

# FOREST AND STREAM.

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### YELLOWSTONE PARK LEGISLATION.

WITH the opening of the Fifty-second Congress there is the usual gathering in Washington of persons who desire to secure legislation by which money or property belonging to the public shall be turned over to them. Like hungry dogs watching people who eat, they stand in the halls of the Federal Legislature, each ready to snatch for himself the bone which may be thrown to him.

For ten years the Yellowstone National Park has been watched with envious eyes by those eager to obtain control of it, and the attempts to wrest it from the public and to divert it to private uses have been many and oft repeated. Among the bills already introduced in Congress with this purpose, we recognize some old faces, and among them one, in a new dress, which received its quietus ten years ago.

In the year 1882 a syndicate known as the Yellowstone Park Improvement Co. made a secret and audacious attempt to secure from a subordinate of the Interior Department a ten years' lease which should practically turn over the Yellowstone Park to this company as a private farm. The privileges intended to be granted by that lease were enormous, included the concession of everything of value in the Park, and were exclusive. It was to be a great monopoly. The FOREST AND STREAM having learned of this intended fraud upon the public, called the attention of the country to it, and the scheme was defeated, chiefly through the public spirit and energy of Senator Vest, of Missouri.

A project curiously like that of the Yellowstone Park Improvement Co. is now before Congress in Senate Bill 1,963, which was introduced by Mr. Washburne, of Minnesota. Ostensibly this bill incorporates the Yellowstone Park Company and defines its powers; really it turns over to this corporation the whole Yellowstone Park for a period of forty years.

To this corporation the bill grants for twenty years, with the privilege of twenty years renewal, ten parcels of land, of ten acres each, to be by it selected in the most desirable portions of the Park, to be used as hotel sites and for other purposes in connection with its business. For each of these parcels it is to pay an annual rental of fifty dollars, which shall be in lieu of all taxes. The corporation is given the right to operate telegraph and telephone lines, may place steamboats on all waters, run railways propelled by horse, cable or electric power; may manufacture brick, use public stone and timber, graze the cattle, horses and sheep needed in its business, and may in fact do about anything that it wishes to.

The bill gives evidence of great care in the draughting. The enormous privileges granted to the company are distinctly specified, but besides these the bill contains various statements as to the rights of the public and the manner in which these rights shall be guarded, but such references have every appearance of being purposely so loosely drawn as to be incapable of any definite interpretation. No business man—certainly no lawyer—would be

willing to trust his interests to the provisions of an agreement so vaguely worded as is this document. While the careless reader might imagine that the public's rights had been cared for, the very reverse of this is true, and the passage of this bill would practically take the National Park out of the hands of the Secretary of the Interior and transfer it to a corporation. The measure is in effect the old Yellowstone Park Improvement Company scheme, disguised, it is true, and modified to suit the times, but still asking for the Yellowstone Park, and encroaching so seriously on the rights of the people that even its introduction must be viewed with real alarm.

It is of course to be expected that the true meaning of this bill will be explained to the Senate, and that it will be defeated if it should come before that body. It ought to be adversely reported by the Committee on Public Lands, to whose hands it went.

The bill has been submitted by the committee to Mr. Noble, who in replying leaves no room for doubt as to what his views are. He condemns the bill unparaphrasing, and points out that the purpose of the measure is to interfere with government control of the Park, and to establish a monopoly there for forty years. Since Secretary Noble has been directing the Interior Department, he has given us many examples of his wisdom and foresight in matters of this character, and it is no surprise to us that he sees through the purpose of this bill and condemns it. A deep public interest is felt, and has been manifested in the National pleasure ground, and it is not likely that Congress will take so long a step backward as the passage of this bill would be.

As usual our old friend—or enemy—the Montana Mineral Railway bill makes its appearance at this session. It was introduced by Mr. Stockdale of Mississippi, who asked that it might be referred to the Committee on Railways and Canals. Heretofore this bill has always gone to the Committee on Public Lands, and the Speaker so stated to the introducer, who nevertheless persisted in his request, being apparently unwilling to have this bad measure go before the members of the Public Lands Committee, who perhaps know too much about it. Mr. Buchanan of New Jersey seemed to understand what was in Mr. Stockdale's mind, and objected to the proposed reference, so that the bill went to its proper committee. This measure grants to the corporation named, a right of way 60 ft. wide through the Yellowstone Park, from the town of Cinnabar to the Clark's Fork mining district. No railway should be allowed within the Park, for reasons familiar to most of our readers, and this bill should suffer its usual defeat.

The Vest bill for the protection of the Park has been introduced in the Senate, and the same bill with amendment in the House. They should come to a vote in each body.

### SNAP SHOTS.

OUR correspondent "J. V. B.'s" relation of how he set forth on a boating excursion in quest of an appetite and found it, is a story which might be matched from the experience of many of his readers. It recalls the story in Spence's "Anecdotes," told by Alexander Pope, of a certain Lord Russell, who did not love sport, but used to go out with his hounds every day to hunt for an appetite. "If he felt anything of that he would cry out, 'Oh, I have found it!' turn short round and ride home again, though they were in the midst of a fine chase."

Many of our readers will remember the account of "Winter in Wonderland," published some years ago in FOREST AND STREAM, and copied in such papers as the New York Herald, the Philadelphia Press, and in fact all over the country. It was a most graphic account of snowshoe travel in the dead of winter through the Yellowstone National Park. Such a trip had never been made before, and the difficulties and dangers to be encountered were unknown. Mr. Elwood Hofer, of the FOREST AND STREAM's special Yellowstone Park correspondent, made the trip, and wrote the delightful account which described it. Of not less interest is the story from the same pen, the first chapter of which we print this week. Some time ago Mr. Hofer was appointed Smithsonian Hunter, to capture living animals in the Park for the National Zoological Park in Washington. In the present series of letters he tells how he secured some of these animals, and gives delightful pen pictures of the ways of elk, antelope, deer, bears, both black and grizzly,

and other animals. Our correspondent is a keen observer, and he has happily told his story, which is one of deep interest. The occurrence in connection with a grizzly bear, which is described in a later chapter, will strike every reader as most extraordinary.

For some time past there has been a demand on the part of some readers for an advertising column in FOREST AND STREAM in which people should be able to communicate with each other with less formality and at less expense than in the ordinary advertising column. A place seems needed where a man can announce his want and be sure that the want will be seen by some one who may be able to supply it, or where one who has an article which he would like to exchange for something else can insert his brief card and feel sure that those who may desire to obtain what he is willing to part with will learn of it. For the convenience of such persons we have determined to open an advertising column of Wants and Exchanges at a uniform rate of three cents a word. This column will be confined to genuine wants, and will not be allowed to interfere with other advertising. The rate will be three cents a word, all words to be counted, and the money must accompany the order, since it will be impossible for us to keep track of numerous small accounts.

Ornithologists will read with pleasure the chapter on the bald eagle in our Natural History columns, from advance sheets of Captain Bendire's forthcoming book. The account is full and detailed, and touches on many points of great interest in the habits of our national emblem. It is to be noticed that the author does not share the view that the bald eagle is generally a carrion feeder, but credits him with dash and energy enough to capture his game in fair chase. Any one who has ever witnessed an eagle in pursuit knows well enough that when he is in earnest he can fly with wonderful swiftness.

### THE DELMONICO WOODCOCK CASE.

ASSUMING that the promise made by the District Attorney's office might be relied upon, the FOREST AND STREAM announced last week that the notorious case of the People against Delmonico of this city for serving woodcock out of season would be tried on Feb. 23. It was not tried on that day. The case has been put into the City Court as No. 6911. The case on hand to yesterday noon was No. 5774. The Delmonico case is a preferred one, however; and District Attorney Nicoll may, if so inclined, expedite it by calling it to trial at once. We trust that he may see his way to do so.

There is absolutely no good reason under heaven why this Delmonico case should be put off month after month and year after year. District Attorney Nicoll owes it to himself to act promptly. He should know that the publicity we have given this Delmonico close-season woodcock suit has drawn to it the attention of citizens of every section of the State. The FOREST AND STREAM speaks for the sportsmen of the country when it demands that the Delmonico case shall be expedited.

### REVOLVER SHOOTING.

THE final revolver shoot in this city for the Winans trophy and the amateur championship of America will be shot at the range of the New York Pistol Club, 13 St. Marks place, on Saturday evening, March 5. This will enable several members of the club who were not able to be present at the former shoots to have their records go in with those already made at the gallery on last Saturday evening. "Prof." Loris was a visitor and of course there was much talk of shooting ability, and it finally culminated in an offer to President Oehl, of the club, to have a round at time shooting with the Professor. It was rather free-and-easy time shooting, too, since the contestant raised his arm and drew a bead before he answered the query, "Are you ready?" with the response, "Yes;" whereas he ought to have said yee with the weapon still pointed floorward. At any rate, the President distanced the Professor, and on a second trial the same result was reached. The Professor had been offered his pick of the arms of the clubmen there, and as he went away was warmly invited to come again. "Bring your own arms, your own ammunition, bring anything you wish, only don't bring excuses."

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### IN THE MUSCALLUNGE COUNTRY.

DO you recollect how sweet the click of a reel sounds as you take out your fishing tackle after a year's rest, and prepare for the summer's outing? It makes you think of the Kingfisher straining azure loops from tree to tree along the river; of the burnished sheen of the lake where the silver birch gleams as white from its shadow in the water as from its place on the shore; of the smoke curling up from the camp-fire, and drifting away in a blue cloud through the silent aisles of the forest. What pictures and emotions that old reel recall! My wife said it sounded good and she launched off into a vivid description of a big strike she had once on a northern lake and a big fish that got away. But she was not to go with me this time. Indeed I was left to go alone. Tom, the most superb of all camp companions, had gone off to Michigan. Stanley was tied to his bank desk. Ira and Lawrence were wandering amid the glories of Yellowstone and being gloriously bled by the Park hotel keepers.

Being deserted by these I had nothing to do but go alone, for all others seemed skeptical when told of the big fish in Wisconsin. Some of brother Hough's true stories about that region would have persuaded them. However, mine was grief with compensation. If you go to the woods companionless, you need not remain so. All wild things come closer to you then. Nature takes you nearer to her heart, and talks to you more plainly. You hear her say things that could not be heard at all if there were the noise of human voices about. Nature is shy and still when man is talking. Then, too, if you are alone in your excursion to the woods and waters, you can camp under any tree you choose, cast your line in the waters that look the likeliest to you, and tell your fish stories when you get home with the sweet consciousness that there is no witness to your little improvements upon the truth.

It was raining straight down when the train brought me to Manitowish, on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western road, early on a late August morning. It was a sodden, determined-never-to-quit kind of rain. The only hotel in the little settlement had a saloon for its front room—not a very congenial place for this writer. The dam at Rest Lake was my objective. This dam makes the largest reservoir in the State. It backs the water up and deepens it in Rest, Stone, Manitowish, Spider, Clear and Island lakes. These are magnificent sheets of water, and the lumbermen have a vast reservoir, on the ice of which they dump their logs in the winter and from which they feed the Manitowish River during the great spring drive.

About 1 o'clock I got my outfit into an old, leaky boat, with a muscular guide at the oars, for a fourteen-mile pull up to the dam. The Manitowish River would be called a creek in Illinois. But then, though an athlete could go over it at one good jump in places, it is clear and often deep. Henry, the guide, thought we might catch a few fish on the way up. This sounded well, and out came an old rod from its wrappings. Ah, what a moment it is when you are just at the gateway of the first cast! The hopes and dreams of a whole year are about to be realized. You lean to your finger tips with an exaltation of mind and body. You can't get the line through the guides fast enough. You have absolute confidence in your good fortune. You can easily imagine a big fellow lying down there in the swirling depths just panting for a chance at your hook.

We stopped at a place where the water swept under some low-growing bushes—a deep eddy which looked very fishy. Henry tied up the boat and got out to catch some frogs for bait. But he was too big and slow. He tried to cover them with a landing net, a method I have seen commended in *FOREST AND STREAM*. But it is a poor way. Henry only succeeded in breaking the hoop as in almost anything else. There is a knack in catching frogs, as you must be fast enough. You mustn't be too fast, but you must be fast enough. The very best thing to catch him most of the time, his hand. One can get within reaching distance of nearly any frog if he uses caution. Move the hand out slowly to within about 15 in. of the batrachian, then dart it out as swiftly as possible with a grab and the game is yours. Do not try to put the hand down on the frog from above or you will miss him, but never seen it done that way. We soon had frogs enough. By the way, do you know that frogs eat each other? One day, several years ago, I was filling a bucket with them for a fishing trip when I discovered a big bull sitting stolidly in the sun, on a lily pad, with the feet of one of his smaller brethren sticking out of his mouth. The conclusion was inevitable. Frogs are cannibals. They eat their own kind.

But to get back to the Manitowish River. Where the water swept under the bushes in the bend I dropped a green frog. It had hardly gotten out of sight when there came a good tug on the rod. The fish was fast, and after a fair fight lay in the boat, a three-pound pike. A friend played for at least five minutes. Then I put on a diminutive. It was an unattractive little fellow, but had barely gotten into the water when it was seized. I thought at first I had a bass, but when its fish came into the boat found it was a pike, and out of its mouth came the frog of which I had been robbed a few minutes before. Talk about greed. That pike was an old glutton. He was not content with having been swung around on the cold hook for several minutes, but wanted a second frog with steel sauce, that a fish suffers from being hooked in the mouth.

We stopped at several other places, and when evening came had a good string of bass and pike, but were less than half way to the dam. But we reached a place where an Irishman had found a bit of pine land which had been overlooked and had homesteaded it. He was a shrewd son of Erin, had a good sized clearing for a garden, a fairly comfortable log shack, and was building himself a fine house. His good wife cooked us a hearty supper and we spread our blankets on the floor of the half finished new house. The night was frosty. Indeed, they had frost

every month last summer up there. That is not unusual. We were not that night, or any other night, troubled with mosquitoes. It was getting too cool for them. Don't go into northern Wisconsin in midsummer. The fish won't bite then and the mosquitoes will. Life will be a burden. You will remember your trip as a nightmare. Camping out you will consider a delusion and a snare, and the joys of fishing nil. But when the frosty nights and clear days of late August and September come on, quit grubbing for gold, get north where the air is bracing and spicy with the breath of the pine woods, and cuddle down on a generous and kindly breast of old mother Earth. You have something to live for if you have never yet been sung to sleep by the northern pines.

The next morning we got an early start up stream. At many of the bends in the river the water has scooped out the sandy bottom and made a hole a few yards square and from 4 to 10 ft. deep. The bushes usually hang low over these, and sometimes catch drift. The current slackens at these points, and here are the favorite lurking places of the lustiest small-mouth bass it was ever my good fortune to hook. A green frog dropped above and allowed to float just under the edge of the drift or bushes would, in nearly every case, call forward a bronze warrior of superb fighting qualities. It takes good work to keep these fellows from fouling the line, their life in swiftly running water seems to make them more muscular than their fellows in the lake. They have the advantage of the current, too, against the wind, and make a lively one, so that the fight with one of them is always a lively one.

We reached the dam about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when we pulled the fish out for inspection, there were 44 of them. Six were muscallunge, caught in a little lake, really but an enlargement of the river. The heaviest of these weighed 6 lbs., and they averaged 3 lbs. There were 19 small-mouth bass; the heaviest weighing 5 lbs., and the smallest 1 1/2 lbs. There were 19 pike—good fellows—total weight 86 lbs. Not bad for a little more than one day's fishing. Indeed, I began to feel that I was something of a fish hog, with that fine string, until I thought of the poor stay-at-homes, and started Henry off down the river who could not go along.

At the dam is a logging camp. In summer it is comparatively deserted. But Captain Henry of Eau Claire, one of the genial gentlemen whom it is one's soul good to meet, one of the chief lumbermen of that region, had turned this camp into a sort of summer hotel, so that it was a pleasant, unique stopping place. The Captain's family was there for a few weeks' outing. There was Jack the "clerk" of the hotel, Charley and Johnnie the Jew cooks, Perry, the dam keeper, with several other attendants of the place. There was a handful of guides waiting for the peccunious sportsman. There were several other fishermen there, among the number E. Vliet, general ticket agent of M. L. S. & W., and the American Consular General at Constantinople.

This lumber camp is a peculiar place, a building constructed of huge pine logs—the whole perhaps 70 ft. long and 30 ft. wide. The comb of the roof is about 12 ft. from the floor. The roof runs from end to end of the building, but the building itself is pierced through the middle with an open passage way or "alley." Along each side of the large room are two rows of bunks. The place will accommodate 75 or 80 men in the logging season. With plenty of blankets, and a good bit of hemlock browse for featherbeds, it was a fine place to sleep. And when the day's sport was over the fisherman and guides gathered about the big stove in the center of the long room, to talk over the haps and mishaps of the day.

Captain Henry and his land-looker, Mr. Smith, came in one day from a trip they took to inspect some timber, which was not on any map. Mr. Smith had furnished a hook and line from his pocketbook and the Captain had a creanberry for bait, caught a green bass off the shore. With a piece of this for bait he had another in tow when the hook broke. He said they could see hundreds that we go after them. Loading a boat with tent, blankets, and a generous supply of provisions, we started—the Captain, Mr. Smith, Hugh, the captain's boy, nine years old, and Island lakes, the latter the most beautiful of the pushing our way among fallen trees and over shallow places, camping at dusk beside this outlet at the point where we would leave it in the morning to push our way through the timber to the newly found lake. The tent was soon pitched, the coffee boiling, the bacon fried and the floor of the tent had been shingled with plenty of fragrant balsam boughs. The first thing after pitching a poor plan to delay in fixing the feather bed.

Lying there that night the Captain told me of the strange life the lumberman leads. In his early life he was a landlooker and cruiser. All winter he and his partner would travel through the woods, sleeping at night in a tent, with the snow for a bed, the mercury way below zero, a simple A tent over them, open at one end and let in the heat from the big fire built in front. The wages of such work were very high, and so he got his start in life. Then he told of the life of the men on the drives in life, the hardest kind of toil. It is not the life of a sybarite that sometimes, perhaps the exposure and hardships of their life may have something to do with it. One thing is sure, among them is royalety treated, and the sportsman who falls is not a braggart. The fellow who knows it all and can do it all is as much of a nuisance in a lumber camp as anywhere else.

We were lulled to sleep by the lapping of the little stream beside which the tent was pitched. When the light gray dawn came it was raining. Instead of being ready to start at daylight through the timber, it was late before breakfast was over. We could hear an occasional gun at the wild rice beds where the Indians were gathered to vest the rice. Pushing their canoes among the rice they together from each side, and beat out the grain which falls into the boat. An Indian will gather several bushels a day. We left the tent snugly tied up, hoping no prowling Indian would disturb it. This was not likely,

for Captain Henry had blazed his mark into a couple of trees, and most of the Indians would recognize this mark and would not care to incur the owner's wrath. Many of these woodmen have a peculiar mark of their own, made up of notches and blazes, which they are sure to leave on some tree where they have camped or worked. Smith led the way through the dripping timber, traveling by compass and breaking brush. After him went the Captain blazing the trees, then sturdy little Hugh, the pason bringing up the rear with a bucket of live bait. It's slow traveling in that fashion, and it took us over an hour to go two miles. But it was worth the effort to get there; that little lake was swarming with green bass. We fished only a little while and caught nearly a hundred. If we had a boat and could have gotten out to more favorable places I believe we could have loaded it to the water's edge in a little while. But what was the use. We had all we wanted to carry back to camp; some of them would weigh 1 1/2 lbs.; none weighed much less than 1 lb. They were ravenous and game.

There are certainly two kinds of big-mouth bass in northern Wisconsin. In the one kind, mainly the sort we caught in that lake, the lines which define the back and belly are much more nearly parallel, and in proportion to their size these fish are not nearly so thick from side to side as the other variety. They have a clearly-defined black line running from gill-covers to tail along the middle of their sides, especially seen when in the water. They have no red ring about the iris of the eye like their chunkier cousins. They always go in schools, and if frightened from among the lily-pads or an old treetop, will dart away and in a minute come cautiously back to see what it was that frightened them. I never saw the other variety of big-mouths act this way, or the small-mouths either. It is the other variety that grow to 6 or 8 lbs. in size, and Smith told me of one lake where they ran up to 10 lbs., lots of them. I'm going there next summer. Now there is as much difference in these two varieties as between either of them and the small-mouth, and no classification is at all accurate which does not recognize these striking differences.

Our arms and backs ached with the loads of fish when we got back to the tent. It was cold and lowry and we waited till the next morning to return to the dam. It is right certain that the man who is fortunate enough to wet his line in that newly-located lake, next summer, will get all the fish he wants for one day, if he goes about it in the right fashion. How did the fish get into those Northern lakes which have neither inlet or outlet? Perhaps the wildfowl carry the eggs on their feet. Possibly the eagles and fishawks have dropped yet-living fish into these sequestered waters. In these ways it may be that there have been peopled so they now team with funny clans, to the great delight of the fisherman.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### WILDFOWL IN TEXAS.—I.

LAST fall I was seized with an ardent desire for a hunting and fishing trip, and fully realizing the necessity of relaxation from close confinement, decided to visit the winter home of the wildfowl and birds of annual migration on the lower Colorado River and inland waters of the coast of Texas, especially that portion remote from the usual routes of transportation and in a section of country where the market-shooter is at a disadvantage. My hope to be able to answer some of the queries that appear in the *FOREST AND STREAM* from time to time in regard to the whereabouts and scarcity of wildfowl, will be sufficient excuse possibly for giving the readers of my favorite journal the notes and data concerning quite a prolonged trip.

The admirable series of papers contributed by Mr. Hallock descriptive of sport in North Carolina, and the various advantages offered by that section, especially to the sportsmen of the Eastern cities, makes me anxious to remind the lovers of gun, rifle and rod, resident in the cities of the great West, that there is another and a better "happy hunting ground" offered in this great State of Texas, convenient to reach, where sport can be obtained at no great outlay of time, money or personal discomfort. The game of the coast country is abundant and varied, and the climate and scenery such as cannot be equalled; but fitly to set forth its attractions Mr. Hallock's facile pen and habits of observation are needed, for I am more conversant with the gun, oar and sail than with the pen.

Many sportsmen readers have planned hunting trips, some of them of novel character, and a few details of outfit will not be amiss. First in order was a companion, and he was not hard to find, Will V. being strong, willing and patient, zealous about hunting and fishing and with an excellent appetite. (Appetite is to be regarded as one of the prime requisites for a companion, for it leads to cheerfulness and content when gratified, and great desire to have it gratified, which in our position could only be done by personal endeavor, for we worked under the motto of "no kill 'em, no eat 'em." I started on the trip without appetite, but full of wear and rheumatism and other isms, which, happily, have departed—except the years—leaving the appetite in their stead.)

Next was a suitable boat, one not too heavy for use in a low stage of river, and still strong enough to navigate the coast bays, some of which have open water comparable in area to Long Island Sound, but without its depth. Austin, the city of the great dam and the industrial activity emanating therefrom, was hunted over, and not a mechanic was found who was acquainted with boat work. So tools discarded thirty years ago were again taken up, plans were drawn and a boat was built of 3/4 in. cypress, 14 ft. 6 in. over all, 4 ft. 10 in. beam, 1 ft. 3 in. leek freeboard, with open cockpit of 7 ft. 6 in. deck and washboard canvassed and painted. The boat was fitted with center-rod, and while having little dead rise was carefully modeled and proved easy to row, and reasonably fast and manageable under sail, as well as a good sea boat. Mast, boom, sprit, sail and oars were procured from Galveston, the nearest large seaport town. By aid of the sprit and a pair of straddles a tent of drilling was arranged over the cockpit, which when tied down furnished complete protection at night and during rainy days, while a small little stove gave warmth and served to boil coffee and for a little cooking when we were compelled to it by bad weather.

Ample store of bedding and cooking utensils found places in the boat, with guns, ammunition, rods and