

pedigree in full, breeder, date of birth, prize winnings, press notices and the record of his progeny, if he has any of note. This stud card should be mailed to the owners of dogs of his variety.

When shipping a dog by express you will be told that the express company will not hold itself responsible for the safe keeping of the animal, but do not let this deter you from placing your valuation on the crate. The express companies are responsible, despite what they may say to the contrary, and they have been obliged to reimburse the shipper in every case where the matter has been taken into the courts—that is, where negligence in properly securing the animal has not been proven against the shipper.

The traveling box, illustrated in Fig. 4 will be found to be a cheap one to have constructed and a most commodious one for the dog. You should not forget to have holes made in the flooring and gutters gouged out, so that, all moisture will be drained off.

In securing the dog in his box a chain with *three* swivels (Fig. 3) should be employed, as one swivel might, perchance, become clogged, thereby endangering the life of the animal. No dog should be sent to a show without a chain of this description being provided.

In managing dogs it should be remembered that no two of them are alike in disposition, and, therefore, they must be dealt with accordingly.

PICNICKING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY J. OSGOOD.



HE had made many excursions on lake and river and up mountain tops; there was still a fortnight of August tempting us to life in the open air. How and where should we spend it? How could it be made most delightful and unique? We were floating in our boat on Lake Champlain, with the Adirondack peaks rising in sky-blue grandeur before us.

"Let's spend our two weeks in the Adirondacks," said I.

"Won't it be awfully expensive?" asked Sweetbrier. "How much would it cost?"

"Why, just what you wanted to spend," I responded.

"Could we have a good time and see whatever we wanted to, and spend not more than—not more than \$40 apiece?" questioned Sweetbrier, as if the proposition were the wildest possible.

"Why, of course," said I. "We can make one long picnic of it. We can ride and walk and bask in the sun all day and sleep in a new place each night, just as we used to the three months we traveled in England. We will cut the big hotels, except when they seem really inviting, and sleep at 'wayside inns'—if there be any to find."

So it was settled that we should leave

trunks behind and take only hand baggage, which included a change of lightest underwear, warm outside wraps, one book apiece, and we each had a lunch basket and folding cup.

We made our point of departure the steamboat landing at Port Kent. Oh, how glorious the day was! And we, mounted on the topmost seats of a six-horse Concord coach, felt as if we commanded the universe. We were in haste to have our first picnic meal, and ate it as we rode along on the coach top. Would you like to peep into our lunch baskets, and find out what dainties contributed to that delicious meal? We had a loaf of bread (no butter), a box of graham crackers, plenty of cookies, some cheese, and fresh peaches. When the stage stopped at the Lake View House all alighted, and our traps were taken down with the rest. But while our fellow passengers lost an hour of that perfect day in the close hotel dining room, we were in readiness to start directly for the chasm. For two miles the Au Sable winds through rocky walls that rise in places nearly two hundred feet above the dashing stream.

A narrow plank walk with rough railing clings to the precipice midway of its steep side, and rises or falls as the exigencies demand. "Here we go up, up, up; and there we go down, down, down." Here we turn aside to explore a fern-fringed

cavern, and now we seat ourselves on a moss bank and look back on the glories we have left behind. The walls of the chasm are curtained with ferns and vines, and capped with forest trees. The water below, the sky above, the marvelous architecture of the chasm, form a scene of enchantment, gallery, pier and buttress looking as if chiseled by a band of giants. "It is worth a journey from Europe" was the verdict of Fredrika Bremer.

One party of tourists after another passed us; the fat, pouting mamma; the tall, fidgety papa; the irrepressible boy; the inevitable and interesting lovers. They were "doing" the chasm; we were enjoying it to the bottom of our souls. An odd genius who seemed less pressed for time than the others watched us curiously for a while, and then said good naturedly in passing: "You seem to be taking in all the side shows!" And so we were. Entering the last boat, we were skillfully guided through the rapids, touching the foam with our hands as we dashed past the rocks, and enjoying that part of the trip more than the shooting of the famous Lachine Rapids, now made tame by frequent repetition and the size and security of the steamers employed.

Returned to the hotel, we took our traps and started in search of wayside inn No. I. We found it without trouble, an old-fashioned stone dwelling with piazza extending to the second story. The hostess said she asked 50 cents a night for rooms; they were as clean and comfortable as those we had later at the \$3 and \$4 hotels. We engaged them with satisfaction, and went to enjoy our evening meal. Choosing a cedar-sheltered spot on a hillside overlooking the Au Sable River, and having bought a quart of new milk at a farm house, we spread our repast on leafy plates garnished with ferns and red berries, and ate like epicures, delighting in each mouthful, loafing, looking, chatting, happy as two orioles in June. Then packing up, ready for removal, we adjourned, when the stars came out, to the piazza of our inn, where we watched the moon rise, and then went to good beds and sound sleep.

We breakfasted under pine trees, giving an hour to the morning meal; then Sweetbrier, leaving the traps to go with me in the buggy, walked freehanded to the steamboat landing, three miles away, where we took passage for Plattsburg,

purchasing a ticket to the end of the Chateaugay Railroad, with stop-over privileges along the whole route.

We intended to go to the Chateaugay Chasm and accordingly left the train at Lyon Mountain, but Lyon Mountain looked very uninviting; we learned that the captain of the boat on the lakes had been drowned a few days before and the steamer was not running. I looked into Sweetbrier's eyes and wanted to say, "Oh, don't stop in this dismal place!" and she, interpreting, said: "No, we won't stay here," and rushing for the train, which had made an unaccountably long stop, we regained our former seats, feeling like two flies that had almost been drawn into Mr. Spider's parlor.

Along the line of the Chateaugay the timber has been ruthlessly burnt and cut off; the charcoal burners have devastated the region, and their poor huts are to the lover of woodland scenery anything but compensation for the giants of the forest. The next place which offered any attraction was Inman, the station for Loon Lake. We left the train and proceeded to make inquiries about the neighborhood from a handsome, courteous young fellow who was handling express matter. "Yes?" he said, "you can get rooms at that big unpainted house. I board there, and the people are 'kind' and the eating is good."

As he walked along with us, carrying some of the lighter bundles, his cough told a sad story, supplemented, however, by cheerful words spoken in a cheery tone. "Yes, I have consumption. My home is in Virginia. I spent last winter in Saranac, at the Sanatorium. Perhaps I shall get better in these spruce woods; I can't live anywhere else."

We found at the house recommended, the only dwelling in sight except charcoal burners' huts, clean beds in uncarpeted rooms and farmer's fare for 25 cents a meal.

We went to the woods to prepare our supper, buying from the country folk, as we were nearly always able to, fresh, sweet milk to take with us. We found in an opening, skirting the woods, a luxuriant growth of red raspberries; we made leafy cups and filled them with the delicious fruit, and going farther up the hillside found a profusion of ripe blueberries, which we also gathered to add to our repast, eating by the way as if there were no limit to mountain appetite.

The variety and beauty of the ferns

were bewildering, and the clustering cornel berries seemed to glow with a richer hue than was their wont.

On a bed of moss, with garniture of ferns and mountain blooms and berries, was spread a tempting repast, but no sooner were we seated than our delight changed to discomfort. An army of mosquitoes and midges settled down upon us, making life miserable and dissipating appetite. To eat sitting was impossible; we rose simultaneously to our feet, and by dint of vigorously flourishing pocket-handkerchiefs managed to eat something of the substantial, the berries and their aesthetic accompaniments being out of harmony with our aggravating conditions and consequently neglected. The bitterest pang lay in the probability of finding the same disturbers of the peace in all parts of the mountains, a foreboding which was not realized. We had no second visitation from either variety of the insect pests which came down upon us in armed squadrons at "Midge Camp," as we christened the spot where we ate the peripatetic supper just described.

Returning to our lodgings we passed a baby's grave, decorated with remnants of wild-flower wreaths that could not have been placed there many months before, yet the white headstone told us that the little one had lain there nearly half a century. Sweetbrier and I speculated about the baby and the flower offerings as we walked on, and entering the house asked the grandmother what she knew about the solitary mound, the little sleeper and the faded wreaths.

"Oh" she said, "our May put the flowers there. She's a queer girl. She does it every summer. The dead baby was a stranger here; no one of that name ever lived in these parts. Perhaps the folks were emigrants moving and the child died on the way—that's what we think, but no one knows."

The next morning we awoke to a driving storm of wind and rain. A spotlessly clean, uncarpeted sitting room, cheerful with house plants and warmed with a wood fire, was given up to us. We opened the windows and enjoyed the fresh moisture-laden air, wrote letters and read aloud; and when the storm cleared at sunset tramped off over the muddy roads, and returned triumphant with delicious fall violets, white, with pinky lilac tints—the canadensis, I believe.

Next day, having obtained a good lunch

from our hostess, we walked three and a half miles to Loon Lake and its attractive hotel. Entering the very large parlor, with polished floor, we took seats on the carpeted dais surrounding the room, and entered heartily into the scene before us. The blazing wood fire in the generous fireplace did not heat the air, but simply modified the fresh morning breeze that came through open doors. Two ladies presided at violin and piano, and on the floor were young girls in tasteful mountain costumes, dancing with the freedom and vigor of peasants. It was a pretty sight and held us there till the music stopped and the musicians adjourned to the tennis ground.

Then we strolled along the lakeside, admiring the camps that, following in close succession, vied with each other in attractiveness. Rustic lodges open toward the lake, floating flags, light boats drawn up on the bank, crackling camp fires, with groups of picturesque loungers, from which children were not absent; madam, with fancy work; girls, with book or pen; young fellows busy with tools or sketching block: all these we saw grouped in a series of charming open-air tableaux.

We wanted to sit down by every camp fire, to laugh at the jokes that went round, to peep into the books that could engross attention 'mid such jollity and good fellowship. And for a moment we fancied we had a faint touch of the pangs which the homeless wanderer at Christmas feels who stands outside of the glittering shops and hungrily sees what he cannot share. May the memory stand by us when jolly Yuletide comes again! yes, and whenever a bright interior smiles upon us while friendless ones stand without!

But to return to the alluring camp fires. We kept a courteous distance from them, and did not gaze too curiously at the picturesque loungers, and in due time floated in our own (hired) boat on the blue waters, and, mooring under the shadow of overhanging branches, browsed in our own chosen books till it was almost too late to catch the return stage to the railroad station.

Our next stop was at Bloomingdale, from whence a brisk coach ride of six miles brought us to Paul Smith's renowned caravansary. Here we spent the evening in watching the children's games in the large parlor devoted to them, and

then adjourned to the ballroom, where the dancers whirled merrily hour after hour.

Those Adirondack days were idyllic; spent in the open air, walking through fresh woods, rolling along through new scenes viewed from the coach top, or exploring the bays and islands of a new lake. We visited, in our fortnight's trip, Loon, St. Regis, Saranac, Placid and Mirror lakes, and Edmond's and Au Sable ponds, and rowed on five different bodies of water.

The coach lurched from side to side most violently, it seemed, when we skirted steep and unprotected precipices. The road was new and very rough and rock lined. The lurches became exaggerated. The passengers, so gay in starting, relapsed into silence, watching anxiously every movement of the whip, which was maliciously used at the most inopportune times. Some of the men got out and walked. Some of the women went inside, that they might escape the sight of the driver's cruelty to his horses. The few remarks made on top seemed to gather impressiveness from the general silence, and attached themselves to the memory with comical force. An English couple on their wedding tour thought the whole thing "nasty," railroads, hotels and coaches. Said my lord the Briton to madam: "There's something in my eye; get it out, won't you?" "Ha! ha!" laughed the bride. "Fancy! with my veil and gloves on!" And nothing more was heard from that quarter.

When we traveled by coach, of course we always wanted outside seats; so did most of the tourists, and up they piled, while the driver looked around and said, nonchalantly, "There are too many on top already, but it's your own lookout!" and one laggard after another climbed up on the top-heavy vehicle, till finally those who had come half an hour early to secure good seats were forced to dismount for prudence sake and go inside.

We started from Saranac for Placid one superb afternoon with a top-heavy load. The driver remarked he didn't know what was to become of us, but he was all right. The latter statement we doubted, as he dismounted after a heavy pull and rewarded the intelligent but tired leader with a series of brutal kicks.

"It's worse than anything in Nevada or the Yellowstone," growled a stout, rusty old chap, who said he had been "everywhere."

A native tried to discuss crops with a commercial traveler on his vacation. Said the native, eyeing a field of scanty, stunted corn: "The season here is too short for the crop."

"Ah!" responded the C. T., "I thought the crop seemed short for the season!"

Then darkness was added to silence, and in this manner we finished the longest eight miles of road in the United States of America.

Of Mirror and Placid, with their indescribably beautiful surrounding of mountains, we caught our first glimpse the following morning from the hotel windows, and if a choice can be made from such an embarrassment of riches as the Adirondacks offer, this was perhaps the most beautiful spot we visited.

Making Mirror Lake headquarters, and engaging a comfortable vehicle with driver and well-fed horses for \$16 for three days, we planned and executed a series of delightful excursions. First, to Wilmington Gap, following a fork of the Au Sable, from one waterfall to another, snatching raspberries from the branches as we drove along, and finally dismounting when the profusion of the fruit became irresistible. At the falls we climbed out on overhanging rocks, reclining on the ledges, and watched the upward rising clouds of opaline spray framed in by spruce boughs. Here was a place to read Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey lines, and the joyous, life-giving description of the Easter morning walk in "Faust." And we did read them, and felt that life was almost too full with this complete response of the outward world to the sense of power and beauty swelling in heart and mind.

Such woods, such moss banks, such exquisite greenery as we saw that day we found nowhere else! Do you know that daintiest of all leafiness—the network of fairy foliage that the linnæa spreads along the wayside in this region? Have you seen the sprays of the creeping snow-berry (*chiogenes*), embedded in moss banks where it ripens its aromatic berries? Have you gathered the spikes of metallic, silvery-blue balls of the *clintonia*? Have you tasted the cymes of the gorgeously-colored fruit of the bush cranberry? You know the ground hemlock (*American yew*), with sturdy horizontal branches radiating in every direction close to the earth; but have you seen its deep-dimpled scarlet berries scattered like jewels mid its dark foliage? If so,

you know some of the treasures of Wilmington Pass. We found in all, in the mountains, seven varieties of edible wild fruits—raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, gooseberries, cranberries, cherries and wintergreen—and ate them with such apparent relish that we were forced to contradict the bookworm's aphorism, that "Only children and birds know how cherries and berries taste."

The following day we penetrated the depths of the forest leading to the picturesque Adirondack Lodge, where we dined and rowed and loafed till the sun commenced to withdraw and light up the walls of Indian Pass.

Starting from Plattsburg without definite plan, almost forgetting that John Brown's grave lay in the heart of the Adirondacks, memories of the old hero crowded upon us till, as we approached the North Elba farm, where he lived and matured his plans and now lies buried, our whole journey seemed to shape itself into a pilgrimage to that spot. Our thoughts ran in rhythm to the music of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the
grave;
His soul is marching on.

In these solemn, snow-draped woods he wrought and thought in the fierce winter weather; in these sunny intervals, from the air of spring laden with fragrance of spruce and balsam, he breathed in inspiration as he ploughed and planned. And in midsummer, in the shadow of the great rock which stands a stone's throw from his cottage door, he sat and read in his beloved Bible the history of God's saints who did the Lord's work with fire and sword. And the Lord's work John Brown of Ossawatomic did with fire and sword, and was brought back here in midwinter, according to his request, and laid in a grave cut in the frozen ground in the shadow of the great rock where he loved "to sit and read the Word of God." "John Brown" is carved in huge letters on the gray pile. We laid our wreaths of golden-rod and evergreen twined with scarlet

berries on the honored grave and went on our way, our hearts surging with the hero's greatness, yet acknowledging that John Brown was not without reproach, though not to be judged by us. His were the faults of a Brutus who struck that king rather than the country should perish; of a Bayard who turned his strength to the liberation of the oppressed.

A beautiful drive leading through the narrow, rocky pass confining Edmond's ponds brought us from North Elba to Beede's, with its outlying cottages, where year after year one finds the same old familiar faces and some charming phases of social life, together with that unique paradise known as "Putnam's Camp." Here we supped with one circle of friends and dined with another. In one cottage discussed "Robert Elsmere" and Gladstone's review, and in another joined the attentive audience who listened to a lecture from Thomas Davidson on "Mediæval Interpretations of Aristotle." Best of all, with a chosen few read Epictetus beneath the big tree that shelters the tiny hermitage, where one after another the pure-minded disciples of ethics have drawn inspiration in summer hours from book and nature to be given to the world in winter in crystalized form.

The hours at Beede's flew only too quickly. An afternoon at the Au Sable ponds was followed by many cheery good-byes, and at sunrise next morning we were off for Westport, the railroad and the wide world beyond.

We have told almost nothing of our little adventures, or what we saw, only how we saw it. Breathing the tonic air of those northern forests whose fragrance is beyond description, so many spicy plants are concealed in their green depths, we had walked and rowed in rain as well as sun without a single cold.

Our two weeks' trip was ended; the sum playfully proposed in the beginning as the limit of expenses was not quite exhausted, and we had denied ourselves nothing that would have added to comfort, health or pleasure.

