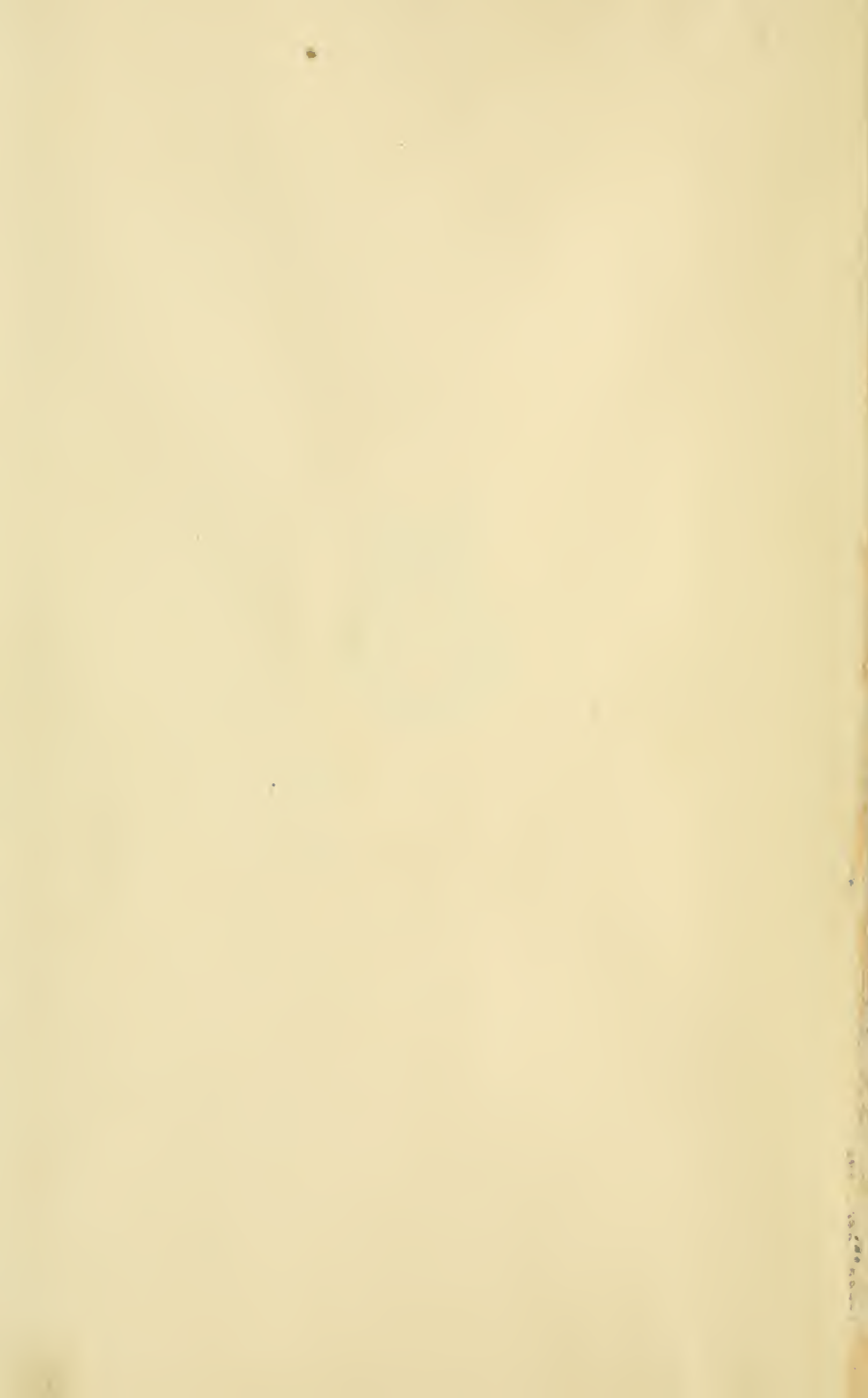


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A
SUMMER
NOTE
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MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"THE NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE."





A First Class Line
for
First Class Travel

A
SUMMER
NOTE-BOOK.



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ROBERT MILLER,
General Sup't,
DETROIT.

O. W. RUGGLES,
General Pass'r and Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO.

1895.

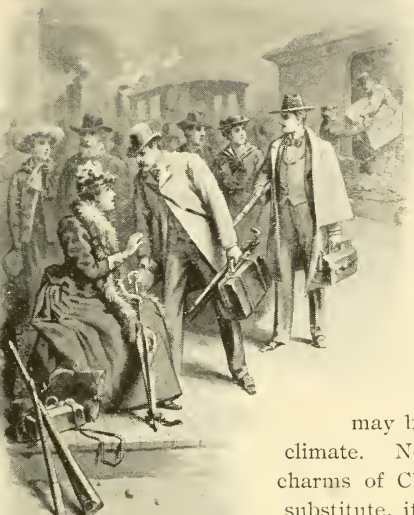


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NOTE. — The names of principal hotels, followed by the number of persons they can accommodate, are given in the text in parentheses.

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WHERE AND HOW?

These are the two questions that more or less fill the minds of all denizens of towns and cities from the time the last flurry of snow or blast of blizzard has passed in the spring until the heat and dust and weariness of early summer make a definite answer imperative. It matters not what the comforts or luxuries of home may be, nor how delightful the local summer climate. No one knows better than ourselves the charms of Chicago as a summer resort (you may substitute, if you choose, the names of Milwaukee or St. Louis or Kansas City or any other metropolis). But these charms are not for the Chicagoan, for the summer resort implies rest and a change of environment that will both reinvigorate the body and free the brain from the old routine of toil that becomes doubly wearisome by its monotony. In the homely and forcible phrase of Hosea Biglow—

“Hard work is good an’ wholesome, past all doubt;
But ’taint so if the mind gits tuckered out.”

At such times

“It is good to lie beneath a tree,
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o’er with sweetness unawares.”

So in most city homes the question is early mooted, Where shall we go? Tastes and desires are as varied as individuals. Can we not help you to reach an answer that shall be so satisfactory that the coming summer shall be forever memorable? The following pages will depict briefly the characteristics of the most delightful summer resorts and most picturesque tours that our broad land possesses. “The Fairy Isle of Mackinac,” in waters clear and pure as the exhilarating zephyrs that are wafted about it; springs, lakes, and streams of Michigan, full

of health, full of trout and grayling, bass and mas-kalonge, and full of a wild beauty of their own; Niagara, with its power and majesty, its loveliness and fascination, that ever grows on one; the Adirondacks, with towering peaks rising above the primeval forest and a marvelous network of lakes and ponds and streams, picturesque as Swiss or Scotch Highlands, and a paradise for the wielder of rod or gun; the St. Lawrence, with its cold green waters spreading about the Thousand Islands or lashed into white foam in the exciting Rapids; the Catskills, rising grandly above the lovely valley of the Hudson; the Berkshire Hills, that do not repel with rugged grandeur, but invite with wooing beauty and varied charms; the White Mountains, "the crown of New England," with cloud-capped granite summits, wild gorges, foaming cascades,

and silvery lakes; the seacoast, with its rocky headlands and dashing surf, its broad sands and rippling waves, its grateful salt air and its bathing and its sailing; Saratoga and Ballston, Richfield and Massena, St. Clair and Mt. Clemens, Alma and St. Louis, with their springs—saline, sulphurous, and chalybeate—their walks and drives, the hops and broad piazzas—all these and many others—"Oh! list, how long to name!"

It shall go hard if among all these you shall not find your very chosen retreat that just meets your taste and the limit you have placed on your expenditures, for summer touring does not necessarily mean extravagance. So, we pray you, take pencil in hand and scan these pages that you may find what you seek.

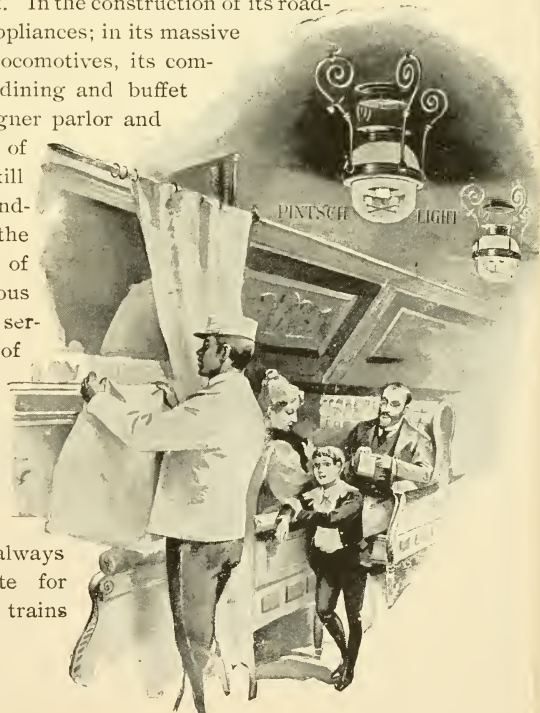




Having found the Where, the How is easy enough to find. He was an astute philosopher who remarked the providence that made large rivers flow by large towns. It is no less a fact that the Michigan Central is the most direct and the best, and therefore the favorite route from Chicago and Detroit and the great West to these most delightful of all summering places. The directness is shown by the map, the mileage table, and the time-card. As to the excellence, truly "we are advertised by our loving friends," and our best friends are those who have oftenest traveled with us and know most of those qualities that have made the "Niagara Falls Route" world-famous.

For the Michigan Central has always striven for and to be *the best*. Nothing less has satisfied or will ever satisfy its management. In the construction of its road-bed, its bridges, and its safety appliances; in its massive and powerful "great mogul" locomotives, its comfortable coaches, its luxurious dining and buffet library cars, its sumptuous Wagner parlor and sleeping cars; in its assemblage of all the devices that inventive skill can suggest, and unlimited expenditure can furnish, to conduce to the comfort, enjoyment, and safety of the passenger; in the scrupulous cleanliness and neatness of its service and the unvarying courtesy of its employes; in its extensive through-car arrangements and its terminal and transfer facilities; in all these things it is not enough that they should be *good*—they must be *the best*.

The Michigan Central has always been a favorite tourist route for these reasons. Wherever its trains



run a pleasing panorama is presented to the passing traveler, to whose comfort and convenience its officials are never weary of ministering. It

has never spared care nor expense in testing and adopting devices to diminish danger, insure safety, increase speed, or add to its facilities. Among these are the Miller platform and coupler, the Westinghouse air-brake, the Pintsch light, vestibuled platforms, sumptuous dining cars, and coaches as luxurious as the average parlor car. A hundred others might be mentioned, unknown to the traveling public, yet of inestimable importance to every traveler.



Not one in a thousand of those who travel at lightning speed in its palatial fast trains, drawn by ten-wheeled, sixty-ton, compound engines, over its magnificent solid road-bed laid with eighty-pound steel rails, equipped with interlocking switches and guarded by an army of employes, can know and appreciate the labor, care, and incessant vigilance that make possible his safe, sure, and comfortable journey. To describe these would take a much larger book than this. But the splendid equipment and successful operation of the Michigan Central is a grand result that proves the processes.

The superiority of the construction, equipment, and service on the Michigan Central is attested, not only by the tens of thousands of passengers it annually carries, but by the newspaper press, which is quick to note conspicuous examples both of merit and demerit.

The North-Western Christian Advocate says: "The North Shore Limited train of this road, which passes through a tract of country that furnishes the most charming scenery, is one of the finest trains run by any railroad in the world." *The North-Western Lumberman* adds: "The Michigan Central never does anything by halves. Its train service is of the best, and its record for the safe carriage of passengers of the highest."



The *Boston Journal*, speaking of a recent publication of the Michigan Central, entitled "Comfort in Travel," testifies that, "All who have traveled on this line are convinced of the claims here so tastefully and truthfully presented." And



the *Catholic Union and Times* adds this testimony, that "Everyone who has ever had the pleasure of making a trip on the Michigan Central knows that it has no superior for quick time, smooth road-bed, elegance of equipment, beauty of route, and a general all-around comfort."

The *Boston Transcript* also declares that "No one who has ever traveled on any of its favorite through trains will say that the luxuries and pleasures of this peerless route and the particularly perfect service have been overdrawn or overcolored.

The *School Journal* of New York says: "Their extensive connections, well-appointed cars (including parlor, dining, and sleeping coaches), and careful running to schedule time, and other features, make this a favorite route between the East and West." And the *Rochester Post-Express* speaks of it as "One of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by."

The *Buffalo Enquirer* speaks of it as follows: "Safe, luxurious, and fast, running over a peerless track amid the world's grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality." The *New York Daily News* says: "The Michigan Central, via New York Central to Buffalo, is one of the quickest and most delightful connections between Chicago and the East, and the service is unexcelled."

The *Schenectady Daily Union* testifies to "The luxurious surroundings and elegant repose that characterizes one experience on the trains of that famous railway, the most perfect in its appointments of any line west of the New York Central. To call it comfort in travel is putting it very modestly. It is the travel of princely splendor."

An editorial writer in the *Christian Leader* of Boston, speaking of this same book, "Comfort in Travel," says that "It explains in the most complete and descriptive manner the advantages and charms of a trip

over the Michigan Central, and the writer, who has in the last ten years taken this road no less than twenty-five times, can personally indorse all that is stated therein. The Michigan Central provides the best possible service between the East and the West."

The *Detroit Courier* states that "This Company has elevated the art of traveling into a science and brought into use every comfort and luxury, no matter the cost, for the benefit of their patrons." And the *Christian Herald* of the same city

declares that "Comfort in travel has

nowhere reached a higher degree of

perfection than on this far and

justly famed route. The ex-

perience of many thou-

sands of delighted passen-

gers, as they have been

whirled between Buffalo

and Chicago over this line

with a rapidity, ease and

comfort incredible, is told

in a story more interest-

ing than romance, and

as realistic as experi-

ence itself."

The *Toledo Sunday Jour-*

nal, in a recent

railroading, exemp-

lified by the Michigan Central,

spoke enthusiastically of the luxury "offered daily to those who follow this iron pathway in

its swinging sweep from the lake to the sea, and who here find all and more

of ample luxury and constant care for comfort and never suspending energy

and correct attention to all these details with which traveling is a pleasure,

and which absent, make the days torture and the nights hideous dreams."

And, finally, to add the testimony of an expert, the Railroad Commissioner of the State of Michigan, after a careful inspection, said, in

his official report: "The main line is as near perfection in the way of

construction, appointments, service, and able management as can be

conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been

spared to make it the model railroad of the country."



MICHIGAN RESORTS.



NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Is characterized by a sandy or calcareous soil, of good natural drainage, and by an atmosphere of marvelous purity, laden with balsamic odors from the forests of pine, spruce, and other evergreens, giving health and strength to the invalid with every inhalation, and peculiarly curative of hay-fever, asthma, bronchial and lung affections. The clear, running streams of the mainland and the blue-green waters of the lakes are full of fish, and the forests afford good sport to the hunter in the proper season. The surface is rugged and hilly, and very picturesque, not only on Mackinac Island, but in the whole region of which it is the center. Reference to the map will enable the tourist to clearly trace his route. From the base-line of the Michigan Central from Chicago to Detroit, he will see five lines converging into two, running to Mackinaw City, at the point of the lower peninsula.

1st. From Chicago to New Buffalo, thence via the Chicago & West Michigan Railway to Grand Rapids (connecting with the through lines of the G. R. & I. to Mackinaw), and to Traverse City, Petoskey, and



Bay View. Through parlor and sleeping cars run over this line from Chicago to Grand Rapids, Muskegon, and Bay View.

2d. From Chicago to Kalamazoo, thence via the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad to Petoskey and Mackinaw, to which points run through sleeping cars from

Chicago, and parlor cars from Grand Rapids.

3d. From Chicago to Jackson, thence via Saginaw Division to Bay City, and Mackinaw Division to Mackinaw City. Over this line run sleeping cars from Chicago to Saginaw and Bay City, from Jackson to Mackinaw City, and from Saginaw to Mackinaw City.

4th. From Detroit to Mackinaw City via the Bay City and Mackinaw Divisions of the Michigan Central. Over this line run sleeping and parlor cars from Detroit. Parlor and sleeping cars from Cincinnati via Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad, as well as the through trains and sleeping cars from Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, and Boston, connect at Detroit with this direct rail line to Mackinaw.

5th. From Detroit via the Main Line and Grand Rapids Division to Grand Rapids, and thence via Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad to Mackinaw City, and via Chicago & West Michigan Railway to Bay View, and to intermediate points. Through parlor and sleeping cars run likewise over these lines.

Mackinac Island, lying in Lake Huron, opposite the outlet from Lake Michigan, is the chief point and center of this region. It is nearly nine miles in circumference, and rises 300 feet above the transparent waters. The greater portion is reserved as a State Park, and the southern bluff is crowned by the white walls of Fort Mackinac, a military post for two centuries. The picturesque village lines the crescent shore of the little harbor dominated by the imposing structure of the Grand Hotel, while the western heights beyond are covered by elegant summer villas of wealthy citizens, whose white-winged yachts hover about the island during the season.

Mackinac is famous for its history and traditions. It was a rendezvous of daring French explorers, voyageurs, and missionaries before the

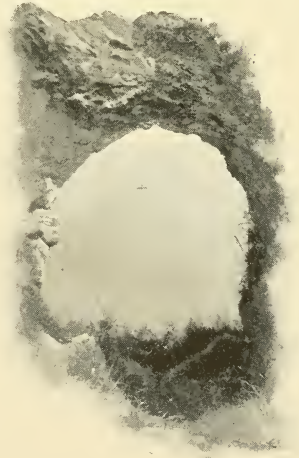


Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Battles have been fought there, and the flags of France, Great Britain, and the United States have waved over it. It was the headquarters of the American Fur Company. Schoolcraft lived on the island and collected the curious Indian traditions that clustered around it. Longfellow visited him there, and wove these legends into the great epic poem of "Hiawatha."

Mackinac is famous for its picturesque and beautiful scenery. It is a constant surprise and delight to the geologist and the botanist. Its wonderful Arch Rock ranks with the Natural Bridge and the Natural Tunnel of Virginia. Its smaller arches and caves, its great monolith of Sugar Loaf, its tall spires of rock reflected in the waters below, its charming mazes amid the forests and the thickets of *arbovitæ*, are all of great interest. But more entrancing are its clear air and sky, its gorgeous sunrisings and sunsettings, its wonderful views and atmospheric effects under the varied aspects of sun and moon, of calm, fog, and storm.

Mackinac is famous as a sanitarium. Health and vigor come to the worn toiler and invalid with every breath, the air is turned into "a resinous wine, as grateful to the lungs as Falernian to the palate." A new zest is given to life. Appetite and digestion increase abnormally. Long, sound sleep refreshes the tired body and mind as never before. And with renewed strength and vigor, one finds action to be the very charm and flavor of life, and not its curse. Insects, particularly mosquitos, are conspicuous by their absence.

The hotels on the island are the Grand Hotel, accommodating 800 guests; the Astor House, 300; Mission House, 250; New Mackinac, 200; the New Murray, 200; Island House, 150; Palmer House, 100; Lake View, 50; Lazon House, 50; Chicago House, 100; Grand Central, 100; Bennett Hall, 100.





Les Cheneaux Islands, or the Snow Islands, about a hundred in number, lie clustered together in Lake Huron, near the main land, some fourteen miles north and east of Mackinac. During the season a staunch little steamer affords daily communication. These islands are of all sizes, and the tortuous, deep channels between

them are, as one of the old French chroniclers said, not merely the feeding-grounds, but the very home of the game fish of the lakes. Bass, perch, maskalonge, Mackinac trout, pickerel, and pike, of the largest size, fairly swarm throughout these waters. It is, too, an ideal region for canoeing and sailing, and there is good hunting on the main-land. On a fine site on Marquette Island the Les Cheneaux Club has built a large club-house and cottages for the accommodation of their members and friends. A few miles distant is the Elliott (100).

Bois Blanc Island lies south of Mackinac, and is separated from it by a narrow strait. It is much larger than Mackinac, but less elevated and picturesque. It possesses, however, points of interest of its own, and should be visited by the tourist to this region. At Point aux Pins, on the southern side, opposite Cheboygan, a summer resort association, having its offices in Jackson, Mich., have built a club-house and cottages. (The Pines, 100.)

Sault Ste. Marie, now a city of rapidly increasing prosperity, lies on the south bank of the river of that name, which forms the outlet of Lake Superior, and a part of the boundary line between the United States and Canada. Here the government has constructed for the ship canal around the rapids, a new lock more than 500 feet long, the largest in the world. In fact the entire canal is being deepened and enlarged, at a cost of \$5,000,000. The river, sixty miles long from lake to lake, is environed by high hills, and forms a succession of beautiful straits and broad lakes. (Hotels: Iroquois, 100; Michigan Exchange, 100; Chippewa, 50; Perry, 50; McEvoy, 50.)

Marquette, the port of the great iron region of Michigan, is well

located on the slopes of a fine and picturesque harbor of Lake Superior. Besides the interesting iron-ore docks and vessels, and the neighboring iron mines, pleasant excursions may be made to Grand Island, Pictured Rocks, Carp River, Dead River, and Chocolate River, all of which afford good trout fishing. (Hotels: New Clifton, 60; Marquette, 150; Summit, 150; Brunswick, 100.)

Houghton and Hancock are situated upon opposite sides of Portage Lake, which separates Keweenaw Point from the mainland. They lie in the heart of the great copper region, not far from the famous Calumet and Hecla mine, which will well repay a visit. The surrounding scenery is very picturesque, too, and Douglas Falls may be mentioned in particular. (Hotels at Houghton: Douglas House, 200; Butterfield, 100; Pffers, 100. At Hancock: The Northwestern, 60.)

St. Ignace, opposite Mackinac, is the site of an old Jesuit mission and the burial-place of Marquette, whose body was escorted there by a hundred canoes of Indian warriors. (Sherwood, 150; Russell House, 100; Dunham House, 50.) It is the terminus of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway, whose trains cross the straits on a steel transfer steamer of great power, and connect with the Michigan Central at Mackinaw City. This line runs to Sault Ste. Marie, and 400 miles west to Marquette, Houghton, and Duluth. It traverses a region noted for its hunting and fishing, and for its mines of iron and copper. A few miles from Munising Station are the famous Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.

Mackinaw City is located near the point of the lower peninsula, not far from the site of Old Fort Michilimackinac, whose garrison was massacred by Pontiac in 1763. It is little more than the northern terminus of the Michigan Central and Grand Rapids & Indiana railroads, and is connected with Mackinac Island and St. Ignace by steam ferries. (Hotel Wentworth, 50; Stimpson House, 50; Palace Hotel, 25; Mackinaw City House, 25.)

Topinabee, twenty-eight miles south of Mackinaw City, on the Michigan Central, is the site of the Northern Hay Fever Resort Association. The grounds form a natural park, rising in terraces from Mullet Lake, covered with timber and carpeted with evergreen, arbutus, and sweet fern. It is one of the best points for rod-fishing — bass, pick-erel, maskalonge, and whitefish being abundant in the lakes, with good



trout and grayling streams near at hand. A delightful trip, not to be omitted, is by the steamers *Romeo* and *Juliet* of the "Inland Route," running from Cheboygan, up the river and through Mullet Lake, landing at Topinabee for dinner at Pike's excellent hotel; thence

through the tortuous mazes of Indian River, Burt Lake, Crooked River, and Crooked Lake to Oden (Atherton Inn, 200), whence a dummy train takes the tourist to Petoskey in ample time to dress for supper. The return to Mackinac Island may be made by the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, or by the same steamers and route the next day. (Pikes Hotel, 50; J. Forbes' Boarding House, 15.)

Petoskey, another noted hay fever and summer resort, is beautifully located at the head of Little Traverse Bay, which is inclosed by elevated table-lands and hills that approach the water in a succession of terraces, forming a natural amphitheater. Petoskey has a national reputation, and has grown to be quite a city. The beautiful scenery, clear air, pure water, pine forests, and facilities for boating, fishing, and bathing, make it a natural sanitarium and a delightful summer resort. (Arlington, 300; Cushman, 150; Occidental, 75; National, 80; Clifton, 50; Exchange, 50.)

Bay View is a mile north of Petoskey. It is the property of the Michigan Camp Ground Association of the M. E. Church, and an annual meeting is held here every July and August. On the 360 acres, over 300 cottages nestle in the terraced groves overlooking the bay, besides a good hotel for the visiting public. The assembly, which is in session three or four weeks, is an aggregation of summer schools on the Chautauqua plan, and has proved very successful, its capacity being taxed to the utmost to accommodate the thousands of cultured visitors who come from the East, the South, and the West, to enjoy its advantages. (Bay View House, 100; Howard House, 100.)

Harbor Springs, Harbor Point, We-que-ton-sing, and Roaring Brook are delightful and prosperous summer resorts on the northern shore of Little Traverse Bay, the former containing an old church of the Ottawa

Mission which was founded by Pere Marquette 200 years ago. Each of these resorts has a good hotel, in addition to the numerous cottages of the various associations, and all are connected with Petoskey by numerous trains and hourly ferryboats.

Charlevoix is eighteen miles southwest of Petoskey on high bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan on both sides of Pine River. Steamers ply daily to Petoskey and to Traverse City. The Chicago and Charlevoix summer resorts are on the shores of Round and Pine lakes, a little back from Lake Michigan, into which they empty. The Boyne and Jordan rivers, capital trout streams, empty into Pine Lake. (The New Belvidere, 150.)

Traverse City is at the head of Grand Traverse Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by high wooded bluffs and fine fruit farms. The hotel accommodations are excellent, and so are the facilities for driving, boating, and fishing. The east and west arms of Grand Traverse Bay, Little Traverse Bay, and Elk, Round, Torch, Pine, Carp, and Bear lakes form an aggregation of waterways of peculiar beauty of environment well adapted to summer resort purposes. Only two or three miles distant is Traverse Beach, on the shore of the bay, an ideal and most delightful resort, elevated, and sloping down to Cedar Lake at the westward. It is well-improved and admirably kept. Steamers ply every weekday between Traverse City and Mackinac Island, touching at Northport, Charlevoix, Petoskey, Harbor Springs, and other lake ports. Forest Lodge, Fountain Point, Omena, Edgewood, Traverse Point, Ne-ah-ta-wanta, Old Mission, and Torch Lake are all summer resorts of merit near by, or reached from Traverse City. (Park Place, 250; Occidental, 60; Boardman River, 50.)

Grayling is a thriving lumbering town on the Michigan Central, ninety miles south from Mackinaw City, in the most elevated portion of the lower peninsula, and



surrounded by lovely scenery. (Hotel in station; Grayling House.) It is, too, in the center of a very fine hunting and fishing region, the woods away from the railroad containing an abundance of game, and the headwaters of the Grayling and Manistee rivers and their affluents being full of trout and grayling. But a few miles distant are Houghton and Higgins lakes, two of the largest in Michigan, romantic in scenery and swarming with fine game fish. (Grayling House, 30; Michigan Central Hotel, 20; Benton House, 20.)

SOUTHERN MICHIGAN.

Diamond Lake, 108 miles from Chicago, is on the Air Line Division, two miles beyond Cassopolis. It is not only one of the most attractive, but one of the best resorts within easy distance of Chicago. Business men can go out Saturday afternoon and return Monday morning after a day's rest in the cool shade of the beautiful forest trees and a row or a sail on the lovely lake around its emerald isle. Fishing is good and the water is not too cold to make bathing delightful. (Goodman House, Cassopolis, 50; Forest Hall, 75; Jones House, 30.)



Sister Lakes, ten miles from Dowagiac (106 miles from Chicago, on the main line), is beautifully located on an elevated peninsula covered with fine shade trees, under which are grouped numerous cottages affording a home-like privacy. The hotel and cottages are well and comfortably furnished, the facilities for outdoor sport excellent, and the cuisine admirable. (Elkton Hotel, 40; Commercial Hotel, 20, both at Dowagiac; Sisters Lake Hotel, 40.)

Lake Cora is nine miles from Lawton (126 miles from Chicago), whence it is reached by the narrow gauge Toledo & South Haven Road, the little train landing its passengers directly at the comfortable hotel, which, with its neighboring cottages, is built upon a pine-covered eminence overlooking the lake. The lake itself is a pretty little sheet of water, abounding in bass, and other little lakes sit in the hollows of the land near by. It is a charming and healthful summering place in the midst of a fine fruit region. (Peninsula Hotel, 100. Address Morrill & Ihling, Lake Cora, Mich.)

Battle Creek, "a city of beauty and of business culture and conscience,"

is beautifully located on the main line of the Michigan Central, 160 miles east of Chicago. It is chiefly noted for its Medical and Surgical Sanitarium, the largest in the world, whose handsome and extensive build-

ings dominate the city from an elevation of 500 feet, and for an unusually equable and salubrious climate, its death-rate being remarkably low. The buildings accommodate 400 patients and half as many physicians, nurses, and bath attendants. The sanitarium has little of the aspect popularly attributed to such institutions; with its beautiful and extensive grounds it resembles more a popular resort, and life there is cheerful and enjoyable. It is handsomely and comfortably furnished, and is thoroughly supplied with every appliance that the most advanced medical, surgical, and hygienic skill has devised. Address Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Superintendent. (Williams House, 100; Halliday House, 75.)

Ypsilanti, a neat little city, but thirty miles west of Detroit on the main line of the Michigan Central, is noted for its Normal School, its extensive flour, paper, and other mills, and for its valuable saline springs and excellent sanitarium. The sanitarium is a large three-story building, with some sixty sleeping rooms and numerous mineral and other bath rooms, and the various offices and other necessary apartments. (Address George Moorman.) The waters of the Owens Mineral Well, as well as the salts and other preparations derived from it, is extensively shipped to all parts of the country. (Hawkins House, 75; Occidental Hotel, 40.)

Mt. Clemens, a handsome town of 4,000 people, is but twenty miles from Detroit, on the Grand Trunk. The



Egnew Hotel, with its cheerful rooms, spacious parlors, wide verandas, and agreeable surroundings, is a most acceptable abiding place for the invalid in search of health and the seeker for rest and pleasure. The bath-house connected with the original Mt. Clemens mineral springs is new, and has a capacity for accommodating 400 patients daily. This is one of the most modern, attractive, and complete bathing establishments in the United States; ably managed, and assisted by a corps of thoroughly competent physicians and attendants, who give strict attention to the comforts and wants of patients. All forms of bath are administered that can be given with these waters, the most modern appliances being employed, and large cooling rooms are provided with every convenience, where the bather may recline and rest with pleasure. Rheumatic, catarrhal, skin, and female diseases, blood and mineral poisoning, and diseases of the digestive organs, have been successfully treated. For full information as to rates, etc., address E. R. Egnew, proprietor.

St. Clair Springs, the most widely known and popular watering place in Michigan, is pleasantly located on the west bank of the St. Clair River, about halfway between lakes St. Clair and Huron. It is easy of access from Detroit, either by steamboat or by through car over the Grand Trunk and Michigan Central, and from the East by the Boston & Albany and New York Central to Buffalo, and thence by the Michigan Central to Detroit, or by the St. Clair Division from St. Thomas on the main line. The walks and drives in the vicinity are very pleasant, and there is no end to the boating and sailing on the noble river, which affords splendid fishing. But a few miles south are the St. Clair Flats, famous for the unrivaled duck shooting. The Oakland (400) is a fine, large hotel, admirably kept, on the river bank near the station, and is open to guests the year round. The river and lake steamers and the ferryboat from Courtright land at the hotel wharf. The waters of St. Clair mineral spring, connected with the hotel, are of the same general class as the German saline spas, so rare in this country, but more powerful than most of them. The baths, hot or cold, are no less delightful than curative, and result in physical vigor that gives new zest to life. (See advertisement).

Alma, seventy-six miles northeast of Grand Rapids, on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern, is famous for its sanitarium, its bromide mineral

water, and the Wright House. The Alma Sanitarium Company have spared no expense in making this institution strictly first-class in every particular. Its magnificent building of brick and stone incorporates all modern improvements and conveniences. All forms of treatment are employed, and it possesses great attractions as an ideal rest and restorative resort. The Alma bromo mineral water is the strongest bromide water in the world, and is efficacious in the relief of rheumatism, skin and kidney diseases. The Wright House is a capital hotel, only one block from the sanitarium, and is furnished and run in the most liberal and attractive manner. The guests of the Wright House have all the privileges of the sanitarium. Both of these houses are open all the year round. (See advertisement.)

St. Louis, three miles beyond Alma, is chiefly noted for its natural magnetic mineral springs, which are both curious and valuable, having proved very efficacious in many diseases. The Park House is both a sanitarium and hotel, and has a wide reputation, being well conducted in both respects.

Orion Lake, forty miles north of Detroit, on the Bay City division of the Michigan Central, is a beautiful sheet of water covering 1,700 acres, and surrounded by rolling farm lands, the summer home of many of the best families of Detroit. The village of Orion, on its eastern shore, affords good hotel and boarding facilities. (Park House, 50; Courtney House, 30; Bellevue Hotel, 100; Hemingway's Boarding House, 15; Edgerton's Boarding House, 15.)

St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, with a combined population of some 12,000, lie upon opposite sides of the St. Joseph River, which is here joined by the Paw Paw and empties into Lake Michigan. They are ninety-five miles from Chicago, on the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, romantically situated, with pleasant drives in every direction, through a wonderfully productive fruit region. The waters of Eastman Springs, close to Benton Harbor, possess valuable medicinal qualities, and the romantic streams and the lake afford unlimited inducements for boating, bathing, fishing, gunning, and idling. (Whitcomb, Lake View, and Hotel St. Joseph at St. Joseph; Higbee House and Benton at Benton Harbor.)

Macatawa Park and Ottawa Beach lie upon opposite sides of the harbor outlet of Macatawa Bay. A branch of the Chicago & West Michigan

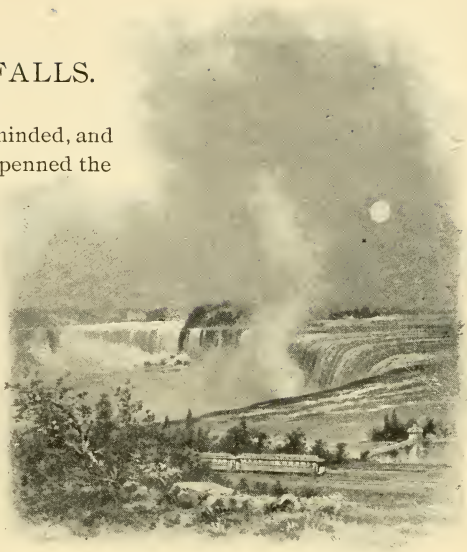
Railway terminates at Ottawa Beach at the foot of the steps leading to the hotel, which has been enlarged and improved. The park is on a narrow peninsula between the bay and the lake, rising some 200 feet above the water, and mostly covered by the original forest. A good hotel is on the premises. Steamboats ply to Holland, six miles up the bay, and ample facilities are of course afforded for outdoor sports.



THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

NIAGARA FALLS.

The widely-traveled, judicial-minded, and discriminating Anthony Trollope penned the deliberate opinion: "Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see, I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful * * * At Niagara there is that fall of waters alone. But that fall is more graceful than Giotto's Tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glaze of life in Paris is less invariable and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful."



The one and only "Niagara Falls Route" is the Michigan Central, for it is the only railroad running to Niagara Falls, Ontario, and to Niagara Falls, New York; the only railroad that runs directly by and in full view of the falls; the only railroad that crosses the river gorge on the steel cantaliver bridge in full view of the falls on one side and the rapids on the other; and the only railroad that affords from its trains the most comprehensive view of the great cataract and its environment to be had from a single point.

Falls View, where the Michigan Central trains from Chicago and Detroit reach the Niagara River and stop five minutes for passengers to disembark and enjoy from the elevated station the magnificent view, is 509 miles from Chicago, and some hundred and fifty feet above and directly overlooking the Queen Victoria Park and the Horseshoe Fall. When first seen, the view of the falls themselves is apt to be disappointing, for looking down from above and nearly two miles along the extended line of the two falls the height is dwarfed, and it is only by



repeated views and the gradual comprehension of the numerous details, that the height and volume of the great cataract is appreciated. The position of the spectator is so elevated that the eye takes a very wide range over the great amphitheater before him, ranging far up the great expanse of foaming rapids to the clear, broad reaches of the river above, over the tremendous torrent at his feet to the green islands beyond, into the abyss below, and past the white wall of the American fall to the wooded parks of the State Reservation and the slender span of the suspension foot and carriage bridge thrown across the rock-walled gorge.

But, grand as this view is, one sees but a single aspect of the great cataract, and the tourist should spend at Niagara Falls as much time as possible, with the assurance that the more he sees of its innumerable details from different points of view and under varied conditions of sky, wind, and atmosphere, the more will its beauty and majesty grow upon his appreciation.

Niagara Falls, Ontario, is a short distance north of Falls View. A steep paved street leads down from the station to the Clifton House (300), the only hotel on the Canadian side, finely located on the



bluff opposite the American fall, and in front of the main entrance to the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park. It was the magnificent view of the falls from this point that formed the subject of Sir Edwin Arnold's most vivid and brilliant letters to the London *Telegraph*.

Directly past the Clifton House and through the Park runs the electric line of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway, extending along the river bank from Chippewa to Queenston, and affording from its open cars beautiful views of the upper rapids and falls, the whirlpool, the lower gorge and outlet of the river from points hitherto practically



inaccessible. The magnificent panorama from Queenston Heights is one of remarkable beauty.

Clifton, two miles down the river, is at the end of the steel cantaliver bridge of the Michigan Central, and the junction of the main line with the Niagara division running to Niagara-on-the-Lake. (See page 68.)

The Cantaliver Bridge, one of the most famous triumphs of engineering skill and daring, is 910 feet in length, and nearly 250 feet above "the angriest bit of water in the world." It is one of the strongest and safest bridges in the country. In crossing it the passenger has a fine view of the falls upon one side and the whirlpool rapids—scarcely less wonderful—on the other. These rapids are reached at the water edge,



on both sides of the river, by means of elevators on the face of the cliff; but the view from the American side is considered the finest. A mile or so below Clifton is the whirlpool, where the river near its ancient outlet has cut a new channel through the rock at right angles to its former course.

Suspension Bridge

is at the American end of the cantaliver. Here the Michigan Central meets the Falls division of the New York Central, running to Rochester via Lockport. The New

York Central runs, in summer, open observation cars down the Niagara gorge to Lewiston, below which, at the mouth of the river, stands old Fort Niagara, an interesting relic of the war of 1812, and still garrisoned by United States troops.

Niagara Falls, New York, is two miles south of Suspension Bridge. The city, however, includes Suspension Bridge, and contains numerous manufactures, fine residences, and great hotels. Here, too, is the State Reservation, by means of which the State of New York has freed from the greed of private gain and restored to their natural beauty the shore and islands of the river. Goat Island, the Sister Islands, and Luna Island are delightful loitering places, and afford beautiful and varied views of the rapids and the falls. Indeed, one misses many of the peculiar charms of this locality if he fails to stroll through the shady aisles of the primeval forest of Goat Island, or to sit under the gnarled cedars of the Sister Islands, watching the waters dash swiftly by, and listening to

the musical cadences of the neighboring cascades, relieving the thunderous monotone of the more distant falls.

It is from Goat Island, too, that the tourist crosses over to Luna Island and descends the spiral staircase leading to the Cave of the Winds; while from the opposite angle he descends to Terrapin Rocks, where formerly stood the old tower, and where Trollope bids you "sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. That which at first was only great and beautiful becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use."

Recrossing to the main line, by the bridge over the American rapids, you find in the State Reservation an inclined railway that takes you to the foot of the American fall. Near by is the dock of the *Maid of the Mist*, a stanch little boat that struggles against the mighty current, past the front of the American fall and rocky palisade of Goat Island, into the surging vortex below the great Horseshoe, where she turns as if exhausted and flies down stream to her harbor at the foot of the cliff, on the Canada side.

A little way below the boat-landing on the American side is the outlet of the great tunnel, twenty-nine feet wide by eighteen feet in height, forming a part of the greatest piece of hydraulic engineering in the world. The tunnel is cut through the solid rock at a depth of 200 feet below the city from a point a mile and a quarter above the falls, where the intake diverts into the shaft but an inappreciable proportion of the river, which yet



produces through the great turbine wheels, the largest ever constructed, a maximum of a hundred and fifty thousand horse-power. This great power is giving a wonderful impetus to manufactures in the vicinity and is expected to be carried electrically to Tonawanda, Buffalo, Lockport, and even more distant points.

The extortionate charges at Niagara Falls, usually very much exaggerated, have been almost wholly abated. Hack fares are governed by a strictly enforced ordinance, and, by making a bargain with the driver, less than the legal rates can frequently be obtained. Carriages can be obtained of the Miller & Brundage Coach Company at fixed and very reasonable rates. Park vans make the round of the State Reservation for 25 cents — Goat Island only 15 cents — and passengers may alight at any number of points and continue the trip by a subsequent vehicle. On the American side, however, most people, if strong and healthy, will prefer walking. The trip on the *Maid of the Mist* costs 50 cents; the visit to the Cave of the Winds, including waterproof and guides, \$1; the descent to the bottom of the Horseshoe Fall on the Canada side, 50 cents; and the descent by elevator to the Whirlpool Rapids, 50 cents. Anyone who is swindled at Niagara Falls should not visit any large city or popular resort without a guardian.

The principal hotels at Niagara Falls, N. Y., are the Cataract, accommodating 400; International, 350; Prospect, 100 (see adv.); Kaltenbach, 100; Imperial, 125; Porter, 100.



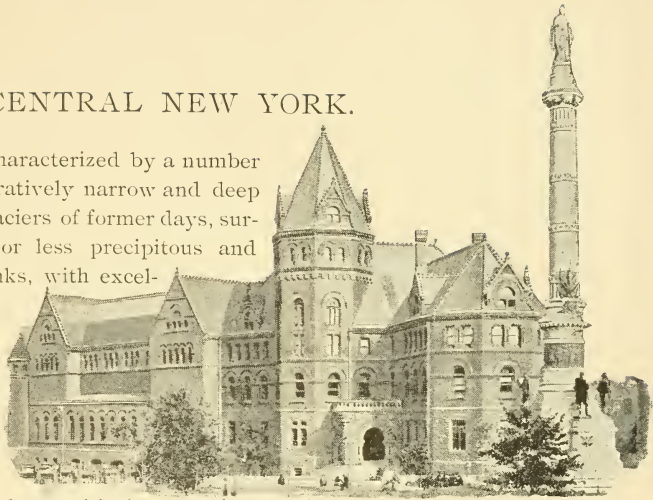
CENTRAL NEW YORK.

This region is characterized by a number of long and comparatively narrow and deep lakes left by the glaciers of former days, surrounded by more or less precipitous and thickly wooded banks, with excellent drives through a prosperous farming country.

Buffalo, the eastern terminus of the Michigan Central, where it connects in a union depot with the great four-track New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, and also with the West Shore and other diverging lines, is 536 miles east of Chicago. It has a population of 350,000, and is the third city in the State. It is handsomely built at the foot of Lake Erie, has an extensive lake and rail commerce, large manufactures, gigantic grain elevators, and a fine system of parks and boulevards. It is, too, a city of wealth, culture, and refinement, and of great historic interest. The drives about the city and its suburbs are excellent and interesting, and the extensive views of Lake Erie and Niagara River from the high bluffs in the southern part of the city are very beautiful. (Principal hotels: The Niagara, Iroquois, Tift, Genesee, Brozel, and Mansion.)

Canandaigua, at the outlet of Canandaigua Lake, is on the Auburn division of the New York Central, twenty-nine miles from Rochester. It has about 6,000 inhabitants, and is celebrated for its picturesque scenery and the elegance of its private residences. The lake is sixteen miles long, narrow and deep. It abounds in fish, and the high lands bordering the lake are covered by numerous vineyards.

Geneva, also on the Auburn road, fifty-one miles from Rochester, is at the foot of Seneca Lake, upon which steamers ply to Watkins Glen, near the head. This lake is thirty-five miles long, very deep, and never freezes over. (Franklin, Kirkwood.)



Watkins Glen is a deep gorge in the lake bluff, some 800 feet high, through which tumbles a mountain brook. The glen is about three miles in length, and embraces a succession of interesting and picturesque scenes of generally similar character to those of the less known Au Sable and Chateaugay chasms. (Hotels: Lake View, Glen Brook, Glen Mountain, Jefferson, and Fall Brook.)

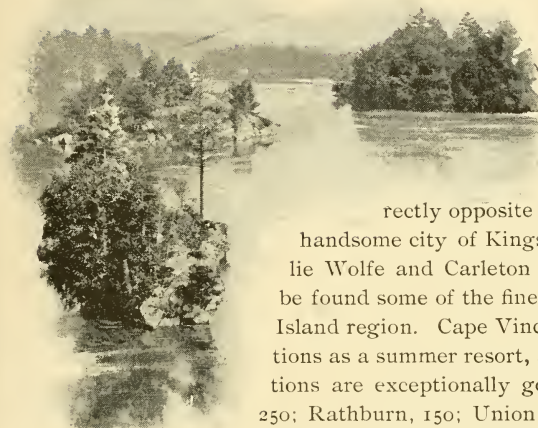
Clifton Springs is also on the Auburn road, ten miles from Canandaigua. It is a popular and much frequented resort. The sulphurous waters are very valuable in bilious and cutaneous diseases. (Hotels: Clifton Sanitarium and Foster House.)

Saratoga Springs, the most popular and fashionable resort on the continent, is twenty-two miles from Schenectady and thirty-eight miles from Albany, on the "D. & H." The village, which is exceedingly beautiful, has a resident population of 12,000, and a summer population often of five times that number. It claims, with much justice, to offer more attractions than any other watering-place in the world, and is charmingly located, surrounded by beautiful scenery. There are twenty-eight springs in the village, no two precisely alike; the hotels are colossal and magnificent (the Grand Union has 2,000 beds, the United States nearly as many, and Congress Hall a thousand), the boarding houses numerous and excellent, and the facilities for amusement illimitable. The walks and drives are full of interest; that to the beautiful Saratoga Lake, four miles distant, over a fine macadamized road, divided in the center by a row of shade trees, being the most noted.

A narrow-gauge railroad, ten miles long, runs to the summit of Mount McGregor, which affords extended views of the valley of the Hudson and the battlefields of Bemis Heights and Saratoga.

From Saratoga Springs the "D. & H." runs northward, crossing the Hudson at Fort Edward, whence a branch diverges via Glens Falls to Caldwell, at the head of Lake George. From the pretty town that clusters about the great Fort William Henry Hotel, built on the site of the historic old fortification, steamers descend this loveliest of lakes, "the silvery Horicon," to Baldwin, the terminus of another branch which rejoins the main line at Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain. From this point the "D. & H." skirts the shore of the lake northward to Westport, Plattsburg, and Rouse's Point. (See page 40.)

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.



Cape Vincent, 236 miles from Niagara Falls by the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, is situated at the outlet of Lake Ontario into the St. Lawrence River. Di-

rectly opposite on the Canada shore is the handsome city of Kingston, and between the two lie Wolfe and Carleton islands, about which may be found some of the finest fishing in the Thousand Island region. Cape Vincent possesses many attractions as a summer resort, and its hotel accommodations are exceptionally good. (The St. Lawrence, 250; Rathburn, 150; Union, 40.)

Clayton, fourteen miles farther down the river, is the terminus of the main line of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad. The steamboat express, connecting with the Michigan Central's Atlantic Express, arrives here early in the morning in time to connect with the magnificent river steamers for Montreal and intermediate points. The train connecting with the Michigan Central's Fast Eastern Express arrives here in the evening and connects with steamers for all Thousand Island points. Clayton is situated directly in front of the upper group of the Thousand Islands and is a delightful place of resort. Fine fishing is found in the vicinity, and small steamers ply at frequent intervals to Round Island Park and Westminster Park on Wellesley Island and to Alexandria Bay. It is in fact the gateway to the Thousand Islands for a summer population of more than 50,000 people who seek health and recreation in this wonderful region. (The Hubbard, 100; Walton, 100; West End, 80; Frontenac, on Round Island, 250; Grenell Island House, 50; Thousand Island Park, 225.)

Alexandria Bay is twelve miles down the river from Clayton and is also on the New York shore. It is well called "the Saratoga of the St.

Lawrence," as it is the popular center of its fashionable life. Its immense hotels, furnished with every luxury, overlook the beautiful bay and the powerful green river, with its array of islands of every size and shape, crowned with summer villas of every degree of magnificence and pre-



tension, from the great Castle Rest of George M. Pullman to the modest tiny cottage. The river here is covered with craft of every kind and the gay summer crowd flows and sails in every direction. Night comes not with a solemn hush and quiet, but the music of bands, the strains of orchestras, the sound of song and merry dancers, and the innumerable brilliant lights of every hue, make the scene as lively and inspiring as by day. Eight miles southeast are the Lakes of Theresa, noted for the rare minerals of their shores and islands and for their good fishing and romantic scenery. Nearly opposite Alexandria Bay is the entrance to the famous Lake of the Isles, beyond Westminster Park. (Thousand Island House, 500; Crossmon, 250; Jefferson, 50; Central Park, 75; Westminster, on Wellesley Island, 150; Marsden, 50.)

Ogdensburg, thirty-two miles below Alexandria Bay, is the terminus of another branch of the R., W. & O. "The Maple City," as it is called, is beautifully located at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, whose brown flood pours into the St. Lawrence in singular contrast to the clear, green waters of the latter, with which for a long distance they refuse to mingle.



Massena Springs is the terminus of the main line of the R., W. & O. R. R., thirteen miles beyond Norwood and 300 miles from Niagara Falls. The village is situated on the banks of Grass River, twelve miles from the St. Lawrence. The springs themselves, five in number, and differing in their constituents and medical properties, are a mile distant on Raquette River. The scenery is attractive and the facilities for boating and fishing excellent. (Hatfield, 200; White's, 80; Harrowgate, 40.)

The Rapids of the St. Lawrence begin but a few miles below Ogdensburg and Prescott. Les Gallopes and the Rapide de Plat, the first of the series, are not particularly exciting, but serve as preludes to the greater ones below.

Leaving Dickinson's Landing the steamer turns into the swift current, and a mile ahead may be seen the white stormy waters of the long Sault stretching from shore to shore. There is a sudden cessation of the engine's pulsations and we feel the strength of the current. We enter the vast expanse of broken waters, and, glancing at the shore, note the great rapidity of our passage. In front is a vast billow, seemingly motionless as a wall, of the beautiful deep emerald hue we noted at Niagara, and we hold our breath as the steamer cleaves its way, only to meet a second, a third, and a fourth beyond it. There are several miles of swift water yet to come, but the passage of the raging billows of the rapids is over in three minutes.

Eleven miles below Dickinson's we pass Cornwall, the terminus of the ship canal around the rapids, and four miles farther, on the right bank, we see the Indian village of St. Regis, bisected by the international boundary line, and take our leave of the United States. Dinner is announced as the steamer emerges on the broad Lake St. Francis, twenty-five miles in length. On leaving it, we dash down the Coteau Rapids, two miles long; the Cedars, three miles; the Split Rock, most formidable of all these, and the cascades. Then we cross the twelve miles of Lake St. Louis, into which are poured the muddy waters of the Ottawa, at the head of the Island of Montreal.

From Lachine we see the bold outlines of Mount Royal against the sky, and the snowy breastwork of the Lachine Rapids across our path. Opposite the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga the paddles cease to revolve and the Indian pilot climbs on board from his bateau and takes command at the wheel. Down the steep declivity of foam, with rocks

and reefs and sunken ledges in front and on either hand, we plunge with an arrow's speed. This side and that the steamer swerves and sweeps, escaping destruction time and again by a hair's breadth. At last, as we glide under the great Victoria tubular bridge, above the city, we release the tension of nerves and muscles, and marvel at the skill and courage that have guided us safely through the perils of the descent.



The danger, however, is much more apparent than real, for no accidents have ever happened.

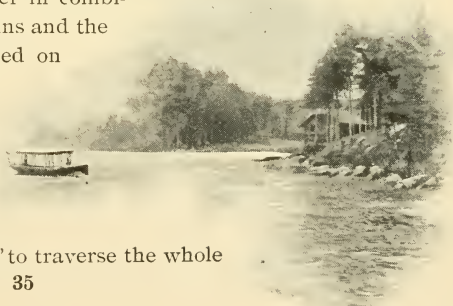
Montreal (see page 69) is reached in time to connect at the same wharf with steamer at Quebec, and thence to the magnificently wild and grand scenery of the Saguenay; but there are few travelers who do not prefer to stop over in the Canadian metropolis and enjoy the interesting life and scenes of the city and its vicinity.

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.



This great wilderness of mountain and valley, lake and forest, within a few hours' ride of the most populous eastern cities, was, within a few years, very difficult of access and but little explored. New York has recently made it a State Reservation or Park. Lines of rail surround it, sending out here and there little branches to pierce its fastnesses, while the echoes of its solitudes are awakened by the rumble of the great old-fashioned stage-coaches on its mountain roads. The mountains rise from a plateau some 2,000 feet above sea-level, extending for 150 miles between Lakes George and Champlain, and the St. Lawrence River. There are more than five hundred mountains in this region, wild and savage, and covered with primitive forests,

save the highest peaks, whose rocky summits rise above the tree-line, and are covered only by mosses, grasses, and dwarf alpine plants. The loftiest of these is Mount Tahawus, rising 5,337 feet above the sea-level. In the valleys between lie more than a thousand lakes and ponds, "all lovely and romantic in everything except their names, and the scenery they offer in combination with the towering mountains and the old savage forest is not surpassed on earth," resembling, in its natural features, that of Switzerland and the Scottish Highlands. These lakes are connected by an intricate system of water-courses, enabling the canoeist, by more or less frequent "carries," to traverse the whole





region. Deer and other game are abundant, and salmon trout and brook trout swarm in the waters. (See Stoddard's or Wallace's *Guide to the Adirondacks*.)

The new line, the Adirondack Division of the New York Central, could not have been easily improved upon, since it either passes directly through or furnishes a means of easy access to nearly every resort or camping place of consequence in the whole Adirondack Region. The scenery along the route is varied and most interesting, including forests, lakes, rivers, and mountains, a continuation of attractions having few equals in the country. Leaving the main line of the New York Central at Utica, we come to

Trenton Falls, seventeen miles. Through a deep gorge, 350 feet wide, Canada Creek flows tumultuously, forming a series of six cascades of great beauty, the water falling over 300 feet within three miles. Willis wrote of it as "The most enjoyably beautiful spot among the resorts of romantic scenery in our country." (Moore's, 100.) Passing White Lake and Otter Lake, the Adirondack Wilderness is entered.

Fulton Chain, fifty-two miles, is a mile and a half from the Old Forge steamboat landing (Forge House, 200), where connection is made with steamers traversing the first four of the Fulton chain of lakes, and thence by carries through the others and over to Raquette Lake, one of the largest in the Adirondacks. The shores of Fourth Lake in particular, where the tall forest trees, with their mountain background, are perfectly reflected in the clear waters, are lined with summer camps, usually rustic in style, but very comfortable, before which, at night, the flames of the camp-fires rise. Bald Mountain House (100), on Third Lake, and Rocky Point Inn (100), and Cedar Island Camp (100), at the head of Fourth Lake, will be found very



comfortable, and provided with all the facilities for boating, fishing, hunting, etc. Passing Big Moose Lake and Beaver River, the line runs for twelve miles through Ne-ha-sa-ne, the magnificent private park of Doctor Webb, running close to Lake Lila, the pearl of Adirondack waters, thence by Horseshoe Pond and Pleasant Lake to

Childwold, 101 miles, the station for Childwold Park House (250), on Lake Massawepie, about five miles distant. This beautiful lake is the head of Grass River, and is noted for its trout fishing and game. The hotel is beautifully situated on an elevation overlooking the lake, and is not surpassed by any in all this great region. It is well built, luxuriously furnished, and sumptuous in its table and all its appointments. The park itself embraces many thousand acres, and is kept as a game preserve.

Tupper Lake Junction, 107 miles (Altamont, 50), is the station for Tupper Lake village, eight miles distant (Tupper Lake, 100), and the junction with the Northern Adirondack Railroad for Santa Clara, St. Regis Falls, and Blue Mountain House. Steamers run on Raquette Pond (on which the village of Tupper Lake is situated) and on Big Tupper Lake, which is seven miles long and 1,600 feet above the sea. From here Tahawus, Whiteface, Seward, and other peaks may be seen. At the southern end of Big Tupper Lake,

Bog River dashes into it over a broken ledge in beautiful foamy cascades. For fifteen miles the railroad runs north-easterly through a perfect network of ponds and lakes to

Saranac Inn Station, 122 miles from Utica. About a mile distant is Saranac Inn (125), one of the oldest and still one of the most popular hostelries of this region, at the head of Upper Saranac Lake, the shores and islands of which are dotted with delightful summer camps, owned mostly by wealthy New Yorkers. At the foot of the lake, on which small steamers ply, are located Hotel Wawbeek (100), famous for its cuisine, its elegance, and its comfort, Saranac Club (75), and Rustic Lodge (40).

Lake Clear, 125 miles, near the south shore of the beautiful circular



lake of that name along which the line is built. Rice's Hotel (100) is a mile and a half distant, on the road to the camps on the Upper St. Regis. The Saranac branch leaves the main line here for

Saranac Lake, the largest village in the Adirondacks, with a population of 1,200, and the center of a well-known health-resort region. The lake contains between forty and fifty small islands, and was called by the Indians the "Lake of the Clustered Stars."

On its shores are numerous hotels, the chief of which are the Ampersand (225), Algonquin (150), Saranac Lake (250), the Berkeley (100), and Riverside (100). The famous Adirondack Sanitarium, one of the most noted and most successful climatic sanitariums in the world, is located a mile or two north of the village. The S. L. & L. P. road runs to

Lake Placid, nine miles distant, at the foot of Whiteface Mountain, the crowning glory of this region. On the shores of Lake Placid and Mirror Lake are the Stevens (300), Grand View (250), Ruisseaumont (125), Whiteface Inn (150), Lake Placid (100), all first-class and well-kept houses. Jackson, the famous landscape photographer, familiar with America's grandest scenery, from Alaska to Mexico, said, as he stood by the Stevens House, with Lake Placid and Whiteface Mountain on the one hand, and Mirror Lake and its background of the great Adirondack peaks on the other, that the scene surpassed, in the perfection of its beauty, all others that he had ever beheld. From Lake Clear the main line runs north to

Paul Smith's, 131 miles, from which the famous old resort of that name (500) is but four miles distant on Lower St. Regis Lake, and opposite St. Regis Mountain. Four miles east of the station is



Bloomington, the great elevation of which makes it a great resort for sufferers from lung diseases.

Rainbow Lake, 133 miles, is in the immediate vicinity of a charming group of lakes and ponds, and famous for its trout fishing (Rainbow Lake House, 60), and



Lake Kushaqua, 138 miles, is a picturesque and popular camping ground, and as wild and picturesque a spot as the most ardent lover of nature could desire. (Kushaqua Lodge, 80.)

Loon Lake, 142 miles, is a beautiful sheet of water in the midst of fine scenery and good fishing and hunting. On the opposite shore is the well-known Loon Lake House (350), three miles by stage. This station is also the junction with the Chateaugay Railway for Lyon Mountain, Chateaugay and Chazy lakes, and Plattsburg.

Malone, 167 miles, is a clean, handsome, manufacturing village, the junction point with the Central Vermont line. (Flanagan, Howard.) From Malone the line runs via Huntingdon and St. Constant, the through trains of the New York Central & Hudson



River entering Montreal at the splendid Windsor Street Station in the heart of the hotel and business district of the city.

Chateaugay is on the Central Vermont, forty-eight miles east of Norwood, where the Chateaugay crosses the railroad on its way to the St. Lawrence. A mile and a half north is the famous Chateaugay Chasm.

North Creek is the southern gateway to the Adirondacks. It is the terminus of the Adirondack Railway, sixty miles north of Saratoga, and from this station tally-ho coaches run to Blue Mountain Lake. (Holland's Lake House, 350; Blue Mountain House, 75; Prospect House, 500.) Steamboats perform double daily service between the two lakes, passing through Eagle and Utowana lakes and down the pretty Marion River, the two boats being connected by a "carry," a novel diversion to tourists.

Schroon Lake is seven miles by stage from Riverside. It is ten miles in length and two and a half in width, and is surrounded by lovely scenery. From near Pottersville, at the outlet, steamers run to the head of the lake, about which the principal hotels are clustered. These are the Leland House, 250; Lake House, 100; Grove Point, 75; Arlington, 30. The Taylor House, 150, is at Lake View Point.

Westport, on the line of the D. & H., is the chief gateway to the Adirondacks from the east. It lies at the head of a bay of Lake Champlain (Westport Inn, 70). Steamers run to the principal lake ports, and tally-ho stage-coaches, over good roads, to Elizabethtown, Keene Valley, Adirondack Lodge, Lake Placid, and Saranac Lake, forty-four miles, run through magnificent scenery, passing Mount Marcy on the left and Whiteface on the right. Principal hotels: Maplewood Inn, Windsor and Mansion House, at Elizabethtown; Adirondack House, Tahamus House, and St. Hubert's Inn, at Keene Valley; Cascade House and Adirondack Lodge, at Cascadeville.

Port Kent, on the D. & H., is also on the shore of Lake Champlain. From here the railroad runs up Au Sable Chasm to Keeseville, on the Au Sable River, above the chasm. This chasm is appropriately spoken of as a Yosemite in miniature, and is full of interest. (Lake Placid House and Chasm House.)

Plattsburg, on the D. & H., lies near the head of Plattsburg Bay, A short distance south is the superb new hotel, the Champlain, on the high bluff overlooking the lake. The Chateaugay Railroad runs southwest from Plattsburg via Lyon Mountain, to Saranac Lake.

THE HUDSON RIVER.



Albany, the capital of the Empire State, with a population of nearly 100,000, is 298 miles east of Buffalo. With many great manufacturing industries, Albany is a live, active, prosperous city, and occupies a proud commercial position. Rich in its traditions of Dutch and English sovereignty, in its

historic associations with the Revolution, in its literary and scientific accumulations, in its magnificent triumph of modern architecture and interior decoration that crowns its lofty capitolian hill, and in its lovely vistas of the lordly Hudson that bathes its feet, it is full of interest to the observant traveler, and worthy of a lengthy halt.

Passengers to New York can, if desired, here exchange tickets and take the day or night steamer down the river. The vessel will be found commodious and luxurious, and its meal service, in a fine saloon aft, entirely unexceptionable. Continuing our rail journey by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, we cross the magnificent iron bridge and follow the course of the noblest stream in the world through a hundred and fifty miles of grand, beautiful, and ever-varying scenes, not one of which is uninteresting. At first the river is shallow, filled with islands, picturesque with great white groups of ice-houses, bordered by broad meadows, and lined with jetties and breakwaters, to confine the waters to the channel. We can see the overslaugh, where the Half Moon anchored nearly three hundred years ago, and the solid blue masses of the Helderbergs, looming up to the westward. Gradually the meadows narrow, and the bold headlands rise more abruptly from the water.

At Hudson, the river has swollen into greater proportions, and we gaze upon the strikingly beautiful panorama of the Catskill Mountains beyond it.

Catskill Landing, four miles below, is the point of departure for the mountains, and the view of them is varied with every curve in our

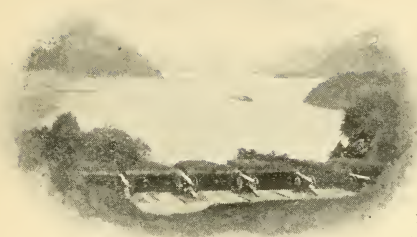
course, and every change in the atmospheric conditions. Round Top is 3,800 feet high, and only eight or nine miles from the landing, whence the little railway, with the connecting link of the new Otis Elevating Railway, runs to the Kaaterskill House.

Rhinecliff has a ferry transfer to Rondout and Kingston, whence the Ulster & Delaware Railroad penetrates into the very heart of the Catskill Mountain region.

Along the river are old Dutch homesteads; neat, well-tilled, modern farms and costly villas, most of which, however, are concealed from view by the high bank under which the railroad is constructed along the water's edge. The hills rise more lofty on the opposite side, and more grandly does the river flow on between its confines, or expand into lake-like bays. The train halts for

refreshments at Poughkeepsie, half way from Albany to New York. The city is a large and handsome one, built on an elevated plateau, and possesses eight important educational institutions, one of which, Vassar, is the most noted female college in the world.

Fishkill is fifteen miles below Poughkeepsie. A steam ferry runs to Newburgh, a picturesquely-built city of 18,000 inhabitants on the west shore, where an old gray stone mansion, in which Washington had his headquarters, is still preserved. Just below, the broad expanse of Newburgh Bay comes to an end, and we come to the famed highlands of the Hudson, entered under the precipices of Beacon Hill and Breakneck, with the massive granite crown of Storm King towering opposite, 1,529 feet above the water. On the steep side of Bull Hill we see Undercliff, the old residence of George P. Morris, and just beyond pass Cold Spring, with its famous cannon foundry. Opposite, between Storm King and Crow Nest, is the lovely highland Vale of Tempe. We cross Constitution Island, near the spot where Arnold and Andre met, and stop a moment at Garrison's.



West Point is across the river. For two or three miles, rounding the point above where the river makes a short turn at right angles, we have had a splendid view of the great pile of buildings that constitute the National Military Academy — its barracks, aca-

demie hall, library, observatory, etc.; its level parade; Kosciusko's Monument, gleaming white under the trees; and Sedgwick's and Scott's, of which only glimpses can be caught. Near by Buttermilk Falls tumble over the ledges into the river, and way above, on Mount Independence, the crumbling walls of Fort Putnam can still be distinguished. Every foot of the way here and onward is historic ground and rich with Revolutionary memories. Soon we run through a long tunnel under Anthony's Nose, and, emerging into daylight, sweep around the head of Peekskill Bay, with the imposing granite heights of the Dunderberg on the opposite point, and Iona Island in the sharp bend guarding the southern portals of the Highlands. The scenes from West Point and the Dunderberg are magnificent, but the finer views are usually to be had from the eastern shore or the deck of the steamer.

Peekskill, the home and birthplace of Chauncey M. Depew, sees the river broaden to an inland lake. The mountains spread apart, culminating to the westward in the solid masses of the distant Shawangunks. The banks are still rocky, but less precipitous, and beauty succeeds to grandeur. Verplanck's Point closes in the southern end of Peekskill Bay, jutting far out into the river as if to meet Stony Point, where Anthony Wayne gained his well-won fame. Below, Haverstraw Bay broadens out



to majestic proportions, bearing on its bosom as varied and picturesque fleets as any waters in the world. Then comes Sing Sing, with its vast State Prison; Tarrytown, with its memories of Washington and Andre, and Irving; the broad Tappan Zee; the populous suburban city of Yonkers; and then, after twenty miles of grand, unbroken precipice of the Palisades, turn from the lordly Hudson to run down the bank of Spuyten Duyvel Creek, stopping a moment at the new up-town station at 138th Street.

We have enjoyed such a glorious panorama as the world nowhere else affords, and which remains forever in the memory. And we can not but believe with Bayard Taylor, that "there is one river which, from its source to the ocean, unrolls a long chain of landscapes wherein there is no tame feature, but each successive view presents new combinations of beauty and majesty, which other rivers may surpass in sections but none rival as a whole—and its name is the Hudson."

New York.—Along Spuyten Duyvel Creek to Harlem, fifteen miles yet from the battery, we see the building of the city; splendid villas crowning the heights and here and there giving way to the solid blocks and paved streets of the metropolis. The elevated roads show us the presence of urban traffic. At last, after several miles of brick-walled sunken way, we rush into the Grand Central Depot, the only railroad depot in the city of New York, and one in every way worthy of the great financial and commercial metropolis of the nation. We find ourselves right in the heart of the great city, having avoided all tedious ferry transfers of person and baggage. The best hotels in the city are not far off, and some are close at hand. At the door is a station of the elevated railway, whose swift trains will quickly whisk us about the city, and street cars, omnibuses, hacks, and cabs are at hand. Courteous attendants meet ladies with hand-baggage and children and give them suitable assistance and direction.



THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

“Berkshire is a region of hill and valley, mountain and lake, beautiful rivers and laughing brooks — the very Piedmont of America.” Whereupon one Godfrey Greylock naively wrote, “if Piedmont can rightly be called the Berkshire of Europe, it must be a very delightful region.”



Pittsfield, fifty-one miles from Albany by the Boston & Albany Railroad, is a beautiful city of 15,000 inhabitants, in the center of this beautiful and picturesque region. It has a handsome railroad station, numerous fine buildings, an interesting history of a century and a half, and many poetic and literary associations. Here Lord Coleridge declared that “England has nothing more pleasingly picturesque than Berkshire.” Here in the City Park rises a noble soldiers’ monument, by Launt Thompson, and opposite stands the handsome building of the Berkshire Athenæum, the gift of Thomas Allen, whose life of rare usefulness and practical philanthropy was of more than local beneficence.



Here also is the old Appleton mansion, in which stood “The Old Clock on the Stairs” of Longfellow’s poem. Extensive manufactures, chiefly of textile fabric, give employment to thousands; beautiful villas abound, and the lofty Taconic and Hoosac hills, full of romantic points, environ the city. A couple of miles distant are the pretty lakes Onota and Pontoosuc.

(American, Burbank, Springside.)

The Housatonic Railroad runs southward through wonderfully picturesque and sometimes splendid gloomy scenery. Upon this line, a few miles south of Pittsfield, are the charming and somewhat aristocratic summer resorts of Lenox and Great Barrington. Northward



runs a branch of the Boston & Albany Railroad to North Adams, in the Hoosac Valley, famous for its sheep, its cheese, its manufactures, and its glorious scenery. Near by is a marble arch of its natural bridge, and towering above the valley is the majestic Greylock, the highest mountain in Massachusetts, and commanding a view

“immense and of amazing grandeur.”

Leaving Pittsfield, the rocky defiles of the Hoosac Mountains are pierced and the scenes of the passage of the Berkshires repeated. “In approaching the summit level you travel bridges built a hundred feet above mountain streams, tearing along their deep-worn beds; and at the ‘deep cut’ your passage is hewn through solid rocks, whose mighty walls frown over you.” Running down the thirteen miles to Chester, we follow the winding course of the Pontoosuc, fretting in its rocky bed between the track and the precipitous granite hillsides. On, down the Westfield River, the mighty mountain masses seem to constantly crowd upon the vision, and the wooded heights and bare granite peaks contract the sky above; and when the view broadens out at the lower level, there are “on every side rich valleys and smiling hillsides, and, deep set in their hollows, lovely lakes sparkle like gems.”

Westfield (93 miles) is a busy village, making two and a half million whips and ten or twelve million cigars annually. It has a fine soldiers’ monument and the State Normal School. We pass Pochassic Hill and Mount Tekoa on the left, and meet the broad meadows of the Connecticut, basking in their rich inheritance of alluvial soil and unimpeded sunshine. The river is crossed on a long bridge, and we enter



Springfield (103 miles), a handsome city of over 35,000 inhabitants, with extensive manufactures of arms, cars, paper, metallic goods, etc., employing more than eight millions of capital and 7,000 hands. Unity, Christ, and Memorial churches, the City Library, with 50,000 volumes, and the granite court house, are all unusually fine buildings. On a park of seventy-two acres stands the great quadrangle of the United States Armory, where nearly 800,000 stand of arms were made during the War of the Rebellion. In serried ranks 175,000 rifles, symmetrically arranged, may be seen there now. (Massasoit, Cooley's, Warwick, Haynes.)

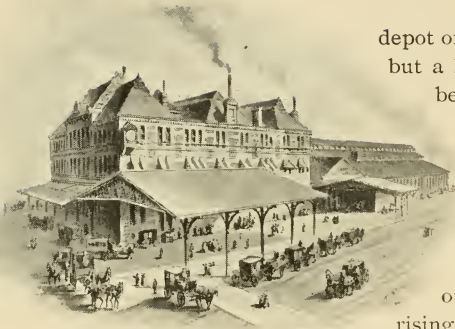
Worcester, the second city of the commonwealth in wealth and population, is 157 miles from Albany. The Union Railroad Station is an imposing granite building 514 by 256 feet, with a graceful stone clock-tower 200 feet high. Worcester boasts many noble edifices, and in her soldiers' monument, designed by Randolph Rogers, has one of the finest monumental structures in the country. But her chief claim is the title to an academic city, and her greatest pride is her numerous fine schools and higher educational institutions, among which are the State Normal School and the Free Institute of Industrial Science, richly endowed and admirably conducted.



It is also an important railroad center. Connection is here made with the New York, Providence & Boston Railroad for Providence and Newport. Dummy cars and omnibuses run out to the beautiful and popular resorts at Lake Quinsigamond, past which we go in continuing our route to Boston, (Bay State, Lincoln, Elm Street, Waldo House.)

South Framingham, the Chautauqua of New England, is the junction of the Lowell division, upon which is Sudbury, the location of Longfellow's Wayside Inn. We pass through the wealthy suburban city of Newton, and thence the route is lined with numerous pretty villages. Brighton, the great cattle market, is passed, the St. Charles River is approached on the left. The spires of Cambridge and the populous heights of Charlestown are seen, and a fine view is had of the compact and more ancient parts of **Boston** before running into the elegant

depot of the line, on Kneeland Street, but a little distance from the city's best hotels.



“This approach,” says Bayard Taylor, “is almost the only picturesque city view we have on the Atlantic coast. The broad reaches of water; the cheerful suburbs on either hand; the long, gently rising brick hill in front, crowned with the yellow dome of the State House, when seen in the tempered evening light, under a cloudless sky, form an imposing and truly attractive picture. New York, from the bay, suggests commercial activity only; Philadelphia, from the Delaware, is the tamest of cities; but Boston, from any side, owing to her elevation, has a stately charm which her prouder sisters do not possess.”



VERMONT RESORTS.



Bellows Falls is situated on the west bank of the Connecticut River, eighty-six miles north of Springfield, where the Boston main line of the Central Vermont and Rutland, and the line to Boston. Within half-river falls forty-two feet. The falls extend for nearly a mile along a mountain, the water dashing and striking with great force on the rocks below. Pleasant excursions may be made to the

top of Mt. Kilburn, to where New Hampshire & Maine meets the Vermont from Burlington & Fitchburg Railroad lead—a-mile of the village the falls or rapids extend the base of a precipitous chasm and rocks below. Pleasant excursions may be made to the

Warren's Pond, Abenakis Mineral Springs, and to Westminster (Island House).

Burlington, "The Queen City of Vermont," is beautifully situated on the slope of a long hill overlooking Burlington Bay and Lake Champlain, beyond which rise the dark masses of the Adirondacks — one of the most beautiful in the writer's recollection. The fine buildings of the University of Vermont crown the summit of Burlington Hill, nearly four hundred feet above the bay. In the University Park stands an heroic bronze statue of Lafayette by Ward, and in the Green Mountain Cemetery, near by, a Tuscan column, surmounted by a noble statue, rises above the grave of Ethan Allen, the captor of Ticonderoga. Burlington is a handsome city of some 12,000 inhabitants, and contains a number of fine buildings, notably St. Paul's Church, Howard Opera House, and the Billings Library, magnificent Renaissance building at the university, by Richardson. But the glory of Burlington is the splendor of its landscapes. The westward view, towards a peak she called "le lion couchant," Fredrika Bremer declared superior to any lake view she had ever seen, excepting only one on Lake Geneva. (Van Ness House, American)

Montpelier, the capital of the State, lies in the Winooski Valley, on the Montpelier & Wells River Railroad. It is a small city of about 4,000 inhabitants, surrounded by a beautiful and well-cultivated hill country. The State House is a fine granite structure, surmounted by a dome 124 feet high, and contains interesting relics of the wars of the revolution and rebellion, and Mead's statue of Ethan Allen. (Pavilion Hotel, American, Union, Bishop.)

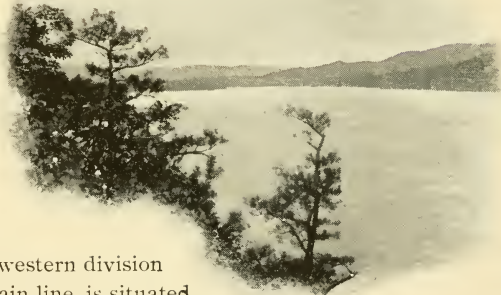
Mount Mansfield, forty-four hundred feet high, is the principal attraction of this region, and is most conveniently reached from Stowe (Mount Mansfield House), ten miles north of the railroad station at Waterbury. Unlike Mount Washington, Mansfield is not one of a group of surrounding peaks, but is an isolated elevation, from the summit of which the view east to White Mountains and west to the Adirondacks is unobstructed for a hundred miles. The landscape, spread out below like a vast picture, is beautiful as it is extensive. Vehicles can ascend by easy grades to the very top, shaded by fine old forest trees. The neighborhood of Stowe affords a multitude of charming resorts little known to the outside world.

Newport is the junction of the Canadian Pacific and Boston & Maine Railroads, and lies at the head of Lake Memphremagog. It is a handsome village of some twenty-five hundred people, and a delightful summering place. (Memphremagog House, Bellevue House.) Back of the town rises Prospect Hill, which affords fine views down the lake. Steamers leave Newport every morning for Magog, returning in the afternoon. The lake itself is thirty miles long, and from two to four miles wide, two-thirds of it lying in Canada. Its waters are cold and clear, and abound in trout and maskalonge. Its shores are rocky and high, and wooded mountains surround it. From Owl's Head, twelve miles down the lake (Mountain House), and Mount Elephantis, magnificent views are obtained that aroused the enthusiastic admiration of Anthony Trollope.

Rutland is a busy, prosperous city of 12,000 inhabitants, finely situated at the junction of the Delaware and Hudson with the Central Vermont. Its chief interest lies in the great marble quarries and works in and near the city. (Bates House, Bardwell House.) Pleasant excursions may be made to Clarendon Springs and Killington Peak, seven and nine miles distant, both of which are noted resorts.

St. Albans, the junction of the western division of the Central Vermont, with its main line, is situated on an elevated plateau, about three miles from Lake Champlain and thirty-three miles north of Burlington. It is a pretty town of seven or eight thousand people, and is, Beecher said, "in the midst of greater variety of scenic beauty than any other that I remember in America." From Bellevue Hill, 1,300 feet above the lake, with a good road leading to the summit, a magnificent view is obtained of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, and the valley of the St. Lawrence, as well as Mount Mansfield and the Green Mountains. The views from Aldis and Prospect Hill are also fine. The scenery at St. Albans Bay is very attractive and the fishing excellent. (Welden House, American House.)

St. Johnsbury, a manufacturing town of 6,000 people, is on the Pas-



sumpsic River, in the eastern part of the State, where the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain meets the Boston & Maine Railroad. The Court House is a fine building, in front of which is a soldiers' monument, with a noble statue of America by Mead. Near by is the Athenæum, with a good library and art gallery, the latter containing Bierstadt's Domes of the Yosemite. (St. Johnsbury House, Avenue House.)

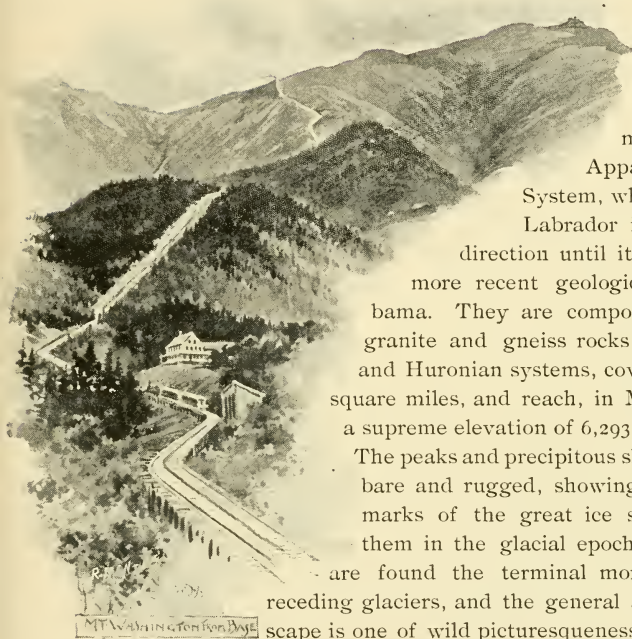
From West Burke, sixteen miles north of St. Johnsbury, Willoughby Lake is reached by a good road, six miles. The lake is a very remarkable one and surrounded by picturesque mountain scenery, and should be visited by all tourists to this region. (Willoughby Lake House.)

Wells River is another junction point of the Boston & Maine and the Central Vermont, farther south on the Connecticut. It lies in the midst of interesting scenery, with Moose Hill rising finely above broad meadows. Haverhill is not far below, and to the eastward one looks up the Ammonoosuc Valley to the White Mountains. (Coosuck House.)

White River Junction is still farther down the Connecticut, the junction point of several important diverging railroads, where mountains look down on the gently flowing stream. Near by is Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, of which Webster and Choate were alumni, standing back a little from the river bank. Lower down are Windsor, with charming, wide, shaded streets, and picturesque Claremont, on both of which Mount Ascutney looks down from its granite heights.



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.



MT Washington from Base

This famous mountain region of New Hampshire is the northern culmination of the great Appalachian Mountain System, which stretches from Labrador in a southwesterly direction until it sinks beneath the more recent geological strata of Alabama. They are composed chiefly of the granite and gneiss rocks of the Laurentian and Huronian systems, cover an area of 1,270 square miles, and reach, in Mount Washington, a supreme elevation of 6,293 feet above the sea. The peaks and precipitous slopes are frequently bare and rugged, showing still innumerable marks of the great ice sheet that covered them in the glacial epoch. Here and there are found the terminal moraines left by the receding glaciers, and the general aspect of the landscape is one of wild picturesqueness and grandeur.

The White Mountains are divided topographically, by the famous White Mountain or Crawford Notch, through which runs the Maine Central Railroad, into two distinct groups or ranges—the Presidential Range lying to the east and northeast, and the Franconia Range west and southwest. To the south of both lies the lake region, including the beautiful and picturesque lakes Winnipiseogee, Squam, and Ossipee, with their neighboring mountains or foot-hills. No part of our country, save Niagara, has been the inspiration of so much of beauty and value in American literature and art, and it has always been an objective point for foreign as well as native tourists.

(Consult Baedeker's *United States*; Ticknor's *White Mountains*,

T. Starr King's *The White Hills*; Drake's *Heart of the White Mountains*; Ingersoll's *Down-East Latch Strings*; the Maine Central's *Crown of New England*.)

Whitefield lies to the northward of the Franconia Range on John's River. It is the junction of the Concord & Montreal, with the new line of the Maine Central running to Fabyans. The Fiske (50) is in the village. Nearly two miles distant, on a plateau facing the mountains, are the Mountain View House (100) and Overlook (75).

Twin Mountain House is eleven miles from Whitefield and five miles west of Fabyans, on the Ammonoosuc River. It is nearly opposite the Twin and Little River mountains, but its beautiful views are not equal to its cuisine. It accommodates 300 guests, and is a very popular health and pleasure resort.

Jefferson Hill is ten miles east of Whitefield, and is reached by the Quebec Division of the Maine Central. It is a hamlet consisting almost entirely of summer boarding houses, on a high spur of Mt. Starr King, and divides with Bethlehem the honors of a health resort. It was from here that Starr King himself declared that from no other point could the White Hills be seen in such array and force. This view has other qualities to justify such a claim. The distance is happily fitted not only to display the confederated strength of the chain, but also to reveal in the essential marks of form and texture the noblest character of the separate mountains. (Waumbek House, 250; Plaisted House, 100; Jefferson Hill House, 100; Starr King Mountain House, 75; Stalbird House, 25; Grand View, 40. At Jefferson Highlands, Pliny Range, 75; Highland, 75; Crawford, 50; Mt. Adams, 60.)

THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE.

Fabyans is practically the center of the White Mountain Region, and the chief objective point of tourists. It is forty-two miles from St. Johnsbury, forty-one miles from Wells River, and ninety-one from Portland. It commands magnificent views of the mountains in different directions, and is the most convenient point from which to make excursions to the surrounding mountains and valleys. Right in front of the Fabyan House stops on its way to Portland the through Wagner sleeping car that leaves Chicago on the Michigan Central's Fast Atlantic

Express. (Fabyan House, 500; Mt Pleasant House, 300; White Mountain House, 150.)

Mount Washington is most conveniently ascended from Fabyans by the Mount Washington Railway, three miles in length, and with a grade, in some places, of one foot in three. It is modeled from the Rhigi Railway, a cogwheel from the engine fitting into a notched center rail. It takes an hour and a half to make the ascent, but as the splendid and constantly extending panorama gradually unfolds, one has no disposi-



tion to increase the speed. On the summit is the United States Signal Station and the Mount Washington Summit Hotel, where the tourist should by all means remain over night if possible, to witness the sun set and rise again. The view from the summit is a grand one, extending in clear weather to the Connecticut River and Green Mountains, the mountains and Lake Sebago of Maine, Portland, and the ocean beyond, and the shining waters of Winnipiseogee to the south. Across the Great Gulf are seen the massive peaks of Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, to the southwest the scarcely less elevations of Monroe, Franklin,

Clinton, Jackson, and Webster, while Katahdin and Monadnock are seen farther off. Only Starr King has penned an adequate description of this view, but his detailed account is unquotable.

On the opposite side from the railway, one may descend by the stage road to the Glen House on the left, or into Tuckerman's Ravine on the right, often finding snow arches still unmelted in the wild recesses of the latter.

Crawfords, four miles from Fabyans, stands on a little plateau facing the notch. At this point begins the first pathway ever followed to the summit of Mount Washington, and good climbers can make this royal journey in a day. From the piazzas of the Crawford House (400) is an inspiring view, across the broad lawn with its little lakelet, the source of the Saco to the Gate of the Notch, formed by the broken slopes, Mount Jackson upon one side and Mount Willard on the other, with the great mass of Mount

Webster just beyond. At

the foot of Crawford Lake is a bold promontory called Elephant's Head, and farther down, on the old stage road, are the Silver and Flume Cascades, tumbling down in a series of rushing torrents and veils of mist from the summit of Mount Webster (3,920 feet) to the black waters of Dismal Pool and the Saco River, in the valley far below



the railway which winds along the sides of Mounts Willard and Willey (4,313 feet). A favorite excursion from the hotel is by carriage road to the summit of Mount Willard (2,570 feet), which commands a fine view of the notch and of the mountains far and near. "As a simple picture of mountain pass seen from above," said Bayard Taylor, "it can not be surpassed in Switzerland;" and Anthony Trollope said that he knew nothing on the Rhine to equal it. On the east flank of Mount Willard is Hitchcock's Flume. Gibb's Falls and Beecher's Cascades are but half a mile from the hotel. "Never," wrote Grant Allen, the English naturalist, "save in the West Indies, have I seen such a glorious native woodland flora. * * * Through this log-encumbered, moss-grown, lily-dappled forest, the mountain torrents course down in sheets of silvery foam from granite barrier into granite basin."

Passing through the "Gate," as we glide along, high upon the shoulders of Mount Willey, we see the historic Willey House far below in the valley, the scene of the most woeful catastrophe in the annals of this region. Suddenly we appear to rest on the air alone, a deep ravine is crossed on a steel trestle, and the vast walls of Frankenstein overhang the line ahead. Away up an unexplored ravine gleams the peak of Mount Washington, and far below, in the bottom of the Saco Valley, the tops of the tall trees are interwoven like the grass of an uncut lawn. Across the valley the Giant's Stairs are clear cut against the sky, and the red peak of Mount Crawford sends its dome-shaped form into the blue. Sweeping around the great bend of the valley the train reaches

Upper Bartlett, fourteen miles beyond Crawford's. It is in the center of a picturesque amphitheater of mountains, with fine troutng near at hand. Numerous excursions may be made over the adjacent peaks. From Willoughby Ledge a beautiful view may be had of the Saco Valley. (Cave Mountain House, 75; Bartlett House, 25.)

Glen Station, six miles from Upper Bartlett, and the same distance from North Conway, is the point of departure for Jackson and the Glen House. In the center of the quiet little hamlet of Jackson, and surrounded by the finest of mountain scenery, is the famous Wentworth Hall (250) with its pretty cottages and casino, just above which Jackson Falls comes rushing down the long granite slopes. Directly in front of Gray's Inn (125) the river winds through the meadows, extending from Iron Knob to Carter Notch, with the ravine-scarred sides and



feet), and
cade. From

road to the summit of
way through Tuckerman's Ravine.

towering peaks of the Presidential Range beyond. The Iron Mountain (100), Glen Ellis (125), Jackson Falls (75), and Eagle Mountain (75) houses are picturesquely scattered through the village. Eight miles beyond is the site of the burned Glen House, the beautiful forest road to which passes through Pinkham Notch (2,018 near Glen Ellis Falls and Crystal Cas-

the Glen House diverges the carriage Mount Washington, and also the path-

North Conway is the chief summer resort of this region, and has a summer population of several thousand city people. It is charmingly situated on a long terrace overlooking the broad intervalles of the Saco with the picturesque cliffs and ledges of Moat Mountain beyond, and the crest of Mount Kearsage (3,270 feet) is but four miles distant, and Mount Washington but sixteen. The beauty and variety of its environs give North Conway the foremost rank among mountain villages. (Kearsage House, 300; Sunset Pavilion, 150; McMillan, 40; Artist's Falls House, 75.) At Kearsage Village, two miles from North Conway and Intervale, The Ridge; Mount Kearsage Cottage; Russell Cottage; Orient House, and Merrill House. **Intervale**, two miles north of North Conway, is the junction of the Maine Central with the Boston & Maine, leading to Lake Winnipiseogee and Boston. (Intervale House, 200; Bellevue, and several smaller hotels and boarding houses.)

THE FRANCONIA RANGE.

More confused in their general arrangement and covering a larger area than the Presidential Range, this system of mountains lies southwest of the former and is drained chiefly by the Pemigewasset on the south, and the Ammonoosuc on the north. As Mount Washington dominates the former, Mount Lafayette, just east of Franconia Notch, does the latter.

Although of less elevation than either, yet, from its situation and the views afforded from its summit, Ward holds that Mount Carrigan is the true center of the White Mountains, and that from it both ranges, as well as the Tri-Pyramid, Passaconaway, and Chocorua to the south, are seen to the best advantage. Carrigan is ascended by the valley of Sawyer's River from upper Bartlett or Crawford's.

Bethlehem, thirteen miles west of Fabyans, is the terminus of a little narrow gauge railroad running three miles west from Bethlehem Junction. The village is 1,450 feet above the sea and 263 feet above the Ammonoosuc. Its air and water are clear and cool, and both village and hotel accommodations have been improved until it is now one of the most popular and delightful resorts in the country. "No village," said Starr King, "commands so grand a panoramic view. The whole horizon is fretted with mountains." A ridge separates it from Mount Agassiz and shelters it from the sun and south winds. A carriage road has been built to the summit of Mount Agassiz, which is but a mile and three-quarters distant by walk. In fact delightful walks and drives abound in every direction. (Sinclair, 350; Bellevue, 90; Mount Agassiz, 60; Strawberry Hill, 85; Avenue, 60; Ranlet's, 75; Alpine, 60; Mount Washington, 40; Highland, 60; Prospect, 80; Turner, 75.) Between the station and the village is The Maplewood, a new, elegant, and spacious hotel, accommodating 600 guests. Situated in an extensive and well-laid-out park, with a fine casino, tennis courts, and all the attractions that can be devised, no hotel in this region stands higher in the estimation of the best class of tourists. Four miles southwest of Bethlehem is the charming village of Franconia, and two and a half miles beyond is Sugar Hill, famous for its superb views (Sunset Hill House, Goodnow, Look-Off.)

The Profile House is one of the best summer hotels in the United States, accommodating 600 guests, and admirably conducted, twenty miles from Fabyans; it is the terminus of a ten-mile narrow gauge from Bethlehem Junction, and lies at the entrance of Franconia Notch, in a narrow glen, between the precipitous walls of Eagle Cliff and Mount Cannon. Except the summit houses, no hotel in the White Mountains is so elevated. From the comfortable veranda one can enjoy the rich beauty of the neighboring forests and cliffs; or, if active, scale the adjacent heights. Profile and Echo lakes are near by, while it is but four



miles to Lonesome Lake, and less than that distance to the top of Mount Lafayette and to Walker's Falls. The famous Profile, formerly called the Old Man of the Mountain, is very curiously formed by the ledges of the upper cliffs of Mount Cannon, and is best seen from near the hotel. It is but two miles to the summit of Mount Cannon, which is a long, massive ridge, bounding Franconia Notch on the west. Through the Notch stage coaches run to North Woodstock, thirteen miles, passing the Flume House (100). At the south entrance, in the midst of very beautiful scenery, the Franconia Mountains loom up at the north, and far southward is seen the Fair Valley of the Pemigewasset. Near by are the Flume, the Pool,

the Basin, Tunnel Falls, Island Falls, and Georgianna Falls.

North Woodstock is the terminus of the Pemigewasset Branch of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, and is steadily growing as a summer resort. It is in full view of Franconia Notch, and upon every side is grand and imposing scenery. There is also excellent trout fishing in the vicinity. (Deer Park Hotel, 150; Fair View, 60; Mountain View, 40; Russell, 60.)

Plymouth is twenty miles south of North Woodstock, on the main line of the Concord & Montreal. It is one of the most beautiful villages in the State, and is picturesquely situated at the junction of Baker's and Pemigewasset rivers. The Pemigewasset House (300) looks down on the rushing river, over the broad, beautiful meadows, with their graceful elms, to the distant mountains. It was in this house that Hawthorne died, May 19, 1864. Livermore Falls are but two miles distant, and it is but four or five miles to the summit of Mount Prospect, the view from which is very beautiful and extensive.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.

South of the White Mountains, and between the lines of the Maine Central and the Concord & Montreal, lies the lake region of New Hampshire, in which land and water are curiously and delightfully intermingled, and to which the mountains are sufficiently near to give an added charm. Winnipiseogee is the largest of these lakes, being some twenty-five miles in length, and its numerous islands and winding bays unfold a constantly varying landscape to the tourist who follows the tortuous water-ways.

Laconia is six miles below the Weirs, where the Winnipiseogee River enters Lake Winnesquam. There are excellent roads and beautiful views in the vicinity. (Eagle; Willard, 75; Laconia, 100.) Mount Belknap and Locke's Hill, overlooking Lake Winnipiseogee, are both seven miles from Laconia. The view from the summit of the former is the finest in the lake country, and one of the most fascinating in New England.

The Weirs, at the outlet of Winnipiseogee, is the principal lake station on the Concord & Montreal, eighteen miles from Plymouth. (Hotel Weirs, 175; Lakeside, 200; Winnescoette House, 60.) Here are the cottages and pavilions of large camp-meeting grounds, and here the trains connect with steamers plying to Center Harbor at the north end, and Wolfborough and Alton Bay at the south end of the lake.

"I have been something of a traveler in our own country," wrote Edward Everett, "and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, but my eye has yet to rest upon a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weirs Landing to Center Harbor."

Alton Bay, at the head of a narrow inlet, is the extreme southern point of the lake, and has several points of interest in its vicinity. Sheep Mount is two miles north, Pongee Road seven miles southwest, and Merry Meeting Lake seven miles east. Mount Belknap is also reached from this point by a drive of ten miles. (Winnesaukee House.)

Wolfborough is the most important point on the lake, and is forty-two miles from Intervale by a branch of the Boston & Maine. It is a town of 3,000 inhabitants, built on beautiful slopes rising from the water. Copple Crown Mountain, six and a half miles distant, affords fine views of nearly the whole length of the lake. (Pavilion, 300; Glendon, 150; Bellevue, 75.)

Center Harbor lies at the head of the long north bay of the lake, surrounded by good roads and beautiful scenery, while the beautiful islands and sequestered bays afford opportunities for the most interesting boat rides. Sunset and Garnet Hills, near by, afford fine views, while Red Hill, only four or five miles distant, with Long Pond at its foot, is one of the most famous outlooks in New England. The view from the summit of Red Hill, two thousand feet above the sea, vies in beauty with that of Mount Holyoke, overlooking as it does the bright waters and green islands of the lakes, and with mountain heights bounding the horizon. (Senter House, 150; Moulton House, 75.)

Three or four miles from Center Harbor is Squam Lake, which should be visited for its sequestered loveliness, its romantic islets, and its white beaches. (Asquam House.)

West Ossipee is seventeen miles south of North Conway, on the Boston & Maine. This is near the scene of Whittier's *Among the Hills*, where many come every year

"To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bear-camp water."

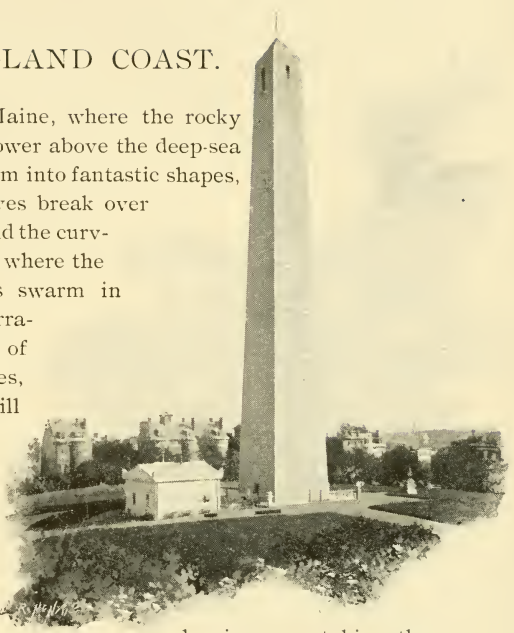
Six or seven miles from West Ossipee is the beautiful Chocorua Lake (Lake House), and a mile or so beyond is the foot of Mount Chocorua, whose rugged ascent is four miles in length, but well repays the patient climber by the magnificent view from the summit.

Concord, eighteen miles south of Laconia, is but seventy-five miles from Boston, and besides being a handsome capital city, pleasantly located on the Merrimack River, is an important railroad center for the tourist. (Eagle, Phoenix, Elm House.)



THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

All along the coast of Maine, where the rocky islands and bold head-lands tower above the deep-sea channels that have carved them into fantastic shapes, farther south where the waves break over long sandy beaches, and around the curving sand pits of Cape Cod, to where the crowds of fashion's votaries swarm in summer at Newport and Narragansett Pier, there are scores of delightful summering places, among which the tourist will find every variety of watering place, every aspect of sun, and sea, and shore, of fashion and amusement, or of rest and quiet. To the two chief seaport cities of Boston and Portland, the Michigan Central sends Wagner palace



sleeping cars, taking the tourist from Chicago through without change, in the safest, speediest, most comfortable and luxurious manner. From these two points all the rest are easily and quickly reached.

Boston, 201 miles from Albany, where the Boston & Albany connects with the New York Central, requires no description in these pages, even if the limited space permitted. Three daily express trains from the West land their passengers in the Kneeland Street Station of the B. & A., from which the hotels and stations of other lines are easily reached. If the tourist does not know his Boston thoroughly he will have provided himself with King's handbook before he reaches his hotel, and, according to the length of his sojourn (and he will always wish it were longer), he will wander over the Common and about the State House—stroll down the narrow streets by the Old South Church, the King's Chapel, Faneuil Hall, Copp's Hill, and the old India Wharf, and steep his soul in the

potent memories of the past, when men wore wigs and cocked hats, and revered the crown while they loved liberty; he will go out to Bunker Hill, where Warren fell; and to Cambridge, where Washington mustered his little army under the old elm; he will study the statues and bas-reliefs of the Soldiers' Monument on Flagstaff Hill; and walk reverently beneath the groined arches and jeweled windows of Memorial Hall, with keener appreciation of what it cost to preserve our liberties as well as to gain them; he will walk beneath the elms of Harvard, and see the houses where dwelt Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Howe, Everett, Adams, Winthrop, and Quincy; he will visit the magnificent collections of literature, science, and art; and the splendid avenues and buildings of modern Boston, and her beautiful suburbs of Boston homes. (Principal hotels: The Brunswick, Victoria, Vendome, Revere, American, Parker, Youngs, Adams, Thorndike, United States, and Quincy.)

Near Boston are the summer resorts and watering places of Nahant on the north, and Nantasket Beach on the south of Massachusetts Bay, reached by frequent steamers.

North of Boston, and reached either by rail or boat, are Manchester-by-the-Sea, Magnolia, Gloucester — the greatest fishing port in the world — Rockport, Swampscott, Salem, Marblehead, Newburyport, Salisbury Beach, Hampton Beach, and Rye Beach. These are all reached by steamer and by rail.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire's ancient capital and only seaport, lies on the Piscataqua River, three miles from its mouth (Rockingham, 300; Kearsage, Webster). There are interesting historical records to be seen here; and across the river, in Maine, is the Kittery navy yard. On an island, at the mouth of the harbor, is the Wentworth, a delightful summer-resort hotel. Ten miles from Portsmouth are the Isles of Shoals, consisting of eighty rocky islets, reached by steamers four times a day in summer. Lowell has painted them in his verse, by night and by day, in calm and storm; and Whittier, Celia Thaxter, and other writers have often visited them. (On Appledore Island is the Appledore House, 500; and on Star Island the Oceanic Hotel, 300.)

Between Portsmouth and Portland are numerous seaside resorts, with excellent facilities for surf-bathing, and more or less advantageous outlooks over the ocean. They may all be reached from stations on the

Boston & Maine Railroad. Among these are Kittery Point (Pepperrell House, Hotel Pocahontas), Wells Beach (Atlantic, Bay View, Highland), Kennebunkport (Parker, Ocean Bluff, 300; Glen), Biddeford Pool (Sea View House), Scarborough Beach (Atlantic, 150; Kirkwood, Sea View), and **Old Orchard Beach**. The latter is but four miles from Portland, and one of the safest and best, as well as the most noted of the bathing resorts on the coast (Old Orchard House, 400; Ocean, 300; Fiske, 300; Seashore, 300, and numerous smaller hotels).

Portland, the commercial metropolis of Maine, is probably the most beautiful seaport town in itself, and in its commanding situation, on our whole Atlantic coast. It is built on a high, rocky peninsula, projecting into Casco Bay.

Its harbor is deep and sheltered, and is protected by three powerful forts. The

highest point of the peninsula,

Bramhall's Hill, is covered by

fine residences, on streets so

thickly lined by shade trees as

to have given Portland the

name of "The Forest City."

Along its escarpment runs the

western promenade, overlooking Deering's Woods, and with a mag-

nificent view of the White Mountains, which, though seventy-five

miles distant, are still clearly defined; and from it Congress Street

runs to the eastern promenade on Munjoy's Hill, overlooking the bay.

Longfellow was born here, and has immortalized "the beautiful town

that is seated by the sea" in his poem, *My Lost Youth*.

Casco Bay is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, and a

sail over its waters, and among its numerous islands, is full of interest.

Several of these islands are popular summer resorts. Cushing's Island

is the outermost, and its high bluffs face the ocean. The views in every

direction are charming. Sandy beaches afford good bathing (Ottawa

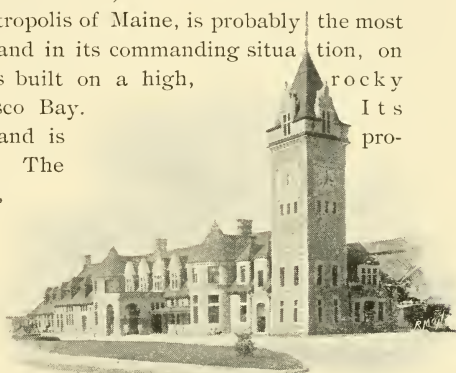
House, 400). Peak's Island, on the right, is a mile and a half long, with

a splendid sea beach (Union, 75; Bay View, 75; Oceanic, 60; Valley

View, 75). Great Chebeague Island covers two thousand acres, while

Little Chebeague is much smaller.

Bath, thirty-eight miles east of Portland, is a ship-building city,



whence a fleet of pleasure steamboats ply the Kennebec to Boothbay Harbor, Moose and Squirrel Islands, and other seaside resorts, including Popham Beach, with its new hotels (The Rockledge, 100, and Riverside, 75), and many summer cottages.

Rockland is eighty-eight miles by rail from Portland. It is a city of nearly ten thousand people, pleasantly situated on Owl's Head Bay, which opens into Penobscot Bay (Thorndyke, 100). The vicinity abounds in picturesque hill and marine scenery; reached easily by numerous stage-coach and steamboat lines. But thirty minutes' drive from the station is the Bay Point Hotel (250), on the breakwater, and environed by the Camden Mountains, which rise directly from the sea. The charming Camden village (Bay View, 50) is eight miles north, along shore. The granite from the islands in the bay has been used in many of the finest public and commercial buildings in the country, and is famous for its beauty and quality.

Bar Harbor is the most popular and best known of all the Maine resorts, and deservedly so. It is located on the Island of Mount Desert, in Frenchman's Bay. The through sleeping-car from Chicago, via the Michigan Central Railroad and the White Mountains, connects, in the magnificent new depot of the Maine Central in Portland, with through trains and sleeping-cars for Bar Harbor, one hundred and eighty miles distant, arriving there next morning in time for breakfast.

"The island unites a striking group of picturesque features. It is surrounded by seas, crowned with mountains and embosomed with lakes. Its shores are bold and rocky cliffs, upon which the breakers for countless centuries have wrought their ceaseless at-



trition. It affords the only instance along our Atlantic coast where mountains stand in close neighborhood to the sea. Here in our picture are beetling cliffs with the roar of restless breakers; far stretches of bay dotted with green islands; placid mountain lakes mirroring the mountain precipices that tower above them; rugged gorges clothed with primitive forests; and sheltered coves, where the sea-waves ripple on the shelly beach. Upon the shores are masses of cyclopæan rocks, heaped one upon another in titanic disorder, and strange caverns of marvelous beauty; on the mountains are frightful precipices, wonderful prospect of far-extending sea, and mazes of land and water, and magnificent forests of fir and spruce. It is a union of all these supreme fascinations of scenery, such as nature, munificent as she is, rarely affords."

The roads of Mount Desert are kept in good condition; the woodland paths are charming; a good wagon road, as well as an inclined railway, leads to the summit of Green Mountain, but the waters form the chief highways, upon which the means of locomotion are ample and varied. Bar Harbor has become a summer city, with splendid villas of the wealthy, and immense hotels; but also with modest, delightful homes and quiet boarding houses, for those who prefer rest and unostentation. The kaleidoscopic society here, as well as the points of interest, has been well depicted by Charles Dudley Warner in *Their Pilgrimage*, and by Mrs. Harrison in *Bar Harbor Days*.

Principal hotels at Bar Harbor: St. Sauveur, 200; Malvern, 150; Marlborough, 100; Newport, 150; Louisburg, 300; West End, 400; Hotel des Isles, 150; Rockaway, 100; Belmont, 130; Lyman, 125; Porcupine, 150. There are numerous smaller hotels and boarding houses on the island, not only at Bar Harbor, but also on Green Mountain, at Eagle Lake, Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Southwest Harbor, and at Somesville, as well as at Sullivan, Sorrento, and Grindstone Neck, across the bay.

CANADIAN RESORTS.

Kingsville is thirty miles from Detroit by steamer and by the Lake Erie, Essex & Detroit River Railroad. It is noted chiefly as the site of the Mettawas, a first-class hotel and summer resort, picturesquely located, well furnished, and admirably conducted. On the coast of the famous Essex peninsula, opposite the Pelee Islands, it affords fine opportunities for boating, bathing, and fishing.

Niagara-on-the-Lake is the terminus of the Niagara division of the Michigan Central, twelve miles north of Clifton, on the main line. The fine steamers of the Niagara Navigation Company meet the trains here and run to Toronto, across the lake. Its location, at the mouth of Niagara River, is a charming one, the drives in the vicinity through a rich and beautiful country, to the famous battle-grounds of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, and the boating, fishing, and bathing may be enjoyed without end. (Queen's Royal, 200. See advertisement.)

Across the river is Fort Niagara, one of the oldest fortifications in the United States, and still garrisoned; and but a short distance from the town are the assembly grounds of the Canada Chautauqua and Paradise Grove, favorite resorts for a day's outing. The latter is connected by a spur track with the Michigan Central.

Hamilton, the third city of the Dominion, is connected with the Michigan Central at Waterford by the new line of the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway. It is beautifully situated on a plateau, slightly elevated above Hamilton Bay, at the head of Lake Ontario. In its central portion is one of the handsomest parks in Canada, containing several fountains and a statue of Sir John A. Macdonald. Back of the city is a hilly range called the mountain, reached by an inclined railway, and affording a fine and very extended view. The beautiful bay, six miles in length, leads to the important watering place of Burlington Beach, and to which numerous steamboats and trains run during the summer season. (Hotels: Royal, 200; St. Nicholas, 100; American, 70.)

Toronto, the capital and metropolis of Ontario, is a handsome commercial city of nearly a quarter of a million, covering some ten square miles on a low plain rising somewhat from the lake. The view of it,

however, either from the water or the surrounding heights, with its array of dome and turret, arch and spire, and varied movement of its water front, is one of much beauty. It is well and solidly built, and in generally excellent taste, with unusual purity of architecture. It is also an important educational center, the finest buildings in the city being those of the University of Toronto, until their injury last year by fire. These buildings, now being repaired, form three sides of a large quad-

range in an extensive park approached by College Avenue, which is lined with double rows of noble trees.

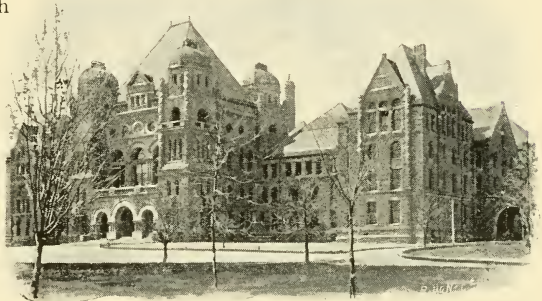
Osgoode Hall, the College of Technology, the Normal School, the Model Schools, and the Educational Museum, and Trinity College, a large picturesque building on Queen Street, are all of especial interest.

The churches of Toronto

are numerous and prosperous. The parks, too, are many and very attractive. The Queen's Park lies in the center of the city, the Island Park on an island across the bay, High Park in the western part, Victoria Park near Scarborough Heights, and Riverdale on the banks of the Don. (Queen's, 400; Rossin House, 400; Walker House, 200; Palmer House, 200; Arlington, 200.)

North of Toronto lie the famous Muskoka and Nipissing Lake districts, and the rail lines north and northeastward run through a similar picturesque region of lakes and swift, cold streams, a very paradise to the fisherman.

Kingston, a flourishing historic city of some 15,000 people, lies at the foot of Lake Ontario, opposite Cape Vincent. Here, in 1673, Count Frontenac founded the fort that bore his name and was commanded by La Salle, from whose brain was evolved the comprehensive scheme of conquest of which this was a part. The present Fort Henry was built on its site. Near by is the Royal Military College, the West Point of Canada. Kingston is now a handsome, solidly built city, and quite an



educational and commercial center. (Frontenac, 150; British-American, 150; City, 150; Anglo-American, 75; Windsor, 50.)

Brockville is an important town of 6,000 inhabitants lying on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The town is skirted by pretty villas overlooking the river, which is here two miles in width. (St. Lawrence, 100; Revere, 75.)

Prescott is thirteen miles below Brockville, and a few miles above the First Rapids of the St. Lawrence. It is connected by a ferry with Ogdensburg, on the south side of the river. (Daniels, 75; Revere, 30.)

Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is a new but beautiful city of some 30,000 people, located between the two falls of the Ottawa River—the Rideau and the Chaudiere. Its chief glory Trollope justly declared to be the Parliament buildings, constructed of cream-colored sandstone, with arches of red Potsdam sandstone, on the high rock above the river. “As regards purity of art and manliness of conception, as well as for beauty of outline and truthful nobility of detail, the work is entitled to the very highest praise. I know no modern Gothic purer of its kind, or less sullied with fictitious ornamentation.” (Russell, 500; Windsor, 200; Grand Union, 130.)

Caledonia Springs, between Ottawa and Montreal, is known as the “Canadian Harrowgate,” and is much frequented in the season. The waters are valuable in rheumatic and cutaneous diseases, and are shipped under the name of “Plantagenet Water.” The hotel accommodations are said to be excellent.



Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion, has a population of nearly 300,000, and a foreign commerce of \$70,000,000 annually. No Canadian city is better known to Americans, and many of our readers will need no description of this picturesque town of gray limestone, with tall spires and glittering roofs and domes,

backed by Mount Royal; its miles of solid limestone quays, docks, and wharves, lined with shipping; its large and magnificent cathedrals and churches; its spacious market, courthouse, and city hall; McGill College, and its unrivaled museum; and the great bridges over the St. Lawrence. All these, and the beautiful drive through Mount Royal Park and around the mountain, are familiar to all readers by innumerable descriptions and pictures. (Windsor, 500; St. Lawrence Hall, 400; Balmoral, 350; Richelieu, 300.)

Montreal is an important center, or base of future movements, of the tourist. Thence he will go up the picturesque but little-known Ottawa River; or southward by the "D. & H." to the Adirondacks, Lake George, Saratoga, the Hudson, and New York; or by Lake Memphremagog and the White Mountains to Portland and Boston; or down the St. Lawrence by rail or steamer to Quebec, and thence by steamer up the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, and by the new railroad to Lake St. John.

Three Rivers, containing about 10,000 inhabitants and several fine buildings, is about halfway between Montreal and Quebec. (British-American, St. James.) St. Leon Springs, perhaps the most famous in Canada, are reached by stage-ride of twenty-six miles, but more easily by a five-mile ride from Louiseville. The Falls of the Shawanegan, twenty-two miles up the St. Maurice River, have a descent of 150 feet, and a magnitude second only to Niagara.

Quebec, oldest, quaintest, and most picturesque of Canadian cities occupies the base and summit of a lofty crag projecting into the St. Lawrence. No city in America is so grandly situated or offers views from its higher points more diversified and lovely.

In the Upper Town, or the highlands, the public buildings, churches, convents, schools, business blocks, and hotels are found. The Lower Town is the commercial quarter, and abounds in irregular, narrow streets and quaint old houses. The



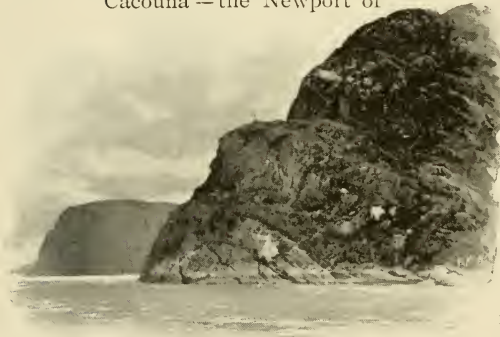
leading attractions are the Ursuline Convent, the great Laval University, the Basilica, and, above all, the superb outlook from Dufferin Terrace, which is crowned by that most magnificent hotel, the Chateau Frontenac (500). The drives about the city are very interesting, particularly to the Indian village of Lorette, and down the beautiful Beaufort road to the Falls of Montmorency. The Chaudiere Falls and the Falls of St. Anne are also very wild and beautiful. (St. Louis, 400; Florence, 200.)

Passing the Isle of Orleans, below Quebec, the St. Lawrence attains and keeps a width of about twenty miles, with eighteen feet tides, and the scene is often enlivened by seals and porpoises playing in the clear salt water. Touching at Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup, and Cacouna—the Newport of

Canada—the steamer crosses the river to Tadousac, 134 miles from Quebec, where Jacques Cartier landed in 1535. Turning northward, it passes up the vast, wild cañon through which the Saguenay pours its black waters—"a tremendous chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." "It exer-

cises a fascination which you can not resist. You look, and look, fettered by the fresh, novel, savage stamp which nature exhibits, and, at last, as in St. Peter's or at Niagara, learn from the character of the separate features to appreciate the grandeur of the whole." Lofty peaks and palisades tower on either side all the thirty-four miles to Trinity Bay, which is guarded by the majestic capes Trinity and Eternity, rising grandly 2,000 feet above the dark waters, 600 fathoms deep. Of this impressive scenery, Bayard Taylor said: "I doubt whether a sublimer picture of wilderness is to be found on this continent."

Statue Point and Les Tableaux are next passed, and then Ha-Ha Bay is reached, with Chicoutimi above at the head of ship navigation. Here is a good hotel, a cathedral and convent, and a new stone college;



and the Chicoutimi River, swarming with fish, plunges over a fall of fifty feet before entering the Saguenay. Nine miles above Chicoutimi, on the Saguenay, are the wild and beautiful Rapides de les Terres Rompues, where is caught the famous pink-fleshed winninish. The ascent of the Saguenay is made at night, and the descent by day, arriving at Quebec the following morning.

Roberval, a town of 1,000 inhabitants, with its church and convent, and new summer hotel (300), is 190 miles north of Quebec. It lies on the southwestern shore of Lake St. John, and is the terminus of the new Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, which is equipped with handsome parlor and sleeping cars. The steamer Paribonca makes daily trips around the lakes, visiting the mouths of the great northern rivers, which flow down for 200 miles from the savage solitudes about Hudson's Bay. The cold clear waters are filled with the finest of game fish.

From Quebec the Intercolonial Railway runs along the south bank of the St. Lawrence until the Maine boundary is passed, and then runs southerly across the Metapedia (which, with the Restigouche and other tributaries, are famous salmon streams), along the Baie de Chaleur, across the Mirimichi and Nova Scotia to Her Majesty's chief American seaport and naval station.

Halifax, with a population of 40,000, is the chief British military and naval station in America. It looks out from its rocky hills, crowned by the citadel, upon a noble harbor, perhaps the finest in the world. The picturesque Nova Scotian capital has a large garrison of red-coated British regulars, and its general aspect is warlike. The fortifications, public buildings, museum, dockyard, public gardens, and cathedral are all interesting to the tourist. (Hotels: Halifax, 350; Queens, 200; Lorne, 50; Waverly, 60.)

North of Halifax on the Bay of Minas lies the Arcadian land immortalized in Longfellow's "Evangeline," and east and west stretch out many leagues of maritime country, so curiously interesting to the American visitor who has scanned the pages of Warner's *Baddeck and that Sort of Thing*. (See also Sweetser's *Maritime Provinces*.)

St. John, the picturesque chief city of New Brunswick, with a population of 50,000, "with its couple of centuries of history and tradition, its commerce, its enterprise, felt all along the coast and through the territory to the northeast, with its no doubt charming society and solid

English culture," is situated on the Bay of Fundy at the mouth of the St. John River. The public buildings are fine and the marine views very pleasing. Lily Lake, Loch Lomond, and the gorge and falls of the river in the vicinity are very interesting. At the wharves the famous tides rise and fall thirty feet, and temper the summer atmosphere. (Royal, 150; Dufferin, 100; New Victoria, 100; Belmont, 100.)

St. Andrews is a charming summer resort on Passamaquoddy Bay, which, while well-known for generations, has but lately attracted summer tourists from a distance in large numbers. The Algonquin (300), large as it is, has proven too small to accommodate its guests, and extensive additions have been made. The scenery, the driving, the fishing, the sailing, the mountain trips are all of the finest.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The fine half-tone etchings which illustrate this book have been selected with the single purpose of depicting as fairly as possible the scenes and routes described therein. For the originals we are indebted to the following photographic artists:

- BALDWIN, Saranac Lake, page 38;
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- CHANDLER, St. Albans, page 35;
- A. W. CURRIER, pages 56, 58, and 60;
- GEORGE E. CURTIS, Niagara Falls, pages 24, 26, 27, and 28;
- CHARLES DERBY, page 39;
- W. H. JACKSON COMPANY, Denver, pages 42, 43, and 51. (These photographs are copyrighted, and are used with the special permission of the proprietors);
- J. C. KEMMENT, New York, page 36;
- A. C. MCINTYRE, Alexandria Bay, pages 31 and 32;
- GEORGE F. STERLING, West Bay City, frontispiece and page 12;
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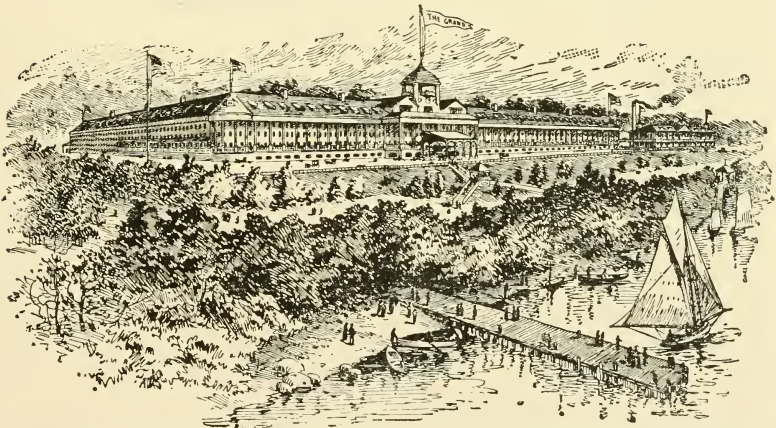
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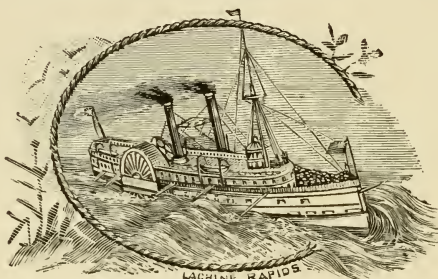
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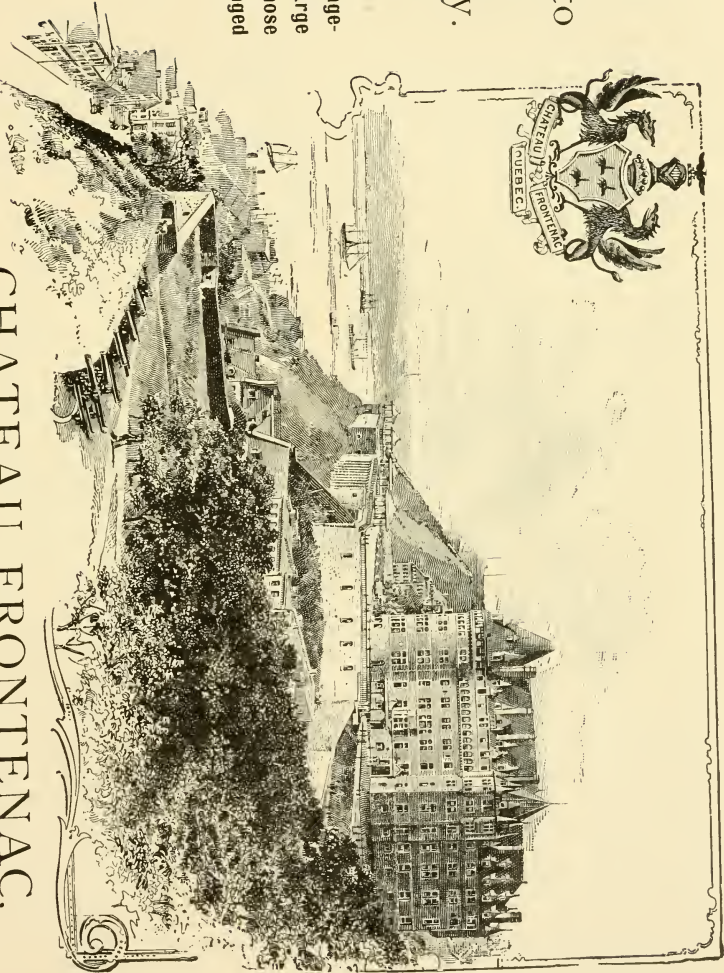
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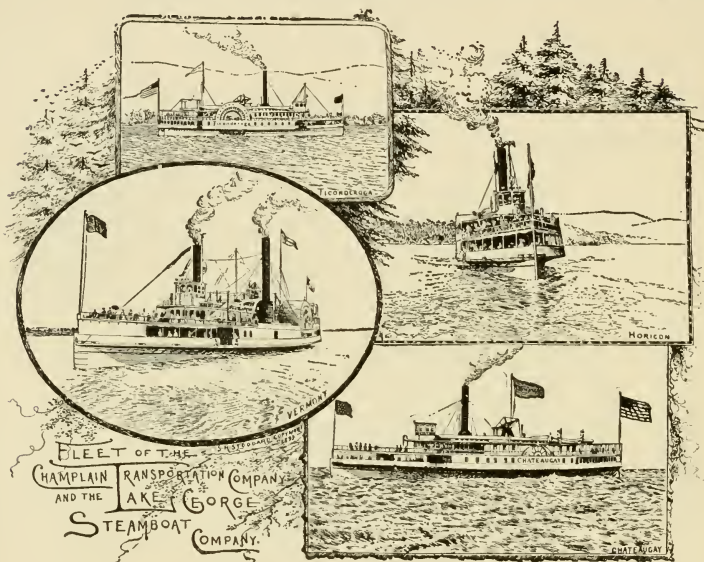
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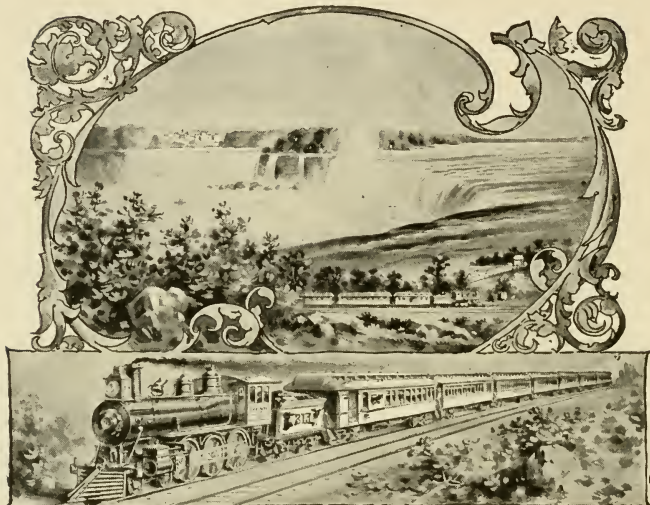
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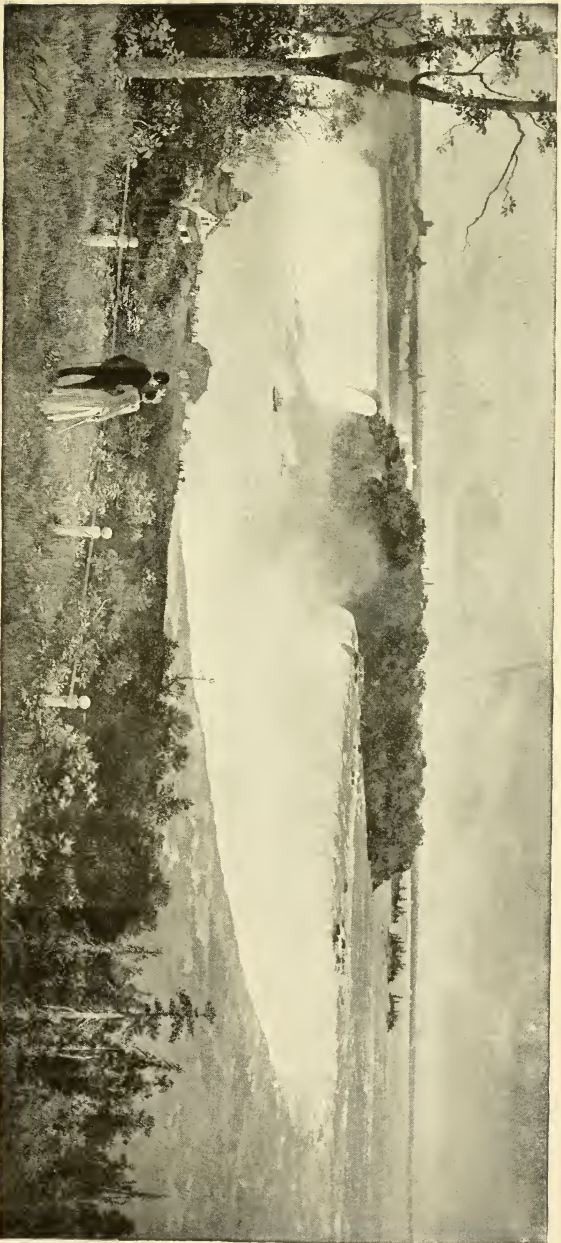
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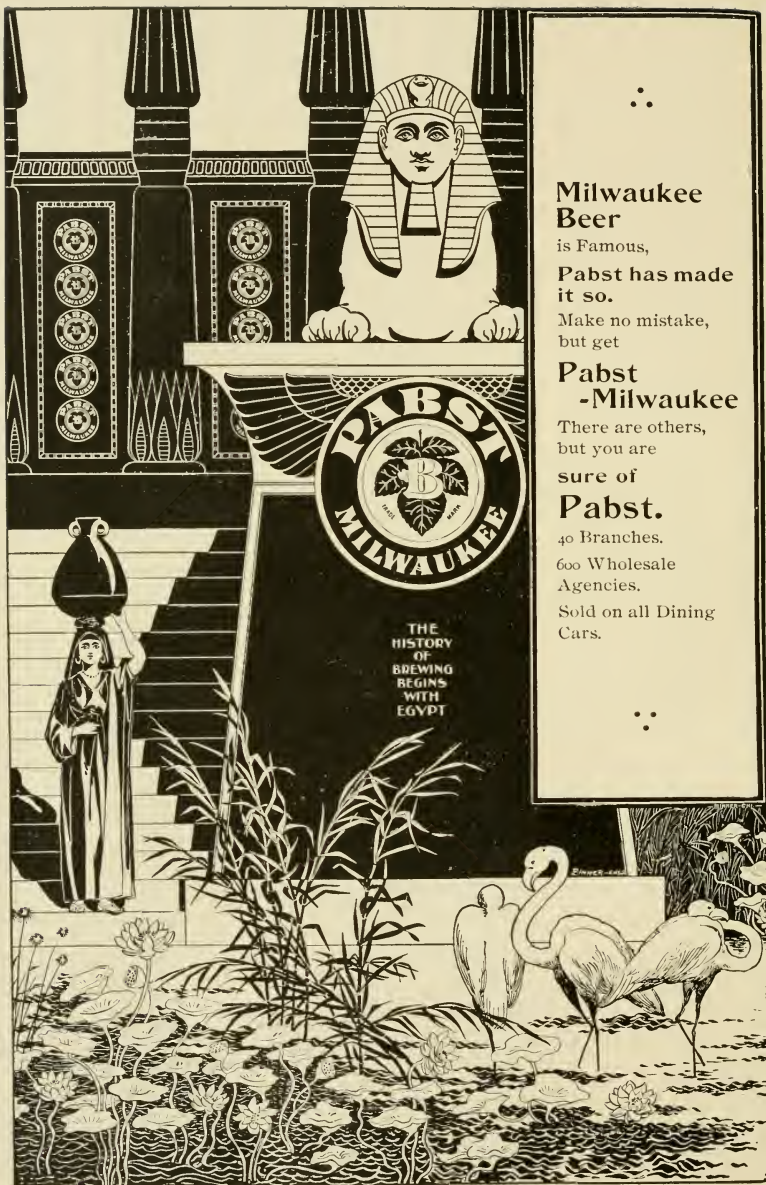
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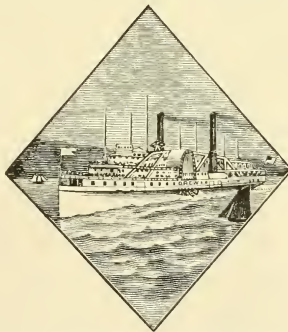
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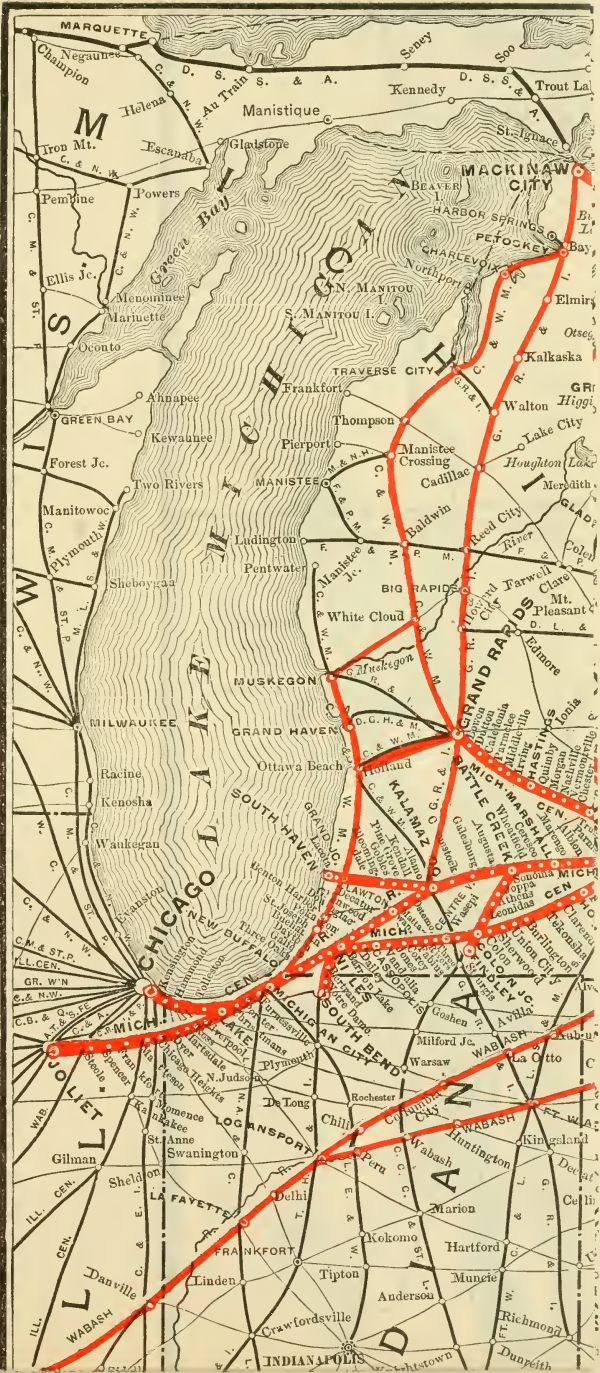
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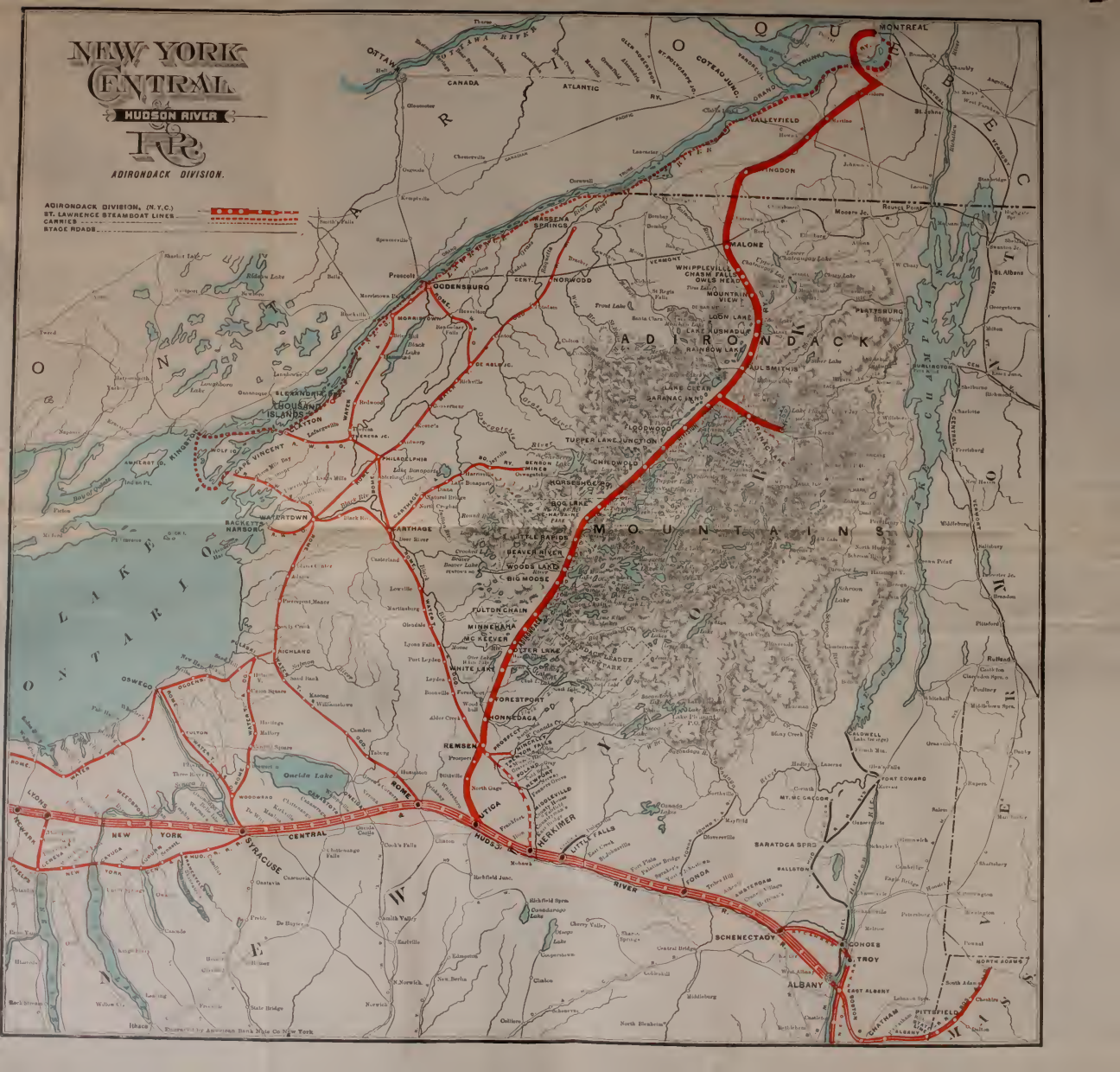
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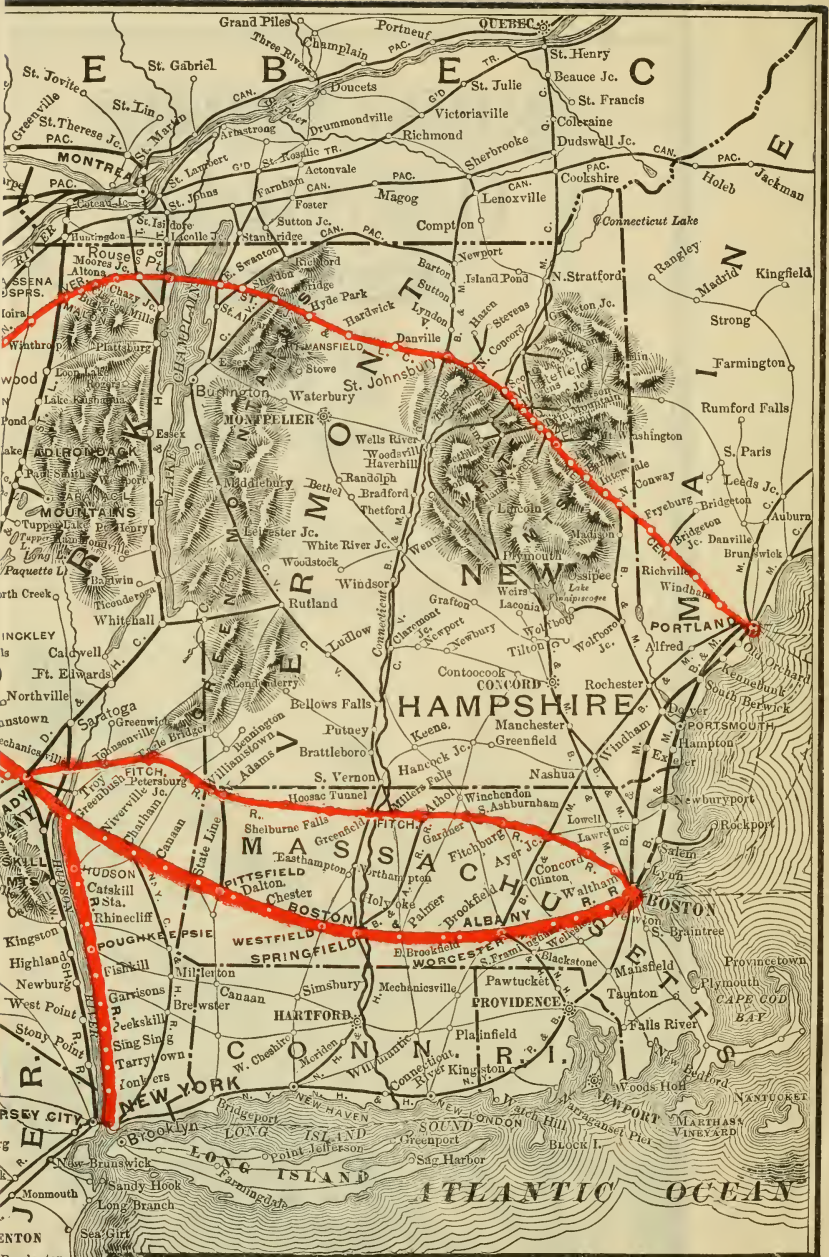
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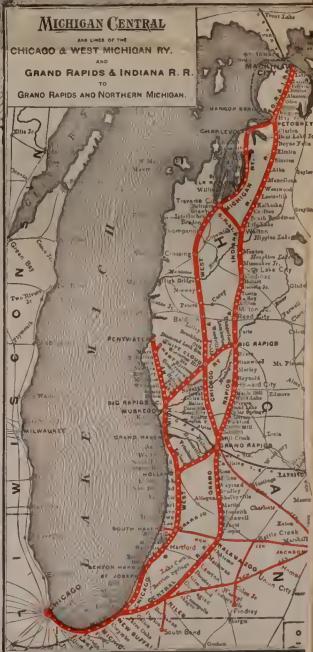
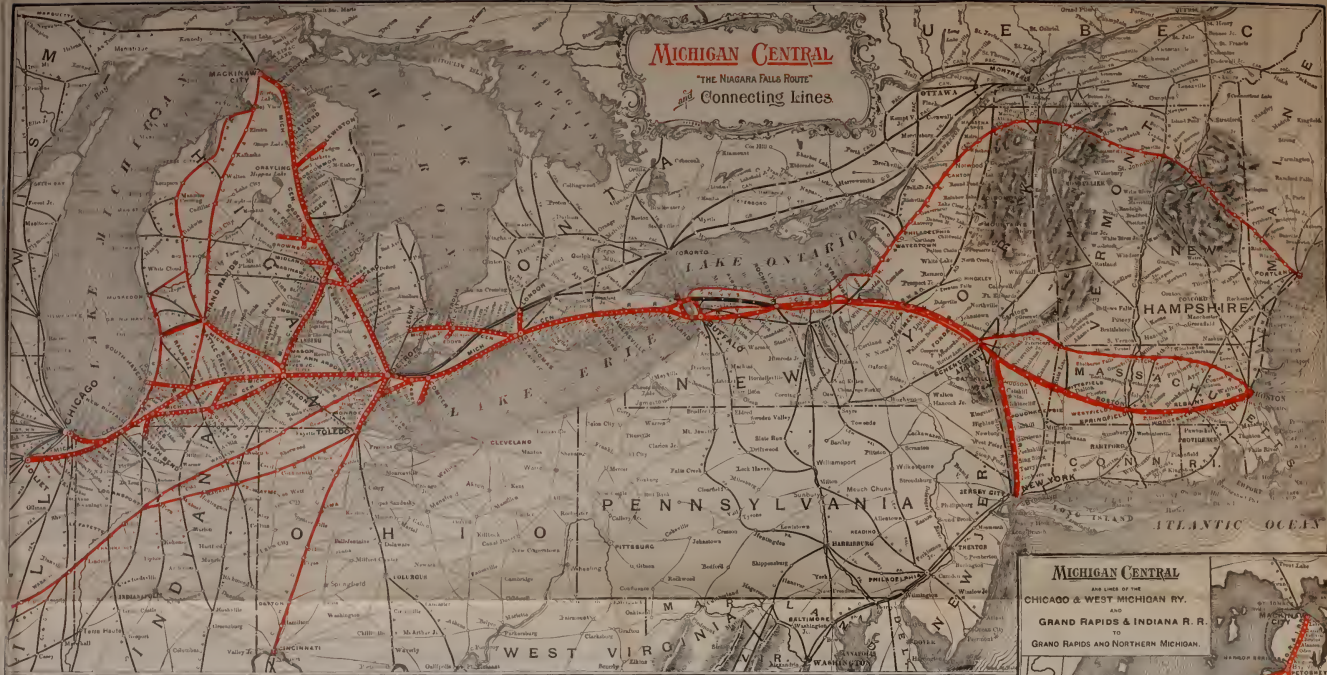




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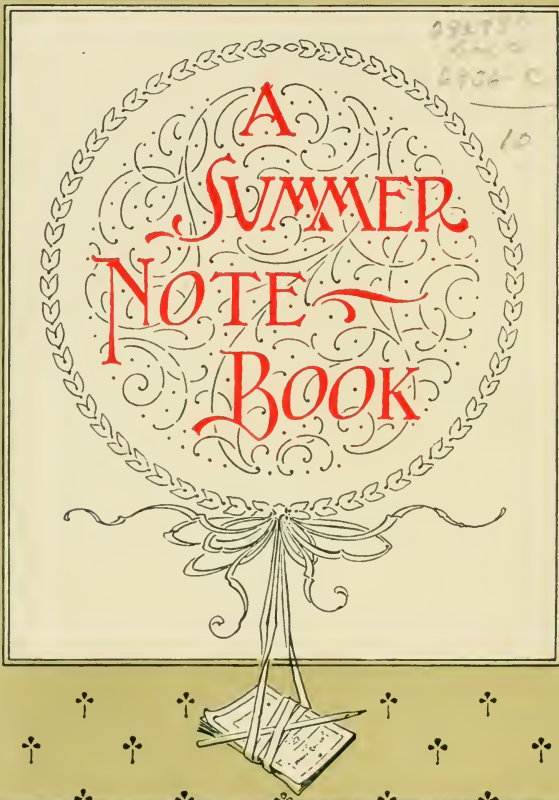
THE LARGE MAP above shows the lines of the **MICHIGAN CENTRAL** and its connections to the principal Through Sleeping Car Lines being printed in red.

THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS on the left shows the topography of that wild and beautiful region and the railroads penetrating it, that of the Michigan Central's Sleeping Car Line from Chicago to Portland being printed in red. See pages 9 to 10 of *A Summer's Ride*.

THE MAP on the right shows the lines of the Chicago & West Michigan Railway and the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad to Grand Rapids and Northern Michigan Points in connection with the Michigan Central. These are described in the chapter on Michigan Resorts in the foregoing pages. See pages 11 to 15 of *A Summer's Ride*.

THE ADIRONDACK REGION is admirably mapped on the opposite side of this sheet, the lines of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, including its Adirondack Division, being printed in red. For description, see pages 35 to 40 of *A Summer's Ride*.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.



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