FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK REPORT.

THE last report of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, from which we make copious extracts elsewhere, is an interesting and encouraging document. In most respects it shows a continuance of the improvement in Park matters which has been taking place there since the present Superintendent took charge, and its only discouraging feature is the game killing which takes place in and near the southwest corner of the Park, and which can be prevented only by furnishing to the Superintendent a larger force of men.

To those who recall the frequency with which the forests of the Park were ravaged by fire ten years ago, it is interesting to learn that during the year just passed no fires of any great importance have taken place. This is in large measure due to cautionary warnings given to all travelers by the Superintendent and to a patrol system which he has established, by which his men visit daily during the season all the different camping places and put out any camp-fires that may have been abandoned unextinguished by tourists. It cannot be doubted that this efficient system of patrol has done more than anything to protect the forests of the Park. The greatest danger to them has always been from neglected camp-fires.

As often recommended by FOREST AND STREAM, the control and management of the road work was last year turned over to the Superintendent of the Park. The advantages sure to result from such a change of control had long been evident, and the event has justified our recommendations. Since the change was made roads have been more promptly and cheaply mended, and new roads have been built at an expense considerably less than before. The officer responsible for the work is on the ground and able to watch it from day to day, so that all work is done to the best advantage, and there has been a saving of money and an improvement of the roads.

The few bison remaining within the Park still attract the head-hunter, and the small force at Captain Anderson's disposal makes it most difficult to keep them out of the Park.

We have frequently called attention to the fact that in Idaho there is no law forbidding the killing of buffalo, and to the further fact that, as the western boundary of the National Park is in Idaho, that State has become a gathering ground for lawless characters, who take advantage of this absence of law to kill the buffalo that wander from the reservation into unprotected territory, or even enter the Park and there destroy the animals, which are then at once carried out of the Park and into Idaho, where the depredators feel safe. No longer ago than last July we again urged the recommendation by the Governor to the next Legislature of the passage of a law protecting this species.

It is manifest that the few troops now stationed in the Park—no matter how earnest and energetic they may be—cannot efficiently patrol a boundary line nearly sixty miles in length, and that unless assistance is rendered the Park officials by the State of Idaho, the killing of the few remaining buffalo will be continued until all have been destroyed. Even now dispatches are being published in the newspapers telling of the slaughter of some buffalo in the Park, and of the arrest of one Courtney for the offense. The specific charge against him is the killing of five buffalo within the Park, and Courtney is said to have had companions, for whom the United States officials are now looking. It is stated that there are only ten head of buffalo left in the Park, and, while it is not to be supposed that this is true, there appears to be no doubt that they have been frightfully diminished within the past two or three years, and that unless some action is promptly taken by the Idaho authorities, either more troops must be stationed in the Park or the buffalo must be wholly exterminated. A note from a Utah correspondent, printed in another column, tells something of the practices of the poachers in that region.

We have reason to believe that at the next session of the Legislature Governor McConnell, of Idaho, will recommend the passage of such a law as we have indicated. In the meantime, the only action that can be taken would seem to be the stationing of scouts along the borders of the Park, with instructions to capture poachers found entering the reservation, and to bring them in, alive, if possible, but at all events to bring them.

The condition of things along this Idaho line is an impressive object lesson to those people who have believed that the northeast corner of the Park should be thrown open to settlement, and that the Yellowstone River should form the boundary of the Park. If a segregation bill were to pass and that river were made the Park boundary, it would bring the game butchers close to the winter feeding ground of the elk, and they could cross the stream anywhere along its length with but little difficulty or danger, just as these Idaho butchers now cross the Park line on the west. The herds of elk now wintering along the Yellowstone Valley would exist for a short time only, if exposed to the attacks of such marauders.

The fishing within the National Park has greatly improved, and many streams which in old times were without fish, having now been stocked, afford splendid angling to the tourists. Capt. Anderson's suggestion that no fish under 6in. in length should be taken is a wise one, and such a regulation should at once be put in force.

Too much praise cannot be given to the Superintendent of the Park for the energy, earnestness and good judgment that he has displayed in his administration of its affairs. He took hold of it at the precise time, when it became most difficult to protect; when the lawless element of the adjacent States had come to believe that the regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior were a mere formula, and that an infraction of these regulations carried with it no penalty. He has fought the law breakers with all his strength, and he did much to secure the passage of the law for the protection of the Park and to defeat the project for segregation.

The record of Capt. Anderson's work here will always be an important chapter in the history of the Nation's pleasure ground.

STEELHEADS AS CANNED SALMON.

JUDGE S. H. GREENE, of Portland, sends us a copy of the *Oregonian* of Nov. 20, which has this note:

> Dr. Tarlton H. Bean is being earnestly pushed for the vacant position of president of the United States Fish Commission by the New York *Fishing Gazette*. The doctor contributes an article on salmon to the current issue of the *Gazette*, in which he says of the steelhead: "A few years ago it was scarcely considered fit for use because its bones are hard, and it is consequently not suitable for canning." Columbia River packers, who have been putting up steelheads for years, will be surprised not only to learn that they cannot can the steelhead, but also the reason why they cannot. It is therefore a little illogical that the *Gazette* should say editorially: "The article on the first page by Dr. Tarlton H. Bean is evidence of Dr. Bean's knowledge of the fisheries, and disarms all criticism for the support given him by the *Gazette* for the position of United States Fish Commissioner."

Judge Greene comments: "For my own part, I think Dr. Bean about the best equipped man we have to fill the place made vacant by the death of Marshall McDonald. He may be a little off on the Pacific coast salmon industry, however."

Knowing that Dr, Bean, by many years of devoted study, has become well acquainted with the West coast fish and fisheries, and has always tried by every means in his power to promote the interests of legitimate fishery, we take issue with the *Oregonian* for its criticism of his expressed opinion on the steelhead's merits. It is well known to every one who has access to the statistics that steelheads constituted less than one-twelfth of the pack in 1889, increasing to nearly one-sixth in 1892, the increase being due chiefly to the growing scarcity of Chinook and blueback salmon.

Dr. Bean's statement, however, is that steelheads are unsuitable for canning and should be marketed as fresh fish. That is his individual opinion, and it is shared by Dr. David Starr Jordan, as evidenced by the following remarks on the steelhead in Section I. of "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," pages 474–475: "Elsewhere than in the Columbia this species is highly valued as a food fish. When taken in the Columbia in spring little or no use is made of it. Its flesh is pale, and its bones too firm for it to be used in canning, and at that season the old individuals taken are usually spent and worthless."

Again, in Section V. of the same work, Vol. I., page 745, Dr. Jordan and Prof. Gilbert say of the steelhead: "With the salmon in spring a large trout is taken (*Salmo gairdneri*, Rich.), known as the steelhead salmon. * * * It has no value to the canner, as its flesh is pale and its bones are not soft when boiled."

If any further argument be needed on this point it is to be found in the fact that canned steelheads are not quoted under their own name, and are intended only to supply a demand for cheap fish—a demand which has led to the utilization of other pale-fleshed species such as dog salmon and little humpbacks, to the great injury of the trade in prime canned salmon. A fresh steelhead is worth about twice as much as one of equal size when converted into canned salmon.

We are inclined to believe further that Dr. Bean's attempt to discourage the use of the steelhead for canning grows out of his respect for the nobility of that fine trout—for trout it is, although the Oregon law-makers have classed it as a salmon. It belongs to the same race as the rainbow or California mountain trout, the red-throated trout, lake trout or salmon trout of the Columbia River region, the Waha Lake trout, the Lake Tahoe or silver trout, the brown trout introduced from Europe and some others.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse on Thursday, Jan. 9, and President Frank J. Amsden advises us that he anticipates a large attendance and an important business meeting. The amendments of the law desired by various individuals and clubs are already in the hands of the law committee.

We assume that the Association will give first attention to an effort to secure a repeal of the iniquitous Section 249, which is the market men's section, permitting the sale of game in close season. This provision calls for the most determined opposition. So long as it continues in force, New York cannot expect to protect her own game covers, nor can she avoid doing injustice to her sister States. We have seen it intimated in print that the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game have found Section 249 an impediment to the efficient enforcement of the law which forbids the transportation of game to market. If the State Association could have the undivided support of the Commission in its opposition to Section 249, such a combination of influence should prove effectual at Albany.

To put it in homely phase, the present New York Fish Commission have not yet been able to make head or tail of the accounts of their predecessors. A special committee charged with an investigation of the books of Secretary Doyle has made a report which is not altogether lucid, and this lack of lucidity is accounted for by the fact that the investigators were unable to find certain books of account. The disclosures show at least one thing very clearly, that it was time for making a radical change in the Commission.

We have no quarrel with M. de Montauban, who recites his individual experience with a market-hunter of harmless sort; if all gunners for gain were as inoffensive, the principle of prohibiting game would not form a platform plank; there would be no necessity of it. But the unhappy reality is that the average market-hunter is not of the idyllic character portrayed by our correspondent. The industrious despoilers of the prairies and swales and deer forests, who have piled up their tons upon tons and carloads upon carloads of game in the markets are of quite a different breed. They are the agents of wholesale game depletion in this country, and their traffic must be suppressed if we are to have any game left.

Oregon has afforded another example of loose wording in game and fish legislation. The law forbidding the sale of mountain trout confines the prohibition to fish taken in fresh water; and as the trout of coast streams resort to the sea, and may there be caught, the dealers are making the most of their opportunities, selling unrestricted lots of mountain trout and claiming, with or without truthfulness, that the fish come from salt water. If Judge Green and his allies are shrewd they may yet make a case against some of the trout sellers. There is one infallible test of these fish as to the source of capture. If the trout have the red spots they come from fresh water, for in salt water the spots are lost.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

V.—The East Slang.

Sam repeated his mistake with two or three more rising birds, but got two more in a sitting shot at a flock of wood duck discovered in a nook of the marsh, and then to Antoine's great disgust easily knocked over a coot that stupidly permitted them to paddle within short range.

"Dat feller a'n't worse you' paowder, Sam. You see he gat mout' mos' lak' hen was, an' hees foots some lak' hen, some lak' dauk, an' he'll a'n't t'oddur t'ing or one. Ah'll 'spec' prob'ly it was hens try for be dauk, or dauk try for be hens, an' he'll a'n't mek' up very good. He mek' some good fedder fer Zhozeff. Hello, Sam, you'll know dis place, a'n't it?" he asked with eager interest as he came to a narrow tributary channel with fishing stakes set on either side.

"Wal, if it hain't the East Slang, sure as guns," said Sam in joyful recognition of their old trapping ground. "I tell ye what, Antoine, we mus' go an' take a look at sour ol' hum'stead," and Antoine turned the canoe's prow into the narrower waterway and followed its lazy meandering among the broad level of the marsh to where the sluggish current creeps between narrower margins of wild rice rushes and sedges flanked by open fields on the east and, at that time, by almost unbroken forest on the west.

At the nearest point of this shore they found an opening to their old landing and pushed the canoe to a berth alongside a clumsy dugout which gave evidence of recent use in a fish-pole and line and a basin of earth in which a few angle worms were crawling and reaching vainly for a way of escape over the edges of rusty tin. A well-worn footpath led away through the bushy border and under the hemlocks.

"Prob'ly some more mah rellashin, Ah guess," said Antoine.

"One o' your brother-in-laws. Mebbe we'll go an' look him up bime by. I b'lieve I've heard you tell o' hevin' one or tew. But le's gwup tu the ol' shanty," and he led the way to the familiar spot.

It was not hard to find, for the moss-grown slabs were lying in a crushed heap upon the broken ridge-pole, and in front a patch of ashes filmed with moss, nourishing fireweed whose silver-winged seeds were now drifting alee on the light breeze, marked the place of the old camp-fire. Beside it was the log seat, softer than it used to be, with decay and a cushion of lichens. They seated themselves upon it, looking around upon the desolation with half melancholy interest while they slowly filled their pipes.

"It looks so as if de folks was all dead gre't many year 'go an' it seem so we was de folks," said Antoine ruefully. "It mek' me feel lonesick."

"Yes, it does make a feller sort er lunsome, a mournin' for the feller that was himself oncte."

"Dat true as you livin', Sam. Bah gosh, seh, it a'n't seem if Ah was me, w'en Ah'll re'mbler dat leetly boy in Canada wid hees fader an' mudder, young folks dat dance all naght, an' Ah'll gat honly one brudder-law, an' de summer las' mos' all de year an' de winter a'n't never too long 'cause Ah'll happy every day. Oh, Ah'll a'n't dat leetly feller. Den w'en Ah'll growed big mans Ah be naow Ah'll a'n't know much an' can' spik Angleesh more as frawg; dat a'n't de sem' feller Ah was naow, for know much anybody an' spik jus' lak' Yankee. Den Ah'll faght in de Papineau war more hugly as dev', naow Ah'll was peaceably mans, honly w'en Ah'll was get mad, den dey want for look aout, everybody but you, Sam. Oh, Ah'll was been great many feller, me."

"We're gen'ally tew folks all the time," said Sam, following a climbing wreath of tobacco smoke with meditative eyes. "One is the feller 'at we know an' t'other's the feller 'at other folks knows, an' most on us is almighty shy o' showin' the one 'at we know tu other folks. By the great horn spoon! I dasn't hardly look at my Sam, myself, he's got so many mean streaks in him. Hello, there's sour ol' squirrel, er one 'at looks jus' like him, a-snickerin' at your Antoine er my Sam this minute." He pointed with his pipe at a red squirrel that was jerking himself into a frenzy of derision on the trunk of a hemlock.

The sun and the breeze had burned and blown the mist away and the day was bright with the beauty of late September, the clear blue sky, the first autumnal tints of the unthinned foliage bordered with the lesser glory of woodside golden-rod and aster, the marshes in the broad masses of bronze and russet and gold unbroken save where the scarlet flame of an outstanding dwarfed maple blazed among the colder tints, with the verdure of the grass lands, looking as green as in June.

Such sounds as were heard were distinctive of the season and some were conspicuously absent. The flute of the hermit and the bells of the wood thrushes were silent. The booming of the bittern and the chorus of the frogs no longer sounded over the expanse of marshes. Birds that rejoiced melodiously over the earth's fresh luxuriance in June uttered now only brief notes of farewell to the kindling glory of her ripeness. Only the bluebird sang, and with a mournful cadence. The crows cawed lazily, jays squalled apart or in united vociferation, chickadees repeated their own name, nuthatches piped their nasal call, woodpeckers hammered with voiceless industry and never a rattling drum-call, these and the squirrels were the only tenants of the woods who gave audible evidence of their presence.

Across the fields from distant farmsteads came the regular thud of flails, and from one barn the clatter and roar of a new-fangled threshing machine; and there was also the rumble and clatter of farm wagons and the bawling of plowmen, shouting as if their oxen were deaf or a mile from their driver. Piercing through these larger sounds there could be heard the shrill voice of cockerels practicing their yet unlearned challenge, and the yelping of wandering flocks of turkeys harvesting the half torpid grasshoppers and gleaning the grain fields.

Every sound that came to the ears of Sam and his companion, as they unconsciously listened, was as indicative of the season as the visible signs of the year's ripening which met their abstracted eyes.

"Wal, Antoine," said Sam, arousing himself and knocking the ashes of his pipe upon the grave of the old camp-fire, "Le's go an' see if you've got a new lot o' relations settled here," and Antoine, nothing loth to undertake such quest, followed with him the path into the shadow of the hemlocks.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—II.

The Start on the Trapping Trail.

As has been stated earlier, the little town of Mercer is on the Turtle chain of waters. It is a journey of about twenty-five miles from the Northwestern Railroad at this point to the head of the water shed, the voyage being over some pretty rapids in the river, and across some pretty lakes. The Bucks' summer place is on the narrows which practically divide Turtle Lake into two bodies of water, and at this place we were advised that the trappers had their main camp, which consisted of a big wall tent, fitted up with a cook stove and supplies. It was our intention to make this main camp on the first night out, this being easy to do, since the distance by land trail was only about fifteen miles. We took the morning down train from Mercer to Manitowish, a distance of about three miles, and left the latter point a little after noon of a lovely winter day. A good logging road made us easy going for about five miles more, during which time we crossed the trapping line run by "old man" Buck, who had a number of sets for lynx and one for otter, but of course we did not stop to run any of his traps for him. After leaving the logging road we struck out across the lake known as Circle Lily, then a glittering plain of blinding white. Here we made good time, although Fay, Buck and I had to wait for Brandis and Norris. The latter had invented a new kind of snowshoe strap arranged with loops and buckles which he had figured out to be a good thing, but which like a good many other good things did not turn out the way he expected. The straps, instead of being easy on his feet, proved to be very hard, and it was not until Frank Brandis, with good pine-woods ingenuity, had altered the hang of the straps, that Norris was able to get along with any kind of comfort.

Snowshoe Ties.

I was much interested in studying the different snowshoe ties used in the pine country. There are several different ties, each of which has its ardent advocates, but in

HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.
The FOREST AND STREAM Man.

actual use you will hardly see any two sets of straps alike. When you buy your snowshoes you will find a nice set of thongs come with them, and you can tie these into very pretty knots so long as you remain on your office floor, but when you get out in the woods on thawing snow you will find things very different. The thongs get wet and stretch out into thin, biting cords which need continual adjustment. When they are wet they stretch and when they are dry they shrink, so that a tie which is good in the evening will be impossible to negotiate in the morning. The Wisconsin trapper uses a toe strap to his web shoes, and this he never alters after adjusting it so that his toe works just right over the rim and into the foot hole. From the bar running back he has two long loops which pass back of the heel. The lower one of these loops serves to keep the heel from slipping back. The upper loop crosses over the instep, and then passes back of the heel, where it meets the lower loop, both resting on the Achilles tendon. Some snowshoers tie their straps every time they put on the shoes, but our trappers did not do this. Their straps were never touched or "monkeyed with" in any way. When they wished to tighten the straps a little bit they simply rolled the upper and lower loops together at the resting place behind the ankle. When the straps got too tight they loosened them by unrolling the loops at the same place. I speak of their "straps," but really they had very few straps to their snowshoes except the permanent toe strap, as their thongs were mostly made of linen rags, which they said were easier on the feet and less subject to stretching and shrinking. There is a wide difference between theory and practice in many lines of sportsmen's equipment. The snowshoer can only learn by actual experience in the woods. As I have said before, the art of web shoeing is not hard to acquire, the only difficulty being with the straps. The beginner may punish himself for some time by not knowing how the straps ought to feel, but after a time he will learn how to twist, untwist, tie and retie them until he gets a combination which gives his foot perfect play up and down, keeps it from slipping forward or backward, and yet gives him the minimum of suffering on that tender place back of the ankle, which of course is well protected by heavy socks and his moccasins or overshoes. The step itself is not difficult to acquire. It is a long reaching step, and if one is powerful enough to keep it up through all sorts of snow, it is astonishing what a distance he can waddle over in a day. Our trappers used shoes with very little rake-up at the toes and of a very broad oval. Their shoes were 4ft. in length. If it is necessary for a heavy man to have a good big pack, it is necessary for him also to have a good big shoe to hold him up. A pair of shoes last a trapper a little over one season. To-day one of the prized trophies in my collection is the old, worn out pair of shoes which Frank Brandis finished up on our trapping trip in February. They still show the deep sunken mark where the heel was forced into them on wet days when the sinews stretched, and the web is patched with hay wire and raw hide and about everything else a trapper could lay his hands on.

Footwear.

I have already spoken of the footwear proper for winter in this latitude, but as usual the visitors had something to learn. Norris and I wore high top overshoes, such as are very good for *ski* work, but very poor for the webber, where the ankle needs continual freedom in play, and the foot has to be lifted clear every step, in a way quite different from the sliding shuffle of the *ski* step. Inside of my overshoes I wore Indian moccasins, and I learned something about moccasins that day. I had always thought of them as being soft, innocent, easy-going things, incapable of punishing one's foot if they wanted to, but now I know how wrong that supposition was. Repeated wetting and drying had shortened my moccasins until they were just a little short for my foot. When I stood up on the floor they were apparently all right, but after I had shoved my toes into them for a few hours on the trail, I found they were all wrong. They bent the toes back in a way which was very painful, and in consequence I lost the nails from three toes, the result of one afternoon spent with the wrong kind of a footwear in the woods. After that I did not wear them any more, and the next pair I get is going to be about 14in. longer than my foot. I prized those pretty pink toenails of mine very highly. When I came out of the woods I had thrown away my original footgear, and was wearing the heavy socks and sawed-off rubber shoes of the country, and was traveling in perfect comfort.

I have earlier mentioned that I took in for the trip both *skis* and web shoes. Whenever possible I used the *skis*, which offer much better sport and far greater ease of traveling on country suitable to their use. Of course, skating along a trodden logging road is in no sense *ski* work, and away from the lakes, the roads, and the open woods or clear country, the *skis* could not be used to any advantage. I found that no one in that region knew anything about the *skis* or their use, as it is not naturally a *ski* country, but still I was reluctant to give up the use of the shoes which had previously afforded me so much sport and comfort, and so (with assistance of Frank Brandis part of the time) I carried both the *skis* and the webs for about fifteen or twenty miles of the way, as far as the country offered any chance for the *skis* at all.

"Enough Norweglans."

On this first day, as we were going along the logging trail which led out of Manitowish, we came upon a man lying on his back on the snow in the middle of the road. He was motionless, and when I went up to him I thought he was dead, but at length saw he was only paralyzed by pine woods whiskey. He was dressed in the usual Mackinaw clothing, much thanks to which for the fact he was not frozen stiff. After much trouble we got him awake, and found he was only one of the tough "lumber jacks" common to the region. (I think the working population of the pine woods is the lowest, filthiest and most degraded class of men I have ever seen in any part of the United States.)

"I jist set down fur wance in a woy," said this specimen, who proved to be an Irishman. "D' ye moind, I wuz waitin' fer a felly, see?"

We saw that to leave him alone was to allow him to freeze to death, so we dragged and drove him along with us for a couple of miles, till we came to the logging camp, where we left him. As the keen air and exercise of walking (which latter in his case was violent) began to eliminate some of the effect of the awful liquor he had been drinking, he became first apologetic, then explanatory, then talkative, and finally belligerent. North country whisky has a couple of fights in every drink, and its chief characteristic began to show in our newly discovered friend.

"An' pfwhat moight be yer name, ye yeller-headed ——— ———?" he said to me, as I walked ahead. "An' pfwhat is thim t'ings ye're carryin' over yer shou'ther?" (meaning the *skis*.)

"They're my *skis*, you red-headed ——— ———," said I to him, cheerfully.

"Umph—humph," said he, and lapsed into thought for a while, at last resuming: "Skees, it is, is it, eh? Thim is thim skates the Norwaygins uses, eh?"

I told him he was correct, and for quite a while he was silent, but at length broke out with a snort of rage.

"Shore, if I had a gun I'd kill ye, ye yeller-headed ——— ———!" said he. "There's Norwaygins enough in this yer counthry now!" This he said with an air of the deepest conviction, and I could only admit that he, being a resident of the country, must be better acquainted with its condition and requirements than myself.

Fur Sign and Trapper Talk.

We arrived at the further side of Circle Lily Lake about the middle of the afternoon, or rather, Fay and I did, and we could then see Norris and Brandis well out from the shore on their way across. Between this lake and the first one of the Turtle chain there lies a low, swampy bit of ground about three miles or so across, heavily covered with thickets, timber and windfalls, offering hard traveling and good trapping at the same time.

"We have a number of traps set in this swamp," said Fay, "and I should think we ought to have something. Do you see the marten tracks? They often hop along and follow a trail quite a way, sometimes until they find a trap. A fox will not follow a trail that way so much, but will parallel it. I have seen their tracks where they have been going along that way, and all at once I would see where old Mr. Fox had smelled something wrong, or got a notion in his head it wasn't all right, and had made a big jump and lit out clean away from the trail as tight

as he could go. A fox is about the hardest animal we have to catch, though we do catch them right along.

"Now, a lynx is not a very hard animal to trap. Sometimes a lynx is the biggest sort of a fool. He won't try to spring a trap, or to run away from it, but will go right into it. He will follow along a trail for half a mile or so perhaps, and as we always want an animal to do that we sometimes use a drop or two of scent now and then, and we put scent on the bait. Fish oil is a good scent, or fish oil and beaver castor, or fish oil and parts of female animals. We don't rely on the scent altogether and have no secrets about it, but we use it sometimes. A lynx will follow a long way on the trail of scent, and it seems to be full of curiosity. Now, if you wanted to put out a sign over a trap to frighten away a fox, you would hang a red rag over it, wouldn't you? Yet I have often caught lynx by hanging a piece of red flannel over the trap. If a lynx sees a red rag hanging up that way he is about sure to go and see what it is.

"We bait all our traps with just whatever we happen to have handy, mostly pieces of rabbit. We caught some beaver not long ago, and we have used a good deal of chopped beaver for bait.

"When a man is running a line he has to have a good many pounds of bait in his pack if he is going far. I carry my bait in a rubber bag, made by sewing up one end of a rubber boot leg. This keeps it away from your other stuff, in case the warmth of your back thaws it out on the march.

"In 'trappers' guide' books you see pretty pictures about how to build bark or slab houses for the bait, so that an animal is sure to get caught if he goes in. We don't do anything like that, for it's a bad plan. All our sets are just natural sets. We take advantage of natural objects only in laying our traps."

My young giant now pressed ahead over the fallen timber, up and down and around hummocks, over and under prone tree trunks and masses of uptorn roots, walking with ease and swiftness, now and then striking a playful blow with the axe he carried in one hand. His pack of 60lbs. seemed not to distress or encumber him, and he talked to me of the ways of the woods creatures as we went along. We saw plenty of sign as we got into this rough country, most of it marten sign; but at length Fay stopped, and called out:

Hello! Here's that old lynx again." (Of course he called it "link.") "He's been through here two or three times before, and I believe there's more than one of them in this windfall."

He pointed to the tracks, near the trail where it passed through a section of massed and matted down timber, a "windfall" such as the lynx likes for a home. The big, furry paws had left holes in the snow the size of a horse's track. We followed the sign for a way, and I was following along this while Fay went ahead to look at some traps along a side trail. Soon after this Brandis and Norris overtook me, and we three started on down the trail together.

The Lynx In the Trap.

Fay, who was a rapid walker and a hustler on a trail, was nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, when we heard him halloo to us, his voice at first sounding very faint and far away. Knowing that something had turned up, we all crowded ahead as fast as we could, and at last I could distinguish his words.

"Here's your chance for your picture!" he sang out.

It was a chance, sure enough. From under the root of a fallen tree, where a few drooping boughs had aided in making a little den free from the snow, there sprang an animal as large as a setter dog, but with a flat head, close-laid ears and great thick legs and feet. In the dim light in which we first saw it in the deep woods, it looked quite black, but when we came closer, we saw the gray coat of the full furred Canada lynx—a lynx with the steel trap hanging to his forefoot, a lynx full grown and viciously angry all the way through. Our trip was not an empty one!

The lynx tried once more to loosen the clog pole, which was about 8ft. long and which was thrust into the roots of the tree, the ring of the trap chain being driven down tight on its larger end. Failing in this, he swung and whirled over the pole, spat, sniffed and clawed about, and then went back into his hole. He was a migthy mad lynx, if the usual cat signs of anger were any good.

"You get your photograph machine ready, "said Brandis, after I had let the lynx chew the end of my snowshoe pole awhile (the deep marks of his teeth are on the pole yet.) "I'm going to pull him out."

The lynx didn't want to come out at first, when Brandis pulled on the clog pole, but all at once he let loose and came clear out into the trail at one motion, clearing a swath around with a spread foot that looked as big and ugly as a buzz saw. Then, failing to reach any of us, as Brandis crowded the end of the pole down into the deep snow, he lay flat with his ears down, his teeth showing and a most tremendous deep bass growl coming out of his mouth. It was the chance of a lifetime for a photograph, and it would have been worth a good deal to FOREST AND STREAM to print the picture of the beast as it lay there, fairly buffling with rage.

But alas! The same faking fraud of a camera which three times broke down with me out in the Yellowstone Park, and which only by a miracle did the work asked of it, chose this very moment to go wrong again. I got square in front of my lynx, at a distance of about 8ft., set the instrument, got Brandis to poke up the subject until he looked a very demon of wrath, and touched the button! The camera did the rest. (I will say this was not an Eastman machine.) There was a faint, slow, halfway click. I knew, from former experience, what was the matter. The shutter doors, instead of passing free and letting in the light, only threw half way. They paused at just such a point that by no way possible could a ray of light get into the lens! My heart sunk, for I knew it was all over. It was no time to fix a camera, in front of a live lynx, in a dim forest, with the evening light already waning. Later the miserable fraud of a camera closed its career by tearing the film across, twenty miles from the railroad and in the middle of the trip. At great trouble and delay I sent back to Chicago for another camera, and thus in the last half of my trip got some pictures after all.

But I got no picture of my lynx, and I presume I shall never have such another opportunity. Unwilling to admit the truth, I tried several times to get an exposure, and once nearly lost a trouser leg by it. I was only about 6ft. from the lynx, and with my back against a cedar tree, when he made a sudden spring, tore the end of the pole out of the snow, and came at me with a circular sweep of his good foot which didn't miss my leg 6in. We surely had lively times there for a while.

The Lynx Is Easily Killed.

This lynx was finally killed by a blow over the back of the head from a snowshoe pole, and I was surprised to see how light a blow sufficed to kill it. "They all talk about the toughness of lynx and wildcat," said Fay, "but they ain't hard to kill at all, if you hit 'em over the head right. But they'll fight all right. If a trapped lynx breaks loose, it's more'n likely he'll come for you. Once last winter I was out on the line, and I had a rifle along. I only had two or three cartridges along, and shot away all but one load. Then I came to one of my traps that had a live lynx in it. I thought I'd just shoot him, so I cut away, but somehow he moved, and I hit him in the foot and cut it loose from the trap. You can bet he didn't run. He just came for me a-jumping. It happened that there was a club sticking up in the snow, such as we nearly always leave near a lynx trap, and I just grabbed it and swatted the lynx over the head with it when he jumped at me."

Such was Fay's brief version of an affair that would have been good for two columns in a New York daily, or which would have served many men for a life-long story of their own heroism. I confess that the prowess of these big cats deteriorated in my esteem from that time on.

The Well and the Weary.

Fay now went on ahead to camp, which was still four or five miles away, while we repacked our worthless camera and again took up the march. To my surprise, Brandis did not stop to skin the lynx, but strapped the body on top of his pack, which must already have weighed 50lbs. It seemed to give him not the least trouble, and again I marveled at what custom and habit will do for a a man. It would be impossible for one unused to it to carry such a pack even on the best of roads.

When we emerged from the cedar swamp we came to the shore of Turtle Lake, which lay before us a great white plain, perhaps five miles across. Even then, in the distance, the figure of Fay Buck was growing shorter and dimmer in the distance, as he kept up the clipping gait which he had struck. After this distant guide we followed, the trail lying perfectly straight to the point of an island. At the edge of the lake I put on my *skis*, and from there on in it was like flying for me, as the snow was good. The others plodded along, clumpety-clump, Brandis silent, mechanical, tireless, long-haired, blue-eyed and picturesque. At the last two miles Norris, who had been sick not long before, began to weaken and tire very fast. We took his pack, but still he did not freshen, for the step of the web shoe is much harder than the slide of the *ski*, and requires more muscular effort. It was now growing bitterly cold and we felt the wind keenly out on the lake. Three-quarters of a mile from camp Norris walked to a stump on the shore of the lake, which we were skirting, and sat down. This was bad, and I knew he was about played out, so we dug down deep in Brandis's pack and got out the brandy flask, which was kept as a last resort in a case of this kind. I gave him a Billy Hofer drink—what the screw-top of the flask would hold—and then we persuaded him along into camp, which we reached at dusk.

The Main Camp.

We found the central camp of our trapper friends a very comfortable affair, thanks to the transportation facilities afforded by water in the summer season. The camp was located in the heavy timber at the narrows of the Turtle Lakes. It was composed of one big wall tent with a smaller one ended on to it at the rear, the latter being used as a sleeping place. In the big tent there was a table, a good cook stove and a few rough stools. A rope was stretched over the stove for a drying line. There was a good pile of stove wood back of the stove. In the sleeping tent there was a perfect stack of good blankets. Everything was eminently comfortable. When we went in Fay had supper nearly ready. Fay is a fine cook and not a trapper of the shiftless kind. He baked as nice a pan of biscuit as one ever saw. And there was some of that same sausage that we smelled frying when we first found Mrs. Buck getting breakfast. And there were pork and beans, and tea and sugar. By the time we had our wet outer socks drying on the line everything was ready, and we ate as only such folk can. Surely the day had been a busy one, and not one of child's play, but work for men. My first day in trapperdom did not bear out in the least the old tradition of the easy, lazy and shiftless ways of the trapper. If those were ever successful methods they would not do to-day.

But we were almost too comfortable for my notion of the correct thing. The blankets were too abundant and thick and warm, even though in the morning when we awoke they were covered with a thick frosty rime from the congealed breath (the thermometer was 6° below zero). I signified my wish to tackle something tougher.

"You'll get it tough enough if you go the round." said Fay, grinning as he looked at Frank Brandis; and Brandis replied with his slow smile.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

STARTING FOR THE WINTER CAMP.

TRAPPERS' EXPRESS, STAR LAKE, WIS.

A SPOT ON THE SPECTRUM.

THERE are occasional dark spots on the spectrum of a sporting life—that is, incidents which take all the sport out of a trip and leave only memories that call up unpleasant things. Such a memory haunts my mind tonight. There is a child in this story, and anything that touches children touches all our hearts alike.

In western Nebraska there is a broad strip of country that is only partially settled and the towns are far apart, only little more than trading points for the few people who manage to make some kind of a living out of the soil they cultivate. This country, between the Platte and Republican rivers, is famous for goose hunting; and that was the game we were after when we got off the train one cold night late in the fall of '86.

We had had supper and were sitting around the hotel stove discussing the goose question, when some one rode up to the door and hallooed. We opened the door, and there sat a man on a steaming pony in the full glare of the lamplight. While the white flakes of snow, forerunners of what soon developed into a blizzard, sifted to the ground he addressed us with words about like these: "Say, you fellers, Blodgett's little kid has strayed away from home this afternoon and we're going to organize to hunt it. All that can go better get some kind of a rig and get out there as soon as you can, for we want all we can get and we're going to have a nasty night too. I'm going down and get the boys at Hank's and I'll meet you later at Blodgett's."

That was enough. There was a helpless child, 5 years old, lost on those open prairies in the darkness and storm. Some of us had little ones of our own, and those who didn't were ready to go anywhere on demand.

In ten minutes there was not a man left in the hotel office; and two spring wagons were whirling away through the storm as fast as the sturdy broncho teams could take them.

Men grim and determined, with blanched faces, breathed a silent prayer for that little wanderer as they rode into the storm, that increased and grew colder as they faced it on a mission of help.

Some of us had been lost on those dreary uplands and fear for the child tugged at our hearts as we thought how small was the chance of finding that little form alone there in the darkness, wandering God only knew where.

We were not long in reaching the Blodgett home and soon learned that the child had been playing with others just before dark in a cañon, as they call the draws and gullies in that region, and when called had failed to appear. They had found the track and followed it far enough to know that the child had started out down the cañon, or directly away from the house.

We were soon on the trail with lanterns and followed the sturdy little fellow's footprints until the snow completely covered all traces; then we went on searching