounding portions of the ridge. The portion thus brought up and which constitutes the under rocks of Put-in-Bay island, is known as the water line of the Niagara group, and is literally honeycombed with caves. It is no exaggeration to say that under almost every acre of this island exists one of these cavernous places. The upheaval-formed arches and the settling down of unsupported strata formed rooms with roofs and floors."

Since in the past the lake islands have formed the center of subterranean disturbances of a local character, so they may and probably do still form such, as evidenced by a slight, but very perceptible earthquake shock which visited them only a half dozen years ago. On this occasion the disturbance proved local, centering as near as could be ascertained at Isle St. George, but extending across the lake and touching the shores on both sides. In view of these conditions, residents of the more nervous and imaginative sort have at times fancied themselves dwelling over Tophet and have lived in fear of an early collapse of the islands and submergence beneath the waters of Erie.

The caves of Put-in-Bay are a never ceasing wonder alike to the scientist and lover of adventure, both of whom seek from time to time to explore their mysteries and whole chapters might be written of the thrilling experiences in the Plutonian darkness of chambers and passages leading—nobody knows whither. All, or nearly all, of these caverns contain miniature lakes and channels of cold, clear water, connecting with Lake



GLACIAL MARKED ROCKS OF "STARVE" ISLAND.

Photo by J. J. Stranahan.

Erie and are generally conceded to be ancient water courses.

The subterranean drainage of the island is remarked in the caverns not only, but in the cellars and wells, the former becoming flooded when the wind is east and the lake level high; the latter regularly rising and falling with the lake.

So far as revealed by exploration, Perry's cave is the largest on the island. This cave is nearly forty feet below the surface. It is 200 feet long, 165 feet wide, and has an average height of seven feet. Though spanned by a single arch the interior has standing room upon its floors for 8,000 persons. The roof was

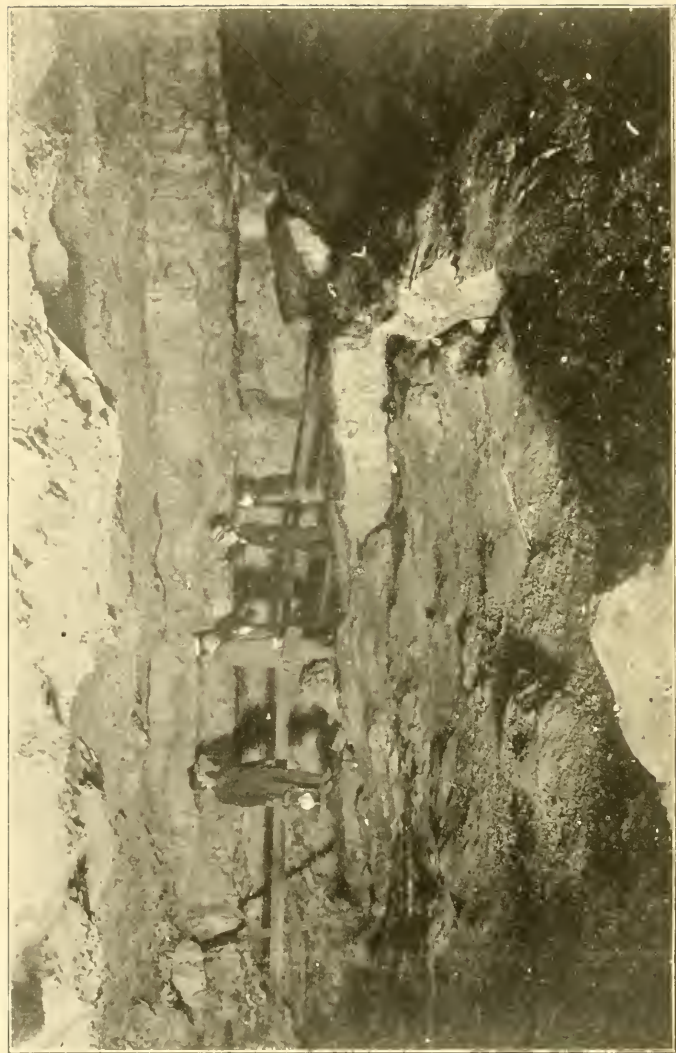
formerly studded thick with stalactites, but these have nearly all been broken off and carried away by specimen collectors and venders, but the stalagmite floor—formed by century droppings of water holding in solution *calcium carbonate*—forms a study of interest.

At the further extremity, and extending back under cleft and caverned rocks, stretches a lake of crystal clearness and viewed by torchlight the scene at this point is wierdly beautiful. For a number of years Perry's cave has been regularly opened each season to summer visitors, thousands of whom annually view it. An annex to this cave is known as "Perry's Bedroom."

"Crystal Cave," newly discovered and opened to visitors, is now attracting attention. Though not as large as the former, "Crystal Cave" combines so much of novelty and interest that even the oldest inhabitant now wonders how it has been kept so long in the dark. Its discovery in connection with extensive strontia deposits, of which it forms a part, is a matter of especial comment.

During the winter of '97 and '98 newspapers all over the country recorded as an important item the discovery of strontia at Put-in-Bay and quite a wave of interest was sent through the country, setting on the *qui vive* mineralogists, chemists and scientists generally.

As a matter of fact the discovery is new only to the outside world, as it was originally made in 1859 and the existence of strontia deposits has since been generally known to the islanders. Much interest was manifested by visitors of a scientific trend, among whom was State Geologist Newberry, whose attention was attracted thereto while visiting the island.



INTERIOR PERRY'S CAVE.

In 1882 a European tourist, Lieut. Emiel Vanador, then on leave of absence from his post in the German army, chanced to visit the archipelago. He was a man of extensive learning and while at Put-in-Bay made the acquaintance of the late Capt. John Brown, Jr., of whom he became an intimate friend. Both being interested in geological research, they together explored the rocks and caves of the island, and in this way the distinguished foreigner soon learned of the strontia deposits. He began prospecting on his own account, ending by leasing for a period of twenty-five years grounds near Perry's Cave. A shaft was sunk and mining at once begun. About seventy-five tons of the product were dug out, but on learning that the cost of shipment to Germany via Atlantic ports would be heavy, Lieut. Vanador decided to abandon for a time his enterprise, especially as the company which he represented was then working a strontia mine in Italy at less cost for transportation. That at Put-in-Bay was therefore closed, until the Italian deposits should have become exhausted. A rude, but strongly built structure was erected over the mine, the tools enclosed and the door securely barred. A power of attorney was committed by Vanador to Captain Brown together with the keys of the mine, and the stranger took his departure leaving the islanders in a state of wonder as to the purpose of his visit, his movements having been somewhat mysterious.

Since for a number of years nothing was heard of Vanador, and as the lease had not been paid up to time, the present owner of the land finally adopted legal measures to have the contract annulled and in this way

gained possession. For the first time since its closing the mine was thrown open to the light, and the shipping away of several tons of strontia formed the agency which spread abroad the supposed new discovery. The strontia vein struck by Venador in 1882 is of great thickness, and the mineral is remarkable for its purity. In close connection with the mine is "Crystal Cave." It was at first difficult of access, and little was known on the island concerning it, until fully opened up by the new owner, Gustav Heinemann, during the winter and spring of 1893. The cave is 22 feet below the surface, and is now descended by a flight of stairs, and viewed under electric lights by which it is illuminated the place resembles a "fairy grotto." It has also been referred to as "a jewel casket of the nymphs."

The interior comprises several chambers and the side walls of each are of solid strontia—dazzling, flashing in their crystalline whiteness. The ceilings are arched and hung with prismatically formed crystals, emitting all the colors of the rainbow with a fascinating brilliancy not unlike that of the clearest cut diamonds. The owner, who up to the present time has earned his bread as a common day laborer, possesses, evidently, a fortune in Crystal Cave and in the mine connecting therewith.

In the dim past, the islands were alternately submerged or drained according to existing conditions of the earth's formative forces. Says Prof. Newberry:

"We have evidence that the country about the islands was once all dry land, and a large river then flowed down the present bed of the lake and emptied near New York City."



GLACIAL GROOVES OF THE SOUTH SHORE—PUT-IN-BAY.

Prof. Moseley observes as follows:

“If there were dwellers on Marblehead at the time of the building of the pyramids, they might have walked to Kelley island or Put-in-Bay at any time of the year.”

At that period the island cave passages were supposed to be tributary to surface streams emptying into the river above mentioned.

A period concerning which notable evidences exist on the islands was that of the great ice age, when glaciers 1000 feet high scooped out the bed of Lake Erie and left their ineffaceable groovings upon the lime-rock.

In very many places at Put-in-Bay, Kelley Island,

Middle Bass, Isle St. George, "Starve," and other islands, scoring the flat rocks and extending under the water of the lake, are seen these glacial marks, too indelibly graven to be mistaken. Their course runs uniformly from Northeast to Southwest, and the scratched stones and granite boulders left behind are heaped in terminal moraines, or scattered promiscuously over the land.

Especially famous are the glacial rocks of Kelley island, which, forming the terminus of a line of bluffs overlooking "North Bay," represent one of the island's greatest attractions. "Glacial Rocks" comprise a reservation rescued from the quarryman's pick and derrick, and set aside by gift of the late Mr. Younglove, of Cleveland, to the Western Reserve Historical Society, for preservation as a scientific marvel.

As an example of the stupendous carvings wrought by the "granite chisels" of the drift period, these rocks have probably no parallel in the United States, and the regular outlines and polished smoothness thereof suggest the idea and produce the effect of some gigantic piece of sculpture. To view them, parties representing members of scientific circles, classes from our universities, curio hunters and adventurers make special pilgrimages to the island.

The geological formation of Kelley island is distinct from that of Put-in-Bay, being of *Cornifererous* limestone, blue in tint and lying in strata of varied thicknesses.

The Kelley island quarries are productive of many rare fossils, those of extinct fishes being especially numerous. The fossilized jaws of the *Onychodus* a foot

long, and studded with sharp pointed teeth, have there been unearthed with other interesting relics of by-gone ages.

An ancient shore line, which angles across the island, forming a zigzag wall of precipitous and water-worn rock, and overlooking wide levels where once rolled the waters of Erie, forms also an interesting geological feature of Kelley island.



AMONG THE FISHERIES.



INCOMING OF THE FISHING BOATS.

Photo by Rev. W. Fred Allen.

It is a fact generally conceded that the Lake Erie archipelago, with its extended network of channels, together with the bays and inlets of adjacent mainland shores, formed in past years the most extensive fresh water fishing grounds in the world. This was what made Sandusky the first city of importance as a market for fresh fish, more of the product being there handled by various firms dealing in the commodity, it



UNITED STATES FISH HATCHERY

is said, than at any other commercial center on either continent. The archipelago and its environment thus achieved world-wide fame, and the once sleepy old city on Sandusky bay outshone—along one line at least—all competitors, and might have with fitness emblazoned “Excelsior” upon her banners. Some idea of the Lake Erie fishing industry as carried on a few years ago might have been formed by a cruise over its waters. A trip between Sandusky and the islands, or in almost any direction from the island center, would have served as an illustration. Everywhere stretching through the shoal waters for which the lake is noted, might have been seen lines and lines of gill nets, with the more complicated combination of “cribs,” “hearts” and “leads,” comprising the poundmen’s outfit. Observers who had the means of knowing state that the shores from Sandusky to Buffalo were strung all along with pounds and gill nets, and at that place the latter extended across the lake to the Canadian main—the twine being buoyed to the surface in the deep water intervening. Gill nets were especially numerous, and it is safe to say that gill net twine on the lake might have been measured by hundred mile lengths. At the head of the lake and around the islands, however, centered the main business of entrapping the unsuspecting finny. Down on the mud bottoms where flourished the herring and other representatives of the race reached the fatal meshes, and to a fate sad and inexorable yielded the poor scaly coats. None so remorseless as the fishermen, and once within his grip ’twas useless for the captive to flop even a fin. With so many plotters against his peace, it became a query



UNLOADING THE CARGO.

Photo by Rev. W. Fred Allen.

oft how any denizen of the deep managed to reach maturity, and whether he ever did get old enough to vote. The prospect of an early consignment to the frying-pan did not materially affect his spirits or appetite, however. He lived on present opportunity, with no thought of the morrow.

At Put-in-Bay, then, appeared many strange faces. Groups of men at the shipping docks, before the post-office and saloon, or going and coming along the sidewalks. They were variously attired, with a preponderance of cheese-colored oil coats, sou-westers and high water boots with straps which trailed the ground. These men were gill netters from up and down the

lake who were making the island a temporary rendezvous. Their boats were seen at the piers—tugs, sometimes six or eight in at one time lying together in a single fleet, and representing Cleveland, Buffalo, Erie, Huron and Detroit, with the nearer home ports.

The dock presented a busy scene filled with gill net reels upon which fishermen wound their nets, while boxes filled with flopping fishes stood awaiting consignment. With early dawn the boats were off for the fishing grounds east, west, north, south, and sun-up saw the blue lake flecked with the sails of pound boats, and trailed by the smoke of tugs.

The steamer doing duty on the "fish route" reached Put-in-Bay early in the forenoon, and began her daily round among the islands, collecting the flopping products as they were unloaded from the returning fishing boats. Such in brief was a fishing season among the islands during the palmiest days of this industry. Little wonder that the lake should suffer from a drainage so heavy.

With the complaint that its waters were becoming depopulated, and with the restrictions placed on gill netting and other methods of fishing the scene changed. Fewer nets, boats and fishermen have appeared latterly, and the profits to those interested have been correspondingly smaller. True, the business carried on is still extensive and the depopulation of the waters continues, but on a less scale.

As a means of restocking the lakes, the government work projected through the United States Fish Commission bids fair to compass the object. The location at Put-in-Bay of the United States Fish



DRYING THE NETS,

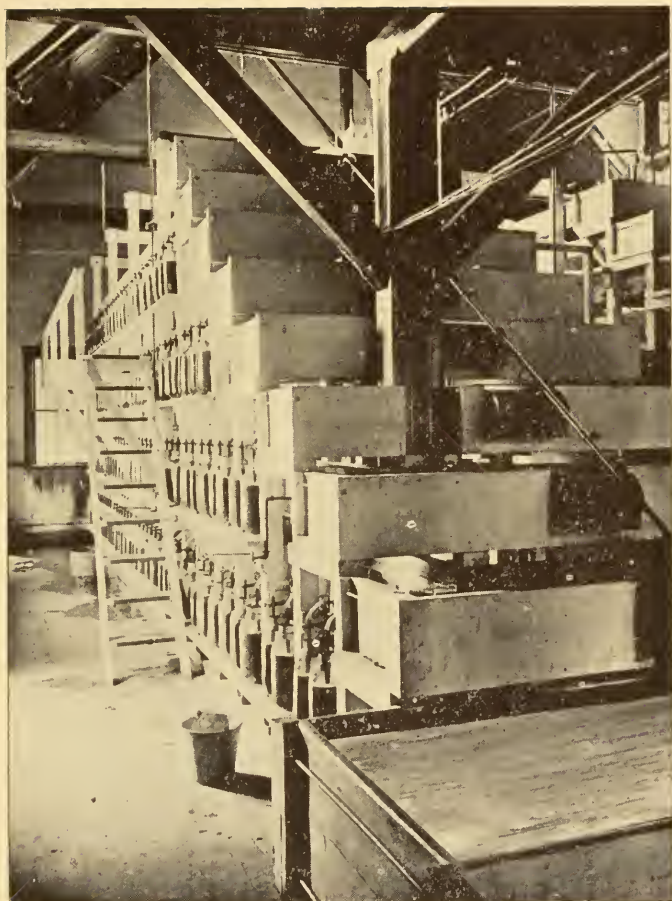
Photo by Rev W. Fred Allen.

Hatchery was the first step in this direction, and its successful operation is a matter of general interest.

But for the products of this establishment already planted in the lake, the white fish and pickerel, it is believed, would now be almost extinct.

An appropriation of \$20,000 was originally made by Congress for the erection of the hatchery, though the cost of additions and improvements since made aggregate considerably more.

The structure is located on the shores of "Squaw Harbor," commanding a fine view of Gibraltar Island, the bay and its shipping. It is artistically and elegantly planned and forms, it is said, the largest and best equipped establishment of the kind in the world.



U. S. FISH HATCHERY—INTERIOR VIEW.

Fronting the buildings are ample piers at which may be seen the steamer *Sheerwater*, built for the use of the United States Fish Commission at a cost of about \$10,000.

The interior of the hatchery was originally planned as follows : Midway between the floor and a high arched ceiling, ascended by a flight of stairs, appeared a wide platform bearing two large tanks containing each 6,000 gallons, which were filled from the lake by means of pipes connecting. Descending from these tanks ran a system of pipes to the batteries. Here within glass jars were placed the eggs in process of hatching. From the main pipes smaller ones extended, reaching nearly to the bottom of each jar; and through them ran constantly a stream of fresh water, causing a boiling movement within, which kept the eggs in a chronic state of commotion; the jar thus forming a small, but energetic whirlpool. As fast as the water poured in, it was collected and carried away by a trough.

Since the improvements recently introduced, the old system of water supply has given place to more economical methods of keeping the necessary amount of water in circulation. The batteries which contain the jars are so regulated by pipes and other apparatus that water from the main supply circulates eight times through the whole system before passing into the drainage canal.

To operate the establishment on the new system requires about one-fourth less the amount of fuel previously used.

Each jar contains 140,000 white fish eggs, but

counting on other staple varieties of fish eggs which are smaller,—the capacity of the hatchery is about 560,000,000 eggs. This, however, is more than the lake fisheries have yet been able to supply at one time.

When running at full capacity 1,250,000 gallons of water were originally poured through the pipes and reservoirs every twenty-four hours.

Suction pipes connect with both sides of the point on which the hatchery is located; and if one becomes damaged by storm or ice, water may be supplied from the opposite side. Westward of Peach Point the pipe extends 150 feet into the lake, and is held in place by immense anchor bolts drilled into the solid rock bottom. This is found a necessary precaution owing to the heavy ice drifts which have a terrific force in tearing things to pieces.

White, and other varieties of fish eggs are supplied from fisheries near and far, to collect which a large force of men are employed. The price usually paid for the same is forty cents per quart.

The general work of the establishment is directed by Supt. J. J. Stranahan, appointed by the U. S. Fish Commission, with Capt. J. C. Fox, assistant; while the pumping plant is under the supervision of Chief Engineer W. H. Wollett.

Some interesting specimens of aqueous products are seen at the office of the Fish Commission, together with some excellent photographs of fish eggs in various stages of development taken by Supt. Stranahan from microscopic projections.

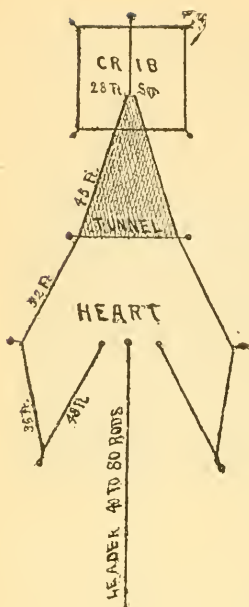


U. S. FISH COMMISSION STEAMER SHEERWATER,

Lake trout, bass, herring, and pickerel are annually propagated at this establishment.

Having emerged from the egg, the youthful finny soon wearies of his whirlpool home, and seeks and finds an outlet through other aqueducts into an immense tank of fresh water. He is very tiny, but is afforded room to grow; and when he gets too big for the hatchery he is given the freedom of Lake Erie, or shipped away to some of the lakes and rivers of other localities.

To the uninitiated the "setting" and lifting of fishing pounds are interesting processes. The arrangement and anchorage of the twine is elaborate, and its manipulation in rough weather is difficult and dangerous.



PLAN OF A FISHING POUND.

Fishing through the ice, elsewhere described in this volume, is carried on both for pleasure and profit.

Of all piscatorial pastimes, bass fishing is the most popular and includes among its votaries some of the most distinguished men of America, from ex-Presidential representatives to financiers, directors of business enterprises and men of prominence generally.

Early in the glad month of May, or early in September—as the case may be—these devotees of the rod and reel put in an appearance, and are received with due ceremony.

At their disposal are placed whole fleets of boats, and hotel doors swing wide to greet them. On the Bay wharves they assemble each morning, forming with their oarsmen a picturesque group: the nondescript assortment of pails, lunch-baskets and fishing tackle, the rubber coats, boots, umbrellas, and demijohns surrounding them making an interesting jumble.

The bay tugs and small steamers find daily employment in carrying these parties to and from the fishing grounds, and in the evening when the boats return, the hotel grounds and porticoes are crowded with sportsmen—a spirited assemblage.

Strings of bass taken during the cruise are triumph-

antly exhibited and ardently admired, and the successful sportsmen regale each other with freshly improvised fish stories.

A taste for "forbidden fruit" sometimes draws the bass fisher a "leetle" too near the Canadian "preserves." and not until surprised by the frowning guns of the Dominion cruiser Petrel does he realize his whereabouts.

A notable occurrence facetiously dubbed—"The second battle of Lake Erie," took place in recent years, in which the island steamers Visitor and Brooks with their parties were captured and held for a time as prizes by the Petrel, thereby setting the whole country in a fever of excitement.

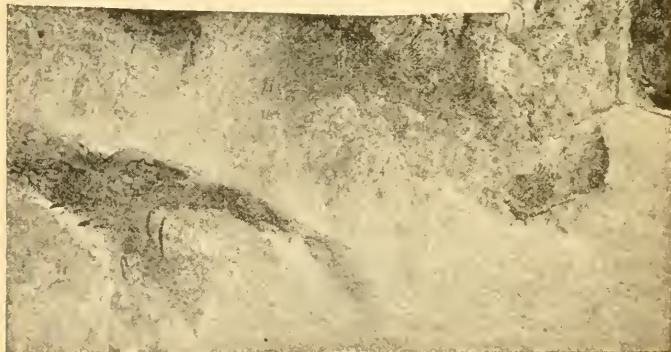


STORM AND DARKNESS.

“The North wind blew at night off the sea,
Saying sorrowful, sorrowful all of me:
I bring in the wave with the broken spar
And the grey seas curling over the bar.”

* * * * *

“I sing the piercing hurricane’s breath,
I sing the horror of death:
And the tempest’s shriek in the rigging black,
And the spinthrift’s wrath in the rolling wrack,
And the boat that never again came back,
Sorrowful, sorrowful all of me.”



“There’s a storm in the air,” observed the bronze browed fisherman, as touching his finger to the tip of his tongue he held it aloft, intently regarding it as if it were a sort of barometer.

“By wetting your finger you can always tell from

which direction the wind blows—cold on the side from which it strikes, you know.”

With this bit of information gratuitously imparted, the speaker adjusted his tarry “sou’-wester,” lighted a strongly scented pipe, and taking up a basket of torn and slimy gill-nets strung with block buoys, proceeded on his way along the beach, his angular form costumed in fisherman’s “oilers,” yellow outlined against the white gravel.

All day long the sun had waded through filmy Cirrus and his stare had grown dull and watery. He was nearing the horizon, when from a cloud cleft he shone luridly forth. A fringe of scarlet leaved maples capping an adjacent bluff, flushed for a moment with still deeper color, and the gray walls of an old house in the cove were red-scumbled with its glow. Out of the western waters there arose a vast cloud bank, and the pall of its blackness received the day-god.

The zenith became a medley of broken clouds—black, white, and grey—tumultuously tossed as if the upper airs were all at cross-currents. Clouds took the shape of hideous monsters, and writhed like masses of black snakes nested together; or like evil spirits affrighted at their malign intentions, flew confusedly about in quest of hiding places. A breeze sprung up and momentarily freshened, curling into white-caps the channel waters and sending adrift showers of Autumn leaves.

Hilarious with delight the storm loving gull flapped his broad wings, circled, and pirouetted in air, and with an exultant cry dove where breakers gleamed whitest.

Along a path leading by the old house down to the circling beach beyond, came at twilight a chore boy leading his horse to water, but the ring of iron hoofs striking upon rough boulders and gravel stones was drowned by the roar of wind and wave.

From her seat by the kitchen window Aunt Debby complained largely of "rheumatiz," her corns, bunions and other ailments. The cat came howling to the door with broadened tail and bristles erect, and when admitted glared wildly into every corner as if seeking refuge from some impending danger — all portends of a storm, they say, and Aunt Debby "reckoned," we were going to have "a reg'lar old snorter," which forecast was destined to prove as correct as if it had been projected by the chief clerk of the weather bureau at Washington.

As night closed in, the wind rose in all its strength, and with it the sea. The roar among the trees outside the house, and the boom of waves on the shore were terrific. Limbs were torn from their trunks and detached twigs blown against the windows. Latches rattled and doors creaked as if invisible spirits were seeking admittance, while the wind over the chimney shrieked a refrain wildly weird yet strangely fascinating. Of such a night it was Byron who wrote :

"Thou wast not sent for slumber,
Let me be a sharer in thy fierce and far delights;
A portion of the tempest, and of thee."

Out into the storm then I sallied intent upon catching its wild spirit.

Lashed by cyclonic violence, Lake Erie formed a

vast sheeted plain glistening white through the darkness, and even at a distance from shore I felt its spray fine as mist blown against my face. Caverned niches were filled with a seething rush of waves and the shore woods echoed their hollow reverberations. Surf swept the rocks, and spray wreaths—like dim astrals—were outlined among the trees.

Far off to westward I caught a glimmer—the starboard light of some vessel out in the withering gale. I tried to reach a bluff overlooking the sweep of waters but the wind beat me back. Unable to face it, cut by its keen edge and chilled by its breath, I returned to my roof shelter fully satisfied with the grip I had experienced with the storm and darkness.

A feeling of anxiety possessed me, however, and my mind was filled with thoughts of those “that go down to the sea in ships,” and when at a later hour I retired for the night and lay listening to the warring elements, I fancied that I heard the distress signal of a steamer in trouble. I held my breath to listen but the sounds multiplied until a dozen steamers seemed blowing distress signals. Only the many tongued tempest aided by imagination it proved; but the wind’s shriek grew wilder and more maniacal as midnight approached, and the waves voiced sentiments of sadness in their incessant beat.

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me.”

Words once sent out by the dead poet laureate from his ocean-swept home came to me unbidden; while appeared visions of plunging wrecks, of wrecks

aground upon rock and reef, going to pieces in the midnight blackness; of shredded canvas, of yielding planks, inrushing seas and drifting wreckage—of exhausted seamen feebly clinging to toppling spars, of hopeless seamen struggling in the awful grip of death on the billow.

I thought of the occupants of homes far scattered over island and mainland, who would lie awake listening to the wind's ravings and anxious for dear ones abroad on the lakes. How long to them must seem the hours until dawn should bring with it returns of weal or woe.

Dropping into a half slumber, through which was retained a consciousness of the howling storm, I saw in a confused dream a wrecked vessel going to pieces. The struggle between life and death was agonizing, and just as the vessel and crew were sinking in a yeast of waves I awoke. The grey dawn looked in through the window; night and its terrors had passed, and now to the telegraph and daily papers was left its doubtful record. Messages from near and far grouped together in the news column told of wreckage and death.

“Schooner ——— ashore at Eagle Point in great distress.”

“Schooner ——— foundered on Lake Huron; five of her crew lost.”

“Barge ——— parted from her consort, and is missing.

“Schooner ——— aground on Buzzard's reef. Main and mizzen masts carried away, and two sailors swept overboard.”

The list lengthened until the names of a dozen or more vessels had been included among those wiped from existence or partially wrecked, or that had met with loss of life, or damage to cargo, until the details grew sickening. For the last, however, was reserved the saddest. Reported as *missing* was a steamer of powerful build and magnificent proportions, which in the pride of her beauty and strength had sailed from a neighboring port. Invincible she had seemed to any storm that might blow, and with all the misgivings concerning her disappearance, were mingled hopes that somewhere the missing steamer was still afloat. But as hours lengthed into days and no tidings came, hope grew fainter until at last came the definite but crushing intelligence broadly headlining the daily news column:

“WRECKED!!”

“And Not a Soul Left to Tell the Tale.”

The great steamer and her crew of seventeen seaman had gone down to unknown graves. Glancing over the list of those comprising the ill-fated crew, I read and pondered over the dire calamity. The visions of wreck and disaster that had come to me sleeping and waking seemed to take shape as tangible reality.

“God’s winds have ’whelmed them under the foam,
God’s waters have clasped them round”—

And mothers, wives and sisters will await in vain the return of loved ones.

Is God then a monster, that calamities so fearful and heart-rendings so agonizing should be by Him per-

mitted to afflict the children of men; or is it only the precipitation and magnitude of the event that appalls?

Is that fate more harsh which plunges to sudden drowning in a midnight sea, than that which dooms its victims to death inch by inch from lingering disease? Who, after sober reflection, would not choose the former?

“God, who maketh the winds to blow,
And the waters to roll amain;
God, he maketh our thoughts to flow,
And he calleth them back again.”

“And he calleth the glory back to thee,
Oh, ship forgotten and drowned!
He calleth the souls deep down in the sea,
God breaketh the still profound.”

Is it worse in reality, or only in seeming, that fifty or a hundred souls should perish together instead of falling one by one?

Human perspective is limited, but God is infinite, and to Him is known the whys and wherefores which pass our comprehension. May not death be but the initiative to larger spheres of life and action; of hope and happiness, and prove as such but mercy in disguise?

“Oh death, O life, the winsome and bright,
Twins in the bosom of time,
Death is the shadow that brides the light;
Life is the light sublime.”

WRECK OF THE "DEAN RICHMOND."

Weather fairer, milder, ne'er tempered Autumn tide,
With zephyr's balm and sunshine richly spread ;
'Than had touched the walls and shipping of an old Lake Erie port.
And far and wide its smile benignly shed.

A blue more softly tinted, wide arching cloudless space
On famed Italian sky was never seen ;
And the amethystine shimmer of waters everywhere,
Commingled glints of mid October sheen.

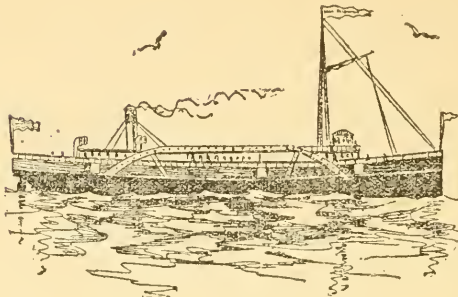
Light-hearted were the sailors of that old Lake Erie port,
As with song and jest and merry repartee,
They hastened with their duties and ready made their craft
For cruising late the treacherous inland sea.

For fair winds hoped the skipper, to speed his onward trip,
And for luck to Autumn commerce on the wave ;
While with Bible 'neath his pillow, and horseshoe on the wall,
To his bunk turned in the sailor bluff and brave.

But morning broke dolorous, with dull and vapid stare,
And clouds that draped the sky with sable pall ;
The smoke lay low and heavy, and sails hung limp and gray,
And a melancholy gloom was over all.

And yet, with early dawning, to life the harbor woke,
And sound of straining windlass then was heard ;
With creak of blocks and tackle, and shriek of fishing tugs,
'Till with enterprise the waking river stirred.

Then slowly down the harbor, passed vessels large and small,
And on their sep'rate courses soon were bound ;
Some to the straits and rivers, some to points beyond.
With sailboats for the nearer fishing grounds.



STR. "DEAN RICHMOND"

But in all the fleet of vessels that sailed away from port,
 None stronger ribbed, or stauncher built appeared
 Than the queenly craft "Dean Richmond," as down the bay she
 swept,
 And to eastward over Erie boldly steered.

A braver, better seaman, deck of steamer never trod,
 Than her master, gallant Stoddard oft had proved;
 And too hardy and too fearless were his crew of stalwart men,
 By any threatened danger to be moved!

And though the clouds hung heavy, and rain beat drearily,
 And the waters had a dark and sullen leer;
 No dread of pending evil came to loved ones left behind,
 As they saw her round the head-lands disappear

But at midnight from its caverns the hurricane awoke,
 And with all the sinister legions of the air,
 Wide swept the face of Erie, and with wild and savage glee,
 Encompassed hopeless vessels cruising there.

Ah, the Bible neath his pillow, or horseshoe on the wall,
 Evil luck to charm away would not avail;
 For wreckage and disaster menaced the sailor lad,
 And death in awful triumph rode the gale.

And by the Maumee river, night sleepers were aroused,
 By the rush and roar of tempest sweeping past;
 But for the craft "Dean Richmond," all confidence had they
 In her prowess to outride the shrieking blast.

But out upon the waters in the dark and starless night,
The deadly cyclone held her in his clutch;
His breath—a withering terror; insane his revelry,
And her strong heart quailed and quivered at his touch.

"Last seen"—the staunch "Dean Richmond" tossed in a yeast of
waves,

Her chimneys gone, her decks swept by the sea,
But powerless to aid, the half wrecked vessel proved,
That struggled past to seek some friendly lee.

"Lost with all hands"—the steamer, down to a black abyss,
Plunged in the storm and darkness with her crew;
"None left the tale to tell"—the closing tragic scene,
Forceful and real; its actors only knew.

Now by the Maumee river, in the old Lake Erie port,
Wives and children, mothers, sisters sadly mourn,
The unreturning steamer, and in waxen wreaths entwine,
Amaranthus for the dear ones from them torn.



AN OLD STEAMER'S FAREWELL

From early spring until late autumn, year by year, for over a quarter of a century, the good steamer had followed the blue stretch of Erie that lay between island and mainland and threaded the intricate channel passages by treacherous reefs and outlying shoals. The broadside of many a nor'easter had she encountered. Through fogs and sheeted snow she had crept and cautiously felt her way over shallows when the wind blew down the lake and the water was low. On nights when the weather was thick and darkness impenetrable lay upon lake and land; when *Boreas* marshalled his trumpeters and the meeting currents of Marblehead drove upwards the water into towering pyramids of foam, the staunch craft bared her breast to the storm and steamed blithely homeward.

Though chopping seas wrenched her timbers; and onsetting billows struck with a shock that sent furniture and merchandise spinning through her cabins and waves rushing across her decks—guided by the friendly lighthouse beacon—she made her island port in safety, with never a mishap through all these years of hazardous adventure.

Upon her prowess and capacity depended the maritime inhabitants of the archipelago. For more than a quarter of a century the island folk had paced her

decks. Wee toddlers and children in arms—when they took their initial ride—had now become strong men and mature women; and young men and maidens, when first they walked her gang plank, were now old men and matrons with frosted hair and stooping forms.

Faithful to every trust was the brave steamer, arriving and departing day by day with interruptions few. Carrying mainland generous fruits of the soil and products of the fisheries and returning with goods, merchandise and supplies of every kind, suited to the wants of island dwellers.

Letters and messages she brought from absent friends and news from the great world beyond. Even the caskets in which the dead were laid formed from time to time a portion of her cargo, likewise the marble headstones and chiselled granites which mark their resting places in the island burial ground.

Wedding and funeral parties the steamer's decks have trodden. Many a happy greeting, many a parting tear has she witnessed and many a thrilling episode from life's histories might she relate were she gifted with speech.

The preponderance of human joy, of grief, of pleasure and of pain which she had borne, seemed indeed to have permeated her until she appeared a thing of human instinct, a sentient being, a creature of feeling and fancy. On holidays when decked with bright flags that whipped the breeze, she seemed the personification of gaiety, accenting her mood by jocular salutes to sister steamers that passed, and to camps and crowds along shore.

In times of National calamity and mourning when her half masted flags drooped limply to the deck, she assumed an air of sadness, and her whistle expressed volumes of pathos, as if she felt the general woe and her great heart of fire and steel beat sympathetic with that of humanity.

All this, however, is now in the past, with faded memories, and other dead things. Grown old with years and service has the faithful steamer. She has shipped her last excursion, carried her last coffin. She has rounded for the last time the outreaching sands of Cedar Point and the lights of Marblehead. For the last time she has threaded the channels by treacherous reef and rock ribbed shore to the quiet bay.

When spring returns, and the robins, a new craft of modern build will take her route, and so the old steamer is to be dismantled. She will return to the port from whence she sailed young and strong a quarter of a century ago, to come again no more.

How inexpressibly sad are the *finales* of life's experiences, and so while the old steamer whistles "off lines," and passes forever from her accustomed moorings, and the crowd on shore wave parting salutes—tears which cannot be repressed dim the vision.

"Farewell, farewell"—all the whistles on lake, and land ring out the sad refrain. A parting salute to each and to all she returns; and echo takes up her last and longest whistle, prolonging the sound until it reverberates like that of a tolling bell—"Farewell, farewell!"

We watch her receding hull as the red sun illumines her westward track; then swerving to Northward, she passes beyond the wooded angle of the shore—and is gone.



FINIS.

BIRDS-EYE VIEW of the PENINSULA and Lake Erie ISLANDS.







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