

A BOY'S VACATION

ON THE

GREAT LAKES.

BY

JAMES A. ROSE.



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REMEMBERING

A PROMISE MADE A LONG TIME AGO

TO TWO SMALL BOYS IN A LARGE BOARDING SCHOOL,

I DEDICATE THIS STORY TO

H. M. M. and E. B. G.*

IT IS NOT FOR THE TWO GROWN MEN THEY NOW ARE

THAT THIS STORY IS WRITTEN;

BUT FOR THE LITTLE FELLOWS WHO BORE THE ABOVE INITIALS

IN SCHOOL,

AND WHO OCCUPY A LARGE AND PLEASANT SPOT

IN MY MEMORY.

* The person bearing the last initials, was the Rev. Ensign B. Lockwood who was a victim of the Narragansett disaster. I leave the dedication just as it was written; though tempted to say something of the virtues of one so suddenly called from loving friends to a rich reward.

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A Boy's Vacation on the Great Lakes.



CHAPTER I.

Answers the purpose of an Introduction.



“**H**ERE is good news for me,” shouted a bright, happy lad as he came bounding into his room from the play-ground of a large boarding-school. “Look here Harry,” continued he, holding up a bulky letter, “my father has sent his reply at last. I know it is permission to go, though I have not opened it; for father has a way of making as much of a good thing as possible, and as little of a disagreeable one as he can.”

Frank Wilder, for that was the boy's name, was fourteen years of age, and his room-mate, Harry Ward, to whom he had spoken on entering the room, was only a few weeks younger.

It would be a hard matter to find two boys

more unlike in tastes and temperament. Frank was a nervous, fidgety lad, always for excitement. He was one of the best ball players in school; he had over and over again outstripped the largest boys in a walking match or foot race, and was always to be found the leader in any romping sport which happened to be going on. These characteristics being so prominent, it is not surprising that his school-mates gave him the name of "Fly," on account of his resemblance to that character in "Old Town Folks." In the school-room, I am sorry to say, Frank was only a fair scholar. He liked to know all about things; but preferred to have his teachers tell him, to studying it himself.

Frank's father was a wealthy merchant in New York, and had lost his wife only a few weeks after his boy's birth. In assuming the sole responsibility of bringing up his son, Mr. Wilder had many debates in his mind as to the best methods of educating him for the business which he was to inherit. He had sent Frank to the boarding-school, where we have just seen him, with the hope that his mind would be turned more to his studies than it had been in the crowded school in the city. He also wished him to come under the influence of some teacher who understood boys, and could bring out the fine qualities which he knew he possessed.

Since Frank had been in this school he had taken an unusual interest, for him, in the study of geography. His interest in this study was awakened by a lecture, given by one of the teachers, describing the scenery and mineral resources of the Great Lakes. The lecturer painted everything in such glowing colors, that Frank became intensely interested and talked of it to his room-mate until he had made up his mind that he must see for himself all the wonders which had been described. He wrote to his father for permission to spend his coming vacation in traveling there. He waited long for a reply, and, in fact, had almost given up the hope of receiving permission. The letter which he has just received is from his father. While he is reading it, let us look at his room-mate.

He has a girlish face, large dark eyes, curly black hair, and a complexion so fresh and clear that it is the envy and admiration of many of his school-girl acquaintances. He has a frank, open countenance, which one enjoys to see; but there is something in the expression of his face that betrays a want of firmness; which causes one to tremble for the consequences, should he ever be placed amid strong temptations. He is the pet and pride of all his teachers, because he always has perfect lessons, and is generally correct in his deportment. He has often been held up

to Frank as an example, by a short-sighted professor who never stopped to realize how much jealousy and hatred is brought into the world by such a course ; but, being a sensible boy, he has never been made vain by it. Although Harry Ward had all these good qualities, he was by no means a perfect boy. He had many failings like others of his age, and, on the whole, was no better than the harum, skarum boy who came bounding into the room at the opening of this chapter.

“ Now, chum, look at that,” said Frank, tossing the letter over to his room-mate. “ Father has opened his heart and is going to let me go, and I am going to see if I can do what he asks me to in return.”

“ Why Fly,” said Harry, “ I never saw you take anything so quietly. I have been watching to see you turn a summersault, or do some rash thing.”

“ I didn't have time for gymnastics,” replied Frank, turning a hand-spring and coming upon his feet before his room-mate, “ for father has written such an interesting letter that I could not pause until I had finished it. Now I want you to read it aloud ; I want to hear how it sounds.”

“ Don't you think you had better read it ?”

said Harry. "You are familiar with your father's writing and I am not."

"No," responded Frank shortly. "Didn't old Lonnie have you read to us the other day to show what you could do and we couldn't? Do you think I can ever again practice elocution in your presence? No, my lord, couldn't do it. Come pitch in, I am anxious to hear how it sounds."

Frank's little speech was delivered with many comical gestures and grimaces, that showed at once that he was not jealous of his room-mate's talents, as the speech would indicate; but, saw an opportunity to have a little fun.

"Now Fly," said Harry, reprovingly, "I do not like to hear you speak so of Professor Clarke. He is our principal, and you know we should always speak respectfully of him.

"Whew! When did you get a license to preach?" exclaimed Frank, laughing. "We can't all be so good as you are; that is impossible. Call old—ahem! Call Professor Clarke an angel and go on with the reading. Gabriel will interrupt you before you have half finished, unless you hurry up."

Harry, finding that there was nothing to be gained by keeping up the conversation, unfolded the letter and read:

“NEW YORK, June 12, 187—.

My Dear Boy:

“I have deferred answering your letter until this time for several reasons; but will now try to relieve your anxiety by giving a reply to your question.

“Before giving my consent, I wanted to know if you had made sufficient progress in your studies to enable you to appreciate the tour which you propose to take, so I wrote to your teacher and received a much better report than I expected. He writes me that you have of late, shown an interest in your studies, particularly geography. I am pleased to learn this; for it is very necessary for a business man to have a good understanding of this branch of education. In taking your vacation as you propose—by traveling on the Great Lakes of the United States—you will have abundant opportunity to keep up your interest in geography, and, at the same time, acquaint yourself with many things which you can learn in no other way.

“It may seem to some persons, a very unwise proceeding to send a boy just coming fifteen alone upon such a trip, without the wholesome, restraining influence of some older person; but I have considered the matter carefully, and have concluded to take the risk and gratify your wish.

“I am going to ask something of you in return. I wish you to spend the two weeks after the school closes, before you commence your journey, in reading the accounts of noted events that have transpired in the lake region and in studying about the minerals for which this locality is particularly noted. The two weeks you will spend in Albany, with your aunt, who will aid you in procuring such information as you may need.

“In regard to your manner of conducting yourself, I have only one thing to say.—If I thought my son would

do anything which he would be ashamed for his father to hear of, I would withdraw my consent at once. Please remember this when you are tempted to do anything unbecoming a gentleman.

“It looks all pleasant to you, and the most of it will be, but in traveling there arise many occasions for one to exercise patience and other kindred qualities, which you possess in a limited degree, so in whatever circumstances you may be placed, try to be polite.

“Be very careful about making confidential friends on board the steamers. I do not mean by that, that you are to shun people; for there will be many persons traveling, who, if you become acquainted with them, will be of service to you; but do not bore any one with your continual presence.

“I have inclosed a list of places which I wish you to notice particularly. I trust you will write down, from day to day, the things which impress you most on your visit to them. In each of these places you can draw money from the principal banking house, by presenting checks which I shall send you before your departure. It will be much safer to get your money in this way than to take it with you.

“I have written to the agent in Buffalo, to secure your passage on the steamer which leaves in about three weeks. I shall leave everything else for you to arrange as you please.

“You must write me, as often as you can, a good account of your first experience in traveling.

“Your affectionate father,

“JOHN E. WILDER.”

“There,” exclaimed Frank, giving Harry’s hand a vigorous shake, “didn’t I tell you that it

was permission to go. Now you write to that uncle of yours and see if you cannot go too."

Harry's countenance fell as Frank mentioned his uncle. One could see by the expression on his face that he had but little hope of gaining consent from the quarter to which he had been directed.

The uncle to whom Frank had referred was Harry's guardian. He was a strictly honest man in all his dealings, and prided himself on his business talent. On the death of Harry's father, he had been appointed guardian of the boy and trustee of the estate. The property was quite large; but Mrs. Ward and her son received only enough of the income to support them comfortably; because the guardian felt it his duty to increase the property left in his charge. He had no children of his own, and did not understand boys. He was economical in his habits, and every little boyish extravagance that he found his ward inclined to was frowned down most emphatically.

Harry Ward, knowing his uncle as he did, had but little hope in writing to him. If a generous and indulgent parent, like Mr. Wilder, would hesitate before allowing his son to undertake a trip purely for pleasure, what could he expect from his careful guardian?

"I wish my father had lived," said Harry,

after a pause. "He was always so kind and generous. How pleasant it would be to spend our vacation together in this way!"

A very interesting picture these two boys formed that bright summer afternoon as they sat in their room and talked over this plan which was of so much importance to them, while the sun, streaming in at the open window, lent a soft, golden light to their countenances. They had been thrown together by mere chance, and from a school-boy acquaintance had sprung up a friendship between them which would last through life, and strengthen the character of each. Harry's quiet, gentle manners—the fruit of a loving mother's watchful care and instruction—had a calming influence on the boisterous disposition of his chum; while his own rather girlish ways were being broken up by unconsciously imitating Frank's overflow of animal spirits. Thus they helped each other, day by day, and never once realized that they were aiding, or being aided, in a good cause.

"Why don't you write and see what he says about it?" inquired Frank after a prolonged silence. "I had no idea that father would give his consent when I wrote him."

"I don't think it will be of any use," said Harry despondingly; "but I will write and see what my mother thinks of it."

So they talked on, regardless of the time, until a loud shuffling of feet in the hall warned them that the other boys were on their way to tea.

Harry rose at the sound, and, after taking a hasty glance at the mirror, was about to pass out and join the crowd in the hall, when he was prevented by Frank, who exclaimed—

“I think if there is one thing more aggravating than another, it is to see you always ready! Here I am still covered with mud from that game of ball, while you look as if you had just come from the—the—”

“Milliners,” shouted a boy who was passing the door and had heard Frank’s remark.

Frank, having his sentence thus happily finished for him, turned to the mirror and saw a bright, happy youth looking back at him with a smiling countenance, but a much tumbled and disordered appearance.

“Go on, chum,” said he to Harry, who was still waiting, “you must not be late because I am.”

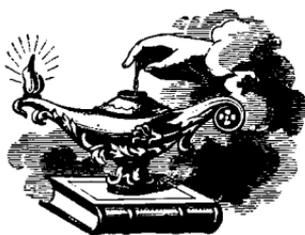
“There, I would give anything to be as neat and orderly as that fellow is,” soliloquized Frank, as Harry passed on. “I don’t know that the bell ever rang and found him not ready for his meals.”

Thus talking to himself, he gave a nervous

dab of the brush to his hair; a wipe of the towel at his face; a whisk of the clothes brush over his soiled trousers; reversed his cuffs and started upon the run for the dining hall, where he arrived just in time to be marked late and receive some good advice on the subject of promptness, from one of the teachers.

Frank was no doubt benefited by the Professor's remarks, for he sat down and commenced his meal as if he intended to be through in time, at least.

In the quiet enjoyment of a boarding-school tea—and you readers that have had the privilege of attending one of these institutions know what that is—we will leave the two boys for the present.



CHAPTER II.

Frank sets out on his Tour.—Forming Acquaintances.—A Game of Backgammon.—Temptation.—Unpleasant Dreams.—“Man Overboard.”

IT was a hot July day, and a lake steamer lay at her wharf, in the city of Buffalo, taking in freight and passengers for the trip which she was about to make. The steamer was not so large as one of the ocean steamers one may see most any day in Boston or New York; but in other respects it resembled one very closely.

The freight, which was being stored below, consisted principally of steel and iron rails, for building railroads, agricultural implements, and huge boxes of manufactured goods. It was long passed the time advertised for the steamer to start, and the crowd of passengers had collected on the upper deck to watch the busy workmen below, as they stowed away the freight. It seemed to the anxious watchers that the men hardly diminished the size of the pile of merchandise upon the wharf, though they were hurrying in with loaded trucks and out with empty ones continually.

Among the anxious faces looking down, was that of our friend, Frank Wilder. He had finished his term at school; spent the two weeks in study with his aunt, as his father had directed, and was now ready to set out on his long wished for excursion. He arrived early in the day, and was among the first to come on board. After attending to his luggage and securing the key to his state-room, he had commenced an exploring expedition. There was hardly a spot in, or around the vessel, open to visitors, that he had not already become familiar with. He had been below and examined the large engines and interviewed the engineer. He had leaned over the bows of the vessel and tried to estimate his height above the water; in so doing he had sent two elderly ladies almost into nervous fits, so fearful were they that he would lose his balance and fall overboard. He had tried from the stern, to see the iron wheels used to propel the boat. He, in fact, had exhausted everything amusing in the way of investigation, and had been seated about two minutes when we saw his anxious face in the crowd.

The hot sun and the delay in starting were having a visible effect upon the passengers. Children were becoming cross and fretful, while older persons were losing their temper and condemning

the line of steamers because the managers did not keep their agreement in leaving.

Frank was quite as uneasy as any one. He was seated only a few minutes, when he commenced to chafe and fidget in a manner which would have been very amusing to the crowd of school-boys who had so unanimously given him the name of "Uncle Fly."

This grumbling state of mind is quite common to passengers delayed by a car or boat, and Frank was only acting out his natural disposition, while taking his first lesson in traveling.

The time was passing rapidly, and still the workmen were busy. At last a large bell, attached to the office on shore, commenced to ring. Passengers from the wharf hurried on board. The workmen fairly ran in and out with their loads, and the persons who had come on board to bid good-bye to their friends, now hurriedly shook hands and left.

The last package was finally put in its proper place, and the water commenced to bubble and boil at the stern of the steamer, showing that the large propelling wheels were in motion.

The passengers seeing these signs of starting, rushed about as if the moving of the boat depended upon the amount of confusion they could create. Frank was by no means behind the others. His excitement was intense. He ran

from one part of the vessel to another and then back again, until finally exhausted he leaned up against the rail and watched the other passengers.

Ding,—sounded a bell way down in the interior of the boat. The wheels stopped revolving, and the plank over which the passengers had walked to come on board was taken in.

“Cast off the line,” shouted a voice from the hurricane deck, which is the highest part of the steamer.

Ding,—ding,—sounded the bell again, and the vessel slowly and gracefully moved away from the wharf, amid shouts from the crowd on shore and the waving of handkerchiefs by the passengers.

The objects upon the shore grew smaller as the great steamer plowed her way out into the open water. The city which had been all bustle and confusion, now put on an air of quiet. Not a sound could be heard from the large manufactories; or from the men on the wharves, engaged in loading and unloading vessels. The outside of the harbor was soon reached, and the bell again sounded to tell the engineer to give more speed. The collection of large, brick, stone and wooden buildings of the city, changed its appearance, as the distance increased, and

looked more like some beautiful painting than like the smoky city of Buffalo.

“‘Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,’” said Frank as he watched the wonderful changes rapidly taking place on shore. So absorbed was he in the contemplation of the prospect, that he was not aware of the presence of a fine looking gentleman at his side, who was also watching the transformation. When Frank spoke, the gentleman turned to him and said pleasantly,—

“I see you have read Campbell, my young friend.”

Frank was a little confused to find that he had been overheard in making his quotation; but he quickly regained his presence of mind, and replied,—

“I have not read many of Campbell’s poems, but my father is very fond of his works.”

“Is your father with you?” inquired the gentleman.

“No, sir,” replied Frank, “I am alone. My room-mate, at the school where I have attended the past year, wanted to come with me, but his guardian did not think it best, so I have no companion.”

This reply brought forth some remarks from the gentleman, and they were soon conversing as familiarly as if they had been old friends. Frank, in trying to account afterwards for being

so pleased, and so much at his ease with this perfect stranger, thought it was because he was so "jolly." A more experienced philosopher would have called it magnetism; but we think it was because the gentleman was fond of boys and knew how to entertain them. Whatever the cause was, they chatted away like two magpies, for a long time, about Frank's school, school-mates, teachers, and many other things which the lad was fond of talking of.

"Now," said the gentleman, "the remainder of your quotation—'And robes the mountain in its azure hue'—would be very appropriate. Compare the hot, dusty city which we left behind us broiling in the sun, to that beautiful collection of palaces yonder, bathed in a heavenly light."

Frank looked, and saw a truly enchanting sight. While they had been conversing, their surroundings had undergone an entire change, and some objects upon the shore, which had possessed no elements of beauty before, were now really attractive.

"I have often wondered," said Frank, "why a painting of some very common scene, is often so much more attractive than the thing itself. I think it is because the picture has such a far-away look."

"That is the idea, my friend, but not ex-

pressed as a critic would state it. The artist paints the landscape as he *sees* it, and not as it really is. We know that the city is much different from the view we have of it now; but should a painting be made of it at this point, it would be Buffalo,"

"Enchanted by distance," interrupted Frank.

"Yes," continued the gentleman, "distance obliterates the ugly particulars and beautifies the mass, as a whole. We see a person with beautiful complexion. We admire it. Put a portion of that almost transparent skin under the magnifying-glass. How ugly the sight! Deep cavities; large sores, and sometimes animal parasites even, may be seen where all is so pleasing to the naked eye. How thankful ought we to feel that the Creator, in thus arranging our organs of vision, has removed certain objects to a distance, as it were, and has thus permitted us to see their beauty unmarred by the ugly details."

Several persons now came up, and the conversation became general. On the lake steamers, the passengers do not always wait for a formal introduction to each other; but after a day or two from starting, they are more like one large family, than a collection of entire strangers. Frank noticed the absence of formalities, so was not surprised when a very tall, dark, solemn-

looking man came up to him and inquired if he was the lad who occupied state-room number twenty-five.

Frank looked at his key and found the number twenty-five marked on a tag attached to it, and told the gentleman that he was the person he was looking for.

“Then we are to occupy the same room,” said he solemnly.

“I was told, when I took my key from the clerk, that my room had three berths in it, and that some one would have to occupy it with me—so you are the person? I trust we shall be peaceful room-mates,” said Frank, smiling.

“I suppose we shall,” said the man, in the same sepulchral tone.

Frank felt his very flesh creep at the sound of the man's voice. He had an intensely sad look, and eyes so large and bright they seemed to look right through one. Frank felt that it would be very rude to follow his inclination, and leave the gentleman without saying anything further to him, so he made some commonplace remarks about the weather, the speed of the boat, and other small talk, such as boys—as well as men—sometimes indulge in, when at a loss for interesting subjects for conversation.

Frank having made some reference to the beautiful color of the water, the stranger leaned

over the rail and gazed into it for sometime without speaking, then he turned and said,—

“Yes, it is beautiful. It looks good enough for one to lie down and die in. They say it is so easy for one to die by drowning.”

Frank thought he was called on to make a reply, so he remarked,—

“I should think it would be just as hard to die in one way as another.”

“Persons who have been taken insensible from the water, have told how comfortable they felt, and were angry because they had been brought back to this dark world of ours. I have seen several cases myself,” said the man dreamily.

Frank's temperament was such, that his spirits were easily affected by his surroundings and he was becoming exceedingly uncomfortable under the influence of this gloomy person, who had conversed upon anything but a cheerful subject. He was not sorry, therefore, when the stranger left him and went to the opposite side of the vessel, still muttering something which could not be understood.

The day was far advanced and the evening fast approaching. Frank still sat alone upon the deck, thinking of the different persons he had already met upon the boat, and trying to shake off the disagreeable feeling caused by the conversation given above. He had an uncomfort-

able feeling of dread, such as we often experience; he could not help feeling that something serious was about to take place. He was interested in everything around him; for it was all new, and novelty, at the age of fourteen, is always attractive; but, if we could read the thoughts passing through his mind, we would find a half formed wish to be comfortably settled in his home. His fine nervous organism had received quite a strain, and the more he pondered on the weird manner of the solemn stranger, the more uneasy he felt. Just as he had concluded for the fiftieth time, that he was silly for letting such a little thing annoy him, a colored boy roused him from his reverie, by coming on deck and pounding a large gong most vigorously. This was the signal for tea, and the passengers who were outside now went in, and Frank followed them.

The saloon had undergone quite a change since Frank saw it last. Two small tables, which he had seen in the room, now formed one large one, around which the passengers were seated, the captain at the upper end. Frank was shown a seat, by one of the waiters, and soon forgot his forebodings in the enjoyment of a pleasant meal. It seemed to be the aim of everyone to have a good time, so they talked and laughed as they ate, and before the meal

was finished, a feeling of sociability and friendship had sprung up between all at the table.

After tea, some of the passengers went outside and watched the effect of the rising moon upon the water, while others took books and passed the evening in reading. Frank had been asked at the table by a lad a little older than himself, to play backgammon; as he was fond of the game, he gladly accepted the invitation. As soon as the dishes were removed and the saloon changed once more into a comfortable parlor, he was joking over his game and, judging from the expression of his face, was getting the better of his opponent. In fact, he laughed so long and loud as to attract the attention of quite a number of passengers, who came up to watch the game. They had played six games and each had won three, when one of the bystanders said,—

“Play three more, and call the one who wins two of them the best player.”

The lads readily consented to this arrangement, and the excitement commenced in earnest. The company was about equally divided in their sympathies.

Frank lost the first game, so many of his supporters went over to the side of the victor—this is the way men do when larger battles are fought. The next game commenced poorly for Frank,

and he lost more of his supporters; but, as the game progressed, he was more successful and, at the very last, gained on his adversary and won the game. Many of the deserters now came back saying—"I told you so," but they never had prophesied anything but failure for Frank after his first misfortune.

The last game is more exciting than either of the others, for it is the deciding one. Frank is becoming nervous. His energies are all bent upon the play, and his opponent is not less interested. Frank's men are coming off rapidly, while his companion is less fortunate. Nearly all the spectators are now on Frank's side, and the enemy is deserted. Frank has now five men on the board, and his opponent nine. His opponent has the next throw.

"Double sixes," shouts an excited observer as the box is lifted and the opponent removes all but five men.

"Double aces, I declare!" exclaims a jovial passenger as Frank raises his box and moves up two men, and removes two, leaving three on the board

The two lads are now the center of attraction, and every eye is watching to see what the next throw will be.

"Doubles again as I am a living man," again

calls out the jolly passenger. Frank's opponent now has but one man on the board.

Frank throws again. A murmur of disappointment goes through the crowd. He has thrown ace and six, and can remove only two men. Now they have the same number on the board; but his opponent has the next throw, so has won the game.

The passengers are chagrined at being on the losing side and exclaim,—“I told you so.”

The boy who has just won the game against Frank, is named George Howell. He is the son of a United States Senator from one of the Western States. He is flashily dressed and has very elegant manners. His fine manners have been acquired by constantly meeting cultivated people, for he has spent his winters with his father in Washington, since he was quite small. He has learned something else far less attractive than good manners. During his stay in the capital, he has become acquainted with many of the bad habits to which boys—or young men as they style themselves—are addicted.

“Have a cigar?” said George extending an elegant case to Frank, as they walked up and down the deck after finishing the game.

Frank felt a little peculiar, as he declined the offered refreshment, and felt still more uneasy when George said,—

“Don’t smoke! Why, how can you get along without it? It is such a comfort when one is bothered about a thing, to sit down and smoke it away.”

Here George paused in his remarks, and struck a match upon his silver match-box: while the sulphur was burning off, he closed one eye to keep out the fumes; with the other he cast a look upon Frank, intended to be one of pity.

Frank felt his inferiority sensibly and, for a moment, was tempted to take the offered cigar; but his better sense mastered the foolish fear of being laughed at, and he felt called upon to justify his position, so he remarked,—

“I do not think it looks well to see boys smoke.”

“Boys! No, I would never encourage a boy to smoke,” said George, “but it seems strange to meet a *young fellow* of your age who does not indulge.” Here George took his cigar between his thumb and finger, and contemplated the smoke as he gently puffed it from his mouth.

It must be confessed that Frank felt much flattered by being classed with the “young fellows,” and straightened himself so as to appear a worthy member of that fraternity; but, after a moment’s reflection, there came a change over his countenance, and way down in his boyish heart he felt that it was all “sham.”

“Did it make you sick when you first commenced?” inquired he.

“It was so long ago,” replied this veteran of fifteen summers, “that I do not remember; it seems to me that I was a little sick at first, but I soon became accustomed to it.”

Frank smiled at the confession, which showed this elegant person to be subject to the same ills as the rest of humanity. He smiled, too, as he thought of his own little experience; for, like most boys, he had once been ambitious to learn to smoke. In trying to acquire the art, he had soon become satisfied that it was not to be one of his accomplishments. Had Frank succeeded in learning to smoke, he was far too sensible to think that a lad of his age could appear anyway but ridiculous, puffing away like a confirmed smoker of fifty. George appeared ludicrous to him, and, as he thought how he should look trying to drown his perplexities in the smoke of a “pure Havana,” he laughed outright, and George’s little piece of flattery had failed.

George was at first inclined to resent Frank’s laughter, but feeling immensely superior to a “fellow” who could not smoke, he puffed away his resentment and condescended to relate many anecdotes of his Washington life for Frank’s entertainment: in each of these, of course, he figured as the hero.

When the two boys returned to the saloon, they found it deserted and, following the example of the other passengers, they sought their respective state-rooms.

When Frank entered his room, he noticed some clothing on a peg at the side, and that the curtain was drawn in front of the lower berth—indications which told him that his solemn roommate was now sleeping. He quietly undressed by the light which shone from the saloon through the ground-glass door of his state-room, and was soon rocked to sleep by the gentle motion of the boat.

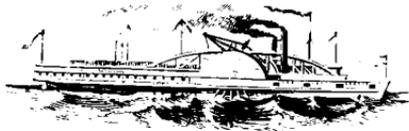
Philosophers tell us that a dream is the continuation of the waking thoughts. Frank's dreams seemed to go to prove this theory; for soon after climbing to his berth, he was going through the excitement of starting; the pleasure of conversing with the gentleman who had overheard his quotation; the fun of playing backgammon with George Howell, and, lastly, he meets once more the solemn stranger. He sees him now coming towards him; his piercing eyes seem still brighter than in the afternoon; they fairly burn the flesh at which they look. Frank tries to rise and say something to him, but it is impossible. His tongue refuses to move, his limbs are rigid, he strains every nerve,

and, at last, by a mighty effort, makes a noise like the cry of a wild animal and wakes.

He woke so suddenly that his mind was confused, and for a time he could not tell whether he saw a dark form half in, and half outside the little window of his state-room, or whether he was still dreaming.

The figure moved, and Frank knew that it was real, and not an object of his fancy. He sat up in his berth to get a better view. By the light of the moon which shone into the room, he saw a man standing upon the rail of the steamer looking down into the lake. In a moment more the form vanished, and he heard a loud splash in the water below. Hardly realizing what he was about, he jumped from his bed and cried,—

“Help, help, help!” at the top of his voice.



CHAPTER III.

An Explanation.—Mr. Palmer Relates an Anecdote.—Frank Visits a Coal Mine and has an Adventure.

FRANK'S cries soon brought the passengers from their rooms, and, for a time, the greatest confusion prevailed. The general impression seemed to be that some accident had happened to the vessel, endangering the lives of all on board. When quiet was restored, Frank informed the captain, who had come to the saloon, of what he had seen. The captain asked a few questions and seemed to understand the situation immediately. He had the steamer stopped and boats lowered to search the waters, over which they had just passed, for the unfortunate person.

While the boats were absent, the passengers collected around Frank, and in answer to a multitude of questions, he told his story over and over again to the excited crowd.

No one seemed to know who the missing party was, so a roll of the passengers was called,

resulting, as the reader has probably anticipated, in finding that Frank's room-mate was not present. Frank was as much surprised as any one at the result. He had been so suddenly waked that he had not reflected on the circumstance; but his impression had been that he had seen some one attempting to enter his room. He thought that the person had been startled at finding him awake, and, in his hurry to retreat, had accidentally fallen overboard. When he heard, however, the result of the roll-call, he began to see how he had been misled, and, remembering that he had been the only person who had come from room twenty-five, he thought there could be no mistake in the result arrived at.

Every one had something to tell of the peculiar manners and conversation of the missing person. One had seen him looking for a long time into the water; another had heard him say something about drowning, while a third related at length a conversation which he had held with him in the afternoon. Frank listened to their stories and wondered how they could remember so much of a person, who had been with them only a few hours. He did not know that on such occasions, the excitement causes the smallest incidents to be magnified and seem like items of importance.

After an hour's careful search, those who had gone out in the boats, returned to the steamer and reported that no traces could be found of the missing passenger. After waiting a short time longer, the vessel proceeded on its way.

Frank was about to re-enter his room, when the captain came up and said that it was thought proper to keep the room unoccupied until they arrived at Erie. He told Frank that all the other rooms were taken, but some of them had spare berths, and he would see the passengers who had engaged them, and find a place for him to stay the remainder of the night.

"There is a spare berth in my room," said a gentleman who happened to be passing and heard the conversation, "and I would be glad to have you use it, if you can do no better."

The person who had so opportunely appeared and kindly offered to share his room with Frank, was the same gentleman who had conversed with him so pleasantly in the afternoon, and the lad felt very thankful that he could have such agreeable company during the remaining hours of the night, so he accepted the offer, and the two went to their room.

The gentleman's name was Palmer. He was from a large town in Massachusetts, and was making the tour of the lakes. These things Frank learned before he slept, for the gentle-

man seemed inclined to talk, and in his conversation brought up those subjects which would divert the boy's mind from the exciting scene through which he had just passed.

Mr. Palmer was one of those fortunate persons who possessed the happy faculty of being always in the right place, at the right time. It was he who had quieted the passengers after their excitement; it was he who had suggested that the captain be called, and it was by his direction that the roll-call was resorted to, in order to find out who was missing. He told Frank of his traveling arrangements; what places he intended to visit, and how long he proposed to remain in each. Finding that the lad had no definite plan, except to visit the places which his father had mentioned in his letter, Mr. Palmer asked him to accompany him, the next day, on a visit to a coal mine in Pennsylvania.

Frank had often read about mines, and had wished time and again that he could see one: here was an opportunity not to be missed.

"We shall arrive in Erie sometime in the morning," continued Mr. Palmer, "and can take the cars which will carry us in a few hours to one of the richest mining regions in America."

"How long does the steamer remain in Erie?" inquired Frank.

“Only long enough to land freight and passengers; but another boat of this line will follow in two days, and we can then continue our trip,” was the reply.

Frank could see no good reason for not going, so he told his companion that he would accompany him. This being settled, he soon forgot the events of the night, and was sleeping soundly.

It seemed to Frank that he had hardly closed his eyes, before the motion of the boat suddenly stopped, and he awoke. He found, however, that he must have been sleeping sometime, for the sun was shining brightly in at the little window of his state-room, and his room-mate had evidently gone to breakfast, for he could hear the rattle of the dishes, and the voices of the passengers outside. He felt annoyed, at first, because he had overslept himself; but while he was making a hasty toilet before the little mirror which was screwed to one corner of the room, the door opened and Mr. Palmer entered.

“So you have concluded to wake up have you?” was his salutation. “I have told the waiter to save us some breakfast, so you need not hurry.”

“Have you not been to breakfast?” asked Frank.

"No, I wanted pleasant company, so I waited for you," was the good natured reply.

Frank laughed and worked away at his stubborn hair, which seemed determined not to be subjected to the power of brush or comb. At last the toilet was completed, and they went out to breakfast.

Mr. Palmer had a reason for not waking his companion earlier. He well knew that the events of the previous night would make Frank an interesting object in the eyes of the passengers, and that he would be subjected to an unlimited amount of annoyance. His plans for avoiding these people, had worked well, for, when they sat down to the table, no one was present, except the colored man who waited upon them.

While they were leisurely taking their coffee, the captain entered the saloon and, coming to the table said,—

"Good morning, I trust I find you well, and not suffering from the excitement of last night?"

Frank replied that he was quite well, and that he had slept long enough to make up for the sleep he had lost.

"By-the-way, Master Wilder," said he, as if something had occurred to him for the first time, "I have sent for the civil officers of the city, and they will soon be here to take evidence

in regard to the accident; as you are the only one who really knows much about it, I must ask you to remain until they arrive. It is a very simple thing; but quite necessary. You will only have to swear to what you saw."

"Certainly," said Frank, "I will remain."

Frank had no acquaintance with legal operations, and like most boys of his age, he looked upon the execution of the laws as something buried in mysterious dignity. Perhaps Mr. Palmer read this in the boy's face; for he said,—

"I suppose you have never taken an oath before a magistrate?"

"No sir," replied Frank, "I never have."

"Then you may be in the same position that an old colored woman was, down in Massachusetts."

"How was that?" inquired Frank.

"Her name was Susie," said Mr. Palmer, suppressing a smile and trying to look very grave, "and she was a very conscientious Christian woman; a member of the Methodist church. She was summoned, on one occasion, to give evidence in a case which she had some knowledge of. Never having been in a court-room before, everything was new to her, and when called upon to take the stand, she walked up the steps which led to it with fear and trembling.

'Hold up your right hand and be sworn,' said the clerk impressively.

'What did you say massa?' inquired Susie.

'You must swear before giving your evidence,' explained the clerk.

'Mus swar! Mus I Jedge?' said she turning excitedly to the justice on the bench.

The Judge nodded his head solemnly, and Susie knew there was no appeal from his decision, so being a conscientious Christian woman, she meant to do her whole duty.

'Well,' said she, 'if I mus, I mus; but it is sumfin I nebber did in my hull life afore.' Then, dropping her voice to a deep base, she growled out, '*By darn,*' there, I've done it, and may my blessed massa forgive me.'"

Mr. Palmer's story reminded the captain of one, and that one suggested another, so the time passed quickly while waiting for the officers. They made short work when they did arrive, but a number of newspaper reporters who followed them on board, would have kept Frank under a constant fire of questions until night, had not Mr. Palmer interrupted them by informing his young friend that they must hurry or miss the first train out. Frank, glad enough to get relieved from his unpleasant situation, hurriedly followed his companion. They arrived at the station just in time to catch their train, and

and were soon speeding through the picturesque country of northwestern Pennsylvania.

As they rode along on their journey, Mr. Palmer related many interesting historical incidents connected with the country through which they were passing, for his companion's benefit, and numerous anecdotes for his amusement.

Frank was so much pleased with his chance acquaintance, that he listened with intense interest to everything he had to say. He was amazed at the mass of information at his command; for there was no subject brought up that he did not seem familiar with. "I wonder what his vocation is?" thought Frank, and for the first time, it occurred to the lad that during their conversation, his companion had in no way referred to it, though he had told much of his personal history. Frank thought of "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker," and a great many others; but his genial friend was too wise; too good-natured, and above all, too companionable to a mere boy to belong to any profession he could think of.

It was so late in the day when they arrived in the little mining village, that they deferred their visit to the mine until morning. The remainder of the day Frank spent in writing a long letter to his father. It seemed to him that he had been upon his trip for weeks, so many inci-

dents came to his mind, as he wrote, which had taken place since he set out.

The following morning, soon after breakfast, Frank and his friend set out from the hotel, where they had remained during the night, for the mine.

As they walked along in the bright sunlight, through the green pastures, they conversed about minerals in general, and particularly coal.

“What is coal composed of?” inquired Frank.

“Geologists tell us,” replied his companion, “that it is an accumulation of vegetable matter, which existed during a particular interval in the earth’s history, known as the *Carboniferous Period*.”

“How do they know that it was a vegetable matter?”

“In nearly every coal mine,” replied Mr. Palmer, “can be found the trunks, branches, leaves, and even fruits of trees in immense quantities; and some of them are in such a perfect state of preservation, that one can study the botany of the coal period with great accuracy. Did you ever put a very thin layer of coal under the microscope?”

“I never did,” replied Frank, “what could I see?”

“All the pores and fibers of the plant to which it once belonged,” was the reply. “Many

of these plants have disappeared from the earth, and others have changed from the huge trees that they were in the carboniferous period, to insignificant weeds."

"How interesting this study must be!" exclaimed Frank, "but are there not different kinds of coal?"

"Yes, several," replied his companion, "but they all have the same origin. *Anthracite*, or hard coal, is now considered the most valuable of all, though it was a long time before people could be induced to use it. It is very solid, and burns with but little flame. *Cannel* coal is very compact and of a fine texture; it burns with a beautiful flame and is used principally for grate fires. It is more expensive than the other coals, and is chiefly found in England and Scotland. *Bituminous* coal is softer than either of the others, and burns with so much flame that its cinders are carried for a long distance in the air. Pittsburgh, in this state, where bituminous coal is used almost exclusively, has earned the name of 'smoky city,' on account of the clouds of smoke which can always be seen hanging over the place."

"I have read about that," said Frank, "and my uncle, who lives there, said (by way of a joke I suppose), that when the children came in from playing on the streets, they were so black-

ened by the coal dust, that their mothers had to wash their faces before they could tell who they were."

Mr. Palmer smiled at the exaggeration of Frank's uncle and continued,—

"There is still another kind of coal, called *Lignite*, or brown coal. Traces of woody structure are found in it, and, for that reason, it is supposed to be of more recent formation than either of the other kinds that I have mentioned."

"I have never heard of brown coal before," said Frank, "what kind will we find in the mine where we are going?"

"We shall find anthracite," was the reply. "Pennsylvania has an inexhaustible supply of hard coal; it would be difficult to estimate the amount."

"What you said about the difficulty of introducing anthracite into common use, reminds me of what our teacher told us one day at school. He said that in 1806, a load of hard coal was sent to Philadelphia, but was soon returned with the message that the 'black-stone' was unmanageable."

"That may have been true," said Mr. Palmer, "though anthracite was used in the eastern part of the country, to some extent, as early as 1768."

“Why, here we are already,” said he, as they came to the foot of a large pile of broken rocks. They clambered to the summit, and there found what they were in search of.

Frank had formed an idea in his mind, that the entrance to a mine was a round hole in the ground, something like a well; he expected to get into a bucket and be lowered down, he hardly knew how far. As they paused to get their breath, which had been exhausted in climbing, Frank looked around for such an opening. He heard a loud, rumbling noise; and a car loaded with coal came up an inclined plane, from a wide, black opening in the hillside. His surprise at finding so different an entrance than he had imagined, was forgotten in his astonishment at seeing this car rise so steadily, seemingly without any propelling power. He found, however, on examination, that one end of a large iron cable was attached to the forward part of the car, while the other end was fastened to a large cylinder. The cylinder being turned by a small stationery engine, wound the cable around it, and thus drew the car up with its heavy load.

Frank and his companion followed the car up the track a short distance, and saw the load dumped into a machine called the *Breaker*. The large pieces of coal were crushed, and the whole load came tumbling out with a great

noise, into a series of screens arranged one above the other, on an inclined plane. Frank noticed that the iron rods, which formed the screens, were placed far apart in the upper ones, and closer in those beneath it. The very largest pieces would not pass through even the upper screen; but rolled down to the lower end and fell into a long chute, which conducted it to a car, on a railroad track, far below. The second screen took the pieces which passed through the first one, and sent the pieces that could not get through, down another chute, into another car. Each screen had a separate car for its coal, even to the very lowest one, which sent a stream of coal, about the size of large peas, down the chute attached to it.

“After the coal passes through these screens,” said Mr. Palmer, “it receives different names according to its size, such as ‘lump,’ which is this in the upper chute, ‘egg,’ ‘broken,’ ‘stove,’ and ‘pea.’”

On either side of the machine stood a large number of boys whose voices could be heard above the loud noise of the falling coal, as they shouted and yelled like savages. Some of them had short sticks with which they continually poked and struck at the coal. Their faces were blackened by the dust, and they looked like a party of young Africans.

“I wonder what those boys are doing?” said Frank.

“They are employed to keep the screens clear, and to pick out the pieces of slate which have accidentally come up in the cars,” replied Mr. Palmer.

“What hurt does the slate do?” inquired Frank.

“It makes some pleasant men quite angry, on cold winter evenings,” was the reply.

Frank pondered on this answer for sometime, and then, as a surprised look came over his face, he said,—

“Does slate form clinkers in the stove?”

“That is it,” said Mr. Palmer, as though Frank had guessed a conundrum. “These boys become so expert in their part of the mining, that they very readily detect a piece of slate, and as easily pick it out from the stream of coal as it passes.”

“They left enough in the coal which we used last winter, to bother us boys in keeping our rooms warm,” said Frank.

“There are different grades of coal,” said Mr. Palmer, “the cheapest quality sometimes contains large quantities of slate.”

Ours must have been the very cheapest,” said Frank, “for it was at a boarding school.”

If Frank had noticed his companion when he

made this remark, he would have seen a funny expression on his face, and a twinkle in his eyes hard to guess the meaning of; but when he next spoke, it had vanished, and in his usual tone of voice he said,—

“We have seen the last part of the operation first, now let us look for the superintendent.”

Just as he spoke, one of the boys shouted,—
“*Cheese it! Cheese it!* The boss is coming!” and all the noise and confusion which they had been indulging in, suddenly ceased. A stout, good natured looking man came up the steps near them, and after saying something to the boys in a stern voice, passed along to where the two strangers were standing.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” said he “come to look at the mine I suppose.”

“Yes, we have been examining the breaker,” said Mr. Palmer, “and we would like to go into the mine, if we may.”

“I am going down in a few minutes, on my daily rounds,” said the boss, “and, if you do not mind staying two or three hours, you may go with me.”

They replied that they had nothing to hurry them, and would like to accompany him. An empty car which had just left its load at the breaker, stopped near to where they were standing and, at the gentleman's direction, they climbed

into it, while he went to a little building near by. He returned in a short time with three queer looking lamps, shaped like tin teapots, about two inches high, with a flame coming out of the spout. Each took a lamp and, at a signal, the cable commenced to unwind from the drum, and the car to descend. Down, down, down they went into the open mouth of the cave; out of the bright sunlight, into the twilight, and then into Egyptian darkness. Here the car stopped. Frank could hear voices; but could see nothing except the lights from two lamps worn in the hats of the workmen; these looked like stars as they bobbed about in the darkness.

“Is that you Jerry?” called out the boss.

“Yes, sir,” replied a boy’s voice.

“Put your mule to this car,” said the boss.

Frank heard the click of the iron fastening, and could indistinctly see a boy’s form on the back of a mule.

“Go on,” shouted the driver when all was ready, and the mule started off. The boy occasionally encouraged him to greater efforts of speed, by cuts from a short stick, which he carried in his hand. At every step the mule took, a small bell attached to his harness, tinkled like the bells on the horses of a street car. They rode along in silence for some time, the travelers trying to get accustomed to the darkness.

"Hold up Jerry," said the boss—then turning to Frank and Mr. Palmer,—“Look at the wall on the left for a few minutes, and you will see something worth coming a long distance to look at.” They looked in the direction indicated; but to no purpose.

“I can see nothing but darkness,” said Frank.

The boss stepped to one side of the car, and held his lamp near the wall.

“Oh, how beautiful,” exclaimed Frank.

“It is the finest collection of *Fungi* that I ever saw,” said Mr. Palmer.

The object to which their attention was directed, was worthy of the adjectives bestowed upon it. A quantity of coal had been taken from the side wall, leaving a deep cave, or recess. It would be hard to imagine, even, such a fairy-like grotto. Graceful trees; lace-like under-brush; and airy festoons filled the cavity. The whole was so white and delicate that a breath would disturb it.

“Why, it is mold,” said Frank, after examining it closely for sometime.

“Yes, that is what the miners call it, my lad,” said the boss, “but your friend has given the correct name I suppose. A great many persons have been in to see it since it formed.”

“It must be damp here, to yield such plants as these,” said Mr. Palmer.

"It is the dampest part of the mine," said their guide. As they drove on, they could hear the plashing of the water under the mule's feet.

Gradually the eyes of the party became accustomed to the darkness, sufficiently to see objects near them quite distinctly.

"What are those columns on either side of us?" inquired Frank, "I have noticed them for sometime."

"Those are pillars of coal left to support the roof," replied the boss. "If all the coal were taken out, the roof would fall in some day, and the workmen perish. We cut a street, we will call it, through the mine, and, after cutting parallel streets, we cut cross streets, leaving, as you see, a column of coal at each corner."

"I used to think that all the coal was taken out of the mine as the workmen came to it," said Frank.

"That is never done," said the boss. "We leave about one-third for supports always."

"Fire! fire!" shouted a mule driver who passed them on his way to the breaker with a load of coal.

"What is the matter?" asked Frank.

"Is there any danger?" inquired Mr. Palmer.

"Only a blast," replied the boss. "Jerry, let us get out here."

Frank did not know exactly what was meant

by a "blast," but he saw by his guide's manner that no danger threatened. The three left the car, and had hardly reached the ground before—boom—boom—boom like the report of distant cannons, came to their ears.

"Let us turn down this way," said the boss, and they took a side street and walked a short distance to where some miners were at work. Each man had a pick, with which he separated large pieces of coal from the wall before him. After he had collected a sufficient quantity, he shoveled it into a car that stood near by. The men looked more like demons than human beings, as they plied their picks; their smutty faces lighted by the lurid flame of the miner's lamp.

"When did you come up here?" inquired the boss of one of the workmen.

"I came up this morning," was the reply, "the damp was too much for me below."

After giving a few directions to the men, the boss took the visitors farther on. The walking was difficult for persons unaccustomed to it, and Frank stumbled along through the wet, over pieces of coal and railroad sleepers, until he was almost ready to give out. Beside the other difficulties, he commenced to feel a choking sensation in his throat.

“I think I can show you the damp if there is enough to light,” said the boss.

“The damp!” said Frank, “I think we have seen enough of it already. I am wet nearly to my knees.”

“The *fire damp*,” said the boss, “do you not taste it?”

“I taste something disagreeable,” replied Frank.

After looking around a few minutes, the boss called out,—

“Here it is.” He then held his lamp to a crack in the smooth slate roof above. Quick as lightning, a bright streak of flame darted along the roof, illuminating the long gallery with a pale, unsteady light. “That is what the man left working here for. It is what miners dread above all things.”

“How did you dare to light it?” inquired Mr. Palmer.

“There is not enough here to do any damage,” was the reply. “It is dangerous only where it is allowed to collect. You see the flame has gone out already. Do you not feel a draught here?”

“Yes, I feel a strong draught,” replied Mr. Palmer.

“If it were not for this current of air to carry off the damp, the mine would soon be filled with

gas and we could not work it. I will show you, by and by, how we manage the ventilation," said he.

As they advanced, Frank noticed that the roof, although continually sloping downwards, grew gradually higher, and the air much warmer. On speaking of this to his guide, he was told that the height of the roof indicated the thickness of the vein of coal; and that the heat which he had noticed, showed that they were very deep in the mine.

"There are some blasts near here," said he, as the sound of voices came to their ears.

"Hallo!" he shouted.

"Look out! A blast!" screamed some one in the darkness.

The cry had hardly reached them before Frank felt himself pushed unceremoniously into a small recess in the wall, and his companion after him.

BOOM! BOOM! boom! sounded three reports. A loud scream came from the spot where Frank had been placed. Miners rushed up through the smoke; but could not find anyone. It was soon discovered that the blast of powder had torn off an immense piece of coal, which had fallen just in front of the place where the visitors were last seen.

"Where are they?" said a miner.

“In here, clear this rubbish away quickly,” said the boss excitedly.

The men worked with a will, and, in a few minutes removed the mineral from the entrance, and found Frank and his companion lying insensible on the ground.



CHAPTER IV.

A Surprise.—A Letter.—Peculiar Passengers.

THE exciting scene which followed was beyond description. A report that two strangers had been killed by a blast, was quickly circulated among the miners, and a crowd of curious spectators collected.

“They are only stunned by the shock,” said the boss who had been examining them closely.

His statement proved to be correct; for, in a few minutes after, they revived. The workmen, who had witnessed many similar cases, dispersed as quickly as they had assembled, on finding that nothing serious had happened, and, in a few minutes, the familiar sound of the pick could be heard again in the different parts of the mine.

“That was a narrow escape,” said the boss, as they resumed their walk. “I am sorry that it happened, but glad that you were not injured.”

The remainder of their stay in the mine was unattended by accident of any kind. The boss,

being chagrined at what had happened, was anxious to atone for his seeming carelessness, and was more attentive to his visitors than he had been before. He showed them the ventilator, which was a large heap of burning coal under an opening in the roof; the hot air rising from this burning mass, and escaping through the opening, caused the draught which the visitors had noticed. He also took them to a place where Mr. Palmer could collect such specimens as he had told Frank about on their way to the mine. After selecting what they wished, the party followed the gallery along until they came to a place where they could see what looked to Frank like the full moon; but it proved to be the light shining in at an opening above called an escape, and used as a means of egress in case of fire, or other accident. Having seen all that they wished, the boss climbed with his visitors through the escape to the upper world.

Arrived at the top, what was Frank's surprise to find himself upon a grassy bank sloping gradually to the border of a broad, deep stream, which flowed lazily through a quiet valley; far back in the distance, so far in fact that objects could not be plainly distinguished, he could see the steam from the engine which had lowered them into the mine, curling gracefully up to the quiet summer sky.

“ A fascinating place for meditation,” said Mr. Palmer, breaking the silence which had crept over the party as they sat at rest ; “ but we must bestir ourselves Frank, for it is now after three o'clock.”

A hearty handshaking and good-byes with the boss followed this announcement, and in a short time, the tourists were speeding over the rail, rapidly leaving the mining village behind them.

When Frank took the boat in Erie to resume his trip, a very pleasant surprise was in store for him, which can best be told in his own language, so we will insert a letter that the lad commenced the day he left the city, while the steamer was ploughing her way through the beautiful green waters of the lake, on her way to the next stopping place.

“ ON BOARD THE PACIFIC, }
 “ August, 187—. }

“ *My Dear Father :*

“ May be you will be surprised to receive another letter from me so soon; but I have so much that I want to tell you of, that I must write it before it is forgotten.

“ After mailing my last letter to you, I went to see one of the wells which furnishes gas for lighting the city of Erie. I did not see much ; for nothing was in sight, except large pipes, and some curious machinery. I think it very wonderful though, that gas can be obtained, sufficient for heating buildings and lighting a city, by simply boring into the ground. After seeing

this well, I went down to the harbor and cut off a piece of Commodore Perry's flag-ship, Lawrence. I think it will soon be gone ; as every one who comes here takes a piece.

“ About noon, the boat which we had been looking for all the morning, arrived. Who do you think stood on deck looking to see me ? You can't guess, so I will tell you. It was my chum. I was glad enough to see him, I can tell you. He was glad to see me too ; for he had arrived in Buffalo too late to take the boat that I left on, so he waited for this, hoping that I would remain over in some place, and he would thus be able to overtake me.

“ Harry's mother has been ordered by her physician, to spend the summer at Saratoga, and, as it would be cheaper to come up here, than to stay the season there, Harry's guardian allowed him to come.

“ I am sorry that Harry missed the first boat ; for, if he had been with me I should not have had to occupy the room with the man who jumped overboard. There is no doubt now that he committed suicide. An Erie paper tells all about it. He was from Albany, and had been suffering for a long time with a mental difficulty. He left his pocketbook and watch locked up in his traveling bag ; by these he was traced. I suppose it is one of the disagreeable things that one must meet with in traveling ; but I hope I shall never have to occupy the room again, with an insane person.

“ Harry and I, of course, have a room together, and George Howell, the young fellow whom I mentioned in my letter, occupies it with us. He stopped over at Erie, as a great many of the other passengers did, and waited for this boat.

“ The reason so many have stayed to come on this boat is, that it is one of the few boats of the line that

goes to the north shore of Lake Superior. It also makes long stops at the principal places along the way. It is much smaller than the vessel I came from Buffalo in, and is built of wood. The other was iron. The captain told me that the iron vessels do not go to the north shore of Superior, because that part of the lake is quite dangerous to navigate, and there is more danger in them, if they should run against a rock.

“ We have a crowd of passengers on board, and some of them are queer ones. Harry and I have given a number of them nicknames, after Dickens's characters; but, of course, we don't let them know it. A fat old gentleman, who sits upon deck all day continually smoking little bits of cigars, and has never been heard to speak since he set out, we call ‘ Mr. Dick. ’ He looks like a philosopher. A young man who is forever asking very simple questions, we have named ‘ Guppy. ’ The captain has spoken quite sharply to him several times ; but ‘ Guppy ’ don't seem to mind it. There is a man here, who knows all about the lakes—the statistics, and that sort of thing you know. He tells us a number of times a day ‘ that he has been up here before. ’ He points out the objects of interest as we pass them, and insists on lending persons his glass to look at them with. He does not wait for one to ask him ; but volunteers his information. One day Harry called him ‘ Our Mutual Friend, ’ and some how it got to the other passengers, and he goes by that name now altogether.

“ Every morning a very pretty girl comes on deck, under the care of a cross-looking woman, who wears glasses and has two yellow curls on each side of her face. We have found out that the cross woman is governess to the pretty girl, so we call her ‘ Miss Blimber. ’ Her pupil we call ‘ Little Nell, ’ not because ‘ Little Nell ’ had a governess ; but because we heard the little

woman call her 'Nellie.' We boys think a deal of 'Little Nell,' already; but 'Miss Blimber' keeps always so near to her, that we have not had a chance to form an acquaintance, as we have with most of the other passengers. I think we shall get acquainted yet.

"Mr. Palmer is just as pleasant as ever, and tells us lots of things which we should never know were he not here. He brought out the specimens to-day that we collected at the coal mine, and told us all about them. Many of them are impressions of ferns. He has made us all interested in the subject of mineralogy. I am going to commence making a collection of minerals; so are the other boys. I have half of the specimens from the coal mine to start with.

"Mr. Palmer's vocation still remains a mystery, though we have tried hard to find it out. Harry thinks he is a physician, because he brought some medicine to a sick lady to-day, who fainted. I don't think this is any indication of his vocation, for he always happens around when anything is the matter, and knows just what to do. George Howell imagines he is a lawyer, for he quoted Latin to him, when he laughed at 'Mr. Dick,' because the chair broke down and spilled the old gentleman on the floor, as he was taking his seat at the table. Harry sat near them and said that the quotation was, '*Dulce est desipere in loco.*'* I think that is more of a sign that Mr. Palmer wished to let George know that he had been impolite. He had better have made his remark in English, for George don't understand half so much Latin as I do.

"I have not used any of the checks yet, but shall be obliged to get some money in Cleveland. I have not needed much.

*It is pleasant to be merry at the proper time.

“ You cannot complain that this letter is too short, for I never wrote so long a one before. I hear the ‘ Mutual Friend ’ explaining something outside, and I will join him, that I may have the benefit of his remarks.

“ Hoping to receive a letter from you at our next stopping place, I am,

“ Your affectionate son,

“ FRANK WILDER.”

Frank's letter was not written at one sitting, as a person would judge on reading it; but was the result of several attempts. He wanted to send his father a good letter, and he succeeded very well for a boy of his age. He gave him a fair idea of how his time was passed, and of the character of his companions. He knew that his father was very fond of Dickens's works, and for that reason he had devoted much of his letter to the description of the passengers, whom he and Harry had had so much sport in naming. Peculiar traveling companions are not confined to the steamers of the Great Lakes; but are met with wherever one travels in a civilized land, and this part of Frank's letter amused Mr. Wilder much, when he read it.

Frank assumed the air of a traveled person, toward Harry, and told him of the adventures he had already met with, and of those in prospect for them in the future. Harry had much to tell Frank in return, so they talked and talked

all the first day after meeting, like persons who had been separated for years instead of a few weeks.

What fun they had, at the expense of their fellow travelers! Nearly every morning, a crowd assembled on the forward deck and passed the time in various ways. The morning after leaving Erie, a large party assembled in the usual place, to listen to "Our Mutual Friend," as he poured upon them, what George Howell called "a torrent of useful information."

"Lake Erie," said he, "is 331 feet above Ontario and has an area of 11,000 square miles, with an average depth of from 60 to 80 feet. Its greatest depth being some 204 feet. The shallowness of this lake, causes it to be more readily disturbed by storms than either of the others, consequently navigation is very dangerous here, at certain seasons of the year."

"Guppy" had elbowed his way through the crowd, until he stood with open mouth and staring eyes, facing the speaker. When the "Mutual Friend" paused, "Guppy" came up to him with an expression of childlike innocence and, in a drawling voice, inquired,—

"Does Lake Ontario-flow-into-Erie, or-Erie into-Ontario?"

The disseminator of statistical information was somewhat taken aback at this question, and was

still more confused when he noticed the faces of most of his audience buried in pocket-handkerchiefs, to hide signs of amusement; but the captain, who had been much annoyed by "Guppy," relieved him from his embarrassment, by taking upon himself the privilege of replying.

"Ontario flows into Erie, of course," said he. "The water runs up a perpendicular precipice at Niagara, 165 feet high."

Many of the passengers were greatly pleased at the answer, uttered with all the gravity belonging to a subject relating to a wonderful discovery.

"You-don't-say-so! Well, I-never-heard-of-that-before," said "Guppy" slowly, with an irresistible look of credulous astonishment.

"Only a few persons have heard of it," said the captain in the same matter-of-fact tone.

Frank, who had been seated with Harry on the capstan during the conversation, struggled for a moment to suppress his feelings, but to no purpose. He caught sight of the captain's serene face, and burst into a shout of laughter. It was such a hearty, contagious outburst, that nearly everyone had to join.

"Guppy" was not in the least embarrassed by this; but leaned against the rail, dropped his under jaw a trifle lower, and stood for a long time in deep contemplation of some imaginary

object far in the distance. His interrogations had produced such an effect, that the conversation could not easily be resumed, so the passengers dispersed, leaving the "Mutual Friend" ready to commence where he left off, as soon as an opportunity presented itself.



CHAPTER V.

The Battle of Lake Erie.—“Guppy.”—A Storm.—Sea Sickness.

THE air was clear and bracing, and the ever changing scene was one of extreme beauty.

The steamer was only a short distance from the Ohio shore on the left, where fields of waving grain, terraces of thrifty vines, and groups of neat houses were constantly presenting themselves, and being lost sight of in the distance, forming a beautiful panorama. To the right of the steamer, nothing could be seen but a long stretch of beautiful tinted water, disturbed here and there by the ripple from a passing steamer or sailing vessel.

“I wonder if the Battle of Lake Erie was fought on such a day as this?” said Frank, who, feeling the narcotic effects of his surroundings, had fallen into a dreamy reverie.

“It was a beautiful day, I believe,” replied Harry brightening up, “but it was later in the year, and it rained early in the morning.”

Harry Ward was not, as a general thing, given to enthusiasm like his chum; but Frank had opened the one subject that would rouse him. He was "only a boy;" but I dare say there were but few men on board the steamer, who knew so much about the hero of Lake Erie, as did Harry. He had read his biography over and over again, until he had become familiar with its most minute details, and he had spent one summer in a quiet little village in the vicinity of Perry's birth-place, where the very air seemed filled with reminiscences of the hero.

"Come tell us all about it," said Frank, who had heard Harry tell many times of a ride he once took from Little Rest, Rhode Island, through a wild road, bordered on either side by primeval trees and magnificent rhododendrons, to Commodore Perry's birthplace. He had heard his chum tell, too, of the beautiful spot in which he had found it, at the foot of a hill, overlooking a picturesque country, dotted here and there with beautiful lakes; each lake having numerous little green islands sprinkled over its surface, adding a quiet beauty to the almost enchanting scene.

Harry needed no urging; for he liked to tell what he knew of the subject quite as well as he enjoyed hearing of it from others, so he commenced his narration in a clear, boyish voice,

which, as he advanced, became full of enthusiasm.

“The battle took place on the tenth of September, 1813. Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, but 27 years of age, commanded the United States fleet, consisting of nine vessels bearing fifty-four guns, and Commodore Barclay, an officer of long experience, commanded the English fleet of six vessels carrying sixty-four guns.

The vessel bearing Perry was cleared for action about ten o'clock in the morning, and the battle flag, bearing the last words of the heroic Captain Lawrence—‘Don't give up the ship—’ was unfurled by the commander, amid the cheers of his brave men. A long and death-like silence followed, broken only by the falling sand, spread upon deck to absorb the blood of the noble men, who would soon have fought their last battle. The squadron moved slowly to meet the enemy. At a quarter before twelve the first gun was fired from the enemy's flagship, Detroit. Perry now gave the signal for each vessel of his fleet to attack a vessel of the adversary. Five minutes later, another shot was fired from the Detroit, which took effect upon the Lawrence, and the action commenced in earnest. The Lawrence was in the thickest of the fight, her brave commander standing in an elevated position calm and unmoved, giving

his orders in clear, distinct tones. His men fell around him, killed and wounded. He heeded it not. The scene was terrible. The groans of the wounded and dying mingled with the terrific roar of the cannon, and the crash of broken timbers. Wounded men begged their commander to shoot them, and thus free them from their misery. His little brother, only twelve years of age, was stricken down by his side; still he stood at his post, and coolly commanded his fleet. At half-past two in the afternoon, the last gun of the Lawrence was disabled, and only eighteen men remained fit for duty. Other vessels of the squadron had suffered severely, and victory seemed in the hands of the British commander. At this point in the engagement, the commander noticed a brig of his squadron out of range of the enemy's guns, and as yet uninjured. He ordered his small boat and, standing erect in it, he directed his men to pull away toward the uninjured vessel; for if that could be reached in time, he felt that he could save the battle. The enemy seeing his movements, and mistrusting his intention, directed a constant fire upon the little boat, as it glided in and out among the vessels of the fleet, the form of the commander forming an excellent target. The men pulled with an energy suited to the occasion, and, in fifteen minutes from starting, Per-

ry climbed to the vessel's deck and took command.

A destructive fire was opened on both sides. The two fleets were completely hidden from each other by the clouds of smoke from the guns. For fifteen minutes, boom,—boom,—went the guns, and crash went the falling masts all around. Then, at three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright September day, the guns of the British fleet were silenced, and the commander of it surrendered everything to the young hero. Thus ended the great battle of Lake Erie."

Here Harry paused with flushed face and sparkling eyes. The boys looked at him with surprise at his animation.

"That is capital," said George Howell, breaking the silence.

"Harry," said Frank, with a long drawn sigh, "I wish you could fight half as well as you can tell about it! But what became of Perry's little brother, was he killed when he fell?"

"No, he was not killed, nor seriously wounded," replied Harry. "He had been knocked over by some falling object, and, when the commander returned to the dilapidated Lawrence, after the surrender of the British fleet, he looked around for the dead body of his brother. Imagine his surprise and delight when he found him

swinging in his hammock, sleeping as calmly as if nothing had happened, though he carried several bullet holes in his clothing."

"Good for that boy!" exclaimed George. "He was as much of a hero as the Commodore; but I never heard of him before. Did he prove to be as courageous in his after life?"

"He continued in the service until his death, and showed unflinching courage on many occasions. He lost his life at the age of twenty by risking it to save a young companion, who had been washed into the breakers on the dangerous shore of Valparaiso."

Several persons had been attracted by Harry's pleasant voice and enthusiastic manner of narrating these events, and among the number was the irrepressible "Guppy," who stepped forward, and before the boys could evade him, drawled out,—

"Is Mr. Perry dead?"

The faces of the three lads at this moment were a study. Frank was on the point of going into another fit of laughter; George, who had been intensely interested in the recital, was angry, and Harry's face showed that he was annoyed and amused at the same time. A painful pause followed, during which "Guppy" took the opportunity to explain.

"You—see, I've—never—had—many—chances—for—

learning-about-these-things," said he, "and,—I-want-to-get-all-the-information-I-can-while-I'm-up-here."

Thus appealed to, Harry politely replied,—

"He has been dead a number of years."

"Guppy" beamed his gratitude from his wondering eyes, and electrified the company by another inquiry.

"Did-he-die-before,-or-after-the-battle-of-Lake-Erie?"

"Put him overboard!" yelled George Howell, rising.

"Send him home to his ma," cried Frank, choking with laughter.

"Let us go inside," suggested Harry, whose face was scarlet.

"Guppy" looked wonderingly at the confusion, and never for an instant imagined that it was in any way connected with his question; but he never received a reply, for before he could repeat his inquiry, the three lads were inside their state-room with the door locked and bolted.

The wind which had only been a gentle breeze during the morning, began to freshen towards night, and the course of the steamer was changed to one further out in the lake. At sunset, large black clouds began to collect in the west and big rain-drops to fall. Before nine o'clock, the mo-

tion of the boat became unpleasant to many of the passengers, and by ten, all were in their berths.

"I say," said Frank, after the boys had been in their berths for some time, "I say boys, I believe we are going to have a regular storm."

"A regular what?" inquired Harry in a sleepy voice muffled by his pillow.

"O, botheration!" exclaimed George, "are you going to keep a fellow awake all night! I should think we were having a storm already. I have not slept a wink yet."

Very little sleeping was done in any part of the boat that night. The wind increased steadily until it blew a gale. The vessel would sometimes sink down, down, down, until it seemed to reach the bottom of the lake, and then, all of a sudden, it would rise up again with a bound. Sometimes it rolled from side to side and then for a moment resume its proper position, to repeat its former movements with renewed vigor. The timbers of the vessel creaked; the machinery rattled, and the captain shouted his orders all night long. Still the wind blew and the rain fell in sheets.

A pause of several hours followed Frank's vain attempt to open a conversation, and then George inquired from his berth near the floor,—

"Frank are you awake?"

Now Frank had been annoyed at the unceremonious way in which George had stopped him in the early part of the evening, so he did not reply immediately; though he was wide-awake, and had been for hours.

"Frank Wilder," again called George.

"*Are you going to keep a fellow awake all night?*" inquired Frank, imitating George's former manner.

"I wonder what time it is?" said George taking no notice of Frank's pretended ill-humor.

"I don't know," replied Frank; "but I should think it must be near morning."

"I am going to look at my watch," said George.

The clothing of the three boys hung on hooks placed for that purpose, on the side of the room opposite the berths, and their watches were in their vest pockets. George arose during one of the momentary pauses of the vessel, and,—*bang* went his head against the partition.

"Confound it?" said he, as he lay upon the floor, rubbing his bruised head and groaning.

When Frank caught sight of his unfortunate companion, he did the very worst thing he could have done under the circumstances—he burst out laughing.

"Hang the watch!" said George, as he failed

in a second attempt. "I am going back to bed again."

He did go back too; but not in the dignified manner he would have chosen. The boat made one of her eccentric plunges just as he reached his bed, and over he went, all in a heap; the two chairs, which had been dancing back and forth across the room all night long, followed him. He lay and groaned and—well, I am afraid it would hardly do to repeat what he said; for boys, when they are angry, are almost as bad as men in the same condition.

Frank was too wise to laugh a second time, so he buried his face in his pillow and turned scarlet with his smothered emotions.

Where was Harry all this time? In his berth, with his face turned toward the wall. He could see nothing amusing in his companion's mishap, though he knew all that had transpired. "Oh, dear, dear!" he groaned.

"Why what is the matter?" inquired Frank, who heard the exclamation of distress.

"I don't know, I feel—oh—oh—" was the broken reply.

"He is sick, I declare!" exclaimed Frank, quite anxiously, "Can I do anything for you chum?"

"No," emphatically.

"Shall I go out and get you some medicine?"

"No," more emphatically.

Frank was puzzled. He had never seen anyone sea-sick. He never, before, had seen his chum out of humor. Harry was out of sorts now, certainly, so Frank lay and tried to contrive some means of helping him, without giving offense. Harry grew worse and worse all the time. He sighed and groaned most piteously, as he turned from side to side in his berth, and Frank's kind feelings were roused in sympathy.

"I must do something for you Harry," he said, springing from his bed.

He either forgot the pitching of the boat in his eagerness, or made a miscalculation in jumping; for, instead of landing in the middle of the room as he intended, he plunged recklessly toward the stationary toilet stand in the corner. He did not fall immediately; but stood for a second or two, swaying back and forth, swinging his arms in a desperate attempt to save himself, and then—CRASH.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed as he fell back upon the floor, with a thud and a gurgling swash. He had caught hold of the big pitcher of water, and was now sitting on the ruins of ancient china, wet from head to foot.

He didn't laugh. He did not even smile; but just sat still for a few moments in quiet contem-

plation of the wreck around him. He was spared the mortification of being laughed at in return for his display of mirth over George's mishap ; for that elegant personage lay moaning for another reason, far more trying to good nature than a bruised skull.

Frank, having learned a lesson from George, resolved not to enter his berth again that morning, so amid the groans of his two companions, he proceeded to dress.

What a piece of work he made of it! It would be impossible to describe his reckless falls, or the solitary waltzes he took across the room, with one hand hold of his boot strap, and the other waving wildly about in search of an imaginary support, which he didn't find. It would be just as difficult to describe the scientific manner in which he butted every solid object in the room, or to tell the number of bruises he received in the operation.

He finished dressing, however, after a long time, and turned his attention to his companions. His intentions were of the very best sort, but he did not understand the peculiar nature of the disorder he had to deal with, and it would have been much better had he left the invalids alone ; for, as a general thing, amateurs do more harm than good by experimenting.

He could hardly be called a gentle nurse ; for

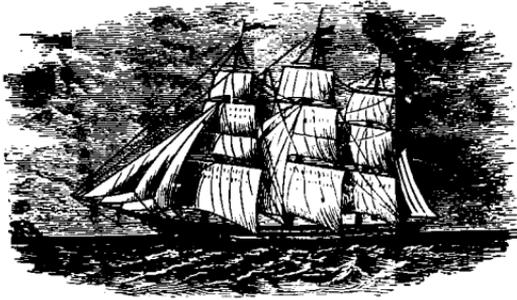
the very first attempt he made to visit Harry, the boat gave a more desperate lurch than ever, and, in trying to save himself from falling, he accidentally grabbed the pillow and fell back, jerking it from beneath his chum's head so suddenly as to cause him to utter a yell of pain and anger. With many apologies, the would-be nurse approached the berth when the boat became more quiet, and tried to arrange the pillow again in its proper place; but the vessel again tipped in an unexpected direction, and Frank, still clutching the pillow, plunged headlong into Harry's stomach, exhausting his breath, and the small stock of patience remaining.

If Harry was angry before, he was enraged now; for good natured people have temper enough, when they are once thoroughly angry, to balance years of smiling submission.

Poor Frank had a trying time after this. The two boys were thoroughly sea-sick and heartily disgusted with their companion's eccentric manner of nursing; but thanks for the most fortunate of God's gifts—a keen sense of the ludicrous—Frank was able to keep his temper, and to indulge in an occasional smile on the sly; but his position was not an enviable one, even then.

In the midst of the most perplexing time, when the malady had reached a very offensive stage, and when Frank was on the point of giv-

ing up in despair, a gentle tap was heard at the door, and, as soon as it could be opened, Mr. Palmer entered.



CHAPTER VI.

Clearing up.—A Misunderstanding among Friends.—Cleveland.
—The Perry Monument.—Euclid Avenue.—Frank gets Excited.
—Sickness.—Detroit.—Detroit River.—Lake St. Clair.—River
St. Clair.

IF Frank was ever glad to see a person, he was pleased to welcome his chance acquaintance to his state room. Mr. Palmer took charge of affairs immediately on entering; for he had guessed how matters were before he knocked, and had come to offer assistance to his young companions. His first act on assuming the duties of nurse, was to order Frank on deck to get the fresh air; for he noticed a queer look in the lad's face, which made him fear that he would soon have a third patient on his hands if he remained longer in the close room.

The sun had been up sometime, and was struggling to show a ray of light through a cloudy sky. Frank was glad enough to obey his friend's command, though traveling across the long saloon was not an easy feat to perform.

One peculiar feature of the storms on the

Great Lakes is, that they often subside very suddenly, when the indications are, to an unexperienced observer, that they may continue for a long time. This storm was of that nature. The rain stopped falling soon after sunrise; the black clouds rolled away, and, in an hour after Frank went on deck, there was not wind enough blowing to ripple the water.

What a pale, cross, uncomfortable party came on deck that morning! A joke was a dangerous experiment among them, and to tell a friend he looked sick, was to invite him to throw you overboard. There they sat—solitaire parties—and never spoke a word for hours.

The storm had impeded the progress of the vessel to such an extent, the "Mutual Friend" informed his fellow-passengers, that they would not arrive in Cleaveland until ten o'clock. They ought to have arrived there before daylight. The unhappy mortals took this as a common cause for complaint, and kept up a continual growling and grumbling the remainder of the morning.

What Mr. Palmer's method of nursing was, Frank never found out, for, when his companions came outside, they were very pale and silent and treated him with marked coolness.

"It is one of the symptoms of the malady," said Mr. Palmer, who had noticed their manner

toward Frank, "they will be as pleasant as ever, when they fully recover."

They never recovered that morning, not their good nature, at least; for when the boat touched the wharf at Cleaveland, they were still acting toward Frank as if he were the author of all their unhappiness.

Frank felt his face growing red with indignation at such shabby treatment; but he contrived for a time, to choke back his rising anger, and inquired of Harry where they should go first on landing; for the captain had notified the passengers to be on board at two o'clock. Harry made a very quiet, but unsatisfactory reply. The unconcerned manner with which he answered, was dreadfully trying to Frank's nervous temperament, for these quiet people can make a person feel very uncomfortable, while they assume an air of martyrdom at the same time. Frank was annoyed too, to see that a secret understanding existed between his chum and George Howell, so he let his temper get the better of him and made a hasty remark. Harry replied in the same quiet and unconcerned manner as before, which so aggravated matters that Frank finished the unpleasant conversation by saying impulsively,—

"Go where you please, so that you don't spoil my day," and he stepped off the boat and walked

up street, without turning to see what effect his remark had upon his two companions.

Now this was not a noble thing for Frank to do ; but he did it, and felt unhappy the rest of the day in consequence. He had not had experience enough to know that a person shows the worst side of his character in traveling, and that dear friends often return from what was intended as a pleasure trip, anything but the confiding companions they were when they set out. The discovery of some selfish trait of character in the one or the other, often gives rise to hasty remarks which cause a breach that it is hard to mend. It was just as well that he did not know this ; for he was unhappy enough as it was.

For sometime he wandered along the busy street, now pausing at a shop window, and now walking rapidly to keep pace with his thoughts. After traveling a long distance, he found himself in a public square, in the center of which stood a handsome marble monument. Coming nearer to this, he found it to be the Perry monument, erected the 10th of September, 1860, to commemorate the capture of the British fleet. At the top of the marble column stood a life size statue of Commodore Perry. On one side of the column a marine and, on the obverse, a mid-shipman leaned ; while another side had a repre-

sentation of Perry, standing in his boat, on his way through the smoke of battle to take command of the uninjured vessel of his squadron. The monument is beautiful as a work of art, and Frank, who greatly enjoyed such products of genius, examined it from every point of view ; but half the pleasure was lost to him, for it was so suggestive of his chum, who was interested in everything pertaining to the great hero, that his mind continually reverted to the unpleasant parting at the boat.

“ I wish I had not spoken so hastily to Harry,” soliloquized the lad with a solemn countenance ; “ but he was dreadfully trying,” and his face colored up again.

It occurred to him a few minutes later, while enjoying the grateful shade of a stately elm in the park, that he must go to the bank, so he went to a drug store near by, and found in the directory the street and number of the banking-house to which his father had directed him. He found the place without difficulty, and was soon walking up the broad stone steps of a handsome building.

He went to the teller's desk on entering, and presented his check. The teller was a sharp little man, with a monstrous large pair of glasses on a very small nose, and he made Frank feel like a culprit, as he looked him over from head

to foot without speaking. After this thorough inspection, he took the check to an old gentleman who sat writing in a large book near by, and said something in so low a tone that Frank could not hear. The old gentleman took the check in his hand, and said,—

“ Wilder ? Yes, that is all right. We received a letter from Mr. Wilder some time ago. Good morning, my lad ”—turning to Frank—“ are you enjoying your trip ?”

Frank replied that he was having a very pleasant time, and the old gentleman, who knew the boy's father in a business way, seemed very pleased to meet him, and asked him to take a seat. Frank had been taught that it is not right to make long calls on persons during business hours, even when urged to, so, after conversing pleasantly for a few moments, he rose to take leave ; but the gentleman detained him a short time longer, while he told him of a number of places of interest about the city.

On leaving the bank, Frank rambled about for some time, and then turned down a side street which led to one of the most charming places he had ever seen.

A broad avenue shaded by immense trees stretched before him as far as he could see. Tempted by its beauty, he walked along the neat sidewalk, and listened to the merry twitter of

myriads of feathered songsters who had their homes in the overhanging branches which shaded the path. The place was so charming that it was hard for the lad to realize that he was on a street, in a busy city of one hundred thousand inhabitants. He was familiar with Fifth and Madison Avenues, New York, and, up to this time, they had been without a rival in his mind, as to beauty; but there was something so generous in the breadth and general arrangement of this thoroughfare, that his model streets paled in beauty before their magnificent rival, Euclid Avenue.

Over the low fences, dividing the street from the private grounds, were lawns so extensive that they might properly be called parks. They were kept with such care that the short thick grass resembled a soft velvet carpet of the brightest green. The spacious houses were far up from the street, and could hardly be seen through the thick foliage of the beautiful trees and costly shrubs bordering the winding drives leading to them. Some of the lawns contained groups of statuary, arranged with so much taste as to form the crowning beauty of this wonderful union of nature and art.

Now and then a costly carriage drove past with its luxurious cushions and gay robes, drawn by spirited horses, adding just life enough to the

scene to keep one from fancying himself in some enchanted region.

Frank sauntered leisurely along, pausing now and then to examine some of the beautiful objects around him more closely. Here he was attracted by the exquisitely fine carving on a stone post at the entrance of some beautiful grounds; there he paused to enjoy for a time a large collection of rare plants that flaunted their gay colors in the bright sunlight, and again he halted to watch the motions of a brilliant peacock, strutting, in all his magnificence, across a nicely graveled walk.

Suddenly, as one wakes from a dream, Frank was called from the contemplation of this almost fairy-like picture, back to the common-place of life by coming abruptly against an old fashioned rail-fence, such as he had often seen in the country, inclosing an open field, in which a herd of cattle were quietly feeding. His surprise was so great that he could hardly understand it at first; but stood watching the animals as they ate the long grass, or lay upon the ground enjoying the luxurious shade of an old tree.

There was something in the rapid transformation, that set Frank to thinking of sudden changes in general, and then his mind reverted again to the abrupt parting with his chum, and his face gradually lost its look of pleasure and became

as sober as the old cow that stood watching him from the pasture. If he had spoken out what was going on in his mind, he would have said something like this,—

“I wish that I had kept that temper of mine. I am so quick to get offended; but Harry was so cool!”—here he looked a little angry—“Maybe I was to blame though.”—face awful long again. “But Harry did not treat me just right.” Thus the debate went on in his mind for a long time.

His mind had been so occupied during the day with various things that he had not regarded the flight of time, and did not realize that it had been nearly four hours since he set out to see the sights in the “Forest City.” But the debate that had been going on in his mind was interrupted—just as he had concluded to be friends with Harry as soon as he returned to the boat—by two deep, musical sounds, which were followed by similar ones in different parts of the city. It was the stroke of two in the bell towers of the several churches and public buildings. Frank was reminded of the captain’s instructions, and the first sound had hardly died away on the summer air, before he started off at a rapid pace in the direction of the lake. He was a long distance away, and he was unacquainted with the arrangement of the streets, so he had but little hope of reaching the wharf before the vessel left;

that little hope urged him on. From a rapid walk, he soon turned into a run. Down one street, up another, and around corners he flew in his haste. In turning one sharp corner, he upset an apple stand tended by an old woman, who was seated under a mammoth umbrella taking an afternoon nap. She never woke up till Frank rushed by. In another place he ran violently against a large dog that showed his resentment by barking lustily and following after him. Still he continued his race against time and increased his speed every minute. People turned and stared at him as he sped by ; but he did not slacken his pace, and was just congratulating himself on the rapid time he was making, when he rushed into the open arms of a policeman. The guardian of the city, imagining that the lad was a young culprit fleeing from justice, seized him by the coat-collar and held him fast. Frank had much difficulty in making him understand the true nature of the case ; but after a time, he succeeded in convincing his captor that he had committed no breach of the law, and was released. The time he had been detained made the hope of reaching the steamer smaller than ever ; but the moment he was free, on he rushed again, jostling a person here and there, and receiving any thing but thanks from the injured parties.

He arrived at the wharf at last, hot, tired, and in a reeking perspiration; for, in addition to the active exercise he had been taking, it was a very warm day. Frank bore these discomforts without a murmur; but when he looked around and could find the vessel nowhere in sight, he sat down upon a bale of goods thoroughly disgusted with himself and everything around him.

After resting a few moments, he became more reconciled to his fate and went to the boat office, on the wharf, and inquired how long the steamer had been gone.

"She has only gone to coal up," was the curt reply. "She will be back in a few minutes."

Such is the effect of good news upon a person in trouble, that Frank thought this sour-faced official one of the pleasantest men he had met for many a day. He tried to wait patiently; but the ten minutes before the steamer arrived, seemed hours; for one disappointment had suggested the possibility of another, and he was very anxious to make up with his chum.

When the steamer at last came puffing up to the wharf, Frank leaped on board, and was soon looking in every direction for Harry; but he was nowhere to be found, and the passengers had not seen him come on board. After looking in every place he could think of, Frank gave up the search and went to his stateroom to ar-

range his disordered dress. As he opened the door, George Howell came out, and to Frank's inquiry for his chum, he answered with a malicious smile,—

“He is inside, in his berth I think,” and then passed on.

As the lad entered the room, he was greeted with a most distressing cry of pain, and found his chum lying in his berth, pale and ill.

“Why, Harry! what is the matter?” exclaimed Frank, forgetting how they had parted in the morning, and never for an instant thinking of the little speech of reconciliation he had intended to make.

Harry tried to answer, but it was impossible for him to say anything intelligible. Frank saw what the matter was in a moment, and knew the meaning of George Howell's smile. Had George been there just then, there might have been another sick boy, judging from the angry look in Frank's eyes. But the elegant young fellow was very careful to keep away from the room, and Frank shut his lips firmly together to keep from saying the things he was thinking, while he went to nursing his chum more gently than he had been able to the previous night.

Nearly all night Harry remained awake and in great distress, and Frank stood by him, bathing his heated forehead, smoothing his pillow, or do-

ing whatever he could for his comfort. All his anger fled before the affliction of his chum, and his noble, generous disposition came to the surface, and was manifest in a hundred little acts of kindness.

Towards morning, the invalid fell into a sound sleep, and the nurse, thoroughly exhausted, followed his example.

All this time the steamer had kept steadily on her course, and, when the boys awoke in the morning, she was nearing the harbor of Detroit — "The City of Straits."

When they arrived in the city, Frank, in company with his friend Mr. Palmer, went to visit the City Hall, of which he had heard much talk among the passengers. Harry was weak from his illness, and remained on the boat.

The City Hall was not the elegant building Frank had expected to find it; but it was large and commodious, and was pleasantly situated. They did not pause long to examine the exterior, but entered the wide hall, and ascended a number of long flights of stairs. It was a toilsome journey to the great dome at the top, but, when they reached it, they felt well repaid for their labor. They were far above the busy city, which lay like a large map stretched upon the earth below them. Their position was central; for all the streets radiated from the square on

which the City Hall was built, and the view that greeted them, as they looked in any direction, was one of peculiar beauty. Long avenues, shaded by tall trees, stretched east, west, north and south as far as the eye could see; the houses, extending in long, regular rows, seemed like the palaces of Lilliput, and the busy horse cars came up like phantom toys, the height being so great that not a sound could be heard from them, and the horses looked as small as the rats that drew Cinderella's coach.

Not an exclamation escaped the lips of the visitors while viewing these beauties. They sat mutely drinking in the pleasures of the scene. Their tarry had to be a short one, but they remained until the quiet was broken by the striking of a large clock in the tower below them, which had been all the time reminding them by its incessant tick-tock, tick-tock, that the minutes were passing. At the signal, they arose and left the place, although they would have enjoyed a longer stay; but they carried away with them a very good idea of the general arrangement of the city and its surroundings.

For a few days after this, they made no stops, but kept moving onward toward the upper lakes. Through the Detroit river, which might be called a strait, the steamer kept her upward course.

The river, in many places, is not more than

half a mile in breadth, and, from the deck of the vessel, the passengers had a good view of the green fields and neat villages as they passed along, with Canada to the right of them and the shores of Michigan to the left.

What a disappointment was Lake St. Clair to those passengers who had only heard of it as a lake! Instead of the large, deep body of water their imagination had pictured it, they found an immense marsh. The water in many places being but eight feet deep. Channels have been made through the lake to enable vessels of large size to pass up and down.

As the steamer went up on the left, a number of sailing vessels were going down on the Canada side. As they floated along with the current, their white sails spread to catch the breeze, they seemed like huge birds flying over green fields, their hulls being hidden by tall rushes and reeds, which grew in great abundance between the two channels.

Now and then a flock of wild ducks were startled from their feeding grounds and flew to some place of safety, while their young fled out of sight in the tall grass.

The river St. Clair was reached in due time, and the marshy nature of the body of water gradually disappeared, and the steamer glided

along between the green banks of a narrow stream.

Now they pass so near to a thrifty village that the sound of the artisan's hammer can be heard above the noise made by the machinery of the vessel; and again they are close to a well tilled farm, and see the farmer at work in the field, or driving along an inviting country road. A short pause at Port Huron, and on they speed, out into the deep waters of Lake Huron. Here they are able to appreciate the magnitude of the Great Lakes.



CHAPTER VII.

Lake Huron.—The Cause of Harry's Sickness Explained.—
Sketching.—Preparations for an Evening of Pleasure.—
Who are the Musicians?—Dancing.—Miss Blimber Meets
with an Accident.

“**O**UT of sight of land.” How often letters written at sea receive this heading. But, on a fresh water lake, hundreds of miles from the ocean, how almost incomprehensible it seems to one who has never had an opportunity to judge of the magnitude of our Great Lakes! Our party were out of sight of land for hours at a time after reaching the deep waters of Huron; for this lake, having an area of 25,000 square miles, is from 180 to 220 miles in breadth.

Being now 591 feet above the sea level, and on an almost northerly course, the air became cooler each day as they advanced. The evenings were so cold that the passengers no longer sat upon deck after sunset; but collected in parties in the long saloon, and passed the time in reading, writing, or playing games, as they felt disposed.

As the waters of the lake subsided after the severe storm mentioned in a previous chapter, so the coolness which had sprung up between the three boys vanished. Frank and Harry had no formal hand-shaking or anything of that sort; but they dropped by-gones, and, like the two sensible boys that they were, concluded not to pick them up again. Their friendship, perhaps, was all the stronger for their little break; but with George Howell it was a much harder task for Frank to be reconciled, and the reason was this,—

On the morning of their arrival in Cleveland, George took advantage of Harry's unhappy state of mind to induce him to leave Frank and go with him, ostensibly to see the city; but really "to have some fun out of the chicken," as he confidentially informed some of his fellow travelers. His fun consisted in asking Harry to dine with him at one of the hotels, and, as Harry had been deprived of his breakfast, he was glad to accept the invitation. George knew the lad's disposition well, for boys are much sharper than men at reading character, and he used food, that mighty power among mankind, to prepare the way for more lofty sport. When dinner was about half finished, George ordered a bottle of champagne; but it was with considerable difficulty that he induced his companion to share it

with him. He invited, he urged, and finally he flattered. He was so successful with his last weapon that Harry, believing himself to be the remarkable fellow which George pictured, thought he could use spirits with impunity. He took a sip. One sip was enough to induce him to try another and another, and, never having used wine before, it soon showed its effects in his flushed face and limber tongue. George emboldened, and highly pleased at his success, ordered cigars at the end of the meal, and, of course, asked Harry to take one. Poor boy, with the pleasure of flattery and the fear of ridicule urging him on, he took the fatal weed, and, in a short time regretted it with all his heart.

“A very weak boy,” some may say. Was he any weaker than thousands of other boys who have taken their first step on a course which eventually proved ruinous, because they had not courage enough to turn a deaf ear to flattery, and an unflinching face to ridicule?

Only a few whiffs of the cigar were indulged in, before Harry knew his situation, and insisted on going to the boat. By the time he arrived there, he was seriously ill, for his sea-sickness had left his stomach in no condition to be trifled with. After a night of suffering he recovered as we have seen, and was the same neat, pleasant, gentlemanly lad that he was before, regard-

ing his chum with the same boyish affection, but looking upon George Howell as a young man possessing a number of accomplishments which he could not aspire to.

Frank was indignant at George's treatment of his chum, and could hardly forgive him; but, after brooding over it for a time, he let his feelings have full vent, and told George, with much emphasis, that "no *gentleman* would be guilty of such a mean act" as he had been engaged in. George felt the force of the remark—more because it was true—but was too much of a coward to show his resentment, so the matter dropped and the three boys went on as before, having a jolly good time, and making many friends.

One very chilly morning after the reconciliation took place, the passengers were assembled on deck, wrapped in overcoats and shawls, passing the time as best they could; for there was nothing in the scenery to attract their attention, except the broad expanse of water on every side and the heavens above their heads. The "Mutual Friend" had a party around him listening to his description of the amusements they had on board the steamer, when he was "up here before;" "Guppy" stood near by, listening with his usual degree of attention, and George and Frank watched Harry as he made a sketch of "Mr. Dick," who stood apart from the other

passengers, leaning upon his constant companion, a large thick cane, gazing silently into the distance. Harry was not much of an artist; but he handled his pencil with skill enough to get a good likeness of his subject, drawing the long coat, little round hat, and scrubby whiskers, with great accuracy. He next drew a picture of "Guppy," in the act of soliciting information, which was so true to life that it elicited applause from his interested critics. His next attempt was the "Mutual Friend," but he was interrupted before he had made ten strokes, by one of the passengers, who was going around to see how many would like to have dancing in the evening.

The drawing materials were quickly laid aside, and the boys engaged in the all-absorbing subject of the evening's amusement.

"Good!" exclaimed Frank, who was a graceful dancer and enjoyed the sport immensely. "I wonder that it has never been thought of before."

"Our Mutual Friend' says they danced every evening when he was 'up here,'" said George, whose countenance expressed his pleasure.

"It is too bad you don't dance, chum," said Frank with a shade of disappointment in his tone. "We shall have such jolly fun to-night!"

When the other boys at school had been tak-

ing dancing lessons, Harry had been occupied with an interesting book, or in some quiet recreation more in harmony with his disposition, and had never practiced that graceful accomplishment which is such a source of innocent amusement to young persons. He wished now that he had learned to dance; for all the passengers were so excited over the exercises of the coming evening, that he naturally desired to take part.

“I hope you will have a nice time,” said Harry, “but you know I don’t care much about it anyway.”

A number of their young traveling companions now joined them, and discussed the different methods of dancing; the new style of not calling the figures, and, lastly, the partners which each should choose; for many of the young men thought themselves great judges of female beauty, and each intended to secure the “handsomest young lady” for himself. Everything was soon arranged. They agreed to commence dancing at eight o’clock, and had settled all the other details, when a bomb-shell was burst among them in the shape of the following announcement from a young man, who had been the prime mover in the undertaking,—

“We can’t have dancing after all.”

“What!” from twenty interested listeners,
“Why can’t we have it?”

"No music, and what is dancing without music?" was the laconic reply.

"Don't any of the waiters play?" inquired George.

"No, that is the trouble. We depended upon them; but not one can play."

"Abominable!" exclaimed the hearers.

"I must say," said George with a sneer, "this is a pretty cheap institution, that cannot furnish music for an evening."

The disappointment was general, and what was worse, there seemed no means of relieving it. The faces put on an air of despondency.

"There is a piano in the saloon?" said Frank with a rising inflection which, in our country, often indicates a plan in the mind of the speaker.

"Yes, such as it is, but we don't want to ask any of the ladies to play for us, and besides, that would not be sufficient for the large saloon, even if some one volunteered to use it."

"If we only had a violin to accompany it," sighed one of the disconsolate party.

"What! would a violin be sufficient?" exclaimed Frank brightening. "I have an idea, fellows. You wait here a moment,"—and the excited lad rushed off, leaving the company staring at him in astonishment.

His minute was a long one, but he finally re-

turned with a triumphant expression on his face and shouted,—

“It is all arranged. I will furnish the music.”

“What do you mean Fly?” inquired Harry, who had many times laughed at his chum’s unsuccessful attempt to turn a tune.

“Never mind now; we are going to have our social after all, so let us make our preparations.”

At this, the council cheered and dispersed, filled with curiosity to know where Frank had found musicians.

After the last one had entered the saloon, Frank took his chum aside and explained his plan for furnishing music. Judging from Harry’s face, he objected at first to Frank’s arrangements; but, after a time, he showed signs of approval, and Frank waltzed away in high glee, whistling, what he called “Captain Jenks”; but it was such a decided failure that Harry had to smile; yet what did it matter to Frank so long as he was happy!

Preparations for the coming event went on steadily all day. The young ladies overhauled their baggage for little pieces of finery not needed before, and the boys cleaned and brushed their clothing until they hardly knew themselves.

The names of the musicians still remained a mystery; for, to the oft repeated question,—

“Who is going to play?” Frank gave no direct reply.

It seemed a long day to the younger portion of the company; but evening came at last, and the long saloon was cleared for action. The passengers collected in groups long before the time to commence, and waited to welcome the mysterious musicians. A very interesting and animated picture they formed, for there was every shade of intellectual expression represented, from a dignified professor of Yale, to the indefatigable searcher after facts—“Guppy.”

At three minutes of eight o'clock, the piano stood open; but the stool in front of it was still vacant.

When a curious crowd stands waiting for a pleasant event to take place, minutes seem much longer periods of time, than they do to the condemned criminal waiting for the executioner. Minutes seemed like hours to the waiting company, especially the young persons, and expressions of impatience were heard on every side, as the time slowly crawled away. Some, in fact, believed Frank had been playing a trick upon them; for how could this *boy* procure music?

“Just eight o'clock,” said George Howell, closing his watch with a snap, and turning with an incredulous smile to a young man near him. “That chicken has foo—”

He never finished his sentence; for just then the sound of the piano, accompanied by a violin, attracted his attention.

The musicians had chosen a selection from the opera "La fille de Madame Angot," and played with so much spirit and expression, that the audience could not keep still. Boys kept time with their feet; young ladies clapped their hands, and the older people kept their heads bobbing about in a very reckless manner. On went the music faster, faster, faster, and on went the gray heads keeping time. Miss Blimber's four yellow curls flew about, giving her a very rakish appearance, and "Mr. Dick's" cane pounded the floor most vigorously. Still the musicians gradually increased their time until—*crash* went both hands of the pianist, and *squeak* went the finest string of the violin. The music ceased.

"Bravo! Bravo!" came from every part of the room, and the company hastened up to congratulate the musicians on their skill.

What was their surprise, when the curly head of the pianist turned, to see the face of Harry Ward! Frank stood near him, flushed with pride at his chum's success, and feeling as much pleasure at the many congratulations, as Harry did himself.

The person who played the violin was a total stranger to the passengers. He was a lad about

the age of Harry ; but much smaller, dressed in a neat suit of clothes, far too large for him. He had jet black hair ; dark skin, and a pair of eyes sparkling from under his heavy brows like two intensely black diamonds.

As the ladies and gentlemen thanked and congratulated the two boys, it was a study to see how they received it. Harry, with his neat dress, flushed face, and gentlemanly manner, formed a very pretty picture as he rose from his seat and simply said, "Thank you." The little stranger seemed surprised at the attention bestowed upon him ; but, taking his violin in his left hand, and stepping back a pace, he placed his right hand over his heart and made a low bow, so full of grace and ease as to bring forth renewed applause from the spectators.

They all crowded around Frank now to inquire where he had found the little dark-eyed stranger, who handled himself and violin with so much ease. The lad's only reply to the inquiry was, as he offered his arm to a young lady standing beside him,—“ ‘ On with the dance ; let joy be unconfined.’ ” He took his place on the floor, and his example was quickly followed by the others. The musicians struck up a lively tune, and away the merry party went, dancing the Lancers.

The dark little stranger, who played so finely,

was a sort of protégé of Frank's. He had come alone, all the way from the sunny shores of southern France, to join his father, who was an operative in the iron mines of L'Ance, a village on the shore of Lake Superior. The little fellow was brave or he would never have set out for an unknown country without friends; but there had been times since he left his native land, when it seemed as if his heart would break from home-sickness. When these melancholy fits came over him, he would steal away from the motley crowd of steerage passengers, and give vent to his feelings through the sympathetic strings of his violin, which had been his only companion since he bade farewell to France.

Frank, whose restless disposition never allowed him to remain quiet long at a time, had often been among the queer looking passengers huddled below with the freight, and had listened to their animated conversation carried on in strange languages, or examined their peculiar dress; for, on the Lake steamers, representatives from nearly every nation on the globe can be found, on their way to find homes and employment in the rich mining regions bordering on the Great Lakes.

The dark-eyed Italian; the solemn German; the uncompromising Scotchman, and the jolly

Irishman were all there making the best of their uncomfortable situation; for the steerage passengers on any line of steamers are poorly provided for, and it requires a stout heart to bear many of the discomforts.

It was on one of his exploring expeditions among these people, that Frank had found the little musician sitting, cross-legged on a pile of railroad-irons, playing his violin to drive away melancholy thoughts. His music was a plaintive air, and there was something so touching in the sight of the lonely figure clothed in filthy rags, that Frank's kind heart melted in sympathy and, guessing his nationality, he addressed a few words to him in his native tongue. It was very poor French; but its effect was magical. The small bundle of rags—with the boy in it—came odwn from the iron seat, with as much grace as a proud monarch could step from his throne, and with a clear, musical voice, the lonely lad thanked Frank over and over again for his kindness. I am sorry to say Frank did not understand ten words of the complimentary speech; but looked very wise while it was being delivered, and, at the end, answered,—“*Oui.*”

After a time the little fellow spoke more deliberately and told the story of his life in a very simple manner. It was a sad one, and Frank understood him now and resolved to be his

friend. He was in that happiest stage of human life—boyhood—and did not judge the poor lad by his mean dress as he might have done had he been older; for there are but few persons, arrived at mature age, who are able to say, as did one of Massachusetts' noblest Governors,—

“ * * * I know that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was poor, or because he was black.”

After this interview, Frank slipped away from his companions as often as he could and visited the steerage, carrying with him some token of his friendship. He kept his discovery a secret from his companions; for he knew that neither of them would approve, and George Howell would be apt to make some remark that would disturb the harmony so lately re-established between them.

When he learned that a violin and piano would do for the music, he thought of the French boy immediately, and, in his usual manner, rushed off to get his consent to play. He knew also that Harry had received much praise from his music teachers at school, and believing that he would agree to his plan, he announced that he would furnish music.

Every leader in a new enterprise meets with discouragements at first, and Frank was no exception to the rule. Harry at first refused to

play ; but, after much urging consented. Then it was discovered that the violinist had no clothes fit to appear in the saloon with. This obstacle was hard to overcome ; but, Frank was equal to the emergency, and turned over to his protégé the suit which he had slightly soiled in the coal mine. It was too large ; but answered very well, and everything seemed right at last. Then Harry put Frank into another fit of excitement. He must practice with the violin. Frank insisted on keeping the whole matter a secret, and Harry at last agreed to content himself with hearing the violin played in his room with closed doors, though he was sure he should fail, if he did not practice.

There is a deal of sense in making the first impression a good one, and Frank's plan for producing this, succeeded admirably ; for Harry and the French boy were not remarkable musicians, yet their *debut* was so appropriate and well timed, that they received applause that would have been a compliment to Von Bülow and Ole Bull.

Frank was a graceful dancer at any time, but on this occasion he outdid himself. He was so happy that he drew much attention from the passengers by the hearty manner in which he entered into the sport, and, by his overflow of

animal spirits, he contributed much to the merriment of the occasion.

The dancing was commenced by the young people; but there was something so enlivening in the sound of the violin, that, as the evening advanced, the older persons could content themselves no longer with sitting in their seats and keeping time with the music; but, headed by a jovial old judge from the interior of Pennsylvania, they formed a set of their own, and put many of their juniors to shame, by their perfect time and stately manners.

They were all so absorbed in the sport, that the time slipped by unnoticed, and, when a careful mother informed her daughter of the lateness of the hour, all declared that it must be a mistake; but it was too true, and as a consolation for the disappointment, one more set was proposed, in which all should take part.

The saloon was large and there being ample room, the proposition met with general favor. Gray-haired men and stately matrons readily took their places among the masters and misses in their teens and formed two long lines for a contra dance. Mr. Palmer joined the set, as did "Our Mutual Friend" and scores of others, who had been up to this time only spectators. In fact, all the passengers who could dance at all, were on the floor, except a solemn young

divinity student, who sat in a corner with the fingers of his right hand sandwiched with those of his left, rolling his thumbs over each other, and watching the dancing with a look which said as plainly as words,—“I'd like to join you, but I can't. I am studying for the ministry.”

At a given signal, the music commenced. Old men saluted their young partners; boys bowed to aged dames, and hilarity ruled the hour. As each head couple finished the figures and took its place at the foot of the long line, the musicians played in quicker time, and the couples in trying to keep up with it, were twirling about like so many human tops. It was at this point, when the music was being played in the quickest time possible, that Frank looking down the saloon, noticed a broad grin upon the face of George Howell. Looking in the direction that George was trying to direct the attention of a young man near him, Frank saw “Miss Blimber,” skipping down the line to meet her partner. Her yellow curls were flying about as usual; but the back of her head presented a very comical appearance. She had literally danced the hair off of it, and nothing was left but a scanty little knob, tied with a stout string, the ends of which dangled in the air.

The picture was made more comical by the appearance of a long tow-colored switch, that,

in falling, had caught on the back of her dress, and there swayed back and forth as she crossed the room.

Frank's first inclination on catching sight of this innocent female scudding along under a bare poll, was to laugh; but the smile died a hasty death before it was half formed, and turned to a look of indignation directed at George, who was trying to attract the attention of his neighbor.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of his father's advice, "to be a gentleman under all circumstances," or, may be it was the kind impulse of his own heart that prompted him to wish to do something to relieve this unfortunate person from her unenviable position. He had but a moment to think what that something must be; for, when it was her turn to come down the floor again, everyone in the room might see the state she was in; so Frank thought rapidly during the short time he had and formed a plan for relief, which he put into execution almost instantly.

He quietly left his place in the set and walked down the saloon at the back of the row of ladies, until he came to the place where "Miss Blimber" was standing. He hesitated a moment before attracting her attention, for he did not know how his intended kindness would be received,

and then said something to her in so low a tone that no one else could hear.

The effect was astonishing. The yellow curls bobbed back out of sight, and "Miss Blimber" was in her state-room before anyone had noticed her condition, and Frank returned to his place as quickly and as quietly as he had left it. The dancing went on to the end without any further incident worth recording, and, in a short time the passengers were in their berths and one of them, we trust, was dreaming pleasant dreams, for he had earned them by performing a noble, generous act, which is only a gentlemanly act, and every boy's duty, after all.



CHAPTER VIII.

Indians.—“Guppy” Makes a Brilliant Remark.—The Village of Sault St. Marie.—Minerals.—George Displays His Knowledge of the Indian Language.—Shooting the Rapids.—A Crafty Old Chippewa.

ONE morning, after an evening spent in dancing in the long saloon, while many of the passengers were yet at breakfast, Frank rushed in, in breathless excitement and shouted,—“Indians,” and vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

Had a band of savages boarded the steamer and threatened to scalp all on board, it could hardly have created a greater excitement. Coffee and eggs were left to take care of themselves, while the passengers rushed outside to get the first glimpse of the real North American Indian.

“Our Mutual Friend” stood with elevated glass, scanning the shore far to the northwest, while he relieved his mind of the burden of information that always seemed to be resting upon

it, by dispensing among the passengers an indigestible amount of statistics. Nothing as yet was visible to the naked eye, except a hazy, indistinct line showing where the land and water met. The steamer, however, was moving at the rate of eleven miles an hour, and, as the lake became narrower as they advanced, objects could be seen plainer every moment. After a time, a collection of shabby tents or wigwams attracted the attention of the passengers, and, as they came nearer, the Indians who occupied them were seen sitting and lounging in the sun, their scanty and tattered clothing affording but a slight protection from the cold north wind.

The excitement increased as they approached the "Soo," as the passengers familiarly spoke of the Sault St. Marie, the strait connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron. Every passenger aired his knowledge of Indian affairs to the edification of his comrades. The hub-bub created by so many persons speaking at once, sounded like the assembling of birds in the autumn. Frank, Harry and George knew but little concerning the Indians, and were content to listen to the various views advanced by their fellow travelers.

"There is something to me very touching," said Mr. Palmer, who had been taking an active part in the conversation, "in the thought that

these miserable objects, and a few others like them, are the last representatives of the once mighty Algonquin nation.

“ ‘ They are gone, with their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon fields where their genera-
tions sleep.’ ”

This remark turned the conversation to the causes which have contributed to the rapid depletion of the aboriginal race of America. Some declared that the cause could be traced directly to the treatment they had always received from the white settlers, while others contended that the vicious and slovenly habits of the Indians themselves had led them to the verge of extermination.

“ When we arrive at the Sault,” said “ Our Mutual Friend ” who was not an admirer of the red man, “ you will have abundant opportunity to make a closer inspection of these people. When I was up here before, a large number lived in shanties on that narrow strip of land between the canal and the rapids.”

“ It seems strange that Columbus mistook these people for the inhabitants of India,” said Mr. Palmer.

“ I suppose he was so impressed with the belief that he was on the coast of the Indies, that he was misled,” responded “ Our Mutual Friend ;” “ but the people possess some features

so characteristic of their own race, and no other, that it is really strange that it did not strike him more forcibly."

"Yes," said another passenger with enthusiasm, "their form, features, color of their skin, and their hair even, mark them as a distinct race."

"Look at that specimen just coming from his wigwam," said "Our Mutual Friend" passing his glass over his shoulder, as was his habit when much interested in anything.

Now it happened that "Guppy" had just come outside, and had caught the word "Indians" in the conversation. He was standing directly behind the speaker, with mouth and eyes wide open as usual, and when the glass was passed back, was the fortunate party to get possession of it.

"You will observe," continued the speaker with his eyes still riveted on the encampment, "the peculiar formation of the face, the high cheek bones, the—"

"Are-they-Indians?" interrupted "Guppy," with his usual moderation.

The owner of the lorgnette turned at the sound of the familiar voice, and seemed for a moment undecided as to the course he should pursue, in order to suppress further interrogation from

the same quarter, he then answered very quietly, "Yes, those are Indians."

The reply was not in so low a tone as the speaker had intended it to be; for the attention of the passengers in the immediate vicinity was attracted by it, and all eyes were turned from the objects on shore, toward the astonished "Guppy" who was staring with all his might at the ragged savages.

"Well," said he after a thorough inspection, "I-I-don't-see-any-feathers-in-their-hair."

This remark was immediately communicated to those who had not heard it. The passengers tittered, and "Guppy," for the first time since he set out began to suspect that the laugh was at his expense, so, in his usual collected manner he drawled out,—

"O,—I-suppose-they-are-too-far-from-any-large-town-to-get-anything-to-fix-up-with."

The shout that followed the last observation, was as prolonged as it was hearty, and it had hardly died away on the frosty air, before the steamer, joining in the merriment with a shrill whistle, stopped at a rough wharf in the village which derives its name from the rapids on which it is situated.

The village seems at the first glance to be only a temporary dwelling place, yet it was settled as early as 1668, by the French; but could the ori-

ginal proprietors come from their graves and walk the street once more, they would find things much as they left them; for the great improvements in the arts and sciences have not yet been introduced into Sault St. Marie, to disturb the peace and quiet of the slow old town.

A large proportion of the inhabitants occupying the rough board houses of which this village is composed, are friendly Indians and half-breeds; the remainder are descendants of the early French and English settlers. They are all occupied in the fur trade, or in the more profitable business of fishing.

When the passengers stepped on shore, they found three steamers on their way up the lakes, awaiting to be let through the lock into the canal which has been built by the government to overcome the obstacle to navigation caused by the dangerous rapids.

"We shall have plenty of time to see the town," said "Our Mutual Friend" whose word was taken as authority in such matters; "for it will be late in the day before our turn comes to pass into the canal."

"Come boys," said Mr. Palmer, addressing a group of lads in which Frank, Harry and George were standing, "there is a shop in the village where you can see some minerals, and perhaps find something to add to your collection."

The reader will remember that Frank wrote in a letter to his father that he and his companions were making a collection of minerals. They had not been able as yet to add much to their coal specimens, but now that they were approaching the mineral region, each hoped to enlarge his small stock.

The fever for collecting was by no means confined to the boys of the party. Nearly every passenger, it was found before the trip ended, was engaged in the same exciting pastime; but each had a different object in view. The boys, for instance, were ambitious to get the largest collection, the ladies to select the prettiest, and several wise looking men with microscopes and blow-pipes, were in pursuit of rare specimens. There were others, too, who were only selecting little souvenirs to take home; but they were all eager and earnest in the pursuit—and selfish too, for there is nothing so calculated to cultivate the selfish side of human nature as the mania for collecting. It makes but little difference whether the objects sought after be ceramics or postage-stamps, wild animals or minerals, the effect is the same.

When it was found that a mineral store was in the village, every one was eager to visit it, and Mr. Palmer found that instead of the small party of young people he had planned to take with

him, he was accompanied by the major part of the passengers.

A short walk through a rough street—where the grass grew in abundance and the houses looked deserted—brought them to a long, narrow building used as a shop. The shop-keeper was much flustered at seeing so many customers, and exhibited the contents of his two shabby glass cases with as much suavity as a Broadway clerk.

His stock in trade was not large. A number of agates, some bright pieces of iron pyrites, quartz-crystals, amethyst, and smokey quartz were about all; but among these were a few choice specimens which every one tried to get. All show of friendship was lost in the contest to procure the best, and even the youngest persons exhibited a remarkable knowledge of the ways of trade, by the manner in which they circumvented their fellow collectors.

“Now let us go to see the Indians,” said Harry, when they had selected all the minerals they desired.

“Agreed,” said George and Frank, and after returning to the boat with their purchases, off they started for the encampment.

A few minutes of rapid walking brought them to the canal. This they crossed, and found them-

selves in the midst of a collection of shabby huts and tents.

“I wonder where they all are?” exclaimed Frank, after they had been nearly the whole length of the settlement and had failed to find any one, even when they cautiously peered in at the open doors of a number of shanties.

“Off fishing or shooting the rapids I suppose,” replied George.

“What do you mean by shooting the rapids?” inquired Harry rather cautiously, for he was not sure but George was trying to get a chance to laugh at him.

“Well, my chicken,” replied George with an air of superior wisdom, “did you never hear of shooting the rapids? Why, these dirty savages will take you in one of their birch canoes, through the Sault to the quiet water below, where those men are fishing.”

“I should think it would be delightful,” said Frank, his eyes sparkling at the very thought of the excitement. “I say George will you try it if I will?”

“Ye-e-es,” replied George hesitatingly, “but may be you will not care to go when you find how dangerous it is.”

“It must be very dangerous,” said Harry gazing upon the rushing waters.

The Sault being only about a half mile wide in

this place, and having a fall of twenty feet within the distance of a few rods, is, as Harry suggested, extremely dangerous to navigate, even in small boats drawing but a few inches of water. Here and there through the boiling, bubbling mass, a stone raises its head to the surface, or the bed of the torrent is exposed. No channel, only the irregular one worn by nature, has ever been made through the strait, and the Indian, as he guides his frail bark through these dangers, relies solely upon his skill and agility in controlling its course, to keep it from being dashed in atoms. Persons have been lost, from time to time, while enjoying this exhilarating sport, yet many still indulge in it, and guides can be found in abundance who are willing to risk their lives for fifty cents.

The lads strolled on, talking of the dangers and excitement of running the rapids, until they came to the water's edge. A number of curi-



ously constructed bark canoes lay upon the bank

and, as Harry and Frank had never seen any before, they paused to examine them more closely.

"I say boys, let's try one," said Frank as he stepped into a canoe that lay in the stream anchored by a large stone. "Come in and let us take a row."

"Take a row, you goose! You could not manage her ten seconds in that current," exclaimed George.

"Well, get in anyway," urged Frank. "Let us rock it," and, suiting the action to the word, he commenced to tip the boat from side to side.

"Come Frank," said Harry looking anxiously around, "I would get out of the boat if I were you; the owner may not like it."

"Who cares," shouted Frank, laughing and rocking the boat with greater rapidity than before. "This is glo-o-rious!"

While the boys had been talking and during the time that Frank was in the boat, a greasy, broad-shouldered Indian, dressed in a flaming red shirt and a pair of tattered trousers, had been watching them from behind a neighboring hut. When Frank pronounced the sport glorious, he bounded from his hiding place with a most unearthly yell and, seizing Harry and George by the collar, said in a gruff voice, while his little black eyes shone like glass buttons,—

"Sho ne mong-e-do, ish wain shung wein noo gwain e in neen dum nain dee."

There was something so fearful in the look of this infuriated savage, and something so terrible in the sound of his harsh voice as he uttered this unintelligible sentence in a single breath, that the boys were struck dumb with fear.

Frank being out of reach of the enemy, was the first to muster courage enough to open his mouth.

"I was only—"

"Yah, ugh! Big Injun eat small boy," interrupted the owner of the canoe, giving his trembling prisoners a shake which set their teeth chattering.

Now George had read a great many trashy stories of Indian life, and remembered much of the language put in the mouths of the red men. When he received this unceremonious shaking, he believed that his last hour was approaching, and felt that the safety of the party lay in his ability to appease the angry savage by a touching appeal in his native tongue, so he cleared his throat, and screaming with the full capacity of his lungs—as most persons do in addressing foreigners—said,—

"Me no go to do Injun harm. Me pale face lub Injun muchee."

"You're a consarned little coward," said the

greasy red man in fair English, loosening his hold of the boys and stretching his mouth from ear to ear, in a mammoth grin at George's linguistic powers. "But you must git out of that canoe, youngster," continued he addressing Frank; "ef that cord breaks, you go down rapids, and killed."

Frank sprang to the shore immediately, and the Indian hauled the canoe upon dry land. While he was engaged in the operation, the lads watched him in silence and looked silly enough; for it now occurred to them, that the friendly Chippewas were a harmless family, and for many years had lived at peace with all mankind.

When the Indian finished his work to his satisfaction, he came to where the boys were standing, and laughingly said,—

"You youngsters were 'fraid of ol' Injun, wasn't ye?"

The boys made no reply; but looked sillier than ever.

After a time they felt more at ease, and the Chippewa told them a great many wonderful things about his fishing exploits, and his adventures in hunting and running the rapids. Before long they were all charmed by his peculiar manners and queer speech, and regarded him as a great hero.

"I would like to shoot the rapids," said Frank,

after their hero had finished a most graphic description of the sport.

"Would ye?" inquired the Indian, his eyes sparkling at the prospect of getting some money. "I take ye all for three dollar."

"Would we have time to go, I wonder?" said Frank, turning to his companions with a look which plainly indicated that he wanted an answer in the affirmative.

"I think there will be time enough," replied Harry; "but I don't think we had better go; something might happen."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Frank, pettishly. "If you boys are afraid, we will say no more about it."

It nettled George to have it insinuated that he was a coward—more perhaps because there was truth in the charge—so he hastened to say with considerable warmth,—

"We are no more afraid than you are, and if you dare not go alone, we will go with you." Frank was too eager for the sport to notice how completely the tables were turned on him, but, catching at the last part of George's reply, he proceeded to hand over his money to the stalwart Indian, who had asked to be paid in advance. In a few minutes they were on their way up the river toward the point where they were to embark, which was some distance off.

As they walked along the much traveled foot path, their guide became more and more communicative at every step; but, strange to say, his conversation was turned from the pleasures of shooting the rapids to the many dangers, and so minutely did he describe the horrible manner in which a lad about their age was thrown from a boat and dashed to pieces on the rocks, only a day or two before, that the boys began to think they did not care so much about going, after all. But neither of them wanted to be the first to suggest an abandonment of the plan, so they walked on in silence for a few minutes. George, who had been more affected by the recital than either of the others, was the first to speak.

"I—I—think I will return to the boat," said he. "I have no overcoat here, and it is so dooced cold," and he shivered and shook as if nearly frozen.

Frank made a slight protest; but it was so very slight that George felt that he could retire without incurring the displeasure of his companions; accordingly he left them and slowly returned to the steamer.

When the remainder of the party arrived in sight of the canoe, the old Chippewa had a new story of the dangers to relate. He told the lads, in the most solemn manner, that no boat had ever succeeded in passing safely through the

rapids with two passengers. He cited case after case where it had been tried; but the occupants always came to grief.

Harry, who had been wavering ever since George left the party, listened with a look of horror at this new tale, and when it was finished, he had decided not to go any farther, so he turned to Frank and said,—

“I don't feel very well, chum. I think I will return to the wharf and wait for you there.” He blushed with shame at his own cowardice, but there was no remedy: he had not the courage to go.

“All right,” said Frank, with a feeling that all was wrong; for he was much annoyed at the turn affairs had taken.

As Harry turned to retrace his steps, the face of the old savage shone with pleasure; for he had the pay for taking the three boys through the rapids, and the tales he had been telling them had produced the effect he had intended they should. He had now but one person left to scare, and he felt that that would be an easy task.

“Ugh!” he exclaimed as he placed the boat in the water. “This canoe no good. It will sink.”

Frank took no notice of the remark; but regarded the Indian very attentively as he kept

on talking in his short, broken sentences about the damaged boat, the severe wind, and all sorts of dangers that had not previously been mentioned. He talked so much, in fact, that the lad began to suspect that he was afraid to set out, and, as he had called the boys cowards, Frank determined to put his courage to a severe test by holding him to his bargain.

The Indian was very slow about getting his boat ready, and paused from time to time to see what effect his remarks had upon the lad; but when he could delay no longer, he drew the slender canoe up into the quiet water near the shore, and said,—

“Git in youngster.”

Frank hesitated a moment, for he had not calculated on matters going so far as this, and then stepped into the canoe and sat down.

“Look a-here, youngster,” said the Indian surprised in his turn; “ef ye git drowned, jest remember what I told ye.”

“I will,” said Frank, trying to smile at the speech.

The wily old savage took a long pole and pushed the boat into the current; but took good care to keep it from being carried down the stream. In an instant it commenced to whirl round and round with such rapidity that Frank became dizzy and retained his seat only with

great difficulty. The old savage seeing the effect of the motion on his passenger, kept the boat circling around in the agitated waters for a long time, and then guided it back to the shore. When the boat became quiet, he stood up with a hand on either hip, and regarded the lad with a steady gaze as he inquired,—

“Ye want to go now, youngster?”

“Yes,” replied Frank shortly. He had been watching the motions of his noble hero, and had rightly concluded that his last experience was no indication of the dangers of the rapids, but was an arrangement to frighten him.

The old Chippewa looked upon the lad with something like an expression of pleasure in his greasy face. He was a crafty old fellow, and, in his day, had frightened more persons from shooting the rapids than he had ever taken through them; but now he had met with a mere boy who was proof against his cunning devices.

“Set thar,” said he, when he had finished his inspection of his passenger. “Hold on so,” and he showed how to grasp the sides of the boat. “Don’t move.”

Like an arrow from a bow, the frail canoe darted out, this time into the rapid current; the Indian, standing erect in the center grasping his pole firmly in both hands, and Frank

seated in his place with a slightly pale face. On they fly as if impelled by some invisible force. The chill wind whistles by them. The white foam breaks into spray and is blown in their faces. The bark canoe, scarce thicker than an egg shell, whirls down the deep current. A large rock is just ahead of them. Will she strike it? To merely touch it, going at the rapid rate they are now, would be certain destruction. She rushes on toward it. She is now only a few feet off. She will strike it! No, one quick motion of the pole and they rush by, so close that an inch nearer would have launched them into eternity.

But there are more dangers ahead of them! On they rush into what seems the jaws of death; but the pilot, with hardened muscles and cat-like motions, conducts his vessel past them in safety. The rushing wind takes the lad's hat from his head and bears it away like a tuft of down. He does not turn to look after it; but sits in his seat with both hands clasping the sides of the canoe, as he has been directed. His face has lost all signs of fear, and shows intense excitement.

They are now whirling in an eddy between two small islets. Now they dash on again. On they rush, faster, faster, yet faster, as they near the end of the rapids. Then they suddenly dart

down among the fishermen at the foot of the Sault, and are received with cheers from the spectators who have been watching them from the start.



CHAPTER IX.

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Passing Through the Lock. — Point Aux Pins. — White-Fish
Point.— Fishes of the Great Lakes.— An Unsettled Question.
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WHEN Frank arrived at the steamer he was greeted with the same enthusiastic demonstrations that the fishermen had bestowed upon him; for the passengers had been watching the canoe without knowing, until it came to land, who the occupant was.

The steamer moved up to the lock soon after his arrival, and, as many of the passengers had never seen one work, their attention was attracted by the wonderful invention that enables a vessel to pass from one body of water into another of a much higher level.

It was fortunate for Frank that the attention was thus diverted from him, for the praise he had been receiving on account of his adventure, might have had an unhappy effect if it had continued too long.

When the vessel stopped, they were before a heavy wooden dam, shaped like a letter V with the open side towards the vessel. The water on

the side where the steamer lay, was a number of feet lower than on the pointed side of the dam, and, in fact, the boat lay so low that nothing could be seen on either side except the bare walls of the canal.

“Look, look, Fly!” exclaimed Harry when the steamer stopped. “We are shut in by a gate behind us.”

Frank looked to the stern of the boat, and saw a gate across the canal similar to the one before him.

In a few minutes a section in the dam in front of them was slowly opened, and the water commenced to rush through. The steamer rose higher as the water came in; more sections were opened; the water on both sides became of the same level, and then the remaining portions of the letter **V** were folded back against the walls of the canal by means of some simple machinery. The vessel then moved up a few feet and came to another dam, and the one through which they had just passed, closed again.

Our three young friends, during this time, were eagerly watching the process of opening and closing the lock, and Frank, who always liked to know about things, sought out his friend, Mr. Palmer, that he might ask him a few questions about some points in the works which puzzled him.

“What is it?” inquired Mr. Palmer, when the lad told him he wanted some information.

“I would like to know first,” responded Frank, “why these dams, or gates, are made pointed instead of straight across the canal?”

“That is simply to divert the force of the water from the weakest to the strongest part. If it were built straight across the canal, the greatest force would come in the center, and it would be next to impossible to erect anything strong enough to resist the immense pressure from above.”

“I see, I see!” exclaimed Frank as a surprised look flashed across his face. “We studied about that in our Natural Philosophy class; but I never understood it before.”

The water meantime had been rushing through several open sections of the dam, and the steamer was nearly on a level with Lake Superior.

“I will not trouble you with my other question,” said Frank as he thoughtfully watched the workmen operating the machinery. “I think I have discovered what I wanted to know.”

“What were you going to ask?” inquired Mr. Palmer, with a smile at the lad’s studious face.

“I did not quite understand, at first, why the water was let in so slowly; but I see now. If the barricade were opened all at once, the sud-

den rush of water would carry away the gates below."

"Yes, that is one reason for it, and another is that it would be a very difficult matter to force open the entire gate before water had been let in to resist the great pressure from above. There," continued he, as the large gates were easily swung back on immense hinges, "do you see how slight a task it is to open them when the water is at the same level above as below?"

Mr. Palmer continued his conversation with Frank for a long time after the steamer passed out of the canal, into the largest body of fresh water on the globe. The lad did not realize that he was receiving instruction with his pleasure; for his companion illustrated many principles of Natural Philosophy so happily, that he became unconsciously interested in a subject that had been only a bore to him, as a study, at school.

In about half an hour after leaving the Sault, they passed Point Aux Pins, a promontory jutting far out into the lake from the Canada shore. It was a dismal place, and the solemn pines which covered the greater part of the surface, sighed as the frosty north wind blew through them, as if complaining of the fate that compelled them to remain in so desolate a region.

The steamer kept steadily on her course tow-

ard the north-west, and the dreary pine covered peninsula was soon lost to view. The sun went down 'midst a flood of golden glory. The twilight succeeded and brought with it a chill, damp air which penetrated the thickest wrappings.

"This is August!" said Frank, drawing his coat closer around him, and breaking the silence that had stolen over the passengers, as they watched the king of day retire to his gilded couch in the west.

"It seems more like December," said George Howell, whose teeth chattered as rapidly as they did when he tried to speak the Chippewa language.

They were sailing along the Michigan shore, and through the cold, gray light they could see nothing on land except the outlines of the old forest, extending inland from the border of the lake.

"There is White Fish Point," exclaimed the "Mutual Friend," looking around this time to make sure that "Guppy" was not in hearing distance. "I think we shall stop there for a few minutes."

A few rough wooden buildings stood upon a slight elevation near the shore, and boats, seines, nets and other implements for fishing, lay scattered about in every direction. Five or six

men, with faces browned from constant exposure to the weather, stood upon the rough wharf, built out into the lake, and caught the rope thrown from the steamer as she came up.

The wind blew with such force that it was very difficult for the vessel to reach the wharf at all; but by means of much shouting by the men on shore, and a constant ringing of the bell on the steamer, she at last succeeded in getting near enough to take on board two, large, rough boxes which stood on the landing. They were hardly on the vessel before the ropes were cast off and she swung out into the lake again, leaving the shivering men on shore, shouting and waving their hats in the frosty air.

"I wonder what is in those boxes?" inquired Frank, as he sat with his companions watching the shore as it rapidly faded in the distance.

"Fish, I think," responded Harry.

"I don't think it could be anything else from that barren place," said George.

"That is just what it is," said Mr. Palmer, and if I am not mistaken, we shall have one of them served for dinner to-morrow."

"*One* of them!" exclaimed Frank, George, and Harry in concert, as they looked at the speaker in surprise.

"Why, I could eat half a dozen myself," con-

tinued Frank, "if my appetite is as good as it has been every day since we left Buffalo."

"How many do you wish?" inquired Mr. Palmer turning to Harry and George.

"I will eat as many as Frank," replied Harry, as usual, gauging his capabilities by his chum's.

"That is rather indefinite; but as Frank agrees to eat six, at least, I shall put the same number down for you."

"I don't like any kind of fish, excepting trout," said George, as Mr. Palmer turned to him inquiringly.

"It is trout we are to have. How many for you?"

"As many as Wilder and Ward together," replied George; "for I have been as hungry as a bear ever since I left home."

"Very well, it is too late to look at them now; but, if you will rise early to-morrow morning, I will get the steward to show you the twenty-four trout you have engaged for dinner," said Mr. Palmer with an assumed look of gravity. "As it is getting cold out here, I am going inside to the fire, and I advise you to do the same."

At this, the boys entered the saloon, which they found so nearly deserted that they retired to their rooms; for the exciting events of the day had prepared them for a good night's rest.

Old Sol drew back the somber curtains of his couch next morning, and, with a brilliant face, looked out upon the wide expanse of water below him. His countenance was so bright and happy that the whole world greeted him with a pleasant smile ; for happiness is contagious, and the influence of a cheerful look is felt by everything that comes in contact with it. The very water, as it was parted at the bow of the steamer, rippled and danced away as if trying to laugh outright. The chilly air that had been blowing over the lake for hours, gave place to a warm breeze from the south, and a merry party of passengers came forth to witness all this beauty and to be the most mirthful feature of the scene ; for to man alone, of all the creatures God has made, has been given the power to express his happiness by laughter.

The passengers were not in the habit of rising quite so early ; but the announcement, the previous night, that the Pictured Rocks could be seen early in the morning, had brought many out of their berths, who had never before witnessed the matchless beauty of a sunrise on the Great Lakes.

The three lads were among the earliest there, scanning the rugged shore for the promised objects of interest ; but, for a long time nothing unusual presented itself.

“Come boys, I have been looking for you,” said a voice near them.

“Here is Mr. Palmer,” exclaimed Frank, “now I suppose we can see the fishes?”

“Yes, I have just left the steward, and he has gone to get the fish for dinner. Follow me if you wish to see them before they go to the cook.”

The lads followed their companion down to the deck below, where they found the steward in the act of opening one of the large boxes. The lid was easily removed,—and what was the astonishment of the lads to see an immense fish, several feet in length, lying in a bed of broken ice.

“Here is one of the twenty-four,” said Mr. Palmer with a smile at the astonishment of his young friends.

“With the assistance of one of the servants of the boat, the steward raised this large fish from its cool bed, and placed it on a pair of scales near by. Its graceful body, covered with innumerable speckles of different colors, showed the wondering lads that it could be nothing but a trout. And they were to eat twenty-four of them!

“How much?” inquired Mr. Palmer as the fish was removed from the scales and wheeled away into the kitchen.

“Forty pounds,” replied the steward.

"Twenty-four times forty, makes nine hundred and sixty. Whew! boys we shall burst," exclaimed Frank.

With this remark the party went on deck, shouting with laughter, yet the boys were puzzled; for neither of them had seen a lake trout before, or knew anything about the fishes of the Great Lakes.

"Was it really a trout?" inquired Frank, when the four were seated in a quiet corner apart from the other passengers.

"Was it caught with a hook?" asked George.

"What are the names of the other fishes that are caught in the Great Lakes?" joined in Harry.

"It was actually a trout; it was caught with a hook, and, Harry, your question has opened the way for a long, dry lecture on fish," said Mr. Palmer, pretending to be confused by the shower of interrogations.

"Let us have it," shouted Frank, who never considered anything uninteresting that came from the lips of his pleasant companion.

"I will make it short then; but very dry."

"As dry as a fish, I suppose?" said Frank, attempting a joke at which no one smiled.

"Of all the remarkable things in and around the Great Lakes, the fishes are to me the most wonderful," commenced Mr. Palmer, with a peculiar earnestness which never failed to capti-

vate his hearers, "but I am sorry to say, very little is known beyond the states bordering on the lakes, of the number, varieties, and excellent qualities of the fish to be found here. At certain seasons of the year, the waters are literally filled with them, and fleets of vessels are constantly employed in fishing, yet do not seem to diminish the supply, though they capture tons of them every year."

"Is the trout the best for market?" interrupted Harry.

"No, the white-fish, which has been styled the 'deer of the lakes,' holds the palm for size and delicacy of flavor, and is much sought after, though there are many other kinds such as—white, rock and black bass, cat, pout, eel-pout, bull-head, roach, sun-fish, dace, sucker, carp, mullet, bill-fish, sword-fish, bull-fish, stone-carrier, sheeps-head, gar, Macinac and salmon-trout, sturgeon, muscalunge, siskowit, pickerel, pike, hering and a great many other kinds."

"Was not that an uncommonly large trout that we saw?" inquired George.

"Certainly not. The average weight of the trout and white-fish is from twenty to forty pounds, and many are caught that will exceed this weight."

The little party continued their interesting conversation for sometime, Mr. Palmer relating

many anecdotes to illustrate the peculiar habits of some of the fish he had mentioned, and the three lads listening with intense interest.

When their entertaining companion was called away, the boys found that their curiosity to know his occupation had been raised to a much higher pitch than ever before, and they soon became interested in discussing his probable vocation. As the discussion proceeded, each talked louder than usual, and disturbed the surrounding atmosphere with his boyish oratory and vigorous gestures, for this subject was one that the lads were becoming more curious about each day. They knew the business of nearly every passenger on the boat; but Mr. Palmer, the person who was able to talk to them on any subject, and to interest them in matters that had before seemed dry, they knew nothing about. They had, at different times, put him down to almost every profession; but, after trying infallible tests, had been obliged to acknowledge their error.

"I am not going to guess at it again; but shall ask him sometime," said Frank with a look which indicated the extent of his desperation.

"Why, I would never do that!" exclaimed proper Harry. "It might offend him."

"Fellows, I know what he is, he is a natural-

ist," said George with an air which showed that further speculation was unnecessary.

"Pshaw! I don't believe that. He calls fish, fish, and has never once mentioned protoplasm or formations," ejaculated Frank in an earnest tone that carried conviction with it.

"I give it up, then; but he is a smashing good fellow, anyway, said George, leaning back in his seat and lighting a cigar to aid him in his cogitations.

The conversation might have continued to some length, and with the usual result, had not the attention of the lads been attracted by the loud exclamations from the passengers, who had been all the morning looking for the Pictured Rocks.



CHAPTER X.

The Pictured Rocks.—Mysterious writing on the Wall.—Marquette.—L'Ance.—Parting with Friends.

“OH!” exclaimed one passenger with an emphasis that would admit of no misunderstanding, as the steamer came in sight of the wonders of the Superior coast.

“Glorious!” exclaimed another, with a look of keen appreciation.

“Grand,” said a third solemnly; while a bevy of young ladies pronounced the scene before them,—“*Lovely, perfectly lovely!*”

“Pon-my-word,” said “Guppy,” joining the enthusiastic party, “those-is-handsome.”

And thus the comments went round the boat; but there were a few persons who were too much absorbed in contemplating the scene to give expression to their feelings.

The particular point that had drawn out so many exclamations, was where a narrow stream of water came rushing, tearing down a rocky bed into the lake. The steamer was so close to

the shore, that many fancied they could hear the sound of the falling water as it hurried on to form a part of the great inland sea, on which the vessel was sailing.

So many adjectives were lavished upon the little water fall, that the stock was quite exhausted when they neared the bold, rocky coast, rising perpendicularly nearly two hundred feet from the water, and a few hackneyed expressions had to suffice.

It is impossible, by any tricks of language, to convey an idea of the vastness and grandeur of the scenery. For nearly five miles, the coast was one immense wall of sand stone, rising vertically from the lake, with no beach or shoal to break the force of the turbulent water as it rolled and dashed upon the solid wall. This continual motion has worn the vast wall away in many places, and has formed deep caves, high arches, and immense galleries which have received the names of objects that they resemble. Nor does the shore extend in an unbroken line; but bends in and out continually, adding a fantastic touch to the grand, wild scene.

Here nature has wrought a huge castle, with domes and turrets of such extravagant dimensions as to form a fit dwelling place for the giants which, according to the legends of the superstitious Indians, inhabit it. There the solid rock

has been worn away little by little, until a deep, dark cavern has been left, with a vaulted roof more than an hundred feet high. The ceaseless motion of the water, as it flows in and out among the long, high galleries of this subterranean palace, makes music pleasant to the ears of those who love the wonderful freaks of Nature.

Now the passengers are awed into silence by the appearance of a massive arch, carved in the solid rock, of such magnificent proportions as to make other objects that they have seen, seem small in comparison, as it stretches for an hundred and eighty feet along the wall and is more than half that number of feet high in the centre. This is the "Grand Portal," and, as one gazes upon it, he can imagine the feeling that suggested to the early French voyagers, a name so appropriate.

Again wondering eyes are turned toward an immense column of sand-stone, towering high above its natural pedestal, having been left standing, while the rock on either side has given way to the depredations of time and the ceaseless flow of the water; or they are fastened in admiration upon a tiny stream, falling over a precipice and sparkling in the sunlight, like a rivulet of the purest molten silver.

In many places, huge pieces of the rocky structure have been detached by the action of

rain and frost, and now lie in the lake below, adding a peculiar feature to the picturesque scene, and a new danger to lake navigation.

“There is a sloop; there is a sloop!” exclaimed Frank as they came in sight of one of these detached blocks, which lay in the lake in such a position as to contrast strangely with the bright green water, and to form a perfect illusion.

The lad could hardly believe “Our Mutual Friend” when he told him what had deceived him, and that it was called the “Sail Rock.”

The cliffs with their immense caverns, and grotesque openings scooped out of the solid rock, remained in sight for a long time; for the steamer was moving at only half her usual speed, that the passengers might have abundant opportunity to view these places of which such remarkable accounts have been given by tourists. When grandeur had succeeded grandeur until it seemed impossible to add to the interest of the scene, the most beautiful object of all, and the one that gives a name to the remarkable cliff, burst upon the enraptured party, forming a fit climax to what they had already witnessed.

A portion of the concave surface of the sandstone wall was colored with many bright and beautiful tints; the most prominent of which were deep-brown, gray, yellow, green and blue.

The effect of the bright sunlight upon this array of color was remarkable in the extreme. It was as if some immense picture in oils had been stretched upon a mammoth canvass, the rich foliage of the trees that waved and bent above the cliff; the bright green of the lake below, and the raw sienna color of the rock on either side forming a rustic and appropriate frame. All the tints were fresh and bright as if the artist had merely laid aside his huge brush for a moment's rest and would soon resume his work. Many of the spectators could see—or fancied they could, which was all the same to them—representations of objects in the mass of coloring. One saw the American Eagle with spread wings and elevated beak; another discovered the form of a huge elephant, and every moment some new picture was revealed. But most of the pictures owed their existence to the vivid imagination of the tourists; for the wall presented only a happy combination of brilliant colors.

The effect of this unusual exhibition of God's might and majesty was not lost upon the careless lads of the party; for no person is too young, or too thoughtless to feel the influence of Nature in her grand and sublime moods.

“A penny for your thoughts?” said Mr. Palmer addressing Frank, who was seated near

“Miss Blimber” and her pretty pupil, buried in meditation.

Frank colored slightly at his friend’s sudden interruption and replied,—“I was thinking of so many things that it would be difficult to tell all; but I think you can aid us in one thing,” continued he, looking at “Miss Blimber” and her pupil in a way which showed that they were included in the *us*, “for we have been trying to find out the cause of this coloring.”

“Which coloring?” inquired Mr. Palmer playfully, looking first at “Little Nell’s” rosy cheeks, and then at Frank’s flushing face.

“Why, on the rocks, of course” replied Frank a little confused by his companion’s manner. “Do you know the cause of it?”

“Now don’t provoke another lecture this morning; for my first one was dull enough to last twenty-four hours at least.”

“Oh, do impart some information to us,” said “Miss Blimber.”

“I suppose if you all urge it, I must tell what I know; but I assure you that is very little.”

“Oh, please tell us about it,” said “Little Nell” moving her chair nearer to the speaker.

Thus solicited, Mr. Palmer told them that no one knew positively the cause of the phenomenon, though the theory commonly accepted was, that thin seams of some light material occurred

at irregular intervals through the surface of the rock. These seams, he said, were charged with metallic oxides, and, as the moisture of the earth oozed out through them and trickled down the face of the cliff, it left behind it a colored sediment; the color depending upon the oxide in the crevice where it originally started from. He explained a number of other theories, but the first he thought might be the correct one.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed "Miss Blimber" in surprise, "that the gradual percolation of the natural liquids of the earth through these invisible interstices produce this artistic effect?"

"Oh dear, how I dislike teachers. Why couldn't she let her percolations and interstices alone," thought Frank, annoyed at the governess's stilted language, which reminded him of his books and the close air of the school-room.

"Yes," replied Mr. Palmer in his usual polite manner, "iron and copper are so abundant through this entire region, that drinking water in many places cannot be used by strangers on account of its strong mineral taste."

"What are all the people looking at?" interrupted "Little Nell," who had noticed an unusual stir among a party of passengers on the opposite side of the boat.

The "Mutual Friend" was at his post, and had

been pointing out the special objects of interest all the morning; but when "Little Nell" attracted the attention of her companions to the group which surrounded him, he looked puzzled and amazed.

"What is the excitement about?" inquired Frank as he made his way into the circle.

"Why, we have made a discovery," replied one of the group. "Do you see that high rock standing all alone yonder?"

"Yes, what of it."

"With this glass," continued the obliging stranger, "you can see the representation of a huge serpent in bright red colors, and this gentleman, who has been up here several times, declares that he has never seen it before."

The steamer had increased her speed, and the Pictured Rocks were fast fading in the distance when Frank took the offered glass and directed his gaze upon the huge boulder of sand-stone, and saw the object which had caused so much speculation.

"It is quite remarkable," said "Our Mutual Friend," seemingly much puzzled. "When I was up here before, I am quite sure that no such object was there."

"I can only account for it in this way," said a learned looking man adjusting his glasses to suit the decreasing distance. "A serpent must

have been imbedded in the rock while it was in a soft state, and, after the hardening process, the impression became as perfect as if it had been cast in a mould. It is quite distinct, I can count the vertebra at this distance. It seems to be a specimen of some extinct species."

"But why has it not appeared before?" inquired "Our Mutual Friend," annoyed at the cool manner with which this scientist disposed of the puzzling subject.

"Oh, that is easily accounted for. A piece of the boulder has perhaps split off recently, and revealed what was hid in the interior. It is a common thing for these rocks to scale off. The Sail Rock is an example."

"But the coloring is much different from any that we have seen," objected the "Mutual Friend," unwilling to accept the explanation. "We have not seen a trace of red in any of the rocks before this."

"That is simply because—"

The reason was not given, for just then a pair of keen eyes revealed the fact that it was not the impression of an extinct animal; but an inscription of some kind, in large letters. The curve in the rock, aided by the distance, had given it the appearance of a serpent, and the vertebra that the scientist had numbered, were the letters.

What could the inscription mean? The spec-

tators were more eager than ever to solve the puzzle, for it was a mystery still to "Our Mutual Friend," who had been up to this time, the *cicerone* of the party.

The steamer was making such rapid progress, that the inscription could be read in a short time with the naked eye; but no one understood it, for it seemed to be in a strange language. This is how it appeared to the passengers,—

USESQUIRESAGUERE EDY

A space occurred toward the latter part, indicating that one letter was missing. The learned gentleman was by no means abashed at this revelation; but, on the contrary, manifested a greater interest in the inscription than he had in the serpent. He believed, after a critical inspection, that it had been written by a race of men who inhabited North America centuries before the Indians occupied the continent. He still accounted for its recent appearance by supposing that a piece had fallen from the rock, revealing what had once been inscribed upon the bank of the lake while it was yet but soft earth.

"It is simply another link in the long chain of evidence," said he with an air of wisdom, "that goes to prove that this country was once peo-

pled by a race of men equal to the most advanced nations of Europe. My opinion is, that that inscription is in the Latin language and, according to the rules of orthography, should be divided into words thus,—

Uses qui re sagu eres edy. You see I have supplied the missing letter by substituting s; but, gentlemen, I cannot translate it, for it is probably in some ancient dialect, the key to which has been lost, though some words, as you see, are in good Latin."

Some accepted this remarkable and easy solution of the difficult problem, and went so far as to attempt free translations of the inscription; but the majority of the passengers pronounced the reasoning absurd, and declared that the gentleman must be mad.

The discussion waxed warm, and was continued for a long time after the rock had become a mere speck in the distance, and the wilderness of trees, which had been in sight all the morning, began to disappear, for they were approaching the city of Marquette.

During the long and heated debate which had been going on, there was one person who took no part. This person was "Mr. Dick." He sat in a convenient place to hear and see all that was going on; but said not a word, though he seemed much interested in the conversation.

“Look here Frank,” said George as he caught sight of the solitary figure. “I believe the old fossil is going to speak.”

“He is surely smiling,” said Harry, after watching the silent passenger for a few moments.

“I believe he knows something about this mystery,” said Frank, “for he has looked very wise all the morning.”

“Go and inquire if he knows anything about it” said George, laughing at the idea of interviewing a person who had never been heard to utter a syllable during the trip.

“That will be a capital way to find out if he is dumb,” said Frank, “I *am* going to try it,” and before his companions could say a word for, or against the plan, the lad had reached a favorable position for his purpose.

“We have had quite an exciting time?” said he addressing the silent figure.

“Mr. Dick” nodded his head and smiled; but gave no other indication that he had heard a word, and Frank made a second attempt.

“Do you believe in the theory advanced by the scientific gentleman?”

The smile spread out into a broad grin, and a violent shaking of the head followed; but not a word was spoken.

It now occurred to Frank that in order to gain his point, he must put a question that could not

be answered by a shake or a nod of the head, so, after a moment's reflection, he again inquired,—

“Do you know what the writing on the rock means?”

“Gemini?” exclaimed George in a hoarse whisper, as he punched Harry in the side to attract his attention. “He has opened his mouth.”

“Mr. Dick” took his cigar in his fingers at the question, and turned his large expressionless eyes upon the lad, while his lips gradually parted, and Frank caught this word, uttered in a low, mysterious tone,—“*Pills.*”

“Mr. Dick” then, as if the effort had been too much for him, relapsed into his former quiet, smiling state, and assumed a look which plainly said,—“I will not be interviewed farther.”

When Frank returned to his companions, they laughed as they talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that “Mr. Dick” was a person possessing a very feeble mind.

“There is something strange about it all,” said Harry. “Did you notice how abruptly the captain left when the inscription was read?”

“Yes, and Mr. Palmer disappeared as unceremoniously just as the inscription was served up in Latin,” said George; “but—Halloo! here we are at Marquette,” he exclaimed as the steamer passed up to her wharf.

The vessel remained only a short time in the

busy city situated in the midst of a great mining district; but the passengers were there long enough to see, and to be astonished at, the enterprise of this mineral city.

The greater part of the business is done on the wharves. All along the border of the lake, vessels were being loaded with iron ore. The huge piles of mineral did not seem to grow less from the continual drain; for cars were constantly coming down upon railroad tracks, leaving the heavy loads to return for more. The puffing of the engines, the crashing of the falling ore, and the loud shouts and songs of the workmen, made a busy picture and gave the visitors a fair idea of the large amount of business carried on here.

Mr. Palmer went with his young friends to the heaps of mineral, and selected specimens of the different kinds of iron ore to be found there. They found granular, magnetic, hard and soft hematite, and specular of different colors. The lads were much surprised at the variety; for up to this time they had believed that all iron-ore was alike. They were also interested when their companion showed them the peculiar features of each specimen, that they might learn to distinguish the different kinds at a glance.

It was about mid-day when the steamer left the "Iron City" and resumed her course up the

lake. The shore lost much of its rugged character as they proceeded, though it was still wild and picturesque, and much admired by the passengers. Just as the sun had set, and its last rays were reflected by a bank of pink clouds in the west, the steamer entered a quiet little bay shut in by high hills, covered by old forest-trees, and stopped at a wharf built far out into the lake. Not a ripple disturbed the quiet water which lay like a mirror, reflecting the hills so perfectly as to make it seem like a second forest below the surface. All nature seemed hushed as for a long, long sleep, and when the steamer came up to the wharf with a shrill whistle, the sound was echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill until it died away in a faint sigh in the distant mountain.

No village or hamlet was in sight, nothing but a rude hut, a dilapidated rail-road car on a broken track, and one or two laboring men, who hastened their steps towards the landing as they heard the screech of the whistle.

"This is L'Ance," said "Our Mutual Friend" in reply to an inquiry from one of the passengers. "The village is just behind yonder hill and is a very stirring little place, shipping annually large quantities of iron ore."

"Frank, here is where you must say good-bye to that little black fiddler of yours," said George,

turning to the place where his companion had been standing only a moment before ; but Frank was no longer there, he was upon the wharf in company with his protégé and one of the rough looking men that had come down to the boat.

“Wilder chooses some queer companions,” said George with a curl of his lip as he caught sight of the party on the wharf. “I really believe that old Frenchman is going to embrace him. Look, Ward, quick, or you will miss it.”

Harry turned, but too late to see the father of the little violinist express his gratitude to Frank for befriending his son. He was too late also, to witness the hurried parting of the friends, for the passengers and freight for L’Ance were landed, and the steamer commenced to swing off from the wharf while George was speaking ; but the little violinist and his happy parent remained upon the shore and watched the receding steamer until it glided out into the quiet bay, and the gathering darkness descended like a veil and hid everything from sight.



CHAPTER XI.

Harry's Dream.—Detained for Repairs.—Houghton and Hancock.
—A Ride to the Copper Mines.—A Trying Situation.—Lost.

“COME boys,” yelled Frank as he sprang from his berth the next morning. “It is time we were all up. I say Howell,” he called, at the same time saluting that young man with vigorous punch in the ribs as he lay snoring in his bed, “get up.”

“Why can't you let a fellow rest?” growled George turning over to get a more comfortable position. “You are always flying about like a jumping-jack when you ought to be quiet.”

“I do detest people who habitually wake up cross,” retorted Frank, smiling mischievously at his success. “Come chum,” continued he turning to Harry, who was gaping with the full capacity of his mouth. “Come, wake up. We are at Houghton, and I want to go out and see the place before we leave.”

“Ho — hi — hum!” yawned Harry, as he stretched himself preparatory to rising. “Do

you know Fly, I had the queerest dream last night."

"Dreams! I slept so soundly that I could not think of dreaming, but what disturbed you?"

"I dreamed that 'Mr. Dick' and 'Miss Blimber' were two great giants who lived in one of the caves in the cliff, which we saw yesterday."

"That was a pleasant dream; for it would be a fine place for both of them. He would be unsocial to be sure; but she could talk enough for both of them and would perhaps soon kill him with her long words."

"Well, that was not all. Let me tell you the rest. I dreamed that they were traveling in search of small children to be used in concocting some kind of medicine."

"Ward, your dream is becoming interesting," said George Howell placing his elbow on the edge of the berth, while his head rested in the palm of his hand. The sun was shining into his face, and he winked vigorously as he inquired,—
"Did you dream that they succeeded in finding any children who were pining to be put up in a prescription?"

"That is the funny part of my dream," said Harry, laughing heartily as he thought of it. "I dreamed that they had been searching in vain for a long time; but one day they came up to us three, as we were seated on deck, and con-

sulted together. After a time 'Mr. Dick' nodded his head as much as to say, 'they will do,' whereupon 'Miss Blimber' seized you and commenced mixing you up. You seemed to be as soft as putty."

"He always has seemed that way," said Frank mischievously.

"Well, she kept on mixing, and mixing," continued Harry in a real story-teller's tone of voice, "until you were completely changed to a lump of nasty medicine, like a big blue pill. Then 'Mr. Dick' caught Frank and commenced to knead him in the same manner."

"Did he seem as soft as I did?" interrupted George, who was now thoroughly awake and laughing heartily.

"Oh, a great deal softer. He was so soft in fact, that it was a difficult job to keep him together; but the great giant kept kneading, and kneading him, until he too became a nasty black lump, then 'Miss Blimber' came for me; but I was so much afraid of her, that I ran round and round the boat, and she after me, until I was so exhausted I was about to give up, when she stumbled and fell upon the deck, where she lay for a long time, coughing so loudly that the boat fairly shook as if it were in a gale. The passengers collected around her to see what could be done. Every one, however, was afraid

to approach too near ; for, in her fits of coughing, she would strike and wave her arms like a wind-mill and hit at everything within her reach. At last, when it seemed as if she could stand it no longer, 'Guppy,' appeared, and everyone turned to him for advice. He scratched his head for a moment, and then uttered one word in so loud a tone that it sounded like the report of a cannon."

"What was the word?" inquired the two intensely interested listeners.

"Pills," replied Harry. "I woke then ; but soon went to sleep and dreamed the same thing again."

"How many times did you dream it?" inquired Frank, laughing at the absurd dream until tears ran down his cheeks.

"A dozen times, I should think," was Harry's reckless reply.

"It will surely come to pass chum. Dreams always do, when one dreams the same thing three times in succession."

"Look here Ward," exclaimed George, rising to his feet, "if there is any dreaming to be done in this party, I prefer to have some one else do it; you are disposing of us altogether too rapidly."

So the boys chatted away as they completed

their toilette, and, in a short time, left their rooms.

As they stepped outside, they saw a collection of people on the wharf watching a number of workmen, who were pounding and hammering away at the rudder of the steamer. On inquiring the cause of all this commotion, the boys found that the boat had accidentally come in contact with a rock as she was entering the narrow passage connecting Portage Lake with Keweenaw Bay, a branch of Lake Superior. The injury sustained was not serious; but was of importance enough to detain them several hours for repairs.

"We cannot leave before night," said the captain to a group of passengers near him. "You have abundant time to visit the Calumet and Hecla Mine, one of the most productive copper mines in the world, if you wish to do so."

"I should like to visit it," said Harry, who had never seen a mine of any kind, but had been much interested in his chum's narrative of adventures in the Pennsylvania coal region.

"So should I," exclaimed George eagerly. So it was immediately decided that the lads should spend the day in the copper region.

If the reader will only glance at the map of Michigan, he will see that Portage Lake and the entrance to it nearly separate the peninsula,

which points like a finger to the north-east, into two parts. On the southern shore of the lake is the village of Houghton, and directly opposite to it, on the northern part of the peninsula, is Hancock. The two places are as near alike as possible.

As the Calumet and Hecla Mine is situated on the northern part of the peninsula, the lads, after eating a hasty breakfast, crossed the lake in a small steam ferry boat which plied between the two places.

As they approached the opposite shore, they witnessed a busy scene. Although it was yet quite early in the morning, the clank and clatter of the several stamp mills, where copper is separated from the stony substance in which it is sometimes found imbedded, and the appearance of many workmen hastening to their day's duties in the foundries, machine-shops, or saw-mills, showed them that the village was already awake. They found, also, that the daily stage had left with a number of passengers for the mines, and that they must get a private conveyance, or give up the trip.

The boys were somewhat disappointed at first ; but by means of much inquiry, they found a solemn man, in a pair of blue jean trousers and a shabby coat, who was the owner of a pair of lean horses and a rickety wagon. This seedy

and sedate individual agreed, after much hesitancy, to take the boys to the famous mine and return with them in time to take the steamer.

The lads were so happy at finding a way out of their difficulty, that they took no notice at first of the peculiar manners of their driver; but before the day was finished, they had abundant opportunity to observe him closely, and found cause to regret the necessity that forced his acquaintance upon them.

As the much-mended and tied-up conveyance ascended the steep hill on the side of which the village is situated, the lads witnessed a scene of enchanting beauty, which became more and more charming at every step of the ascent.

The distant hill-side, with its green fields and dewy meadows, lay on the opposite side of the lake, basking in the morning sun. Here and there along its face could be traced the course of a railroad track leading from the mouth of an open mine at the top, or a car could be seen crawling slowly up the inclined plane, like a huge beetle, until it disappeared in a big, black hole at the top.

On the side of this hill, near the base, Houghton was snugly nestling. In many parts of the village, streets were cut in the steep hill-side, and stairs were used as side-walks, which gave

the place a quaint and novel appearance not often met with.

The noise of the workmen and the clank of machinery ceased as the vehicle ascended the steep incline, and all was peaceful, quiet, beautiful. The muddy lake, red with particles of copper, was transformed into a silvery sheet of water, clear as crystal; the forest on the distant hill, was changed to a delicate tinted cloud, which a breath might disturb, and the smoky ferry-boat was a phantom toy, gliding back and forth across the lake, carrying diminutive passengers, who tripped along the tiny wharf on landing, without making the faintest noise.

“Oh!” exclaimed Harry, as the panting horses paused for breath about 500 feet above the lake.

“I am glad ‘Guppy’ is not here,” said Frank, quite carried away with the scene.

The lads were deeply impressed by the view before them; but not another exclamation escaped their lips for sometime, though they were guided to a loftier train of thought by this glimpse at one small picture on the Creator’s great canvass.

Soon after reaching the summit of the hill, they entered a dense forest, where the trees grew to an immense height, and so close together that the sunlight was shut out and the path made dim as twilight.

As they went along on their journey, the lads tried to engage their companion in conversation, but without success. He sat upon his seat, mute as a statue, taking not the slightest notice of their presence. His face was no longer simply solemn, but, as the dark shadows fell across it, his expression was almost savage.

Now and then a bird or flower, or perhaps a tree that the lads had never before seen, or the strange cry of some wild animal would attract their attention; but the driver took no notice of them and offered no assistance as they puzzled over the question,—“What can it be?”

“I wish Mr. Palmer were here,” said Frank with a sigh, as he laid aside a peculiar pink flower which he had found. “He could tell us everything we wish to know.” A sympathetic look from his two companions showed that they were of the same mind.

After traveling for a long time through the dim, shadowy forest, they came suddenly upon an open spot and found an old log-cabin standing in the center of a vegetable garden that contained a few sickly looking plants.

“Whoa,” drawled the driver to his sweating horses as they came in front of the building.

The sound of wheels brought a sallow faced woman and a ragged boy to the door, who seemed to recognize the driver of the team.

The boy brought a bucket of water for the thirsty horses, and the driver entered the cabin.

The horses soon finished their refreshments, but the solemn man in blue jeans did not appear on the scene until the boys had explored everything about the premises, and had exhausted their patience in waiting.

When the driver at last took his seat, his face, much to the surprise of the lads, wore a smile of such indescribable sweetness that they guessed at once that he too had been partaking of refreshments. In a few minutes he began to sing in a deep nasal voice, and to urge his horses on at the same time, making a medley so comical that the boys laughed as boys only can. He sang,—“Hold the Fort,” “The Ninety and Nine,” “Come Sinners Come,” and a number of other revival hymns; but when he struck up “Old Windham,” something like this,—

“*Broad is the road*’—Git up Jerry—‘*that leads to death, and*’—why don’t you go on Jack—‘*Many walk together there; but wisdom shows*’—you old fool, go on—‘*a narrow path. with here and there a*’—get up, I tell ye—‘*traveler.*’ Now Jerry behave yourself. ‘*Deny thyself and take thy*’—old rip, you’ve got into that hole, now are ye suited? ‘*Is the Redeem*’—there ye go again, ye blasted old fool, stumbling over the road’s if ye was blind—‘*ers great command.*’

Nature must count her gold but'—there take that Jack. How do you like that Jerry, darn ye,—*'dross, if she would gain this*'—what in natur air ye jumping at?—*'this heavenly land.'*"

Frank and George held their sides as if there was danger of their splitting, and Harry burst his collar in trying to suppress his mirth.

They soon came to a portion of the forest more dense than any they had before seen, and the woods echoed and re-echoed the sound of their voices.

"I wonder if he would talk with us now?" inquired Frank in a whisper, to George.

"Try it," was the reply.

"*Ahem,*" said Frank for the purpose of attracting attention. "Driver, are there any bears, or other savage wild animals in this wood?"

"Bars," exclaimed the eccentric Jehu, breaking off in the middle of a stanza in Corinth, "I should reckon there ware."

"Have they ever attacked anyone?" inquired George looking round, as if he expected to see one.

"*'I love in solitude to shed'*—Well, now, I should think they had tacked folks my young friends—*'the penitential tear.'* I had a brother et up by one of em, right on this spot,—*'and all his promises to plead where none but God could hear.'*"

It was rather slow work ; but by asking many questions the lads got all the details of this remarkable tragedy, mixed in with psalm tunes and camp-meeting hymns. Being on the very spot where the tragedy was acted, and in the company of a brother of the deceased, the story seemed all the more frightful, and the boys were glad enough when they emerged into an open field.

“I wouldn’t be afraid to meet a bear,” said George boastfully, when the dark places in the forest were at a respectful distance behind them.

“I should,” said timid Harry looking over his shoulder.

“I think I should be afraid,” said Frank ; “but I would hate for any one to know it.”

They were now passing large heaps of broken stone on either side of the road, where dilapidated derricks and other pieces of weather beaten machinery stood like tired sentinels, keeping watch over large openings in the ground. These openings were formerly the entrances to copper mines ; but now they only mark the spot where a mine has been abandoned for the more productive one further along.

After riding about half an hour amidst these scenes of desolation, the region of the Calumet and Hecla Mine came in view. Acres and acres of ground were covered with huge piles of broken

rocks and *debris* from the mine. In the center of this immense mass of refuse, was a collection of sheds, workshops, and other buildings, from which the noise and smoke of machinery was issuing.

“Here ye air, my young christian friends,” said their musical companion cutting Old Hundred short as the team stopped in front of a large building, which proved to be a hotel, or boarding house for the miners. “Now ye can shift for yer selves. I’ll wait here ’till ye come back.”

So the lads arranged to meet their entertaining companion in the same place in about an hour, and set off toward the main entrance to the mine, where they found the superintendent.

It was very near the time that the workmen usually left off work for dinner, and the superintendent said that the skip* was going down once more, and that two of them might go in it, if they chose to do so. He said that it would remain only a short time; but would give them an opportunity to see considerable. As Frank had been in a mine, he gave the opportunity of seeing this to his companions, while he remained above and watched the operations in the buildings.

*The skip is a large bucket, used to let the workmen down into the mine and also to bring ore to the surface.

In one place, he was amused to see a machine with huge iron jaws constantly opening and shutting, crushing easily large pieces of ore which were placed between them. In another place he saw the spacious bucket in which Harry and George had descended. He also heard the constant *boom, boom*, of the blasts which were being discharged in the mine, more than eighty feet below him. But these sights and sounds were of but little interest to him after his attention had been directed to an immense mass of pure copper, weighing a great many tons, that lay upon the ground just as it had been taken from the bowels of the earth. His astonishment increased when he learned that this was not an uncommon specimen of what was being mined.

“Some pieces,” said the superintendent, “are so large that it takes weeks and sometimes months to get them cut up into pieces small enough for transportation.”

“But does it not pay better to find it in the pure state?”

“Not when it is in such masses; for it sometimes costs so much to get it in shape to be worked, that the profits are all gone before it is ready for transportation. That, passing through the crusher, is an inferior quality, mixed with hard stone, yet it is ready for the stamping mill

as soon as the jaws of the machine drop it on the other side."

By the time Frank had examined everything interesting to him about the establishment, his two companions came up in the skip. They had been absent but a short time; yet their visit had been so fraught with danger that they had no desire to prolong it, and, as the interior of a copper mine is similar in appearance to a coal mine, I will not weary the reader with Harry's narration of his adventures; but hasten to a more interesting part of the day's history.

When they returned to the hotel, what was their surprise to find their eccentric Jehu stretched at full length in the glaring sun, so intoxicated that it was impossible to rouse him.

"What are we to do?" inquired Frank of the other lads when he fully realized the situation. "We must start soon, or we shall miss the boat."

"Let us go in and get some dinner. By the time we have finished eating, he may be able to drive," said philosophical Harry.

"A more brilliant thought was never uttered," said George casting a hungry glance in the direction of the dining room.

In a short time the lads were seated at the table, doing justice to the coarse food placed before them; but ever and anon through the meal,

they would look anxiously toward the spot where their driver lay snoring loudly.

"Now this *is* a fix," said Frank looking at his watch at the close of the meal. "That old sot is still sleeping like a—a—"

"Drunken man," suggested Harry.

"And we have but three hours to return to the steamer. It took a longer time than that to come up here," continued Frank, snapping the case of his watch and placing it in his pocket.

"Let us walk back," said George. "It is only twelve miles, and three in twelve goes four times. Four miles an hour is not much."

"It is only a little more than a mile an hour for each of us," said Harry.

"Hold up now chum," said Frank, not appreciating Harry's levity. "Suppose you save your wit until there is more occasion for it."

"All right," replied Harry, "I was merely trying to be cheerful, like 'Mark Tapley.'"

After all joking was laid aside, the lads found that George's suggestion was the only one that gave them any hope of reaching Hancock before night-fall; for no other conveyance could be procured for love or money, and their driver was so helplessly intoxicated that it might be hours before he revived sufficiently to sing hymns, or to urge his half-starved horses over the rough road.

After receiving abundance of information from the villagers in regard to short cuts and by-paths, the boys started off on their return journey.

They were young and in good health, and regarded their situation only in the light of an amusing adventure, though they were a little angry at the slumbering individual in blue jeans.

After walking along the public road for an hour or more they turned into a side path as they had been directed, and soon lost all traces of the highway.

It would have been better for them had they remained on the traveled road, for they had not been on the new path long, when it began to wind in and out, and twist around in a most bewildering manner, and at last they lost it entirely.

"What shall we do?" said Frank, who was tired and almost cross. "I cannot go much farther, and I think this is the wrong way."

"Let us keep right on in this direction," answered George, "and we may strike the path again soon."

They traveled on and on in the direction which George had pointed out, until they found themselves in a part of the forest where the trees were tall and close together, reminding them of the spot where the bear had devoured the driver's brother.

The sun was fast sinking in the west and the

lads were so completely exhausted that they could think of traveling no farther that night, so they sat down on a fallen tree and watched the shadows lengthen with the decline of day. For some time neither of them spoke. At last Harry looked up to Frank in his odd, quiet way and said,—

“We are lost.”



CHAPTER XII.

A Night in the Forest.—A Fire.—Story Telling.—Bears.

IF the boy who reads this story has been lost in a strange wood with the shades of night gradually deepening around him, he can, in a measure, imagine the feelings of the three lads as they sat upon the fallen log in the Michigan forest.

In addition to the natural darkness, black clouds arose in the west and obscured what little light there might have been from a waning moon. The night was so black, in fact, that the lads could only tell by the sense of touch that they were all present and, such is the subduing effect of darkness, that neither of them spoke for a long time; but sat silently staring into vacancy.

No insect's hum disturbed the quiet, and a young bird that had twittered for a time before dark, ceased its cries, and no sound could be heard save the dreary sighing of the air through the tops of the tall pines.

"Well, I suppose we must make the best of this," said Frank, breaking the long silence.

"If some one would only tell us what the best is," said George in a peevish tone, which showed his annoyance.

"I suppose the best thing for us to do, is to lie down and go to sleep," said Harry; "for we cannot leave here before morning, and I am tired."

"I don't know about going to sleep here," said George moving a little closer to his companions. "It seems to me this place resembles the spot where our driver's brother was eaten by bears."

"But you are not afraid of bears," said Frank mischievously, "besides, if we could kindle a fire that would keep them off."

"Let us kindle one by all means," exclaimed George. "It is so dark, I don't see how we are to find any fuel, though."

"Oh, that can be managed very well," said Harry. "We can kindle a small fire from a few twigs at first, and then we can see to get larger pieces."

"Who has a match?" inquired Frank springing from the log.

"I have," replied George, putting his hand in his pocket. "Here is one. Where are you Wilder?"

"Here I am," replied Frank, extending his hand in the direction of the sound of his companion's voice.

"There, I've dropped it!" exclaimed George, as his match-safe fell upon the ground.

"That is too bad," exclaimed Harry. "One might just as easily find a needle in a haystack, as anything in this darkness."

If there had been light enough, a look of despair might have been seen on the faces of the boys at this new calamity; but occupation is such a remedy for disappointment, that they soon forgot all their troubles in an active search for the lost article. On their hands and knees, they crawled over the damp ground, now thrusting a hand into a deep hole, now forcing their fingers into a narrow seam in the log, until a shout from Frank just as they are about to give up in despair, tells them that the matches are safe.

"Who would have believed that we could have been so happy over finding a lucifer match," said Harry, in so serious a tone that his companions were forced to smile.

A few dry twigs were soon collected, and in a few minutes a bright fire lighted up the dim, old forest.

"Now we must get a big pile of fuel and keep it up all night," said Frank, elated at his success.

So the boys brought big sticks, pieces of fallen

trees and pine cones from the forest around them, until there was enough collected to keep the fire going till morning; they then sat down and watched it burn.

"This seems like camping out," said George, stirring the fire with a long pole."

"Yes, but in camp, people usually have food," said Harry, who never forgot the creature comforts.

"I rather like this," said Frank. "We can stand it till morning anyway, if we don't have our tea. It is too bad that we have missed the steamer; but another one comes the day after to-morrow, and I think she will leave us at some point where we can proceed by rail to overtake our boat. What a story we shall relate of our adventures, when we do meet the passengers again!"

The conversation now turned to the accounts they should give their fellow travelers of their night in the forest. They talked for a long time about the different things they had seen during the day, and about the remarkable adventure with bears, of which the driver had told them. This story led to another, and, before long the lads were listening in astonishment at the wonderful adventures each had met with.

When boys, or men, begin to tell stories, each one is apt to try to out-do the others; so, when

Harry and George had finished two wonderful anecdotes about polar bears, Frank volunteered a story which was so extremely remarkable, that it put the statements of his companions almost in the region of probability.

“Speaking about how cold it is in the Arctic regions,” commenced Frank, “reminds me of one cold winter in New York.”

“How cold was it?” inquired George, smiling, for he anticipated a good story.

“It was so cold that the East River froze over hard enough for people to cross on the ice to Brooklyn; but I was going to tell you of one particular night, and what a porter at my father’s store said about it.

“The porter’s name was Tom. He was a queer little man, always ready to crack a joke or tell a story. One cold winter morning, he came to the store very early and sat by the register warming himself, while he listened to the various accounts of the severe weather as they were given by the other workmen, who were also trying to get warm. One man said that it was so cold at his house that the water froze in the bucket and burst the hoops; another declared that he had seen a deep well frozen over, and a third had heard of horses being chilled to death while standing in the stable.

“Tom listened to these accounts, but said not

a word until my father, who happened to be passing and knowing Tom's habit of getting the best at story-telling, inquired of him if it was not cold down at his house.

“‘Cold?’” exclaimed Tom, with a peculiar look in his eyes which always accompanied one of his great efforts, ‘I should say it was cold!’”

“‘How cold was it?’” inquired my father.

“‘It was colder than any of these chaps have been tellin’ for,’ replied Tom moving a little nearer to the heater. ‘Why, you see, when I went to my room last night, I thought by the signs that we was agoin’ to have some pretty severe weather; so I brought in a lot of wood and kindled up a rousin’ fire. Sure enough, the cold commenced to increase soon as the sun set; but I piled the wood onto the fire, and put all the bed-clothes I could get onto the bed. The cold kept increasing more an’ more, so I pulled the bedstead close to the stove and turned in airly.

I kinder got into a doze, after I had been in bed awhile; but I can’t tell how long I slept, ’fore I woke up almost froze to death. I thought first that the fire had gone out; but when I looked, it was burnin’ bright, an’ the steam was comin’ out of the spout of the tea-kettle regular, an’ I thought everything was all right an’ turned over to go to sleep again. It was no use, I

couldn't sleep much, I was so cold. Yet, every time I looked at the stove in the night, I see t'was full of wood an' a bright blaze shinin' through the grate in front. Well, I lay that way till morning, wondering to see that hickory wood last so long an' give out so little heat. Just as soon as it was day, I jumped out of bed an' went to stir the fire, which looked bright as it did when I lay down the night before. I took off the lid of the stove an' found out what the trouble was.' "

'What was it?' inquired my father and the other listeners, as Tom paused.

'*The flames had froze stiff,*' replied Tom earnestly, 'an' the steam had froze stiff comin' out of the kettle. Yes, sir,' continued he as the men commenced to laugh, 'if 'taint thawed out, you can go down to my house an' see it now, if you don't believe me.' "

How the old woods echoed the peals of laughter that greeted the close of this story! George could recall nothing in his experience that equalled it, and Harry was too sleepy to try; so the stories ended for the night, and the lads found a dry spot near the fire and, after protecting themselves as much as possible against unwelcome intruders, lay down to sleep.

How long they slept they never knew; but it seemed only a short time after they lay down

that George started up from his uncomfortable bed and shook Frank, who sprang up instantly and inquired what the matter was.

“Didn’t you hear anything?” said George, in a whisper.

“No, what was it?” inquired Frank, looking around him.

The fire had burned low while they had been sleeping, and the trunks of the trees looked black and grim in the faint light, but beyond these, nothing could be seen.

“It sounded like a—a—bear,” replied George, hesitatingly.

“Pshaw!” said Frank, carelessly pitching a piece of wood into the fire, after listening intently for a few minutes, “I hear nothing. You and chum have been telling bear stories until you are nervous.”

“I am sure I heard a growl,” said George. “I couldn’t have been dreaming.”

“You heard Harry snore,” said Frank, looking down upon his chum who was sleeping soundly. “You had better lie down and go to—”

M—r—r—r—r, like a low prolonged growl came from the blackest part of the forest while Frank was speaking, causing his hair to stand on

end while George, pale with fear, faintly whispered,—

“There, that’s it.”

The strange noise continued for a few minutes, accompanied by tramping and cracking of twigs, and then all was quiet again.

“We shall all be eaten alive,” said George wiping great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

“We must pile on the wood and keep the fire bright,” said Frank in a whisper. “I’ve read in some book (the life of Daniel Boone, I think it was,) that wild animals are afraid of—”

M—r—r, snap, crash, came from the darkness.

“O, dear!” groaned George, “I wish I had never come.”

“This *is* a fix,” said Frank, trying to disguise his own fear; “but I think we can keep him away. He does not seem to come any nearer.”

On they piled the wood, until the fire roared and great sparks rose up in the air and were carried far away by the breeze. The boys worked away as hard as they could, never ceasing from their labors, excepting when they listened to the strange noises. George was much excited, and wanted to wake Harry, but Frank would not allow his chum to be aroused from the comfortable rest which he was taking.

M—r—r, B—l—r—r—thrash, crash, bang,

came again from the woods, louder than before.

George fairly trembled with fear at this active demonstration, and felt that a crisis was approaching.

“Keep throwing on the wood, Howell. That will keep him off,” said Frank, tugging away at a big log. “It don’t lack more than an hour of daylight now and, if you don’t give out, we can keep him off till then.”

The last hour before day was a long one for the boys, though they worked away like heroes, spurred on by the strange noises that occasionally came from the darkness.

“There is a faint streak of light in the East,” exclaimed Frank as an encouragement for George, after the noise had been unusually loud and prolonged. “He will leave when the sun comes up.”

They piled on the wood for a while longer; but George was almost frantic with fear. He rushed around like a madman. “Will it ever be morning?” he almost groaned in despair.

After a time, a soft, yellowish light came in the eastern sky and slowly crept toward the zenith. A few insects began to hum about, and now and then the twitter of a bird was heard in the tree-tops; but, for all this, daylight seemed a long time coming.

M—r—r—r—r—, M—o—o—o—o—, B—l—
—a—a—a—, crash, slam, thrash.

“What is the matter?” inquired Harry, rising from his hard couch and staring wildly at his two frightened companions, for this prolonged, unearthly noise had at last waked him.

“Bears,” whispered George hoarsely.

“Bears!” exclaimed Harry, “where are they?”

“We shall all be killed,” replied George trembling and ready to drop down with fear.

B—l—r—r—, — M—o—o—, M—r—r—, came once more from the woods.

“That is he,” whispered Frank to his chum. “We have been up nearly all night keeping the fire bright so that he would not attack us.”

Harry listened for a few minutes, and when the sound came again, his face broke out into a radiant smile.

“What are you laughing at?” inquired Frank pettishly. “Are you playing ‘Mark Tapley’ again?”

“Chum,” said Harry, “will you go with me to capture the bear?”

“What do you mean?” inquired Frank, puzzled at Harry's manner.

The sky was now all gold and red, and the morning sun shed a faint light into the dense forest.

“Where are you going?” inquired George anxiously, as his companions started off in the direction of the strange noises.

“To capture the bear,” shouted Harry with a laugh. “Come on.”

George followed the lads; but took care to keep at a safe distance in the rear. Through the tangled bushes, over fallen logs, across muddy pools they made their way, until they found the animal that had made night hideous with his cries. George heard loud peals of laughter from his companions and, forgetting his fears, hurried on to overtake them.

“Come on, Howell,” screamed Frank. “We have caught him.”



CHAPTER XIII.

"So Bossy!"—On Board the Vessel once more.—Rapid progress.—
Ontonagon.—Bayfield.—Duluth.—Agates.—"Miss Blimber"
Surprises Frank.—Good-bye.

SURE enough, the lads had an animal between them that was making a louder noise than he had been during the night. It was nearly as tall as they were, and was making desperate efforts to escape.

"So, bossy! so! Cut that twig Frank; that is what holds him. That's it," said Harry, as a frightened calf bounded away through the bushes. It had evidently broken away from some place where it had been tethered and strayed in the woods. A piece of rope about its neck had somehow become entangled in the bushes, and the unusual noises that it had been making, were caused by the tightening of the rope whenever he jumped and tried to utter his natural cries.

"How in the world did you know it was a calf?" inquired Frank of his chum.

“By its cry,” replied Harry. “It didn’t sound much like a bear to me; but I suppose you and George were expecting one, and so made a mistake. Your fire frightened him almost to death!”

At this explanation, Frank went off into another fit of laughter; but suddenly pausing, he made a motion for silence and eagerly inquired, “What is that?”

“It is a steam-whistle,” replied George, glad enough for an excuse to turn from a subject which did not possess many pleasures for him.

The sound which the lads heard was so near that they concluded to set off in the direction that it came from. They had only proceeded a few steps, when they came to a high cliff at the foot of which lay the river that they had crossed the morning before, and on the opposite side was the village of Houghton.

Three exclamations of surprise followed this discovery, and three more followed the discovery of their steamer at the wharf on the opposite side of the stream.

Yes, the steamer was there, and the lads were not long in scrambling down the mountain’s side and reaching her deck. They found on their arrival there, that the repairs had taken more time than the captain had anticipated, but they were now completed, and in fifteen minutes after

their arrival, the boat was steaming rapidly out of Portage Lake.

The boys did not relate all their adventures to their companions as they had planned to do. George Howell kept remarkably quiet on the subject of his night in the forest; but, in Washington the following winter, he told his companions an amusing story of three boys being attacked by a bear, and he was the hero who rescued them. He would not have told it even there, had he heard Mr. Palmer tell Harry a day or two after leaving Houghton, that no fierce wild animals were to be found anywhere on Keweenaw Point.

The steamer had been so long delayed by the accident, that during the day the captain tried to make up lost time by an increase of speed. On, the boat sped around Keeweenaw Point, then along the coast of Michigan, as if pursued by some evil spirit. She paused not until she reached Ontonagon, a thrifty village on the northern coast of Michigan, situated in the midst of a rich copper and silver mining region. Her stay here was short, and on she sped again toward the west.

Now and then the passengers could get a glimpse of a dense forest on shore, or a field of waving grain; but the settlements grew fewer as they advanced. Toward night the steamer left

the shore of Michigan in the rear, and pursued her course with Wisconsin on the left. As twilight approached, she entered a group of picturesque islands which bear such a marked resemblance to the adjacent coast, that even an unexperienced observer would say that they once formed a part of the mainland; but, by action of storms and currents, have been changed to separate bodies of land, to which has been given the name of Apostle Islands.

Sometime in the night the steamer arrived at the village of Bayfield. It was too dark for the passengers to see this beautiful place, situated on a series of natural terraces overlooking one of the most extensive and grand scenes of Lake Superior.

On into the night she sped on leaving here, and in the morning the passengers found themselves at Duluth, 1200 miles from Buffalo.

The steamer arrived here so much behind her regular time, that many passengers who had contemplated taking the trip to the north shore of Superior, were obliged to abandon their plan. Among this number were "Miss Blimber" and "Little Nell," who were to take a train on the famous Northern Pacific railroad, which has a terminus here, and continue their trip by rail to a small village in the interior of Minnesota. George Howell too, found that he must leave

his companions, for his father was to meet him at St. Paul in a few days. "Mr. Dick" and "Guppy" went on the same train with George, and the lads never heard of them again.

Harry and Frank were disappointed when they learned that George was to leave them; for they had become much attached to him, notwithstanding his foolish habit of boasting, and the patronizing air which he sometimes used toward them. The parting, however, was not a solemn one—it seldom if ever is with boys. They merely shook hands and promised to remember each other as long as they lived, and to write when they arrived home. As the train rolled out of the station, Frank, who had been serious as long as he could be, roared out at the top of his voice,—

"When you get to Washington, apply to the President for the position of interpreter of the Chippewa language. I will recommend you!"

The last part of the sentence was lost upon George; for the train was soon out of sight, and the lads, who were to remain, were walking back to the town.

It took but a short time to explore Duluth. It was picturesquely situated at the head of the lake, with a hill beyond it rising to the height of 300 feet, forming an appropriate background. The houses had a look of newness, almost pain-

ful to a stranger from an older part of the country, and the inhabitants seemed to be settlers from all points of the compass, who had come here to speculate in land or to make a fortune by some other means.

Into a little shop kept by one of these seekers after fortune, Mr. Palmer went with his two young friends, in search of minerals. Here they found a large collection of agates just brought in from Agate Bay on the Minnesota shore, where they are found in abundance. A small sum of money purchased a great number of these beautiful stones, and the lads made quite an addition to their already bulky collection.

After carrying the minerals to the steamer, Frank returned to the principal hotel in the place to bid adieu to "Miss Blimber" and her pupil, who were to remain in the place until morning.

The parting with the ladies was more difficult than it had been with George Howell, for, during the pleasant days and long evenings that the steamer had been making her way westward, a strong attachment had sprung up between Nellie and Frank. The little governess, at first, had strictly guarded her pupil, and had kept the boys at a safe distance from her. She treated them much as she would so many dangerous wild animals until the little affair happened in the

saloon. After that, Frank was permitted to spend hours on deck with Nellie, and to devote whole evenings to her entertainment in the saloon; but "Miss Blimber" never allowed Harry or George the least liberty with her charge, though they were both envious of Frank, and did not always disguise their feelings.

When Frank arrived at the hotel, he found that the ladies were expecting him.

He intended to make his farewell to "Miss Blimber" as formal as possible, and thus avoid a stilted speech from her, which was anything but pleasant for him to listen to. The parting, however, was destined to be far different than his wildest imagination had pictured it.

"Good-bye," said he, extending his hand to the governess.

"Adieu," replied she taking the extended hand in hers, "I hope you will have a pleasant journey home. You must not forget me entirely; for I shall ever remember you as the boy who dared to do a kindness to a lonely old governess." Here "Miss Blimber" pressed her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, then took both his hands in hers and imprinted a loud kiss upon his cheek. She then hastily left the room.

Frank was confused at the compliment paid him, but when the governess gave him such an unexpected salute, his embarrassment was pain-

ful. He stood alone in the centre of the room where she had left him, blushing to the tips of his ears.

“Well, well! What is going to happen?” said “Little Nell,” who had witnessed the scene. “My dear old governess has always thought a deal of you, Frank, and has hated every other boy that she ever saw; but I never expected her to do such a thing as that,” and the little school-girl laughed until tears came to her eyes. “Sit down,” said she, after the laughing fit had passed, “and let us talk over all the good times we have had together.”

Frank needed no second invitation to occupy the empty chair at her side. In a short time he had forgotten his confusion and was chatting away with his companion, regardless of the flight of time or the errand he had come on.

What they talked about, it will never do to repeat; for it was of more interest to themselves than it could possibly be to any curious youth who may read this story. One thing is certain: they were so earnest in their conversation, and so happy in each other's society, that time flew rapidly by, and it seemed to Frank that he had been there only a few minutes, when the loud screech of a whistle warned him that the steamer was on the point of leaving. The final good-bye was a hasty one; but Frank did not feel

like joking now. He felt, as he left the hotel that bright summer afternoon, that he was just beginning to understand the meaning of that solemn word he had so many times carelessly uttered — good-bye.



CHAPTER XIV.

Meditation.—Harry is Taken Sick Again.—A Mystery Explained.
An Extraordinary Night Followed by a Stormy Day.—Wild
Scenery.—Some Statistics.

ALL the afternoon, the steamer ploughed her way through the beautiful water toward the north. The scenery at the left, which was the coast of Minnesota, was much like what had been passed the day before, with the exception that signs of civilized life grew fewer as they advanced, though there was an occasional log-cabin in a clearing near the border of the lake.

Harry and Frank secured seats on the forward deck and, for a time, were interested in discussing the points of beauty in the panorama which was being unfolded before them; but gradually their conversation came to a stand still, and they sat silently staring at the shore, each busy with his own peculiar train of thought.

As the sun departed, a keen, penetrating breeze sprang up, which sent the passengers in-

side to gather around two roaring fires that were burning in the saloon. The spray, as it was thrown in drops upon the deck, partially congealed, making a slippery carpet, dangerous to tread upon.

"Well, well! I must get my overcoat," exclaimed Frank, who had been so busy with his thoughts as to be insensible to the change in the air. "I am nearly frozen. Shall I bring yours, chum?"

"No, I am not cold," replied Harry, "I am very warm; but I felt like freezing a few minutes ago."

"Not cold! What are you made of?" inquired Frank in surprise.

"I feel uncomfortably warm," replied Harry, "and I have a severe pain in my head, also. It seems to be twice its usual size."

"Why Harry!" exclaimed Frank, seizing his chum's wrist, "you have a raging fever. Your face is scarlet. You must come inside and go to bed."

"I think I will," replied Harry submissively, as he rose from his seat.

In a short time, Harry with Frank's assistance, had undressed and was lying in his berth. His whole face was so red and swollen that his own mother would hardly have known him, and his chum had become so much alarmed that he

called in Mr. Palmer to give him advice in the matter.

Mr. Palmer took only a hasty glance at Harry, before he pronounced it a case of ague. "The fever is very high," he said, "and Ward may be a little delirious before it subsides; but do not be frightened, it is nothing serious. It was no doubt brought on by sleeping on the damp ground beside your camp-fire. I know of a remedy which will prevent a second attack. I will get it."

Mr. Palmer left the room, and, in a few minutes returned with a bottle containing a number of small yellow pills, one of which he gave to his patient.

"Whew!" said Harry making a wry face as he swallowed it, "what is that? It is the worst tasting medicine I ever had in my mouth."

Here is the vial," replied Mr. Palmer, handing the bottle to Harry, while a peculiar look came into his face, "you can see for yourself what it is."

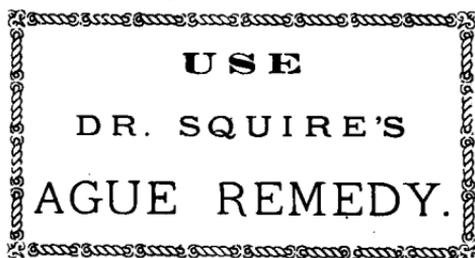
Harry took the vial, but had hardly glanced at it when he gave an hysterical laugh, and passed it over to Frank.

"What is it?" inquired Frank, examining the countenance of his companion closely. He did not have to repeat his question; for a look at the vial sent him off in one of his fits of laugh-

ter, in which Harry and Mr. Palmer were obliged to join.

“The whole mystery about the inscription on the rock is explained,” said Frank, when he could control his voice sufficiently to speak. “You know now, why Mr. Palmer and the captain left so suddenly when the scientist gave us his theory of the writing, and why “Mr. Dick” said “Pills,” in reply to my question.”

The mystery that had puzzled them so, had indeed been cleared up by an examination of the label on the bottle. It was printed in large type and read,—



Beneath this notice was a picture of Dr. Squire in the act of gathering herbs to be used in concocting his valuable medicine. The picture was a very correct portrait, and the lads saw at once that it could be meant for no other person than “Mr. Dick.”

“My dream has come to pass, too,” said Harry, for a moment forgetting his suffering.

“As much as dreams ever do,” said Frank, bursting into another peal of laughter as he thought of Harry’s absurd dream.

“Why did you not speak of this before?” inquired Frank of Mr. Palmer.

“I had several reasons for not speaking of it,” was the reply. “In the first place, the captain, who enjoys an innocent piece of fun as much as any man I ever saw, requested me not to mention my discovery. Secondly, I was as indignant at ‘Mr. Dick,’ as you boys call the Dr., as I was amused at the pedantry of the scientist; for it is very annoying to see our mercantile countrymen regarding the Creator’s beautiful masterpieces, as they would so many advertising boards, and defacing them to tell to the world the virtues of some patent medicine, or wonderful invention.”

Frank felt the force of this explanation and fully sympathized with his friend; for he was a great lover of nature, and regarded all the wonderful things he had seen on his journey, with reverence and pleasure. This was due in part to education; for his early instruction had led him to believe that, “The Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is.”

After a time, Harry’s fever abated, and Mr. Palmer and Frank left him enjoying a sound sleep, while they went upon deck to witness a most brilliant exhibition.

A bank of black clouds that had been gathering near the horizon in the far north-west, had gradually risen until they were near the zenith. As they ascended, the color faded by degrees until they were of a deep violet color, and so transparent that stars shone through them, bright and clear, like polished diamonds. Never before had Frank witnessed such a beautiful sight, yet this was only a beginning of the wonderful phenomenon ; for, while he stood gazing heavenward, a bright light darted up from the north. Soon the sky was a brilliant mass of light, varying in color from green, blue, and crimson. It flashed and danced across the vaulted heavens, now in beautiful, bright streamers; now in trembling bands, mingling the colors in a striking and most attractive manner. After a time these wavering, unsteady rays flashed and kindled most brilliantly at a point directly over the steamer, forming a bright crown that flashed and trembled for a time, and then slowly faded from the sky, as did the light in the different parts of the heavens.

The morning following this beautiful evening, the passengers were aroused from sleep at a very early hour, by the piercing sound of the whistle, accompanied by the monotonous tolling of a bell. At intervals all through the early part of the day, the unpleasant noise was kept up; for the

lake was enveloped in a fog so dense, that it was difficult to distinguish even large objects at a short distance away. The steamer was crawling cautiously along through the darkness, and this unusual noise was made that other vessels might know its position and thus avoid a collision. The fog grew more and more dense as the morning advanced, and by two o'clock the boat was stopped and an immense anchor, that had been lying idle all the trip, was unfastened from its resting place in the forward part of the steamer, and lowered into the water. The captain could not tell his position exactly, and had taken this precaution against encountering unseen dangers. About noon, black clouds gathered all over the sky, making the darkness more dense, and giving every one a feeling of depression. This state of things continued only a short time. Suddenly, the almost tangible darkness was pierced by a blinding light which went zig-zaging across the sky, accompanied by volleys of thunder that broke the stillness like the roar of a thousand cannon. For a few minutes following this discharge of electric fluid, all was confusion on board the boat. The impression that the steamer had been struck by lightning, seemed to be general among the passengers; but their uneasiness on this point was soon quieted by a few words from the captain, who

was superintending the deck hands, as they rapidly drew up the anchor and restored it to its resting place in the bow of the boat. This operation was no sooner performed than the steamer darted off through the darkness, at full speed. The thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed across the heavens without intermission. The waves were dashing high, and every minute the clouds lowered and thickened around the steamer. Closer and closer they gathered, and faster darted the boat through the turbulent waters. Suddenly, a vivid flash of lightning accompanied by a terrific crash of thunder, heralded the rain, which commenced to fall in sheets. For a half hour this awful storm continued while the steamer plunged headlong through the angry waters. At the end of that time the clouds commenced to disperse; the flashes of lightning became less frequent and vivid, and the thunder was subdued to an indistinct muttering in the distance.

"That was a mighty big litter of chicks," said the captain, noting the signs of clearing.

"You don't understand that, I see," said Mr. Palmer noticing the puzzled look on Frank's face.

"I do not," replied Frank, "What does he mean?"

"The Indians have a superstition that thunder is an immense bird, that lays its eggs and hatches

lightning. They locate its nest on the high cliffs about Thunder Bay. We must be in that locality now."

While Frank and his companion were discussing the wild simplicity of this legend, the wind, which had been blowing a gale, died down to a gentle breeze; the fog gathered itself together and rolled away in the distance, and the sun once more shone forth upon the mirror-like surface of the lake, revealing to the eyes of the anxious passengers a wild, rugged landscape. On either side of the vessel, huge frowning peaks towered to grand heights, and black, forbidding rocks reared their heads and contrasted strongly with the deep green waters. Pie Island on one side, rose more than eight hundred feet, while Thunder Cape on the other hand, stood like a threatening giant, with a body of granite more than a thousand feet in height. A few friendless, solemn pines struggled for life on this cold and dreary height; but their presence only added to the desolation.

"What a variety of scenery there is on this lake!" remarked Frank as he gazed upon these wild shores.

"We might naturally expect to meet with this variety," said "Our Mutual Friend," who chanced to be near. "This is the largest body of fresh water on the globe. It has an area of

forty-thousand square miles. It is four hundred and twenty miles long, and one hundred and sixty-five miles broad. It is one thousand and two hundred feet deep, in some places. It is so large that some of the early explorers actually took large tanks of fresh water on their vessels, when they went to explore it, thinking it was an inland sea of salt water like those in Europe."

"I have heard all about that before," said Harry, who had entirely recovered, and had been with his chum on deck for sometime; "but I don't think any one can form much of an idea of the size of these lakes, unless he sees them himself."

The remainder of the day was perfect, and the passengers spent the time in conversing about the late storm, the charming scenery, and such other subjects as were suggested by these, until late in the evening, when the steamer paused in a quiet sheet of water and the anchor was cast. This was the farthest point north that the steamer was destined to go. It was Silver Islet.



CHAPTER XV.

—◆—
Conclusion.
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FRANK and Harry had heard so much of Silver Islet, and the almost fabulous quantities of silver obtained from the mine, that they were out very early to get a good view of it. In their imagination they had pictured a fertile island, covered with green fields and hills; but what was their astonishment to see instead a barren rock some seventy or eighty feet square rising but a few feet above the water. Around this rock a peculiarly constructed dam was built to keep the stormy waters of Superior from swallowing up the vast wealth which lay hidden within the inclosure. Several pumps were constantly forcing out large streams of water from the immense cavern below, and a small tug-boat was being loaded with barrels of ore, which were brought up the shaft of the mine. The smoke from the unseen engine, curling gracefully toward the quiet sky, furnished the only hint as to the power which hoisted the barrels and kept the huge pumps in constant motion.

As the boys stood gazing upon this interesting scene, Mr. Palmer joined them and, when he had inquired after Harry's health, told them much of the history of Silver Islet, and of the discovery of the precious metal which was being mined. Of course the boys were interested as usual, and Frank had a hundred questions to ask, all of which were readily and pleasantly answered.

"The miners are now working some two hundred feet below the surface of the lake. They are working their way toward yonder shore, which you see is not more than three thousand feet distant. This mine, as you may have learned, has been very productive, yielding annually about a million of dollars."

"When was the mine discovered?" inquired Harry.

"I don't know when silver was first found here; but long before this was opened, traces of silver were found in all the rocks along the adjacent coast, and that, perhaps, led to the examination of this one."

"Has it always belonged to the Yankees?" asked Frank, who had in some way learned that although it was so near the Canada shore, it belonged to his countrymen, and that the ore was sent to New Jersey to be smelted.

"O, no," replied Mr. Palmer. The present

owners purchased the property of a Montreal company in 1870; before that time it was owned by Canadians."

"Why will they not allow us to enter the mine?" inquired Harry.

"When visitors were allowed to enter the shaft, many of them carried off ore without paying, or even asking for it, and the ore is so very rich that it would be difficult to estimate the amount lost to the company in this way every year. You can see from this, how necessary it is to exclude visitors."

"I presume most of those who appropriated the ore were collectors?" inquired Frank mischievously.

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Palmer; "for I have noticed that persons, when they became much interested in that pursuit, will sometimes overstep the bounds of honesty, in order to add one more specimen to their collection."

Frank was somewhat confused at his friend's reply, and blushed as he thought of the sharp bargains he and his companions had tried to drive with each other. To be sure he had not been dishonest; but then the thought came to him that Mr. Palmer had some motive in turning the conversation in this channel.

"Harry, does this look any as you expected

to see it from Prof. L——'s description?" said he, changing the subject abruptly.

"No, I don't think it does," replied Harry, "yet it is as he described it."

"You have such a dislike for teachers," said Mr. Palmer, "that perhaps you did not pay strict attention to what the professor told you."

"O, yes, I listened attentively to *him*, though I do dislike anything that looks like a teacher. They seem to think boys are made for nothing else, but to be 'bossed.' The most of them are awful conceited too—like that professor, who knew all about the inscription on the Pictured Rocks."

If Frank could have seen the expression on his friend's face, he would have paused before finishing his remarks; but Mr. Palmer had turned his head so that only a part of his face was visible, as the lad continued,—

"Yes, they are all the same. They are very disagreeable."

This last sentence was uttered with a most wonderful emphasis on about every word, which showed deep feeling on the subject.

"Don't you think there could be found some exceptions, say two or three out of the whole number?" inquired Mr. Palmer in a choking voice.

"No, sir," replied Frank, "but I think—"

Just then he caught sight of his companion's face and, as he noticed the merry twinkle in his eyes, he grew strongly suspicious that in some way he had made himself ridiculous.

“I am sorry to hear you say that because”—

“Are you a teacher Mr. Palmer?” inquired Frank, his face scarlet with confusion.

Let us draw a veil over the scene which followed, as the novelist says, and pass on.

Before two o'clock in the morning, the steamer was on her return trip to Buffalo. As there was nothing to delay her, she glided along on her course over the quiet waters of the lake, and before nightfall, Silver Islet was many miles to the stern.

We shall not follow the lads step by step on their homeward journey; for it was over the same path which they came, and was in company with the same class of people that were on the upward trip. They met with no startling adventures, or unhappy accidents. They embraced every opportunity to acquire knowledge of the Great Lakes and the adjacent country, and to add to their collection of minerals which grew more bulky and valuable as they neared home.

Frank made it his first business on his arrival in New York to write to George Howell, as he

had promised, and from his letter we shall make a few extracts, which give some idea of the homeward voyage.

“MY DEAR HOWELL :

“We missed you after we left Duluth, and spoke of you often; but we moved along in such haste that there was no time to mourn. We had a jolly time in the saloon almost every evening, and the weather was so fine that the deck was crowded most of the time during the day.

“* * * * When we arrived at L’Ance, little Père was the first person I saw. He was looking much happier than when we left him, and he brought lots of specimens to the boat for me. I wish you could have seen the happy expression of his face, when he caught sight of chum and me! but he was no more pleased to see us, than we were to see him.

“* * * * I think Harry wrote you how we discovered Mr. Palmer’s vocation. It was funny enough, though I never felt more foolish in my life than I did when I remembered how many times I had said impertinent things about teachers in his presence. He saw my uneasiness, however, and turned the whole matter off as a capital joke, and, if possible, was more agreeable than ever. He is principal of the boys’ school, that we have heard so much about, where the boys have plenty of fun, and succeed in learning a great deal also. I don’t wonder that a school is successful with such a teacher. Do you?

“* * * * ‘Our Mutual Friend’ was very quiet all the way home, and seemed quite solemn until we reached the Pictured Rocks; then he laughed heartily over the inscription that had puzzled him on the way up.

“* * * * School commences next week and I dread it; but I presume chum is looking forward to it with delight. He is always ready for anything. I wish you could have seen us when we landed in Buffalo. I could not help noticing the contrast between us. Harry was as neat as if he had just dressed for a visit, while I looked more like one of the boot-blacks that met us on the wharf. I have been telling my father about it, and he says ‘there is a great difference in boys.’ I should say so.

“* * * * Have you had an opportunity to brush up your Chippewa since your return? It would be well to keep it fresh, for you don’t know when you may have occasion to use it. You should have heard father laugh over that adventure at the Sault, and our night in the woods. He says he shall send me out in the country next summer, where I can learn the cry of a calf. I think I know it already. I wonder what ever became of our driver?

“I think you must be tired, by this time, of my uninteresting letter, so I will close. Harry will write you the news more in full soon.

“When you write, don’t forget to let me know how the ‘fellows’ in Washington are.

“Yours, &c.,

“FRANK WILDER.”

Thus ended the vacation of the three boys, spent in one of the most interesting regions in North America. A country where the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms unite to scatter attractions in the path of the tourist. A place where anyone must necessarily learn something

from day to day, if he has his eyes and ears open to Nature's teachings. The boys surely learned something, and they acquired knowledge of more than three great natural kingdoms. They learned to regard the beauties and wonders, scattered so profusely about them, as the handiwork of the Creator. In short they found "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

THE END.

