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From the Sunday Telegraph,
BEAUTIFUL WISCONSIN

Some of the Many Charming Views
Along the Wisconsin Central
Railway

Something About a Wonderful Medi-
cinal Spring at the Famous
Chain of Lakes

Dr. George H. Calkins, a Well-
known Wisconsin Man, the
Lucky Proprietor of the
Health-Giving Spring

The windows of the Wisconsin Central passenger trains *en route* between Milwaukee and Ashland afford pleasant entertainment to one inclined to the scriptural injunction, "Let him that hath eyes see." It is an easy ride, with aesthetic and natural beauty combining to relieve the usual tediousness of railway journeys. Certainly the age we live in does not seem too beautiful for the purely practical, but everywhere it joins the two, like earth in the equality of light, shadow and force. Money, indeed thrives in the double influence of taste and tact, even our railways catch the spirit, and invite the travelers to journey in coaches elegant and luxurious. The Central is no exception to the rule elsewhere, for its passenger coaches and parlor cars correspond with the ever recurring fitness of things along the way, and the lounge bent on gilding the hours of his ride, may turn from the golden rod, daisies, clover fields, and wild flowers of the unbroken woods to the blending tones and rich appointments within, and feel no jarring contrast.

A ride of about six hours brings the resorter to Waupaca, as clean a little Village as can be found anywhere in Northern Wisconsin. There are only a few thousand inhabitants in this sweet spot of nature, but they are genial, thrifty and tasty. In morals, the city (for such it is) is of a high order. Here reside, Myron Reed, fast friend of the Rev. Myron Reed's a first-class lawyer, a student of the English literature and one time member of the legislature; "Lawyer Browne," one of the best, suave to an excellent degree, wealthy, because of constant activity; and possessed of a fine residence, where presides "one of the elect" women of the state; Evan Collidge, a banker, whose hand shake is a symbol of good fellowship; "Jim" McCormick, once preacher in the village, but too generous in belief and habits to remain long under restraints not to his liking, a practical fellow well met, democratic in the noblest sense and posted on everything, law not excepted, to which he now turns; the Baileys, gentlemen, traders, sternly honest; E. Townsend, an old settler, Dewit Ware, a genius, dry to suffocation, independent and homely in every quality of a peculiar nature, but square in a way to constitute his religion,

and the Jeffers brothers, jokers in dreams and dreamers in jokes, so sudden the grotesque transformations of the fabrics. So the list might run on, taking in Geo. Lines the law partner of Reed, soaked in common sense; Joe Woodnorth, ever ready with shake and greeting; the Roberts brothers, Major and Charles, quiet and business like; Sam Oborn, little, but by everybody voted splendid; "Bill" Dayton, the Macawber of the town; Gilmore, the one armed secret society; Gen. Lord and Irving, the son and hosts of others – with girls, babies, ladies, wives, sisters, mothers – all delectable, irreproachable and select. These, with bright homes, a good main street well built up, a fine court house, half a dozen churches, (too many by five) good water, sweet atmosphere, make Waupaca the beauty spot on the Central line.

But the chief, natural attraction of the village is its lakes, clear as crystal, surrounded by the greenest of summer foliage, not marred by marsh approaches with here and there; hard sand bottoms for bathing purposes, with water lilies abounding with all inland fish. The lakes around the village glisten like emeralds in clear weather or cloud over in stormy like the Egyptian stone of prophecy. There are two of these beautiful sheets of water at the head of Main Street, within five minutes walk of the Vosburg House, (whose presiding genius, Mrs. V., smiles a regular business yet healthy smile on all patrons,) which should be the delight of the citizens. But they are not – on the principle that a man who has a most lovely sister votes her of no particular account, any way, while the other fellows vote his taste detestable. The chief attraction in this line is the Chain o' Lakes, often spoken of throughout the state, but to which justice has never been done 'til this communication. These lakes were not discovered in effect 'til a struggling editor, a yoke-fellow lawyer and a young preacher who loved the piscatorial art with all the zeal and none of the judgment of Watts, journeyed to the village in search of the subject of Iago's advice, money for lean purses. The editor is now writing awful things for the *Oshkosh Times* as its proprietor C. M. Bright, the lawyer is now Myron Reed's partner, and still looks on life intellectually and with good judgment; the preacher's name is forgotten. This trio (not simultaneously, however) saw the beauties of the chain and began going there. Soon there was placed on the bosom of the smiling waters a tub with sails, followed by row boats which brought boat houses and simple cottages and finally a modest but pleasant hotel, built by an association of resident gentlemen who sought to coin cash but thus far have not alarmed themselves because it require much cash and more patience and time. It is not doubtful, however, that the enterprise will tell in the end with judicious management. The view from this spot is pleasing to all eyes. I have seen sunsets where the sinking ball flung across the glassy waters a single bar of solid gold undisturbed by a ripple and realistic enough to invite passage across on a bridge let down from the city of unspeakable splendor. I have seen cloud masses which seemed to be moved and gilded by unseen master minds and to rival the glories that so try Ruskin's brilliant pen. I have seen shadows of storms advance like serried ranks of evil's warriors. I have seen the waters transformed from color to color as if nature were in her laboratory experimenting with mighty chemicals. From this modest hotel, one in a fortnight's stay receives mental pictures he will retain long after the physical benefits have faded out.

A row n this series of lakes is good for several days, if one is of an investigating turn of mind. An artist would find in the surrounding country almost in any direction subjects for sketching in almost any number. The lakes are chains, but irregular enough

to suit the most modern law of aesthetics. Beginning at cottage of Dr. Geo. H. Calkins, (of whom more below), the view comprises a long stretch of water with three islands in sight, rising abruptly from the waves with crowns of green that vary in all hours, as Sol pursues his course, a picture for Bromfield. One takes a row boat and starts for the tour. It is six a.m. Along the right shore let the course be laid. It immediately winds in and curving around one of the islands makes a point, a curve again that will tire the average rower to follow, another point, and a second lake is reached. Thence into a third by a short and open course, and finally a fourth, Round Lake, is entered, with one complete circle sweeping far away and returning at a good distance from the entrance, for its shores. At the nearest pint is the old "Indian Crossing," a shallow ford of a narrow stream leading into a further series. It used to be bridged low, and the pleasure seeker used to cart his boat across the road. Now a high bridge leaves passage clear for row boats. Here is a fifth lake, soon passed and Long Lake appears, stretching away with black waters a mile or more. At one side, however, the sixth and then the seventh lake may be reached by easy rowing. Into one of these pours a shallow creek over shining pebbles, its water bubbling and sparkling forever, past willow and cattails and rice; it is alive with shiners and chubs and small bass. You wade and pull your boat up this stream and enter another and then another lake. All around are small bodies of water reached by portage. Two have been omitted in the beginning of the trip, but may be taken in on returning by the other shore. If you are fond of gentle adventure, run your boat down a stream that flows out of Long Lake, and after many a ducking, many an hour of ever changing views, over shallows through roaring rapids, past still woods and peaceful villages, you get at last into a stream that gives you passage to the two lakes at the head of Main street, Waupaca, or by another route, into the Waupaca River and thence to the Wolf and Gills Landing, where the Central will carry you home. And finally, they have discovered a spring of water in the chain which is by analysis the purest, medical water known. It contains but a fraction over 14 grains of salts to the gallon, and not a trace of organic matter. This is the announcement of Bode the celebrated chemist. The value of medical waters does not consist in the medical properties, but in purity. This water surpasses Waukesha's best by two grains of organic matter, and this has none. It is owned by Dr. Geo. H. Calkins, a physician of long standing and residence at Waupaca, and an inexhaustible story-teller, an expert angler and a man whose soul is the world's. The water has marvelous curative powers rather than properties, for its power is in its freedom from properties. It is simply the power of the water passing through the system to carry off deleterious substances, the difference between a man passing through a peach orchard with his arms full of watermelons and one free to steal handsomely. Deep Rock water has 500 grains of Salts, and the difference between Shealtiel, the name of this spring, and Deep Rock, is that between the number of salts and organic matter in the springs – a gallon of water having but 14 grains will carry off more disease than one having 500 grains. The doctor has not advertised extensively as yet, preferring to test the spring fully before extensive operations. It digests anything, cures dropsy, general debility, rheumatism, and seemingly half the list of human ills. It is most pleasant in taste, leaving the mouth pleasantly smooth. It keeps three months at a time as sweet as when first taken out. The doctor is beginning to ship to points throughout and beyond the state. It is his intention the following season to erect cottages suitable for families, where this beautiful water can

be had to aid the lakes, the cool breeze, the exercise and the freedom of the lakes in making rest a physician of speedy cures.