Circling Chicago. ABOUT THE CITY'S EDGE. What a Trip Shows.

For years there has been a persistent claim that the Garden City, as it is called, is a veritable paradise of beauty and healthfulness in the midst of the wilds. But it was only after a recent trip there that one could have any idea of the wonderful effects of the country air and the limpid streams that flow through the city. The journey was made by a special train at 7 o'clock in the morning, and the trip was over in less than an hour.

The view from the train window was lovely, with the green hills and the blue sky forming a perfect picture. The country is gay with flowers, and the fields are green and lush. The roads are fine, and the scenery is delightful. The country is dotted with lovely villages, and the country people are friendly and hospitable.

As we approached the outskirts of the city, the country became more and more beautiful. The fields were gay with flowers, and the trees were in full bloom. The air was pure and fresh, and the sky was blue and cloudless.

The country people were busy with their work, and the children were playing in the fields. The country was alive with activity, and the air was filled with the sound of children's voices.

The city was in the distance, and the view was lovely. The buildings were white and the streets were clean. The country and the city were in perfect harmony, and the country people were happy.

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