FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE project of handing the United States Fish Commission over to the politicians has been brought up again in Congress. Representative Haines and Senator Thurston, both of Nebraska, have introduced a bill to make the Fish Commission a bureau of the Agricultural Department; and the measure has in each house been referred to the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry.

The conditions have in no wise changed since the previous attempt to give the Commission into the control of the Agricultural Department in 1890. It is just as evident now as it was then that the proposed transfer is for politics, and not in the best interests of economy and efficiency. The Commission's work has been done under the direct and constant supervision of committees of both Houses of Congress; the details of its expenditures have been scrutinized annually; various departments of the Government have contributed to its scope and, in turn, utilized its results. Leaders among business men and scientific associations at home and abroad have expressed their admiration of the very efficiency which has provoked the envy of political creed. From far and near, wherever the Fish Commission is known, protests have come against any experiments with this successful branch of the public service. Clearly this proposition has its origin, not in the public demand, which is unreservedly opposed to it, but in a supposed political necessity. It aims simply to pull down the organization to the level of a fish-distributing machine, double appropriations, and provide additional places in reward for partisan service.

It is preposterous to assume that the Fish Commission would be benefited if put under the erratic control of Secretary Morton.

CROPPING AND CRUELTY.

THE issue in the matter of cropping, which has been engaging the attention of the American Kennel Club, is one deserving more than a passing consideration, since it involves more than a mere matter of fancy on the one hand or sentimentalism on the other, though when sentiments are in favor of greater kindness to animals or the stopping of cruel practices, such sentiments are worthy of respectful consideration and earnest admiration.

The question is not a new one in itself, nor is the principle involved one of doubtful issue. In all civilized countries, cruelties which can not show material justification have received the stamp of public condemnation. Statutes have been passed by practically all the States in the Union making unlawful all forms of unjustifiable cruelty.

Nor is public opinion in a passive state in respect to these matters. Innumerable thousands of men and women throughout the civilized world have raised their voices and devoted their time, effort and means to the suppression of cruelty and to the punishment of the offenders whose sensibilities were so dead or dormant that they could not be touched by suasion or example, and they still continue to do so. The humane sentiments are growing stronger day by day. The cause has its own special journals, in which humane considerations impel hundreds of writers to advocate a proper observance of greater humanity between man and man and man and the lower animals. The opposition to cruel practices has a firmer foothold and a greater influence at present than ever before, and it has its sentiments in the tangible form of statutory law with vigilant and zealous officers to enforce it.

So far as cropping is concerned the question is whether it conflicts with the law or not. The presumption is that it does, since many of its advocates admit its cruelty. Nearly all of those fanciers who have no special interest in the breed disapprove or condemn it. The public at large looks upon it with an unkind eye. There is thus no question but that it conflicts with humane sentiments. It is a question worthy of grave consideration, not only as it concerns the present, but as it also concerns the future. The action of the A. K. C. at its recent meeting is not a final disposition of the matter. On the contrary, it will serve to bring the question conspicuously before the public, it will draw the sharp scrutiny of the humane societies to it, and it will become so momentous that its future will be out of the hands of the original parties at interest.

The question of the right or wrong of it is one which cannot stand public agitation. Agitation means thought, discussion, reflection, the moulding of sentiment, and in the end a condemnation of ear cutting. The vote of the American Kennel Club last week was not sufficient to abolish the showing of cropped dogs on the bench, but it did reveal the existence of a preponderating sentiment against cropping. Had every delegate present been at liberty to vote as his personal convictions dictated, the two-thirds majority required to amend the club's rules would have been voted. As it is, the discussion which has begun will continue, and in the end the American Kennel Club, or the several specialty clubs themselves, will rule against the ear cutting. The specialty clubs may well take note of the signs of the times. It would be a graceful thing on their part to recognize the growing sentiment, and by their own suitable action to win the credit for voluntarily doing away with cropping. If it is left finally to the action of the A. K. C. or statutory law to abolish the cruelty, it will carry with it a rebuke to its advocates that will be avoided by voluntary action on the part of the specialty clubs interested in the matter. And it would be wise for the specialty clubs to give prompt attention to the matter and prompt action to their good intentions.

BEE HUNTING.

THAT survival of man's primitive wildness which is termed the sporting instinct exhibits itself in some forms that are not recognized as legitimate by those who arrogate to themselves the title of true sportsmen. Yet who shall say that they are not, since they have the authority of most ancient usage and are entered upon with as keen a zest by those who affect them as are the so-called legitimate methods by those who practice only them?

Even the fish spearer and the trapper find in the excitement of their pursuits and in the acquirement and exercise of skill an enjoyment quite distinct from the acquisition of gain, and as keen as that of the acknowledged sportsman.

They may have, too, their purely æsthetic quality, for it is possible that the wielder of the spear may be as contemplative as the caster of the fly, and that a man may commune with nature as profitably while he sets a trap as does another while he sights a flying bird.

More apt than either of these to fall into such gentle moods one might fancy the bee hunter. His lines are cast in pleasant places in the delightful weather of late summer and early fall, and he spends the golden hours of busy indolence with bees and flowers for his most intimate associates.

He has time and opportunity to observe the ways of wild things, and he can hardly help but grow into some accord with nature while he breathes the fragrance of her ripeness, hears the drowsy hum of the bees, the faint trickle of the spent rills, caught and lost amid the fitful stir of leaves and the farewell notes of lingering singers. What his craft has trained his senses to catch and much besides he may use to a finer purpose than its own object.

No man needs a keener eye than he to follow such swift, diminutive quarry, nor keener wits, and he must be cool and resolute, for this hunting has its spice of danger.

Who shall say that bee hunting may not become a fine art among sports, and that in the increasing dearth of fish and fowls and beasts of venery the wild honey bee may not come to be legitimate game and the hunting thereof the contemplative man's recreation?

SNAP SHOTS.

THE fact that wild turkeys are still found in Michigan, as stated in another column, would certainly seem to call for prompt action on the part of the Michigan Legislature and of all the game protective associations of that State. Surely some effort should be made to protect absolutely the few remaining individuals of this superb species, and this can only be done by enacting a statute which shall absolutely protect them for a long term of years and by arousing within the State a public opinion which shall come to the support of such a statute, and make it appear to every one who carries a gun a crime to destroy one of these splendid birds. Almost all the States where the buffalo used to range now have laws absolutely protecting them, and in States where exotic species have been introduced similar protective laws are passed to prevent their slaughter, so as to enable them to gain a firm foothold. If such action is taken with regard to exotic species, how much more should this be done when the most splendid game bird in America, if not in the world, is in question. The wild turkey is to other birds what the buffalo or moose is to mammals, and it should be a matter of pride with all residents of Michigon to protect and foster the species within the State's borders.

In his report of the Black River Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Secretary Wolcott writes that some of the members have expressed much dissatisfaction at the non-enforcement of the game law, and have gone so far as to question the advisability of keeping up voluntary protective associations. We sincerely trust that such sentiments will not prevail. In the present condition of affairs the only hope for game and fish protection in this State lies in the existence of voluntary associations. Protection by the State is at the lowest possible ebb. We have a $9,000 Commission, the president drawing a salary of $5,000, and without funds left sufficient to pay the district protectors, who are being dismissed right and left. We have a law, which was advocated by the president of the Commission, allowing the sale at all times of game killed outside of the State, which means in practice also the sale of game killed in the State. So long as that law shall remain in force it will be impossible to stop the selling of our own game in close season. Without a reasonable law, and without protectors, the outlook at present is dark. It is no time for voluntary associations to disband.

For the North land the coming of Christmas marks the end of the shooting season on almost all game. Usually by that time the ground is snow-covered and often ice-bound, and upland birds are in a measure safe from pursuit with dog and gun, while the cold has locked the waters of lakes and bays of the seacoast, and the waterfowl have disappeared to seek open feeding grounds. The end of 1895 has been remarkable for its mild and pleasant weather, which has constantly invited the gunner to be abroad in the fields and woods, and the wildfowl still linger along the coast, by night sleeping in the open waters and in the gray of the morning winging their way into the bays, where with much splashing and with hoarse cries they dive for food or playfully pursue each other under the mild sky.

In the East it has not been a good season for the upland gunner. Birds have been scarce in the more thickly settled districts or rather in many places there have been none at all. Wildfowl, on the other hand, have been unusually abundant along the North Atlantic coast, largely, no doubt, because of the autumnal drought, which made many of their inland feeding grounds unavailable.

The mild weather of the autumn made fowl shooting in Southern waters rather unsatisfactory for some time after the season opened, but the cold snap of early December sent a large flight of birds to the Chesapeake and the waters of Virginia and North Carolina, where there has since been fair shooting. We are told in the old saw that "When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," and no doubt a little later fowl will be very abundant along the Southern coast.

Those men are to be envied who can take the time for a few weeks' outdoor life in the sunny South at this season to bask in a blind waiting for fowl to come, or to stretch their legs for quail over the old fields behind the dogs, or to flounder through the marshes after snipe. These sports do not carry with them the bracing vigor of the long stalk through the snow-clad forest on the track of big game, nor the tramp over frozen swamps for a cunning old partridge, but they are none the less delightful and restful. Let him enjoy them who can.

This is our Christmas number. It brings with it, whether it find you near at hand or in the remotest corners of the continent, our sincere wish for your Merry Christmas, and we hope that this generous fund of stories and sketches which the FOREST AND STREAM contributors have provided for your entertainment may add to your enjoyment of the holiday season.

being an insurmountable obstruction to navigation—to sportsmen, who can only get through by shooting and fishing their way out, as did our party. Guns and fishing tackle were in active service for hours, and for a time the pleasures of sight-seeing were given over to the excitement of sport.

About one mile above Lake Harney we finally reach and enter the mouth of Econlockhatchee Creek. From this point forward all our party were on unfamiliar waters, and soon made the discovery that the channel was so crooked that it was necessary to keep a lookout on the bow of the boat for fear of doubling on our track and running ourselves down. We have been unable to learn the meaning of the Indian name of the creek—Econlockhatchee—but there certainly must be something crooked in its significance as well as its pronunciation. This way, that way, backward, forward, and in every direction but up or down, we finally threaded the bewildering maze and found ourselves at last in a plainer but little less tortuous channel. Here, too, the banks were higher above the water, and we found ourselves, at a distance of perhaps five miles from the St. Johns, entering upon the most attractive portion of our cruise. As night was once more falling we again selected a camping place; this time among the immense moss-draped monarchs of a forest in which, we can readily imagine, the stealthy and solitude-loving Indian once found favored haunts.

Here the usual interesting episodes of camp life are once more enjoyed. Out of respect for our readers we will refrain from rehearsing them, only mentioning a terrible wild beast which invaded our camp and disturbed our slumbers, and which one of the party failed to catch in a trap which he set for it. No one saw the ferocious animal, but all agreed that its track very closely resembled that of a razor-back hog.

After a hearty breakfast of fish, duck and squirrel, with all the necessary accompaniments, we once more resumed our journey. We were not long in discovering that we had entered a veritable land of enchantment.

Before us, winding here and there between high banks which ran back into beautiful heavily-wooded hammocks, flowed the stream, appearing in the morning sunlight like a silver-paved and emerald-bordered highway. The waters, clear and cold, like those of some mountain stream of the North, flowed rapidly downward, yet seemed at times to linger for a brief period beneath some particularly lovely spot to reflect the beautiful picture upon its mirrored surface; then again rushing reluctantly forward to mingle in the general flow. First to the right bank, where drooping willows and alder brush its shimmering surface with their branches, then in a graceful sweep across to the left, where it laves the bared roots of lofty palmettos and grand, grotesque and gloomy live-oaks, which seem to have stood as silent sentinels upon its shore for ages, the stream flits hither and thither like a restless bird, yet seeming to preserve a dignity becoming to its magnificent setting.

We find numerous points at which the channel seems to divide, and are allured into some beautiful estuary which seems to have been set there by nature to draw unwary travelers from the main channel.

The beauty of the stream is not in the volume of its flow, for it has but a narrow channel, but in the picturesque and almost bewildering surprises which its many turnings bring into view are presented pictures which the hand of art could not adorn and but nature alone could copy.

We continued up the stream—not to its head by about thirty miles, but to a point where we found with regret that the narrowing channel and numerous obstructions prevented our going further, and so, after a brief stop, we reluctantly retraced our course. The scenes of the upward trip were presented to us again, but in a new and no less charming light, as we proceeded down the stream, and the panoramic changes that seemed to pass before us were such as to leave a lasting and most agreeable impression on our minds.

It was our good fortune, while coming down the creek, to meet Mr. G. M. Jacobs and his sons, of Chuluota, which place lies some four miles from the stream. Mr. Jacobs has long been a resident of that vicinity, and it is a pleasure to talk with him of the country with which he is so familiar. He informed us that the point at which we turned back was the highest point on the creek ever reached by a steamboat.

Passing from the creek we once more successfully thread the mazy channel and find our way into the St. Johns without mishap, thence across Lake Harney to our former camping ground, where we again spend a night in invigorating sleep.

At 8:30 o'clock Sunday morning we resumed our journey, and the gallant little Lolliboy bore us swiftly homeward.

After what we had passed through the homeward trip seemed a tame affair in comparison, but it was nevertheless enjoyable. At 6 P. M. we reached St. Francis, having made the seventy-five miles from Lake Harney in a little less than nine and one-half hours.

Thus ended a trip which will not soon be forgotten by those who participated in it. To Capt. Harris is due from the party a vote of thanks for the pleasures the cruise afforded. Those in pursuit of sport or pleasure will do well to place themselves under his care and guidance for a like trip.

W. S. SMITH.

ST. FRANCIS, Fla.

Five Hundred Dollars for a Buffalo.

CHANUTE, Kan., Dec. 17.—It may be of interest to you to know that a carload of deer and buffalo passed through here this evening *en route* from Cedarvale, Kan., to Kansas City. The circumstances are as follows:

Mr. Ed Hewins, a prominent stockman of Cedarvale, recently sold his ranch of 1,600 acres, on which was an inclosed park of about forty acres, which he has for many years kept stocked with deer and buffalo. Being unable to take them with him to Woodward, I. T., where he is now located, he sold them to Kansas City parties, and yesterday they were all killed and shipped to market.

Fourteen deer and one immense buffalo bull, which had been in captivity over sixteen years, were killed, Mr. Hewins himself firing the shot that laid low the monster bull, which weighed, after being disemboweled and ready to ship, 1,800lbs. He had for years been very ferocious, and could not be approached.

I understand Mr. Hewins received $200 for the head, $100 for the skin, and $200 for the carcass. G. H. M.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—V.

Life in a Lumber Town.

THE village of Woodruff, Wis., is in the fishing season the port of entry for Trout Lake and the Manitowish muscallonge waters, and at that time it has a sort of transient life. In the winter season it is dull, squalid and tough with a toughness not easily to be paralleled. I think there is no population in America of so low a grade as the riff-raff of the lumbering regions. The small towns of the Western frontier are tough, but they have a brilliant wickedness which gives them a fascination of their own. The logging town is low, sodden, degraded, and does not rise to the dignity of wickedness. The inhabitants, or the transient loggers who enable the inhabitants to live, are assorted foreigners of beast-like habits and tendencies. Cleanliness is unknown. Dirt, vulgarity, depravity, low-downness are the characteristics that meet you. One can mingle with clean wickedness without personal discomfort, but dirty vulgarity is far worse in consequences. Even the style of fighting (and where cheap whisky abounds fighting must ensue) is of poor type in the pine woods. In the Rockies we used often to see gentlemen who were in their cups have disagreements, and pull their guns and shoot it out like gentlemen, others not interfering. In the lumbering regions the weapon is the fist and the hobnail. Etiquette demands that when one has knocked an enemy down he shall stamp on him or pound him. Often half a dozen will set upon one man, and custom seems to dictate that all one's friends shall help him pummel a single adversary. Woe be to the "river jack" who starts into a fight without a "gang" behind him, for if the other man has a "gang" with him they will all go into action as soon as it seems safe. There are many nationalities, and the feuds between the different clans always break out at the bar where the red-eye moveth itself aright. All the hotels are small, and the bar in each is the biggest half. Quiet is there unknown. As I could not personally approve of the style of fighting customary in this region, I was a good deal bored during my three days' stay at Woodruff, while I was waiting for my camera to come up from Chicago. Moreover, the express agent was of the smart-Aleck class, and no doubt thought I was a lumber jack out of a job, as I had adopted the costume of the country and perhaps looked a trifle hard. I relieved my feelings by discourse with him about himself, in return for which I believe he held my package over a day for me. It was a bad time I had of it, alone at Woodruff in the winter, and had I not found a good fellow by name of Glover, who ran a jewelry store, I should have perished of fretting. Glover sells cheap jewelry for cash to the Indians, and cheap watches to the lumber hands on time, having out agents who visit the camps and "stand in" with the foremen. He being something of a hunter, and having a quiet room to sit in, we got along well together. Since then he has wandered away out to the gold fields of Washington, and I don't know what I should do if I had to loaf three days in Woodruff now.

Hitting the Trail.

But at last my camera came, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I hurriedly got ready for the start into the woods again. I wanted to get over to O. W. Saynor's place on Plum Lake, expecting there to get to a trapper by name of Joe Blair, who was a guide on those waters in the fishing season. There was a new line of railroad built up through that country to Star Lake, but there were no regular trains running on it, except that a logging train went up from Minocqua every day. No one could tell what the prospect was of that train stopping at Woodruff Crossing, and no one knew where it would stop up in the Plum Lake region. Evidently Minocqua and Woodruff were not friends. Moreover, as proof of the general looseness and inaccuracy of the human intellect in that region, no one could tell me how far it was to Plum Lake—or rather, no two could tell it alike. It was somewhere between eleven and twenty-one miles, I supposed, those being the limits assigned. And I was to take a trail which led to the left from the railroad, after crossing a high trestle over the first big creek. There was no main trail but the railroad, and the snowshoeing there was bad, for the snow was melting between the ties, and there was no ballast on six or eight miles of the roadbed. These being the circumstancas, and only an hour of daylight remaining, it seemed best not to run the chance of lying out all night in the snow; so I only went four miles that night, stopping at the little sawmill town of Arbor Vitæ, on the lake of that name.

At Arbor Vitæ I was directed to a good boarding house kept by a Mrs. McGregor, who was out visiting when I called. I hunted around among the neighbors until I found her, and asked her if I could stop over night. She looked at me critically for a few moments, and then said:

"No, we don't keep anybody from the lumber camps. We don't dare to. I have always kept a clean and respectable house, and I don't let just anybody in."

When I heard this it seemed funny to me, and I laughed a long peal of silvery laughter, which startled Mrs. McGregor very much. We then engaged in conversation, and when I said I was from Chicago, and proved it after much difficulty, the lady began to thaw out, and eventually invited me to go over to her house and take off my pack. (Everybody carries a pack in that country.)

At Mrs. McGregor's house I was very well treated, and in the morning I got an early start after a good breakfast, having decided to take no chances on the railway train, but to go on through on foot. It was bad going, part hard walking and part wretched snowshoeing, but I made the distance, whatever it was, 7, 9, 11 or 17 miles, by about noon, luckily hitting the faint trail in the snow which led across the railroad to Plum Lake. The wind had blown snow over the trail, about half a mile from the railway, so there was no telling which way it went, but I could then see the lake. Going next on the ice, I saw a windvane whirling on top of a tall pole near the shore—the only sign of a human agency—and pushing on over, I found Saynor's house, where I was well received. Mr. Saynor keeps a good summer resort, and often has Chicago parties up in the summer time, enjoying the fine muscallonge fishing of those waters.

I learned that Joe Blair was living *en bachelor*, over on Big St. Germaine Lake, about six miles or so from Mr. Saynor's place, and that probably he would go out on a trapping trip; so Mr. Saynor and I walked over to Big St. Germaine after lunch and interviewed Joe.

The Trapper's Cabin.

Here I found the trapperiest looking cabin I had seen, full of the dozens of handy appliances the lone man in the woods usually gets about him. There were traps, paddles, knives, spreaders, all sorts of things interesting to handle and talk about. Joe himself, middle-aged, long haired, dressed in buckskin and wide hat, made a good figure of a trapper, and proving to be also companionable and cheerful, I concluded I had blundered into pleasant places. He said he was just going over to look at some new otter country, near Buckatabon Lake, some thirty miles or so, and if I cared to go along he should be glad to have me. We agreed to start from Mr. Saynor's the next morning, and I arranged to spend the night with Joe, Mr. Saynor going on back home.

That night Joe and I had fresh perch for supper, just out from under the ice in Big St. Germaine. And we baked some bread, and had beans (of course) and tea (of course). Then we sat down and had a long talk about sport and work in general, and trapping in particular.

Trapping Lore.

Joe told me that nearly every winter he caught an otter or two on Lost Creek, a little stream near his cabin. He had lately caught one, and showed me the skin, a very large and beautiful one, stretched nicely on the spreading boards. He had heard of a black fox being seen that winter. (Billy McArthur, on Trout Lake, the winter before, had caught one black and one silver-gray fox, and this winter had caught a black fox. He got only $75 or $100 for the best of the skins, and was probably worsted by the dealer, as prime skins of the silver-gray often bring twice or three times that amount.)

"I will show you how I trap otter when we get out together," said Joe. "For foxes I don't care so much, for a common red fox is only worth a couple of dollars or so, and a prime otter may bring $10 or $12 this winter.

"Foxes are sort of mean to trap, but you can trap 'em—you can trap anything. I mostly find it easiest to trap a fox around an old camping place. A fox will come up to a dead camp-fire and move around and pick up scraps. I make a bed in the ashes and put a trap under it. A fox will lie down in a bed that way, like a dog. Sometimes a lot of straw or chaff will attract them that way. Sometimes I put a trap at a stick or tree which they are using, and sometimes I use scent for them, at a water-set, putting the trap under some moss a little way out from the bank, so the fox will step on it. He don't like to get his feet wet, you see.

"A lynx is a fool, and can be trapped anyhow. I use castor scent for lynx a good deal. Sometimes I put up a red rag near the trap.

"Nearly every fellow has his favorite scent. Castor is good, and the oil from decayed fish is good, but the best scent is made by putting in the bottle certain parts of the female animal. That is good for foxes, for mink, or most any sort of animal.

"Wolves are poisoned easiest by putting strychnine in lard and putting it in a hole or narrow place, where they lick it out or get it a little at a time. You can fill a whole deer carcass up with poison, but somehow you won't get many wolves; anyhow, not unless the poison was put in as soon as the deer was killed, so the poison could be absorbed by the blood all through the body.

"I would rather trap bears than anything else. I usually set a deadfall for a bear. We are going over into a good bear country, and we will build a deadfall in there somewhere. It won't be long now before bears begin to come out and travel. They are hungry at first and there isn't much to eat, so they go right into a pen of any kind for a chunk of meat.

"You have seen how to trap marten, fisher and the like. In my trapping I use a 'natural set' for about everything. I never build a house for anything but a marten. Sometimes I catch them by covering the trap with a bark or slab house for the marten to poke his head into. Usually the less monkeying you do around a trap the better it is.

"Of course there are some 'secrets' about trapping, but the best secret is to use judgment and common sense, and to keep your eyes open and not be in too big a hurry. Every fellow learns something for himself and trappers don't all work alike. For instance, maybe not everybody knows about the beeswax bait for bears. Sometimes I take two red hot flat rocks and put a big chunk of beeswax between 'em, and let it smoke and burn. That smell will go a long way on the wind, and if there is a bear anywhere in the neighborhood he'll come to it, sure.

"Then sometimes I go out through the woods in a big circle and drag a piece of meat to make a track for the bear to follow to the trap. I don't always trap alike, and no good trapper does. If he is any good he will act the way circumstances seem to show him is best."

The Deer Range.

I had seen a great deal of deer sign that afternoon and spoke of it to Joe. He said there were few better deer countries than that around Big St. Germaine. Deer wintered in a heavy thicket there. He thought the law was not broken much in winter, except that the residents might once in a while kill a deer to eat. In the summer hundreds were killed illegally by night shooting around the edges of the lakes. Most of this was done by city fishermen, nearly all of whom brought rifles in with them. He knew one so-called sportsman who fired at seventeen different deer one night on Big St. Germaine, using a shotgun. He killed one and wounded a number, which were afterward found dead.

"But I suppose it was a sportsman that did that," said Joe, reflectively, "so it isn't so bad as if I had done it." (Yet on another occasion that same "sportsman" was fined over $100 for illegal shooting of deer.)

Muscallonge Waters.

Joe said that Lake Big St. Germaine had not been fished by the 'lunge anglers much for six or eight years. He thought the fishing ought to be good. The biggest 'lunge he ever saw came out of that lake. He admitted that one spring he speared two 'lunge (illegally), either of which weighed over 45lbs. He told me of a party of gentlemen fishermen from Kansas who put up at Saynor's place the summer previous. They sold their fish and marketed over 1,000lbs. (so Gaynor told me also), but they kicked because they did not pay expenses! There was an amateur photographer in that same Kansas party who sold Saynor pictures of his house at $1 a picture. It would seem that the Kansans put up rather a hard game for Mr. Saynor to lay up money on.

The Dog Sledge Express.

In expectation of this trip to the Buckatabon region, Joe had already taken his toboggan and camping outfit up to Saynor's place on Plum Lake, intending to make that the starting place. (It seemed that I was to see yet another style of trapper's transportation.) We had therefore little to carry on our six miles' journey in the morning, from Joe's cabin to Plum Lake. By noon we had our supplies all ready, Mr. Saynor generously helping us out in that line, and offering to go with us and help us get our stuff over to Buckatabon Lake.

We had a tent, a sheet iron stove, blankets, cooking utensils, axe, camera and supplies for a week or more, besides our outfit of traps. This would not appear to figure up much, but it makes a big load for one toboggan, more than one man can pull unless the snow be very good. It is more than two men can pack on their backs. We decided therefore to use not one, but two toboggans, for part of the way at least. Moreover, and most interesting of all, part of our rolling stock was to be the dog sledge express operated by Mr. Saynor's son, a chunky, rosy-cheeked little fellow about 7 years old.

Joe and I both agreed that this boy was "an awful good kid." If I said that he hauls all the wood the family uses in winter time, and brings it a mile and a half from the forest to the house, I might not be believed, yet this is true. His playmate and fellow-laborer in this is a big, strong staghound, only 16 months old at that time, but apparently strong as a mule. The boy has a collar and traces for the dog, and when he wants a load of wood he hitches up, gets into the toboggan, cracks his whip and goes off across the lake a good deal faster than a man could run. He gets his toboggan full of wood, heads back for the house, and the big staghound, with head down, comes trotting in about as fast as he went out. If the sledge sticks at a hummock, he stoops, strains in the collar, the muscles on his thighs standing up like those of a cart horse, and over any ordinary obstacle he will snatch the load or break something trying. When the toboggan is loaded very heavily the boy trots along at the head of the dog, carrying his short whip, and young as he is, I should woefully dislike to have to keep up with him. That boy will surely grow up with good legs and lungs. He and his dog have a perfect understanding, and the latter does not work so well for anybody else. Together they make a freighting outfit about equal to three powerful men, and very much faster than any man on foot. This was the oddest sort of transportation I ever saw in the pine country, and the best for the locality where it was used—mostly on the level, frozen lakes.

The Real Toboggan.

The best toboggan is made of maple, which is hard and wears smooth. The toboggan should be 1ft. to 16in. wide and 6 to 8ft. long. The front end is curved up and back, the bottom being tight and solid, with no cracks. There should be a light sideboard on each side and an end board, all nailed tightly on to the bottom and extending 3 or 4in. high clear above the bottom. This keeps the snow out of the toboggan, and makes it run much more easily. When the sideboards break and the snow gets in on the bottom board, one quickly finds he is pulling three times the load.

Our able monthly magazines sometimes print pretty pictures of jaunty-looking sportsmen pulling a moose or two along swiftly on a toboggan which is apparently made of a piece of board turned up round and nice at one end. Perhaps the artists get their ideas from the toboggans in the show windows, which usually are simply slats cleated together and bent up forward, but with no tight bottom and no sideboards at all. That is a very pretty style of toboggan, and it is also very worthless for woods work, though it might do to slide down hill on. If you want a trapping toboggan, you want one of the sort above described. And then you want a good dog and a husky kid, such as we had. Supplied that way, you can surely travel.

Dog Train and an Ice Trail.

We loaded up our two sledges at Mr. Saynor's house, as I was saying, about noon, and pulled out, Mr. Saynor, Joe and myself, the kid and the dog. I have rarely started out under more picturesque conditions. It was biting cold—for everybody at least except for the kid and the dog, who didn't mind it—when we got out on the lake, but I could not forbear halting the procession and getting some pictures of our singular outfit. Then the boy cracked his whip and started off ahead over the trail up Plum Lake to the Star Lake portage. He trotted at the dog's head, and the time they made was a caution. The rest of us, taking turns at the other toboggan, soon were laboring far in the rear.

A Nervy Boy.

The Star Lake portage is over a quarter of a mile of high, rough ridge, and here we had hard work, though the big staghound buckled into the traces nobly and left little to be done except to help him over the logs. Then we had a smooth run to Star Lake settlement, a little sawmill town at the terminus of the new line of railroad lately built in. This was about five miles, I believe, from Mr. Saynor's house. Here we transferred the boy's sled load on to Joe's toboggan, and I put on my pack, which till then had been on Joe's toboggan. It was necessary for the boy to leave us here and go back home. The day was bleak and cold, and the forests looked wild for a youngster to travel alone. His father had no fear for him, however, and the boy was unconcerned, except that he wanted to go on with us and not go back home. The last we saw of him he was going a clinking pace toward the portage, the dog trotting like a thoroughbred, the boy sitting up straight on the toboggan and driving like a king. He got home all right in about three-quarters of an hour.

Night at a "Summer Resort."

We three men now found that we had our work cut out for us. We wanted to get over to Lake Laura that night, about four or five miles further on our way. The way was over choppy hills, and the trail was awful, being cut up by logging teams which had plunged through once or twice and left a double row of icy ridges and holes in the deep snow. It was nearly dark and we were all tired when we felt that strange, cold breath in the forest by which one knows that a lake is not far off. Then we soon made Laura Lake, which neither of my companions had visited over this trail. We were now getting well into wild country—though indeed all the country, from Woodruff to where we now were, is wild enough in the winter time. Laura Lake is the very head of the Manitowish waters. We were here at the divide between the Manitowish and Wisconsin River systems. Laura Lake was once a famous bass lake. An enterprising man started a "summer resort" here, and sought to lure city people to his place for the fishing. Meantime he and his family fished for market all the time, all seasons, spring, summer and winter, and cleaned all the bass out. They shipped 900lbs. of bass at one shipment. Laura Lake today is a denuded water, as thousands of other lakes in that wonderful region soon will be.

Apparently business had not been good lately, for we found the "summer resort" (which was a three-room, story and a half frame house) abandoned. There were many deer legs and horns about. The hide of a skunk was flapping idly in the wind. Inside the "summer resort" we found, to our joy, that the cook stove had not been moved, that there was a good pile of wood already cut, and that there were two old mattresses on the floor in the room where the stove was. Being thus saved from pitching camp on the snow, we joyfully kicked off our snowshoes, moved in, and soon had made ourselves thoroughly comfortable over a meal of hearty pine woods food, after which we rolled down our blankets and passed a good winter night on the floor of the "summer resort."

E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

CURLY.

Wisconsin.—The subject of my narrative is not a myth, but a solid reality, one of which the poets have never sung and whose deeds, though heroic, were never recorded in history. And though Curly was a dog and only a dog, his memory is cherished by every member of our family. He was a true friend; and he who despises the friendship of a dog misses one of the choice things in life.

Curly was a large, square, black water spaniel, with an intelligent face, large brown eyes, and a silky coat that resembled the choicest Astrakhan. He was presented to our youngest son by the janitor of the academy where our boys were attending school, and he became attached to every member of our family, but his love for his young master was something out of the ordinary. He followed him like his shadow. On one occasion, when there was preaching at the schoolhouse on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, the family attended, and when the boy came in and took his seat with other boys Curly was on hand and insisted upon sitting beside his master. He sat sedately and quietly for a while, but he grew tired of this monotony and would look wistfully out at the door, then up in his master's face and whine, then again he would look wistfully out of the door, as much as to say, "Can't you see how lovely it is out in the sunshine?" Then his master would point his finger at him and whisper, to the delight of every urchin present, "Now, Curly, you sit still and listen to the sermon, and you'll be a better dog if you do." He then settled down and went to sleep, but as soon as the congregation rose to sing Curly jumped up and gave one joyous bark!

When he was two years old the boys went to Minnesota and took him with them. He learned many bright tricks in his absence, and when they returned at the end of a year it would have been hard to tell which was most delighted to get home, the boys or the dog. One of the tricks he had learned was to toss up crackers, candy or peanuts and catch them, never missing one. He was a general favorite, and never entered a grocery but what some one was ready to lay crackers and candy on his nose to see him toss them up and catch them. He had a great appetite as well as capacity for sweetmeats, and his appetite, without doubt, shortened his days. Curly was very neat in his habits, never failing to bathe in the morning when conditions were favorable, said conditions requiring nice, high, wet grass or light snow; he seemed delighted with either, and would frolic and roll until he was thoroughly clean, whereupon he would dry himself before coming into the house. He was extremely sensitive, and would show as much chagrin at being laughed at as would a sensitive boy.

He came in one day in a frolicsome mood, frisked into the conservatory, where a fresh sheet of sticky fly paper had just been spread. The tip end of the long wavy hair on his tail just touched it and lifted it high over his back. He shook it, barked and growled, but his efforts only made it stick the tighter. He wouldn't let us touch it, and finally becoming frantic, went out in the dooryard, rolled over, spreading it the length of his back. After we stopped laughing, he seemed perfectly willing to have us free him from his tormentor, and in a few minutes was as cheerful as ever.

After awhile one of the boys married. Curly became greatly attached to the bride, and finally, as his master was much from home, took up his abode with the young couple, who lived on a farm on the opposite side of the road from the homestead. Still he was a frequent visitor at the old home. While the young people were at breakfast he would walk around the table and greet each one, expecting and getting a choice morsel from each, then he would trot right over to his old home to see us. Our houses stood about eighty rods apart, but he generally managed to get there before we had left the table. If the door was shut he would scratch it gently. We always made it a point to meet him and open the door. He would come in laughing, as we termed his peculiar short breathing when he was pleased. He was greatly disappointed if we had left the table before he arrived. If his young mistress scolded him or told him his feet were dirty, he would march right over to his old home.

We could always tell by his manners when he was in disgrace. Then sometimes we would scold him just to see him perform. He would put on such a "woebegone" expression and start right back, but never at such times would he go more than half way, where he would sit down on the turnpike, with his face to the west, and stick his nose up as high as he could, shut his eyes and sulk it out, then he would be his own lovable self again; but with all his redeeming qualities he had his faults.

He was jealous to a human degree, but was not human enough to be revengeful. He was not only jealous, but was a thief, a petty thief, his weakness being for peanuts and candy. I well remember one Christmas, when a little girl brought a bag of peanuts and candy for the Christmas tree, and not wanting to eat them that night, put them on the top shelf in the conservatory. In the morning when we entered the dining room the carpet was strewn with peanut shucks and paper. Curly could not resist the temptation, and like any other thief waited until all was still, then feasted. He had torn the bag to pieces, evidently fearing a little peanut or bit of candy had escaped him. Of course he was only petted for his sagacity. We told him it was no crime, and that there was no law against dogs stealing as long as they didn't steal sheep.

He would carry packages as well as a boy. One time his young mistress intrusted him with packages, among them a little bag of peanuts. He no sooner got a sniff of the freshly roasted peanuts than he sat right down in the middle of the road in the snow, tore open the bag and ate every one, then trotted on home with the other package.

Curly was a privileged character, and on account of his neat habits was allowed to roam all over the house. Sometimes, when a room got too warm for his majesty, he would get up and walk to the door, asking us in his mute way to open the door, and when we had complied with his wishes he would sit down just inside the door and sniff the fresh air to his satisfaction, then go back and lie down and watch to see if we shut the door.

He would never eat like other dogs. If we offered him scrapings from the table he would turn up his aristocratic nose and walk away. At such times we would draw upon his jealousy by calling the cats. Soon as we called, "kitty, kitty," he would fly at the food and eat it in a trice. I saw his young mistress take some dry biscuit out one day to feed the chickens. Curly asked for the biscuit and ate every one before the chickens got there. If we had offered him fresh biscuit well buttered, he would have refused it.

On one occasion one of the boys went to the library in the second story to write some letters. Curly, of course, followed; he laid down under the secretary and went to sleep. The young man went out, closed the door, and went to town. Curly slept on until the sun was far down in the west; then we were startled by hearing a rumbling noise and feeling a jarring sensation overhead, then the library door would shake violently. None of the girls or kitchen help dared go up and see what was the matter. All at once there was a calm followed by a crash, and broken glass fell from the large east window and lay in a thousand pieces on the ground. We rushed out and looked up at the window, expecting to see something, but alas! nothing met our gaze but broken sash and space. Then we commenced daring one another to go up and open the door. A girl in the kitchen said the racket was caused by spirits. "Well!" said I, "spirits were never known to hurt anyone, and I am going," and suited the action to the word. Judge of my surprise when I opened the door and met only the black face of Curly with a malicious gleam in his dear old brown eyes. "You black rascal!" said I, "why didn't you finish the job by jumping out and breaking your old neck, after you had made a way?" He looked up at me complacently and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "I knew too much for that." Strange, none of us even thought of Curly; strange too, that he didn't bark or howl. I suppose when he awoke and found himself a prisoner he became frantic.

Curly was always civil to other dogs, and tried to keep out of trouble. He tried in a doggish way to live up to the golden rule, but if a dog persisted and seemed bent on a fuss he would accommodate him. Curs would frequently run out after him when he would be passing farm houses in the country; then he would trot to the opposite side of the road and whine, as much as to say, "I am a peaceable dog and don't want to fight;" but if the canine still persisted Curly would stop and shake him well, and send him yelping back whence he came, "a wiser if not a better dog." Then Curly would trot on after the team as if nothing had happened. He in this way gave many a mongrel a lasting lesson, and many of them twice his size. At one time he followed our teams, which were going to the pinery, sixty miles away, got tired of it and turned back, reaching home the following day, and after a good supper and a night's rest was as frisky as ever.

His young master went to England and imported some fine horses. After they were rested and well groomed they were led to the door for the ladies to look at. After their long and perilous journey they naturally became objects of interest, and in proportion to the interest we lavished upon them Curly's jealousy was aroused. When he could stand it no longer he walked off a few feet, struck his peculiar attitude, and all the while the horses stood there he sat with his back toward them with his nose elevated in the air, his eyes closed, perfectly oblivious to everything until the horses were taken away to their stalls; then at the first sound of his name he would give one sigh and bound around as playfully as ever.

To prove his jealousy we took to petting old Jack, the house dog, more than usual. We petted the chickens, kittens, anything, just to see Curly sulk; but soon as the obnoxious object was banished he was his own dear self again, and would look at us in such a confiding manner that it would give us a pang of remorse; then he always got an extra amount of petting to pay for it. His forgiving spirit would put many a human to shame.

At one time when the craze was on for advertising cards, the girls brought some home from an upholsterer's. Among them was the picture of a pug dog. Now, said the girl, I am going to plague Curly if I can. She stood it in the middle of the floor, then called, "Come, Curly, and see the pretty doggie." He came, walked up to it, sniffed around it, gave a little low growl and left the room, and could not be prevailed upon to return until the inanimate and offensive object was removed. We hung a pier glass opposite the entrance to the parlor, and when Curly first saw himself in that the hair raised up on his back and he gave his picture a saucy growl and looked behind the glass to see where the dog was that dare go in the parlor, and when he found nothing he looked silly, but was really quite jealous of his own handsome profile.

Curly was quite useful as well as entertaining. He learned to retrieve without being trained in any way. The first time he showed his ability was one day while his young master and a friend of his went out to a little preserve or pond to shoot some ducks. They shot several and found all but one, a wounded one, and were getting ready to return home when they heard a rustling among the willows; in a minute out walked Curly holding gingerly in his teeth a large wounded mallard.

At one time one of the boys had to make a business trip to Minnesota, and as his train left at 3 o'clock the next morning he thought he would pack his trunk over night.