and there are no steep falls, but several long rapids, the most interesting being Hammond Street Pitch and Indian Falls. At the head of this last is Face in the Rock, where may be seen a very perfect face cut out of the slate by the water. Just below Indian Falls is the Devil's Kitchen, where the cliffs regain their height; next is the lower jaws, and just beyond is the mouth of Gulf Hagar Stream, half a mile below which lies Pleasant River Ford.

Gulf Hagar Stream is a curious place. The gulf road crosses it a half-mile from the river, and between the river and road the stream falls over a hundred and twenty-five feet. It is a succession of heavy falls alternating with deep, quiet pools. The heaviest fall is Screw Auger, thirty feet high, the water describing a complete spiral in its descent. At the foot of the fall is the Rocky Chamber, a perfectly square room cut out of the rock, with sides fifty feet high as true and plumb as if cut by the hand of man. Screw Auger occupies one side, and through a rent in the opposite wall the stream flows out on its way to the river. At another place the water flows directly through a hole in the cliff rock, above, on the sides, and below the stream. On the whole, it is well worth one's while to visit the Iron Works for the sake of seeing the gulf alone.

The days passed quickly, and we were never at a loss for something to do. If tired of tramping in the woods, there was the lake full of land-locked salmon, and we had only to throw in our line and in two minutes have all the excitement we wanted.

But don't, I beg of you, think that camp life is all sunshine; it rains once in a while, and we had two storms. Each wet us to the skin, and made us very uncomfortable while it lasted. Each began at night, and the first hint of rain we received was the sensation of a stream of water flowing gently down our backs. Still we managed to keep pretty dry, and in half an hour after the rain ceased would show no signs of our drenching.

The first storm was a thunder-storm, and it was one of the finest sights I ever witnessed. The steady glare of lightning illuminating the lake as by day; the continuous roll of thunder echoing from peak to peak; the sharp crash as bolt after bolt struck the lake, often in full view from our camp; the howl of the wind blowing half a gale; and the splintering crash as every now and then some tall pine or the mountain-side behind us fell to the ground made an impression that will last for years. The most impressive sight was the dashing up of the waves like a boiling cauldron when the lightning struck the water, and I got a better idea of the power of electricity than ever had before. I am glad I saw that storm but I am not at all anxious to see another. It had not been for the low, sturdy pines standing thick round our camp, I believe we should have blown away that night.

Thus the days passed, and we could have spent the whole summer on the lake; but in the words of Emerson,—

"The holidays were fruitful, but must end.
One August evening had a cooler breath;
Into each mind intruding duties crept,
Under the cinders burned the fires of home;
Nay, letters found
In our paradise.
We struck our camp, and left the happy hills.
The fortunate star that rose on us sank not,
The prodigal sunshine rested on the land,
The rivers gamboled onward to the sea;
And Nature, the inscrutable and mute,
Permitted on her infinite repose
Almost a smile to creep to cheer her sons,
As if one riddle of the Sphinx were guessed."

"The modern maid.
Her gaudy little hat perched high
Above her bangs and frizzes;
There was a sparkle in her eye,
Like champagne when it fizzes.
Red ribbons gaily fluttered while
Her silks made a loud rustle;
Her fur-lined cloak was in the style,
As also was her bustle.
And oh! her tiny feet peeped out
Like timid mice, enhancing
The charm that circled her about—
With splendor too entrancing.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
I spoke as she was fleeting:
"Oh, I am going, sir," she said,
"Into our prayer-meeting!"
—Red and Blue.