

AN OUTING OF WAUKESHA MEN IN THE WILDS OF WISCONSIN.

Away up in the northern part of the state, against the geographical line which divides Michigan's northern arm from the territory of our own commonwealth, and where the natural line divides the rainfall, striving to reach the latter just proportion, there lies a region of pine forests which to the south of the watershed is hemooried by countless lakes, where nature seems to have gently bade the water rest before taking up the turbulent passage through the tributaries to the Wisconsin river. Civilization has passed by this region, owing to its inaccessibility, and with the exception of a few lumber camps and a few scattered tourists on the outer borders, natural conditions prevail. The region forms a natural park where fish and game are protected by laws more efficient than those made at Madison, and where winged and finny creatures have not diminished in numbers to any considerable extent as yet.

The advantages of this section as a place to while away a vacation have been realized for years, but owing to the considerable efforts required to reach any of the lakes beyond those where the lumbermen have been cleared up by the lumbermen, and on which there is still excellent fishing and hunting, but few tourists have penetrated to the interior lakes.

The writer with six companions visited this region early in September with a firm determination to get to these almost unknown waters and enjoy the beauties of the natural lake of preservation which protects the wild life of this section, to admit that we only had a lingering glimpse of the interior lake-locked jewels and were forced to set up shop on "Windy Point," less than a mile from a log house summer resort and surrounded by log houses and lumber camps. However, our camp site was wild enough for the ordinary individual and reached with effort enough to satisfy most people in search of a quiet place to rest and recuperate.

THE PARTY AND THE START.
The party consisted of Messrs. P. C. Robinson, Harry Randall, Roy Walker, George S. Putney, Marvin Wright, E. S. Smith, and myself, who met at the little station of Manitowish at 6 o'clock on the morning of September 1st, having arranged to start in two and three times the evening before. When the last of the party had put on an eye for our luggage, which was piled high on the platform and which furnished a question of debate as to the best mode of transporting it forty miles into the interior, the train started. The boats were launched on the river just before the station and the luggage piled in, which settled the question of the number of passengers who might travel by water. There was not room for all and two were chosen by lot to sampler about even, and the luggage piled on while the other paddled fifteen miles up the stream Manitowish, which winds around in a manner to make a meandering road manager dizzy. The sun, which had a shining start from over the hills and left his mark completely around the necks of everyone of us who did not wear a handkerchief and made us feel foolish for transporting a large double blanket under all the way from home. Four days afterwards, when we could not stop for the chills, we wished we had hugged four blankets instead of two. The trip up the river was a delightful one, although the swift current made paddling a little more arduous, than we desired we went along at four miles an hour and did not stop until by recouping every sign of the approach to Rest Lake dam, we expected to lighten the load of provisions by a meal. We ate dinner while we were several miles from the dam, however, and reached there about 4 o'clock. After hard work in portaging into Rest Lake we again took a goodly supply of food and bearded the loss of one piece of baggage which contained a goodly supply of the staff of life and which we dared not proceed without. The loss, together with the untold problem of transporting all our luggage in one trip, settled the question of going farther that day and we secured an additional boat from Pete Vance's summer hotel and crossed the lake where we set up camp, subsequently for a short time. Our campers had their rods and tent floor and were comfortably settled by bedtime. This halt was fatal to the desire to go further into the wilds to camp, as we could not afterward be induced to strike tents for an unknown site in the hemlock swamps.

SOME LITTLE EXCURSIONS.
The weather was excellent for three or four days and we enjoyed the little excursions and fishing trips about Rest Lake, but the wish to get into the unknown lands overcame us and two of us started out one morning on a voyage of discovery. After several attempts to find the inlet from the other lake of the Manitowish chain, we encountered a gasoline launch coming up one of the lake and the pilot directed us to follow the "throughline." The throughline were formerly situated connecting the lakes which had been deepened and widened by raising the water about twenty feet at Rest Lake dam so that logs could be rafted down. We followed the throughline until we met several parties, evidently city chaps, fishing with their guides who were at an astonishingly fast pace, and turning a short distance beyond of camp back. We followed them for about three miles and finally came to a fine large body of water on the west shore of which seemed to be a village. This was Buck's summer resort on Manitowish lake, and there were a number of guests there. The owner of

the gasoline launch we had halted was among the number. We stopped there about an hour and got the directions of a number of other lakes of the chain which could be reached through the throughline. All the cottages at Buck's were built of logs but were not as rude as the regular lumber shacks of the camps. Here the road ended and all connection was cut off, except by boat, to the few who had set up shop further eastward. Buck's place makes a fine headquarters for tourists who wish to visit the more inaccessible lakes, but the fishing and hunting is not what it can be enjoyed from Pete Vance's Rest Lake cottages, four miles nearer the railway.

We went eastward from Buck's to Island Lake. It is as large as Pewaukee Lake and has four islands on one of which is a small resort, La Forge. There are three other shacks on the shore, one which is owned by a Chicago man of means and is a comfortable place. This lake is a fine body of water with excellent fishing grounds. We caught several fish in this lake during the day, but the party falling out at La Forge's and started for home about 1 o'clock. We related our experience to the others in camp that night and a general exodus for Island Lake next day was the result. While we had been about the boys had enjoyed themselves fishing and had been entertained by the boatmen of the party falling out at La Forge's and started for home about 1 o'clock. We related our experience to the others in camp that night and a general exodus for Island Lake next day was the result.

COOKING AND DISH-WASHING.
About this time dish-washing seemed to mean an occupation for discoverers and it was difficult to get the household duties accomplished. The cooking was generally under Mr. Robinson's supervision and no housewife could equal his efforts at a boiled dinner or fry a steak. The men of the party were generally two a day, were thoroughly appreciated, and we who had the unexpected of which we would not have dreamed before our alighting time passed to avoid starvation. The straggled breakfasts was hailed up by Vance stage two days and relieved shortly until we found it had passed the time in the rails in the depot platform at Mercer and the "ladies" were being dropped in green spots and had to be returned to the train.

Our visit to Island Lake whetted the appetite to go further and we turned a party of five to find the Clear Lake trail. It was a long one filled with drift wood stumps, but the men went on the way. On the north shore, twenty miles from a base of supplies, were the last vestiges of habitation. Clear Lake Lumber camp and De Vine's cabin, where he had his Indian wife who refused to be photographed, had lived for fifty years and reared nine children. He was at the lumber camp when we landed. The children readily consented to be "snapped" by a camera upon being presented with a "hard tack." Paul, the 3-year-old, hastened to the house to don his bright red hat and slicker before he appeared with a wide grin to have his photograph taken. They all wanted to see the picture as soon as the exposure was made, and seemed disappointed when I told them that they would have to wait until I got home, when I would mail one. We met Mr. De Vine on our way along the trail to the camp and talked with him. He pointed to have when Mr. Robinson showed evidences of morosism, which had driven him from his own people. Among other things he spoke of the wrong done him when the dam was put in at Rest Lake and mentioned just about half of his 300-acre farm. His first cabin had been built a quarter of a mile out in the lake on what was then dry land and he was fearful that he would be obliged to abandon his present cabin, as the water had risen to within a few rods of it last spring. He had a fine garden and the hill to the north was crowned with a large corn field.

A VISIT TO LUMBER CAMPS.
We made an interesting visit to the lumber camp which was in charge of two middle-aged men. A sturdy road and boiled onion combination smell was wafted to us as we neared the camp, and gave us an impression that we would not like the place. After we arrived and were warmly welcomed by the "camp watch," as they call the men in charge, we forgot all about the disagreeable odor and made a very interesting tour of the buildings. The watch said it was all right to stay there if one could fetch the bed bug off. He was polishing a lumber jack shoe and was nearly out of breath when Mr. Robinson suggested that he would send him a bottle. "It would be worth more to me than so much gold," he said. We inspected the log buildings and contents. There were piles of blankets seven feet high in the "office." We wished we had some of them on Windy Point. The dining cabin was connected with the main sleeping room by an extension of the roof which formed an open lounging place. There were accommodations for fifty men and fifteen or twenty tents in the camp. We noticed the big heavy lanterns hanging in the alleyway between the banks where the teamsters slept. They were consequently kept in excellent condition and were cleaner than harness usually are. There were a dozen sleds capable of carrying, as many tons each standing near the stables, with a snow pile and apparatus for lashing the sleds so that the enormous loads can be drawn on to the

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level of the lake from the woods, where the logs fall through in the spring break up and are rafted down the throughline to the dam. This property is owned by the Manitowish Lumber company of Eau Claire, which will carry on extensive operations on the lake in the coming winter.

AN INDIAN HUNT.
Several days before this visit we had learned that twenty Indians from the Lac du Flambeau reservation had come to the day ahead of us and were camped on Rice creek, where they were gathering wild rice. In our efforts to locate Rice creek we took a portage from the east end of Clear Lake and went up to Big lake, out of which Rice creek flows. We were compelled to stop here on the borders of one of the finest lakes in the region. Away to the south we could catch a glimpse of a shack which was afterward learned belonged to A. S. Ladin, of the Ladin Lumber Company, who has a grandson of Matthew Ladin. He owns a fifteen acre tract on which eleven log buildings where he spends a considerable time with friends each season. We were up early without a better acquaintance with these waters, but resolved to go back later.

After returning to the lumber camp we met two fellows who appeared to be hunters. They told us, however, they were lumber estimators and were going to make a trip to the eastward of Paopose lake to Paopose lake to estimate 7,000 acres of a New York firm. Here were two men going right to the very point we had planned to visit and we inquired eagerly regarding the trail they were following. They directed us, but when they saw in preparation to take the Paopose lake trail they informed us that the trail was not good, and that a mile in six inches of water or less would break and break through the woods. We turned about and came back to camp. We conferred with the boys and decided to go on to Paopose lake for a favorite trip over the two miles which separated us from the landlocked lakes which we were so much to catch a line for the big "muskies" we had heard the guides talk of at Vance's. Two of the boys preceded us out of Clear Lake and visited Buck's place late in the afternoon.

BUCK, A LOCAL CHARACTER.
Is a hospitable fellow, and has a glad hand for all who visit the Manitowish cottages. The boys were shown about the place and told us that a grizzly man, Buck, was cutting some logs in the front yard, that is, the lumbermen had cut a trail for him to work after he had shown the boys around. Stakes were wadded about the place and the boys were not without a drink and the guests stood about while the lumbermen were at work. Buck kept at work industriously and the minutes glided by. Right were culled while he raised his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead and the "ladies" were being dropped in green spots and had to be returned to the train.

The second day rapidly and the axe was wielded with agility until nine minutes of passing. He did not get up until half a minute later. "First the men got on their feet and then on boys, let me another drink," we smiled, Hattie, H. voices for this. We found and munched hard tack. We all agreed that Paopose lake, should be our objective point. The city boys who are used to tail buildings built further on of whose beauty the guides told us. They had used their portable saw to prevent our going there to camp by telling us that the fish had all been culled out in the spring by poachers who fished for the market, and that the trout were scarce. The trout did not break camp at Rest Lake and more further on in the first day of our outing.

FROZEN OUT AT LAKE.
After our return to Clear Lake we portaged around the lake and arrived at the joyed another view of it, but the Ladin cabins saved too much of civilization and it did not mean our preference from the one we had reached by the hard tack trail, but the joy of the journey. It was tired when we reached camp at dark that night, but another of those dinner-cuppers awaited us and we left no regret for the joy of the journey. "Sport," as they called him, paid his board by serving as foot warmer for our culinary is in and in the evening with a crew and had to be sent back by Vance's stage next day to avoid starvation. Rain and wind came after supper and made the night very disagreeable to those who were tired out by the hard journey of the previous day. All night and all day it continued without cessation and when it did not cease on Sunday all preparations to "stick it out" for two weeks were annulled. We passed a very unpleasant day Sunday and finally got chilled so that we got on water-proof coats and sat beside a fire under the south bank, where we watched the rain turn to snow and finally came falling. For two days we did not venture off Windy Point, owing to the high waves, but it quieted with sundown and we decided that a part of us should go to Vance's for the night and leave our blankets for the others, and that we should break camp for home the next day. The weather changed before morning and has doubtless been ideal ever since. We packed up the next morning and portaged into the Manitowish river at 10 o'clock, with the exception of Marvin Wright, who rode his boat over the great and through the whirlpool, thereby saving a long carry and a fearful amusement for us who watched him and took snap shots as he

On the down trip we ran the rapids, and waited three shells as an endeavor to bag some of them. We tried to express them later against the second, a larger swamp, but could not pick up the trail on the opposite side and lost an hour in returning and following it right across through the water about a foot deep. We found it still too high and where we had been searching, but it ran up into an arm of the low land and was very disagreeable to follow and the boys who had managed to keep dry feet up to this time did not like to take the advice of one of the others to "be careful and wade." The advice was rather in vain.

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discuss in view of the fact that he completely ruined his only pair of shoes by the wearing and had to rely on the charity of the others for footwear until the boys' numbers were finally reached. The high land but braved over 700 yards and we had to keep up the compass every half mile or so. The day was a threatened rain. We came to an opening about half a mile from the location of the lake could be seen, and we reached the shore in a few minutes. Here at last was a lake to our heart's desire. It was a beautiful body of water to look upon and every shore line rounded off with the heavy growth, hung five or six feet over the water. No signs of life were seen, except the streak of a passing fish, through the water along shore which was visible by the mignon jumping along its course. We took photographs toward the two islands in the center of the lake and all went on to the shore. We found and munched hard tack. We all agreed that Paopose lake, should be our objective point. The city boys who are used to tail buildings built further on of whose beauty the guides told us. They had used their portable saw to prevent our going there to camp by telling us that the fish had all been culled out in the spring by poachers who fished for the market, and that the trout were scarce. The trout did not break camp at Rest Lake and more further on in the first day of our outing.

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