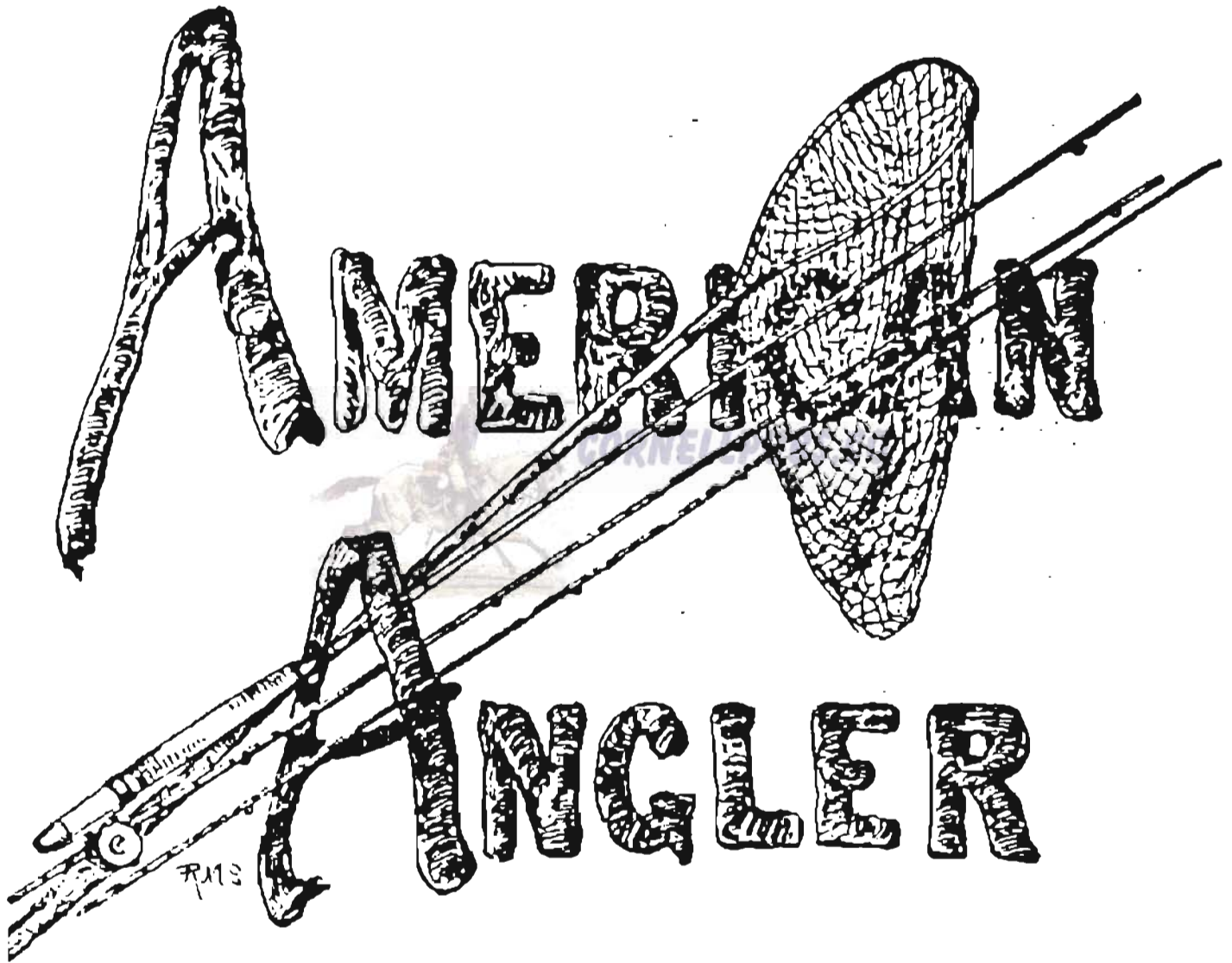


THE



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WM. C. HARRIS, EDITOR, 19 Park Place, N. Y.

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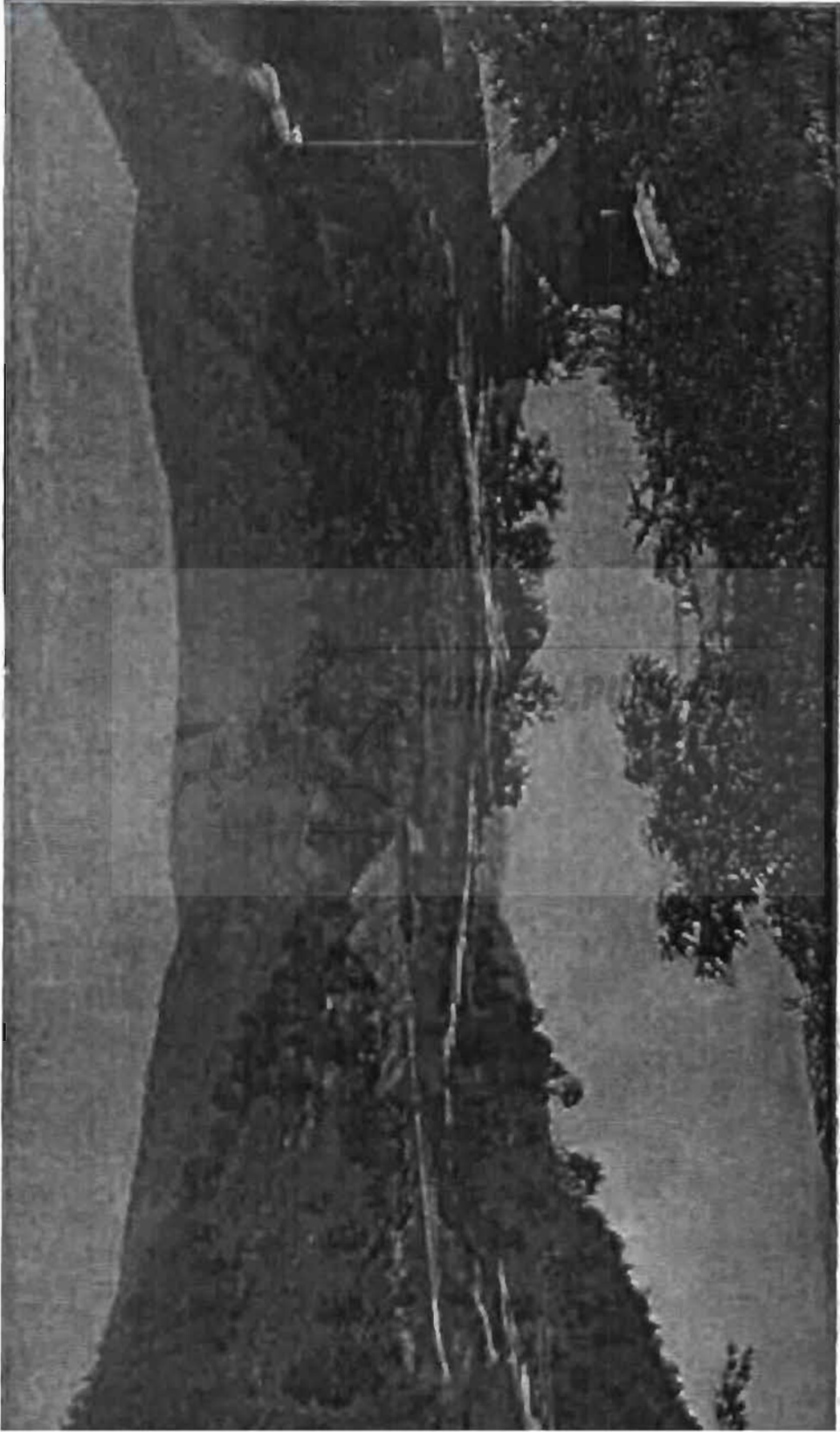
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THE LOWER BEAVERDILL.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

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AUGUST, 1893.

No. 11

HOW TO FISH THE LOWER BEAVERKILL.

By S. K. PUTNAM

Nearly all of those who "go a fishing" in the Beaverkill River select the upper part of that grand stream for their sport. I have nothing to say against this part of the river, as it is a first class place for trout fishing, but wish to put in a good word for the lower portion of the stream. From the point where the Willowemoc enters the Beaverkill, about one-quarter mile beyond Rockland station to where the latter adds its waters to the Delaware at East Branch, is locally termed the "lower" Beaverkill, and is much the best part of the stream. The waters of the Willowemoc added to those of the Beaverkill form a large, broad and rapid river filled with large and beautiful pools and grand rifts. Yet the stream is of such depth that all the pools, with the exception of one or two, may be reached by aid of an ordinary pair of fishing boots.

Right at the mouth of the Willowemoc a nice eddy is formed by the junction of the two waters, where many fine trout have been caught. From this point down for a mile or more are not many pools, but the fishing is good. You will reach a point, after traveling a little more than a mile, where the river takes quite a sharp curve to the left. The place can be easily recognized by the rough roads coming down to the water on each side of the river, which are used by the farmers to ford the stream just above the bend.

Just below the curve is a large flat rock about ten by fifteen feet, right in the centre of the stream. Take your position just at the

bend, about fifty feet above this rock, and drop your flies along the left of the rock. You will not cast in vain, as the writer has very seldom passed this spot without taking one or more of the large beauties that inhabit this pool. From here you will have excellent fishing for about one-half mile. The upper portion is somewhat deep, but the angler will find no trouble, as there is plenty of shallow water on each side. Here the stream gradually curves toward the left for quite a distance, then turns to the right and forms a large, long and deep pool. At this point keep on the right side of the stream, as the railroad embankment forms the left of the pool, and the bushes will prevent your flies from reaching the right spot. Even from the right bank you will have to make a good cast of sixty feet or more to reach the proper water, and if the wind should happen to be down stream you may get wet before your fly lands where you wish it to. However, should you happen to get in over your boots it don't matter much, as you forget all about the wetting if you hook a good trout. All along from this point the fishing is extra good.

About one mile below this point you will come to a little dam in the river. Here get ready for excellent fishing. Keep toward the left bank, and fish steady and carefully. Don't skip any places, as in this part of the river the trout seem to be everywhere.

.After fishing for about one-eighth of a mile you will come to quite a shallow rift, below

which is what is called the rubbing mill pool—so named from a stone mill on the river bank where stone is cut and rubbed down smooth. Don't hurry over the rift that joins those two pools. It will look very uninviting, but the trout are continually passing between the pools, and you are just as likely to catch them in the rift as anywhere else. When you get into the rubbing mill pool, *keep in the middle*. It will look very deep, but if you go carefully you will find quite a ridge down the centre of it where you can wade without getting over your boots, unless the river is high. This ridge is formed by a pier built in the middle of the stream to support a railroad bridge that crossed at the lower end of the pool.

The writer with one companion fished these pools on the day before last Decoration Day. We fished through once, then returned and fished a second time. Having had just as good luck the second time as we did on the first, we went back and fished the spot a third time. The water was somewhat high, and in going down the ridge in the middle of the rubbing mill pool our boots were not quite long enough and we got wet; in fact we had to "go in" up to the tops of our pants, and the water was cold—awful cold. In truth I don't know when I have attempted such a cold wade. However, we were well paid for our trouble and wetting, as I filled a twelve pound basket, and my companion caught nine pounds in these two pools. The fishing of the two pools three times consecutively took us nearly five hours, so you can see that we fished slowly. I do not think we skipped even a square foot of the surface of the pools, and we did not keep a trout under seven inches long. We had nine fish that would weigh three-quarters of a pound each, and my companion had one that tipped the scale at seventeen ounces.

I suggest that rheumatic sufferers steer clear of these pools during high water, as my companion had a beautiful attack after he got home to New York, nevertheless he is talking of trying the same spot on the Fourth of July. He says that the water won't be so awfully cold then, and that consequently he is not

likely to have a visit from his old enemy, the rheumatism.

About three miles below, opposite the station of Cook's Falls, is one of the grandest pools in the whole Beaverkill. Imagine a large, broad and shallow river gradually curving toward the left, the curve getting more decided at the lower end where the banks get high and contract the channel somewhat, then suddenly turning to the right at a sharp angle where the waters are dashed against a high bank of rocks and form a large pool that in some parts is ten or more feet in depth. A covered bridge crosses the river at this point, but it is not in the angler's way, as it is thirty feet or more above the water. The rush of waters here is so swift as it enters the pool that it is always covered with foam. This place is famous for its large fish, many of more than two pounds each being taken every season. There is always somebody fishing there, but the pool is large enough for several to fish in at the same time. At Cook's Falls Station the fisherman can find plenty of accommodation, as there are two or three hotels or taverns here and several boarding houses. The word "tavern" may sound bad to the prohibitionist fisherman, but don't be afraid, as this town has passed a "dry" law, and no liquor is allowed to be sold. Occasionally a fellow with a hilarious jag is seen here, but as it can't be liquor it must be the country air or something else.

About a mile below this place are the ruins of an old tannery. In its time it must have been a flourishing place, as it was very large and the buildings (what are left of them) cover a large plot of ground. In front of this place is a very long and deep pool. I know it is deep, for I speak from sad experience. After fishing this spot my watch, which was carried in the breast pocket of my shirt, cost me six dollars to have the rust removed from the works. I saw sixteen trout, weighing from half a pound to one and one-half pounds, that were taken from this pool by a local angler on Decoration Day of last year. On my asking him how he managed to get at them he stooped his shoulder to let me see how wet it was. He had waded in up to his neck.

About a mile below here is Horton's. Then for at least a quarter of a mile is about the toughest piece of wading in the whole river. The rift is filled with boulders from two to four feet in diameter, and the water boiling around and among these rocks forms many a pretty hiding place for the trout. You will be tired after working this place, but it is well worth the fatigue. The wading from here down past Trout Brook is heavy and difficult, but the fishing is splendid.

You will catch trout down to within about a mile of where the Beaverkill flows into the east branch of the Delaware. Then the trout fishing stops just as suddenly as if a wall had been built across the river and the bass fishing commences. The bass fishing of the East Branch is well known. Why these fish do not run up the Beaverkill I don't know unless it is that the water is too cold. They go up about a mile but no further.*

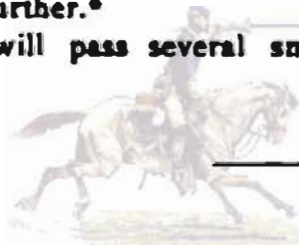
In this trip you will pass several small

streams that are filled with trout. I call them small as compared with the main stream. Anywhere else they would be called large trout streams. They are often twenty feet or more in width where they enter the Beaverkill. Any one of them has four or five miles of good fishing. They can be fished either with the fly or with what is called the "garden hackle," the lowly worm.

The trout of the "lower" Beaverkill will average much larger than on the upper part of the river. You will have to work hard to get them, and will be awful tired when night comes, but that is part of the fun.

The river is large enough for a party of three or four to fish it together, whereas the upper stream cannot very well accommodate more than two.

* Begging our correspondent's pardon: Black bass are caught in the Beaverkill as high up as Cook's Falls, six miles above East Branch.

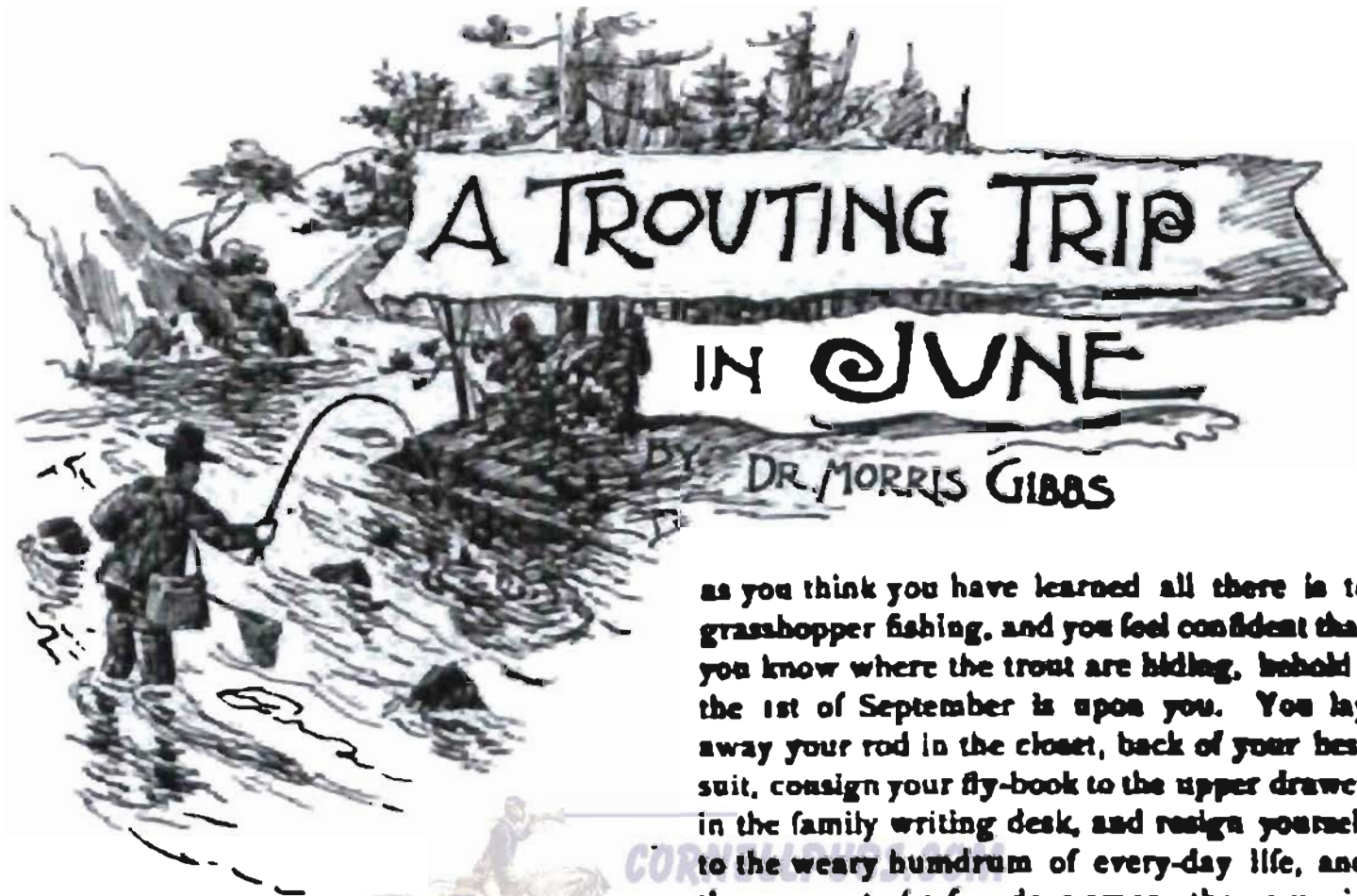


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AN INVITATION TO GO FISHING.

By V. D.

Through leafless wood and sodden field
 The fairies of the sun have sped,
 Till bursting buds their perfumes yield,
 And Earth awakes at Summer's tread.
 How easy now the truth is found
 In that old story told of one
 Whose strength was drawn from out the ground—
 His mother's gift to worthy son.
 It is that we must have recourse
 To running stream, to woods and flowers;
 Like hart the brook, must seek the source
 Of life and fresh our flagging powers.
 A thousand jewels deck the lawn;
 The bees to every hedge are drawn;
 Sweet murmurs, like the Sirens singing,
 Alluring, in our ears are ringing.
 High overhead, in amorous talk,
 Midst shady boughs, the birds rejoice;
 The leaflets smile; and, as we walk,
 Shy violet peeps and lifts her head.
 The river o'er the falls goes dashing,
 And rushes headlong o'er its bed.
 The river's just as we've been wishing.
 Away with care. Come! Let's go fishing!



Of the four months in which we are allowed to catch trout, June is my favorite. In May there are many days when the gay fellows will not touch a worm or notice a fly, and these are times which try the patience of the most enthusiastic of anglers. Twice in my life I have attempted the opening of the season, on the beautiful May day we read about, and when the children are represented as dancing around the May pole, and I had to visit the kitchen fire at the farm house, at intervals, to warm my benumbed fingers. In July the heat is altogether too great, as a rule, and, if shady spots are selected, the myriads of pesky insects make life miserable to saint or sinner. In August it is hard to locate the frisky spotted sides, and they are very fastidious as to the flies, and even prefer the plebeian, kicking grasshopper, to anything which your book affords. You cavort about the meadows and thresh around with your hat and net, in honest efforts to corral a few of the fly-jumpers for a sure bait, and, just

as you think you have learned all there is to grasshopper fishing, and you feel confident that you know where the trout are hiding, behold! the 1st of September is upon you. You lay away your rod in the closet, back of your best suit, consign your fly-book to the upper drawer in the family writing desk, and resign yourself to the weary humdrum of every-day life, and the prospect of a few days among the grouse in October, or a possible outing with the ducks.

Yes, June is my favorite, and I feel safe in saying that nearly all fly casters prefer that season on waters south of the forty-fifth parallel. To be sure, in the upper peninsula of Michigan, or in Northern Maine, or the Nepigon region, July should be selected, but, in reality, those northern grounds present much the same features in July that more southern latitudes offer in the month of roses.

My old friend, Phillip D., with whom I have roamed in many quarters and at various seasons within the last decade, confided to me that he had found a veritable elysium the summer previous. He spoke in glowing terms of his wonderful success, and finally wrought me to such a pitch of enthusiasm by his record of scores, that I promised to accompany him to the spot of all places in the northern wilderness. The following season, in the leafy month of June, was the time selected, and letters were exchanged between us, until the de-

tails of the prospective trip were as plainly presented to my view as if written out in book form.

Phil, in his exuberance, could not content himself with mere pen pictures, and so at last had to rush in upon me, one blustering day in February, to relieve himself of a "redundancy of piscatorial, enthusiastic gush," as he called it. After a couple of hours of steady listening on my part, and uninterrupted spouting on his, he had so far relieved his surcharged system that he became somewhat rational. Thereupon I ventured to bring forth my tackle, and discuss with my friend the relative merits of metal-centred lines with silk, and the stability of Bethabara wood as compared with lance-wood and split bamboo. We jointed the rods and tested their spring; knocked various articles of virtu on to the floor; drew in imaginary trout; whizzed the clicking reels and talked flies, and altogether had a most glorious rehearsal. Time flew so swiftly that tea was announced while we were in the midst of our discussion, and things were so disarranged and "cluttered up," as Phil expressed it, that the lady of the house declared that at no sewing society, or bazaar, which she had ever attended, were affairs in such a deplorable state. On the chairs and tete-a-tetes were strewn lines and snells, while rods leaned against the walls, and fly books, spoon hooks and bait boxes littered the floor. The creel had fallen from the stand and dumped its contents on the carpet, including several battered, mangy flies, a forgotten assortment of exsiccated grasshoppers with grotesquely posed, rigid legs, and several rubber frogs and minnows. It contained, too, a peculiar receptacle covered with morocco, and with a screw top. Much battered was this article, and gave evidence of having been long used and frequently carried. Phil proceeded to unscrew the top, though assured that there was nothing there. With a sniff at the opening, Phil dubiously shook his head and remarked:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

After supper Phil produced a small vise, and began tying flies of marvelous forms and incomparably gaudy. They were essentially

nondescripts, but he essayed to convince me that some were doctors, professors, green drakes, etc., and of course I did not dispute him, though I could not help grinning. If I were a bug culturist, with the power of producing new species of insects, I would secure Phil as leading contriver, and, if he could not surprise and mystify the most learned entomologists in the world, then I lose my guess.

Phil had a most surprising lay-out for fly tying, and I could not help but think that he had especially supplied himself with many things for this visit, with which he was honoring me. His stock of feathers, though large, and embracing great variety, was not a source of wonder to me, as I knew that he had been laying in a supply of plumage from several brightly arrayed birds during the past summer. It was his stock of silks that surprised me, and the variety of worsteds and chenilles, and gold tinsel, was past belief. He would begin on a No. 8 hook, rapidly whip on a green body, and bind it with white silk and tinsel. Then he would add a large series of mixed red and yellow legs, vast wings from the speckled feathers of the flicker, and would wind up with several uncalled-for and indescribable appendages, which he maintained were valuable as attractive lures. I honestly believe that he would have added a pair of glass eyes to these nondescripts if he had possessed them. His hackles were, however, the most marvelous, and, in their ample size and fierceness of aspect, resembled possible or impossible antediluvian caterpillars. The g'eeeful manner exhibited by this enthusiast was so overpowering in its intensity, and his belief in the future efficacy of the diminutive feather dusters he was constructing, so sincere, that I did not have the heart to disillusionize him. So Phil worked on with his flies till bed time, while I busied myself in unwinding and rewinding lines on the reels, and arranging the flies in series in my books. At last, when he had gathered his grotesque anomalies together, and was about to depart to his room, he said, as he seized my hand and wrung it violently: "Dock, old man, don't you know that three-quarters of the pleasure in life is in anticipation? Why, I



THE MANCLOBA BROOK.

have enjoyed myself more here to-night, in working in your company, than I ever can possibly using those flies I have made."

I suppressed a smile at his conceit, but returned his pressure, and felt that my friend was sincere, ludicrously as well as seriously.

* * * * *

The month of fevers finally passed, then followed blustering March, and next treacherous April, with its daily promise of fair weather, to be so rudely dispelled when the sun shines brightest, by sudden, though fitful showers. Jocund May succeeded with her robe of green and tiara of woodland flowers. At last we were on the eve of the grand expedition of the year. One morning in late May a dispatch was handed to me. It read: "Come on 9 P. M. train. Will meet you at station. Phil."

Sensible boy that; sends night message, ten words for a quarter. Probably saving his change, so he can invest in more silk and tinsel cord for his fly tying. Then I laughed long and insanely and bugged myself with delight, from a combination of thoughts suggested by Phil's flies and the pleasing prospect of the next fortnight.

Promptly, as the train drew into our station, an unsophisticated baggage master might have been seen to receive a rebuff as he mildly but authoritatively suggested that the bundle of rods and other invaluable accouterments which comprise an angler's outfit, might be left in the front car. "Love me, love my dog," may be well enough for the traveling sportsman who carries his pup with him, and makes a fifty-cent truce with the trunk slinger to not kick the canine over once for each station passed. But you see it is different with an angler. Bamboo's tips will not stand the strain which a well-fed dog will flourish under. On the whole, I have often thought that the preliminary booting and cursing which often falls to the lot of the baggage-car canine is rather a benefit to him, as it is frequently a sensible foretaste of what is to come in the field. "Forewarned," etc., and it may be that the pointer or setter wisely reasons this out *en route*. However, with reason, as the result of experience, I prefer to deny all baggage jug-

glers the pleasure of wrestling with my angling duffie.

In the course of miles and minutes, as the train slowed up at his station, Phil flopped aboard, and for the next hour we seemed to fly faster, as we rushed on our road toward the land of promise. Phil's bursts of sporting gossip and predictions of success jollied me up so that I hardly realized it when informed that the following day had begun. As we were to get off early, we concluded to take a little rest in our car, and, curling up on two facing seats, we attempted to get a snatch of sleep, in attitudes neither attractive to us nor the passer-by.

At three in the morning we reached the comparatively new hamlet of Mancelona, on the G. R. & I. R. R., and quickly transferred our paraphernalia to the little building which answered the triple purpose of freight and baggage office, as well as passenger waiting room. A thin partition separated us from the somnolent night telegraph operator, and we were regaled for an hour or more with the most sonorous bursts of sleep melody which it has ever been my misery to listen to. Phil varied the concert by slamming the heavy door, thereby securing responses of guttural chucklings and spasmodic gasps, as the sleeper partially roused and again relapsed. At last, as the morning light became more pronounced, and the smoky lamp chimney threw but a sickly glare on the railway bulletins upon the walls, a loud "Who's there?" caused us to start for the door, while the crash of a heavy pair of boots on the floor in the next apartment convinced us that the slumbers of the operator were at last temporarily suspended, from this new and fortunate interference.

"Hello! Dan, old boy," yelled Phil, as the light wagon came to the platform. "We are glad enough to see you." Then an introduction followed, and in two minutes more we were jogging along the road toward Mr. Daniel Prouty's farm, six miles distant.

"One notch nearer the mark, Dock. We're getting there right according to schedule," said Phil, as he jogged me in the side, and his face beamed joyously with anticipation. "I

say, Dan, we won't be late to breakfast, I hope?"

"Ease yourself there, sonny; the folks to the house ha'n't bin fixin' for you fellers for nothin'. I reckon that you'll be fed all right 'nuff so long's you'r at old man Prouty's."

After a drive of well over an hour's duration, over a new and very poor road, but through a very interesting section, with alternate cleared spots and virgin forest, we arrived at the one hundred and sixty acres of our host. Phil leaped out, plunged into a dish of cold water, and was plying a towel vigorously before I had removed my duffle from the wagon. The boys came and took the horses, and in a short time we entered the three-room log house, where the formalities of the hour were in order, after which breakfast was immediately announced. I found myself seated by a heavy-weight damsel of twenty summers, who supplied me with an abundance of Indian bread and broiled bacon. Opposite me sat Phil, who was equally well assisted by a younger sister, while the portly hostess presided at a huge coffee pot, from which issued the best coffee, I believe, I ever drank.

There is nothing elegant about coffee, bacon and corn bread, or Johnny-cake, as it is often called, but I will attest to its being entirely suited to a man on an outing, and who has just driven six miles in an invigorating, appetizing atmosphere. Phil evidently thought so too, for he laid in a supply that painfully suggested a famine in that neighborhood in the near future.

The repast over, we bowed ourselves out from the presence of the red-cheeked, round-faced, buxom daughters, and ascended to our chamber to effect a change of togs. I was much surprised to find but one room in the upper story, and that it was to be shared by Phil, the two boys and myself. In fact, we four had the whole upper story to ourselves. It was always a source of wonder to me where the old folks, daughters and numerous younger children stowed themselves, but we were never to learn, for no matter how early the guest chamber concluded on a move, the lower rooms were always on the alert, and when Phil and I

descended in the morning, preparations for breakfast were always in progress.

* * * * *

We started out shortly after seven on this, our initial trial of this glorious outing. Phil entered largely into detail as we stepped briskly over the path, which led off through a large stretch of pine, while I listened patiently, divided in my thoughts. I was so confident and gay in my companion's stimulating presence that I felt like shouting in my delight. And yet I also wished that he would pause in his incessant chatter, that I might drink in the sweet refrain of the hermit thrush, which floated harmoniously from a neighboring glade, together with the tender, thrilling notes of the winter wren.

After walking about a hundred rods, we reached a typical trout brook, a stream which would immediately impress its merits on the critical eyes of all anglers in these parts. In some places it wound about in silence, while the banks, strengthened by the roots of pine and hemlock, hung over its tempting recesses, suggesting most superior localities for old sockers. Again the stream sparkled out from among the fern and wild-wood flowers, dashing through a glade over a gravelly bed. In many spots the wayward brook was hampered by old logs and stumps, and the gentle murmur of falling waters reminded us of dams and the lucky pools below them.

Jointing our rods, we were quickly prepared to cast over the tempting spots which lay about us. Here we separated, Phil taking the path down stream, while I was left to fish up the promising brook, or to rest on the bank and enjoy the scene. Seating myself on a huge root, which threw itself into an inviting prominence I debated if it were not better to tarry and enjoy Nature's pleasing changes than to fish. Nothing could exceed the happy appearance of the surroundings, while the songs of the feathered choristers floated to me from all sides. And as I looked about me, realizing that I was to enjoy this unalloyed pleasure, this inmost communing with Nature, a spasmodic shiver of joyous feeling ran through my frame. An intense love for the woods and

streams has ever enthralled me; a born sentiment of the deepest feeling for the out-door life binds me to the forest and field, as no other passion can ever hold. I allowed my thoughts to wander at will in that pleasing, ever-varying range, which is so easily dropped into when we admit of it in the woods or on the water. I think I must have fallen into a deep reverie, a result undoubtedly of the surrounding influence; we may, perhaps, call it a hypnotized state, brought on by the pleasing, intoxicating passes of Dame Nature's hand before my receptive senses. How long this delicious, ecstatic phase of human existence continued, I cannot determine. No more than one can tell whose body, and therefore senses, is in a trance. There is but a narrow dividing line separating dreams from ideal spirituality, and the margin is indeed meagre which separates "Death and his brother, Sleep."

It must have been fully an hour before I stirred, or was at all conscious of the outside world in any way. The murmur of the purling brook and the gentle awaying of the hemlock boughs lulled my senses to deeper repose, and the pleasing, resinous smell of the pinery, together with the fragrance of the wild flowers, now in their greatest profusion, but increased my enthrallment. I was aware that the birds were singing all about my seat, and that I was in the virgin forest, where Nature, as yet, reigned supreme. But aside from my contemplation of the sylvan scene, I was utterly oblivious.

Suddenly there was a splash in the brook at less than four rods distance. A very suggestive sound to a trout fisher, and one calculated to inspire even a dreamer with life. This was the case with me, for no hypnotized person was ever brought out of semi-consciousness more thoroughly by the efforts of the long-haired professor, than I was by this startling, pleasing shock.

Reaching for my rod, fully equipped for use, I hastened toward the bend of the stream, from whence came the splash. The brook was small, and, as the trees were rather too numerous for long casting, we had only adjusted single flies. Approaching within thirty

feet of the dark pool, the proper length of line was unreeled, and the first cast made. Again and again the fly fell delicately upon the surface, and with accuracy on the parts of the pool where my fancy directed, but all to no purpose, and I passed on, resolving to return to the spot in the future and tempt that big one from his stronghold.

There was another excellent spot a few rods above, and I naturally felt sure of getting at least a rise. How fortunate that men are so constituted that we are always looking ahead; ever anticipating, and not getting discouraged by failures innumerable. I fished many good spots, but, as the boy says, "they didn't pan out very hunky." But, at last, luck came my way, or maybe it was the result of unusual skill on my part. Be that as it may, after making a very few casts over a quiet spot, just above a partial dam made by a wind-fall, I was rewarded with a rise, followed by a soul-thrilling tug. I had my little five-ounce Bethabara; and the way that trout bent my supple rod about was a cause of wonder and anxiety, mingled with pleasure. The rod was good for a three-pound bass in open water, as I have proved several times, but this was entirely different, with a ragged-edged pool, studded and filled with roots, and the accumulations always to be found in forest streams. First the trout dashed up stream, as they nearly always do when first hooked; then it disappeared under the overhanging bank, where I momentarily expected it to tear itself loose on the numerous obstructions. Luck, however, or some other element of success, was on my side, for the strain on the tip was suddenly lessened, as the wily fellow left the cavernous bank and took a strong header down stream, taking at least three yards from the reel with a whiz. Then, coming to a standstill, she hesitated for a moment, probably considering his next move in the confined waters. But there is where Mr. or Mrs. *Salvelinus fontinalis* was in error, for the hesitancy was the cause of her end. I preferred to think this particular trout was an exponent of feminine principles, for at least he, she or it did hesitate, and we know that "The woman who deliberates is lost," according to

Addison. The result was that the trout was lost. Lost to the brook. Lost to its relatives, and soon to be placed within my wicker creel, and a little later be introduced to Mrs. Prouty's skillet and grease pot. Then to appear on the table as sustenance for ye hungry angler. Yum! Yum!! Yum!!!

In accordance with Waltonian principles, I reeled him in, and kept a taut line on him, and then gently coerced him further down the brook to a sheltering spot, where the ripples ran over shining pebbles. Foolish trout! she tried to struggle on to a deep pool beyond, and I let him feel that she might reach there, and then, when he reached the shallowest spot, where the yellow sand swirls on the outside of the bend, I quickly, yet tenderly, drew her to me, and he or she was placed in the basket.

I vowed that he weighed a pound and a half, after making allowances for the natural exaggeration which will forever occur. On first sight he seemed over two pounds, but I partially calmed my exuberance, and trimmed down his weight in accordance with sensible teachings and principles of common sense, as a result of former experience. I yelled to Phil, but he was too far down stream to hear me. So I placed the first prize of the season in my basket, where he electrified me for a half hour or more with his vigorous flops. During the rest of the morning's trip I have no doubt I raised the basket cover fifty times to gaze on the ample proportions of this lusty representative. Poor fellow, or anyway, poor fish, for I believe we agreed that it was of the other persuasion, your colors quickly fade, and your opalescent sides grow dim. But is there any form of exhilaration, electrical or otherwise,

quite equal to the spasmodic exuberance caused by the flopping of the first big trout of a day's catch? If there is, I do not know of it. Possession is a mighty factor with us all, and the knowledge that we own a good, big, vigorous brook trout, is constantly made manifest to us. One flop is no more thrilling than the plunge of the duck into the water as it falls to our shot, but it must be remembered that the trout battery does not give out for some time.

All the morning I fished up and down that crooked brook, but not once did I hook another good-sized fish. The first was the only lunker I caught that forenoon. After catching a dozen small fry, most of which were thrown back for another time, thoughts of fried trout assailed me, and I wended my way to the house. Phil had preceded me, and was showing his twenty or more to the family. My big one weighed seventeen and a half ounces, but it only caused Phil to say, "You wait."

* * * * *

We spent two weeks on our outing, and had amazing luck. I see that I have more than filled my allotted space, and must now subside for a time. Should the editor of THE ANGLER allow this to appear, I may send additional items of the trip, describing how we went to the district school concert, and how Phil saw a neighbor's girl home through the woods, and lost his bearings on the return trip. How old Dan Prouty had to go to mill for corn meal and to ~~town~~ for bacon pretty often, and how the fish would not rise to flies, and we had to use worms and grubs.

This and plenty of other matter of interest to the average summer outer will be forced on the readers, if the editor does not call a halt.



SUB TEGMINE FAGI.

(Vig. Ec. I.)

SUB SOLE

Flow down with pearl hair fringed the fading blue,
 A vague gray ghostly world to waking eyes.
 The grass beside my bed is drenched with dew,
 And damp my tent across me lightly lies,
 While overhead, with pale stars peering through,
 Long fir-tree boughs are black against the skies.

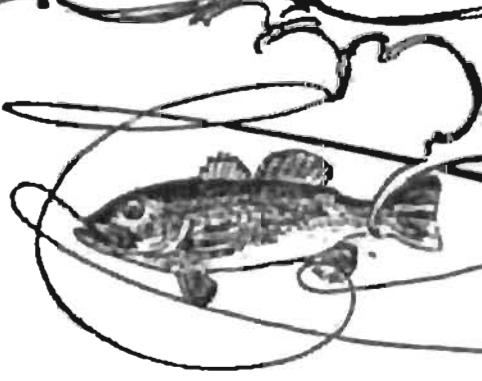
How cool from bosky dell and moss bank nest,
 Comes dewy fresh the sweet first breath of morn,
 Hinting of odorous slopes with daisies set,
 Of old dim groves and fields of tasseled corn!
 The breaking day hath banished sleep and yet
 How sweet a dream hath left the day forlorn!

Ah, Love! there is a land, or fancy errs,
 Of hopes fulfilled and dreams at last come true,
 For even to the world's far wanderers
 Bright dreams may come Oh that you only knew!
 Here on my lone bough bed beneath the firs
 My last sweet dream and waking thought was you.

But lo, a glorious song burst grate,
 The dawn, and mist-banks dim are
 stealing down the lake. Whose crisp
 ripples laugh that night is gone and
 all the joyous world once more awake.
 Out fast to spread my blankets in the sun
 And from the beach a hurried header take

And then, fast anchored by a jutting shore,
 With silver line and runner silver bright,
 The green abyss beneath me to explore;
 And ah! the thrill, the startled, arrowy
 flight. My reel hath sung as sweet a
 song before, but never bass hath made
 a braver fight.

Worthy a better fate?
 Perchance but still a pitiless
 pirate in his way was he —
 A cruel cannibal who lived to kill
 With all his weaker kin at enmity.
 But man, the higher type, should he —? ah
 well, I'll breakfast ere I argue subtilly
 ———
 W. A. Cass Jr.



"THE BASIN"—A GRAND TROUT WATER IN MICHIGAN—HOW TO REACH AND FISH IT.

By ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

Kalamazoo County, as with many other counties in Southern Michigan, has gained distinction within the last decade from the successful outcome of the stocking of her waters with the testive brook trout. In many sections the streams are now well supplied with toothsome, gamy trout, which formerly were strangers to these parts. Another county, Van Buren, next west of us, is conspicuous as a resort, to the great body of trout fishers. In that county (Van Buren) there are a great number of streams intimately connected, and having, mainly, a common exit into Lake Michigan.

One section of this valuable fishing ground is spoken of as the Basin, and as my narrative of a day's sport is to refer to this region, a partial description may not be out of place. The Basin is the general receptacle of, at least, four cold streams, which come together from as many quarters, and form a stream of considerable magnitude. Here is to be found a fair supply of fish, but there are but few enthusiastic anglers who have cared to encounter the difficulties of fishing in this tempting place, and to the large majority it still remains a *terra incognita*.

Last August, toward the close of the open season, I was thinking of a last time with the trout, and, while engaged in pleasing speculations, was agreeably surprised by a visit from my old fishing chum. His mission in visiting me was to form one on a trout outing, and we consequently held a long confab then and there. In our deliberations the Basin was mentioned, and as we were both decidedly for a new undertaking, we quickly settled on this point.

In due season we started on our undertaking, resolving on the water route to reach the Basin. Riding twelve miles or more, due west from Kalamazoo, we put up the horse and launched our sixty-pound white pine section-boat on Wolf Lake, near at hand. This lake contains many large trout, but there has never,

as yet, appeared a disciple of Walton who could lure them to the surface. The outlet of this small, but very deep, cold body of water is the largest stream which flows into the pool below. We moved along all right for a half mile or so, when cross-lying logs began to bar our passage, and the further we went the greater this nuisance became. The mosquitoes and flies were almost unbearable, but we continued to fight our way; lifting our boat over obstructions, and gaining momentary respite from the hordes of insect pests by a vigorous application of our improvised fly-brushes. At last we met with a huge sycamore, at least four feet in diameter, lying directly across the creek, and looking ahead we beheld other obstructions too numerous to mention.

My companion left the boat and made a short detour to get the lay of the land for a cut across to our objective point. I heard a sound like the splashing of a musk-rat when surprised, upon which my companion, Foote, returned, and, with eyes as large as soup plates, proclaimed that the noise was made by trout, and that he had seen them. I at once grabbed my rod, jammed the joints in shape, and had reached the vicinity of the disturbance in a few moments, and while my companion was getting himself in trim.

Crawling out on a stranded log, I secured a middling fair space to twirl six or eight yards of line, but I had to watch out that my fly did not rest too long, as the brush in the water was harder to manage than that which lined the stream. Here I made a series of casts, but to no purpose. Then moving out a few feet further, I managed to swing a couple of yards more of line, and the next time the fly settled there was a rush, and we had him well hooked. Too well hooked, in fact, for he managed to get away with a good six-foot leader. There is no use in making excuses. It couldn't be helped. No use telling how we could have

saved him if some one had been there with a net. No use of telling how he took the fly with a bang and a dash, and ran out pretty nearly all of the reelful. No, sir; the chances of securing that fish were very poor if the whole creek were full of help with hand-nets. The only way to get him was to have a big stiff pole, a line for a whale, and a great codfish hook. We don't want this kind of an outfit, and so the only way to do is to reel in your line, place on another leader and move on, with the tingling sensation all knocked out of us, and in its place a dreary feeling that life is not worth living.

"O! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

We are willing to swear though that that trout would have weighed three pounds!

Passing on I became separated from my chum, and at length reached the Basin, after some rough experience and a good sousing. Here I caught three fish, one weighing about a pound and a half, and two a half pound each; these, with the others I caught on my way up, made a fair-sized string.

Reaching a partially cleared spot on the edge of the Basin, I crawled to the edge and looked over, and estimated that I could see about two hundred fish, all trout, in a deep pool, into which the rays of the sun fell. They were about all resting on the bottom, and the rays of sunshine were sufficiently strong to define their positions, and in some cases I could even make out their markings. The point, with me, was how to get at them. If one had wished it, the use of a jigger would have been of the greatest service, but to lure the shy creatures with a fly was another thing. They appeared indifferent to the surroundings, and not at all inclined to feed. Occasionally one would indolently rise to an insect which had fallen on the surface of the water, but the main body, or army, appeared indifferent to the allurements of food delicacies or active pleasures.

The question was, how were we to get at these deceiving fellows? My partner coming up at this time we began cutting off the tops of the taller brush which lined the shore, and

selecting a spot where the branches of the trees did not hang very low, we proceeded to adjust the most tempting flies of the largest-sized hooks we had.

At the first cast I hooked one, and in my anxiety to secure it and not frighten the others too badly, I did not stop for sport or scoop net, but backed away and pulled him in and toward the steep bank, finishing the noble act by crawling to the edge and lifting the pounder out of the wet. This was repeated thrice, after which the hordes of speckled sides became frightened, and would no longer respond to our painstaking efforts.

We now decided to lunch, and seated ourselves for a quiet time, and, to tell the truth, we were much in need of a rest, for the experiences of the morning were of a nature to weary anyone. During our forest repast my companion related how he had creeled just two fish out of thirteen hooked, and had lost two leaders, numberless flies and a vast amount of self-respect for his prowess as a fisherman. We decided then and there that the opportunities for hooking big fish were as good as were offered anywhere in the Peninsular State in quarters that we knew of, but that the drawbacks and handicaps were all-powerful.

From this point one can float down the Whiskey Run, which, I believe, is the name of the outlet, and this, I think, would be an agreeable trip, but as it was exactly opposite to our route for getting back, we decided not to follow our inclination.

Starting on the back track, we finally reached our starting point, and on our way added a number of trout to our catch. In all, we had over a dozen first-class trout for these parts, while the smaller-sized catch were in themselves a temptation to a less successful angler. To be sure, this day's catch was nothing to brag of, and considering the large number of large-sized disappointments that fell to our lot, it is a wonder that we could consider the trip in any degree successful. However, the day's doings are presented in order to show the possibilities of the region, and to let outsiders know what can be done in Michigan south of the forty-third parallel, and in a section where brook

trout were unknown until within the last ten years or so.

Let the successful work of planting trout in formerly unproductive streams go on—old croakers to the contrary notwithstanding. And we will say in conclusion, that we invite all lovers of the angle to our region *to fish with the fly*. Southern Michigan counties embrace trout hogs as well as gentlemen. The hogs say "keep off," for they want the fish them-

selves. The gentlemen fishers, and we are in the majority, say: "Bid all to angle in our streams and lakes, for we have an abundance and to spare."

We would like to have a thoroughly capable angler show the fishers of this region how to catch trout from Wolf Lake. It is deep and cold, and filled with trout, but no one here can get a rise.

THE THRILL AGAIN.

BY JOHN P. SILVERHALL.

I walk beside the rippling stream,
And mark once more its flash and gleam;
I note its whirl,
Its sweep and swirl,
As o'er the stones its wavelets curl.

Between the ozers on its sides
A flood of purling music glides.
By rock and root
Its currents shoot,
Melodious as a liquid lute.

The wimpling shadows lightly dance
Where leaping trout, pearl-tinted, glance.
What joy I feel,
As from the reel
The silken line they try to steal!

By banks and brush my cast I make,
And many a speckled beauty take.
O'er riff remote
My hackles float,
Or 'neath the willows near are bro't.

From dimpling eddy, dark and cool,
I lure the monarch of the pool;
His sweet repast
Brings death at last:
My pliant Leonard holds him fast.

In vain he tries the flood to stem;
My click reel sings his requiem.
With less'ning leap
And circles sweep
He yields him from the crystal deep.

Now, care avaunt! let labor rest;
The thrill of boyhood fills my breast.
I'm free as air!

FISHING IN THE HEADWATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY JOHN C. CRANE.

On a beautiful morning in August, '91, with a companion, the writer entered a canoe lying at the outlet of the source of the Mississippi—Lake Glazier. Before us lay a heart-shaped lake of an average depth of perhaps forty feet, entirely surrounded by dense woods, excepting a small open space at the foot of Morrison Hill, on which was our camp. Four white tents gleamed in the sunlight. Leaning against a tree from our point of embarkation, stood a native American, a Chippewa Indian, who, in a mixture of languages, wished us *bon voyage* on the *minne-water*.

Whitney, the oarsman, seating himself in the centre, and the writer in the stern, we soon found ourselves coasting the shore, just outside the long, whip-like reeds. A line one hundred feet and over had been payed out from the stern, and the trolling hooks, with their gold and silver spangles, were flying through the clear water. A sudden jerk, and hand over hand I pull in the line, and soon alongside the craft comes, with wide-open jaws, what seems a giant pickerel.* A brief struggle, and a four-pounder lays a trophy at my feet. There is no baiting of hooks, so, with a whirr, away again goes the line. Another pull, and a five-pounder is added to the score. But we remember there was left suspended from a tree near our camp a trophy of another fisherman, weighing fifteen pounds, so, big with hope, we cast the line with a purpose to beat the record. Hold! we have him now. "Easy, Whitney." A heavy drag at the line, and we slow up. We have caught only a stump, and one hook 'neath the fly is gone. Again we cast; now a game fellow has it. In and out, out and in, he goes, stirring the reeds 'till they tremble to the tips. But here he comes, with wide-open mouth,

looking fierce indeed, as if ready to swallow some Jonah. Now we have him, and, with a thump, he goes to the bottom of our frail craft. One pound better—a six-pounder. The next a croppie, only a half-pounder.

Now for the record. We throw among the slender stalks that line the banks. A quick answer and we pull, but the shadow creeps over our face—only a pound of pickerel, and the fifteen pounder in the camp passes before our vision.

Now we rest from our labors, and float on this sea of glass. Far over on the western shore the eagles are screaming near a giant nest, which for sixty years (our Indian tells us) is known to have been inhabited. To the south the loons are riding lazily on the still surface of the water, uttering their unearthly cry. The mallards and other species of ducks are all about, coming and going, and an occasional crack from a Winchester, fired by some of our party, speaks the doom of something in the great forest.

But we came fishing. So we gather new courage, and Whitney pulls on for the southern shore. A yank at the line, and it looks as though we have a big one. Here he comes sailing against his will. He makes stout resistance, but at last he's our pickerel. Seven solid pounds! So on we go until over our heads rises high the noonday sun. The bottom of our canoe is covered with the finny beauties. Our larder is quite well stocked, so in mercy we draw in the line and wait another day.

We have drifted near the mouth of Deer Creek, and we see the forest tracks of moose and deer. In a straight line, far over the water, we can see the stars and stripes waving over the captain's tent, so we pull away for camp. As we near it, a savory odor of fish and game is wafted to us. The Indian meets us at the shore, and we leave to him the spoil.

* The pickerel, so called by our correspondent, is the pike—*Lucius lucius*—Jordan.—Ed.

THE RUDIMENTS OF ANGLING.

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

(Continued from Page 36.)

The mascalonge is the largest member of the pike family and is found in spring fed lakes and rivers. It is generally caught by trolling with a spinner or spoon bait. These are of many sizes and forms and when used are attached, singly, to the end of the line where they spin and twirl in an attractive manner as the boat moves slowly through the water. A live fish is also a good lure when trolling, but more so when casting from the reel, which is done by the fisherman standing in the bow of the boat and casting the bait, among, or at the outer edge, of the water grass. The latter method of fishing for mascalonge is considered the most scientific, and certainly is more sportsmanlike than the common one of trolling along the shore, in which the boatman, not the angler finds the fish, and by controlling the movements of the boat, after the fish is hooked, is entitled to the credit of killing it.

Fishing for pike and pickerel is identical with fishing for mascalonge except that both of the former are taken by still fishing and the latter is not, although we believe that it can be done successfully, if the angler uses good judgment in the selection of grounds and baits. Still fishing for pike and pickerel, varies but little from that for other fish. Care, however, must be observed; first, in hooking the minnow in the back so that it will balance nicely and have full play for swimming naturally; secondly, in allowing the biting fish time to gorge the minnow, not "striking" or "plucking" too soon. The first movement of the pike on taking the bait, is to swim slowly away for five to ten feet; then halting a moment or two, and finally moving off with more speed, but not hastily. The latter movement indicates that the minnow has been swallowed and now is the time to pluck the hook into the pike or pickerel as the case may be. These directions as to "when to strike" applies also to black bass, pike-perch and other fish when they take the bait leisurely, as the angler is still fishing for them. Fish that come "with a rush" and seize the bait greedily, generally hook themselves, but even then with the black bass, pike,

etc. in still water, it is well not to pluck too quickly. In swift water, the fish is generally hooked before the angler knows it.

Pike-perch or wall-eye pike, are also known as glass-eye "Susquehanna salmon," "Ohio salmon" and other names, and particularly as "Dore" in the Canadian provinces. This fish is not a pike but belongs to the large family of perches; it is caught by trolling, still fishing and by casting the artificial fly. The latter method is followed with success on the upper Susquehanna river, where it is known as the "salmon," and where it grows to the weight of fourteen pounds. Specimens have been taken in Lake Pepin, Minn., weighing thirty pounds. The weight of those generally caught run from one to five pounds.

The yellow perch, white perch, silver perch, bullhead, rock bass, sunfish, strawberry bass and other small fishes are known in a general way as pan fish, and are caught on light rods with small hooks (numbers eight to twelve Sproat,) baited with garden worms, grubs, pieces of meat and in the case of bullheads very often cheese. The yellow perch and sunfish, however, take the artificial fly very bravely when found in shallow water.

The methods of fishing in salt water do not differ widely from those used upon fresh water. In the tidal portions of the rivers the boat is anchored, either in the tideway on the edge of the channel, or in the eddies, and the line, with a light sinker attached, is allowed to drift, slightly below the surface with the tide, or the line is weighted sufficiently to place the bait on or near the bottom. The rod varies in weight according to the skill of the angler in handling it, but should not be less than seven ounces or more than twelve ounces in weight, and when the tide is not swift, the former should be preferred. The reel should hold fifty to one hundred yards of line and have a free action, with a drag attached to prevent overrunning of the line. The baits in use are numerous, those most popular are: The crab (those known as "peelers" or "shedders" and the soft shell or "paper" crab) shrimp, salt water muscles,

THE Pike.



CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE MASCALONGE.



clams (hard or soft) eel-tail, live minnows and pieces of dead fish, especially the menhaden or moss-bunker. Salt water fish are not as fastidious in feeding as those of fresh water. The size of the hooks to be used, of course depends upon the fish to be caught, but those sold as 2.0 to 5.0 in size will generally hold the fishes taken near the Atlantic coast line. For fishing on the shallow flats, or in the channel ways of the estuaries, the same methods, baits and tackle are used, as in or near the mouths of rivers.

In all localities where salt water fishing is followed, the tide is an important factor of success, except on the fishing banks, where the fish, when found on them, are apt to bite freely in all conditions of the tide. In most localities, the incoming tide gives the greatest success, but in others, slack water, high water, low water and the ebb tide are most favorable to a large score.

Fishing in the surf for striped bass, large weakfish, channel bass and bluefish,* is a favorite method with anglers who have mastered the rudiments of the art. The principle of casting is similar to that before described as minnow casting from the reel, except that a heavier rod (twelve to sixteen ounces) is used, and the cast is made with both hands. Either crab, menhaden or eel-tail bait is used. The caster stands at the inner edge of the surf and hurls the bait and sinker (generally two ounces) among or beyond the outer breakers, reeling in slowly as the undertow sweeps his bait shoreward. Casts of two hundred and sixty feet in length have been made by experts.

Trolling for bluefish is done from a sailboat running five to ten miles an hour, with the line trailing one hundred or more feet astern. The bait is usually menhaden or the squid, the latter being a long, narrow, triangular-shaped piece of lead, with a strong hook soldered to it.

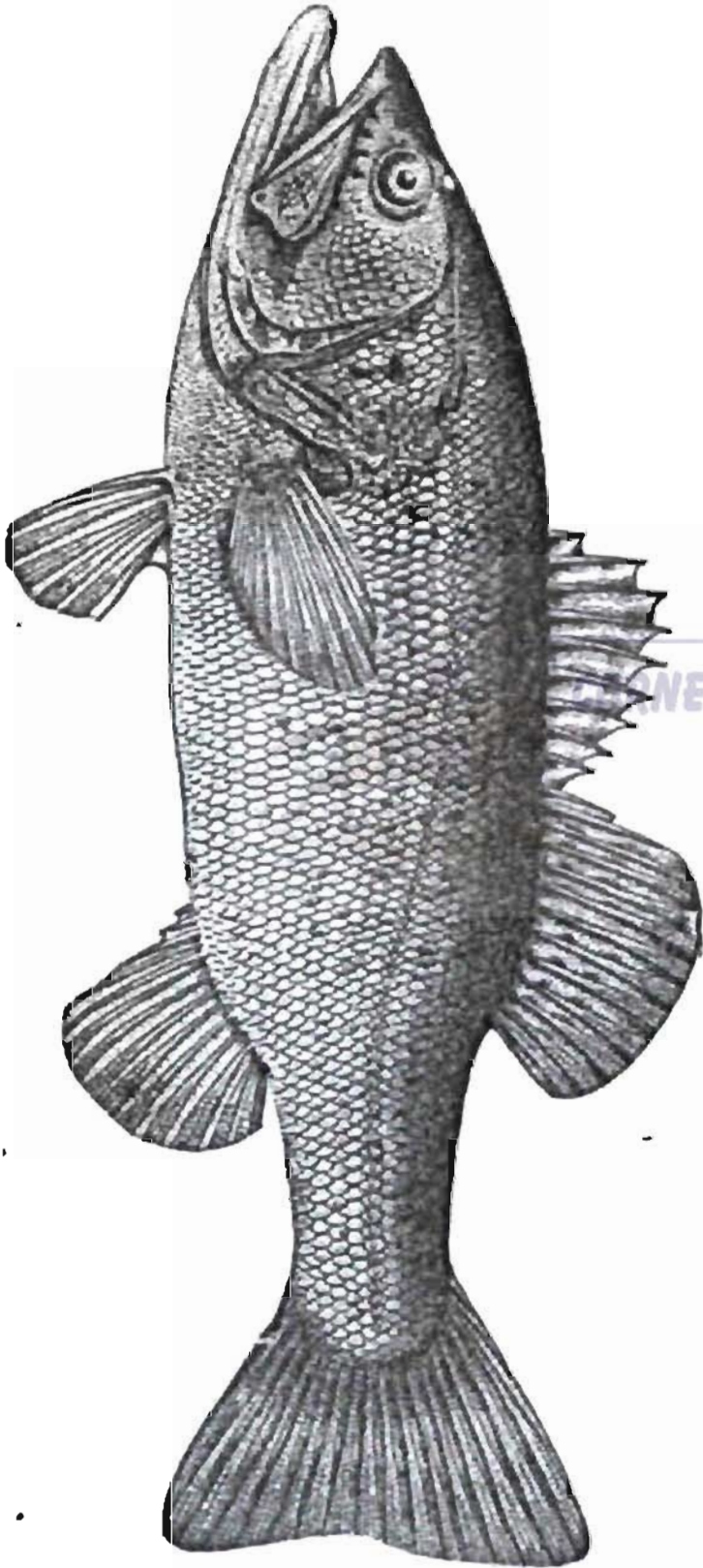
Chumming for bluefish is another favorite method. The boat is anchored on selected ground, and a quantity of menhaden are cut into small chunks, which, when thrown over-

board, form an oily trail or "slick," creating a powerful attraction for bluefish, which are caught on rods from eight to nine ounces in weight, with a piece of menhaden as bait.

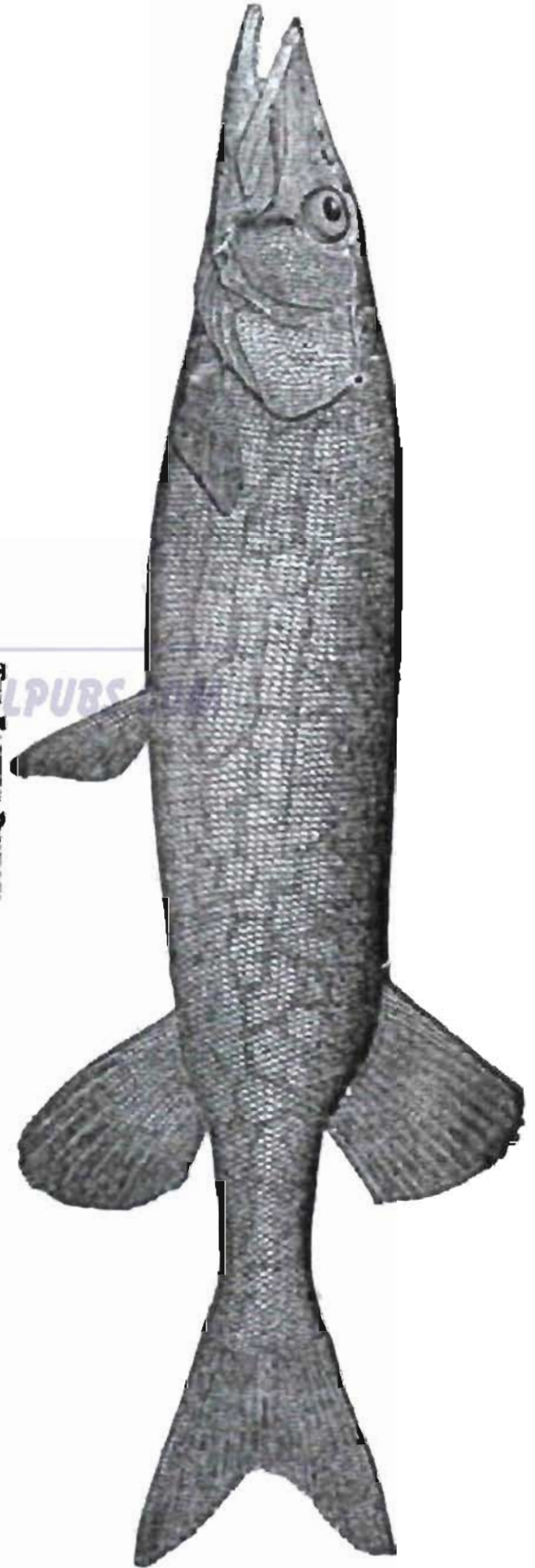
Thousands of anglers for sport throng daily the excursion steamers that ply between the Fishing Banks and the city of New York. These steamers are fitted out especially for this business, having commodious decks, small ice chests, and fishing tackle of the proper kind for hire, and baits for sale. They leave the city docks in all weathers as early as 8 A. M., which, allowing for the time in transit to and from the Banks, gives five to six hours for fishing. Upon arriving at the Banks, the steamer is anchored and hundreds of lines drop into the water, the handline being in the majority. The bait in general use is a raw, hard clam, on a strong Virginia hook attached to a heavy line, which is generally successful in hauling up large weakfish, blackfish, sea bass and codfish, some of the latter weighing as much as thirty pounds.

Angling for Tarpon.—This fish is the largest that has ever been taken on rod and line, and its capture is much sought for by anglers. It grows to the weight of 350 pounds, and specimens have been caught by angling of 205 pounds on rod and line. It belongs to the herring family of fishes and inhabits semi-tropical waters, being plentiful during the spring and summer months on the east and west coasts of Florida, with straggling specimens as far north as Long Island. The method of angling for tarpon is by anchoring the boat on their feeding grounds, and casting a mullet bait from fifty to one hundred feet into or near the channel or shallow where they are nosing for food. The proper rod is about six feet in length, with six hundred or more feet of No. 15 Cuttyhunk line wound on a large, free-running reel, with a drag attached. The hook is known and sold as the tarpon hook. The fish, upon taking the hook, should be allowed to swallow the bait, which is done by the angler "paying out" ten to fifteen feet of line. When the fish feels the strain of the taut line, it immediately leaps five to six feet into the air, which it often repeats six or seven times, and then makes a steady pull on the line until exhaustion ensues, when it is reeled to the boat and gaffed, and then boated or towed into shallow water to be landed. Thousands of anglers visit Florida every year, from January to April, to indulge in this exciting sport.

* Illustrations of the salt-water fish named here will be found in the July number of this magazine.



The Large-Nourmed Black Bass



The Larrea Perca.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Fly Fishing for Black Bass in Small Streams.

We cannot refrain, although it is the opposite of our usual practice, to give in its entirety the article of Maurice Thompson on black bass, as it appeared in the *Chicago Record* of July 17. We differ in our views and practice in some minor respects from the tenets of this excellent treatise, which, taken as a whole, is the best that we have ever read, not excepting the more ponderous works on the subject:

The open season for legitimate bass fishing is fairly with us now in our northern Western States, and it cannot be amiss to look over our tackle, and have meantime an informal talk over the matter of how best to take the noblest game fish to be found in any waters.

There is nothing like experience when one is called upon for advice, even taking into full account the fisherman's license. Romance is interesting, and yarns are palatable—to the relator; but in the long run angling is a science—an art, not in the least helped along by any mode of evasion, fraud or empty eloquence.

A good rod—lancewood is the stand-by, though you may reasonably prefer a greenheart, a cedar or a split bamboo—a good rod, I say, and a good line, a book of well-chosen flies, a light click reel, strong leaders and a medium-sized creel are what you want. And mind you don't fancy flies that are too large or too showy. I have found a small brown hackle and a medium-sized Lord Baltimore a most killing cast during the summer months. Early in the season, especially if the water be gloomy, a red fly and a white one go well together, the red for leader, the white for the bob. Indeed, there is more in studying the condition of the water to be whipped than there is in having fine tackle. Your fish must see your fly before he takes it, and a moment's

consideration will tell you that in dark water a white or bright fly will show itself well, while in clear water a darker fly will not be too showy.

[We have awaited, somewhat impatiently, during the last decade, for an experienced angler to publicly agree with us as to the relatively small flies proper to use in fly fishing for black bass. We have advocated the use of such flies for years, and are grateful for Mr. Thompson's aid in the matter, although his rule, which he seems to think inflexible, that light flies for dark water and the reverse in light water, will not always hold good, owing, doubtless, to the idiosyncracies of the bass, or the favorite bug upon which they are feeding at the time. We have caught many bass, and rapidly, with a black hackle on a dark, cloudy night. The bass were feeding on crickets, which thronged the banks of the Schuylkill, and, as the wayfarer passed along the road, which was close to the bank, the crickets in herds would jump incontinently into the stream.]

Never fear that a rod is too light if it will bend to a circle of short radius without breaking or straining. The resisting power of a good fly rod is in its even flexibility and perfect spring, by which a fish is subjected to a steady, and yet yielding draw. Choose a rod of three or four joints. I prefer one of but three, ten feet long, and the lighter the better, if well made of good materials, and see that its flexibility is regularly distributed—that is, without any unevenness from butt to tip. At full strain the line of flexure should be a strong parabola, highest toward the tip, flattest near the butt. The joints and reel seat should be of metal, but lashing, though troublesome, is the very best. I recommend metal because I know that few anglers care to be wasting precious time lash-

ing and unlash a rod. Let the man of the fly-casting tourney do this tedious work. But whatever rod you choose, be sure of its integrity, especially about the joints and the reel seat, and then look carefully to the tip, which is the most important joint of your rod, and see that it has no defective points.

The important thing concerning a line is to have it slender and strong. A good oiled silk solidly braided, smooth and not too hard, is my choice. Put twenty-five yards of this on your click reel and be careful to wind it evenly, or you may have trouble at the wrong time. I like to have a nice loop at the end of my line, into which I can tie my leader by the same process used in rigging the cast. For this purpose you may neatly whip on a double bit of gut with a wrapping of strong silk. Your cast is then easily changed at need.

I rarely carry more than a dozen flies in my pocket fly book, and a glance at the stream will advise me what cast I may use. Many anglers persist in always rigging a bright fly and a dark one together, and this is the safest way for one who is not sure of himself; but when I find the fish invariably taking my brown hackle, I accept the hint, and let my whole cast be brown hackles. Flies owe their killing qualities more to correct coloring than to any other result of the maker's cleverness. For bass, especially, form is of small importance; an amorphous tuft is just as effective as the most elaborate imitation of fly, moth or caterpillar. I have seen many fine fish taken early in the season with a hook decorated with a wisp of red woolen yarn. The main thing is to have your fly made of a substance which will show a live color when in the water. Feathers that do not repel water are unfit for the angler's use, hence a large number of the artificial flies offered in the market are quite worthless. As soon as they touch the stream they "sob" and become mere clots of soaked feathers, at which a bass will scorn to look. A good way to test sample flies is to immerse them for some time in water, and see whether they keep their lively appearance. If the

wings close and the colors lose their brilliancy, you may reject those flies.

But I would not go too far in being careless about the form of my fly. It is undoubtedly true that a bass has an instinct for certain insect forms, and that these forms are especially attractive on the angler's cast. I have found, too, that a mingling of yellow and black in certain proportions seems to catch the fish's eye. As a rule, flies with very large wings are not very killing, and the three colors best suited for making the body of the fly are yellow, red and green.

[Black bass, we think, are attracted more by form of flies than coloration; in truth, after an experience of nearly one-third of a century, we have had but one experience when color had a decisive effect in filling the creel. Size and form with us have always been important factors. "A wisp of red woolen yarn," when used, reinforces our opinion. We believe that the closer the manipulated lure approaches to the action of a living thing, the more certain will be its attraction. We have taken more bass on a jagged, ragged turkey fly which left a wake behind it, than we ever did on the most artistically tied flies, fresh from the dresser's hands.]

Early in the season a butterfly of robin's-egg, blue, and one of scarlet and white, make a lucky cast when the day is murky and the water not yet perfectly clear. It cannot be too well understood, however, that to take bass nine days out of ten, the flies to depend upon are those in which dark browns, black and orange are blended. Two flies are all that should ever be rigged on a cast for bass, and a six-foot leader is long enough; and since, as a rule, the fish prefers the leader fly, that is the one to be most particular about, but it is poor economy to neglect either.

If possible, in fishing for bass, cast down stream and let your fly settle a few feet beyond the exact spot where you expect a rise, for you are dealing with a fish which rarely strikes before you begin to drag your line for a fresh cast. A trout or a grayling nearly always leaps at the fly the instant that it

settles, but a bass likes to pursue his prey. Indeed, the most successful fly casting for bass is a sort of trolling. You cast, and as soon as the fly is well settled, you begin smartly drawing it in with a regular and steady sweep of the rod. Quite as often as not the rise is not seen, but felt by the angler, and the fish hooks himself by the spring of the rod, a strike being unnecessary on the angler's part. The fight begins with no further preliminaries.

[We have often seen black bass jump out of the water, turning a complete somersault, trout-like, at the moment the fly touched the water. Again, in a quiet, still, shallow reach, we have seen a bass (or rather the wake he made) come twenty feet for a fly, and get it, too, as we surely got him. This was in the Schuylkill River, thirty miles above Philadelphia, on which river and the Delaware above Trenton, both of which are mostly wadeable, the black bass approach very closely to the trout in their biting habits, often taking the fly the instant it reaches the surface of the water.]

I deem accuracy and delicacy of far greater value than mere distance in casting for bass. Thirty or forty feet of line give distance enough in a great majority of cases. Such a reach is within the power of almost any duffer; but delicacy of delivery and nice accuracy in dropping the flies just where you wish them to go, are matters of high art in angling. As a matter of fact, long-cast champions are rarely very accurate or delicate in their performances. When you find yourself sufficiently expert to drop your leader fly inside a three-foot circle at forty-five feet distance, you may call yourself a good hand with the rod.

As to method of casting, I use my rod vertically, aslant or horizontally, as circumstances demand. It is best to keep well in practice casting at all angles, for most of our best bass rivulets and brooks are fringed with trees, and overhanging boughs often interfere with the angler's plans of operation.

[It will be noted that Mr. Thompson is very liberal in his estimate of accuracy. We are

inclined to reduce his allowance of three feet to one foot.]

My experience in fly fishing for bass is connected with many a fine stream in all the region between the peninsula of Michigan and the low country of Florida. I have never cared much for lake or pond fishing. Indeed, it is not genuine fly angling, sitting or standing in a boat to cast. Give me my wading boots, my creel and my tackle, and let me wade while I cast. It is a part of the sport to feel the water wash around one's legs and to hear the swash of the happy stream. A kingfisher must flit past with his rasping cackle, and a green heron is not to be far away doing his part to make the scene lively and picturesque. In these small wadeable streams the bass are game to the backbone and always hungry. Usually they are of the small-mouthed variety and not very large, ranging from ten ounces up to three pounds in weight. Your catch will consist mainly of fish not an ounce off from a pound. It is curious that this is so, but my experience has proved it to be the rule. Out of a hundred bass killed with a fly in any small stream, the majority will turn the scale very close to one pound. The reason for this lies in the fact that fish do not rise in deep water, where the largest ones habitually stay.

[Here we are in perfect accord with Brother Thompson. We are not built, mentally or physically, for fishing from a boat. Perfect freedom of limbs is an essential factor in the enjoyment of an angling outing.]

The black bass is a voracious animal, and predatory with a zeal which makes it the terror of everything else that lives in the water. If you have studied the habits of birds of prey, you can easily master those of the bass, for, like the hawk, he pounces upon the victim of his choosing. He does not lurk in dark places as persistently as the trout, but swims slowly here and there till he sees what he wants, then, like a bolt from a cross-bow, he dashes straight upon it. Almost always he strikes a briskly moving prey.

In small streams the best pools for bass are the swirls just below ripples or gentle falls, and the shallow eddies formed by the deflection of the current. A boulder projecting above the water may indicate the place where two or three fine fellows are staying, and I always feel sure of a rise if I can cast close alongside of a log under which a current has cut a channel. Another favorite spot is where a fringe of water weeds borders a rather swift turn of the stream. A mild rapid amid large stones will afford sport, provided there is a sand bottom between; but a smooth rock bottom is not pleasing to bass.

[To these localities may be added: An indentation or diminutive bay, the shore side of which is full of water grass, with ten to fifteen feet of clear water on the outside, and a shallow rift purling into it at the upper end, where there is generally a projecting point made up of earth, gravel and small boulders. Such a spot, toward sundown, and often into the night, is always fruitful.]

Many sportsmen with whom I have fished make it a point of conscience to whip every inch of the stream as they pass down it; but I lose no time with places which my judgment tells me have nothing to offer me but hard work. An experienced and wise angler knows what stretches of water to go by and what spots to whip with greatest care. Deep, smooth water rarely gives you a rise, but if you chance to get a fish on, he is likely to be a heavy one. At the end of a long reach of deep water there is usually a ripple running into a pool. Now, in the shallows just before reaching this ripple, a long and wary cast may find a big fellow prowling after minnows. If you do have this luck you may rejoice, for then comes a fine fight, especially if the game head down through the rocky space toward the lower pool. Ten to one he will be a two or three-pounder, and will jump perpendicularly two feet out of the water and shake himself furiously, his fins whizzing like a quail's wings.

Most of your bass will be found in water not more than twenty inches deep, and you will

have few rises where it is deeper than three feet. If a pool is deep in the middle and shallow toward its shores, the safest way is to cast across it, if possible, whipping the edges farthest away from where you must stand. When there is a brisk current flowing across the middle of a shallow pool, drop your cast along the outer lines of this current, but not in it. In very still water a long cast is always necessary, as the fish will see you and keep away from you; but it is rarely worth while to spend time in a quiet, glassy stretch of the stream. Pass on down till you find lively water.

[We have observed that on misty days, with intermitting slight rains, the bass are apt to use the long, quiet stretches of water, but invariably take the fly from one to three inches under water. It was on a similar day and water that we creeled our largest fly-fishing score of bass—twenty-eight in two hours.]

If you chance to come upon a heap of old drift-wood, against which the stream is lodging a sheet of froth and scum, you may be sure that at that spot some bass are lurking. In such a pool I killed nine beautiful fish one afternoon last summer, with a cast of royal coachman and Lord Baltimore. Every rise was just where the clear water joined the sheet of froth. The fish struck above the water, with a noisy dash like trout. As is nearly always the case, the first bass was heaviest, and each successive one graded down in weight. The master of the pool usually asserts his right to the first lunge at immolation.

A promising place for bass is where a cold spring stream empties into the brook you are whipping. A few large fellows are pretty sure to be lounging around in the ripple there, feeding on minnows and crawfish. Here a silver doctor is the best fly, especially if the incoming stream clouds the water.

Many excellent sportsmen make the sad mistake of passing by the very best bass brooks, thinking them too small to hold good fish. I frequently find my best game in mere brooklets flowing through wooded or pasture lands, where the surroundings add a fine bucolic zest

to sport. Not long ago, while enjoying the hospitality of an inveterate angler, who spent a good deal of spare time in bewailing the fate which had fixed his delightful country home so far away from any good bass streams, I one morning rose early and stole forth alone with my tackle to a little brook that trickled through his domain. When I came in for late breakfast I showed a creel of five beautiful bass, to the vast astonishment of that veteran sportsman, who for thirteen years had lived almost within a stone's throw of happiness without ever thinking of taking a sip! There is a great deal in knowing where, as well as how to angle.

The feeding habits of bass often make it necessary for them to run up small streams in midsummer in order to find sufficient food. After the breeding season is over—that is, when their spawn have been duly cared for—the fish show enormous voracity, and their digestive activity is prodigious, so that it requires a liberal supply of prey to keep them satisfied, and as the season advances, scarcity of minnows, frogs, insects and crawfish in the larger waters makes them restless. About the first of July, therefore, you may be sure that the smaller brooks are filling up with good bass, and to these brooks the wise angler hies himself. Here the habits of the bass suddenly change somewhat, and become almost identical with those of the brook trout. The angler must adapt his casting to the new order of things. Instead of finding his game openly foraging in all waters, he must seek him where he lurks, under mossy banks or in grassy nooks, where the water is deep, below shallow "flats" of the stream. Long and delicate casting is now the thing, for a large fish in small water is wary, watchful, and not inclined to be fooled. Here, too, the angler must be most particular and accurate in choosing his flies. The fish have come up into these diminutive brooks to feed on special prey, which the lure must in some degree imitate. Experiment and close observation will soon give you the leading hint, but, as a rule, dark-brown flies, with a touch of scarlet and orange, are what you need most.

[We confess to ignorance, or perhaps rather lack of experience, as to bass running up small brooks, or *rivulets*, as the text of Mr. Thompson indicates. If this condition exists, and we feel inclined to question it, what an outlook for our Eastern trout streams that flow into black bass rivers!]

In whipping these brooklets it is best to begin as high up stream as the fish are likely to be found, and make your way leisurely down, casting at the head of the pools first, and making your reach as long and your delivery as light as possible. A bass hunts up stream, and generally makes his dash against the current when taking his prey in swift water; but in the brooks, where he lies in wait like a trout, you will see him rush from his place of concealment straight to your fly, which, as soon as he mouths it, he tries to bear back into his lair. Now comes a pretty fight, for ten to one he will foul your leader if you let him have any line, and he is game from start to finish.

For the table, the bass taken out of small streams fed by cold springs are beyond compare; their flesh is solid, sweet and delicately flavored. Indeed, not even the brook trout can, according to my taste, quite equal them. And as for sport, grayling excepted, the bass is the plunger. Grayling are small and not over delicious, but for fingerlings they beat the world, playing leap-frog when hooked. A two-pound bass, however, in a stream not over five yards wide, will give any angler enough to do for a while. The grayling tires soon, but the bass never knows when to quit, nor does the angler ever feel quite sure of his game until it is safe in the creel.

I rarely carry a landing net, and I am almost ready to say that no true angler should ever be seen with one dangling about his person. Never was there an implement more troublesome to carry, and besides, I assume that a truly expert angler ought to be able to bring his fish to hand without the aid of anything so clumsy and exasperating. When I finish a fight with a bass, I often enough work him to an open bank and gently drag him ashore;

this requires careful work. In open water I reel in the game and take him with my hand.

Fishing at Coteau Rapids—St. Lawrence River.

Since railway communication has been established connecting Valleyfield, Province of Quebec, with the outside world the fame of the waters in that vicinity has become widespread, and it is now a common occurrence to find among the guests of the Queen's Hotel, Valleyfield, many veteran sportsmen hailing from leading American cities and towns, who resort to this delightful place in increasing numbers each year; good proof that game is abundant.

A drive of two miles over a good road and the main channel of the St. Lawrence is reached. The river is almost blocked by islands bunched between Grande Isle and the north shore, while just above the Canada Atlantic Railway bridge it is between four and five miles in width. The sudden contraction of the water forms the Coteau Rapids, at the foot of which the famous bass fishing grounds are. Five minutes after embarking with the guide the anchorage below the rapids is reached, and sport for the day begins. A gentleman from Boston, accompanied by his wife, arrived on the Canadian Atlantic train last 4th of July for a day's fishing. They left by the 5:00 P. M. train with twenty-eight fine bass, all veritable blacks.

The cool air caused by the agitation of the water is very refreshing, and adds to the pleasure of a day's outing, while the view of steamers running the perilous rapids with their heavy loads of living freight is a sight well worth going miles to see. Dorè (wall-eyed pike) fishing is best at the old Canada Atlantic ferry slip, and after seeing the catch by two Montreal gentlemen in a little over an hour's time last season, I am inclined to believe the statement of a resident, who said that he had seen more fish taken out of the old slip than would fill it solid. Those who follow dorè fishing seldom go out until near

sundown. The bass range from one to four pounds; dorè up to seven and eight pounds. Trolling for mascalonge in the still water of the bay, which extends into the town in the shape of a horse-shoe, results in many fine catches.

G. H. P.

Fishing near Chicago—Casting the Frog.

As there are large numbers of anglers in Chicago on the *qui vive* for good fishing within a reasonable distance from our city, I believe the record of a trip to Twin Lakes, Kenosha County, Wis., from which I have just returned, will be of interest to them. I left on the 3 P. M. train on Saturday, June 17, arriving at Capt. Ackerman's hotel, on the shore of the North Twin Lake at 5.37 P. M. I fished ten days, and made a score of one hundred and forty black bass, besides a large number of calico bass, rock bass and pickerel, not to mention that great disappointment—dogfish. Of the black bass, about 15 per cent were of the small mouth variety. At first I fished with live minnows, both casting and trolling, but one day, being out of bait, I secured a dozen frogs, and with those caught ten bass in two hours averaging over two pounds actual weight.

Having once tasted the beauties of frog casting—fishing entirely in the weeds and rushes with 3.0 Payson hook, which does not get caught in the weeds—I have become a firm convert to that style of fishing, as affording more sport and bringing to boat larger and gamier bass than any other method. The beauty of frog casting lies in the fact that after landing your frog where you desire you see the fish strike, oftentimes while the frog is on a lily pad or hung four to six inches above the water on a bull-rush. Then you see the bass dart off with the bait, and how perfectly he understands how to make a half hitch of your line around a clump of rushes, sometimes two or three such before he stops to bolt the frog internally. Then the strike and the mad rush for liberty of the gamy

bass. It gives the bass a fighting chance, and I am proud of every fish caught under such conditions and with such a lure. Still-fishing and trolling are stale, flat and unprofitable in comparison.

I mentioned dogfish as a disappointment, and I have good reason for doing so. I had one particularly choice and lively frog, and as I was about to hook him I saw, twenty feet away, a large fish. To cast my frog beyond the fish was the work of a moment, and, drawing it gingerly toward the boat, my exertions were rewarded by a pluck, the like of which I have not had for five years; then the struggle, at the end of which I was rewarded by a seven pound—dogfish. Is not disappointment the right word?

There is also a wonderful pickerel or mascalonge in these lakes, which has been hooked and taken kindly to the tackle offered it, so that it now has quite a collection of souvenir spoons in its jaws. It is over five feet long, and I have myself contributed to its collection.

MAURICE VON PLATEN.

The World's Fair Site an Old Hunting Ground

We assume the privilege of quoting from a private letter received from our old friend, S. C. Clarke, of Marietta, Ga., some extremely interesting reminiscences of Chicago in the forties, and of Jackson Park as a hunting ground for deer:

"I much regret that age and infirmity keep me away. I lived for thirty-two years in Chicago, from 1839 to 1871, and saw the great city in its youth and early growth. When I went there, in 1839, I lived at the site of the present Tremont House, corner of Lake and Dearborn Streets, and in winter I used to hear at night the howl of the wolves as they prowled about the slaughter house, a few hundred yards away, on Dearborn Street.

"I have seen and hunted deer in the oak ridge—where Jackson Park now is, and have killed grouse at Twelfth and Wabash Avenues.

Great flocks of wild pigeons, in the forties, used to darken the air in their flight. I used to shoot ducks at Madison Street bridge, and the prairie there, across the river, was covered with snipe and plover in their season.

"The Calumet River, now South Chicago, swarmed with ducks and geese. I made a collection of twenty-five species of ducks and geese there in '44.

"As to fish, we could catch lake trout from the lake piers—black bass and pickerel, and sometimes a mascalonge in the Chicago River, above the forks, now the centre of the city. In the Calumet River I have taken 100 lbs. of black bass and pickerel in a day. In Calumet Lake, where the busy city of Pullman now stands, were the headquarters of all the water fowl of this part of the country. Fifty head of ducks to a gun, in a day, was a common bag in the forties.

"Chicago was the sportsman's paradise then, just as Florida was twenty years ago. Now, how changed! Well, we have had our day, we old fellows.

"Upon the past, not even Jove has power;
But what has been, has been, and we have had our hour."

"I inflict all this upon you to emphasize the wonderful change of fifty years,—which no one can realize who has not witnessed the thing itself.

"Although the fish were so abundant, I think in size they did not differ much from those taken now: Black bass, large mouth, from 2 to 6 lbs.; pickerel (*Lucius*), 3 to 6 lbs.; pike-perch, taken in nets in the lake, ran to 15 lbs.; and I saw a mascalonge, at the mouth of the Calumet, taken in a seine which was said to weigh 80 lbs., and I believe it did. But enough of these old stories."

Why Waste Your Time

Travelling by roundabout routes? If you are going to the Pacific Coast, take any of the Limited Trains to Kansas City, Omaha or Sioux City, go thence via the Union Pacific, the World's Pictorial Line, to Portland or San Francisco. Separately equipped solid vestibuled trains.

The Steel Ribbed Rod—From an English Standpoint.

The gun has outdistanced the rod in the matter of perfection, and the progress of its improvement has been sure, if slow, ever since gunpowder was invented in times mediæval. The rod, on the other hand, has made but little progress, if we except the last ten years, since Walton put pen to paper to produce his immortal pastoral. From some of Walton's contemporaries we learn that a seventeenth century implement had gotten into the shape of those of our own, save as to length, but some of Walton's successors evidently used very primitive weapons.

On a plate given in the *Gentleman's Recreation* (published 1690) two baggy breeched cavaliers in flowing curls are shown busily hauling out fish with fir poles, said fish being deposited in a couple of butchers' meat baskets, evidently taken to the river side for the purpose. In the Angler's *Vade Mecum*—a work that recommends a diabolical mixture of mare's fat and cat's fat to compel fish to bite, and which ought to have appeared before Dame Berner rather than after Walton—gives, as might be expected, another primitive description of a "fish pole."

As regards the rods used now:

Firstly. The rod of the present is the cane built.

Secondly. The best cane built is a hand-made two-jointer.

Thirdly. The best cane built is a double built or, better still, a triple one.

Fourthly. A steel centred cane built is a still better rod.

Fifthly and lastly. The best rod of all is the cane built, steel centred and steel bound or ribbed rod.

In proof of these statements I append the following results of tests at the Sheffield Testing Works, Sheffield, England, by B. Hoskin:

That to bind or wrap a rod with silk is to strengthen it more or less, according to the

extent of the bindings, is a truism well known to every practical man in the rod manufacturing industry; but what was not previously known was the fact that a quarter of an ounce of steel externally applied gives as much strength as a quarter of a pound of the same metal inserted as a core. This is a bold statement, but as the present writer fashioned with his own hands the first steel-centred fly rod ever made, and as the new steel-ribbed process is a new departure owing its origin to the same source, the writer of these lines claims at least to be the possessor of some little knowledge of the subject in hand.

A ship's mast is strengthened from the outside, not at the core. The Eiffel Tower has not a centre pole of strength, its stability is owing to the strength of its external framework. Nature provides the trees of the forest with strength to resist the storms by putting the stiffness and stamina at or near the outside rind of the trunk and as far away from the central core as is possible. Witness the jungle cane. Even the flower of the field and cultivated vegetation offer testimony confirmatory of the soundness of the principle advocated. Man profits by the wisdom of the Infinite, for he has applied the same principle to his greatest engineering feats. In conclusion the whole matter may be summed up in a single sentence, viz.:

A tube is stiffer than a solid bar.

W. H. FOSTER.

ENGLAND, JULY 1.

Striped Bass Fishing at Point Pleasant, N. J.

Richard M. Goodheart, Robt. Goodheart and Robt. C. Hewitt made the following score when fishing in the surf at Point Pleasant Inlet, N. J., on July 3d. They used single-jointed bamboo rods, 5.0 Sproat hook and 15-thread line. They used white worms for bait, and fished on the last of the ebb and first of the flood.

Robt. Goodheart caught one 6½ lb. bass and three plaice.

Richard M. Goodheart caught one 4 lb. and two 2½ lb. bass and three plaice.

Robt. C. Hewitt caught one 8 lb. bass and three plaice.

We tried shedder crabs and clams, but the bass would not take anything but white worm.

ROBERT C. HEWITT.

Hold On To Your Landing Net.—A Big Trout.

"But should you care

From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook
Behooves you then to ply your finest art."

For many seasons, when Spring creates that irresistible desire to drop all carnal pursuits and wander away with her beside some rushing stream, giving ourselves up to thoughts of sky, birds and flowers, with an occasional worriment as to "What fly to put on," we have visited a favorite spot and found the hours were all too short for the many pleasures crowded into those glorious mountain days.

It is not all of fishing simply to catch fish, but one must have some kind of success at times if for no other reason than to justify the expense or labor which we freely lavish upon our tackle. For myself, I am content with only a moderate donation from the god Priapus, and if at the close of the quiet, peaceful fishing day I find enough in my creel to admire, I am fully satisfied, as they are, to quote Thoreau, "like the fairest flowers, the product of primitive rivers."

Occasionally, though, I am seized with a wild ambition to catch an "old be'un"—one that will, in the language of the fishing "sport," run off my line like lightning until my reel smokes and the shriek of the click drowns the roaring of the stream. Until two years ago it had never been my fortune to hook a trout larger than, perhaps, one pound in weight, and the monsters of the silver streams which we fish had not even showed themselves to me. But the art which we anglers love is as singular in some of its events as it is delightful or vexations. When

one is innocent of all thought of a big fish he comes, and so it was with me.

My companions had been fishing the river that afternoon a mile below, and I had the stream all to myself. Although earlier in the day I had caught some nice fish, the trout ceased taking the fly two hours before I hooked the great fish of my life; and when I reached the pool where this fish held dictatorship, I had about made up my mind that I had better go home. The evening air being delightful and the scenery at that point soft and dreamy, I concluded to stay awhile, fishing on almost without hope as far as trout were concerned. The pool where I stood was originally the bed of a large mill-pond before the dam was torn down. Its bottom was covered with large rocks, with a current rushing into its upper end and a pebbly reach at the tail of the pool; it was the very place for big trout. My leader was armed with two flies—a good-sized, white-winged coachman for a tail fly and a small brown hackle for a dropper.

I made a somewhat careless cast diagonally across the pool, aiming at a bit of floating weed for a mark, when, to my amazement, a great fish rose and seized my coachman. If he had seized the end of my nose he would not have astonished me much more. I was entirely too startled to strike, but the great fish hooked himself and then proceeded to show off his paces. His first run took him down to the tail of the pool, where he threw himself well out of the water. I know that the authorities say that a trout never does this, but my trout did, however, liking to be original, perhaps; then, sinking to the bottom, he fastened himself to a rock—at least, I think so, for he remained there for a few moments as if he were a portion of the bed of the stream. I, meantime, working gradually down toward him and reeling in my line, became almost sure that he had taken a turn with the leader around a snag. When I was about tired of the situation, the great fish,

without warning, shot for the head of the pool as if he had accidentally taken a dose of poison and was five miles from the nearest doctor. I stumbled over the stones after him and found that he had seemingly again become petrified. Pull as much as I dared, he did not move for a time, but when he did I was sorry his resting spell was over, for he rushed in wild semi-circles around me until I was thoroughly rattled. By this time, as his troutship was getting somewhat exhausted, I foolishly thought I could land him. Cautiously I worked him toward me, holding my landing net in my left hand, when suddenly he made another of his wonderful bursts of speed, and I dropped my net on the stones that I might have both hands free. Rushing again for the lower end of the pool, I was obliged to follow almost on a run. There we had another big circus, in which, unlike the ordinary affair of that kind, the spectator took as active a part as the actor below. My enemy then seemed to give up all at once; his broad side gleaming on the top of the water as I gently towed him to the shore, I felt sure of him. But the net was now at the upper end of the pool! Oh! fool that I was! Most driveling idiot, indeed! To land him somehow must be done.

Taking the line carefully in my hand, I intended gently to pull him upon the stones and then fall on his neck. Sad, indeed, was the result, and to be expected! The fly had worn quite a large hole in the side of his mouth, he being very insecurely hooked in the beginning. At my first attempt to pull his solid body out of the water, the hook came from him, leaving him free. He instantly turned to his normal position, for a moment lay quite still in water not a foot deep. Frantic with disappointment, I tried even then to capture or kill him, leaping into the water in the vain effort to strike my hob-nailed shoes against him. Like an arrow he started, and I can now vividly remember that dark streak going up stream at a tremendous

rate of speed. And so my chance was gone. I turned, and the true angler will not make sport of me when I confess that I wept. I have never got over that sad experience, and probably never shall. If I had only kept my landing net! Ah! those "ifs," haunting the unsuccessful like the lack of success. Truly nothing is so unsuccessful as to not succeed.

This short and true story should have a moral. The moral is that the angler should let nothing short of death part him and his landing net. And let him who fishes read, ponder and remember.

Trouting on North Fork Snake River, Idaho.

I am now camped on the North Fork Snake River. It is forty-five miles from Beaver Canon, a station on the Utah and Northern, which is a branch of the Union Pacific. The stage runs through here from Beaver to the National Park. Any parties can get here from Beaver by stage. The roads are very good, and good shooting can be had most of the way out. Until the past few days the river has been high, and the fishing has only fairly commenced, but will improve from this time on. The trout here are the *Salmo mykiss*, black spotted, or the cut-throat trout, and the river is full of them, ranging from 1 lb. to 4½ lbs. or 5 lbs., which is the largest I have caught this season.

Yesterday I went out about 2 o'clock P. M. and was back by 5 o'clock, and had fourteen beauties, the largest weighing 4½ lbs. and six weighing 12 lbs. The one weighing 4½ lbs. measured 19 inches in length and 12 in girth at the posterior side of dorsal fin. The trout here are the most game I ever caught, and I think this season they are more so than ever.

To describe the river is impossible for me to do. Fishing, as I have, in many States and foreign countries, no stream anywhere known to me begins to compare with Snake river, at least this part of it. We have beautiful scenery, clear, bright spring water, and an

abundance of large, game trout. The river rises in one immense spring, and is fed by numerous large, short spring brooks and small springs almost innumerable. It is free from brush, the banks are solid, free from mud, and the bed is of gravel. The river, on an average, is about 100 yards wide, and consists of all kinds of fishing water. Commencing at the spring, for three miles, it is shallow, then two miles of deep water, then three miles of wide water, abounding in holes. Then one mile of swift rapids, with large holes; then four miles of wide, shallow water; then two miles of rapids, then five miles of rapid water, abounding in deep holes. Next, cañons extend four miles, and varied for twenty miles or more, and then one big fall of eighty-four feet. So, you will see that any one can fish in any kind of water. Experts can try their skill in the wide, still water and see the big fallows come a distance of twenty or thirty feet for the fly.

The nights are always cool and pleasant. Mosquitoes have been bad, but are over now for the most part. The weather is very beautiful, there being little or no rain; it has been dry for a month, and the atmosphere is just simply bracing and grand.

The accommodations here are now very good, the *cuisines* at the hotel being excellent. A new hotel is now being built by the Belle View proprietor, Mr. Hopf, which will soon be finished, and the best in the county, having accommodations for forty guests.

Parties coming here want good, long-legged boots, or, better, wading pants, and lots of good tackle, and plenty of ammunition, for the chicken shooting is the finest in America, and can be had in half an hour's drive from the hotel. Good guides can be had for the fishing and hunting, also teams and dogs for chicken shooting.

One important item I had overlooked. The seining and spearing is entirely stopped. No fishing is allowed except with hook and line, and no shipping of fish or game whatever.

We have a close season from November 1st to April 15th. I would be glad to give any further information to any person thinking about coming this way.

LOVE FISHERMAN.

ARRANGER, FREMONT CO., IDAHO.

The Clothing of a Sportsman.

We hear a great deal about the dress of hunters and fishers, and the chances are that, for all time to come, writers on outing will cling to this ridiculous topic. It is an agreeable subject to fall back upon, and is for the time being a saving grace, like the subject of the weather in the conversation of ordinary and less gifted mortals. The notion that a man must have a double-visored cap and a dead-leaf suit in order to hunt well is truly laughable when we examine the habiliments of one of our Western red brethren. "Poor Lo" is not weighed down with an elaborate wardrobe, and as often does his sneaking *a la naturale*, but, if he is fortunate enough to possess a gandy blanket, he can follow his game as well with it on as if he were possessed of a dead-leaf coat. In fact, it is the invariable desire of the American aborigine to select articles of gandy appearance and attractive to the eye.

We may, perhaps, trace back, in relation to this dead-leaf fad, to the times when our forefathers wore home-spun garments of butternut hue. That was two or three generations ago, and it is just possible that this is a case of atavism, and that the tendency for wearing butternut-colored garments, which in its incipency devolved from necessity, has now evolved into an æsthetic fad of the times. It is a common saying, and often proved true, that "history repeats itself," and now, why not in the case of the butternut dead-leaf toggery?

What I am coming at is this: Hunters, as well as anglers, are too much given to cutting a figure in style and make-up, rather than in showing efficiency as scientists in the art they represent. There are thousands of giddy

youths in our land who aspire to be called dead-game sports, who would not dare to take an outing in rough clothes, even if the prospects for fish and game were ever so good. Still this same class of would-be anglers will stalk about in pondrous waders, and carry the most approved rods and reels, and with the latest styles, even to the flask and contents, and who will talk grandiloquently of their achievements in other waters. But, "To-day the luck is beastly, you know."

It is a pleasure to meet with anglers along brooks and larger streams who are well equipped, and our opinion of fishermen thus accoutered is apt to be higher than of those more indifferently habited. However, if at the close of the day the creels are examined, it will be found that the catches of the anglers of incomplete outfits is often ahead of the bon-tons.

SCOLOPAX

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Isaac Walton.

At the gathering of our club members on April 1st ultimo, the opening of our trout season, it was stated by one of our number that August 9th of this year would be the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Isaac Walton, and a resolution was passed that the president of our club should declare said day an "outing day"; that the club should assemble at headquarters (our cabin in the San Gabriel Cañon) and the day properly observed, the evening being devoted to suitable exercises commemorative of the occasion; also that the secretary should correspond with THE AMERICAN ANGLER and suggest that, through the medium of the publication, all anglers in our country should be requested to observe the day at their various headquarters.

FRED. A. WALTON, Secretary.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 1st, 1898.

[We are glad to note that most of the angling clubs of the country will commemorate this Waltonian anniversary. This is as it should be. The nearer we get, in sympathy and practice, to the teachings of the Father of the Craft, better men and anglers all of us will be, with less "tackle talk" and more of the refining spirit of the pastime we have all grown to love so well.]

Subscribe for THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

Fishing at Cape Vincent.

Bass fishing is now at its height at Cape Vincent, N. Y. The catches are exceedingly large every day.

Yesterday, June 27, Mr. Easterbrook, of New York, brought in 102 lbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Weeks, of Brooklyn, E. D., brought in 56 lbs., but only 49 fish.

Mr. Rudolph Keppler, of Wall street, New York, and his son Emil brought in 87 lbs.

Mr. A. Sutro, of San Francisco, Cal., brought in 84 lbs.

Mr. F. B. Pitcher, of Watertown, N. Y., brought in about 80 lbs.

Messrs. T. W. Ege and J. D. Bedle, Jr., of Jersey City, brought in 27 lbs., one of which weighed fully 3 lbs.

Mr. E. Beadel, of New York City, hooked over 22 lbs., and made many other catches.

Mr. and Mrs. Weeks are out every day, and their united catches daily average over 40 lbs.

Other fishermen have equally good luck. This certainly is one of the best, if not the best, bass fishing points on the St. Lawrence River.

G. F. D.

Good News For Sportsmen.

A NEW AND HERETOFORE PRACTICALLY UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY NOW OPEN. A VALUABLE MAP AND INFORMATION FREE.

Fresh from the press comes a beautiful little folder, pocket size, giving information in detail regarding the many noted lakes of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, and hundreds of others heretofore unknown to the majority of sportsmen. Also a new and correct bird's-eye view map drawn to scale and showing location of all the lakes, rivers and streams of this the most desirable section of the northwest for the enjoyment of unlimited freedom and sport with rod and gun.

This folder has been prepared by a sportsman who has been on the ground and has personally visited most of the locations described, and who is thoroughly competent to give information and hints regarding tours across country, canoeing through lakes and streams, camp equipages, etc.

As indicated by its title, "Summer Outings," its pages are not entirely devoted to the interests of the sporting fraternity, but the tourist and health-seeker may find much to his interest therein; neither is its descriptive matter confined to summer sports, as the game seasons are treated liberally.

This folder, with map, also "Hints to Tourists," which gives detailed information regarding hotels and boarding

houses, summer resorts, etc., can be obtained free by addressing W. A. Thrall, G. P. & T. A., C. & N. W. B'y., Chicago, Ill.

Are You Going West?

Solid trains, vestibuled, with Pullman Palace Sleepers, dining cars and reclining chair cars free, Chicago to Portland and San Francisco in 21 hours via the Union Pacific, the World's Pictorial Line.

The Finest Train in the World

Leaves Chicago every night at 10:15 o'clock, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern lines, for Portland and San Francisco. Superb dining, sleeping and reclining chair cars.

Two Cranks.

Crank No. 1, fat, jolly, good-natured, easy-going "Hank" Perry, proprietor of the "Black Lake House" at Edwardsville, N. Y. A regular out-and-out "crank" on fishing—knows every fish in Black Lake by name, and just where they eat, roost and sleep. Outfit contains everything needed and much that isn't; latest acquisition, No. 2 Bristol steel fly rod (wife's jealous of it). If he should lose it, would give his hotel for another one, if necessary.

Crank No. 2, an occasional visitor; goes fishing once in a while, and likes it; works nights so as to get a day off with "No. 1" every trip; bought a new steel rod same day Perry did—No. 6 Bristol telescopic—handy to carry—travels with it; caught a 5½ lb. black bass first day with it—price went up; has five other rods of varying make and value; uses the little steel for everything—others not in it with the "Bristol."

Crank No. 1, leisurely enjoying his after-dinner smoke; Crank No. 2 arrives from the station at Morristown.

"Hello, Hank, let's have dinner right off, so we can go fishing. Where's old Ben?"

"Gone up the lake—who's a liar? Said you'd write."

"Did write from Clayton, night before last. Who'll we get to row?"

"Won't get anyone—didn't get letter. Haven't any minnows, big storm this morn-

ing; fish won't bite anyhow—no use going to-day."

"Oh, yes, guess we'll go; you can row; fish will have to bite."

"Dinner is ready."

Good square meal that—regular boarders all feel sorry for landlord, and a little apprehension for their own future, before Crank No. 2 leaves the table.

After dinner, Crank No. 2 has one leg of his overalls on, when No. 1 says:

"Where are you going?"

"Fishing" is the laconic reply.

"Won't catch a fish, but if you are bound to go, sit down and smoke and take things easy; there's no hurry."

After a pleasant visit of an hour or more, during which I learn something about "Bill fish," a somewhat rare species, found in abundance in this lake, and which, excites some interest in the scientific world, I judge, from the numerous letters received by Mr. Perry from all parts of the world in regard to them, one letter being from a German professor, who has since come from Germany for specimens and eggs, which were procured for him by Mr. Perry.

8 P. M. Out on the lake; Crank No. 1 at the oars; frogs for bait; trolled and still-fished an hour or more; no fish, only an occasional rock bass and one "white fish" (local name), flat, silvery, tender-mouthed fish, very handsome, and a fighter from way back.

"Told you we wouldn't catch any fish."

"Yea, but that's all right; having a good time, aren't you?"

"First rate."

"Well, I'm not kicking; can't always catch fish, and it isn't always necessary to catch fish in order to enjoy one's self, but—I do hate to be skunked."

"Say, let's go ashore and catch some 'June flies,' and then try the shoals."

Caught the "June flies"—anchored on the first shoal.

"Perry, I've got to have at least one big fish—promised, you know."

"That so? Well, here he is."

A four-pound bass takes No. 1's June fly. How he makes the reel sing! How the little steel rod bends and springs! But a master's hand holds it, and the gallant fight for life will be useless. At the second leap from the water the victim sees the Crank he has run foul of, and, as he hears him say, "Come out of that," gently murmurs, "I'm not in it," and placidly slides up to the boat and is gently lifted "in it."

Crank No. 2 has not been idle. His flies are on the water, and soon the bass are fairly fighting for them. The water is alive with them and they are hungry, and the sport grows fast and furious. No. 2 captures a small one, then No. 1 has a strike, and, after a short but lively tussle, as he is lifting him into the boat, a smaller one takes the second fly, and the battle is renewed. Both are safely landed. And now Crank No. 2 has his fun. Long ago, at fishing, as well as at other things, he learned to "labor and to wait," believing in the sure arrival of the "good gift" sometime. This "good gift" was a three-pound bass (to start with), that took the fly and made a royal "leap for life," and then went sulkily to the bottom and there remained. Suddenly a tremendous pull. The rod takes the strain easily, but the line runs out rapidly and won't come back. Meanwhile No. 1 is taking them in rapidly, and says:

"Oh! bring him in and catch some more; they are just hustling for these flies."

"But I can't move him. What have I got, anyway? I never saw a bass stay down like that."

"It was a bass when you started. I saw him."

Some few minutes later the strain of the steel was too much for him, and he gradually yielded, and the line was slowly reeled in. Slowly and stubbornly he came to the boat,

and the secret of his long stay "way down below" is out—two of them, both of a size, and I suppose they couldn't agree about coming up; when one wanted to, the other one wouldn't. Both were safely landed. Did we smile? Crank No. 1 fell over backward and nearly upset the boat in his intense enjoyment of the double capture.

"See that big black cloud? Are we going to get wet or quit?" says No. 1.

"Reckon we'll get wet, unless fish quit biting, for I'll never leave this for any storm."

But soon No. 2 spoils it by "snagging," and, in getting loose, the school is frightened away.

Big drops are falling now, and we "pull for the shore."

Twenty-three good-sized black bass in about as many minutes, is fun enough for the "two cranks" for one day.

EVERETT.

Fishing Around Dayton, Ill.

Dayton, Ill., is four miles above Ottawa, Ill., at which point last named the Fox River flows into the Illinois River. Dayton has a State dam connected with feeder of the State canal, and the dam is the first obstruction met with by fish. All fish of this region congregate there, and, among others, the channel cat ranges with great vivacity.

Until fished to death Dayton was a typical place, and an ideal one for white and black bass, pike, catfish, and the hilarious croppie and bullhead, with sunfish untellable. It is thirty miles from Mendota, where we have no fish, except an occasional reptile called carp, raised by an occasional blank fool, who deals in the romance and not the reality of fishing.

When it gets cooler I shall permeate the Fair, and will see you, i. e., if conflagrations do not before wipe it out for opening Sunday.

L. B. C.

Owing to the irregularity of the postal service, particularly for papers and packages, between New York and the Columbian Exposition, an unavoidable delay occurs in the publication of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER* for August. Proofs and editorial matter mailed in New York on July 22 reached the editor at the Fair on July 29.

"W. D. L." is informed that there is usually fair black bass fishing just above the Water Gap. Live minnow bait is the most attractive lure. Fish at end of the rifts, and then in the pools, not neglecting the mouths of the creeks that flow into the river.

If "W. K." will go to Mrs. Beach's, Woodland Valley, Ulster Co. (via Phoenicia), he will get some excellent trout fishing, although the trout do not run large. When there, we hope he will give his aid in stopping the illegal fishing, which is immense in that section.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

This association is holding spirited and interesting contests in casting every week. On August 9, the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Izaak Walton, they will gather at their Walton House for a public tournament. This house is a *fac-simile* of the one which the revered Father of the Craft and his friends used as a fishing box.

Anglers' Celebration.

An event entirely new to this country, but one which should attract every follower of the piscatorial sport, with results most enjoyable, will take place at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Wednesday, August 9. All anglers are cordially invited to be present. The day will be occupied in fishing in the Niagara waters for the black bass and other fish that abound there. In the evening the assembled fishers will sit down together to a fish dinner in the ball room of the Queen's Royal Hotel. The repast will be developed into a smoking

concert, and a portion of the programme will be devoted to the relation of fish stories. On the following day, Thursday, it is proposed to hold a fly-casting competition, for which a valuable prize will be offered.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

A Few Pointers About Chicago.

As a great many readers of the *AMERICAN ANGLER* will make their first trip to Chicago during the World's Fair, a few pointers regarding the geography of the city will be appreciated. In the first place, fix firmly in your mind the fact that Lake Michigan forms the eastern boundary of the entire city, and if you stand facing the lake with both arms outstretched the left hand will point to the North Pole and the right hand will point straight down the tracks of the **BIG FOUR ROUTE** to the World's Fair Buildings, situated at the southern end of the city. Fasten this in your hat and you have the key to the entire situation. Coming into Chicago on trains of the Big Four Route, which is the only railroad having an entrance on the south side along the lake front, where all the hotels and boarding houses are located, you will find yourself passing practically through the Exposition Grounds, and a magnificent panoramic view of the Fair is obtained.

At the World's Fair Station of the Big Four Route, if you step off at the right side, you are at the entrance gate to the Exposition, and can begin "doing" the Fair at once; if you step off on the left side, you will find yourself in the finest residence portion of Chicago, and right in the midst of the World's Fair hotel and boarding house district. The chances are ten to one you will be within a few minutes' walk of the very place you have selected for your headquarters.

If you prefer to go down town, ten minutes' ride will bring you to the new Twelfth Street Station in the heart of the city. Now bear in mind the manifest advantage of entering Chicago on the Big Four Route. In the first place you avoid entirely the bother and trouble of a tedious transfer across the city, which is necessary via all other lines, being landed directly at the Exposition Grounds, an advantage offered by no other line; and in the second place you can so fix the geography of the city in your mind that you will at once become as familiar with Chicago as you are with your own town.

Another point in favor of the Big Four Route is found in the fact that if you enter Cincinnati on the Queen & Crescent Route, Louisville & Nashville R. R., Kentucky Central Ry., Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., or Baltimore & Ohio R. W. R. R., connection is made in Union Depot, avoiding the disagreeable transfer necessary via all other lines. For full information address

D. B. MARTIN,
General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati.

Fishing and Hunting Resorts of the Northwest.

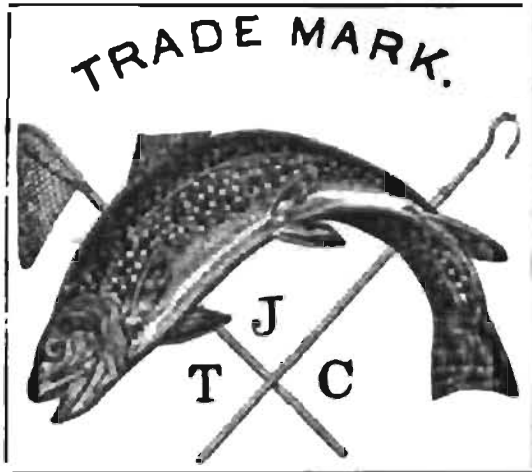
The Lake Region of Minnesota abounds with fine fishing resorts; also North Dakota, Northern Canada and the Pacific Northwest. The same sections are renowned for their hunting attractions, being well favored with both plenty of fowl and birds and larger game. The cool, bracing climate and picturesque scenery furnish additional attractions. The natural gateways to this country are St. Paul and Minneapolis. The Chicago Great Western Railway runs fast limited trains from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis every day in the year. Time, 12½ hours. Excursion tickets now on sale at low rates. For further particulars address F. H. Loan, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

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Have kept and sold Hiram's Rootbeer several years. I have drunk it exclusively this summer. Am 78 years old and feel like a boy. It is ahead of sarsaparilla.

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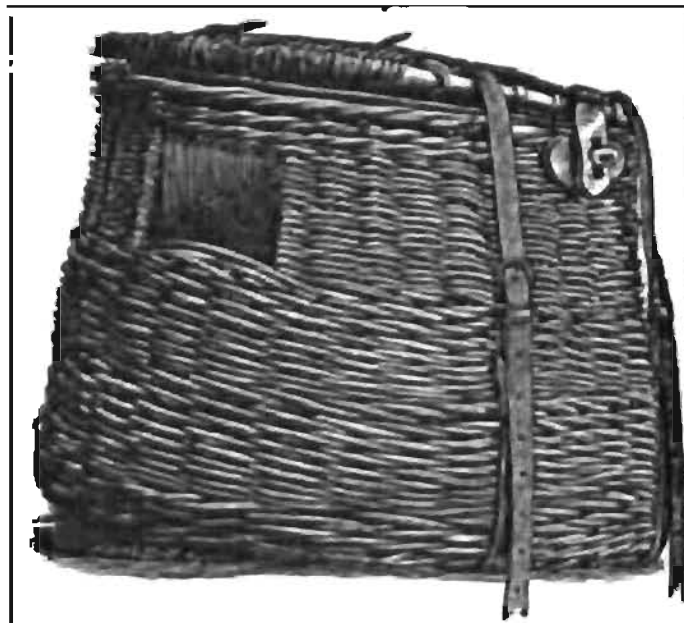
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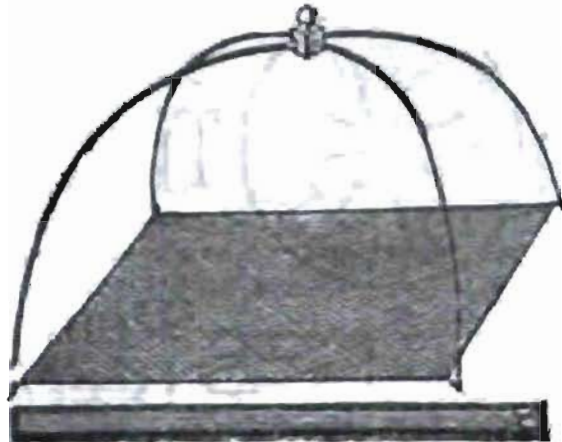
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Complete with Lines Net, 20 in. square, and all packed in a wooden case, 23 in. long by 2 1/2 in. diameter. Weight 18 oz. Price \$1.25 each, or postage paid and registered, \$1.50 each. See page illustrated Price List of Tackle, by mail for 10 cents in stamps.

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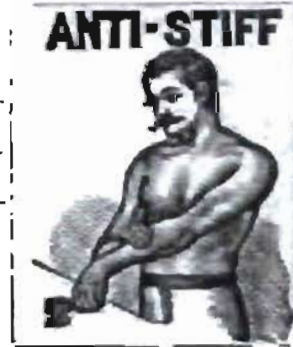
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No. 6B. 2 Joint, 3-Piece Black Bass, Extra Tip, Reel Seat above hand, weight 9 1/2 to 16 oz., 9 to 12 feet, each..... 16 00

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Fly Rod, 2-Joint, 3-Piece, Extra Tip, Welt Ferrules, Solid Reel Seat, Hand Finished, German Silver Mountings, made of Extra Selected Bamboo, every strip used being perfect; Inlaid Cedar Swelled Butt, Bamboo runs entire length of butt, showing 1 inch of Inlaid Cedar at Butt Cap, Extra Fine Finish, Covered Wood Form, 9 1/2 oz., 10 1/2 feet, each..... 15.00
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Fly Rod, 2-Joint, 3-Piece, Extra Tip, Full Swelled Butt, made of Selected Bright Bamboo, Welt Ferrules Solid Reel Seat below hand, German Silver Mountings, Callalaid Whipped Butt, on Covered Wood Form, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2 feet, each..... 7.00
Bass Rod, same as Fly Rod, Reel Seat above hand, 9 to 10 1/2 feet, each..... 7.00

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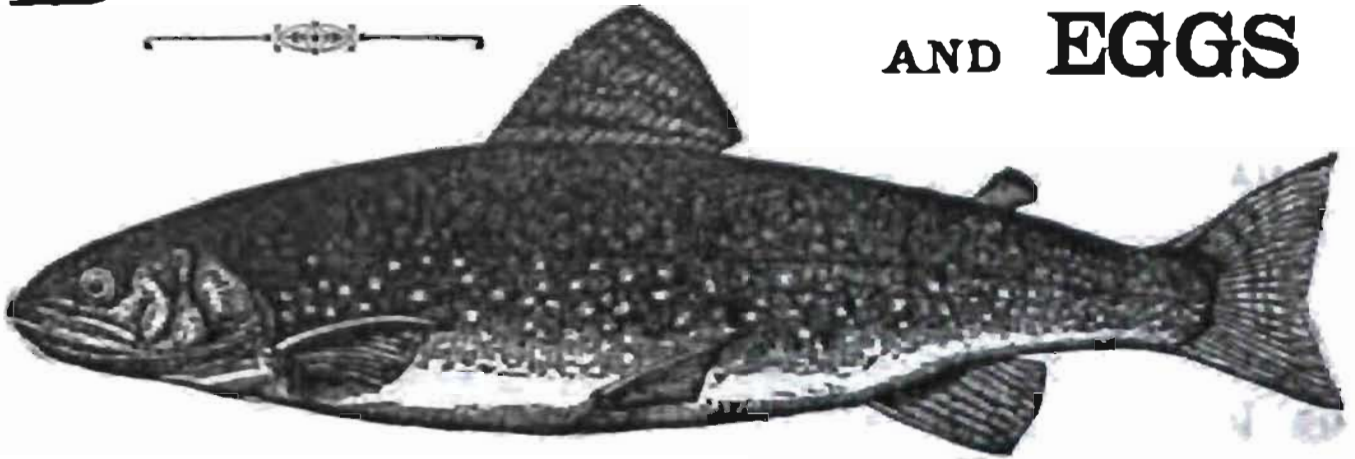
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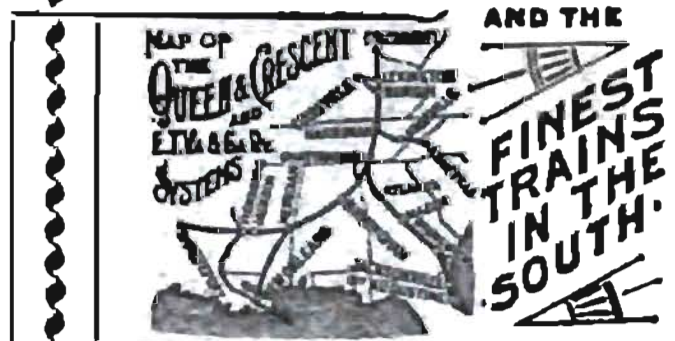
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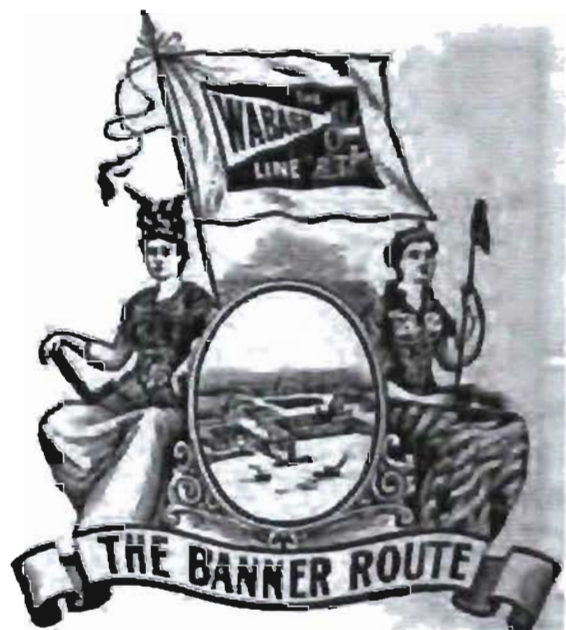
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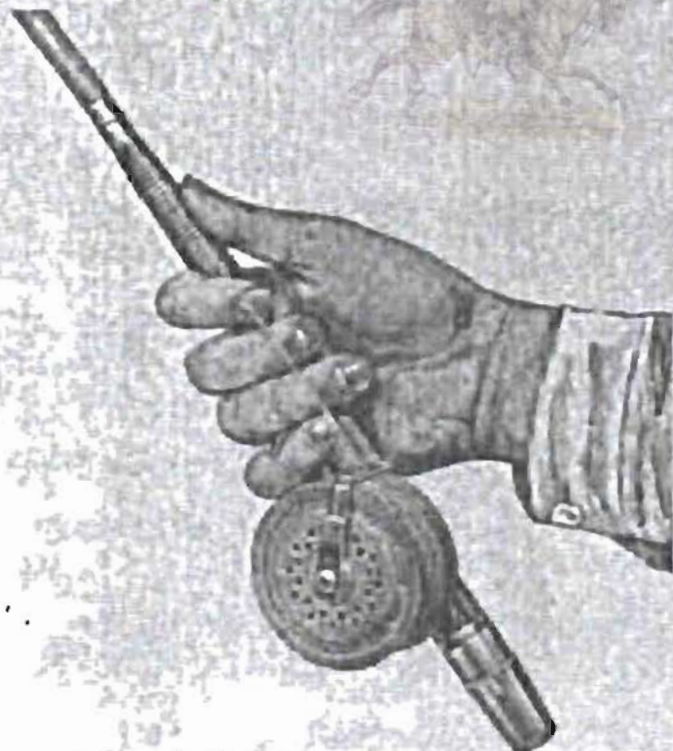
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