

# LOG CABIN COST \$30,000.

Hunting Lodge Built by Stephen Carter Clark of New York on a Mountain Slope in Vermont—Furnished Regardless of Expense—Gun Room—Shower and Plunge Baths—Uninterrupted View of Nearly 30 Miles Down the Valley of the West River.



CLARK HUNTING LODGE  
MT TABOR, VT.

CORNER  
of  
LIVING  
ROOM

SITUATED in the very heart of the southern ranges of the Green mountains, in the township of Mt Tabor, Vermont, stands the most costly and unique hunting lodge in New England. It is the property of Stephen Carter Clark of New York, who is one of the owners of the famous Singer building, loftiest of skyscrapers, and is estimated to have cost, when the last pane of glass had been set and the last luxurious leather cushion installed, \$30,000 at the very least.

The Clark lodge was completed last fall just as the early snows began to drift over the Vermont hills.

During the coming summer and autumn, when the call of the wild becomes too importunate to be resisted, its owner will begin to use it in earnest, and many a jolly party will doubtless be entertained within its hospitable walls.

It is a two-story structure of logs. Herein it is akin to the log cabin of history and romance, but the resemblance goes no further. Inside it is fitted up without regard to expense. It is sheathed with native woods, finely finished, the rooms are high and generously lighted, and nothing has been omitted which can minister to the comfort and convenience of the occupants.

In the general living room, downstairs, there is the most comfortable of furniture, great leather upholstered divans and easy chairs, in which the weary huntsman can loll to his heart's content after the fatigues of the chase.

There is a gun room equipped with rifles, guns, rods and all kinds of hunting and fishing paraphernalia.

There is a kitchen with complete appointments, a bath room with shower and plunge baths, a spacious dining-room, adorned with antlered trophies, and an ample table at which a score of guests can be entertained at once if need be.

In the second story are several large chambers and soft beds whereon the hunters may stretch their tired limbs when the charm of a heap of balsam boughs before a brush fire in the open has somewhat lost the edge of its enjoyment.

An immense veranda is built around three sides of the lodge, and from it one of the most superb prospects in the state of Vermont is to be enjoyed.

The lodge is situated half a dozen miles from the nearest permanent habitation and is surrounded by a tract

of several thousand acres of what is practically primeval wilderness. The forest is, for the most part, as virgin to the ax as when the first hardy settlers of the region pushed their way up from the south.

The cleared plateau on which the lodge stands affords an uninterrupted view of nearly 30 miles down the valley of the West river, with Glebe and Stratton mountains standing sentinel on either hand. Directly behind the place rise the steep slopes of Mt Bromley, which the owner, Hon M. J. Hapgood of Peru, although a lumberman and millman himself carrying on an extensive business, designs to turn over to the national or state governments as the nucleus of a national forest reservation in the Green mountains. This culminates in the splendid dome of Observatory peak, whence the eye traverses a mighty panorama of mountain range beyond the Connecticut valley to the White hills of New Hampshire.

The woods are full of deer and the brooks alive with trout.

The situation for a hunting lodge is ideal.

The owner keeps in touch with civilization by means of the telephone, whose lines have now searched out to the most remote villages and the loneliest farmhouses of Vermont. He has good horses, carriages and sleighs ready for use.

## WHALES PLAY NEAR PIER.

A school of whales caused no end of excitement along the water front. Three of the great black monsters, came to the surface of the water about 100 feet off pier 1, and for 15 minutes or longer disported themselves sporting and gambolling like a trio of gigantic dolphins in plain sight of the crowd that soon gathered.

The first intimation that something unusual was going on under the placid waters inshore was a panic. The shallower denizens of the deep. The shallow waters along the beach suddenly became alive with fish—large and small—all scurrying in from deep water and all apparently beset with fear. Even yellowtail, great silver-sided beauties, darted hither and thither through the shallow waters inside the breakers, and bathers were astonished to feel them strike their limbs in the blindness of their panic.

One fish—a 15-pound yellowtail, actually held his headway so long that he went ashore on the beach and was captured.—Redondo correspondence in Los Angeles Times.