

In the

Valley

of a

Thousand Lakes

*The Roots of Contentment burrow deep in the heart of Nature.  
In the wide spaces of the Great Out-doors; lingering in the dim  
recesses of forest glades; on the crests of vine clad hills; by the  
banks of purling streams; along the shores of rush bound lakes,  
Man finds soothing tonic for tired brain and jaded nerve.*

1822-1922

By Chas. A. Ward

Price 25 cents

The Playground of the Gods

# REST DAYS

By Edgar A. Guest

The click of a reel and the swish of a line  
And the thrill of a bending rod,  
These are the joys in the dreams of mine  
Away from the Haunts of Plod,  
A few brief days with myself off there  
To think of the things worth while,  
To bathe my soul in a purer air  
And live in a simple style.

An anchor splash in a favorite spot  
And the fresh wind in my face.  
What matters it whether they bite or not,  
I am out of the grinding race.  
I am once more on a laughing stream,  
From the sham of pride I'm free,  
I am what I am as I sit and dream,  
I am knowing a day with me.

A string of fish and a day well spent,  
And a mind washed clean of hate,  
A sense of holy and sweet content  
Are the joys that I now await.  
For to roam the woods and whip a stream  
Is to turn from the Haunts of Plod  
And dwell where all things are what they seem  
And read from the books of God.

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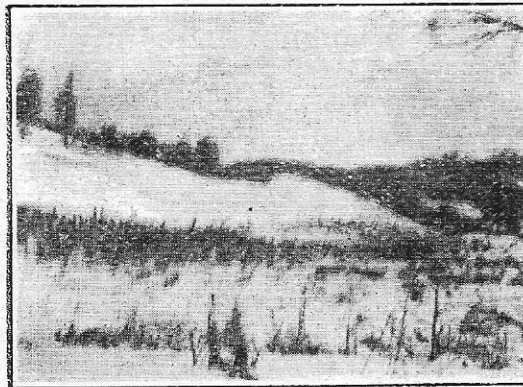
# The Legends and Romance

OF THE

## Lake Country

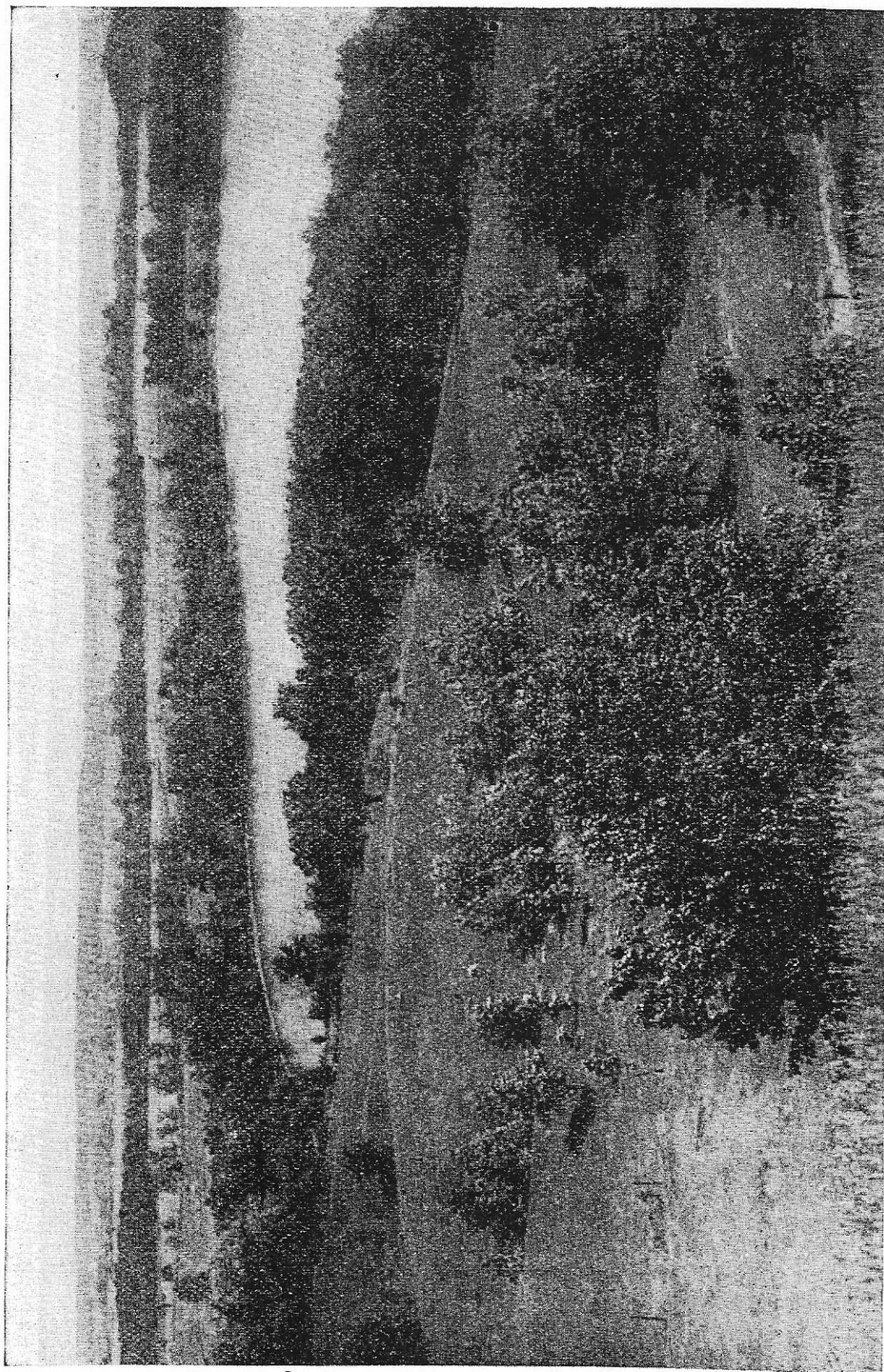
TOLD WITH

CAMERA AND PENCIL



Livingston Republican Print

Howell, Michigan



Grisson looked across green vistas of the Valley to the hilltops of the far horizon.

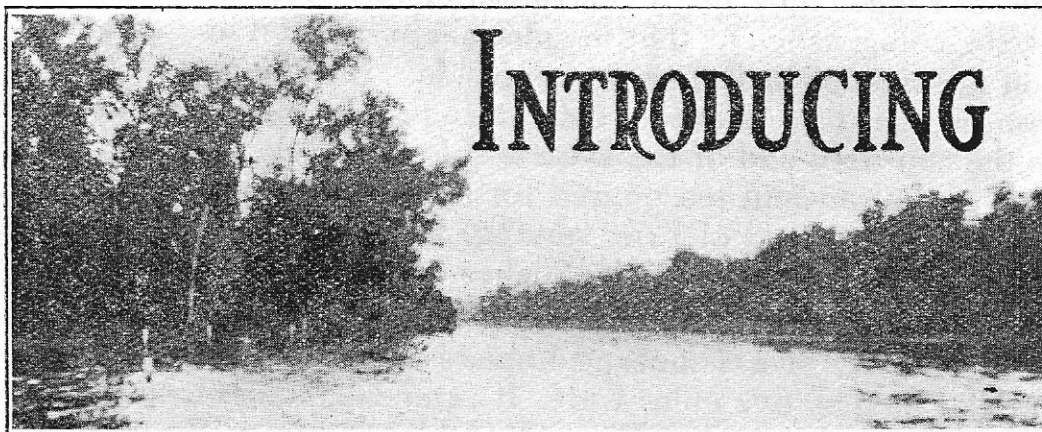


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## The Playground of the Gods

Cut in the back yard of Detroit,—thirty miles over smooth laid roads from the pulsating life of the dynamic city,—lies a picturesque Valley that the Huron river, working persistently through ages unnumbered, has carved from the heart of the hills, a valley that is replete with interest for the sportsman and the lover of the great out-of-doors.

The Huron, born a tiny rivulet in the uplands of Oakland, started first southwesterly, groping its way blindly through the hills in an effort to reach the lowland plain and an unrestrained course to the sea. Receiving in its wanderings the outpourings of countless sparkling springs, swallowing the drainage of a thousand timber crested hills, gathering the flow of numberless brooklets of lesser degree, the Huron now reaches the Valley of a Thousand Lakes with the full dignity of a stream navigable for pleasure craft. Thence, for twenty miles of its sinuous course, the river winds sedately through green meadows, laves the buttresses of lofty hills, traverses the depths of game filled forests, enlarging its bounds at frequent intervals to form lakes of surpassing beauty; and always presenting to the enchanted voyager an everchanging panorama of nature in her loveliest mood. With the connecting lakes it forms an inland waterway for motor boats and the craft of summer pleasure seekers that, unrivalled in scenic attraction, abounds in opportunity for all of the health giving sports of out door life and affords countless sites for beautiful summer homes.

This charming lake studded valley, hedged about with

ranges of rugged hills, has an elevation of 1000 feet above sea level. Geologists tell us that the glacial epoch left it an inland sea on the crest of the Michigan peninsula. But the persistent Huron, in ages past, eroded a defile through the hills that buttress the southern end of the Base and Portage lakes, and the waters of that ancient sea poured forth in riotous abandon to mingle with the flood of Erie, leaving, in the deeper pools of that inland sea, the innumerable lakes and lakelets that lend charm to the present day landscape.

The Valley of a Thousand Lakes is, approximately, sixteen miles long by five miles wide. It extends in a southwesterly direction from the western line of Oakland county through southern Livingston and northern Washtenaw. The floor of the valley is broken by rolling hills, by cultivated fields, tracts of primeval forest and the shimmering surface of silvery lakes.

Silver lake, in Green Oak, adjacent to the trunk line highway, is the largest body of water in the eastern end of the valley. Island, Briggs and Fonda nestle along the Grand River road in the north-east cove and mark the northern gateway. The broad expanse of Whitmore lies at the base of the southern hills where the road from Toledo and Ann Arbor enters. Historic Portage lashes the foot of the western range from which Hell creek brings down the waters of a long chain of lakes bedded high up in the broken hill country.

The Ann Arbor railroad enters the valley at Whitmore lake, ten miles north of the University city of Ann Arbor and traverses it diagonally, passing through Hamburg and Lakeland, and leaving it at Chilson and Crooked lake to cross the divide to the headwaters of the Shiawassee. The Grand Trunk Air Line from Pontiac, enters the valley at South Lyon on the east, passes the Green Oak lakes and on through Hamburg, crosses the Ann Arbor at Lakeland, and leaves the valley at Pinckney, two miles north of Portage, on its way to Jackson. The Pere Marquette, from Detroit, passes through South Lyon, Brighton and Howell.

Michigan trunk line highway No. 49, leaves the Grand River road, from Detroit at Novi, passes through South Lyon, circles the Green Oak lakes to Whitmore and Hamburg, passes through Lakeland and Pinckney and on to Stockbridge, Jackson and Lansing.

State trunk line No. 65 leads north from the Detroit, Michigan Avenue trunk line at Ann Arbor through Whitmore Lake, intersects No. 49 one mile north of Whitmore, crosses

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the Grand River road at Brighton and passes on to Flint and Saginaw. These trunk lines afford easy access to all points of interest in the valley for the wayfarer coming from any point of the compass.

An excellent county road leads from the Grand River at Howell, south through Pinckney, along the western shores of Portage lake, and on down the valley of the Huron to Dexter and Ann Arbor.

Another improved county highway leads from the Grand River Road at Howell south through Chilson, skirting the western shore of Pleasant (Winan's) lake to join trunk line No. 49 at Lakeland.

This region, now a favorite resting place of the tired dweller of the city was, less than a hundred years ago, the summer playground and source of food supply of the Pottowattomie Indians. It is rich in Indian tradition. It was here that the red men came during the warm months to hunt and fish and gather the bountiful harvest of wild berries and fruits. Their lodges were pitched each year on the high and broad plateau that reaches back from the southern shore of Strawberry Lake. From this central location the braves ranged forest and stream while the squaws performed the routine labor of the village. Over the hills to the north lay the territory of the Saginaw Chippewas. Sometimes bands from this tribe would cross the divide and come down across the Huron to be received with becoming dignity by the Pottowattomie chiefs at Strawberry Point. Here too, in the earlier days, came couriers from the white governors at Fort Ponchartrain, now Detroit, to be heard at the council fire of the Pottowattomies and courier-de-bois to trade for Indian peltry. Little wonder that a land once the delight of the children of the forest, still retaining its primeval beauty, should appeal with insistent call to their white successors.

It was in 1819 that Gen. Lewis Cass, then governor of the Territory of Michigan, negotiated the treaty with the tribes that passed the title of this hill country to the United States. It was some years afterward that the first white home builder ventured into the then far wilderness, the beauty of which has since been softened, but not destroyed, by the hand of man.

The deep, cool pools of the river and the lakes abound in game fish. The forests, the marshes and the fields are the habitat of the rabbit, the squirrel, the muskrat, partridge and quail. Woodcock and wild duck frequent the shores and sport on the waters.

The appealing charm of The Valley of a Thousand Lakes lies in the everchanging scene and vista that banish ennui. You can romp through woodlands and over rough weather-worn ridges; you can motor over hill and through dale; you can traverse the water ways in swift moving motor boat or gliding canoe, and each turn of the road, each bend of the river or lake discloses new beauties to appreciating eyes. Once a visitor to The Playground of the Gods its call is insistent. Each succeeding season finds you enrolled with the summer population of this exquisite playground.

In the wholesome atmosphere of this far-flung valley there is none of the garish life of the resorts close to the city limits and easily accessible to the holiday crowds. Yet, in the diversity of its attractions, there are locations that appeal to the every taste. You can gather where the social whirl is transplanted from the heat of the city to the well appointed lakeside hotel and close clustered cottages that are cooled by refreshing breezes that sweep the broad expanse of charming inland lakes. You can seek seclusion in enchanting nooks where, if you will, your rest will be broken only by the chatter of squirrels and the carols of feathered songsters. You can, if inclined, own acres, few or many, with you own lake and private fishing and hunting.

To see the valley at its best you should climb to the crest of one of the rugged hills. The view from any of these vantage points will astonish you. It will remind you of the lovely parks that have made the foot-hills of the Rocky mountains the goal of the tourists. Yet all this lies at your very door—just a short and pleasant journey by motor from the industrial centers of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

Traverse the cool, shaded water ways on a summer day and the work day world is eclipsed by the glamour of romance. Roam the sylvan glades and you will catch the buoyant spirit of the joyous life of the wild. Fill you lungs with the stimulating ozone that is yours for the effort of inhaling, and you will return to the tasks of every day life with clear vision and renewed vigor.

A rugged summer house and a garage on the shore of river or lake, a home made bench between two close grown trees, an old fashioned swing in the shade of a spreading oak, a gun, boat, fishing tackle and hammock, make every week end a red letter day in the calendar of the man who owns a little patch of ground in the Valley of a Thousand Lakes.



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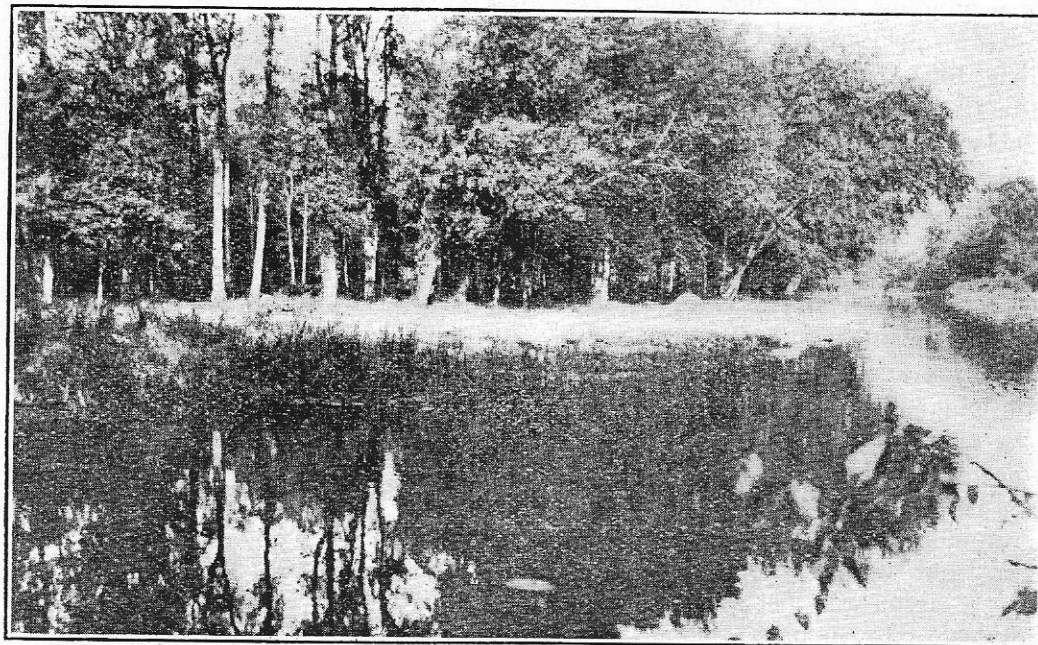
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The Ol' Swimmin' Hole

## IN THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND LAKES

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The course of Grisson's flight from Detroit lay over an Indian trail, a trail as old, perhaps, as the forest through which it insinuated its thread-like way, and worn smooth and firm by the tread of mocasined feet through ages unnumbered. This trail, located with a genius for lightening the burdens of travel, led up the gentler slopes of wooded hills and through deep shaded valleys, crossed sparkling forest streams and traversed the shores of rush bordered lakes—ever ascending from the coastal plain that lies along the great waters, ever increasing the distance of the traveller from the fringe of white settlements bordering the broad river, until it joined other trails of similar origin in the lake studded valley that nestles in the bosom of the hills.

The sun was settling behind a range of high hills some miles to the west of him when Grisson, after traversing an elevated, sparse timbered plain, passed between two great bald domes that had pushed their heads far above the level of the plateau, and emerged upon the rim of a broad valley. From Grisson's elevated view-point the forest in the valley was broken by stretches of prairie, yellow with ripening grasses. The shimmering surfaces of countless lakes and lakelets reflected the mellow light of the fading autumn day,

while a winding river, since named Huron, groped its aimless way through the picturesque ensemble.

And hills. There were hills to the right of him, hills to the left of him, hills in front of him—everlasting, ozone crested hills, girdling like immutable sentinels this Valley of A Thousand Lakes.

The disappearing sun clothed the western ranges with a purple aura and bathed the tree tops of the valley with a golden refulgence, while the surfaces of the myriad lakes caught the slanting beams of yellow light and glowed like huge pots of molten metal in their setting of forest green. An air of placid, restful content rose from the valley, like a subtle incense, to greet the traveller.

Grisson knew, without conscious reasoning, that he had reached the end of his long journey. Down yonder in that peaceful valley, as yet unscotched by the mauling hand of man, he would find that elusive condition labelled contentment. But, while his eyes were feasting on the charming scene unfolded below him, his horse, grazing unchecked on the luscious native grasses, had wandered far from the beaten trail that here descended into the valley, and twilight fading quickly into night made the recovery of the trail impracticable. Grisson was lost. A small matter, however, for one who was fleeing, rudderless, into an uncharted wilderness. A camp by the river down there, Grisson reflected, would be ideal. He dismounted and led his horse straight down the steep hillside into the deepening gloom.

On reaching the floor of the valley he remounted and rode at random into the jungle. Soon a flicker of yellow light through the thickening foliage crossed his vision. Startled, he drew rein, hesitated until he discovered that the feet of his horse were in a beaten path, then rode cautiously in the direction from whence he had observed the light.

The footpath wound tortuously through a dense undergrowth, truant brush whipped Grisson's face, and once an overhanging limb nearly swept him clear from the saddle. And, then, as the path rounded a cluster of willows, he found himself athwart a rude cabin not ten yards away. Checking his animal, Grisson gave voice to a questioning "hallo."

At Grisson's hail, a grey bearded man rose from the doorstep of the cabin, where he had been enjoying an evening pipe, his stalwart, yet uncouth, figure silhouetted against the firelight that illuminated the interior of the place with a fitful light. In the even, unemotional tone of one who extends casual greeting to his next door neighbor he said, as he stretched his long arms with a yawn: "Well, so your'e here. I've been expecting you."

"Expecting me," Grisson gripped himself to emulate the unconcerned tone of the other. The kindly gloom of the night happily concealed the pallor that lightened the tan of his features.

"Yes," drawled the tall man, "I knew you were coming. Unpack and come in."

The gruff voice held a warm note of cordiality. Grisson hesitated a moment, debating the feasibility of flight through that jungle, then dismounted and held out his hand. "My name is Paul Grisson. I hail from the east. Until I looked down over this restful valley, an hour ago, I was bound for nowhere in particular."

"They call me John Nelson when they chance to call me at all," replied the old man, giving Grisson's hand a perfunctory clasp. "I have belonged right here so long that I have forgotten all about other places. Come in. I get ye some supper."

Grisson followed his eccentric host into a one room cabin, typical of the

habitations of men. A purpose of the beaver answered one corner, and constituted the

The owner fitting bucks well shaped. Piercing blades indicated firm over the open in speech, a unflinching assuring. The memories of assistance he

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In the slow eddying in the clear pointed with smoke rising of the Potomac to hunt and

"Are the Friend man ever had Gen. Cass had States and then I be

habitations of those who willed to dwell in the wilderness, far from the haunts of men. A capacious fire place filled one side of the room. It served the purpose of both cookstove and heater. Skins of the bear, the deer and the beaver answered the purpose of rugs on the rough hewn floor. A bunk in one corner, a table and a few chairs, rudely constructed from pliant sapplings constituted the furniture. "Cosy," thought Grisson, surveying the interior.

The owner matched well his abode. His tall lank form was clad in loose fitting buckskin shirt and trousers. Long grizzled hair and beard gave his well shaped head the appearance of a tuft of foliage on a slender stalk. Piercing black eyes looked out from under shaggy eyebrows. His mouth indicated firmness and decision. While busying himself with skillet and kettle over the open fire, Nelson, furtively took stock of the newcomer. In dress, in speech, and in manner, Grisson was irreproachably eastern. His clear, unflinching blue eyes and the frank boyish expression of his face were reassuring. The high forehead with its thatch of wavy brown hair thrust memories of youthful days across the old man's mental vision with a persistence he could not shake.

Each man seemed to know intuitively that the life of the other, previous to his arrival in the valley, was a closed account; that their relations were to be strictly of the present; that the past was to hold no handicaps for either.

Their conversation, therefore, turned upon subjects in which a man fresh from the pulsating life of the eastern seaboard, and one long immured in the wilderness could find mutual interest. Nelson listened with avid ears while Grisson discussed with poise the results of the war with England, the fabulous growth of the cities, the industrial development of New England and kindred topics. And on the other hand Grisson, whose knowledge of the western empire of his country was vague and uncertain, drew from the old man, a few terse sentences at a time, an inkling of the people, the customs and the topography of the great borderland, for Nelson had travelled far and wide through the limitless wilds of the northwest before he came to make his home in the valley.

So before Grisson spread his bed in a corner of Nelson's cabin that night each man had taken the others measure, and each had set the seal of approval upon the appraisal.

## The Indian Village

In the morning they were standing on the bank of the river watching the slow eddying currents of the stream and the schools of bass lazily disporting in the clear waters, when Nelson, placing his left hand on Grisson's shoulder, pointed with his long right arm into the southern distance, saying: "See that smoke rising above the tree tops on yon plateau? That's the summer camp of the Pottowattomies. They come here every year during the warm season to hunt and fish and gather wild fruits and berries."

"Are they friendly?" queried Grisson.

"Friendly?" snorted Nelson. "They're my nearest neighbors, and no man ever had better neighbors or truer friends. But they'll have to go soon. Gen. Cass has purchased the Indian rights to all this region for the United States and in a little while settlers will come with their axes and, if I'm here then I'll be moving with the Indians. I just can't stand by to see this valley

desecrated." There was a change in the quality of the voice of the old recluse, and his black, inscrutable eyes were moist as he turned again to Grisson.

"You are the first to come, and you will have your pick. I'm powerful glad it's you for—well I've been rather out of joint with my kind for many years, but I'm going to like you, son."

"Thanks," said Grisson, extending his hand and meeting the old man's misty eyes with the level gaze of his own. And then, quickly, "Did you think that I was a land looker when you said last night that you were expecting me?"

"That's just what I meant, son."

"A smothered sigh of relief that did not escape Nelson's keen ears escaped Grisson and the timbre of his voice reflected a lighter heart as he replied: "If I may have you for a neighbor I think I'll remain, for a lovelier spot I never saw."

"You've seen the valley from the rim up there, and I'll admit it's powerful pleasing. Now I'll give you a close up view from the river and introduce you to the tribe over there on Strawberry Point. If you are going to stay here in the valley it'll be worth your while to cultivate the friendship of those Indians."

He led the way to a cedar canoe of exquisite Indian workmanship that was beached on the pebbly shore of the stream.

"Present from an Injun friend," he explained, as he shoved the light craft into the water.

Quickly responding to the master strokes of Nelson's paddle, the canoe carried this oddly assorted pair down the winding river—Grisson young, smooth shaved, boyish in manner, indisputably foreign to the environment: Nelson wrinkled and bent with age, exhaling the atmosphere of the far frontier. Grisson of pleasing address and fluent of speech; Nelson gruff, taciturn.

They floated through native meadows rank with tall grasses and skirted the base of lofty hills where the waters eddied in impotent effort at erosion. They traversed deep, dark forests where the elms and the maples, hanging low over the bosom of the river, were festooned with wild grape vines that laved purple clusters in the rippling waters. At intervals the river, expanding in deep basins, left ready made during the glacial epoch, formed forest lakes of surpassing beauty, where the wild water fowl and feathered songsters chatted and caroled in reckless abandon. And then, as though remembering its purpose to replenish the stores of ocean, the stream gathers again its waters into its own proper channel and hastens on in its tortuous course to the sea. Grisson sat silent, enthralled, as the canoe glided smoothly, noiselessly, over the water, by the wild loveliness of the ever changing scenes.

A sharp turn of the river and the canoe passed, through a short channel bordered by tall reeds, out upon the bosom of a broad lake whose waters rolled lazily in a light breeze. To the right of the river's entrance the shores of the lake were low and marshy, dotted, here and there with the houses of muskrat and beaver. To the left, also low, the shore line was flanked by the dark green of the tamarack. Directly in front of them on the southern shore a high point pushed from an elevated plain far into the blue waters, its base resting in luxuriant willows, its slopes and crest fringed with the lighter green of hickory and oak.

Grisson gave involuntary voice to his admiration.

"Strawberry Point, the Injun village," remarked Nelson, holding the

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course of the canoe toward the promontory. Turning the western flank of the promontory Nelson landed on a sheltering beach littered with Indian canoes and fishing tackle.

A cold crystal spring gushed from the base of the hill, a few feet above the level of the lake and ran away in a trickling stream. From the spring a zizzag trail led up the steep face of the hill to the plain above.

As they stopped at the spring to drink of its wholesome water a slip of an Indian maid was filling her bucket. Nelson patted her blue black head and spoke to her in the Indian tongue. She looked shyly up at the fair stranger from luminous black eyes. Her face lighter by far than the skin of the Indians Grisson had seen in Detroit reminded him of the fresh charm of a sparkling morning. He watched her trim figure, artistically clad in beaded buckskin blouse, skirt, leggings and moccasins, as she toiled up the trail with her load, and forgot his thirst.

Nelson, with vigorous strides, led the ascent. He passed the girl without notice. Grisson following, took the heavy bucket from the startled maid and carried it to the top of the hill where Nelson, turning back, observed Grisson's action with a frown.

"Set it down, son," he cried. "That would be all right where you came from, but it will never do in an Indian village."

With a reassuring smile to the agitated Indian girl, who had followed him closely up the trail, Grisson set the bucket on the ground and turned to take his first view of an Indian village.

The lodges were extended in a wide semi-circle on the level ground, overlooking the lake and the lower surrounding lands. Through the unnumbered years of Indian occupancy for camp purposes the undergrowth had been completely subdued by the browsing of ponies and the patter of feet. Only the larger forest trees remained to break the rays of the summer sun and give the plateau the appearance of a deep sylvan arcade in which the deer-skin covered lodges of the red men nestled as assuredly as the birds that poured their melody from the overhanging branches.

The women of the village, working about many fires in the open, were making preparations for the midday meal. Idle warriors lounged about in the sunny spots, smoking and gossiping in flat guttural tones. Copper colored urchins played about the grounds with the noise and abandonment of white children. Dogs of varied hues and bodily characteristics aped their masters in somnolent ease or hung wide-eyed and expectant about the savory odors that rose from the boiling kettles. Ponies grazed peacefully in the background.

For some moments Grisson's eyes searched out each detail of the novel scene. This, he thought is the handful of people from whom Cass has just purchased an empire, living hand to mouth from the bounties of nature. Here are the natural opportunities that the disciple of social unrest cries for in the congested areas, boundless and to be had for the taking. And yet the sparse population of this region, revelling in potential wealth, living a communal existence, is content with the bare necessities of life and lives in a crude manner that precludes race expansion. And some day, responding generously to Anglo-Saxon energy, this land would support a teeming population in affluent plenty. Yes the Indian would have to go, though sentimental people insist that he is being robbed of his heritage of preventing the progress of mankind.

Grisson followed Nelson through the village to a lodge standing in the center of the semi-circle, a lodge larger and better appointed than its neigh-

bors. Here Nelson was cordially greeted by Chief Kitchokema, an elderly native of giant physique and dignified bearing. The chief addressed Nelson as "Big Medicine," by which name he was known to the tribe.

Nelson addressed the chieftain volubly for a few moments, in the Pottowattomie tongue. Mean while the eyes of the impassive savage bent in searching scrutiny of Grisson's face.

When the white man had finished the Indian inclined his head in assent and extended his hand to Grisson, saying in broken English: "Um brother."

"I have," said Nelson, turning to Grisson, "proposed you for what you may call an honorary membership in the tribe. It is worth your while to accept."

He did not tell Grisson that he had fortified his application for the honor by assuming the relationship of father to the candidate.

Grisson, ready for adventure, nodded assent and bowed over the hand of the chieftain.

Kitchokema, turned to a tom-tom standing by the door of his lodge and struck the instrument blows that sent deep, reverberating echoes through the woods. Immediately the whole camp was attention. The lounging warriors gathered in a circle beneath the spreading branches of a giant oak standing near the center of the camp. The females of the village abandoned their various occupations and formed groups of inquiring eyes in the background.

Grisson followed Nelson and the chief to the foot of the oak where the men of the tribe squatted in a circle. There Kitchokema stood for what seemed to Grisson an interminable time, his tongue silent, his face expressionless.

Then, in a voice at first low pitched, but sonorous, Kitchokema began to speak, his eyes fixed, not upon his auditors after the manner of one who seeks to convince by his eloquence, but upon some point in the distant hills, his manner detached like one who is giving voice to his thoughts in solitude. As the chief proceeded with his address, his words were pitched in a louder key, his diction more dramatic, his delivery more forceful; now persuading, now commanding. And the magnetic power of the speaker was not lost upon his auditors. As the orator gradually invested his theme with compelling eloquence the faces of his auditors, ironically savage at the beginning, brightened in sympathy with his motif and all eyes looked upon the fair faced stranger with friendly interest.

Grisson did not understand a word of the strange tongue that flowed in measured periods from the lips of the giant savage. He entered upon the adventure as a boy embarks upon a frolic. The artistry of Kitchokema's unknown speech banished trivial thoughts from his mind, leaving in stead the solemnity of the Indian view.

When the speaker had concluded he drew from the folds of his blanket a huge, long stemmed pipe. The sylph-like maid of the water bucket episode held a blazing brand to the chieftain's hand. He applied the brand to the tobacco, drew a few puffs of smoke, and passed the pipe, with a dignified courtesy to Grisson, who, following the command in Nelson's eyes, did likewise.

The chief again took the pipe from Grisson's hand and passed it to the nearest of his warriors. From hand to hand and mouth to mouth the symbolic pipe traveled around the grave visaged circle and back to the hand of Kitchokema.

The chief then invested Grisson's neck with a band of wampum and christened him Keesas, child of the rising sun. His novitiate was now com-

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plete. He was a duly adopted member of the tribe, entitled to the protection of its laws and customs.

Grisson was deeply impressed by the weird ceremony with its symbolical ritual administered with the cadences of a strange tongue. A stranger, less than twenty-four hours in the valley, he was accepted a brother by these children of the forest; accepted on the faith of this white man, Nelson, to whom he had borne no credential save a clean face and a clear eye. The word of this exile of civilization had been accepted by implicit faith by the savage. Surely this was a land of mystery and enchantment.

## Homebuilding

Following the visit to the Indian village came days when Grisson, piloted by Nelson, explored the length and the breadth of the valley and pushed back over the shoulders of the buttressing hills into the plains that stretched beyond. Grisson appraised each possible home site with the eye of an artist. He eagerly climbed the hills and traversed the rough, broken ranges to view the attractions of the valley from new vantage points. He was the first settler and he was ever intent upon choosing the spot of most appealing beauty for his permanent abode. Utility was submerged in his love of the beautiful.

He chose at last an elevated bench, many acres in extent, that commanded a broad sweep of the valley and the encircling hills to the south and the west. Back of this bench towered a great hill whose bald peak rose far above the tops of the trees that clothed its slopes. Grisson christened this hill "Old Baldy."

The Huron washed the foot of the bench on one side and then, passing in a majestic curve around a stretch of lowland, came back to mingle its flood with the clear waters of a lake that nestled close on the other. Giant oaks sheltered the grounds where the house was to be. From his doorstep Grisson planned to look out over the elms, the lindens and the maples that flourished on the lowlands and across vistas of forest and meadow and sparkling lakes to the hill tops of the far horizon. And his chosen site was easy of access by both trail and river with Nelson's cabin.

Grisson constructed his house from the trees of the forest, with the care of one who builds with his thoughts in the future. Nelson was there with a helping hand and, when occasion required, would bring a bunch of stout young braves from the village at Strawberry Point to assist with the heavy lifting. Among these came, one day, Louis a French half-breed, affiliated with the tribe by marriage. Louis had had some experience in pioneer construction about the forts and border towns and, having a thrifty eye for bright silver coins, consented to stay with Grisson until the house was completed.

One day a lone Indian maid stepped from a canoe onto the lake beach and made her way to the new building. She greeted Nelson with a merry smile and the old man patted her blue-black hair fondly, Grisson looked down from his work on the roof and recognized the piquant maid whose water bucket he had carried up the hill at the Point. He smiled at her and held her eyes for a brief, fascinating second when she turned to deliver a message she had brought from the village to Louis.

Grisson turned to Nelson with a questioning look.

"That's Alagwa, Louis' daughter by a Pottowattomie squaw. That quarter strain of French blood makes her different from the rest. That's why the Injuns call her Alagwa, which means the star."

It was evident that Grisson was not a trained artizan, yet he was not without a native skill in handicraft. That which he set himself to do was always well done when he had finished. His patience and industry compensated for his lack of technical knowledge, and his artistic eye set the limits of possible perfection. His house when completed was large and roomy—a mansion of logs.

Nelson bluntly pronounced it a waste of time.

Grisson's answer was a satisfied chuckle.

Grisson seemed to love work for its own sake. In his primitive environment limited physical effort would have supplied all of his needs. But Grisson cleared, builded, pruned and embellished until his homestead looked like a civilized oasis lost in the wilderness. To those who labor in such a spirit work is never irksome and well earned fatigue is a delicious sensation. It is to those who live for the day and its pleasures alone that toil becomes drudgery.

Nelson, whose fondness for his protege was concealed by a thin veneer of gruffness watched Grisson's industry with secret approval.

Thus a year quickly passed and Grisson had cleared a field for cultivation and raised a crop of corn and potatoes. He had planted fruit trees and surrounded himself with domestic animals. And with all his industry he had found time to hunt and fish with Nelson and to mingle often with his Indian friends at Strawberry Point. Of their language he acquired a fair knowledge and their esteem for the fair faced Keesas was unbounded. To the grave and dignified Kitchokema the young man was a fountain of worldly wisdom, fresh from the haunts of the dominant race of the continent.

Grisson found frequently in his house, which was guiltless of lock, bearskin robes, buckskin coats, shirts and trousers worked in exquisite designs and moccasins beaded with marvelous skill and infinite patience, with no hint of the donor. In time his wardrobe became the typical attire of the border.

Grisson did not know that when he visited the village that Alagwa's lustrous black eyes followed his stalwart form with wistful admiration, nor that sometimes when engaged at his work the same eyes, safely ensconced behind some leafy screen, followed his movements.

Once when paddling the river he barely escaped collision with the canoe of the girl at a sharp turn of the stream. With a dextrous stroke of her paddle she beached her craft and fled in frantic haste through the forest. His reassuring call increased the swiftness of her flight.

Pained and puzzled, Grisson explained the circumstances to Nelson over their evening pipe. The old man's eyes rested long on the glowing embers of the fire before he commented.

"Just Injun, son. When you meet an Injun girl, look the other way."

In the long hours that the two white friends spent together on river and lake, in the forest and before their firesides, it was always Grisson who carried the conversation; Nelson who listened with nods of approval or shrugs of dissent. For Nelson was parsimonious in the use of language, except on rare occasions when, moved by some deeper emotion, he seemed to forget his seeming character of a simple woodsman, dropped the rude dialect of the border, and gave voice to his thoughts in fluent and graceful English. On these occasions Grisson would catch a glimpse of his friend's

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Early in their intercourse Grisson abandoned all effort to sound the impenetrable depths of his eccentric companion. To him John Nelson was like a stream that babbles over a series of shallow riffles to plunge into occasional deep, unfathomable pools. The clear waters of the shallows he knew were pure and wholesome. Therefore the hidden depths of the pools could hold no putrid matter.

## The Indian Maid

The buck, a magnificent specimen of the species, poised on a little knoll near the trail that led from Grisson's house to Nelson's cabin. With head lifted high and nostrils distended in an effort to locate the source of the dangerous scent that his sensitive membranes had detected in the tell-tale air, he stood with one front foot lifted and muscles tensed for instant flight.

At the crack of Grisson's rifle the animal sprang high in the air and fell broad side on the ground. "Oh what a trophy," thought Grisson, as he ran to the fallen monarch knife in hand, intent upon bleeding the carcass. He grasped a prong of the huge antlers and stooped to execute his purpose. In that instant the buck, merely stunned by the impact of the bullet sprang to his feet with a bound that toppled Grisson flat on his back. Furious with the stinging pain, the animal charged his enemy again and again until satisfied with his reprisal he walked away, head erect, into the screen of the forest.

Grisson's eyes remained closed for some minutes after he regained consciousness. He was too comfortable. His head was pillowed soft and warm. A light blanket covered his frame. A low, crooning melody, like the humming of distant honey bees, fell on his ears. So he lay perfectly still like one who, on awakening from a night's refreshing slumber, hesitates to break the delicious sensation by so much as the lifting of an eyelid. After a time he noticed a sensation of cold and numbness in his left leg. Instinctively he attempted to move that member and the sharp twinge of lacerated muscles brought his eyes wide open. Bending low over the head pillowed in her lap, her willowy arms supporting his broad shoulders, her blanket protecting his body from the chill of the fading day, the dark eyes of Alagwa, their lustre dimmed by the mists of concern, met and held the gaze of the astonished Grisson. Neither spoke for long moments. Native shyness bound the girl's tongue. Grisson's returning faculties were reaching out to grasp the situation. Mean while, red-blooded man that he was, his own eyes reflected a sentiment that was something more than gratitude.

"When Grisson broke the silence he said to himself in English: "Well, you're a dear." To the girl, in her own tongue: "Alagwa, bring "Big Medicine."

Carefully disposing his head on a pillow of hastily gathered leaves, the maid flew upon her errand, leaving Grisson pondering his curious situation.

On an improvised litter, Nelson, assisted by Alagwa, carried Grisson to the house. There Nelson, with a skill and dispatch that astonished the patient, set the broken leg and dressed numerous abrasions. It was when Grisson saw

Nelson draw from the recesses of a black leather bag instruments and dressings of whose use none other than a learned man would have knowledge, that he had a vision of the old man's larger past.

The surgeon's task performed, Alagwa appeared from the kitchen with a delicious broth that she fed to Grisson tenderly, as an anxious mother nourishes an ailing child.

Alagwa had been a favorite of Nelson's from her earliest childhood. But now the old man seemingly looked askance at the triangle she formed with himself and his young friend. There was sandpaper in his voice when he gave her curt dismissal. It was time for her to return to the village.

But Alagwa knew her niche in the old man's heart. There was a roguish smile on her adorable lips and defiance in her eyes as she waved the old man to an easy chair by the fire and herself crouched near Grisson's bed. And there she remained through the long night, watching, wide-eyed and alert while Nelson dozed at intervals before the glowing embers. Did the patient moan in his fitful slumber, Alagwa was hovering, like a mother bird, over his couch. Did he, in his low pitched, mellow voice, ask a service, it was rendered shyly with silent efficiency.

When the first grey light of dawn began to sift through the foliage of the oaks that guarded the house Nelson roused himself to action. He was plainly vexed at the presence of the girl.

"Alagwa," he said, "go tell Kitchokema that the fair haired 'Neethetha' (brother) is injured. Big Medicine needs help."

The girl's eyes met Nelson's unflinching, while she weighed his words. Then, without comment or question, she departed upon her errand. Nelson, from the porch, watched her canoe glide across the lake, like a wraith through the mists of the morning. When the tiny craft with its sylph like occupant had disappeared through the green bordered canon where the river leaves the placid lake and again takes up its journey to the sea, he returned to the sick room, lighted his pipe and seated himself before the fire. His shaggy brows were wrinkled, his face clouded with anxiety.

Grisson, watching from his bed, saw that his old friend was troubled and spoke in a bantering tone.

"Cheer up, John. Don't let just one broken leg get on your nerves."

His reverie cut short, Nelson rose from his chair, laid his pipe on the mantel and stepped with nervous haste to Grisson's side.

"Taint the broken leg that worries me, son—but that Injun girl—she's no business here."

"No business here?" cried Grisson. "She has been the busiest little body I ever saw and no white sister could have done it better. You know you could not have done without her, John."

"That aint it," snorted Nelson, exasperated. "I know the Indian heart, son. And—well you're getting into deeper water than you have any idea. There's trouble ahead."

Grisson stared at his friend, amazed, until he grasped something of the old man's meaning. Then he broke with a merry laugh.

"A love affair with that child, John. Why she's my little sister. There's none of the squaw-man business for me," And now, John, as you have sent my nurse away, you'll have to get me some breakfast. For a cripple, I'm desperately hungry.

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Mean while Alagwa was speeding down the Huron on her mission to Strawberry Point. And this Indian maid had notions in her active brain that did not square with the instructions given her by John Nelson. Her canoe touched the beach at the Point while the camp was yet wrapped in slumber. She sped straightway to the lodge of Louis, her half-breed father. Here her vivid representations of conditions at Grisson's home induced the hasty departure of Louis and the squaw-mother upon a relief expedition. Alagwa accompanied her father and mother as a matter of course.

In perfunctory compliance with the letter of her instructions from Nelson, she casually dropped to a squaw at the spring, as Louis' canoe headed out into the lake, the information that Kitchokema was wanted at Grisson's.

Thus was John Nelson outgeneralled and the family of Louis installed in Grisson's home. Louis made himself handy about the place. The squaw-mother, somewhat awkward with the white man's utensils and a stove that yielded no acrid smoke, made herself useful in the kitchen, while Alagwa, Grisson assured Nelson, was a premier nurse. Nelson shrugged his shoulders. The case was out of his hands. His concern was for the girl and she had out distanced him with her nimble wit.

The day was yet young when Kitchokema, attended by a small band came to see the injured man. John Nelson had won his place in the hearts of the tribe and the name of "Big Medicine," by long and successful ministration to their ills and injuries. As the putative son of Big Medicine, Grisson found ready favor in Indian eyes and the chieftain esteemed the young man.

The third day after Grisson's accident the fever developed. At first it was only the slight rise of temperature that was to be expected in the system of one so badly battered. But the fever did not yield and Nelson dispatched a runner to the fort at Detroit for medicine that the mysterious black bag did not hold.

In his delirium he called out strange names and talked of strange places while Nelson paced the floor with nervous strides and blanketed savages stood with bowed heads and grave faces under the trees outside.

He babbled of love to a charmer seen only by his delirious eye. In accents at first soft and pleading, then, at intervals firm, imperious, he lived again the scenes of a courtship that stirred his fever tossed brain.

To Nelson these incoherent ravings drew the veil from a tragedy of the heart. Alagwa understood few of the words that flowed in a stream from Grisson's lips, yet her woman's intuition framed a fairly correct interpretation.

"He talks to his white squaw beyond the big water," said Nelson to Alagwa, pointing with his outstretched arm to the east.

"No more white squaw. Him Injun brother now," spiritedly retorted the girl.

Then Nelson was called from the room and Alagwa slipped softly to Grisson's bedside where she stroked his forehead with a magnetic touch crooning a low voiced melody the while. Nelson paused at the doorway on his return. His patient was sleeping quietly. The old man shook his grizzled head and turned softly away.

Grisson's recovery was as rapid as a strong physique and tireless care could make it. Soon he could sit in his easy chair before the open fire which was kept burning when the weather permitted. A little later he was able to

hobble about the grounds with the aid of a crutch and Alagwa's solicitous guidance.

Until the day of his encounter with the buck Grisson had known the girl only as an evanescent wraith of the forest, and stream, and village, who challenged with eye and with lip and was gone.

During the critical days of his illness her soothing touch quieted his romping blood. During the earlier days of his convalescence her unobtrusive attention to his comfort won his unbounded gratitude. The low, soft accents of her speech, which came only when the emergency demanded it, were music to his ears. The bloom of the morning that tinted her cheeks was delightfully restful to his eyes.

Now, out in the open he loved so well, with returning vitality quickening his pulse, he assiduously challenged the barriers of her shy reserve and found the forest maid a most delightful companion. With skillful diplomacy he drew from her exquisite lips wise discourse upon birds and flowers and trees, for to Alagwa the tingling life of the woods was an open book. In turn Grisson drew for the girl, as he had frequently done for the chief, Kitchokema, as vivid pictures of the civilized life of the faraway east as his knowledge of the native tongue would permit, all of which was fascinating, yet weird and unreal to the maid with a vision circumscribed by the topography of the wilderness.

On the top of the great hill back of his house, that Grisson had christened "Old Baldy," rested a huge block of granite, left there by some prehistoric convulsion. From the southern face of this great weather worn boulder, the elements, working with unflagging zeal through ages, had chiseled away a softer slab and rounded and polished the resulting cavity in a fanciful resemblance of a great high backed arm chair, where two could recline in comfort and command at once a view of the length and the breadth of the valley. Grisson, with romantic conceit, called this elevated dome with its canopy of azure sky his throne room. There Grisson had spent many happy hours during his sojourn in the valley feasting his soul on nature's lavish abundance, for his maker had set in him a love for all his handiwork, be it a furry beast, a caroling bird, a spray of April green or the tiny insects that hum through the day and the night.

To this favored haunt he led the girlish companion of his rambles. He placed her on his throne with the deference due a princess of the blood, where she sat, her feet on the earth, her head in clouds of unfathomed romance, her heart thrilling to the strains of youth and hope, her eyes looking out from a golden present, while her ears, listened to words that, to her, were freighted with undreamed of wisdom, as they fell with mellow intonation from Grisson's lips.

The time approached when the tribe would depart for their winter home in the Southland. And there was corn yet to gather, potatoes to dig and wood to cut for the winter. Louis had inherited a disposition to industry, unusual in his class, from the strain of some thrifty French ancestor, and withal, he was not averse to the warm wholesome quarters of Grisson's domicile, so it was arranged that Louis, the squaw-mother and Alagwa should stay on with Grisson until their people returned in the spring.

The one protest to this arrangement came from Magwa (The Bear), one of Kitchokema's youths who had long since picked Alagwa as the particular female who should carry the water, gather the wood and cook the food that

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would minister to the comfort of his mature years. His visits to Grisson's place had been frequent during Louis' stay. He had watched the intimacy of Grisson and Alagwa with jealous rage. Now his vehement protests were not tempered with wisdom. Yet, after a conference with Louis on the shore of the lake, he followed his people on the trail to the south.

During the bright days of October and the soft hazy weeks of the Indian summer which follows, they spent many happy hours in the crisp autumn air. First they fished on the lakes and the river and paddled the timbered canyons of the stream where the frost kissed foliage had yielded its tints of summer green for brilliant shades of red and yellow.

As Grisson's fractured leg gathered new strength, they romped and hunted through the woodlands in joyous camaraderie. Frequently their steps were directed up the steep slopes of Old Baldy, where they searched out with delight each change of the far-flung landscape wrought by the insidious advance of winter.

In Grisson's heart Alagwa held the honored niche of a favorite sister. To the girl Grisson was the beginning and the end of all that was desirable in her circumscribed life.

During the long winter evenings he taught her the tongue of the white man and then read to her from the white man's books giving her a fleeting glimpse of the thoughts and the ways of men in that other world from whence he had come into her life.

Before the mounting sun made the buds on the lowland swell with the glad tidings of coming spring. Grisson had his pupil working with feverish eagerness and signal success, at the task of learning to read for herself the thoughts that his kind had preserved in the printed page.

That spring the United States surveyors came to run through the valley and over the contiguous hills, the lines of the future farms that were to soften its primitive wildness without destroying its alluring beauty.

Following the survey Grisson entered many tracts in the land office at Detroit. These tracts were selected not so much for their agricultural value, but to insure control of his surroundings. When he had completed his purchases he owned an estate of ducal proportions. He had importuned Nelson to enter the tract upon which his cabin stood, but the old man, recalcitrant to the last, refused to make that concession to the tide of immigration that was steadily creeping upon his jealously guarded solitude. So Grisson surreptitiously entered the land in Nelson's name.

## The Settlers

After the survey the tide of immigration rolled westward with ever increasing momentum. Across the hills to the south Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor became, on platted paper, the sites of future cities. Heeding the call of that impulse which ever looks afar and beyond for green pastures, the homeseekers pushed far past the settlements into the untamed wilds. The old trail

that came down to the Huron at Grisson's, crossing that stream at a shallow ford to pursue its way northward along the shore of the lake and up over the shoulder of a hill into the great beyond, was widened to make a channel through the forest permitting passage for the wagons that jolted into the unknown, laden with the homeseeker's worldly goods, his hopes and his aspirations.

They came singly and in caravans of three, four or more. Many of them passed on to the alluvial plains of the north. Some of them selected the more desirable locations in the valley.

Those who now ride through the valley on smooth trunk line roads, when ease and speed seem the cherished goal of a restless age, little known of the arduous and persistent toil and the close calculated thrift of those who blazed the first mud paved roads, cleared the fields and wrung from the soil the taxes that have made present day development possible.

The white man who came to the valley on the heels of the Red opened and embellished the alluring summer playground of our generation, yet the flappers and oglers who bask on the beaches, or drift in indolent ease on the lakes and the rivers, give little consideration to the hard-fisted pioneer.

The settlers who came into the valley were not essentially different from the thousands who poured into the woods of Michigan during the first half of the nineteenth century. They were, for the most part, of sturdy, self reliant American stock, intent on home building and home owning; brave, industrious, self sacrificing and efficient. They brought with them the best traditions of the older states of the eastern seaboard. They sought no favors, asked no quarter. They were the spawn of the colonists who had subdued New York and New England and they were handicapped by no illusions. They tackled the wilderness with the knowledge that its rewards would go to those only who bearded it with persistent industry and thrift.

Nor were they fettered by mawkish sentiment concerning the dignity and the rights of labor. With them that labor was most dignified which was most efficient. The goal of the day's labor was not how little, but how much. Laws limiting the hours that man or woman might toil would have caused insurrection. The rivalry of those who chopped and burned and ploughed and builded was the rivalry of skill and performance. The labor leaders of those days were the men who could do the most work from sunrise until sundown, and the men most talked about were the men who could do more work and better work than other men. There were none drawing fat salaries and holding plenary power to limit the hours and the conditions upon which free men could earn a livelihood.

They looked up to the State as an agency designed to insure the peace and the security of the citizen in his person and his property, and not as an instrument by which one class may regulate the conduct and lay tribute upon the thrift and the industry of another.

Social up-lifters and parlor bolsheviki there were none. Discourse on social justice was not heard in the woods. A serious handicap, perhaps, on the work of the men who made the present great state of Michigan possible, yet, in spite of that handicap, those pioneers, ever mindful of the obligations as well as the privileges of citizenship, so wrought with the wilderness and multiplied in strength and substance that, a generation after Grisson's time, they were able to equip and send forward ninety thousand soldiers to defend institutions that the theorists and tinkers of these later and more opulent days deem inadequate to promote national welfare.

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Jackals who preyed upon the substance of others there were, as a matter of course, in limited numbers, among these settlers. No community is free from the breed.

There were those who platted worthless swamps and sold building lots to credulous investors. There were others who issued bank notes upon a reserve of nerve with the blue sky for a limit. And there were some who, with ready cash, hung on the flanks of industry, like the camp-followers of an army, seeking usurious profits from the necessities of the unfortunate.

And there were some among Grisson's new neighbors whose absence would have promoted goodfellowship.

There was Sanford Winthrop Croke Jr., self styled major and putative veteran of the late war with Great Britain, though the documentary evidence available in his case does not disclose the particular service in which he won renown. However, the major's vehement contempt for the inoffensive Indians at Strawberry Point, always expressed in the absence of Indian auditors, gave credence to the common report that at least once during the war he had been close enough to the front to become thoroughly frightened by painted savages.

But the major was, withal, a man of influence. He came into the valley with money and a canny knowledge of its effective use. He soon became the owner of the largest and best tracts of land in the region and the creditor of many of his less fortunate neighbor at usurious rates of interest. And many of the settlers found employment with Major Croke, at odd times, easing the strain on slender purses, though some of those who laboriously earned his dollars had to ransack their vocabularies to find good words to speak of their employer.

Wrapped in the halo of his comparative wealth Major Croke took upon himself the leadership of the affairs of the community. In this matter his supremacy was uncontested, for the settlers were, as yet, too busy getting a precarious foothold to bother much about the aspirations of their neighbors. When the Major foregathered with the pack at the town of Detroit he spoke of my valley and my people with the nonchalant air of a seigneur.

But Major Croke was not to be without a formidable, though an unseeking rival, for the position of first citizen of The Valley. With Louis' effective help Grisson had increased his cultivated acres and the resulting stores of his corncribs, his hay ricks and his cellars. These were at the disposal of his needy neighbors as they were free to his Indian friends. Did a settler have pressing need for ready money he borrowed it from Grisson and paid it back in time or in labor at his own convenience. The Major held that Grisson was lacking in business instinct, but where the former was feared the latter was esteemed.

The first clash between the potential rivals came at a "house raising." A new settler had arrived in the valley. Following the custom of the frontier every one turned out to lend a hand in building the new home. Brawny arms felled tall straight trees with the thin sharp blades of axes that made music as they cut the air. Laboring oxen, mild eyed and docile, tugging with sure footsteps and patient strength, dragged the logs to the homesite. Willing hands squared the ends and rolled them into place with rough jest and merry banter. It would only be a matter of hours when the log walls would be erected, pole rafters affixed to support the roof and shingles, split on the ground from straight grained oak, laid to exclude the rain.

Louis and five Indians from the village accompanied Grisson to the

"raising." From the advent of the first settler Grisson had been the buffer between the red men and the white. Insistent that the Indians respect the persons and property of the settlers he had impressed upon his new neighbors the wisdom of refraining from actions that would harass the Indians. In this matter he had been fairly successful.

Major Croke was there with his "hired hands." And the Major was plainly peeved at the presence of the Indians. At midday the Indians joined with the whites at the lunch provided for the occasion. A white woman's cooking was ever tempting to the palate of the aborigine. At this presumption the major took umbrage and voiced his displeasure so positively that his jaw snapped and his spurs rattled.

"Have a care, "major," interposed Grisson, laying a restraining hand on Croke's shoulder. "Those lads are here by my invitation and they have showed their good will by their ready assistance."

The major threw off Grisson's hand with an insolent gesture and unchecked the reins of his wrath.

"The red dogs have no business skulking through this valley," he shouted. "They've sold their lands and I'll lead a party to drive them out." A personal fling at Grisson's household trembled on his lips, but the steely glint in Grisson's blue eyes dissolved it in an incoherent sputter.

Grisson's temper was quickly responsive to challenge. He stepped squarely in front of Croke.

"Major Croke, when you start anything of that kind you've got to drive me out first. We've always had peace and harmony here in this valley. Fool talk like yours is bound to bring trouble. You've got to stop it or reckon with me." His tone had the quality that commands respect.

The Indians, attracted by the heated voices, though not understanding the controversy had gathered in support of their "white brother."

The impotent fury that had blazed in the major's eyes, flickered and expired like a smothered flame. Spoken words were dangerous in that company. He turned on his heel and soon after mounted his horse and rode away. The men ate their lunch and the work on the new house proceeded as before.

Major Croke had met his first outspoken opposition. He had been routed, his flaming vanity grievously ruffled. To his intimates he quietly admitted that he had withdrawn from the encounter at the "raising" for a strategic purpose. He had a card up his sleeve that would rid the valley of that squaw-man Grisson, and his dirty Injun's.

On a bright, crisp day in early November, Alagwa pulled her canoe in the willows at the bend of the river below Strawberry lake and walked with the noiseless step and supple grace of a fawn through the timber to the village on the Point, her eyes alert to her surroundings, her lithe body bending frequently to pluck alate brilliant of the autumn flora.

The village was deserted. The Indians had gone to their winter homes in the southland. She walked in pensive mood through the deserted camp, the home of her childhood, to the crest of the plateau and stood looking pensively out over the waters of the lake, sparkling under the rays of the mid-day sun.

As the girl stood thus, like a bronze statue guarding the silent village, a row boat pushed into the lake from the river above. Row boats were

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seldom used on the waters of the valley in those days. The settlers used dugouts; the Idians cedar and birch bark canoes. The craft that Alagwa saw was a clumsy affair. In the distance it looked like the boat that she had seen tied at Major Crooke's landing. Alagwa slipped behind the protection of a tree trunk.

The strange craft headed across the lake toward the Point. It carried two men. As the boat drew nearer Alagwa described the portly form of Major Crooke seated in the stern. Lem Bone, one of the major's farm hands, pulled the oars. At this juncture the girls cheeks should have paled and her feet have carried her away in hysterical flight. But Alagwa was stupidly curious. Making sure of the major's intention to land, she went up the trunk of her protecting tree like a squirrel. Safely ensconced in its frost-browned foliage she awaited serenely the turn of events.

The two men landed and, cautiously, like men on mischief bent, made their way up the zig-zag trail. The major had his first view of the village site.

"Too good land for Injuns to loaf on," he remarked, furtively scanning the plain.

Satisfied that no lingering savage lurked in the shadows, he drew a map from his pocket, unfolded it on bended knee, and traced its lines with stubby finger.

"Here it is," he said to Bone, "River on the west, lake on north and east. It's that fraction of section twenty-eight that lies south of the lake. That hits it all right. I can check it up at the land office. You can build on it this winter. When the red devils come back in the spring there'll be h—ll to pay, but we'll have the law on 'em."

"Leave that to me," said Bone with swelling importance.

Perched on a limb over the major's head Alagwa, with head cocked, bird-like, that she could hear the major's dull, flat tones, listened, while her eyes showered red hot sparks of indignation on his unsuspecting head.

"We've got plenty of time," said Bone, consulting his time piece, "Let's look it over once."

The two men moved through the camp site and Alagwa, dropping lightly to the ground ran swiftly down the trail to the beach. Casting Crooke's boat adrift on the lake, she flitted like a winged creature along the willow sheltered shore until she reached her own canoe. Once on the water she applied every ounce of her strength and every artifice of her skill to the paddle until she reached Grisson's landing.

Grisson and John Nelson sat with their pipes before the fire in the big living room when Alagwa, breathless, face flushed, eyes aflame with excitement burst upon them. She crouched on the floor, both hands on the arm of Grisson's chair.

"Keezas, save my people," she implored.

"Your people, little sister?" They've been gone a full moon."

Grisson's hand reached out and stroked the blue-black hair.

Emotional stress ever brings racial characteristics to the fore. With a vehement succinctness that was truly Indian, with an emotional play of her features and freedom of gesture that was distinctly French, Alagwa related her experience at the Indian village.

Grisson's face darkened as he listened to the girl's story. Nelson shook his shaggy grey head in grave concern.

"I've been thinking something like this might happen," said Nelson. "They're coming, every tract in the valley will be taken in a year or two more."

Grisson seemed to be reading the future in the flames of the fire, so close was his concentration upon them. Alagwa's eyes hung on Grisson's face for some glimmer of hope.

A merry laugh from Grisson broke the tension. "So the brave major is using that poor half-witted Bone to pull his coals. Louis, feed and saddle my horse. Tie an extra feed on the saddle. I'll ride to Detroit to-night. Tomorrow Big Medicine will own Strawberry Point. He can do what he likes with his Indian tenants."

Again Grisson's boyish laugh rang clear and joyous.

Alagwa settled on the floor between the two men, slender hands clasped round her knees, and turned her face to the fire like a contented kitten. Her trust in Grisson's resourcefulness was such that, had she asked for a slice of the moon it must have been delivered.

When Grisson returned from his trip to the land office in Detroit he brought for Alagwa a light rifle and a small silver mounted pistol.

"I will teach you the use of these weapons, Little Sister," he said, "and you are never to roam about without one of them. With such men as Crooke and Bone at large you are not safe without them."

During the following winter a movement to erect a region, including the valley, into an organized township for the purpose of civil administration, developed. There was no crying necessity for the settlers were law abiding people who, as yet, had too much elbow room to engage in useless controversies with their neighbors. It was said that Major Crooke was sponsor for the idea. And that, playing upon those afflicted with an itching to hold public office, he formed the nucleus of his propaganda. At any rate it was the major who returned from Detroit with the warrant of the Governor and Council, establishing the township with its quota of officers and attendant expense.

The Michigan township, patterned after the New England system, is the civic unit of the State. The supervisor is the principal officer of the township and represent that unit in the county government. Some able men have, from the office of supervisor, passed on to political positions where they rendered signal service to the common wealth. Others have so passed up the official ladder always retaining the limited purview of a supervisor.

It was Major Crooke's private purpose to make the supervisors office of the new township a stepping stone to a political career in the new State for whose star the sanguine were expectantly looking towards Washington. In this, his initial ambition, he was un-opposed by an avowed candidate.

But the episode at the "raising" and other transactions not creditable to the major, were still fresh in the minds of the settlers.

Men who live in the open, breasting the hard knocks of the forces of nature, admire courage and decision of character. They also love frankness and fair dealing. When weighed by the hard headed, clear thinking men of the valley Major Crooke did not measure up to their standard.

Quite naturally their estimate of the major turned their thoughts to Grisson, who was obviously all that the major was not. They thought it out singly and talked it over in groups at winter firesides. When the morning of the election came the settlers had decided, much as the flowers bloom

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in the spring, without caucus or concerted agreement, that Grisson should be the First Citizen of the Valley.

The election was held at the log schoolhouse erected by the settlers the previous autumn. To this pioneer temple of learning the hardy kiddies travelled, some of them three and four miles, over the rough road and through the paths of the forest, to learn the three "R's" and such other fragments of educational value that chanced to come their way.

Those tiny, long forgotten, school houses were not palaces of education. Nor was the road to learning rock ballasted and of parlor car smoothness. The day of fads and mush in educational matters had not yet arrived. But despise not the day of small things. The curriculum was not extensive, but it was basic, direct and to the point. And from those pioneer schools went forth captains of industry and leaders of men who loomed large in the affairs of the state and the nation. It don't require very close calculation to discover that our pioneer fathers received more actual educational benefit from the expenditure of one dollar than we of this generation receive for a hundred.

From all parts of the valley the voters began to gather early at the school house. The natal day of the new township was to be a civic holiday and men came, with their lunches, prepared to enjoy it. Rough contests of strength and skill were indulged in with hilarity. Men wrestled, jumped, pitched weights and proved their marksmanship with long range rifles. Festive goodfellowship was rampant.

The Anglo-Saxon, as no other race, possesses instinct for self government. It has been bred in the bone through centuries, and matured by generations of experience. This township meeting was organized with expedition and in an orderly manner. A chairman, a secretary and tellers were duly chosen. The voters wrote their ballots on slips of paper, for the printing press had not yet made its appearance among them.

When the votes were counted it was found that Grisson, himself absent on business in Detroit, was the almost unanimous choice of the electors for the office of supervisor.

Major Croke's chagrin at the result mastered his customary discretion. Unfortunately, however, for a full and free expression of his opinions, the major's first speech, speciously ill-advised was directed to John Nelson, then mingling for the first time in a community gathering. It may be said, in extenuation of the major's rashness, that he was not advised of the close ties of friendship binding the object of his wrath and this quiet old man whose shoulders, though broad, were bent by the curvature of declining years.

"A fine mess," he growled in Nelson's ear, "to elect a man who flaunts a squaw-mistress first officer of our township. I've been elected justice of the peace and I'll make him live up to the law or resign."

As Major Croke's words fell from his lips, John Nelson's bent form straightened until he seemed inches taller. As he looked down upon the speaker's malice distorted face the expression upon his own became that of one who looks upon something superlatively repulsive. He held the major's eyes fixed for a moment, as though to make sure that his ears had not deceived him.

Then one long arm reached out and fastened on the collar of the major's coat. The other clutched the seat of his trousers. Lifting the rotund body of the major above his own head, Nelson sent it rolling across the school ground.

The thing all happened so quickly that few of the men standing about knew the cause of the trouble. And one glance at the irate Nelson was sufficient to suppress expression of disapproval.

The major, more ruffled than injured, scrambled to his feet and ran to his horse tied nearby. Mounted and sure of a safe retreat, he turned in his saddle, his face radiating futile malice, and shouted: "I've been elected justice of the peace anyway and I'll have the law on you and him too."

Holding speech with none, Nelson turned into a forest trail that led across the valley to his cabin by the river's bank.

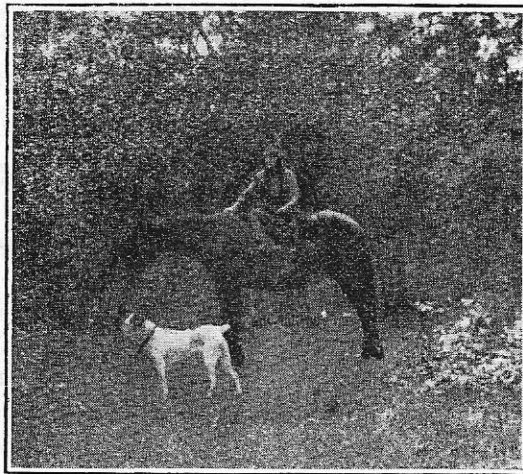
## The Girl

It was a bright afternoon in early June. The spring planting was done and Grisson, with Nelson for a companion, sat on the porch, feasting eyes on the beauty of the far flung valley in its new spring raiment. The greens of the wooded hill sides were splashed with the variegated hues of numberless flowering trees and shrubs. The meadows below were a riot of violet blue contesting supremacy with the golden crests of the dandelion. The borders of the lakes were gorgeous with the bloom of early aquatic plants. Lillies unfolded to the caressing sun in the coves along the river.

Suddenly, borne on the soft spring air, there came to their ears the first faint notes of a lilting melody, trilled by a woman's voice so birdlike in quality that it was, at first, almost indistinguishable from the carols of the feathered songsters that poured forth their paens from the branches of the surrounding trees.

Nelson, his ear attuned by long years to each note of the forest, was the first to catch the unusual trill, and he turned his head quickly as to a signal of danger. Grisson's eyes followed Nelson's and, as his ear caught the first clear note of the song, his eyes saw a team laboring down the rough road across the river, leading to the ford.

A field glass lay at Grisson's hand on the stand by his side. He raised it to his eyes for closer scrutiny of the strangers. The horses that drew the wagon were jaded and forlorn specimens of the genus, and they shambled



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along in a spiritless fashion. The wagon which was covered by a canvas, drawn over hickory bows, bore evidence of long usage and indifferent care. And the driver, seated in the forward opening of the canvas covering of the wagon was, like the horses, jaded and shrivelled. His face was sallow, his eyes lustreless, his form bent. His shoulders drawn forward until his elbows rested upon his knees, he guided the weary horses over the rough road with the listless air of one who, failing in one sphere of activity, is seeking a new field with the settled conviction in his heart that he is journeying from bad to worse.

And then, walking behind the wagon, as though to save the struggling team the burden of her added weight, came the singer, a girl just blossoming into womanhood. She was the only visible unit of the outfit, antimate or inanimate that seemed capable of more than perfunctory and purposeless effort.

Shabbily clad in a dress of faded print, her shoes ripped and worn to mere fragments that afforded slight protection to her feet, her headgear a gingham sun-bonnet that hung suspended on her shoulders by the strings fastened at her throat while the warm sun shimmered in the loose waves of her golden hair and added to the rich brown tan that tinted her comely face and spread down over her full round neck. She walked with the springing step and supple grace of youth, and the scantiness of her attire accentuated the charming lines of her person.

Her eyes eagerly noted and appraised the changing beauties of the landscape, and her graceful body frequently bent, crooning her delight the while, to pluck from the profusion of wild flowers that clustered by the roadside, some particular beauty that challenged her taste.

Grisson's pulse quickened as his eyes followed the movements of the girl through the glass, and Nelson noted the red blood mounting the cheeks of his friend.

As the team neared the ford Grisson departed in haste down the slope to direct, as he told Nelson, the strangers safely across the river, though the first had yet to suffer mishap without his direction.

Nelson picked up the discarded glass and studied intently, first the face of the man driving the wagon, then that of the girl walking behind. Unlike the face of the younger man, that of Nelson became a shade paler as his brain registered the impressions of his eye. He put the glass aside and departed in haste for his cabin by the river.

As Grisson stood on the bank of the river directing the driver of the team on the other side to the safest passage, the girl, overtaking the wagon, flashed a smile across the stream, blushed through the tan of her dimpled and desirable cheeks, laid one hand on the end of the wagon box and sprang lightly within the opening of the canvas cover.

The outfit forded the river and Grisson grasped the driver's hand with a hearty welcome.

"Where are you bound?" he asked.

"We've friends near Jacksonburg," was the reply. The man shivered in his heavy coat though the air was warm with the fervor of June. "Can we reach that place tonight? I'm afraid we're on the wrong road."

"You've lost your way and, what's worse, you have caught the ague," replied Grisson. You'll stop with me and rest up while we get this malaria out of your system. The air at this elevation will soon clear you up. Your team needs a rest too," continued Grisson, as the man hesitated in giving his assent.

"You are very kind, stranger, but we must push on to Jacksonburg, for

we're plumb out of money. Couldn't pay you for one night's lodging."

"Money," said Grisson with a laugh that rang clear and hearty. "Here in this valley we don't measure service to a neighbor by the token of money. We see very little of it anyway. Follow me and I'll lead the way."

Just then, beside the sallow, hopeless countenance of the old man the face of a woman appeared from within the canvas cover, a face older in years and bearing the impress of care, yet a startling likeness of the fair countenance of the girl of the song.

"You are very, very kind, sir," the woman said, with a weary smile, "and I know father is very ill."

Grisson bowed to the woman with gentle deference, and turning led the way up to his house.

Grisson assisted the old man and the women to alight from the vehicle, called Louis to care for the team, then addressing the elder woman said:

"Now we will get your husband in bed as quickly as possible. Bed and lots of cover is the place for ague patients."

At the mention of her husband the woman's cheeks flushed as prettily as they might have done twenty years before.

"The least we can do is to establish our identity before we impose upon your hospitality, Mr.?" Her eyes finished the question.

"Grisson," he prompted.

"Mr. Grisson, this is my late husband's father, Mr. George Harrison, and this is my daughter Clare. We are from the town of X—in the State of New York."

His guests disposed of Grisson sent Alagwa to bring Nelson and his medicine case. "We have a real doctor at hand," he assured Mrs. Harrison.

Instead of Nelson, Alagwa brought a note that she had found pinned on the door of his cabin. The note informed Grisson that the old hunter had departed for an indefinite stay on the upper reaches of the river.

"That's queer," mused Grisson. An hour ago he had not the slightest intention of going away."

But Louis mixed decoctions from roots that he gathered in the woods that broke the grip of the malaria and the pure air of the hills was tonic to the old man's enfeebled system. In a few days he began to improve and thenceforth his journey on the road to health was slowly, but surely, made.

From the first day Mrs. Harrison fitted herself in the mechanism of Grisson's strange household with a gentle, unerring tact that made Alagwa and the squaw-mother her devoted aids and willing imitators.

For Sally Harrison was a homemaker—one of those gentle, motherly women with a clear outlook on life and an abiding sense of its obligations, who exhale the home atmosphere from their presence at the rose exhales its dew bathed fragrance on the morning air. To such women period furniture, Turkish rugs and burnished brass are not the prime requisites of home.

And yet this woman did not measure up to the club woman's standard. She did not fawn upon highbrows and sit at the feet of self advertised celebrities seeking to discover the true status of womanhood. Those women who run about courting publicity by minding other peoples business were to Sally Harrison, rankly offensive. She was frankly content to leave men's work to men and devote her unquestioned talents to that sanctified home circle from which comes all that is best and noblest in American life. It is the Sally Harrison type of women who have planted the feeling in numberless hearts that "There is no place like home."

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to that which, otherwise clean and orderly, lacks the subtle essence of homeliness, that sent Grisson's thoughts wandering back across five years of exile to chapters of his life that, by the fiat of his own strong will, were sealed when he entered the valley.

George Harrison was able to spend his days on the pleasant porch. His eyes held the lustre of returning vitality. His face gained the assured color of health. Smiles filled the wrinkles that had seamed his face. Life was again dangling hope for the future before him.

Then Sally Harrison began to worry about their departure. But Grisson, with a somber face and judicial tone, unblushingly assured the anxious woman that it would be unwise, dangerously so, to expose the old gentleman to the rigors of such a journey for weeks yet to come.

When the half convinced woman protested her unwillingness to trespass further upon his hospitality he answered with a boyishly frank manner that carried conviction in its wake.

"It is enough for me to know that you and your daughter are safe, and that your father is on the high road to recovery. Tomorrow the skies will be brighter for you. For myself the present is over flowing with happiness."

Her last defense beaten down by the insistence of this stubborn young man Mrs. Harrison surrendered at discretion, stipulating, as a counter proposal, that a way be found to let her friends know of the family predicament.

"That's easy," replied Grisson. "Get your letters ready and I'll carry them to Ann Arbor tomorrow. A courier makes the trip from Detroit to Jacksonburg with mail at intervals, more or less irregular, and the mail for this locality is left at a house in Ann Arbor, whence it is brought to the valley by the first who chances to come this way."

A ride through the woods to Ann Arbor wont be so bad if one has congenial company thought Grisson. Up to this time his opportunity to cultivate that more intimate and personal acquaintance with Clare for which he felt an impelling desire, had been limited grievously by her constant attendance upon her grandfather and the demands of his own work. A whisper of hope came to him on the soft breeze from the lake.

He sauntered across the grounds to the rustic seat on the brow of the bluff overlooking the lake where Clare and Alagwa were exchanging as intimate feminine personalities as opposite racial characteristics and environment permitted.

"Girl's I'm going to ride to Ann Arbor tomorrow. I would like to have your company."

Grisson's invitation was addressed impartially. It was accepted with alacrity by both young women.

The magic of June was yielding to the deeper glory of July when, mounted on stout ponies, they forded the river and began the long ascent that was to take them up through the hills to the south and thence, down steeper slopes, to the lower valley of the Huron.

It was, for the most part, a rough way, full of mire holes and pitfalls that restrained the animals to a walking gait. At intervals they passed the rude cabins of recent settlers, each with its stump studded, burned and blackened clearing, nestling like a somber island in a sea of green.

Where the road permitted they rode three abreast Grisson improving each precious, sun burnished moment in conversation with Clare Harrison.

It is a sufficient introduction to Clare to say that she was her mother's daughter, running true to type in mind and heart and womanly graces. Her brain, well polished with the white man's culture, and stored with that which was best of the literature of the time, she met Grisson's leads with a pliant wit that was tonic to him whose mental processes were worn smooth by self abrasion.

Their incessant chatter, at times inconsequential, now impinging upon some exquisite feature of the passing landscape, returned always, like a magnet to the polestar, to topics of the east and to things that had held Grisson's interest in those other days, but yesterday dim, almost forgotten, today, under the magic stimulation of a vivacious girl, vivid, real, holding forth a temptation that he subconsciously braced himself to resist.

Alagwa, silently content, listening with unflagging interest, rode with her eyes never wandering from Grisson's animated visage, except when his eyes sought her face.

Across a level stretch through sparse timbered openings Alagwa led off with her horse at a lope. Clare followed close after, sitting the saddle like one to the manner born, her cap bouncing like a storm-tossed boat on distracting waves of yellow hair, while her cheeks flew red signals of enjoyment.

Grisson followed the pair with sparkling eyes and an insurgent heart.

Alagwa pulled up short where a wayside glade opened upon the road. A tiny rivulet, bubbling down from a nearby spring, passed on below with its rippling music. The grass that carpeted the glade was crowded by great red clusters of wild strawberries.

"Here we will eat, Keesas," said Alagwa, dropping lightly to the turf.

"As you will, Little Sister," replied Grisson and, dismounting he handed Clare from her pony as careful men handle some fragile work of art.

Alagwa gathered dry fagots and kindled a tiny fire. Then she undid the kit tied to the cantle of her saddle and prepared to make coffee for their meal.

Clare watched Alagwa with interest for a moment then, taking her cap for a receptacle she fell with enthusiasm upon the luscious berries. Grisson lounged in the shade of a linden whose roots drank from the waters of the run, placidly watching the movements of the busy girls.

"A desert for the king," commented Clare as her eyes followed her nimble fingers among the berries.

"The queen seems to be making sure of her portion," drawled Grisson lazily.

The girl poised her head to answer this sally, putting a scarlet berry between lips that matched, as her eyes met his. They lingered there a long hypnotic moment, then dropped again to her work, her jest unspoken.

Their lunch finished they rode over the divide and down the hills to the cluster of log houses that then valiantly held the site of a now far famed city.

The darkness of a midsummer night with its little smoothing noises crept upon them before they forded the river and rode up the winding road to Grisson's house on the return journey, three tired, happy yet intangibly perplexed young mortals.

Without undue haste it had taken them a long day to make that journey of sixteen miles. Grisson would have laughed in derision had some one with

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prophetic vision then foretold that a century hence that journey could be made with undreamed ease in forty minutes.

The spirit of unrest hovered about Alagwa's pillow that night. With infemine intuition she appraised the influences that were shaping the plastic heart of her idol. She had been supremely happy in the role of Grisson's "little sister," so long as none other claimed him by a nearer tie. She faced, for the first time in her care free life, a problem distinctly her own.

## Old Baldy

Come, Little Sister," said Grisson to Alagwa, "we'll take Clare up on Old Baldy and show her the valley in its summer finery." It was a glorious mid-summer morning. All nature, animate and inanimate, was striving in purposeful effort to fill its appointed niche in the scheme of life. The busy bees hummed at their work in the redolent fragrance of the lindens. Birds, unabashed by the presence of man, carolled in cheerful abandon as they went about their business of nesting. Bob white cocked his crested head to one side as his watchful eye glimpsed the lords of creation, then boldly sent greetings to his mate, while the squirrels chatted and gossiped, unafraid, as they scampered through the branches.

Alagwa, silent, and with a deeper shade in her dark lustrous eyes, led the way along the winding, ever ascending trail by which the ascent was to be made. Clare followed the Indian maid, bubbling with uncontrolled rapture as each winding turn unfolded new secrets of nature to her appreciative eyes. Grisson brought up the rear, his eyes feasting on the full round neck and the lithe form of the white girl as she took the steep grades with a graceful springing stride, his head wrapped in the fanciful clouds of romance, his feet treading on the thinnest of air.

They were nearing the summit where the trail is so tilted that it receives in full measure the direct rays of the sun, when Alagwa bounded backward with the graceful spring of a startled fawn. One slender bare arm was extended behind her to restrain the further progress of Clare; the other pointed to the rattlesnake coiled for a sun bath in the grateful warmth of the trail, now sounding his ominous warning to those careless trespassers upon his privacy.

Clare did not scream. Terror paralyzed her tongue, glued her feet to the ground. Eyes dilating with horror, she swayed backward and would have fallen headlong down the hillside had not Grisson's ready arms reached out and held her nestling close to his heart, while Alagwa, unconcerned, crushed out the life of the reptile with the stout stick that she carried, and coolly detached the sonorous rattles as a trophy of the encounter.

Then Clare slipped from Grisson's embrace and informed that useful young man that the snake was dead, and he, haltingly as one whose mind is concentrated on matters of vital importance, commended the skill with which Alagwa had managed the execution.

They climbed on to the summit of Old Baldy and stood before the great boulder.

"Here," said Grisson, carved in this Rock of Ages, "is the throne where the rulers of the Valley receive homage from their faithful subjects. Your flowery kingdom lies at your feet, decorated in your honor, in amethyst green, and silver and gold. Be seated Princesses. Your humble retainer awaits your pleasure."

The girls seated themselves on the polished granite seat. Clare's fascinated eyes slowly swept the valley in detail—the myriad silvery lakes, the serpentine river, the low lying meadows, the dark green woodlands, the rolling hillocks, the level plateaus, on to the farflung hills that pierced the horizon.

When she again raised her eyes to Grisson they reflected, he thought, the charm of the valley. Her voice, subdued by Nature's surpassing display, left a floating melody in the air when she addressed him:

"Our joint decree is," clasping Alagwa's slender waist with a sisterly arm, "that you, My Lord Chancellor, amuse us with the history of our realm."

Grisson bowed like a courtier.

"Then, may it please your majesties, I shall begin at the very beginning, when old mother earth was shaping her contours for the habitation of man. I have a notion that, at that early date, this valley was an inland sea, hemmed in on the crest of the peninsula by stubborn hills. But, across yonder between those two higher peaks, the waters, impatient of restraint, by persistent erosion, cut a deep gorge and escaped to the ocean, leaving, to mark the deeper pools of that prehistoric sea, the lakes and lakelets that charm us of this day. Since then industrious nature working through countless seasons, has embellished that old sea bed for our gratification.

"It has long been the summer home of the Indian tribes. In the not far distant future the plains to the south, the east and the north of this valley will be subdued and harnessed to the service of civilization. Populous towns and cities will rise and, in the years to come, those urban dwellers will seek rest and recreation in this valley. The red man's paradise will become the white man's play ground."

"Keesas, look, look," Alagwa, springing to her feet, had interrupted Grisson with an unwonted burst of enthusiasm.

Grisson's eyes followed the direction of her outstretched hand and saw wisps of blue smoke curling lazily upward in the still, clear air above Strawberry Point.

"Aha, Little Sister, our people have returned," His hand fell caressingly on the blue-black braids. "They are overly late this year."

"Let us go." She grasped his hand to hasten his departure and added with an unconscious artlessness, the compelling appeal of her eyes.

Grisson hesitated the barest moment, a moment that did not pass unnoticed by the Indian maid. He was not averse to visiting the Indian village, but he had Clare to consider. Turning to the white girl he inquired, in a tone that implied her wishes would decide his answer to Alagwa's appeal:

"Would you like to visit the Indian camp, Clare?"

Rattlesnakes and Indians whirled through Clare's brain in confusing promiscuity. Real live Indians were inseparately associated in her mind with bloodshed and outrage. The early annals of her home state were blotched with Indian atrocities. She shrank back with an involuntary shudder.

This fleeting movement was not lost on Alagwa. In that instant her eyes lost the Breton softness with which the signal of her people had veiled

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them, and hardened with Indian spirit. The soft lines of her body tensed with rigid dignity.

In the Indian maid's association with the white girl there had been no color line. Grisson would not have countenanced that. And this dark featured beauty in whose veins the blood of native aristocracy coursed would have brooked nothing less than level equality. She might look down to those from whom homage was her due. She could never look up to an acknowledged superior—except one, and he in her vision, was more than mortal.

In level tones that rang with purposeful intensity, pointing meanwhile at the blue haze that hang high over Strawberry Point she said to Clare:

"That is the smoke of my people. They have made him," laying her hand with a softly caressing tenderness upon Grisson's arm, "their brother," They have called him Keesas, child of the rising sun. His enemies are the enemies, his friends are the friends of my people. Will you come?" There was no note of entreaty, no accent of command.

Claire had regained her poise. She would show that proud spirited Indian girl that a white woman dared to follow Grisson wheresoever he led. And, moreover, Clare was really ashamed. She threw her arms about Alagwa's neck and kissed her on the cheek.

"Forgive me, my dear, I did not understand. Of course I will go with him."

Alagwa's eyes brightened with anticipation. She bounded down the trail toward the homestead, leaving Clare and Grisson to follow at a more deliberate pace.

As the couple walked down the trail Clare remarked to Grisson with what he thought was a tinge of ill-humor:

"Your pupil is both forceful and dramatic."

"She is," agreed Grisson, "and she is Indian to the core. She makes no pretense of being other than she is. When she proudly proclaimed her people she planted her feet on solid ground. The shallow pretenders of our own race could learn salutary lessons in honesty, and fealty too, from that unsophisticated Indian girl. An Indian friendship is no volatile affair, bubbling today, forgotten tomorrow."

When they reached the landing at the lakeside, Alagwa already had one of the larger canoes launched and furnished with two paddles and a nest of cushions in the middle for Clare. The three took their places in the craft, Alagwa kneeling in the bow, Clare recumbent amidships, Grisson in the stern. The paddles, dripping diamonds as they flashed through the air with each quick stroke, sent the craft skimming the surface of the lake toward the outlet of the river.

Alagwa, seemingly intent on covering the course, gave no heed to the others. But, as Grisson had said, Alagwa was Indian to the core. She never advertised her emotions in her facial expression.

When romance gets lost it is sure to be found in sylvan glades or on shimmering stretches of green bordered water. Sufficient unto Grisson was the happiness of that hour. Without once impairing the efficiency of his paddle he found time to see that no point of interest, no beauty of woodland or water escaped Clare's attention. Words fell fast from his lips on Clare's attentive ear, while his face radiated the warm rays of love's renaissance. The brilliant hued flowers of the bordering marshlands, the deep arcades of over hanging forests, replete with Indian legends, vistas through

which cropped distant hill tops, the deep pools where lurked the bass in lazy security and the coves where wild water-fowl gathered at evening to chatter and gossip through the twilight hours, furnished an unending succession of topics with which Grisson's low-pitched, yet full-throated tones soothed Clare's little world in dreamful ease.

The swift gliding canoe reached Strawberry Point all too soon for Grisson whose thoughts while he talked were racing out into an uncertain future.

They drank at the spring, climbed the zig-zag trail and found the tribe in the bustle and turmoil of settling their camp, which young and old suspended to greet the newcomers. The men grasped Grisson's hand with enthusiasm. The women made modest obeisance with faces glowing with kindly esteem. The children voiced their welcome with lusty throats.

Alagwa passed from group to group giving soft voiced utterance to the gutturals of her mother tongue; the target for the amorous glances of more than one buck.

Through it all Clare's fingers kept a tenacious hold on the sleeve of Grisson's buckskin shirt. She was awed by this close approach to the aborigine on his native heath. She was amazed to hear the guttural jargon of the reception flowing volubly from Grisson's lips. Yet she was unafraid when close by his side. She was consciously glad of the demonstration, nerve racking though it was, because it did honor to Grisson.

When Kitchokema came with dignified carriage, Grisson placed Clare's hand in the outstretched palm of the aged chieftain, and then, with his own hand upraised, spoke briefly in the Indian tongue, with a voice that carried his words to the outskirts of the gathered tribes.

The chieftain bowed low over the fair hand that he held.

Turning to Clare, Grisson said in English:

"I present you to Kitchokema, great chief of the Pottowattomies, as the Bearer of Sunshine; Bringer of Peace." By that title you will pass into the legends of the tribe, and, I trust, into the hearts of white men."

With Grisson in the role of interpreter the chief thanked Clare for the honor of her visit, promised her the friendship of his people and said some gallant things in his grave, dignified way, with many gracious references to Grisson.

After leaving Kitchokema, they took hurried leave of the village and embarked on the homeward journey.

From the far silences of the summit of Old Baldy to the babel of confusion, the strange sights and stranger sounds of the Indian village, Clare's day had been crowded to "standing room only" with novelty. Curiosity stimulated by these swift changing scenes, questions now flowed from Clare's lips like autumn leaves before an October gale. It was Alagwa who answered Clare's queries with prideful spirit, her soft cadences drifting in silvery echoes across the untroubled waters.

As the mad rush of a mountain torrent slows down to orderly, sometimes sluggish, movement when it reaches the dead level plain, so Grisson, a seething cauldron of words on the way to the village, now paddled silent, distraught, giving little heed to the conversation that absorbed the two girls.

He was peering out over the brink of the hour.

Grisson's first year in the valley had the novelty of the wilderness and the Indians and the potent stimulus of home planning and home building to keep his attention riveted on an absorbing present.

Then Alagwa, piquant and shy, yet alluring and companionable, came to add the zest of what he called brotherly interest and affection. The settlers

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in turn made demands upon his time that, with a lively interest in his growing estate, dulled memories of other days. The Valley had become his master passion.

He had, fortuitiously, escaped the depressing malady of homesickness, yet, throughout his years in the valley there had been an intangible something lacking, a something that was more than mere loneliness.

That day, on Strawberry Point, he had heard the call of his kind—heard it as clearly, and as surely, as he had heard the call of the Red men on his first visit to the village.

His naming of Clare Harrison "Bearer of Sunshine; Bringer of Peace," had been the inspiration of the moment, prompted by the figurative manner of Indian speech.

And now those symbolic words eddied his brain in endless rotation. Bearer of Sunshine, truly. But Bringer of Peace? Here a grim, dark and forbidding wall interposed between present and past that closed the way to peace.

(Continued on page 88)

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## Your Banking Business Solicited

# Brighton and Island Lake

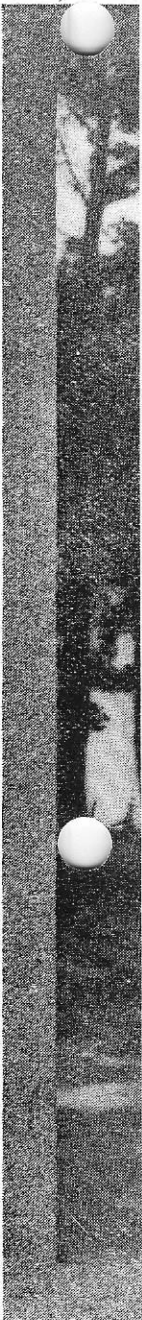
Two brothers, Maynard and Almon Maltby, in the year 1832, followed the Grand River Road, then but an Indian trail, into the Hills of Livingston. Ore creek, a likely stream that came tumbling across the trail from the hills to the north on its way to join the lakes and the Huron in the Valley below, attracted their attention. They entered land covering a potential power site.

Two years later the brothers impounded the hurrying waters with a crude dam and erected a saw-mill on their chosen site. The State made a passable highway of the Indian trail, settlers filled the adjacent agricultural lands and the village of Brighton grew about the pioneer enterprise of the Maltby brothers.

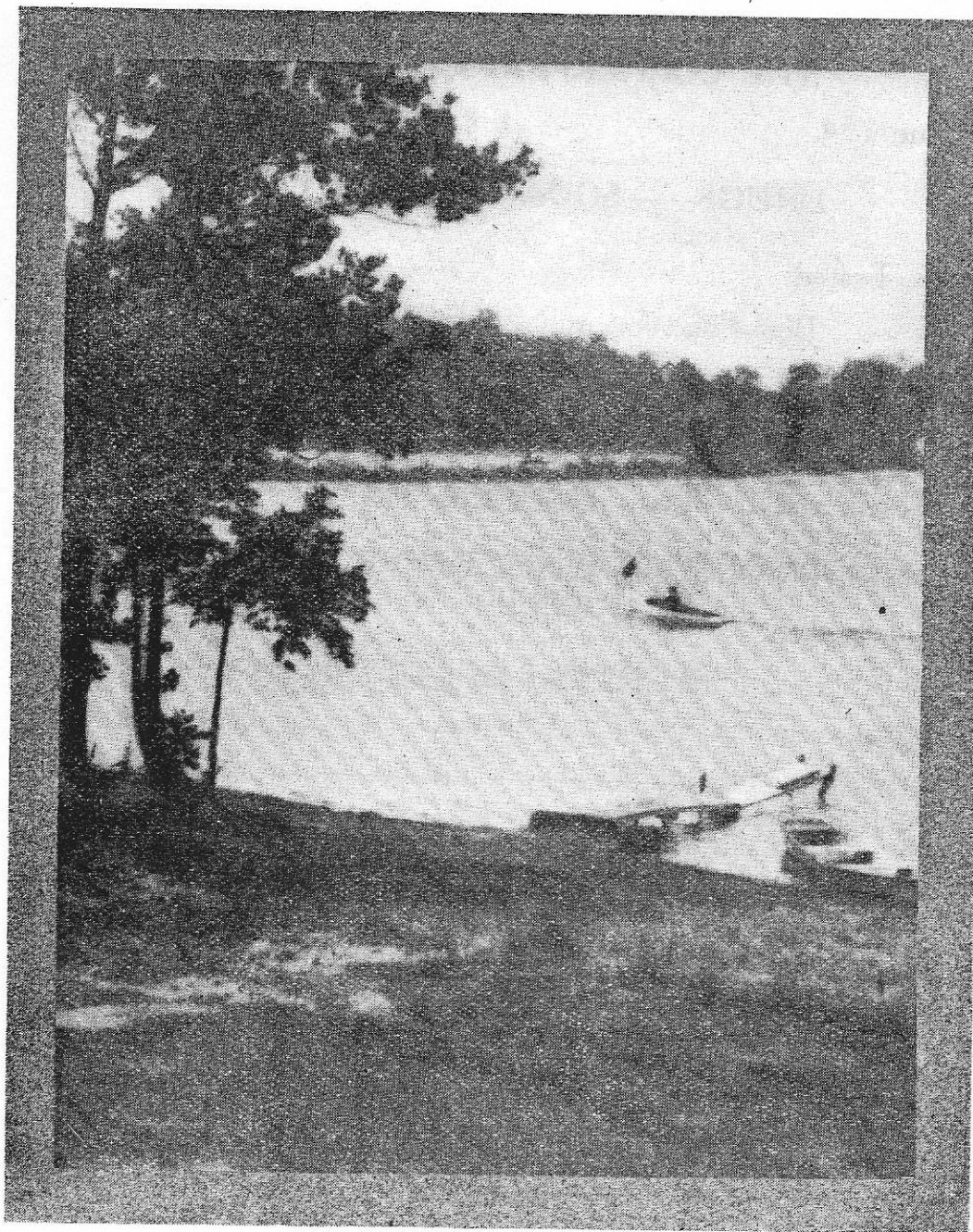
Brighton is now a typical Michigan village with wide, shady streets lined with tasty homes and a full complement of commercial enterprises that minister to the wants of a prosperous agricultural community and to the summer colonies that cluster about the nearby lakes.

Island, Briggs and Fonda lakes lie at the borders of the village.

The Grand River Road passing through the village east and west and State trunk line No. 65 running north and south make it the Northern Gateway to the Valley of a Thousand Lakes.



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# Hamburg

Hamburg village was settled in the early thirties of the nineteenth century. It was the nucleus of an early farming community. It is served by two railroads, the Grand Trunk and the Ann Arbor and still holds its early reputation as a trading center.

A half mile south of Hamburg is Silver Lake, sometimes called Hamburg Lake, a beautiful sheet of water noted for its fishing grounds.

A mile north of Hamburg the River Valley colonies are nestled along the Huron river at the base of the gigantic Hamburg hills, where the broad expanse of Ore lake connects with the river. The stream here is a favorite haunt of the small mouth bass.

A mile and a half west of Hamburg are Bob White beach and Pine Bluff, on the eastern end of Strawberry lake. These resorts are all connected with the village by good gravel roads

Hamburg has an excellent hotel, stores and garages. It is a favorite stopping place for the motor tourist.

Its shady streets and the cosy homes of the thrifty villagers, each set in its generous plot with ample garden and fruit, are typical of the favored spots of rural America.

Trunkline No. 49 passes through Hamburg, No. 49 is intersected by good roads leading from Ann Arbor, Dexter, Brighton and Howell.

## FIVE AND TEN ACRE TRACTS

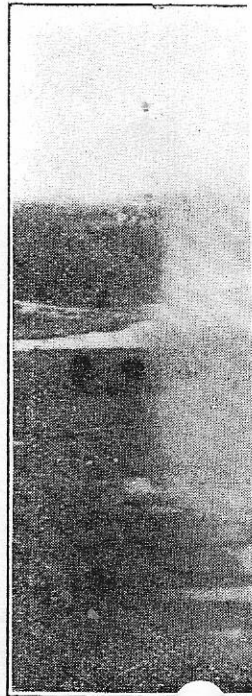
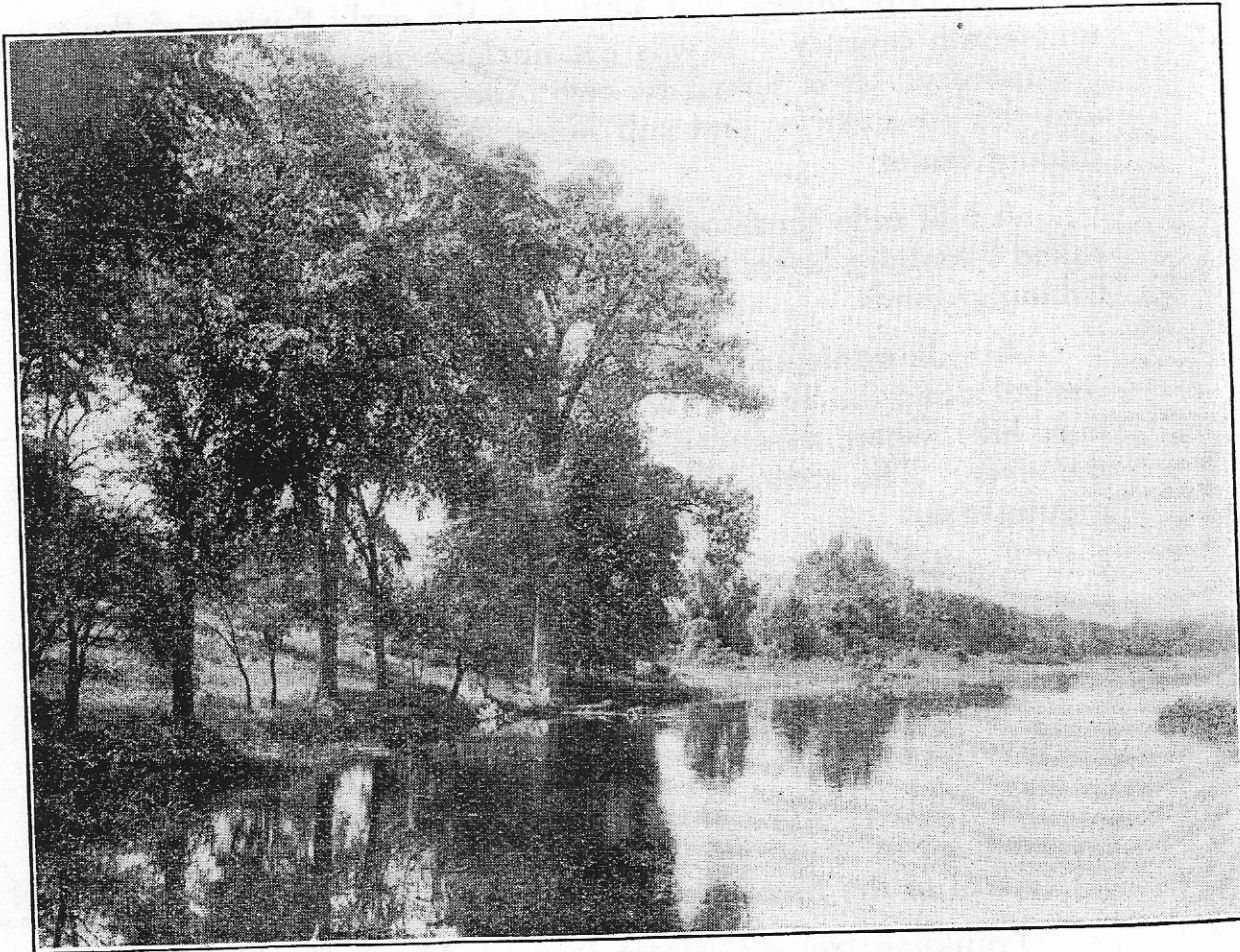
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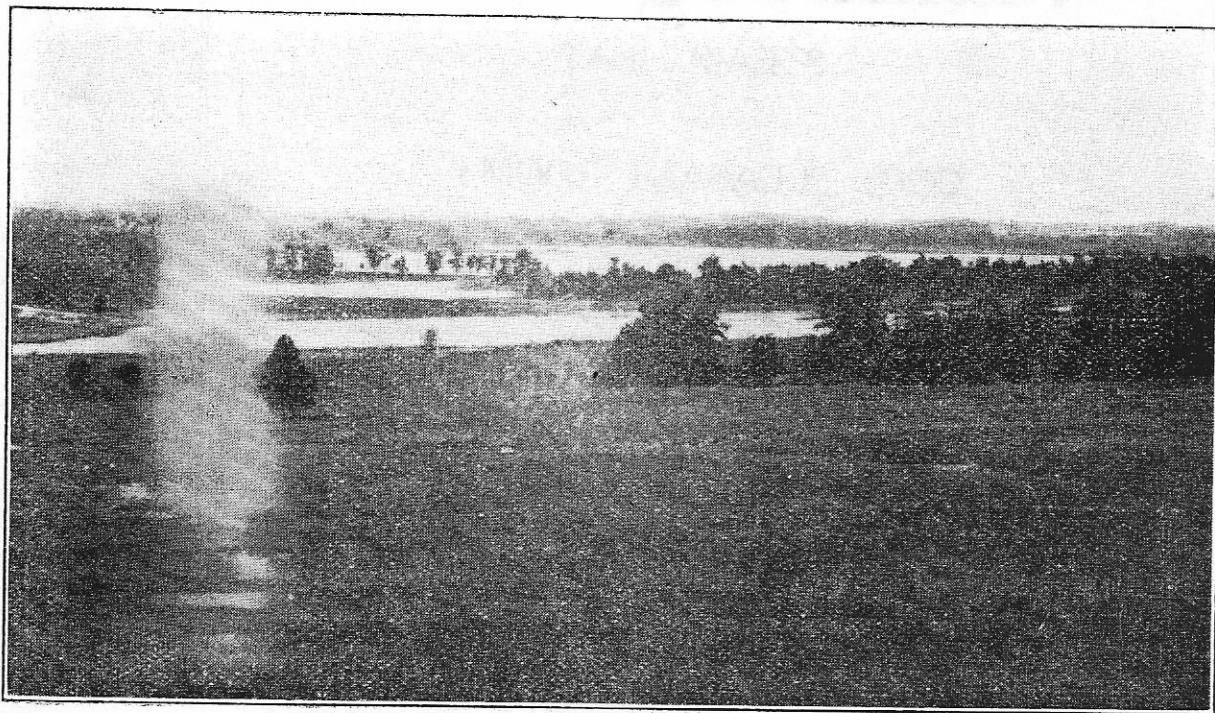
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# RIVER VALLEY SUB. NO. 2



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# Pine Bluff and Bob White Beach

On the eastern shore of Strawberry, the Queen of Lakes, two miles by gravel road from Hamburg, the same distance by water from Lakeland will appeal to those who seek a quiet nook of enchanting beauty. A broad ribbon of hard white beach flanked by a forest of spreading elms and maples, a hard bathing beach suited for the kiddies, the novice and the expert swimmer washed clean by the incoming current of the Huron, all fanned by cool lake breezes, lend charm to this location.

Lots 50 by 150 to 350 feet are sold on liberal terms.

PINE BLUFF, with its foliage of white pine overlooks Bob White Beach and commands a superb view of Strawberry Lake and the surrounding country. To see Pine Bluff is to be convinced of its attractiveness.

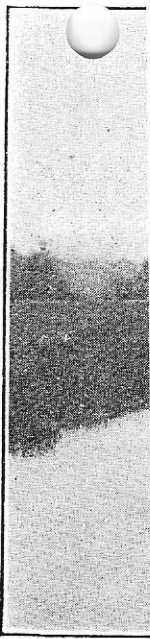
Crescent Shores, fifty-two acres, with 100 rods on Loon Lake and the Huron River is shaded with fine young timber and has a good bathing beach. This property is undeveloped. It is for sale as a whole or sub-divided.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

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## PORTAGE AND BASE LAKES

Big Portage, Little Portage and Base lakes are clustered along the State road two miles south of Pinckney. They form the western link of the navigable waters of the Valley of a Thousand Lakes, for here the Huron leaves the lake country on its way to Lake Erie.

Big Portage is one and one-half miles long by one mile wide. Little Portage and Base are about half that size. Tamarack lies to the north of Base.

In their setting of lofty hills these lakes form a picturesque group, the loveliness of which is not excelled in scenic America. Before white occupation the Indians used to camp on the outlet of Portage. Flint arrow heads are found on this camp ground and many of the large flat stones by means of which the aborigines forded the rapids of the Huron adjacent to this camp ground are yet to be seen where they were placed by the red men.

Back in 1845, when land speculation was at a fever heat in the new State of Michigan, a man named Lillibridge platted a town site at the base of Peach mountain at the southern end of Portage. A gushing spring suggested the name of "New Saratoga" for this plat. The enterprising speculator, however, lived some generations too soon. But before his town site reverted to farm lands Daniel Webster and Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, became owners of lots in the plat.

The famous Birkett homestead, where native deer used to range in a magnificent park, lies along the southern shore of Portage and down the Huron to the Dover mills that, in the early days ground the wheat of three counties. It is now the property of Mrs. Eleanor Birkett Newkirk.

Peach, (commonly called Birkett), mountain, the highest point in the lower peninsula, rises from the shore of Portage lake on this farm. It is well worth the time of the tourist to climb to the crest of this mountain. From its bald top ones vision ranges over four counties, the most beautiful panorama of hills, valley, rivers and lakes to be seen in Michigan.

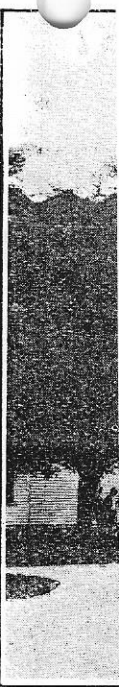
# Whitmore Lake

About 100 years ago John B. Whitmore was ranging the forests that then covered the Michigan peninsula in quest of choice agricultural lands. Accompanied by Johnathan Stratton, a surveyor, he climbed the hills that, mounting one upon another, flank the Huron river north of where now sits the city of Ann Arbor, and descended the long slope that leads into the Valley of a Thousand Lakes. That night these adventurers made camp on the site of an old Indian village on the shores of a broad lake the crystal waters of which reflected the green of the bordering forest. For many days these men made this camp the base of their explorations. Before they broke camp it was christened, at the suggestion of Stratton, "Whitmore." It has since borne that name.

When settlers came to occupy the agricultural lands lying to the south it became a favorite picnic ground, the goal of holiday excursions and fishing parties. Ninety years ago A. L. Burt built a hotel at a favored spot on the shores of the lake. A year or so afterward this hotel became the property of Albert Stevens. It is still conducted by the descendants of that pioneer and its fame is known far and wide among those who seek the watering places of the Northland during the heat of summer.

About this hotel grew a pretty village and the shores of the placid lake are now dotted with elegant summer homes. Ten miles by a broad smooth motor road from the classic city of Ann Arbor, it is a center of social life during the summertime where the diversions of sailing, bathing, dancing and fishing make the happy hours pass all too quickly.

Michigan trunkline No. 65 from Ann Arbor passes through Whitmore village and across the Valley to Brighton, Flint and Saginaw. Trunkline No. 49 from Detroit via Grand River avenue, intersects No. 65 at Whitmore and passes west through Hamburg, Lakeland and Pinckney to Jackson and Lansing.



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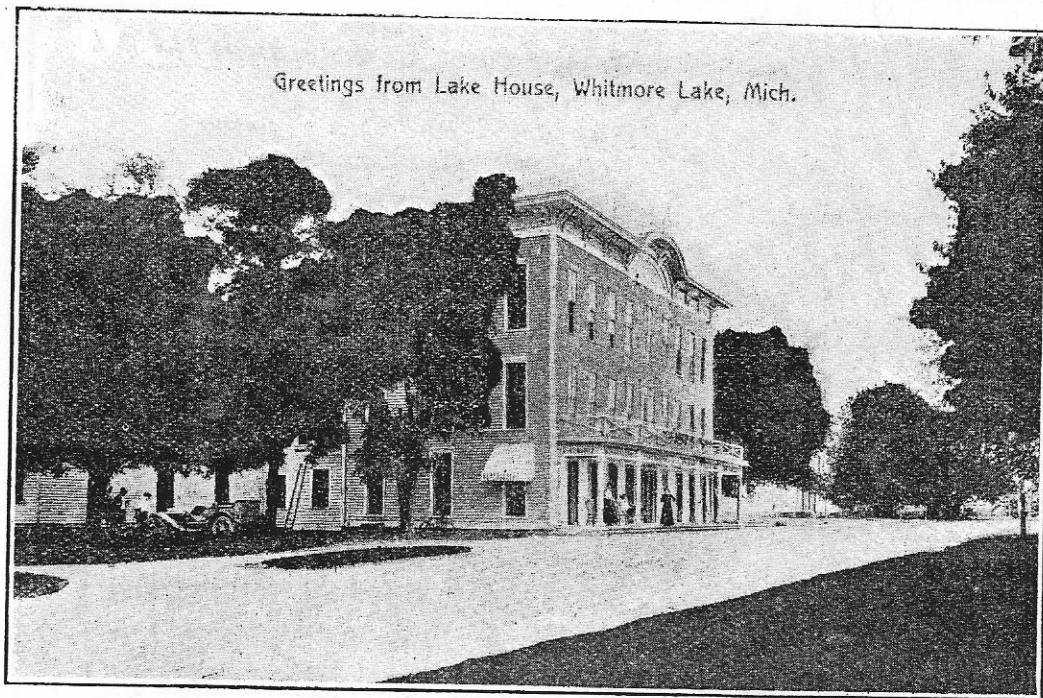
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Bill

Greetings from Lake House, Whitmore Lake, Mich.



### STEVEN'S LAKE HOUSE

on Michigan's finest spring water lake. A strictly modern hotel. Row boats, fishing boats. Good bathing beach in front of hotel. Fish, Frog and Chicken Dinners a Specialty.

*The One Place To Spend Your Vacation*

—WHEN CAMPING IN THE VALLEY DRIVE TO—

## JOHN W. RANE'S

### FOR YOUR SUPPLIES

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First Class Restaurant in Connection

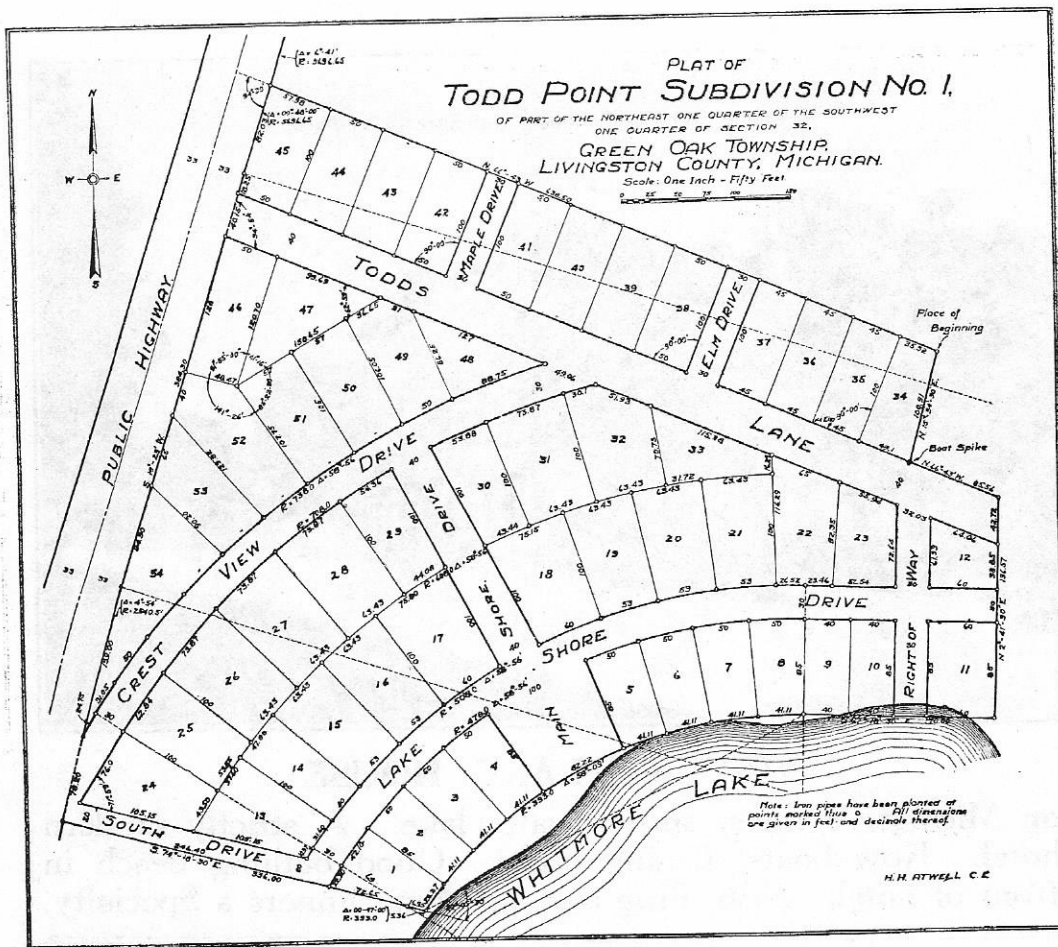
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### JOHN W. RANE

The Quality Store

Whitmore Lake, Michigan

Billiards—Box Ball—Soft Drinks—Lunches  
Groceries—Dry Goods—Shoes—Furnishings



## COOL, BREEZY COTTAGE SITES

Right on Whitmore Lake and on Michigan Trunk Line No. 65, 12 miles north of Ann Arbor.

Only \$300 to \$800 with small down payment and \$5 to \$10 per month. Or, 5 per cent off for cash.

These lots form a natural amphitheatre with an excellent view over the lake. Handy to reach, yet away from the crowd. Several purchasers are building cottages. A neighborly colony is forming. Select your cottage site now. Present prices will double as Todd Point continues to grow. Phone or see us for information. We also have lots at Groomes Beach and other points for sale.

### A. A. HOME BLDRS. ASSN.

Realtors and Home Builders.

408 Nat. Bk. Bldg., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Phone 2849M

## “THE PALMS”

Whitmore Lake, Michigan

The Place to Find the Best Chocolate Soda in Michigan.  
Gilbert's Candies, Toilet Articles, Films, Flashlights, and  
Emergency Supplies for the Resorter.

## F. V. Stilson Co.

QUALITY  
GROCERIES



Main Street

Whitmore Lake, Michigan

## M. S. DAVENPORT

BUILDERS HARDWARE

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass

Groceries and Staple Drugs

Whitmore Lake, Michigan

# A. L. NISBET & CO.

LUMBER, ROOFING

—and—

BUILDERS SUPPLIES

Whitmore Lake,

Michigan

## State Parks

It is the policy of the State of Michigan to encourage the Automobile Tourist in traversing our Fair Peninsula. That these summer outings may be made pleasant the State is not only spending millions on Good Roads, but is providing Parks at convenient intervals where the Tourist may camp without charge and roam the surrounding country at his leisure.

One of these Parks has been prepared on the shore of Island Lake on the Grand River Road near the intersection of that thoroughfare with State Trunkline No. 65, where convenience is provided to make camp life enjoyable.

Other Parks will be provided at strategic points in the Valley of a Thousand Lakes.

## CITIZENS' MUTUAL AUTO INSURANCE CO.

Howell, Mich.

FULL OR LIMITED COVERAGE ON—

FIRE  
THEFT  
LIABILITY  
and  
COLLISION

OVER \$1,100,000.00 PAID IN CLAIMS

AUTO INSURANCE AT COST PLUS SAFETY

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# Pinckney

The village of Pinckney spreads over a broad, hill circled plain, at the western end of the Valley of a Thousand Lakes, two miles north of Portage and Base lakes. It is served by the Grand Trunk railroad. Michigan Trunkline No. 49 passes east and west through the village. An excellent county road from Howell and the north crosses No. 49 at Pinckney and passes south, circling Portage lake on its way to Dexter and Ann Arbor.

The pleasant homes that line the broad streets of the village bespeak thrift. The well appointed shops and stores are evidence of the prosperity of the surrounding country. In the early days Pinckney was the gateway through which the settlers advanced on the wilderness to the north and the west. Its location on a mill stream that empties into Portage lake insured its permanency. Its proximity to large summer colonies on Portage and Base lakes adds much to the importance and prosperity of the village.

Over in the broken hills southwest of Pinckney, on Hell creek, more decorously spoken of as the Portage river, was once, in pioneer days, the place called "Hell." The settlement was the location of a distillery, a saw-mill and a grist-mill. The broken topography of the country combined with the tough character of the settlement justified the name by which it was known throughout the countryside.

The early industries of the "Place called Hell" have long since lapsed into the legends of the hill country. The waters of Hell creek that come tumbling down from the higher levels were, until the wires of the Detroit Edison penetrated the Valley, used to furnish power and light to the village of Pinckney. Now that wizard of industry, Henry Ford, has acquired the water rights and is preparing to use the power to turn the wheels of a factory in Pinckney.

Portage and Base lakes, both broad and beautiful sheets of inland water, a narrow ridge dividing them, lie at the foot of the great hills through which the Huron river passes from the Valley of a Thousand Lakes. They are reached by good roads from Pinckney and Ann Arbor, and by motor boat from Lakeland. They are the favored location of many summer homes.

# **ELM GROVE SUBDIVISION**

**PORTAGE LAKE**

---

**The Lots of Quality**

---

**PAUL BOCK**

Pinckney,

Michigan

## **Complete Garage Service**

—FOR—

**STARTING**

**LIGHTING**

**IGNITION**

**BATTERY**

**CARBURETOR**

**TIRES**

---

Open Every Day in the Week. Night Calls. Welcome

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**TAKE PRIDE IN YOUR CAR**

Let Us Wash and Simonize It.

All Accessory Parts Standard Make

**PINCKNEY GARAGE**

**W. H. MEYER**

Pinckney,

Mich.



## THE SANITARIUM

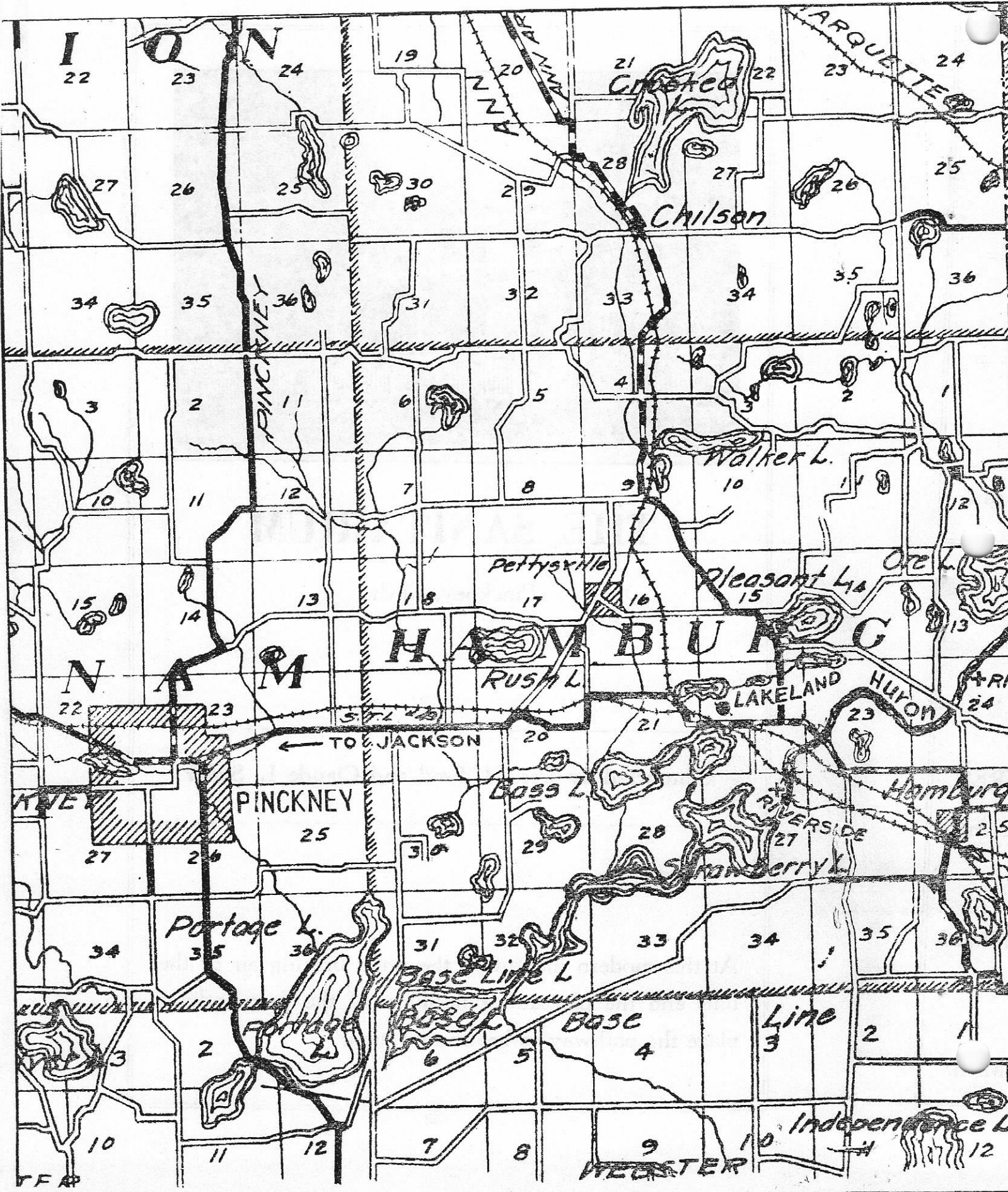
Pinckney, Mich.

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Conducted by Drs. H. Fred and Claude L. Sigler

---

At this modern institution the pure, bracing air of the hills and the pleasant tranquillity of the surroundings blaze the pathway to health and vigor.





# **CLAUDE KENNEDY**

**GROCERIES  
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE  
SUPPLIES FOR THE CAMPER**

A satisfied customer is our aim.

Pinckney, Mich.

# **TEEPL Hardware**

**FARM IMPLEMENTS, BUILDERS HARDWARE,  
WAGONS, HARNESS, PAINT, OIL, POLARINE  
AUTOMOBILE OIL, PERFECTION OIL STOVES,  
BANNER RANGES, AERMOTER AUTO-OILED  
WINDMILLS**

---

Everything Kept in an Up-to-Date Hardware Store

---

Pinckney, Michigan

# **THOMAS READ**

Dealer In

**LUMBER AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES**

Pinckney, Michigan

# Pinckney Exchange Bank

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DOES A GENERAL BANKING  
BUSINESS

---

**GEO. W. TEEPLE, Prop.**

Pinckney, Michigan

## WHEN IN NEED OF

DRUGS, PRESCRIPTIONS, PATENT MEDICINES,  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES, STATIONERY

Candy, Tobacco, Pipes, Smokers Articles, Rubber  
Goods, Toilet Articles, Gifts, Ivory, Kodaks,  
Films, Wall Paper

**C. W. BARRY**

Druggist  
Pinckney, Michigan

A ☐ Deal the Year O

# WE GUARANTEE

To please you when you need

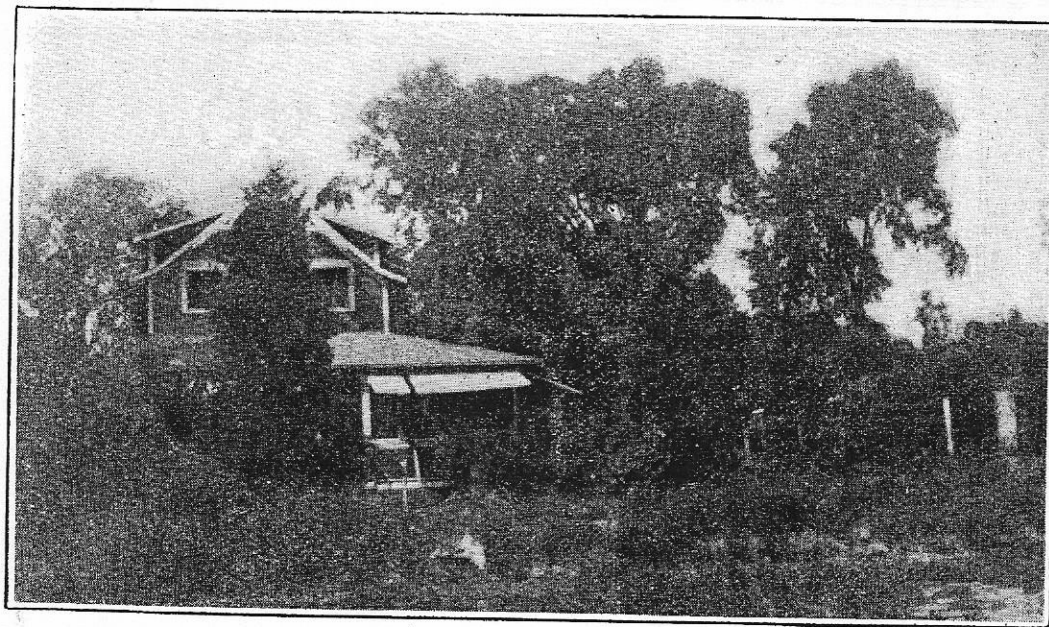
## Fresh Meat or Groceries

Either from our store or our wagon at your door.

When in Pinckney make our store your trading place.

## REASON & REASON

Pinckney, Michigan



### BEAUVOIR—North side Base Lake

Lots For Sale, adjacent to this beautiful spot, not duplicated or  
excelled by nature's art in Michigan

F. W. GERKEN, Pinckney, Michigan

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# Baughn's Bluffs

## A SELECT COLONY OF HOME OWNERS

"THE BLUFFS" rise from the western shore of Portage Lake. From this vantage the eye ranges the length of the largest of the Huron River chain of lakes and across a wide stretch of blue water, dotted with scurrying motor craft and white sails, and on to the lofty ramparts of Peach mountain flanking the southern horizon with its brown crests and wooded slopes—a view that challenges the spirit of the artist.

The location is Ideal for the model summer home.

The state road from Ann Arbor to Pinckney passes the property.

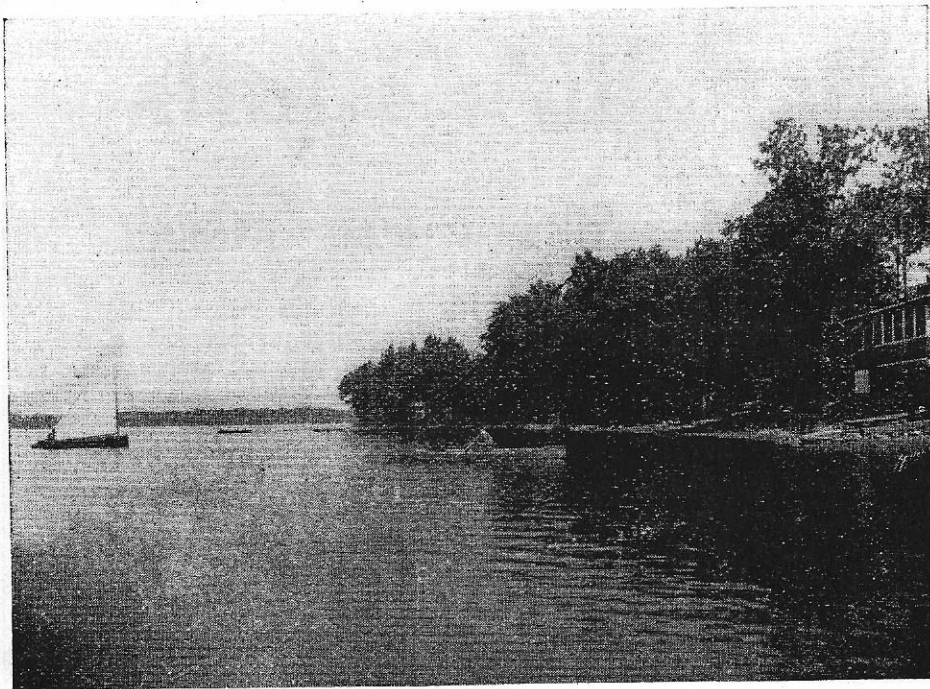
Pure, cold spring water gushes from the gravel hills to quench your thirst.

A hard white bathing beach lines the lake shore for a mile—safe for the kiddies—tempting to all on the warm summer days.

The evening breezes from the hills are cool and invigorating. Deep shaded groves form natural playgrounds. Bass and blue gills, pickerel and pike challenge the angler. The building sites are moderately priced and sold on terms within the reach of all. Secure one and give your family the benefit of a country home in the summer time.

A TOBBOGAN SLIDE that shoots the daring coaster far out on the rippling waters adds a thrill to the aquatic sports.

Drive out on a Sunday afternoon and see the "BLUFFS" You can make the round trip from Detroit, via Michigan or Grand River avenues, in three or four hours and your half holiday will be one of exquisite pleasure.



# Portage Lake Resort

A COLONY OF ATTRACTIVE SUMMER HOMES

GOLF, TENNIS, BOATING, FISHING

You are welcome to spend a day at  
**FOX POINT BATHING BEACH AND  
 PICNIC GROUND**

No Charges

## PORTAGE LAKE LAND CO.

Own nearly a mile of this exquisite water front

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# Barnard Mercantile Company

GROCERIES

AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Phone 15

We will not be undersold.

Pinckney, Michigan

## Guide Posts

To reach the valley by motor from Detroit take your choice of the following routes:

Leave the city on Grand River avenue, take the seven mile road, a mile west of Redford, to Northville, thence north to the South Lyon road, thence west through South Lyon to Silver Lake, in Green Oak, Whitmore, Hamburg, River View, Pleasant Lake Hills, Lakeland and Pinckney on trunk line No. 49, from which roads debouch to all of the summer settlements.

Follow the Grand River road to Brighton and Island lake. From Brighton trunk line No. 65 leads south into the heart of the valley.

Follow the Grand River on to Howell and a smooth county road leads southeast past Pleasant (Winans) lake to No. 49 at Lakeland.

From Howell another excellent road leads south to Pinckney, Portage and Base lakes and on through Dexter to Michigan avenue at Ann Arbor.

From Lansing the valley is reached by the Grand River road to Howell or Brighton.

Leaving Detroit on Michigan avenue you drive west to Ann Arbor, thence north on No. 65 to Whitmore and Brighton. No. 65 crosses No. 49 a mile north of Whitmore. The latter road leads you east and west through the valley.

From Toledo take the Dixie highway to Monroe, thence through Maybee to Ypsilanti, west to Ann Arbor and north on No. 65.

By rail from Detroit:—Take the Michigan Central or the Interurban to Ann Arbor, thence north on the Ann Arbor railroad.

The Pere Marquette to South Lyon and Brighton.

The Interurban to Pontiac, thence west on the Grand Trunk Airline to South Lyon, Hamburg, Lakeland and Pinckney.

A three hour drive on a summer afternoon will take you out Grand River, across the valley of a Thousand Lakes by either of the three good roads that lead across to Michigan avenue at Ann Arbor and back to the city. This drive will convince beyond question that the valley holds unrivalled attraction for the lover of nature in the rough.

# Lakeland

On Zukey lake at the intersection of the Ann Arbor and the Grand Trunk railways lies Lakeland, so named because it lies in the center of the lake region. Lakeland is the port of entry, as it were, to the chain of lakes connected by the Huron river. Navigable waterways lead from Lakeland to the secluded summer homes that cluster for miles along the river and the connecting lakes.

Forty years ago, long before the advent of the railroads and the summer resorter, a number of young men who were passionately devoted to the pleasures of rod and gun, organized the Ann Arbor Sporting club and built a rough shack on the shore of Zukey lake. This building has long since been replaced by a more pretentious club house that is now a land mark in this paradise of the sportsman.

Among the original incorporators of the Ann Arbor Sporting Club were Michael J. Fritz, now president of the Ann Arbor Savings bank, Dr. Kellogg, Will Lodholtz, W. E. Walker, Chase Dow, John F. Lawrence and Christian Fritz. Of the score of original members only three survive.

The Keystone clubhouse, an artistic structure of logs, and the Oak Grove club followed the Sporting club. For some years these clubs were the sole occupants of the lake. Then the railroads came and with them sportsmen from Toledo and the south. Cottages began to dot the shores of the lake. A hotel that has achieved a wide reputation was erected near the railroad station. Stores came to minister to the needs of the growing summer population. Then the automobile and better roads opened the attractions of the Valley of a Thousand Lakes to the people of the nearby city of Detroit. Now a thousand people get their mail at the Lakeland postoffice during the summer months. And yet there is no crowding. The summer population tributary to Lakeland is scattered along the winding river and the connecting lakes. Communication is held with the railroad station and the stores by motor boat and auto. Down stream from Lakeland are Strawberry, the Loon lakes, the Whitewood lakes, Base and Portage, each with its attractive colonies of summer homes, the Huron river winding lazily from lake to lake, affording a voyage of enchanting beauty for the happy owner of a motor boat.

Up the river from Lakeland go to River Valley, Ore lake and on beyond, in quest of the gamey small mouth bass that seeks seclusion in the deep shaded pools of the river during the summer months.

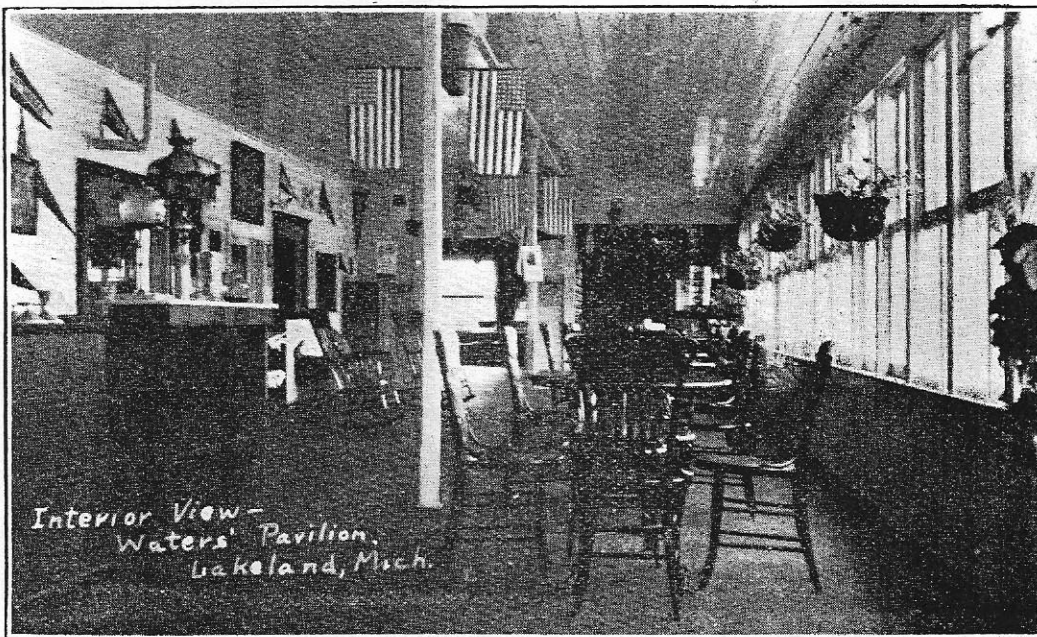


It was here  
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MR. & MRS. C. H. DOWNING IN HIS DUCK  
MARSH - STRAWBERRY LAKE

It was the love of the great out-doors and the fish and game that lured C. H. Downing from Ohio to the west shore of Strawberry Lake where he will sell you cottages or cottage sites on lake front. Good bathing beach, good hunting and fishing, boating and canoeing. Call and he will show you or write him at Lakeland, Mich.



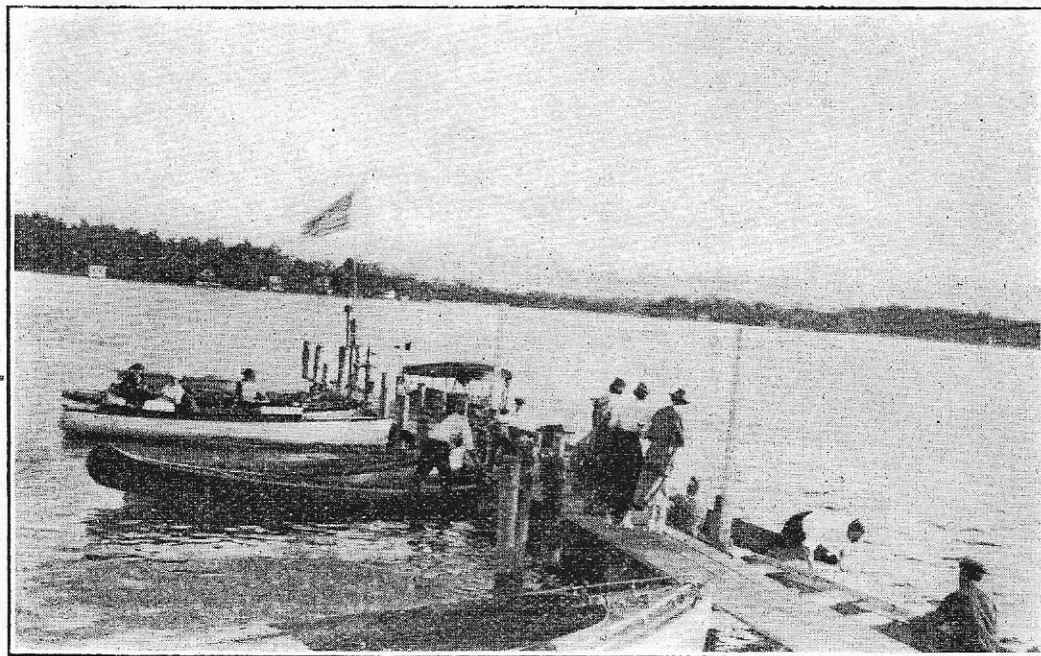
*Interior View -  
Waters' Pavilion.  
Lakeland, Mich.*

## WATERS' PAVILION, Lakeland, Mich.

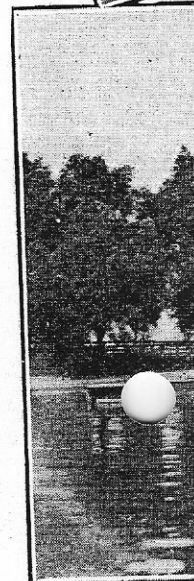
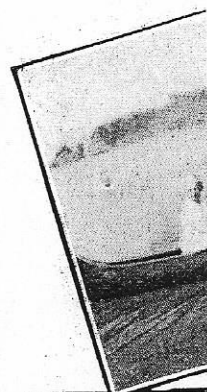
### MUSIC AND DANCING

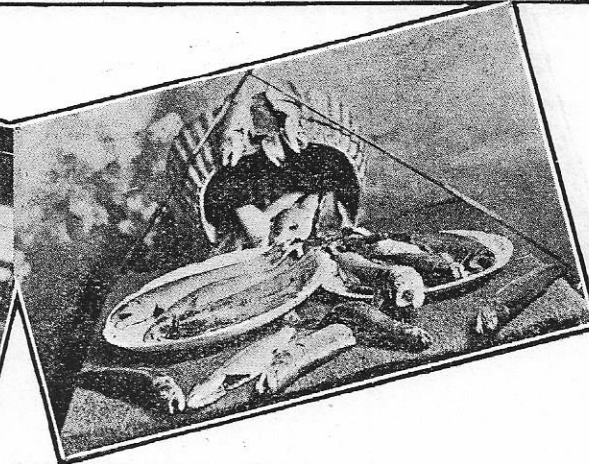
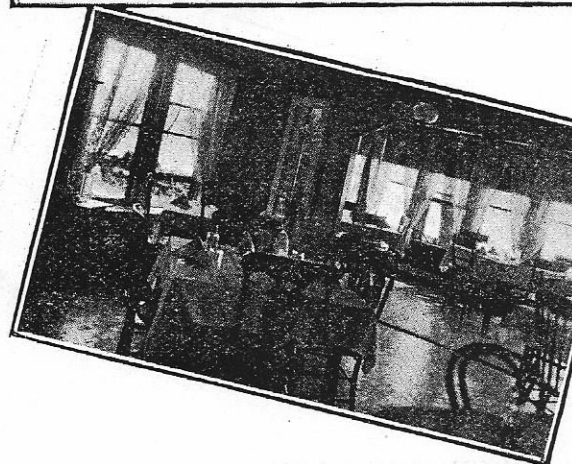
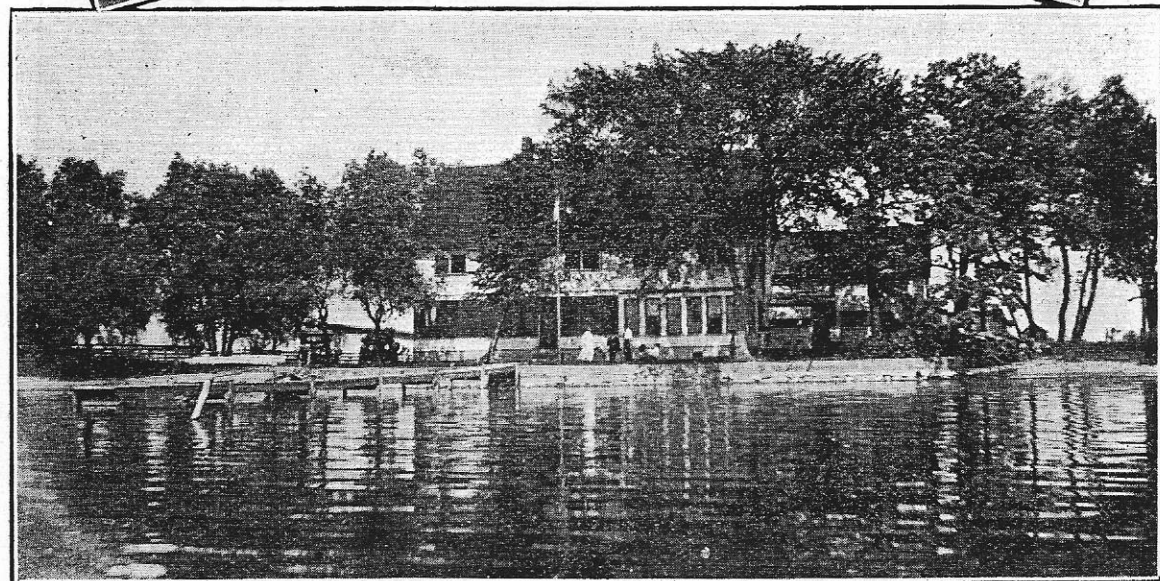
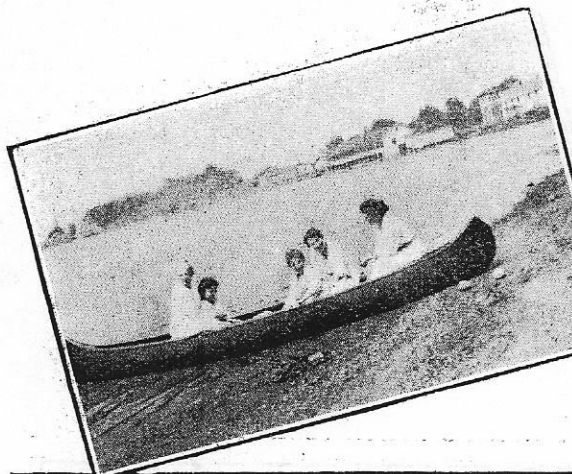
Best equipped resort in the Valley. Motor boats, row boats and canoes for all. Passenger Boat Service through Michigan's most picturesque inland waterway. A two hours cruise of unsurpassed loveliness.

A Complete Outfitting Department for the Camper. Everything from Groceries and Meats to Shoestrings and Fish-hooks.



View from the Pavilion





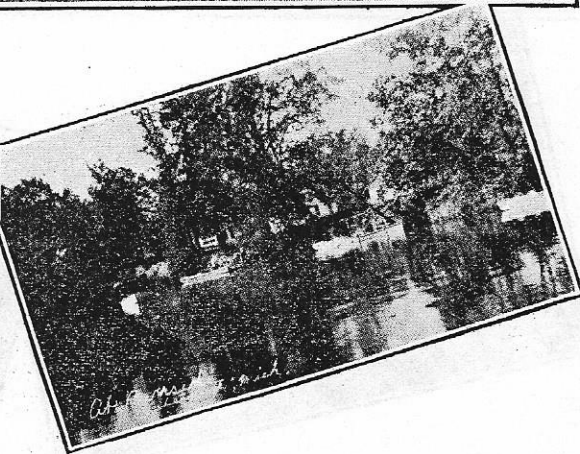
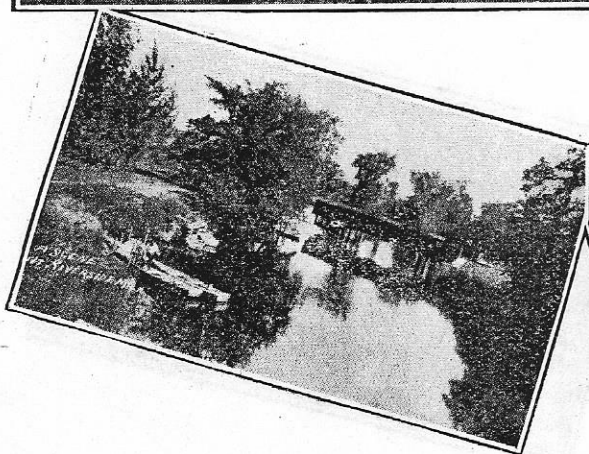
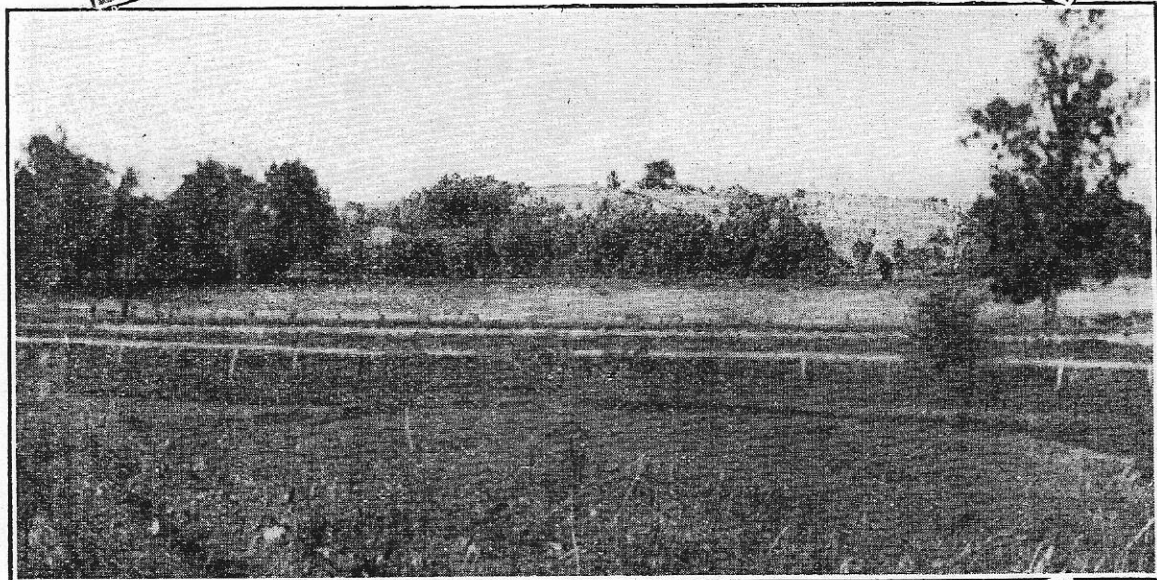
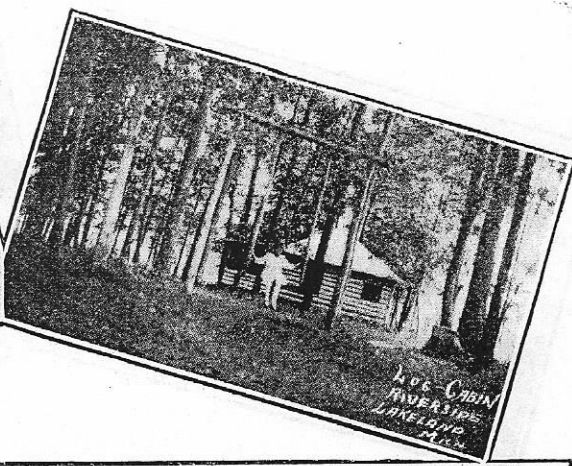
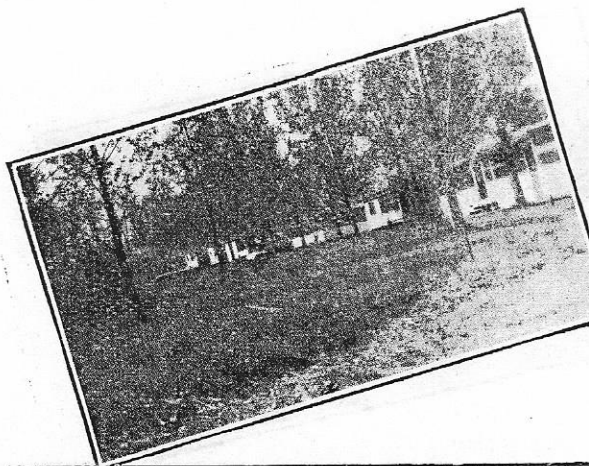
## THE LAKELAND HOTEL

American Plan

If you want a good bed, a good sleep, good things to eat, to be treated just like home folks and have the best place to fish—spend your vacation here.

FRANK ZEISER, Prop.

On Twenty Miles of Inland Waterways.

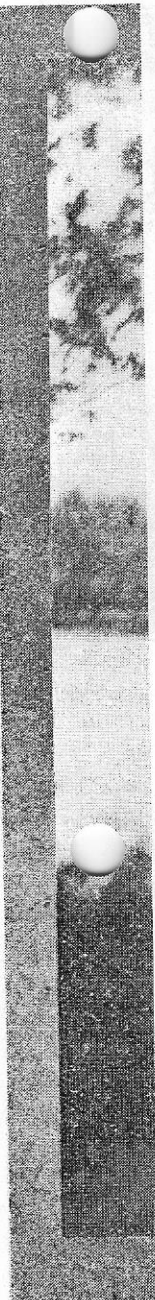


### MOUNTAIN VIEW HEIGHTS—RIVERSIDE PARK

Lots For Sale on Easy Terms

CHARLES G. SMITH, Lakeland, Mich.

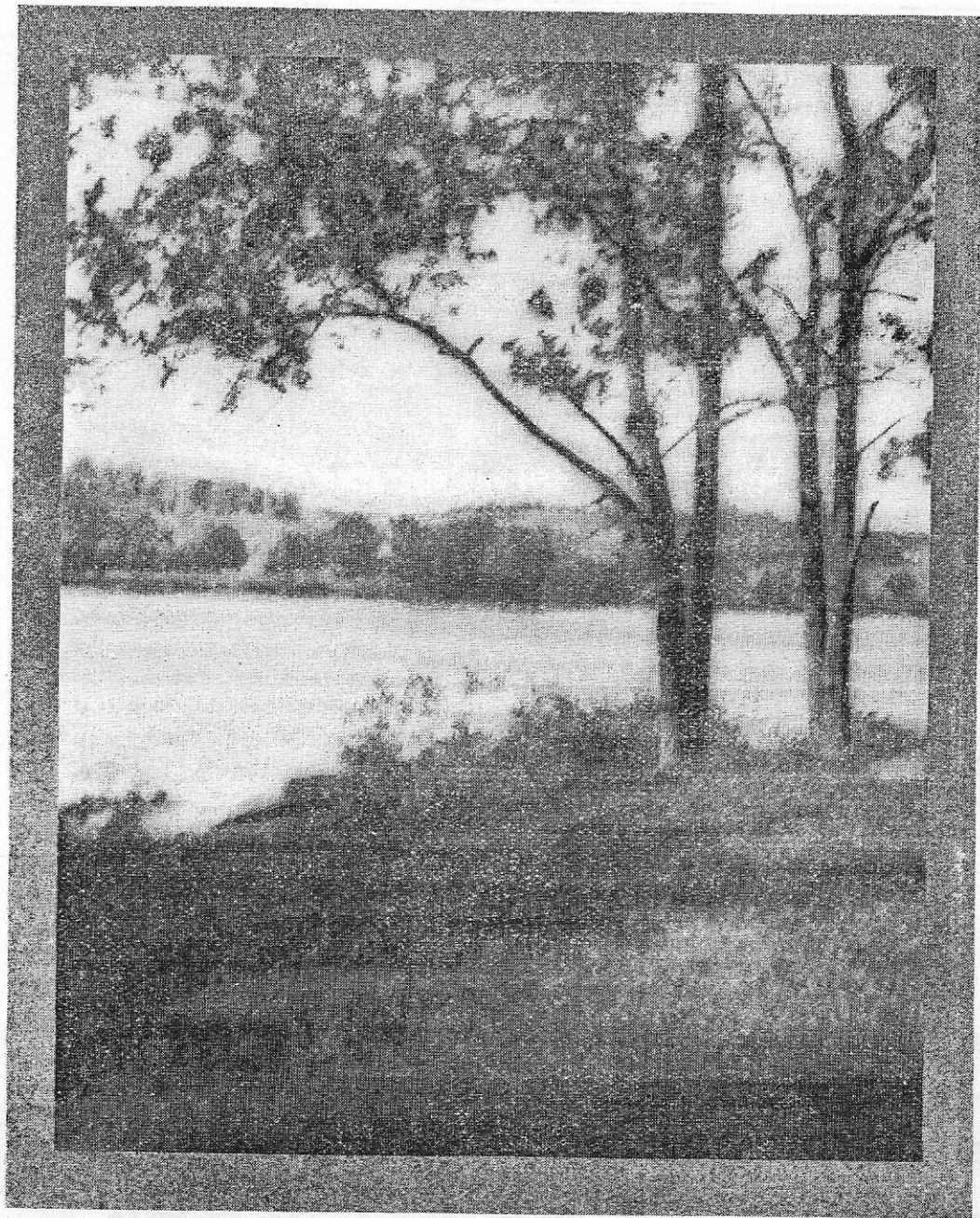
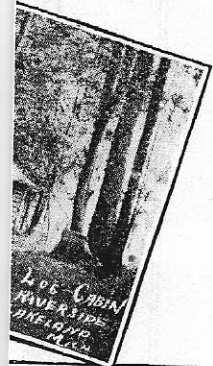
When rosy fingered morn, with magic brush and gentle touch gilds these mountain tops with glory and sheds its life giving rays over the beautiful grove dotted valley lying below, it is the harbinger of another glorious day at Riverside Park. And the grand old Huron as it winds its way through dreamy woodlands and meadows seems to stop and laugh in glee with the happy crowds that line its banks at Riverside Park watching it as it rolls by on its way to the ocean. Is life worth living along the Huron River? IS IT? Ask those who have spent their summer vacations here for the past 12 years.



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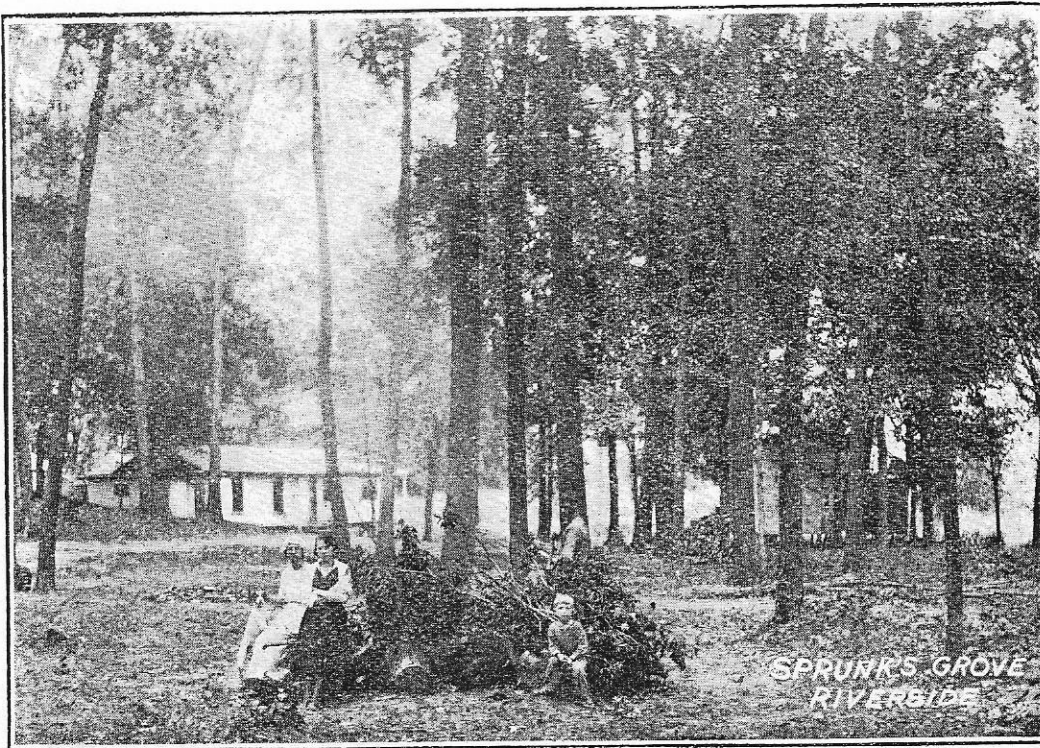
### **PLEASANT LAKE HILLS, Livingston County, Michigan**

For several generations the private country estate of Ex-Governor Winans' family. Reputed to be the Lake of greatest natural beauty in Michigan. Opened and sub-divided under high restrictions in 1922, into Summer Home Sites and Estates. It is a lake of sparkling spring water, stocked heavily with fish of many species, bordered by crystal beaches, nested among well wooded hills which abound in small game and other wild life. Pleasant Lake is now the hot season retreat of many families prominent in state, professional and business life. The property owners have exclusive rights to their Country Club, Golf and Tennis Courts, Fishing Grounds, Bathing Beaches, Etc.

**Address Inquiries to THE J. O. HEARN COMPANY**

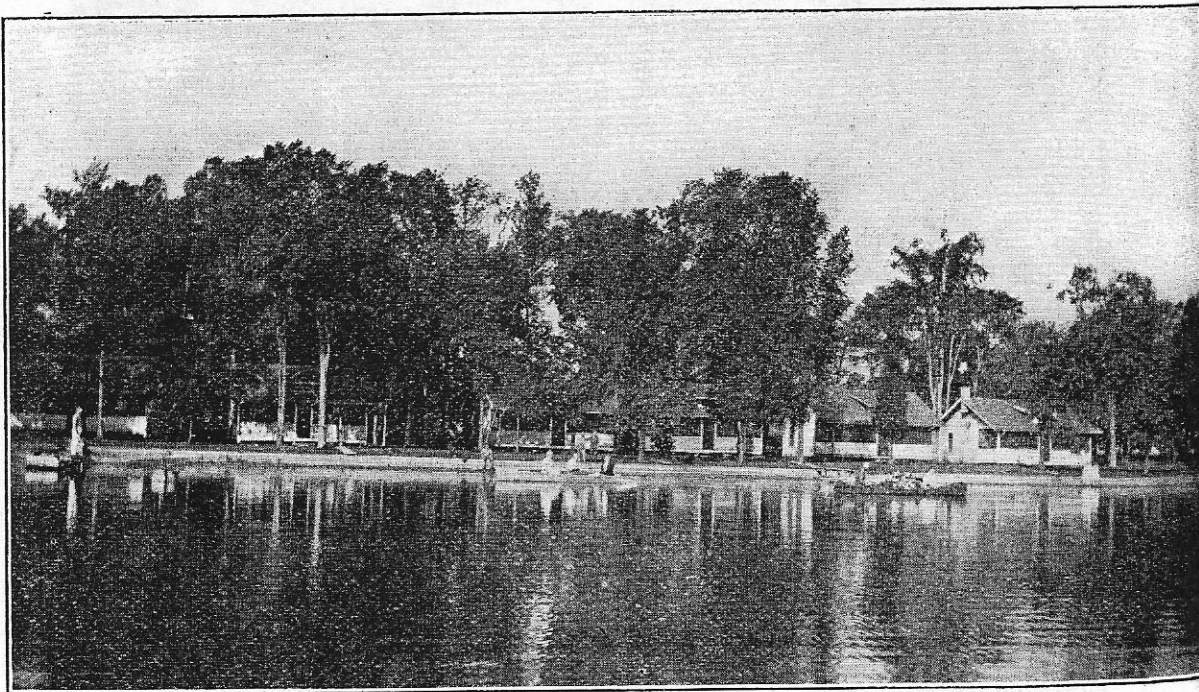
Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich,

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### SPRUNK'S GROVE

Recreation and play grounds for the children will be ready for the 1923 season



**COLLUM'S BEACH**—Strawberry Lake. Six Fine Summer Homes for Sale or Rent. Large lots, 300 feet deep, shaded with spreading elms. A view sweeping the length of the picturesque lake. A wonderful bathing beach. Fishing, Hunting and Boating on Michigan's Loveliest Waterway.

**CLEO COLLUM, Lakeland, Mich.**

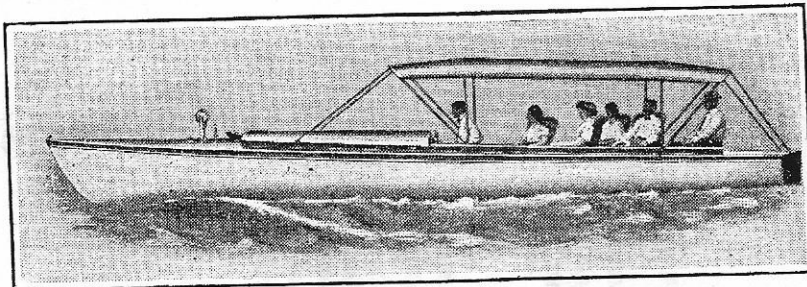
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### **MOTOR BOAT LIVERY**

Motor Boats For Sale

Motor Boats Repaired

### **MACHINE SHOP IN CONNECTION**

Motor Boats Housed

**FRED C. IMUS, Lakeland, Michigan**

With twenty miles of navigable waterways open to you  
a motor boat is a constant source of enjoyment.

## **Lakeland Gardens**

**Flowers**

**Fruits**

**Vegetables**

**F. C. SCHUMACHER**

Lakeland,

Michigan

# **Fine Building Lots For Rent**

On Zukey and Strawberry Lake and the Huron River

## **Marion Redding**

Lakeland,

Michigan

# **The Schuller Ice Co.**

Toledo, Ohio

## **ABSOPURE**

Cuts Natural Ice From the PURE SPRING WATERS  
of ZUKEY LAKE.

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or su

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You  
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## CEDAR BLUFFS

On Cordley Lake. Forty-six acres for sale as a whole or sub-divided. Beautiful location.

## BASS LAKE

Best Private Fishing Grounds in the Valley

## Boats and Cottages For Rent

FRED BROSS, Lakeland, Mich.



### You, Too, Can Have a Motor Boat

by simply clamping a Caille Five-Speed Rowboat Motor to the stern of your boat. Takes but a jiffy. The



provides five positive speeds.

## Fred Bross, Jr.

Builder of

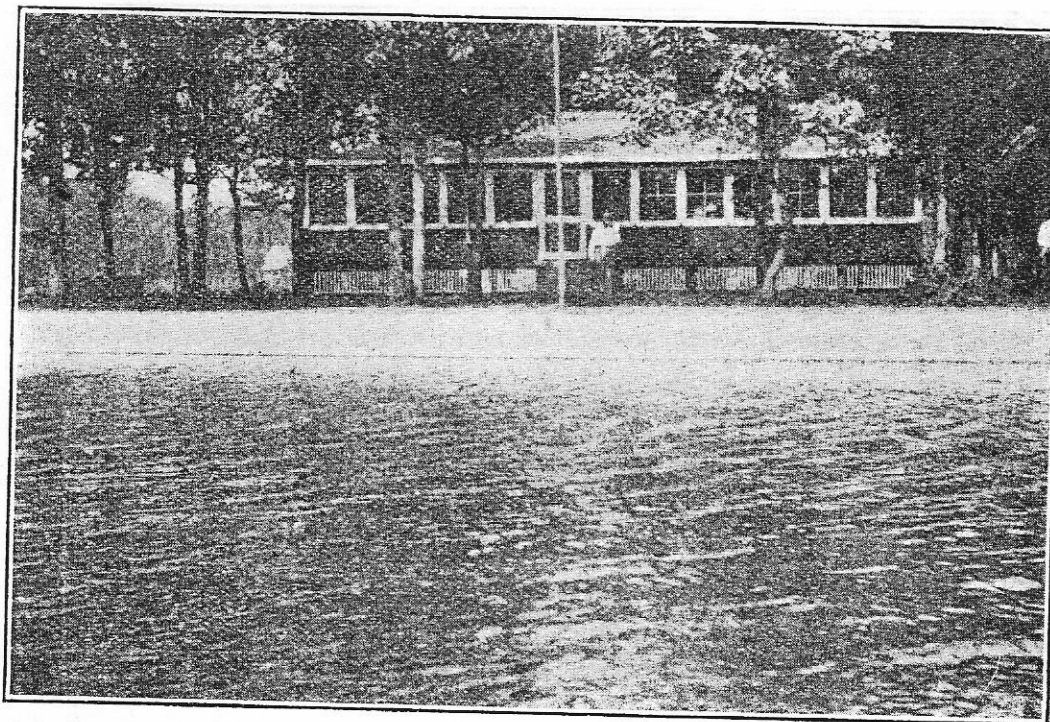
### HIGH GRADE MOTOR AND ROW BOATS

Any style craft built to order.

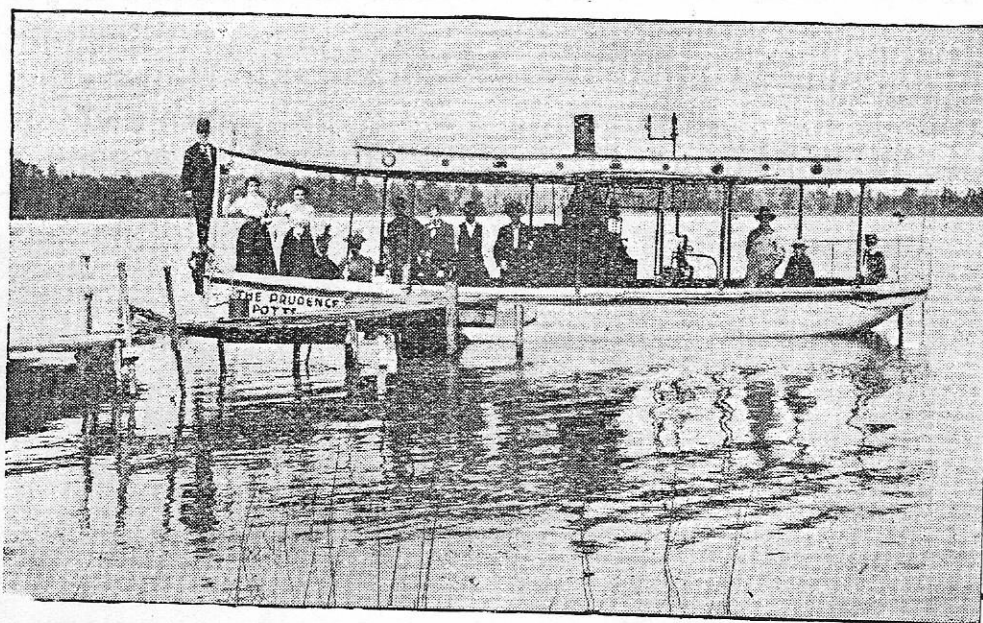
District Agent for the Caille  
Out Board Motor.

Builder and Contractor

LAKELAND, - - Mich.



Residence of John Frost, Devils Basin.

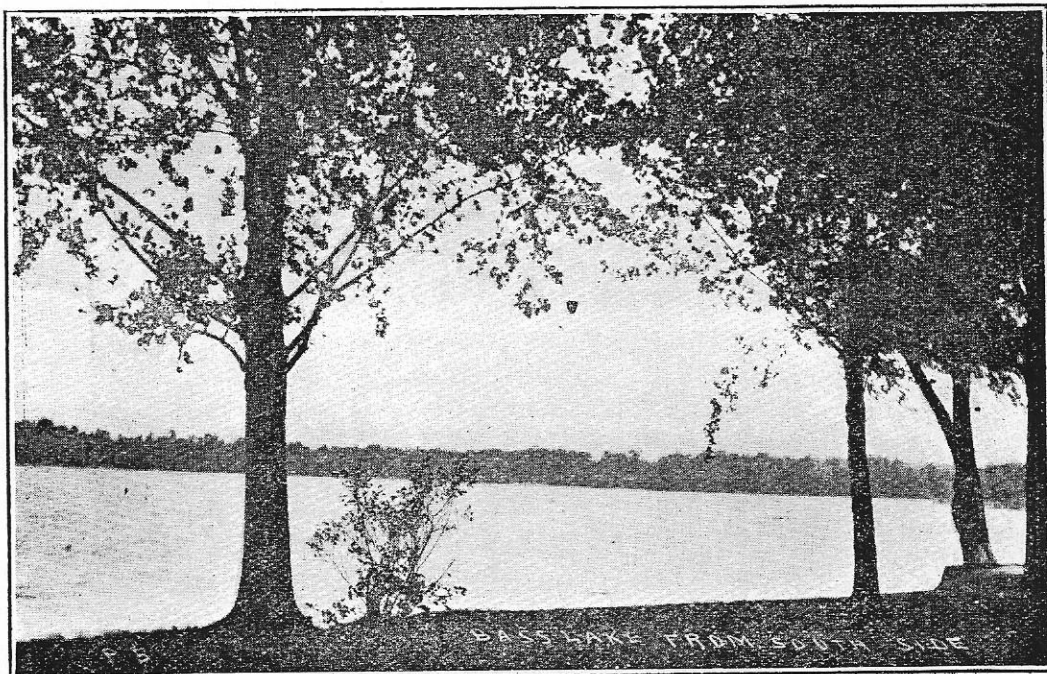


The above picture is of the Steamer Prudence Potts, owned by J. W. Potts, and named after his (then) little girl. This was the first passenger boat ever run from Hamburg Junction (Now Lakeland) to Baseline Lake. Making her first trip through the chain of Lakes and down the Huron River to Baseline Lake on July the 30th, 1897. The passengers abroad were: Dennis Shields and wife of Howell, Mich.; John Rolason and wife of Howell, Mich.; Edward Walker and wife of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. J. McClaron and daughter of Ann Arbor, Mich.; James Stanley and wife of Stockbridge, Mich.; Engineer Joseph Raferty; Captain J. W. Potts. I am not now running a boat, but am offering camp sites for rent or sale, on very reasonable terms, to people who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity, now being offered to procure, a camping lot, in one of the best located inland summer resorts in Michigan. I have a lake frontage on three lakes, Zukey, Devils Basin, and Strawberry Lake. Come and investigate.

J. W. POTTS, Lakeland, Mich.

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Lak



## GLENWOOD--ON--THE--LAKES

The deep shaded dells and sun-kissed beaches of this charming property lie on the north shore where the crystal currents of the Huron River pour into Bass Lake. From its elevation, your eyes sweep the sparkling lake and rest on the massive hills to the south.

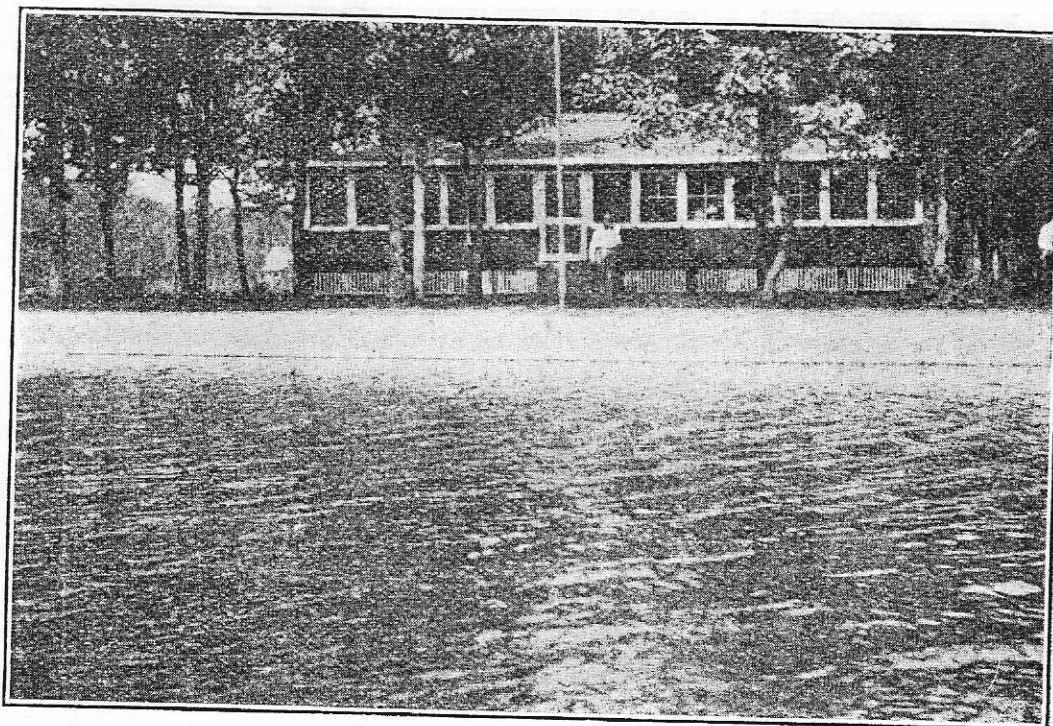
Accessible to the great thoroughfares that lead to the city, it affords restful seclusion from the turmoil and strife of the workday world. A delightful motor ride from the city brings you to its shaded dells. From the white sand beach where the kiddies may safely roam, you can step into your motor boat and roam at will through miles of inland waterways where gamey bass challenge the skill of the angler and the wild life of the forest mocks you from the secure protection of the game laws.

The desirable lots in this subdivision will be sold on easy terms.

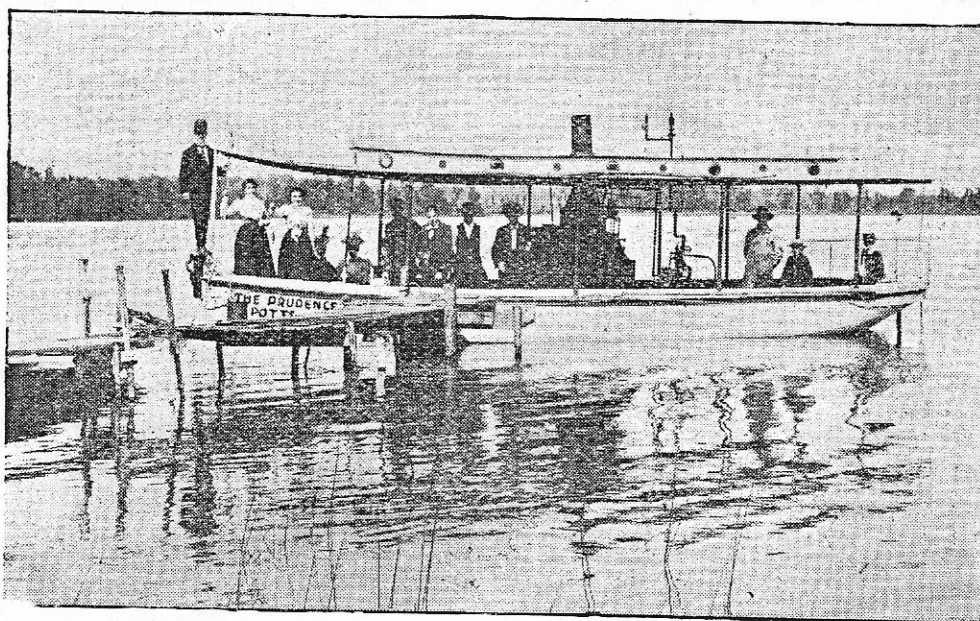
**M. H. REINHART**

1348 Penobscot Bldg.

Detroit, Mich.



Residence of John Frost, Devils Basin.

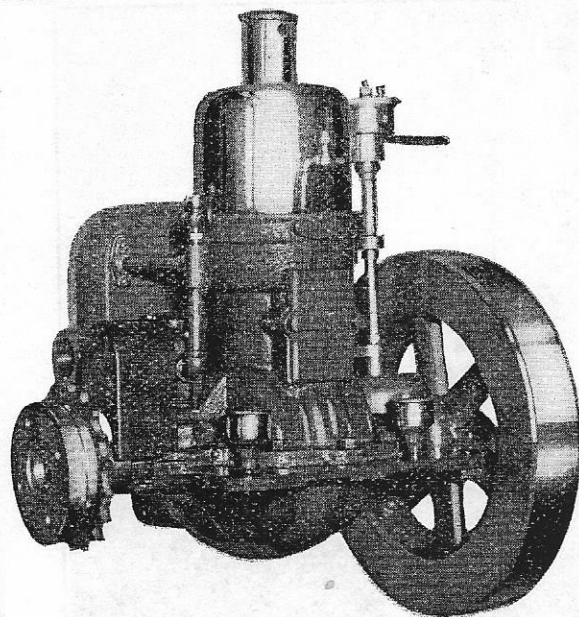


The above picture is of the Steamer Prudence Potts, owned by J. W. Potts, and named after his (then) little girl. This was the first passenger boat ever run from Hamburg Junction (Now Lakeland) to Baseline Lake. Making her first trip through the chain of Lakes and down the Huron River to Baseline Lake on July the 30th, 1897. The passengers abroad were: Dennis Shields and wife of Howell, Mich.; John Rolason and wife of Howell, Mich.; Edward Walker and wife of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. J. McClaron and daughter of Ann Arbor, Mich.; James Stanley and wife of Stockbridge, Mich.; Engineer Joseph Raferty; Captain J. W. Potts. I am not now running a boat, but am offering camp sites for rent or sale, on very reasonable terms, to people who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity, now being offered to procure, a camping lot, in one of the best located inland summer resorts in Michigan. I have a lake frontage on three lakes, Zukey, Devils Basin, and Strawberry Lake. Come and investigate.

J. W. POTTS, Lakeland, Mich.

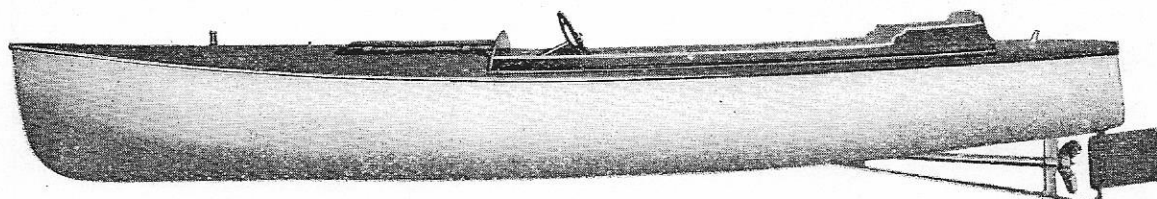
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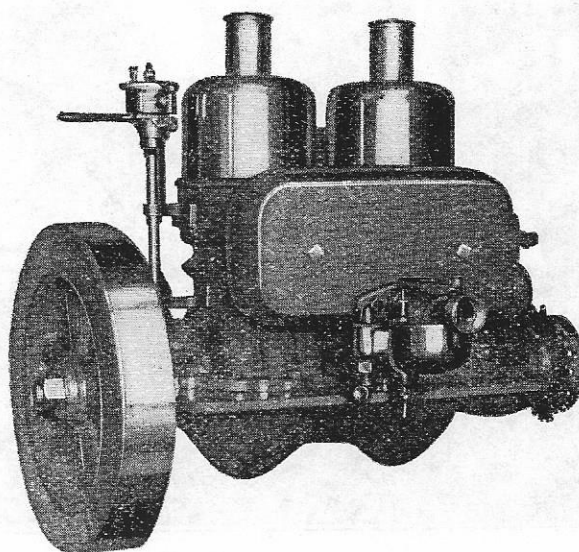
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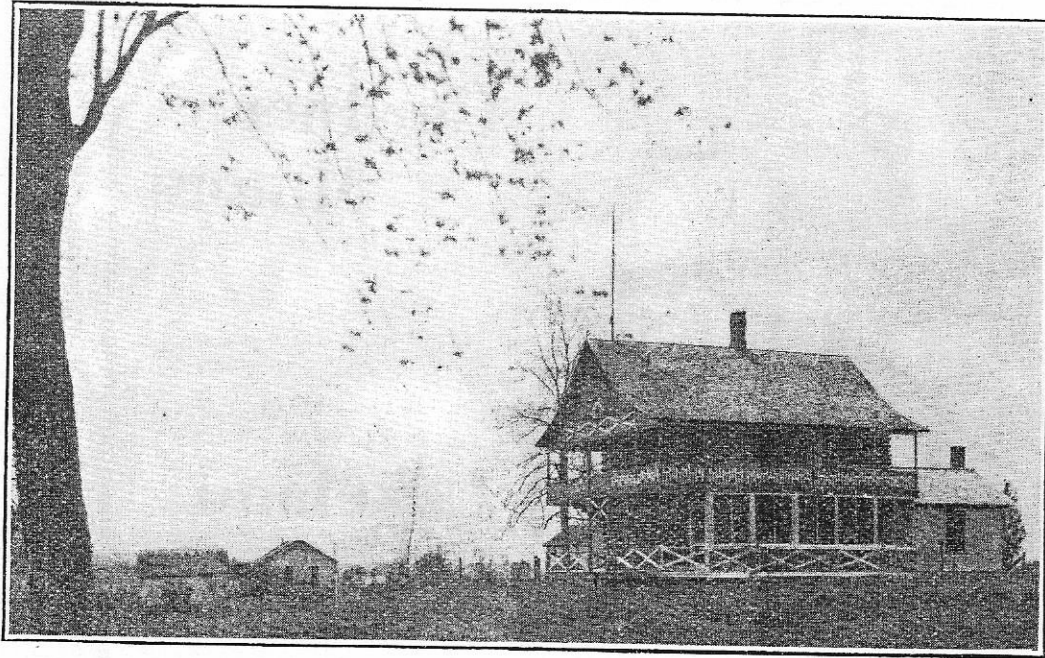
**Lakeland  
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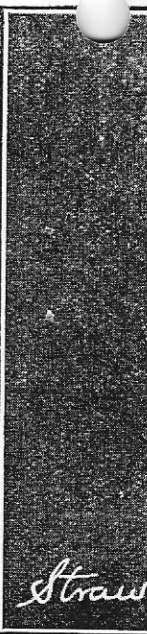
**Lakeland  
Motor  
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**Lakeland,  
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Keystone Club, Zukey Lake



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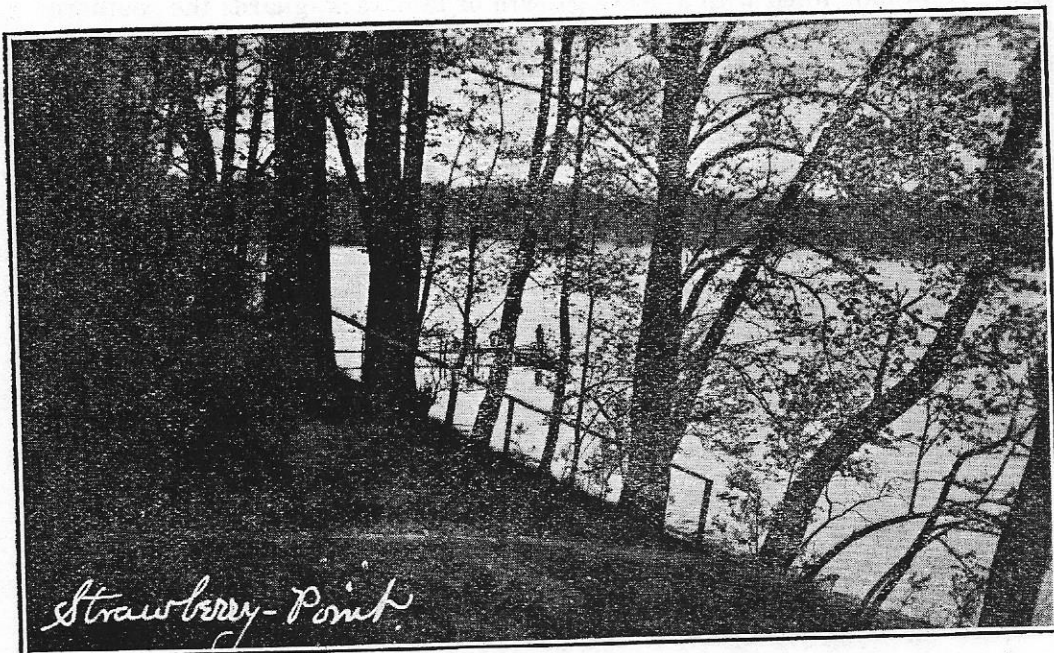
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Once the site of an Indian village—now the summer home of Wm. F. Gallagher, President of The State Savings Bank of Owosso.

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## The Trail of Strawberry Point

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### An Incident of Indian Days in Michigan, Preceding the Outbreak of the Pontiac Conspiracy

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"Strawberry Point" is now a level field some forty acres in extent, covering a plateau elevated high above the surface of the surrounding waters. Strawberry lake washes the base of this plateau on the north and east. The Huron river, carrying away the waters of the lake, winds along the western

slope. A swamp, filled with a dense growth of tamarack, guards the southern base. The slope of the steep declivity from the crest of the plateau to the lake beach and river bank is fringed with timber and two or three summer homes are ranged at commanding points along the cliff overlooking Strawberry. Their occupants have a superb view of lake and plain, and of the rolling hills of the Livingston county divide, which form the northern horizon.

Once, in the long ago, when the Pottowattomies were the overlords of the soil, the plateau was timbered and its level surface was, in summer, studded with the wigwams of the Red Man. The elevated location, the sparkling spring waters, the fish of the many surrounding lakes, the game of the forests and the berries of the swamps made the spot, for them, a favorite camping ground. The Indian played on the ground where the white man plays today. The aborigines plied their canoes over the same water courses, hunted, fished and made love, as their civilized successors do in this later period.

The trail by which the Pottowattomies came up from the south to Strawberry Point led from the plains of Lenawee across central Washtenaw into the hills of Livingston. From Strawberry Point it crossed the Huron at the ford where that stream leaves Strawberry lake, and continued north up the valley of the outlet of Crooked lake (the tracks of the Ann Arbor railroad parallel it here), to the summit of the divide, where it joined the Chippewa trail leading down to the Shiawassee and on to Saginaw bay.

The legends of the red men do not reach back to the origin of the trail, but they confirm the fact that for centuries prior to the advent of the whites it was the line of communication between the tribes of the north and those of the south, both in war and in peace.

Forsythe bade adieu to his white companions at the portage between the waters of the Clinton and the Huron. With the four Ottawas and two canoes he started down the Huron, which is there narrow, and tortuous in its course, and was then (October, 1762), much obstructed with fallen timber. For some miles their progress was slow and laborious. Then, reaching a more open country, the two canoes carried the party swiftly down the hurrying currents through the wooded hills of western Oakland. The region was, as yet, uncharted by Englishmen, and Forsythe was, probably, the first of his race to penetrate the beautiful valley of the upper Huron. His exultation in the glories of the landscape was tempered however, by insistently recurring thoughts of the gravity of his mission into the wilderness. His Indian companions, too, were mindful of the fact that they were entering the land of the Pottawattomies, and that their reception was a matter of conjecture.

The second day the canoes reached less turbulent waters. The river was slackening its mad rush. The valley became broader, but the range of hills flanking either side still persisted. Vast natural meadows sometimes bordered the river bank, while the stream frequently swelled its surface into a pretty lagoon, or poured its waters into the deep reservoir of a hill-bound lake, substracting like measure at the outlet as it hurried on to the sea.

The sun was setting behind the tree tops at the western end of Strawberry lake when the winding river, making an abrupt turn to the right, delivered Forsythe's canoes into that picturesque body of water without warning of the sudden transition from the narrow forest-bound confines of the stream to the broad, smooth surface of the lake.

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The Ottawa brave guiding the canoe in which Forsythe lay recumbent directed with a guttural grunt and an inclination of his head the attention of his master to the headland in the foreground. The admonition was, however, unneeded for Forsythe's eye was already fixed on the elevated point which, a half mile distant, pushed boldly out into the lake. Many tiny spirals of blue smoke, rising high above the timber that crowned the crest of the elevation, indicated a camp of considerable size. This, then, was the destination, the summer home of the Pottowattomies.

The sharp eyes of the Pottowattomies were not long in discovering the presence of the Ottawa canoes. The old Chief Kitchokema came forth from his lodge to appraise the strangers from his elevated outlook while active warriors, as a matter of precaution, secreted themselves at points of vantage in the willows fringing the narrow beach.

The canoe stood boldly across the lake to the landing at the point, reaching which Forsythe stepped on the shore with as much assurance as he would had it been the landing of a country estate on the Thames instead of the camp of a savage and none too friendly tribe in the wilds of North America, and directed his Ottawas to pull his canoes out alongside those of the Pottowattomies scattered along the beach, well knowing that unfriendly eyes were noting every movement from the surrounding thickets. This done, attended by his Ottawa retainers, he climbed the steep trail to the level tableland where Kitchokema waited the daring stranger.

Greeting the Indian potentate in the language of the Pottowattomie, which he had learned at Fort Pitt, Forsythe made a masterly acknowledgment of the fame and prowess of the chief and delivered, in fitting language, the message of good-will from the British king who had so recently supplanted the authority of the French monarch. As a token of the English good-will the king's messenger had brought presents for the chief and the Pottowattomies were invited to visit Fort Pontchartain and hold council with the commandant, who would give further evidence of the regard which his people held for the tribe of Kitchokema.

With quiet dignity and inscrutable expression Kitchokema acknowledged the homage of the white stranger in the language of an accomplished diplomat, and promised that a big talk should be held on the morrow. The stranger should build his campfire next to the lodge of the chief.

While Forsythe was paddling down the swift currents of the Huron to Strawberry Point, Jean Cartier, French fur trader from the rapids of the Maumee, accompanied by his Pottowattomie wife, his half-breed daughter, a comely girl of twenty, his camp equipage and a small retinue of half-breed retainers, was coming up the trail from the south on his annual pilgrimage among the Pottowattomies and the Chippewas of the Saginaw.

Cartier reached Strawberry Point soon after Forsythe had domiciled his outfit next to that of the chief. Now Cartier was not merely a trader in fur. He was a man of much force of character and a trusted and active agent of the French conspiracy to foment the discontent of the Indian tribes with the new British occupation of the northwest.

The presence of an Englishman so far in the interior as Strawberry Point put Cartier on his mettle, and that night, while Forsythe lay in his tent

weighing the chances for the success of his mission, Cartier, in forceful words which his long intimacy and Indian relationship permitted him to employ without reservation, protested vigorously with the chief against the overtures of the Englishman. The Indian and the Frenchman had long been brothers. That it was their duty now to stand together against the iron rule of the new conqueror, which aimed at the ultimate destruction of both the Indian and the Frenchman by the settlement of the country, was the burden of Cartier's argument. The Ottawas who accompanied the Englishman were, Cartier said, paid hangers-on at Fort Pontchartrain, renegades, traitors to their tribe.

The old chief gave passive assent to the argument of his friend. But he committed himself to no policy. Time did not press a decision, and then the Englishman was there with fair words and two canoes laden with offerings. At the close of the interview Jean Cartier was as much at sea concerning Kitchokema's purpose as Forsythe.

The next morning the squaws began to gather brush wood and pile it in the center of an open space near the middle of the plateau. Their labors completed, the women retired into the forest background, from whence it was their custom to listen to the deliberate sessions of the warriors.

Singly and in groups of two or three the males entitle to participate in the councils of the tribe gathered and lounged in a circle about the pile of fagots. After a time Kitchokema came with slow, deliberate step and dignified carriage to take his place in the circle. The fagots were kindled and the legislative assembly of the tribe was in session.

Next came Forsythe, followed by his Ottawa attendants, bearing bales of merchandise upon their backs. Forsythe took the vacant place in the circle at Kitchokema's right. The Ottawas deposited their burdens within the ring and retired. Cartier, with a concern that his strong self-control could not conceal, leaned against the trunk of a massive oak in the background.

Kitchokema lighted the great pipe, pulled lustily on the long reed stem, and passed the symbol of fraternity to Forsythe. Forsythe did likewise, and the token was passed on around the grim and silent circle, representative of America's aboriginal democracy. Cartier watched the proceedings with sullen eyes.

This ceremony concluded, all eyes were leveled on Forsythe. The Englishman, fully advised of the task of conciliation that confronted him, rose to his feet and made an eloquent plea for a good understanding between the English and the Indian.

Respectful silence followed Forsythe's appeal. The Englishman's eye covered the encircled warriors, seeking to fathom the reception of his words.

But he could have gathered more information from the trees of the surrounding forest than from those expressionless countenances.

After an interval those braves whose age, experience and achievements for tribal interests entitled them to give voice to their opinions in council, rose in turn and addressed the assemblage. Some voiced suspicion of the English. Some recalled the long years of friendship and benovolent protection that the Indians had enjoyed from the French and boldly pronounced in favor of the old regime. A few mildly favored a pact with the English. None advocated rejection of the overtures of the Englishman. All looked with covetous eyes on the unopened bales within the circle.

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When all had concluded, the wily old chieftain, correctly interpreting the temper of his people, accepted the proffered presents and the soft words of the Englishman, in speech bristling with savage diplomacy, and extended to Forsythe an invitation to sojourn for a time with the tribe to the end that they might learn more of each other. Kitchokema's invitation was virtually a command.

The result of the council was not satisfactory to Forsythe. Nor did it please Cartier. Instead of concluding Forsythe's mission, as he had hoped, it merely afforded him opportunity to begin the work of conciliation. It placed Cartier under the necessity of strenuous effort to hold the red man to his old allegiance. But the Frenchman came forward and congratulated the Englishman.

That night Cartier, leaving his family and retinue at the Pottowattomie village, departed, unattended, on the trail that led from the Point over the divide to the Saginaws.

Forsythe addressed himself with zeal to the task of winning the friendship of Kitchokema's warriors. He hunted and fished with them. He engaged with enthusiasm in their athletic sports. Around the campfire at night he regaled them with tales of the power and splendor of the British hosts beyond the sea.

And with it all he found time to cultivate an intimacy with Cartier's half-breed daughter that was not strictly in line with the instructions from Major Gladwyn. Angeline Cartier, by her Indian admixture, lost none of the vivacity of her father's race, and was not as unsophisticated as her forest life would presume. Her father's constant companion, she had seen much of the society of the French frontier posts, and had once, before the British occupation, journeyed as far as Montreal.

She offered a pleasing diversion to Forsythe in his enforced sojourn at Strawberry Point and herself yielded readily to the advances of the cultured English scion. Forsythe's friendship with the half-breed maid was soon upon a firmer footing than his standing in the Pottowattomie village.

It was many days before Cartier returned to Strawberry Point. He reached the village after nightfall, accompanied by a sub-chief of the Ottawas resident along the Clinton who, by Cartier's intrigue, chanced to be a valuable lieutenant and confidant of the great Pontiac.

Cartier lost no time in arranging a secret conference, at his own camp, between Kitchokema and the Ottawa chieftain. The council lasted far into the night. The Ottawa talked. Kitchokema listened and conviction of his duty entered his soul as the speaker, with persuasive tongue, unfolded the great conspiracy that was forming in Pontiac's fertile brain for the purpose of forever ending British aggression and recovering for the tribes the territory of which they had been despoiled. In this confederation, the Ottawa assured Kitchokema that Pontiac planned the Pottowattomies to take a leading part and that a lion's share in the distribution of the spoils would go to his people. It was Kitchokema's opportunity to lead his people in a successful war. Listen to the English respectfully and accept their presents for yet awhile, but plan for the great blow that was to fall in the springtime along the whole white frontier.

The disposition of Forsythe, whom the conspirators suspected of being a spy rather than an ambassador, was the subject of much discussion.

Forsythe tossed his blankets in fitful slumber. The depressing uncertainties that harassed his waking hours were reflected in his dreams. A current of cool night air aroused him quickly. His eyes had time to note that the wall of his tent had been raised slightly next his pillow before a velvety hand, warm with the passionate blood of youth, was pressed upon his lips in a manner calculated to prevent outcry. There was no mistaking the soft touch of that palm. Forsythe was astonished, but not alarmed, and his own hands raised to imprison the intruding member when, bending close to his ear, her breath bringing riotous blood to his cheeks, Angeline whispered softly, "Come quickly. There is danger."

She led him through the sleeping village to the bank of the river at the ford. Here the camp of Forsythe's Ottawa guides was pitched. Indian ponies grazed on the bottom lands nearby. Relating the presence of the Ottawa chief in the village and the danger which threatened Forsythe, Angeline counselled immediate flight.

Forsythe was not slow to act upon the maid's suggestion. With his party he would have fled, in his canoes, up the stream down which he came to the village. But the earnest exhortation of the girl, educated in the ways of the forest, checked his purpose.

"Better stay here and face their displeasure," she cried. "They would have you back before nightfall and be assured that you are indeed an enemy of my people."

With the strategy of the born general she planned the retreat. "Two Ottawas will take the canoes up the river. Two will ride ponies away on the trail to the north. We will make no trail." She clasped his hand in both of hers and led him to the wigwam of the Ottawa guides.

The impulse of personal safety welled strong in Forsythe's breast. It did not occur to him to question the girl's sincerity. He was a lone white man, far from the protection of his comrades and surrounded by dangers that he could not fathom. He yielded implicit obedience to the half-breed, giving no thought to the complications that his folly might involve.

The Ottawas were dispatched as Angeline had directed, those riding to the north bearing a sealed packet to the Saginaw Chippewas, the others bearing a message to the commandant at Fort Pontchartrain.

After the departure of the Ottawas, Angeline led Forsythe into the shallow waters of the ford and thence down stream a few hundred feet to a canoe concealed in the rushes. Here Forsythe hesitated as Angeline pushed the canoe into the stream and embarked. Where was flight with this half-breed maid down an unknown stream leading. But his hesitation was only momentary.

"Come," whispered the girl, beckoning him into the canoe, "we go by water. We make no trail. They follow Ottawa."

There was no time to weigh matters of propriety or speculate upon the sequel to his adventure. He seated himself in the craft and grasped a paddle. With noiseless strokes they vanished in the dark thread of the forest-bound stream.

Angeline knew the river and its debouching lakes. She had passed over its course many times with Cartier's fur-laden flotillas. On through the shadows of the night the canoe followed the current of the waters like a phantom of the autumn mist, leaving neither sound nor ripple in its wake. The river bore them westward for some miles and then southward through a

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broad valley. The stillness of the night promoted reflection. His nerves, steadied by the crisp air and the silent monotony of his paddle stroke, Forsythe began to take stock of the adventure fate had thrust upon him. Whither they were speeding he knew not. No word passed between him and the girl who kneeled in the bow of the canoe, her attention concentrated upon the paddle which held the craft to its course. That their swift flight was rapidly increasing the distance from the unknown danger that threatened at Strawberry Point he was certain. Of the purpose of the artless forest maiden he was not so sure. Was she conducting him to the protection of his friends or spiriting him away to some more remote fastness of her savage kinsmen? If she was acting the part of his deliverer a new dilemma forced its unwelcome suggestions upon his attention. The ties of blood were strong in her race. Nothing short of the grand passion would cause one of her kind to turn traitor to kindred. Forsythe had always looked with pitying contempt upon the squaw-men. Angeline had afforded a pleasant diversion during his stay at the Indian village. But the attraction was only the normal expression of the red blood of youth. And, were his sentiments strong enough to overrule his judgment, a French half-breed would hardly be acceptable to the Forsythes over the sea. Being a man of honorable intentions, and fully appreciating the service that the girl was apparently rendering him, Forsythe looked forward to the denouement of his adventure with extreme irritation.

The course of the river had now turned eastward and the black outlines of hills loomed high on either side of the Huron when the first warnings of daybreak began to glimmer in the eastern horizon. Angeline turned the canoe into a deep glen that cleaves the towering hills, and they concealed themselves for the day. The region was not frequented by red men at that season, but some Canadian voyagers might be passing and they were not to be trusted with information pertaining to the movements of an Englishman. Today their seclusion would have been broken by the screech of speeding locomotives, and amorous swain from Michigan's great seat of learning make the hiding place of Forsythe and Angeline Cartier a favorite tryst.

At nightfall the journey was resumed, and the succeeding morning greeted the fugitives at the head of Lake Erie. They landed in a sheltered cove. Forsythe climbed the bluff that faced their landing place that he might obtain a better view of the seemingly limitless waters that stretched before them. As, on reaching the summit, he turned to the lake his eye caught the gleam, across the broad estuary, of the cross of St. George fluttering lazily in the morning light over the stockade of Malden. His delight at the sight of this emblem of British authority was unbounded. The tension of the long, uncertain hours of flight broke and in the weakness of reaction the impulse of gratitude to the brave and resourceful girl who, at the cost of the esteem of her people, had wrought his deliverance, mastered him. He ran down the slope to the beach where Angeline was standing, clasped her in his arms and showered caresses upon her lustrous dark cheeks, while she lay quivering with the intensity of the passion that thrilled her being. No word was spoken until the storm of Forsythe's emotion passed. Then the primal instinct again asserted itself.

"Come," he cried, "we will make haste across to Malden, where we can defy pursuit."

Angeline followed Forsythe in silence and resumed her place in the bow of the canoe. Forsythe was now the master.

The trip to Malden was accomplished in safety, and from that post to Fort Pontchartrain they were convoyed by British soldiers.

At Pontchartrain they found Jean Cartier, who had arrived during the preceding night, storming, in mixed French and English, before the quarters of the commandant about the abduction of his daughter by an emissary of the post.

At sight of the pair he leaped at Forsythe with an animal cry. Strong arms disarmed Cartier and held him at bay while he cried for vengeance upon the despoiler of his daughter.

Forsythe met the embarrassing situation bravely. In those days such affairs of honor were settled upon the dwelling ground. Forsythe recognized the right of the angry father to insist upon reparation. "I have first to report the result of my mission to my chief, then I shall be at your service," he said to Cartier.

But Jean Cartier did not know that Angeline's attachment to the Englishman had not tempted her to betray the secrets of her people. Indeed it was his purpose to kill Forsythe for the latter's apparent violation of his family honor before the Englishman could divulge any information that he had gleaned concerning the Indian intrigue. The belief that Major Gladwyn would soon have knowledge that Jean Cartier was active in fomenting an insurrection of the Indian tribes and that he would be held amenable to swift English justice, as administered on the frontier, had a depressing effect upon his ardor to revenge himself upon Forsythe. While that gentleman was closeted with the commandant, Cartier, followed by his reluctant, but obedient, daughter, departed in much haste for the security of the wilds from whence he came and, for Forsythe, the incident was closed.

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## OPEN SEASON ON GAME

Rabbits—October 15 to December 31.—7 in one day.

Partridge—October 15 to November 20.—5 in one day.

Woodcock—October 15 to November 20.—6 in one day.

Duck and Coot—September 16 to December 31.—25 in one day.

Plover—September 16 to December 31.—15 in one day.

Rail—September 1 to November 30.—25 in one day.

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## IN THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND LAKES

You can secure a Summer Home with ideal surroundings, close to two railroads and the State Trunkline Highway, with a small initial payment.

You will be located on twenty miles of picturesque navigable waterway with good fishing, hunting and a fine bathing beach.

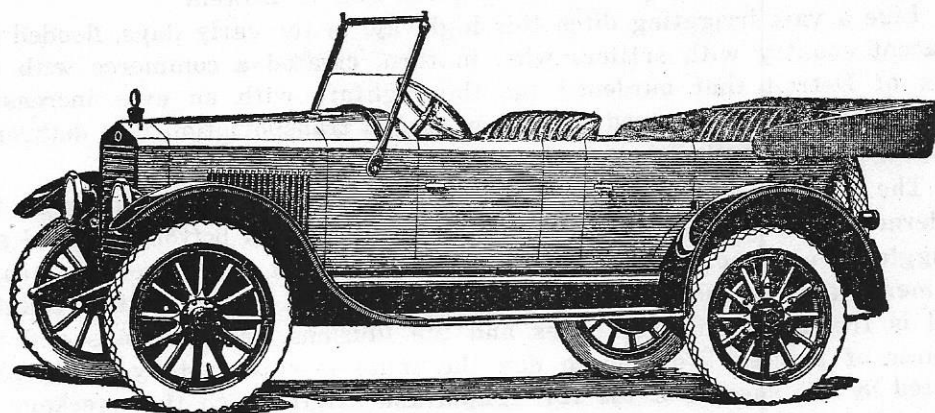
You can have fruit, garden plot and all the advantages of rural life with all the attractions of a summer resort.

I have cottages, bungalows, building lots, acre tracts, ten-acre tracts, lake and river frontage all within the reach of the man of modest means.

**CHAS. A. WARD, Lakeland, Michigan**

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## The Grand River Road

Historic Grand River, the Pathway of the home builder, trail of empire toward the setting sun. Once it was a narrow path through the forest beaten smooth by the tread of moccasined feet through ages unnumbered. In time it became the path of white men who, in the early years of the Territory sought with care the choicer spots of the wilderness. It was then in its chrysalis stage. As the years rolled by, and settlers flocked westward in greater numbers, the strong arm of the Federal government reached out and made it a passable highway—a territorial road from Detroit across the Peninsula to Lake Michigan.

The act of congress establishing the Grand River turnpike was passed on July 4th, 1832, and directed President Jackson to appoint a commission to lay out a road from Detroit to the mouth of the Grand River on Lake Michigan. Construction did not, however, move with celerity, and it was two years before the first ten miles out from Detroit were completed, after a fashion, at a cost of \$2,500.

March 3rd, 1835, congress appropriated \$25,000.00 for construction work on the thoroughfare and the work was prosecuted with more vigor. During the years 1835-6 the road was cleared 100 feet wide through the timber, and bridges were constructed across the Rouge, the Huron, the Shiawassee, the Red Cedar and the Grand rivers.

Then Michigan reached the dignity of statehood and the interest of the Federal government in the road ceased. Congress, however, donated to the new state 5,000 acres of land the proceeds from the sale of which were expended in an effort to make the road passable.

Leaving Woodward avenue, in Detroit, the road runs northwest through Redford, Farmington, Novi and New Hudson. It crosses the Huron river near the western line of Oakland county and follows that stream into the Valley of a Thousand Lakes, skirting the shores of Briggs, Island and Fonda

lakes to the village of Brighton where it crosses Michigan trunk line No. 65 and passes through a gap in the Livingston hills to Howell.

Like a vast irrigating ditch this highway, in the early days, flooded the adjacent country with settlers who, in turn, created a commerce with the town of Detroit that burdened the thoroughfare with an ever increasing traffic, a traffic that ceased only when wagon transportation was dethroned by the new-born railroad.

The story of the rise of the old way from a mere track through the wilderness, over which the pioneer wagons wallowed in bottomless mud and struggled over impossible grades, to the dignity of a great avenue of early commerce, and its subsequent decline to the level of a commonplace country road is freighted with the hopes and the illusions, the successes and the failures of pioneer life, and to day the route is enlivened by monuments created by the success of the far-sighted and littered with the wreckage of blasted hopes.

In the heyday of its early glory the industrial traffic on the Grand River road was so great that the vehicles carrying it formed an almost continuous procession along the way. The products of the farm and the forest passed over it to find a market in Detroit. Drove of cattle and hogs found their way along it to the shambles of the city. The supplies of the merchants of country towns were hauled over it by teams driven by strong-lunged and loud-mouthed teamsters. Big, lumbering stage coaches, drawn by four and six horses, according to the exigencies of the season, hurried along its course carrying the United States mails and and the travelling public.

In estimating the volume of the traffic that once rolled over the Grand River road it must be remembered that it was thirteen years after the legislature first met in the newly established capitol in the woods where now stands the city of Lansing, before the new capital city was connected with Detroit by rail over the old Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw to Owosso and thence over the D. G. H. & M. to the metropolis. It was not until 1870 that the country immediately adjacent to the Grand River road was penetrated by the Detroit, Lansing and Northern railroad, now a part of the Pere Marquette system. The construction of this railway marked the end of the commercial importance of the highway, for the time.

When the traffic upon the old road reached a point where the maintenance of a passable roadbed became burdensome upon the public purse it was given over to corporations that planked the worst stretches and gravelled other portions. A toll of two cents per mile was charged for the passage of loaded wagons, a charge that is about the equivalent of the rail charges for transportation today, to say nothing of the expense that the shipper had to meet for team, wagon and driver.

And yet there were many who fancied that irretrievable ruin to the communities along the way would follow the enforced suspension of the old method of transportation with its vast equipment and its army of teamsters. And indeed ruin did follow for those who depended solely upon the business of ministering to the needs of travellers of the way for a livelihood.

There were the frequent taverns and the villages planted along the old way destined in the visions of their promoters to become centers of industry and distribution. The taverns vanished with the teamsters. The villages that were located at strategic points and received the attention of railroad builders are today thriving communities. The others have faded away or dwindled to cross-roads importance.

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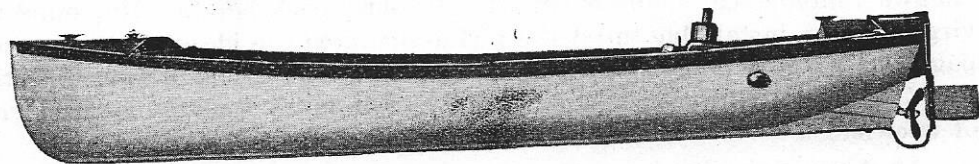
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As you reach the crest of the grade west of the Huron river you will note an ancient one-story brick building standing alone in the field by the roadside. In its day it was probably considered imposing. But its day passed into history seventy odd years ago. It was the home of the Bank of Kensington, a financial institution that flourished when a likely village clustered at the river crossing and the restless pioneers were boosting prosperity by making money on printing presses. The career of the building as a center of finance was short. It has long been used as a storehouse for hay and farm implements and chickens have roosted in its vaults.

From Detroit the old road rises by imperceptible grades until through Livingston county it passes across the highest elevation in southern Michigan; the divide from whence the waters of the Huron flow south and east to Lake Erie, the Shiawassee north to Saginaw bay, and the tributaries of the Grand west to Lake Michigan.

The interesting historical land marks along the course of the Grand River road are too numerous for individual notice in the scope of this sketch. The history of all of them would tell the story of the development of a hundred years.

And now by the token of the automobile, the renaissance of the old road is at hand. The pike that once resounded to the hoarse cries and forceful profanity of the teamsters of a by gone generation has been awakened from its long sleep by the screech of the siren horn. Where once the ox cart and the lumbering freight wagon worked out the problems of a new civilization that soft, yet insistent purr, vibrant with latent power, urges motor cars of high and low degrees swiftly through a country side representing a century of the progress of an industrious people and the way between the modern metropolis and Nature's own playground in the Valley of a Thousand Lakes bears on the surface of a hard, firm roadway the burden of a new traffic that the wildest visions of the men who cleared the way through the primeval forest did not conjure.



# IN THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND LAKES

(Continued from page 35)

## Insurgent Hearts

When Clare Harrison arose the next morning, Grisson had gone with Louis to some distant part of the ranch. Alagwa, bird of the morning, was up and away. And you could as well locate some flitting brown thrush as Alagwa, once the screen of the woodland swallowed her interesting person.

Clare was late. Her grandfather sat on the porch absorbed in one of Grisson's books. Clare dropped in a chair near the old man, with a filial greeting voiced by force of habit rather than conscious purpose. Clare's thoughts were not with her immediate surroundings. It was long after her sun-burnished head struck the pillow the previous night before the soothing touch of sleep fell lightly on Clare's conscious reveries, and all through the night a broad green valley filled with dusky savages, stolid faced squaws, half naked urchins, ponies, dogs and camp fires moved through dreamland around the stalwart frame of a fair haired young white man, clad in the buckskin garb of the border to whom she was, in each haze blended scene, the Bearer of Sunshine, the Bringer of Peace.

Alagwa, less troubled by cares, apparently, than the birds that frisked through the thickets, had followed a dim, tortuous trail, just the barest passage, that wound through dense undergrowth to a moss covered glade, flanked by tall willows and dark green tamarack sentinels, that gave forth on a deep pool of the Huron, a pool where the bass played hide and seek in the shadows and struck occasionally at unwary insects on the surface of the stream. Here she threw herself on the mossy turf in a mood that would have added good measure to Grisson's cares had he known.

In his training of Alagwa, Grisson had used discretion. He had placed in her hands only that which was best in English literature. Those books she had read with avidity and keen discernment. It had, as Grisson intended, given her a clear view of the educated white man's standards. Unconsciously she came to view the problems of her little world through the eye of a white woman. Such is the effect of intensive reading upon those whose opportunity for social intercourse is restricted. Plastic minds are shaped by environment. Alagwa's intellectual environment was Grisson's bookshelves. Her mind was virgin. With insatiable thirst the girl assimilated the ideas of those printed pages. Grisson had endorsed them. Therefore they were beyond question. Four years of application had stored her fertile brain with the ripened grain of knowledge.

So it was not with the half view of the savage that Alagwa was looking out over the brink of her hour. Nor yet with notions unqualifiedly white

Her love for Grisson was molded upon the high ideals that she had gleaned from her reading. Yet, in its, ultimate analysis, it was the blind

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submissive devotion of the savage female for her lord that holds unabated through good repute and through bad. In her conception the young white man was a super-being whose every whim was to be gratified regardless of the cost. Had Grisson opened his arms to her she would have gone to them wildly, disregarding all convention. Did his fancy covet another, it was her problem to nurse her bruised heart in silence.

Again and again, in the depths of the sylvan glade into whose solitary beauty she fitted as snugly as a flower to its stem, she reviewed those days of frank happy association, of joyous camaraderie, with her hero. And she rebelliously protested the fate that had thrown this white girl, whose infectious, compelling charm had captured her own affection, into the untroubled hours of her romance.

Alagwa's reverie was abruptly broken by the firm clasp of a hand about her arm. She struggled to her feet to face the searching gaze of Magwa's passionately devouring eyes. Her face frozen with fury she reached for her knife with her free hand, and he, anticipating her purpose, as quickly imprisoned the offending member. Holding her at arms length, without the pretense of an apology for his rudeness, he pleaded with her to return to the Indian village and share his wigwam, while she glared at him in impotent rage.

His lodge would always be filled with meat and fish and corn. He was a great hunter. He was strong, he was brave. He aspired to succeed Kitchokema as chieftain of the tribe.

The white man needed her no longer. The white squaw filled his eye.

Alagwa twisted and squirmed to break the relentless grip of his great hands. She cried out with the agony of torture. Her blazing eyes flashed a message of hate.

With a face torn between rage and disappointment, Magwa changed his tactics and abruptly played his trump card.

The white man has two squaws. Magwa has none. The white man is Kosho, (a hog), Kosho gets manese, (the knife), Magwa glanced with a diabolical grin at the weapon sheathed at his belt.

The Indian mind is nimble in emergency. The drop of volatile French blood lent tang to Alagwa's imagery. The eyes that had smoldered in sullen rage, reflected a fleeting wave of horror, then flashed at Magwa the sparkle of a forest stream.

But she tempered her shifting mood with the skill of an adept in intrigue. A merry laugh trilled from her still petulant lips, a laugh that rippled and eddied in sarcastic echoes as it passed over the placid river and rebounded from the hillside beyond.

Magwa, surprised, disconcerted, searched the girl's face with puzzled eyes.

"Now let go my arms like a good boy and we will talk sensibly," she cooed with just the barest trace of levity in her soft, seductive voice.

Magwa released her hands and stood before her, sheepishly contrite, yet half expecting treachery.

I know Magwa is brave and he is strong. But he will not harm Keesas. Magwa is not a fool. Every hand of the tribe would be raised to strike Magwa down."

There was the ring of finality in her words and Magwa knew she spoke the truth.

"And there is no need," she continued. "Keesas love is for the white

woman. It always has been. He has sent for her. No Keesas never makes love to the squaw.

"But Keesas wants my people to make his meals and work his fields. Keesas pays them in silver and he is good to them. Plenty to eat. Warm place to sleep. Louis likes the white man's home.

"But when Keesas takes the white squaw after the white man's customs she will make his meals and we will return to the camps of our people." Her voice had the ring of sincerity.

"Now, now, he cried in passionate earnestness. He put out his arms and would have drawn her to him, but she eluded him with an agile sidestep and, putting a caressing hand ever so lightly upon the arm of the tall youth whose brain was inextricably tangled in the fleese lined web that voice of velvety softness and silvery tinkle was spinning about him, she looked up with a mischievous laugh, saying:

"Not yet. You frightened me, Magwa. You made me angry. Now you must wait. Ten suns (she held up the fingers of both her slender hands to emphasize the date) I will meet you here when the sun shines straight with the river.

With a parting wave of her hand she flitted away in the thickets.

His suspicions lulled, his cupidity aroused, Magwa picked up his rifle and, with inflated visions buzzing under his thatch of black hair, sought his canoe.

While Alagwa was winning her battle of wits with Magwa that morning Grisson was with Louis in the fields, his hands perfunctorily engaged in the tasks of the farmer, his brain busy with a problem that baffled solution.

After the mid-day meal he started alone for Old Baldy. He walked through the grounds, his head thrown forward, his eyes on the beaten path, oblivious to his surroundings.

Clare's softly pensive eyes followed Grisson's receding form. Then, with a pang akin to jealousy she saw Alagwa appear from the rear of the house and glide, sylph-like, across the grounds, touching Grisson lightly upon the arm.

Grisson turned at the touch to look down into the troubled pleading eyes of the maid.

"Keesas has trouble. Let Alagwa help?"

"Grisson put one arm around the girls shoulders. With the other he carressed the blue-black braids, saying gently, as one would to a sorrowing child;

"Little Sister is kind, but Keesas trouble is beyond her ken. He is going to take it to Old Baldy."

"I will go too." There was understanding sympathy in her voice.

"Not today, Little Sister," gently restraining her, "Keesas must take this trouble to Mishhemenetoc (the good spirit) alone."

Then Alagwa told him of the threats of Magwa.

Grisson's face grew serious, for he knew that Magwa's enmity was a real menace to his security. Here was an other angle to his dilemma. Grisson had never thought of Alagwa in the role of a squaw at the village. Thrust upon him now it was most repulsive.

He forced a chuckle to his lips and passed on into the woodland trail alone.

Clare could not hear what was said. but her startled, hungry eyes photo-

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graphed each familiar gesture, and then she saw Alagwa disappear in the undergrowth not far from where Grisson vanished on the beaten trail. Clare's eyes had lost that look of dreamful content.

Grisson, preoccupied, pursued his way to the summit, unconscious of the lithe figure that, like a fugitive moonbeam, slipping from tree to tree and thicket to thicket, paralleled his course to the edge of the timber, high up on Old Baldy, every inherited instinct of the wild vibrant to detect and intercept possible danger to his person.

At the edge of the timber Alagwa paused and watched Grisson climb the bare bald dome to the great granite boulder and drop, dejected into the polished seat.

"Careless," she muttered, impatiently. Magwa could have ambushed him any step of the way. And how easy to climb up behind that big stone and crush him where he sits."

The girl, under cover of the timber, circled the base of the hill until she reached a point behind Grisson's back. Then she climbed to the shadow of the great granite block where she stood during the long afternoon, alert, like a guardian angel in burnished copper, while Grisson, on the other side, rolled up the shirt sleeves of his mind and tackled the solution of his difficulties.

Through his life Grisson had been a person of decision. It was the outstanding feature of his character. His active brain was always quick to grasp the essentials of a situation and his judgments formed on the impulse of the moment, was followed by action. In that manner began his pilgrimage into the wilderness, likewise his acceptance of the valley. He was noted among his scattered neighbors as a man who met every emergency on the moment.

Now, when the desire of his heart hung in the balance waiting his call, his will was impotent. His brain functioned only in circles, bringing up each time at the stone wall where he began. He knew what he wanted; had known since Clare came down the hill a few weeks before singing her artless way into his heart. Intuition told him that he could press his suit with success. But the wall that he with his own hands had erected between his past and his present intervened.

George Harrison had completely recovered his health. Time pressed him for decision. With wide staring eyes he racked his brain for a way to achieve his purpose that would leave no stigma of dishonor.

The setting sun cast its purple aura over the western hills unseen by his eyes. He was filled with the madness of futile groping when the dark, soothing touch of night settled over the valley. Then, high up in the lighter strata of the clear atmosphere he saw the dim outlines of curling smoke. It rose from John Nelson's cabin. The old man was home for the first time since the arrival of the Harrison's.

Impulsively Grisson jumped to his feet. "I will go to John Nelson," he said aloud. "He will show me the way."

Alagwa watched him disappear in the forest toward Nelson's. Then she took her own aching heart into the deeper shadows of the woodland.

Grisson laid his plans as he crashed with reckless strides through the timber to the cabin. Seated in the doorway, the old man was smoking his pipe in placid content when Grisson approached.

Clasping Nelson's hand in hearty greeting, Grisson plunged with his usual directness into the subject that obsessed his brain.

"John I'm in trouble. I want your help."

"In trouble and you want my help?" The old man studied his friend's

face while a whimsical smile spread his own. "I'm most afraid that I'm too old to tackle anything that might be ailing a husky young man like you."

"Listen, John," Grisson seated himself by Nelson's side. "I'm going to tell you something that I should have told you five years ago when I came into the valley. But, as it concerned myself alone and was a matter of which I was—well not exactly proud, I kept my own counsel, and would do so still but for the fact that I must clear the matter up before I am tempted to involve others in a disgrace of my making. To begin with——"

"Wait a minute, son." Was it stealing chickens or robbing a bank?"

"Worse. How much I don't know. If I killed him the law would call it murder." A smile had struggled to Grisson's lips at the old man's facetious question.

"Wait another minute now," interrupted Nelson. Leisurely raising his long frame from the doorstep, he entered the cabin and lighted a candle. Kneeling he pulled an iron bound chest from beneath his bunk and unlocked it. Then he carefully re-filled and lighted his pipe. Grisson watching the old man's deliberate movements from his seat on the doorstep knew that Nelson's exasperating slowness was the cover for some very active thinking. But why?

Having started his pipe to his apparent satisfaction, Nelson, candle in one hand fumbled, a long time with the contents of the chest. When he rose from the floor he held the torn page of a newspaper in his hand.

"Come here to the light, son, and read this. It may shorten what you have to say."

With a bound Grisson clutched the newspaper. It was a New York journal dated a month before Grisson first arrived at John Nelson's cabin in the valley. A bold black heading fixed his startled eye. With a sobbing breath his glance sought the text. With the quickness of sunlight on a sensitive plate the first few lines were photographed on his memory. They barely covered the reporter's introduction to his subject matter. He smoothed the wrinkled sheet to find that which followed, the gruesome details, blurred and illegible.

His tension relaxed as his eye reverted to the text. After all that bold staring type was all that mattered. And that told him nothing that he did not already know.

He handed the sheet to Nelson, a look of inquiry in his face.

"Its been tousled around in that chest too long," ejaculated the old man, his eye scrutinizing the mangled sheet.

"Where did you get that paper?" Grisson's words came short and sharp like the report of a pistol.

"'Twas wrapped around some traps that I purchased in Detroit just before you came."

Grisson sank down on a bench by the table, his thoughts again derelict upon the tides of memory. For a long time he watched John Nelson calmly smoking his pipe with what seemed to be an ironical and ruthless expression on his grizzled features.

"And you knew this from the very beginning, John?" Grisson's voice had a detached, impersonal quality.

Nelson nodded his acquiescence.

"Why didn't you denounce me? Why didn't you turn me over to the law?"

"Well, son, I sized you up when you came and I reckoned that it was quite likely you did about the right thing."

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A light swell of elation stirred Grisson's blood. Here indeed he had a friend of friends. His first impulse, when he sensed that Nelson knew all, was to chuck the whole matter. Re-assured and calmed he proceeded:

"Were the circumstances repeated I'm afraid I'd do it again John. So far as I am personally concerned I never lost any sleep over the matter. But now it's different. I want to marry Clare Harrison and I can't see my way clear with that thing hanging over me. It wouldn't be fair to her, don't you see, John. It's got to be cleared up and you are the only one in the wide world that I dare trust to help me."

"Going to marry Clare?" The old man's lips again framed that whimsical smile and his inscrutable eyes radiated satisfaction from under his shaggy brows. "Well, I couldn't wish the girl any better luck nor you either, for that matter. Her mother was my sweetheart once, but she changed her mind though I never have. You've laid some of your cards on the table. There's one of mine, face up."

Grisson was on his feet.

"Are you wandering, John? Or are you really gifted with the powers that the Indians ascribe to you? Why you never saw either of them. In my excitement I quite forgot that you have been away ever since they came."

"Nothing like that, son. Just plain horse sense. I saw the girl through your field glass the day they came down the road. And they're as near alike as two peas, discounting, of course, the difference in age. I knew you wouldn't let her go by. Kind of a call of the blood you know. So I thought I'd go up the river for a while and think it over. But I haven't been out of touch with things."

Grisson settled back on the bench, eyes intent on that imperturbable face.

Presently he queried: "You'll come over and meet them, John?"

"Possibly, as John Nelson, and in my own good time. You know that I never get in a hurry, son. You got that hurry-up trait from your mother."

The significance of this remark was lost on Grisson whose mind was dwelling on the resourcefulness of his friend. Surely none other could unravel the tangle in which he was enmeshed.

Nelson calmly sent a few more wreaths of smoke to reinforce the haze that hung pendant under the roof of the cabin, then rising he went again to the iron bound chest. When he returned to the table he handed Grisson a miniature, evidently the work of an artist of merit. It was the likeness of a young man with a strong, clean shaven face surmounted with a high, full forehead from which rolled back a thatch of heavy hair.

Grisson studied the portrait intently, then looked up to Nelson with a startled, inquiring expression.

"Ever see him?" asked Nelson, taking the miniature from Grisson's hand.

"But for some details of dress it would be a fair likeness of me a few years since," replied Grisson. "And there's something else that distinguishes it, but I can't say what it is," he added after a moments reflection.

As John Nelson replaced the miniature in the chest with his buried past he muttered, half aloud; "The boy is obsessed with that girl or he'd see."

Nelson went to the doorway and stood looking out into the summer night. Grisson was hopelessly trying to piece together the fragments of Nelson's disclosures, his own troubles forgotten, for the moment.

The silence was broken by Nelson who asked: "What can I do to help you, son?"

"You can go to New York," said Grisson recalled to his present, and find out how the land lays—what became of him. I'll know better what to do then."

"We'll talk that over tomorrow. It's my bed time now and I'm going to send you home."

Their parting handshake silently expressed the binding affection of man for man.

Grisson, pinning his faith upon John Nelson walked home with the calm elation that follows close upon the heels of a problem solved.

## The Place Called Hell

But the morrow found Grisson busy ironing out the troubles of others.

At the base of the jumble of hills that flank the valley on the west lies Portage lake, a goodly sheet of water, connected with the Huron by a short strait, navigable only in seasons of flood, hence the name Portage. Easterly from Portage, across a long narrow peninsula, lies Base lake, so-called because the "base line" from which the township surveys are calculated traverses the lake east and west. The Huron pours its waters into Base lake at its eastern extremity and gathers them at the southwest corner of this lake to hasten through the deep gorge that leads from the valley to the southern plains.

The main artery of western travel, blazed by a land selling government then ran from Detroit through Ann Arbor to Jacksonburg and beyond. From this territorial pike the settlers had cut a road leading up the Huron to Portage lake and thence along the westerly shore of that water through to the oak "openings" beyond. At intervals along these roads crude hostelrys sprang into existence, places where the traveller could find shelter, food and liquor, if he was not particular about style and comfort. One of these pioneer roadhouses stood where the northern road hugs the western shore of Portage lake.

The Portage river comes down to the lake of that name through a high range of jagged hills, the same hills that Grisson loved to see the sun settle behind at the end of a clear day. In a cove on the gorge of the Portage river a mile or so west of the roadhouse on Portage lake, an enterprising pioneer had installed a water power and erected a grist-mill, a saw-mill and a still.

The Indians called this weird pocket in the hills "Watchementoc," the most literal translation of which is "Hell." And to this day, due in part, perhaps to the wild orgies that characterized its early history, it is known to the countryside as "The Place called Hell."

Indian nostrils will locate the presence of liquor as surely as the hound follows the scent of the fox, and the Indian was not slow in discovering the utility of these roadhouses or taverns. Fortunately the Indian appetite was limited by the acceptable articles of barter at his command. These articles, in the case of the taverns, was usually limited to berries, fish and game. Brawls were however sufficiently numerous to cause many anxious hours to the sparse and widely scattered white population.

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A small band from Kitchokema's village at Strawberry Point were camp-  
ed on the neck between Portage and Base. A band of Saginaw Chippewas,  
whose country lay off to the north, came over the divide to forage on the  
fish in the lakes of the valley. They pitched their lodges near those of the  
Pottowattomies. To celebrate this meeting with their neighbors of the North  
Pottowattomie braves took fish to the road house across the lake and ex-  
changed them for a supply of liquor. Returning to camp they held high  
carnival in the most approved style until their supply of spiritual promotion  
was exhausted. With the buoyance of hope inspired by insistent appetites they  
returned to the source of supply, minus the price of indulgence.

They met refusal with a barrage of protest that made the hair of the  
landlord, a newcomer unused to the Indians stand on end. He sought to still  
the clamor by a limited donation. Finding that this only added fuel to the  
flames already kindled, mine host barricaded his doors, while his red tormen-  
tors laid siege to the place with the zest of prohibition sleuths raiding a  
moonshine still.

The Indians thirsted for whiskey, not murder and rapine, and little  
material damage was done to the place. But the unearthly incantations that  
rent the quiet of the summer night carried terror to the imprisoned inmates.  
During the night the thoroughly alarmed landlord persuaded a French trapper  
who chanced to be his guest over night to ride after Grisson whose influence  
with the Pottowattomies was known throughout the region.

Kitchokema also had heard from the camp of his marauding tribesmen.  
Anxious to preserve cordial relations with the whites, he dispatched a mes-  
senger by canoe to enlist the good offices of Grisson.

Both envoys reached Grisson's homestead at the same moment; the one  
by lake and river, the other on horseback over the northern trail. Grisson  
heard their messages; the one related in the Indian tongue, the other told in  
pigeon English. He elected to go with the Indian messenger by canoe. It  
was quicker then than the rough and roundabout trail by horseback.

In little more than an hour Grisson and his Indian companion were carry-  
ing their canoe across the portage from Base lake. Thirty minutes more and  
they had crossed Portage Lake and were climbing the bluffs to the tavern.

On approaching this tavern, a mondescript structure of logs and rough  
lumber, that served the purpose of both farm house and hostelry, flanked by  
numerous barns and sheds for the care of transient animals, the tranquil,  
sweet, serene silence of the summer day was broken only by the discordant  
bleating of a lonesome calf in the barnyard. Smoke rose in lazy blue-grey  
clouds from the kitchen chimney. Savory odors drifted through the open  
windows. The land lord, heavy-eyed and somewhat haggard, stood in the  
doorway. He greeted Grisson with a sickly smile.

"Where are the Indians," demanded Grisson, his eyes boring the man  
through.

"Gone over to Hell," replied the land lord.

"They should have burned your dump before they went," commented  
Grisson. "Only a fool or a knave will sell liquor to an Indian."

The landlord's slouching figure stiffened. He was half inclined to resent  
Grisson's strictures, but, after a casual inspection of that stalwart figure, he  
changed his mind and replied in a tone that simulated repentance:

"I've learned something, Mister. They'll get no more from me." And

they did not until the man had an opportunity to drive a fat bargain for a bundle of valuable peltry that silver would not buy.

Grisson and the Indian struck west over an Indian foot trail that led into the jagged hills. In a little while they descended into the gorge of the Portage river, now called "Hell creek," which they followed through thickets of willow and alder and scrub oak to the "Place called Hell."

Here the sophisticated proprietor, having peremptorily refused the demands of the inebriated savages for more liquor, was protecting his property with the armed assistance of his employees.

The Indians, loth to leave the vicinity with their insatiate appetites unsatisfied had retired to a safe distance from the belligerent whites where Grisson found them gathered about the remains of a fire that they had kindled to dispel the mists of the morning.

Grisson's knowledge of the savage character had been obtained first hand. He walked into the group of tribesmen with the calm assurance of a master inspecting his pack of hounds. Some smiled at him sheepishly. Others avoided his accusing eyes. A few were stolid and sullen. Only one showed open defiance, and that was Magwa who, body poised for action, eyed his rival with a rat like glitter in his bloodshot eyes. Magwa's opportunity came when Grisson turned with inquiring eyes on the Chippewas who were gathered a little apart from the others, convinced that the white man who came with the bearing of one in authority must be a government agent. The crazed Magwa, rage whetted by months of brooding, rushed his intended victim with upraised knife. Magwa's action was quick, but the catlike spring of the Indian who had accompanied Grisson was swifter. Magwa's knife went spinning into the thicket. A dozen hands shot forth to restrain him. With a cry of baffled rage he bounded after his weapon into the thicket and they heard him crashing, like a wild bull, up through the undergrowth on the hillside that flanked the cove.

Grisson's plans seemed to form without thought on his part. Words voiced in reprimand or remonstrance would have been wasted. Grisson faced the Chippewas and said:

"You will go back to your reservation. Be gone."

To the Pottowattomies he beckoned:

"Come. We will go to the village."

Leading the way they followed him without question.

The folks at the homestead had watched Grisson's departure that morning with many misgivings. Anxious eyes frequently wandered across the lake to the green bordered outlet through which his canoe would reappear.

It was past mid-day when Clare, from the porch saw Alagwa seated, motionless as the statue of a woodland nymph, in a rustic seat under one of the great oaks on the bluff overlooking the lake.

The white girl's eyes lingered on the charming picture. "How graceful," she thought, "and intelligent, too. A year or two in an eastern school and she would be a dangerous rival for any white sister. But no. Her charm is the fascination of the wild free thing she is."

Then Clare recalled the affectionate scene between Grisson and Alagwa that she had witnessed the previous day. "I wonder," she thought with a sharp twinge, "if he cares."

With a sudden resolution, formed so quickly that she could not have put it into words, she ran quickly across the grounds to the rustic seat. Dropping beside Alagwa, without spoken word, the fair daughter of the east put

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one arm about the dusky maid and planted a warm, lingering kiss on her cheek.

The slightest tremor of the Indian girl's body was the only response to Clare's caress. It might have been reciprocal tenderness. It might have been suppressed aversion. The white girl could not tell for Alagwa's countenance varied no whit its statuesque immobility, and her eyes remained fixed on the outlet where the canoe bearing Grisson on his dangerous mission had disappeared.

After a time, still clasping Alagwa's slender waist, Clare ventured:

"Do you think, dear, there's any danger? Will he—get hurt?" The soft voice held a quavering note of anxiety. It penetrated the Indian girl's armor where the tender caress had failed.

Quickly as a flash from a thunder cloud, Alagwa's penetrating black eyes were reading the pale face of the white girl.

"Do you care?" The words snapped with the crack of a whiplash.

But quick as was the query it was no quicker than the crimson flood that mounted Clare's dimpled cheeks.

"Do you?" parried Clare, putting the question that had dominated her thoughts through the morning.

Alagwa's lips did not frame an answer, but her eyes held, for a moment, the azure glint of the glacier. Then she directed them again on the outlet across the blue lake.

Clare, with infinite tenderness, drew the supple and passive body of Alagwa still closer.

The girls were sitting thus when Grisson and his Indian companion came from the green bower of the outlet upon the still blue waters of the lake.

When she sighted the canoe and its occupants, Alagwa, impelled by an impulse that she made no attempt to fathom, threw both her slender arms about Clare's neck, kissed her on one cheek and then, impartially, on the other. Then she fled with fleet feet to the shelter of the house, leaving her rival to greet the homecoming man.

But before Grisson's canoe touched the landing Clare, too, had retired to the security of the porch where her mother and her grandfather sat watching the squaw-mother beading, with infinite patience and exquisite taste, a buckskin skirt that was to be Grisson's present to Clare.

Grisson dismissed the subject of his adventures with a laugh.

"I'm not a returning hero; just a successful self appointed board of arbitration."

And then to Alagwa, who had appeared in the doorway at the sound of his voice:

"Ho, Little Sister. Why so still? Come greet your big brother returned from the wars."

The girl came to him shyly and Grisson took both her hands in his. In her own tongue he told her briefly of his encounter with Magwa, and cautioned her to be wary of her own safety, and then turning to the others he said:

"I have been giving Alagwa news of her sweetheart."

With a swift, pained glance of reproach she jerked her hands from his clasp and was gone.

Then Grisson repented his ill-timed jest.

# John Nelson

Grisson found the door of Nelson's cabin closed and pushed it open without hesitation. Locks were then unknown in the valley. Though it was not yet sun down it was dark inside. The shutters were closed. Grisson drew a sharp breath. Had Nelson vanished again when he needed him so?

"Hello, John," he voiced into the cabin perfunctorily as one asks that which he had no expectation of receiving.

A faint answer came from the bunk in the corner. Grisson sprang to the bedside. One hand sought the old man's pulse, the other rested on his burning forehead.

"How long since, John?"

"After you went I felt a strange dizziness. I closed the cabin and lay down here. I've been here since," Nelson answered, haltingly. ("Such fever, and good God here I've been away all day.")

Grisson's own troubles dropped from his shoulders like a discarded garment. John Nelson, sick, absorbed all his attention as John Nelson, in health commanded his affection. He opened the shutters to let in light and air. Turning to the old man he demanded: "Where is that medicine bag, John?"

Nelson indicated the cupboard in the corner and, when Grisson had brought the bag to him, indicated the remedy that he would use and directed its preparation.

Then Grisson went to the spring for a bucket of fresh, cold water and gave the old man a cooling draught. He filled an earthen pitcher with the water and set it on a stool where Nelson could reach it without effort. Then he turned to the door saying over his shoulder, "I'll be back in a little while, John, and see that you are properly cared for." Nelson framed a reply, but Grisson was gone.

Reaching his home Grisson first dispatched Alagwa, in haste to Nelson's bedside. Louis he sent to his nearest neighbor asking the immediate assistance of the head of that household and his two stalwart sons. Himself he set at the task of devising a stretcher upon which John Nelson could be comfortably moved.

Sally Harrison came to the shop where Grisson was working in frenzied haste. "Mr. Grisson, you have had no supper," she admonished. "Supper?" he snapped, "supper when John Nelson is sick?" and went on with his work..

The good lady stole quietly away to the house and the filmy mist in her eyes did not mean that her feelings had been ruffled by Grisson's sharp rebuff.

"We'll put this thing in the big cance and carry it across the neck to the river," he said when Louis returned accompanied by the willing neighbors. "It will be easier on him to bring him down the river than to carry him over that rough trail through the woods and say, if he objects coming, you're deaf, all of you. You don't hear. See?"

When the relief party reached the cabin Alagwa's hand was stroking the old man's forehead with hypnotic effect and he was dozing fitfully.

When the men came in with the stretcher Nelson raised himself on one elbow, studied the contrivance with quizzical eyes until, divining its purpose, he lay back on his pillow again, moving his head in protest.

"Carefully now, boys," said Grisson, and they advanced to lift Nelson to the stretcher.

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"Get out of my cabin," roared Nelson. But the men did not hear.

As they bent above the bed Grisson clasped Nelson's hand. "Be quiet, John. You know I can't spare you now."

John Nelson's body relaxed. His stubborn will was broken. And those rough woodsmen with sunburned faces and hands scarred by toil lifted his body gently, tenderly as though schooled in the art of handling fragile things.

When Nelson was resting comfortably in a bed in Grisson's big living room with Alagwa watching at his side, the master of the house sought Sally Harrison.

"He is a very sick man, Mr. Grisson," said the lady, answering the inquiry in Grisson's eyes.

"I think so. I'm going to send to Detroit for a doctor."

He wrote a note to the man whose name stood first in the medical profession of the border city. With it he enclosed a check on his banker, signed in blank. He entrusted his message to Louis.

"Don't spare that horse, and don't take no for an answer," was his parting admonition to the faithful half-breed.

During the night the fever tightened its grip on John Nelson. At times he would mutter an incoherent sentence or two. As his strength ebbed he became quieter, scarcely recognizing the anxious faces that bent to catch his every wish. Grisson had brought the black bag from the cabin, but he was ignorant of the uses of the remedies that it contained and Nelson was too weak to prescribe for himself. Once the old man aroused and with something of his wonted vigor and decision would have given Grisson instructions concerning his effects. But Grisson restrained him saying:

"Tell us what we shall give you, John," holding the black bag before him. But Nelson turned his head away and closed his eyes.

Toward evening the doctor came. The man of science studied his patient long and thoroughly. When at last he turned to Grisson he shook his head with grave concern, saying: "He is beyond my help, sir. If you will furnish me a fresh horse I will be on my way back to Detroit."

"You have my retainer, sir?" There was a change in the quality of Grisson's voice.

"Yes."

"If it is not sufficient I am willing to pay any additional sum that you may name."

"But I have patients in Detroit who require my services," objected the doctor.

"And there are others there who can take up your duties in this emergency. You are the only one here and John Nelson is going to have a fighting show. If you have any word to send to Detroit a courier is at your disposal. You are going to see this case through and God help you if you don't do your professional duty."

The doctor looked first at Grisson's face, stern eyed and somber, with its square set jaw. Thence his glance wandered about the room with its unquestioned refinement inlaid in a barbaric background an artistic blending of the cultured east and the savage west.

And who was this young potentate who made requests of savants like himself in terms of an ultimatum. Here was an adventure anyway. And it did not need to be unprofitable. Without manifesting either irritation or fear over the implied duress, he turned again to Grisson, smiling, and said:

"This seems to be of great moment to you. I will stay."

Followed a fight to the finish with implacable disease. Grisson's household was mobilized for service and stood at attention. The physician unlimbered to make the battle of his career. Nothing was neglected that science could suggest and willing hands could do for John Nelson. Indians came daily from Strawberry Point ready for any service that would aid the recovery of "Big Medicine," their friend through generation.

After days of dogged resistance the grip of the malady weakened under persistent attack. More days of insistent pressure and the grim clutch loosened, slipped away from John Nelson, and again he had an even chance in the battle for life.

The day came when the doctor could safely leave the patient to his tireless attendants. In parting he gripped Grisson's hand in hearty good fellowship, used most expressive English in declining all compensation, and insisted that during his days in the valley he had gained an insight into the quality of friendship that was the crowning experience of a lifetime.

During the days of acute tension when John Nelson's life hung by a thread, Sally Harrison, immersed in the cares of the sick room, was spared all thought of the delicate situation of her own family. And now that the patient was on a slow road to recovery her mature experience could not be spared from the sick room. Moreover she had not yet heard from her friends, and this was a condition precedent to departure from Grisson's sheltering roof.

It was during the days of Nelson's slow convalescence that she came to know the real man hidden within his rugged exterior and her heart went out to the invalid with a depth of feeling that puzzled her much.

And John Nelson, his mind gaining a firm grasp on the details of life, by cautious inquiry and suggestion, acquired knowledge of Sally Harrison's personal history up to the time of her appearance in the valley that was balm to his troubled spirit.

Grisson's attitude toward Clare, during those days was that of grave, almost stilted deference. His impulsive, boyish frankness of manner and speech were lacking. And Clare, vexed by the attitude of Grisson toward the Indian girl that harassed her waking hours and threaded her dreams, and piqued by the young man's coolness, retired behind a screen of calm indifference.

Nelson had so far recovered his strength that he was lifted each day to an easy chair where, shedding his old time taciturnity and using the cultivated speech of his kind, the old man passed his days in happy intercourse with the household; and his friends were free to come and go at their pleasure. their pleasure.

Grisson had started with Louis to the fields one morning and where the trail to Old Baldy entered the forest they encountered Alagwa. A sudden impulse possessed Grisson. Grasping the girl's hand he said:

"Come, Little Sister, we'll go up Old Baldy. It's an age since we've been there."

"I'm not a little sister. I hate that name," the girl cried out. She spoke in the Indian tongue and her voice held the wail of despair. She jerked her imprisoned hand loose and, with a petulant fling, fled into the timber.

Grisson, pained, baffled, went on with Louis to the field.

Algawa went to keep a tryst with Magwa in the glade by the river. When the girl reached the already awaiting Indian youth her mood had recovered its buoyancy. Bright, vivacious, bubbling, electric, holding him at

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arms length, she toyed mischievously with his slower wit, strengthening with the finished skill of female cajolery, the cords of his fatuous bondage. She pictured with vivid imagery the indolent ease of that future when Grisson's hoarded silver should be his to spend on the gewgaws dear to the Indian heart. To lend substance to her mellifluous stream of words she produced from her—well no matter where, for Indian maids, in Alagwa's time, did not carry their loose change where the sophisticated maidens of modern days carry their "rolls,"—she produced a bright silver dollar, a present from Grisson that she had long treasured as a priceless token, and placed the coin in Magwa's eager paw.

Magwa, with the insurgent impulse of youth coveted immediate possession of his charmer. She rebuked him with delicious frown.

"Big Medicine is better," she said. "He will soon be well. When he again paddles the lakes and the river, the other white people will go back whence they came. Then we will come and bring the silver and I will learn Magwa to make love as the white men make it in the books I have read and we will be rich as Kitchokema. Now I go back to "Big Medicine."

That evening she found Grisson, alone for the moment on the broad porch. She went to him with down cast eyes and a voice filled with contrition and said: "Keesas, I am sorry that I was unkind."

Grisson, silent, put out his hand and caressed the blue-black head. His thoughts were, as yet, too inchoate for speech.

The next day Grisson, as supervisor of the township, was to meet with the township board at the residence of the township clerk. That functionary lived up over the shoulder of the hills to the north.

He invited Clare to ride with him. Curiously enough thought of Alagwa did not cross his mind. They rode away in the early morning. Grisson talked on the way of various impersonal things with some of his old time zest.

His business concluded they were returning home when, descending a rough hillside, Clare's pony stumbled and fell to its knees. The girl would have been thrown on the rocks had not Grisson, who was riding close by her side, caught her about the waist with a quick sweep of his arm and lifted her, unharmed, in front of him. The trembling body of the frightened girl snuggled warmly against his. Her loosened hair smothered his face in a golden wave. It was a moment to test the mettle of any man. And when at last her eyes raised to his their shining depth were not filled with either doubt or fear and the surge of warm crimson that suffused her face but emphasized the story of the tell-tale eyes.

Tenderly as he would a piece of rare china Grisson set her feet on the ground and, himself dismounting, he assisted her to her own saddle.

They finished the homeward journey in silence.

## Intrigue

Major Crooke had not permitted time to mellow the edge of his grudge against Grisson. The major always placed each little difference with his neighbors in the cold storage of his memory for consolidation and adjustment when the tides of fortunes were running his way. When he heard Grisson's altercation with Magwa he withdrew Grisson's unsettled scores from storage

and polished each rancorous detail with the acid of hate. Satisfied with the lustre of his enmity, he called to his aid one of his hired men, Lem Bone, a renegade white as well and unfavorably known throughout the valley and its environs as the major himself.

To Bone the major entrusted a quart of whiskey and task of following to its very source the grievance that Magwa held against Grisson. When Bone returned to his master and sleuth-like, dropped from his sensual lips the sententious word, Alagwa, the major rolled the sweet morsels under his tongue with evident gratification and commended the skill of his hireling.

Then Major Cooke set his crafty brain in action and soon conceived a fine drawn plot by which his formidable adversary might be removed without personal danger or subsequent unpleasant consequences.

Again he called Bone into conference and, without bothering to pay the hypocrite's usual tribute to principle, outlined the part Bone was to play in the intrigue.

Bone was drifting down the river ostensibly casting for bass, really in quest of the disgruntled Magwa, when he spied his quarry waiting impatiently in the glade for Alagwa. He nosed his boat to the shore and exhibited a bottle of liquor by way of introduction.

Nothing loth, Magwa joined the white in a copious draft. Then they sat down on the grass and discussed fish and game and the bottle. When the Indian's passions were properly tuned by the liquor, Bone with the deft touch of long mal-practice, turned his thoughts to Grisson. With well timed innuendo he dissolved the glamor of Alagwa's silver toned phrases.

Harrison was well. Nelson could now look after himself. Harrison, his women Grisson and Alagwa were to depart the next morning for Detroit and then the far east. Louis and the squaw-mother were going back to the Indian village. When the bottle was emptied Bone left the Indian properly tempered for swift vengeance and rowed up-stream. Magwa, embarked unsteadily in his canoe and paddled listlessly with the current.

## The Crucible

Louis had ridden to Ann Arbor for the mail that day. He brought letters and papers for the Harrisons'. They were all gathered in the big living room where John Nelson reclined in his easy chair, when Louis came.

Sally Harrison eagerly opened her letter. Clare, not so fortunate, tore the wrapper from a newspaper.

"It's the county paper from home," she said. "It will seem good to see familiar names again." Her attention became centered in the sheet with its gossip of the home folks. Suddenly she cried out:

"Oh, mamma, here's an account of the Herden-Case wedding. A social event of the first magnitude, they call it."

Grisson was on his feet before Clare had finished. "Let me see," he demanded in a manner that bordered closely on rudeness.

Clare, startled at his behaviour, handed him the newspaper.

He glanced at the headlines. Mr. George Harden—Mrs. Nellie Case, Married at St. Marks. The culmination of a boy and girl romance. Then followed an extended description of elaborate festivities. Grisson swallowed the story at one long, breathless gulp, his body quivering with every nerve.

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Then he handed the newspaper back to the, without thanks or apology, and abruptly left the room.

"Mamma, I really believe we are getting on Mr. Grisson's nerve," said Clare. petulantly.

"Tut, tut, my dear girl," remonstrated John Nelson. "That boy has troubles of his own." Nelson understood, and the joy of it lent strength to his voice, vigor to his wasted frame.

Outside Grisson stretched his arms above his head and drew a long, deep breath into his lungs. Then he started off, aimlessly, with long, swinging strides. Force of habit directed his unconscious steps to the point where the trail to Old Baldy entered the forest. Free—Free—Free, whirled his brain, submerging thought. Such a glorious thing is freedom. He would have shouted his joy to the birds in the tree tops but for the restraint that five years of uncertainty had ingrained in his nature. A few yards in the forest he encountered Alagwa, pre-occupied, forgetting her habitual caution, hastening toward the glade by the river to meet Magwa.

Alagwa had been the confident of Grisson's every thought, except those relating to the dark shadow that rested heavy on his soul during the years of their intimacy. Impulse mastered the man. Alagwa should be the first to share his joy. He reached the girl with a bound, raised her slight form in his strong arms and kissed her, for the first time, full upon her delicious mouth. She yielded to his embrace with delirious abandon, her arms clasping his neck with the tenacity of one clinging to the thread of life. Her lips met his vibrant with the mad currents of the unleashed torrent of her affection.

For the first time the man glimpsed the passion that consumed the maid. The knowledge struck him a dull blow between the eyes. Grisson, learned in many things, was palpably ignorant of the mechanism of the female sex. He had, in his self centered assurance, egregiously mistaken love for the esteem that follows gratitude.

He set her down tenderly, his reason cleared, his faculties working with swift precision. As she stood, nerveless, abashed, her luminous black eyes looking up hungrily into his pained ones of blue, his plans to soften the heart-ache that intuition told him must be hers formed in the instant, just as he had always met dire emergencies. Ever so gently he said:

"Little Sister, Keesas has word from the land of the rising sun. He must go back to the country of his fathers. Come, we will go and tell the people at the house."

He took her by the hand and led her with him, firmly resolved to leave the valley of which he was so fond that he might spare her the knowledge of his love for another, and Alagwa, unmindful of the waiting Magwa, went with him blindly.

As Grisson and Alagwa entered the living room where George Harrison and Clare sat listening to one of John Nelson's reminiscences, Sally Harrison came to announce supper.

"Be seated a moment, please, Mrs. Harrison," asked Grisson.

"But our supper is waiting," protested that lady.

"Supper can wait," replied Grisson, a trifle impatiently. "I've something to say that I want all of you to hear, and it won't wait."

Grisson seated himself at the table. He was facing them all but Clare, who sat close on his left.

Sally Harrison dropped into a seat beside John Nelson, her eyes attracted to Grisson's face, pale, stern eyed and somber.

"Friends," began Grisson in a low, but resonant voice, directing his remarks particularly to Sally Harrison for he was to put his inner most self into the crucible and upon her judgment depended his future. "A shadow, dark and uncanny, has laid across my life for five years. An hour ago it was dissipated, thanks to that newspaper of yours. And now I find that I am free and——" a laugh that was extremely unpleasant finished his sentence. He was going to add that he was gloriously happy when a vision of Alagwa flitted across his brain.

"That you may understand fully I start my story at the very beginning. I was born in the town where that newspaper is published. My father was a physician there. My mother I do not remember. She died before I was a year old. Nor my father either, for that matter, for he disappeared a year after my mother died, leaving me in the care of my maternal grandmother. I began life in the old homestead where mother and grandmother before me means and father left an ample fortune in trust for me.

"I went to college, studied law and began practice in my native town. Then my grandmother died and, after a brief, but impetuous courtship, in which I had as a rival my close personal friend, I married and my wife and I began life in the old homestead where mother and grandmother before me had lived their lives. My wife soon found that she had chosen the wrong lover. As I look back after these years I am sure that we were both hasty, though at the time I was clearly infatuated.

The old home stands in the outskirts of the city, in the middle of extensive grounds. You have, doubtless, seen the place often. Returning home late one dark hot summer night when the low hanging thunder clouds were illuminated by occasional flashes of lightning, I jumped the low fence that bordered the street and passed across the lawn to the house, my footsteps noiseless on the soft turf. As I neared the house I heard the door of a side entrance slam, and a moment later a stray beam of light from an unshaded window revealed the white clad form of my wife as she crossed it swiftly in the direction of a path that led through the shrubbery to a rustic summer house in a distant corner of the grounds.

I stood still until the dim outlines of her white draperies were swallowed in the murky darkness. We had quarrelled before I left that morning and hot, angry words had passed between us. I stood there irresolute for a moment and then followed after her, hoping to surprise her in the arbor and effect a reconciliation."

Grisson paused, eyes downcast, the expression of his face that of one who is forced to an unpleasant task. Every eye was centered on his set face as he proceeded.

"And I did surprise her, just outside the arbor. By the glare of an untimely flash of lightning I saw her in the arms of another man. For a moment I was stunned. Then reaction came. With unreasoning fury I struck him over her shoulder, full in the face. The full weight of my body was in that blow and he fell in a shapeless heap at her feet. She grasped the trellised walls of the arbor for support and then dropped to his prostrate form. I believed that I had killed him. I knew that my domestic happiness was shattered. I turned without a word and went back to my office. There I secured personal papers that I wished to preserve and caught a late train to New York City where I had funds on deposit.

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Six weeks later I rode into this valley one night and John Nelson received me into fellowship on my face alone.

In short I played the coward and fled. Had I stood my ground I would have saved myself five troubled years. That newspaper contains the announcement of the marriage of my former wife to the man whom I supposed I had killed that awful night. It is the first knowledge I have had of them since I left them at the arbor. I await your judgment, friends."

There was tense silence in the room when Grisson's voice ceased, but it was the tenseness of sympathy.

It was Grandpa Harrison who broke the spell.

"Yes I remembered that affair on the Bradner place," he drawled. And young lawyer Case disappeared about the same time and he's never turned up. That did make a sensation."

"But I'm Case. That's my name. Don't you understand" exploded Grisson.

"Paul Case? Dr. John N. Case' boy? No." Sally Harrison was on her feet staring at Grisson, incredulous.

"Yes" affirmed that young man. "Paul Grisson Case."

Sally Harrison settled into her chair mechanically.

"But it was not Case that smashed Joe Bixby," piped Harrison. "The police laid it to a tramp who was hanging about town, though they never got him."

"Joe Bixby?" ejaculated Grisson, electrified. "Joe Bixby was not in it. He was Jane's sweetheart. Jane was my wife's sister."

"It all comes to me now," said Sally Harrison, who had regained her poise. "Mr. Bixby and the girl, I had forgotten her name, were in that summer house. A storm was brewing and Mrs. Case went to call them to the house. She missed the path in the darkness and when she reached the arbor the thing had happened."

"And Bixby?" asked Grisson, eagerly.

"Oh he wasn't hurt much. It was the prominence of the parties and the mystery that made the sensation," answered Grandpa Harrison.

Grisson settled in his chair, elbows on the table, head in his hands.

"And I have made a blundering ass of myself all the way through."

"It's all forgotten now by every one but you, Paul," said Sally Harrison, softly, her voice lingering on the name Paul.

Alagwa, sitting a little in the background of the wrapt circle of white people, listening in a manner irreproachably Indian, with body rigid and a face that gave no hint of interest, or flicker of emotion, had absorbed each minute detail as dry earth absorbs welcome rain. She now rose and stepped forward with the grave dignity of her race, one hand extended to Grisson, the other to Clare.

"The sun is now shining for Keesas," she said. Her low voice had a far-away sound like the distant murmur of rippling waters. Holding a hand of each Clare and Grisson, she continued: "The Bearer of Sunshine will bring Keesas Peace."

The velvet bronze of Alagwa's cheeks had paled to the tint of age old satin. Her face held the look of a mother pronouncing a parting benediction. She placed Clare's hand in Grisson's, turned, and would have slipped from the room, but John Nelson's long arm reached out and drew her down on the arm of his chair, her passive body held close to his own.

Clare did not withdraw her hand and Grisson's fingers closed firmly upon

it as upon some priceless treasure. His eyes fixed upon the generous Indian maid, a feeling akin to reverence filled his heart. The bigness of her act was not a subject for speech.

And then John Nelson, who through the interval of these thrilling disclosures sat silent, preoccupied, his inscrutable eyes levelled on Grisson, raised his drooping shoulders, meeting the questioning eyes turned to him with an unwonted animation in his grizzled visage.

"Now that my boy's troubles are settled, I want to get into the lime light for a little while myself," he said. "Paul is not the only one who has been masquerading in these parts, and we might as well clean the slate while we're at it."

The old man's eyes twinkled; a smile lurked at the corner of his bearded lips as the eager faces leaned toward him expectantly.

"And I reckon that the main reason why I want to come in out of the rain is that I am proud to be the father of that boy there," pointing to Grisson. "The boy that I once asked you to be a step-mother to, Sally."

The wonted serenity of Sally Harrison, already strained beyond the factor of safety by the swift shifting drama of the hour that had released a flood of girlhood memories, broke in a scream.

"Dr. John N. Case?"

"The very same, Sally," replied Nelson huskily.

With trembling fingers she quickly parted the long locks that covered his temple and exposed a vicious looking scar.

"Johnny Case, as sure as I'm alive." She stood back looking down on him through misty eyes.

"Yes, that's the same scar you gave me when you were a little vixen," replied Nelson. "I've kept it all these years to remember you by, Sally."

"And all the while there was something, I don't know what, that reminded me of you," said Sally, communing with herself.

Grisson, dazed, listened, only half comprehending in his inertia, the dialogue between Nelson and Sally Harrison. He gathered himself and rose unsteadily to his feet, extending his hand to Nelson.

"I am proud to call you father, but I doubt if the ties of blood will be stronger than those that have held us friends."

At this juncture the squaw-mother appeared at the door to remind the thoroughly rattled white people of their neglected supper.

"Mercy yes," exclaimed Sally Harrison, her housewifely instincts again dominant. "I had forgotten all about supper."

After supper Nelson expressed a desire to see the sun settle once more behind the western hills. Grisson and George Harrison steadied his shaking footsteps to a seat on the broad porch. The others gathered about. The conversation was subdued, spasmodic. The inner consciousness of each individual was busy with its own particular thread of the web unravelled that day.

Alagwa, with a satisfied smile on her piquant lips, was yet silent, distraught, answering dully in monosyllables when addressed.

The day had been warm, the sun blazing through a cloudless sky. But as the great red-gold disk dipped behind the crests of the hills an impalpable haze spread the sky. Then came wind, first in gentle puffs as though to test the temper of the gathering mists. Seemingly pleased with its frolic, the atmosphere unleashed its forces and hurdled across the valley, lashing the lake into turbulent waves and rocking the treetops in ecstatic confusion. Then

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the wind pushed heavy banks of black thunder clouds into the valley until they rested low on the banks of the hills. Darkness approaching that of night was relieved by the lightning that flared through the cloud banks and thunder rolled in deep throated answer to the sharp staccato of the tongued flashes. But the clouds held with tenacious grip to their gathered moisture..

A canoe rounded the curve at the inlet where the Huron debouches into the lake and headed through the turbulent waters straight towards Grisson's landing. Alagwa's alert eye detected the presence of the canoe. Her exclamation attracted Grisson's attention and he reached for the field glass that lay on the stand at his elbow.

"An Indian, and he's comfortably drunk," was Grisson's comment after a brief inspection through the glass.

Then Alagwa remembered her broken tryst with Magwa. She also thought of the silver dollar that she had given the Indian to clinch her intrigue. It had gone for liquor, she thought. She began to speak but her voice died away like a June breeze. Slipping away unobserved Alagwa hastened to her own room. Here she secured her silver mounted pistol, saw that it was loaded and primed, paused for one brief moment to give each familiar object a fond farewell glance and lay a caressing hand on the little rifle, for moments were precious to her just then. Out the back way she hurried, with a wave of the hand to the squaw-mother, and ran down the slope towards the landing.

From the porch they saw her flitting like a brown thrush across the grounds. Sally Harrison sprang to her feet with a cry of alarm.

"There isn't an Indian in the valley, drunk or sober, who would harm Alagwa," assured Grisson and Mrs. Harrison resumed her seat.

Nelson, relying on Grisson's judgment, suppressed a desire to recall the girl.

The Indian, habitually cautious, when drunk, sometimes throws discretion to the winds. Sober, no surge of vindictive passion could have forced Magwa to approach his intended victim from the open. But the blind rage inspired by Lem Bone's lying tongue was braced by the courage that flowed from that renegade's bottle. He pulled his canoe on the beach at a point that was concealed from the house by the bolder face of the bluff. But that consideration did not influence Magwa. Alagwa had selected the spot where they should meet.

"I am ready to go to the village with you now, Magwa," was her greeting as his foot touched the shore.

He straightened his unsteady legs and looked at the girl with drunken gravity, his eyes flaming desire. Then, with a surge of passion, he remembered his purpose. A hideous leer spread his naturally ugly face. He drew his rifle from the canoe, saying through set teeth:

"I kill 'um. Then you come sure."

Pushing the girl aside he started to scale the bluff. From its crest he could have shot Grisson through as he sat on the porch. With a cat like spring Alagwa grasped the rifle with a grip that he could not shake. He struggled upward for a moment, but the ascent too steep for him to drag her added weight. His foot slipped on a loose boulder and in recovering his balance he released his hold on his weapon. When he picked himself up at the foot of the hill Alagwa faced him in a bronze like pose; one outstretched hand pointing to the beached canoe, the other holding the silver mounted pistol level on his breast.

"Fool," she cried, eyes blazing with anger. "Magwa will take me to the village now."

Strenuous exertion had sobered Magwa. The levelled pistol calmed his desire to kill. He hesitated and then pointed to the waves which were rolling higher and higher with each fierce impact of the wind.

"Is Magwa, the brave Bear, afraid of the water," she taunted.

He looked again into the muzzle of that pistol held steady and true, and on into her unflinching eyes.

Cowed, he shoved the canoe in the water and stepped in. Alagwa followed kneeling, Indian fashion, behind him.

Their course lay head into the wind. Each grasped a paddle and plied it with vigor. At the best their progress was slow. They were well out on the lake before they were described from the house. The frail craft bobbed like a cockle shell over the crest of each wave to disappear in the succeeding trough.

Grisson ran wildly to the crest of the bluff and shouted himself hoarse commanding Alagwa to return. As well might he have commanded the sun to stand still.

Then the clouds burst asunder and the rain fell in a deluge to be caught in the arms of the wind and thrown in solid sheets in the faces of the daring voyagers. Only skillful and strenuous work with the paddles made headway against that united force of wind and water. And the canoe was fast filling from the storm.

The darkness increased. The thunder boomed a continuous barrage. The frantic people on the bluff could only see the canoe now by the flashes of lightning that streaked the low lying clouds with vivid light.

The pair were half way across the lake when a prolonged flash illuminated the valley from hill to hill. By its light those who were watching the uneven contest with stilled hearts saw Alagwa rise to her feet, flip the canoe parallel with the trough by a deft stroke of her paddle, and spring upon Magwa, pinioning his arms to his side. In that instant the succeeding wave rolled them under.

Grisson and Louis patrolled the beach through the night. In the grey dawn they found the bodies where the relentless waves had cast them in rush grown shallows. Alagwa's hands still pinioned Magwa's arms helpless beside his body.

Indians came from the village and removed the body of Magwa for native burial.

Grisson chose the spot where, with reverent hearts and gentle hands, they laid the Indian maid at rest after the manner of white men: The site overlooks both the river and the lake that the girl had loved; there the first white rays of the morning sun steal in to kiss the dew from the wild flowers, restful shades linger at noontide and the golden glow of fading day leaves its impress of peaceful content as the rounded domes of the western hills merge in the shadowy outlines of a summer night.

At Alagwa's head rose a granite slab, chisled from the great boulder on the summit of Old Baldy. It bore the simple legend:

"A Flower of the Valley."