

# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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## UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE act of Congress, by which the United States Fish Commission was established, provided that its work should consist of two branches: first, investigation into the condition of food fisheries; and second, the multiplication and dissemination of the more important species.

In the beginning it was a matter of course that the inquiry branch of the work should be regarded as of more importance than that of propagation, and it was quite natural too that those who followed Professor Baird in the direction of the affairs of the Commission should develop the work upon the original lines which he had marked out. Without now entering upon any detailed statement, it may be said that the development of the branch of scientific inquiry and research has been carried to an extent which has come to be recognized as disproportionate to the actual work of fish propagation and distribution. The present time when a new Commissioner is about to assume control appears to be opportune for a modification of the activities of the Commission in such a way that the work of practical fishculture shall assume the larger relative importance which it deserves.

We are not among those who carp at science as a scarecrow and all scientific inquiry as a squandering of public funds. The Fish Commission never could have done the important and magnificent work which it has accomplished had the line not been staked and the way cut for it by science, no more than a railroad could be constructed without the preliminary survey. But as after a railroad has been constructed, while the surveyors and engineers may still prosecute their investigations for feeders and branch lines, the main business of the directors of the road is to increase the passenger traffic and the freight tonnage, so the chief business of the Fish Commission to-day is to increase the supply of food fishes. The Division of Fishculture should in effect constitute the Commission itself. The new Commissioner should be a man who, like Dr. Bean, formerly at the head of the Division of Fishculture, has had a wide and practical experience in this special field, and who is known to be in sympathy with the fishcultural work of the Commission and amply qualified to direct and control it.

We are not discussing the utility of scientific inquiry in general nor specifically of that which has been prosecuted by the Fish Commission or is now in progress under its direction. But the funds provided for such work should be appropriated distinctly for scientific inquiry, and should be wholly apart from and in addition to the provision which Congress makes for the Fish Commission. They should be classed under a separate head of expenditures. Investigation by the Fish Commission should be restricted to that which is calculated to produce direct material results for the advantage of the public who pay the taxes. There is an abundant field for work in this direction in the study of the habits, rates of growth, habits and life histories of our commercial food fishes, their diseases and enemies, and the agencies which affect them.

## SNAP SHOTS.

Kelpie has his say as to "true sportsmanship," and to many his profession will be heresy. But is it not true, perhaps, that in our discussions of "sportsmanship" we constantly overlook the existence of that vast army of those who kill game and fish for game and fish, and not in any measure whatever for sport? If a man requires a mess of pickerel for his home table, or a mess of quail, and if he goes out to gather in the one or the other precisely for the purposes and with the utilitarian hunger-appeasing motive that control him in digging potatoes or wringing the neck of a hen that has ceased to lay, why should he be denounced because of his unsportsmanlike conduct? What is sport to him; or what is he to sport? He has a perfect right to the fish and the game, and should have the unquestioned privilege of taking them in any way under heaven that pleases him, provided only that the method he chooses is not unreasonably destructive. The only excuse, for instance, to forbid the trapping of game is found in the practical experience which has demonstrated that trapping so destroys the stock that the supply is depleted to a point where no more birds are left for either shooter or trapper. The gunner may very properly claim that his way of taking game is of a higher grade than the trapper's way; but he can rightly have no quarrel with the trapper because the man of the snare is wanting in sportsmanlike sentiment. As well might the amateur tooler of the tallyho coach berate the unsportsmanlike spirit of the driver of the ash cart. It is well and proper to hold a professed sportsman in the exercise of his sportsmanship strictly to the dictates and limitations of sport; but is it reasonable to require that every person who takes game or fish must do it for sport and after a mode recognized as sportsmanlike?

Now, here is an unreasonable citizen. He lives on Fifth avenue, New York, near the menagerie of the Central Park, and he has been making a fuss because he says he is kept awake nights by the "howling of the wapiti" confined in the deer paddocks. That is a most extraordinary complaint. Many a man would travel long and far into the wilderness to hear once more in the night the whistle of the elk. It is music which the connoisseurs in such things assure us is of the finest in the world, in the real world of the mountains. Sportsmen poets, like the lamented H. P. U., have written prose poems about the elk's whistle; and many another sportsman, without much poetry in his soul, would go on a pilgrimage, even to Central Park, if so it might be that the scrawny elk penned there would deign to whistle for him. And yet this unappreciative and cantankerous Fifth avenue man, with an ear not attuned to the harmonies of nature, demands of the Park Commissioners that they shall abolish the "howling wapiti" as a public nuisance. We protest. Abolish, if needs must be, the whistles of ferryboats, the shrieks of locomotives, the roar of the elevated roads, the clangor of bells, the uproar of milk wagons, the rattle and thunder of fire engines, the barking of dogs and wailing of cats; we could spare them all, yet with the whistle of the elk would still be one grand, sweet song.

Public men are inevitably the subjects of public comment, favorable and adverse, and the more prominent a man's position the more he is talked about and the more ridiculous are the stories told about him. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who for some years has been much in the public eye, has not escaped the common fate. People at large regard Mr. Roosevelt as a public man of the highest character, a successful author and a good sportsman. Yet every now and then the public is amused by stories to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt cannot ride, or cannot write, or wears better clothes than he ought to, or has good teeth. The stories told about him are always trivial. So these tales only add somewhat to the amusement of the nation, and especially tickle Mr. Roosevelt's friends. The last extravagances about him originate in Chicago and come from the lips of a man who seems to have been recently taking a primary course in Western outdoor life. If this man had had more experience he would probably be less ready to repeat the stories with which the average Western man delights to impose on the credulity of the pilgrim.

A correspondent, who is so fortunate as to be blessed with a brother living in a fine game country in southern Missouri, has been invited to spend a month or two there in

shooting. But, ammunition bought, trunk packed and all preparations made for an immediate start, he is confronted by the Missouri game law, which makes it a misdemeanor for non-residents to kill game anywhere within the State. The question he asks is this: "Is there any way in which I can have a little sport and still respect the law?" The Missouri non-resident law is a dead letter; so far as we can learn it is not observed by any one; such sportsmen as George Kennedy denounce it; multitudes of non-residents invade Missouri and kill game in spite of it. Under these conditions what should be the decision of the Philadelphia man with his brother in a game district in Missouri, ammunition supplied and trunk packed? Should he buy a ticket?

The Maine enterprise of importing game birds from other States and from abroad for propagation in confinement appears to have been a failure. Whether this was due to the inherent difficulties of the undertaking, or to the ignorance and incapacity of those who had the matter in practical charge, we leave for others to determine. When Mr. Ames sent us the communication, which is published to-day, telling of what he had found at Auburn, we wrote at once to President E. C. Farrington, of the Maine Fish and Game Association, who in turn applied to the Augusta parties for particulars to send to us. Up to this date Mr. Farrington's intervention has not been potent to secure for us any new information from Auburn. The money spent on the capercaillie appears to have been expended for experience, with no feathers to show for it.

The Massachusetts Association is considering the merits of the several species of birds which have been imported into this country.

As a rule the effigies of dogs and cats and other brute creatures are out of place in a cemetery and grate harshly upon one's sensibilities; but now and then there is an instance where the memorial of an animal's devotion appears fitting and graceful. One may hardly question the motive which has prompted the placing of a collie dog's statue in one of the cemeteries near New York. The faithful creature was for years a useful member of a Dakota ranchman's "outfit," and between dog and master a warm friendship existed. When the man died the dog was inconsolable, as dogs often are; made daily visits to the tomb of its master; and finally died with every evidence of a broken heart, to have its devotion commemorated by this marble memorial.

Our correspondents from a number of different sections have made mention that this year's crop of birds is of an unusually late hatching, and the reports from some sections indicate an actual scarcity, but whether the latter was caused by excessive shooting or by weather conditions we have not been informed. For two summers, this summer and last, the rainfall has been exceedingly light, thus causing a severe and prolonged drought, which may have affected the bird crop for better or worse, although a dry summer, according to common observation, is favorable. It would be interesting to have the observations of others on these points.

Have you mended your fences for Election day and made every preparation for that important occasion? That is to say, have you staked out the quail or partridge, woodcock or prairie chicken country over which you propose to shoot after you shall have dropped your ballot? The calendar of the year shows many a date printed in red to signify that it is a holiday, but not yet have we so many days of freedom that any one of them may be neglected for improvement to the full measure of what opportunities it gives for carrying a gun behind a dog.

Observers who are speculating about the scarcity of song birds should turn their attention to the feminine headgear now in style. Feathers are a fashion still, and the fashion now is to wear more feathers than ever before. Where one pair of wings sufficed before, two or three or a half dozen are required. Now may we expect to have birds in our fields and orchards and on hats and bonnets too?

Dealer—"What size shot will you have?"

Novice—"Give me No. 1 bird shot; I always want the best."



bridge in the Dorchester district is his favorite fishing disappear amid a shower of spray in a rush shoreward. Around whirled the canoe and another race of paddle and scorching line followed. The hubbub that arose from my swarthy paddlers was simply tremendous. Talk about the stoicism of the Indian! A perfect stream of excited Chinook, hilarious and profane, gurgled and flowed from their cavernous mouths as with hair flying they bent and swayed with rhythmic movements over their flashing and dextrous paddles. Even amid the excitement of the chase which now made my pulses quicken I had time to note the picturesque *tout ensemble* of my aboriginal outfit. But the rush was short, as upon my putting a check on the line the salmon again shot skyward. Then he did what should have occurred to him earlier in the struggle, when his strength was fresh; he sounded; 20, 30, yes, 40ft. he went perpendicularly downward without halt or indecision, and then slowly yielding to the supple lance he came to the surface and was reeled to within 10ft. of the boat.

But that quality in fishes which anglers call gameness, and which I suspect in our salmon is the instinct of self-preservation that makes him wary of the seal, the otter and the grampus, revived his flagging energies at the sight of the boat and canoe. It was the opportunity to score success, and probably would have succeeded if the alert Siwash had not been prepared for such a move and had not countered by an exhibition of superb paddling. How the Indians did it passes my comprehension, but quick as was the salmon yet the Indians were quicker, as with a shout I saw that the boat had been pivoted around clear of the line and without toppling me over from my standing balance in the narrow craft. Putting an immediate pressure on the reel, which was already under a heavy drag, I succeeded in checking the runaway, who after hanging a minute on the swaying tip of the rod swung around to the right and then broke water in a futile attempt to release the hook. It was a valiant effort, but the good rod was surely breaking down his strength. Each minute the radii of the circles the salmon was making around the boat were diminishing until he was reeled close in astern. My arms ached, and I was ready to call him in out of the wet, but there was a vicious glare in his eye as he swam along, warning me that he had not reached that stage when the white of his belly would show in token of vanquishment. He was playing a wily game to catch fresh wind, so I told the Indians to head for the beach.

For fully 50yds. he swam alongside not 20ft. distant, giving me a splendid opportunity to observe his magnificent size and action in the water. Was he ready to surrender? Easily I reeled in, and as gently he came. The klootchman dropped her paddle and raised the long gaff, but his keen eyes caught the movement and once more he made a rush for freedom. It was of brief duration. Endurance had reached its limit, and I easily turned him again toward the canoe. This time I reeled rapidly, and when the fish reached the side of the boat the heavy gaff caught him. There was a convulsive struggle, then two brawny arms lifted the quivering form over the gunwale and the battle was ended. *Oncorhynchus kisutch* was vanquished.

Ever since he emerged from the pink-tinted egg among the gravel beds of the Skykomish beneath the glaciers back of Index Peak, where he first escaped the voracious trout, he had successfully hustled to the very prime of life, preying upon the young herring, smelt and sculpins, and always dodging his foes, the seal and black killer, until in a fateful hour, mistaking the flash of a brass trolling spoon for an evening luncheon, he succumbed to the resilience of a mere withe of lancewood, weighing but 9oz., and less than one mouthful of his daily food.

The sun is disappearing behind the snow-capped summits of the Olympic Mountains, and its lingering rays, painting a broad band of vermillion and golden russet across the waters of the Sound, fall aslant a sandy beach along the western side of the Everett Peninsula. Near a long slender canoe, half withdrawn from the ebbing tide, squats a Tulalip squaw, her long black hair streaming over shoulders draped with a red and yellow blanket; a few feet distant, leaning on a carved and pointed paddle, stands her broad-shouldered Siwash husband, whose swarthy face is seamed with weather stains, and in whose outstretched hand is dropped a broad silver dollar by a corduroy-clothed pale face. On the sands, over which the purple twilight gently gathers, and in the midst of the picturesque group, lies the gleaming form of a silver salmon, whose race is run and who has fought a good fight.

CAYUGA.

EVERETT, Wash., Oct. 18.

### TROUT AT THE UPPER DAM.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 26.—The following account (kindly furnished me by one of the oldest and most successful anglers at the Upper Dam pools in the Rangeley Lakes) of large brook trout taken at that noted place during the months of August and September this year will no doubt prove interesting to many readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. The record for August is twelve trout, average 5½lbs., largest 8½lbs. For September, twenty trout, average 6lbs., largest 8½lbs. Some of the lucky fishermen in September, giving date of capture and weight of their largest fish, were: Sept. 13, R. N. Parish, 8½lbs.; Sept. 14, J. C. Dougherty, 5½lbs.; Sept. 15, Hiram Blood, 5½lbs.; Sept. 15, J. C. Dougherty, 7½lbs.; Sept. 16, E. S. Osgood, 4½lbs.; Sept. 18, R. N. Parish, 5½lbs.; Sept. 18, J. C. Dougherty, 5½lbs.; Sept. 19, T. B. Stewart, 6lbs.; Sept. 19, R. N. Parish, 5½lbs.; Sept. 23, W. J. Reynolds, 7½lbs.; Sept. 24, Dr. W. A. Drake, one of 8lbs. and another of 4½lbs.; Sept. 27, R. N. Parish, 5lbs., and the same gentleman on the 30th, one of 8½lbs.

### The Smelt Fishermen.

Smelt fishing around Boston is booming just now, and both the sportsmen and regular market fishermen are getting great numbers. I have heard it said that they are averaging larger this year than for some seasons past, and what fish I have seen rather confirm me in this belief. One of the best catches, as regards quantity, which I have heard about was made by two market fishermen on one day last week. In a little less than three hours' time they captured 533 fish, weighing 72½lbs. I believe they were taken in Dorchester Bay, but am not quite sure of the locality. Joshua Hammond, of Boston, is one of the most devoted smelt fishermen we have. Being a very busy man, he does most of his fishing at night, and is remarkably successful at the sport. The Granite avenue

place, and, regardless of weather conditions, he can be found there on several evenings of each week. A good part of Mr. Hammond's success may be attributed to his expert knowledge regarding bait. It has been demonstrated to him that the sea worm is the great bait for night fishing, while the shrimp, the best bait for day fishing, he finds almost useless for night use. Blood worms are fair, but cannot compare with the sea worm, which is a more delicate morsel, and is so regarded by the sensible smelt.

HACKLE.

### FOUR WEEKS ON PRESQUE ISLE LAKE, WISCONSIN.

ALONG early in the winter of 1894 there could have been seen two "fish cranks" talking and making arrangements for the next year's fishing trip. Now, these two cranks were trying to locate a place where they could go and spend a month and not be bothered with "fixen up" every time they went to eat a meal, where they could wear their old flannel shirts and hunting suits without having some one remark, "Look at the horrid man in the old rags."

These two cranks were J. C. Hahne, better known as Chickaree, and the writer of this. After lots of talk and some figuring and many hours spent in looking over maps we concluded that the Presque Isle Lake regions of northern Wisconsin would suit us, if the rest of the party that was to go with us were agreeable, and after any amount of corresponding (they lived in Greenville, O., as did Chickaree) it was decided that Marenisco, Mich., would be the end of our trip by rail. Aug. 25 was the day we left here. The party consisted of J. C. Hahne (Chickaree), Al Hahne (Thunderpumper), Dr. A. J. Marling (Tamarack), Abe Weaver (Old Spruce), Charlie, our cook, and last, but not to be left, the writer of this. A jollier, freeborn, half-white party never went into the woods than we.

We had sixteen pieces of baggage checked through to the end of our railroad ride; we all had round trip tickets and so did not have much fear of having to walk home. We left here at 1:52 P. M. and landed in Chicago that evening, spent the next day there and found out from the Northwestern Road that we would have to act as our own agent at Marenisco to receive our baggage and attend to checking it out when we left. Of all the roads I ever traveled over (I have been from the Atlantic to the Rockies and from Canada to the Gulf) the Northwestern tries the hardest to make it pleasant. There were no questions asked of how many there were in the party or how much baggage we had; it was, "Gentlemen, what can we do for you?"

We left Chicago at 5 o'clock P. M. on Monday by way of Milwaukee and Monico Junction, and there is where we made the mistake; we should have waited until 8 P. M. and gone by the way of Milwaukee and Powers. Then we would have avoided any tedious connections as we arrived at Monico Junction at 3 o'clock A. M., and had to wait there until 9 that morning, when we got a train for Watersmeet. There we had to change cars again, but only had a short time there, in fact, only time enough to find out that our baggage was ahead of us and had been carried to the next station beyond Marenisco, but the agent said it would be back on the train coming East that afternoon. After leaving Watersmeet the only station between there and our destination is Gogebic, and it only consists of the depot and one house, but there is a good road from there to Lake Gogebic. There wagons meet the train and take any one out to the lake. The distance is about eight miles in a northerly direction. About 1 o'clock on Tuesday we arrived at the end of our railroad ride, and found ourselves in an old sawmill town, minus the sawmill; it had burnt down some time ago.

I had been in correspondence with a party there for some time, so we were met by John McLaughlin, who told us to make ourselves at home. He took us to his house and tried to make it pleasant for us, and his effort was a success. When the train came in from the West it brought all our baggage in good shape. After storing that away in a small building there, we thought it time to make some inquiry about the trout fishing, and found that the season was a little late and that the nearest stream that had any trout in was four miles west, with no way of getting there only to walk or get on the good side of the section boss. We got on the right side, and at 7 o'clock next morning you might have seen a well-loaded handcar, bristling with fly-rods, headed west, propelled by several nationalities. We left the car where the road crosses the Little Presque Isle River. There we divided the party. Thunderpumper and myself went up the stream, while Chickaree and Tamarack, with the cook, went down stream. Old Spruce was laid up for repairs and did not come with us. We fished up and down that stream until 5 o'clock that evening, and caught seventy-nine very nice trout, which was considered a very nice catch, everything considered. When we counted up to see how many each party had caught, it was found that Tamarack and partner had beaten myself and partner, and beaten us badly; but didn't we get a "roastin'," and we haven't heard the last of it yet. All we could say was, "Wait, and we will show you how to catch bass."

Now about the trout fishing in that country. There is as good as could be asked for. I was told by good authority that where the Little Presque Isle empties into the Big Presque Isle River there is some of the finest trout fishing in the Northwest, and from there all the way down the river to Lake Superior the fishing is fine. There is where the big ones are caught. A three-pounder can be taken any day. There are a number of small streams that empty into the river and they are full of trout, but not such large ones as there are in the river. There is only one trouble about this fishing ground, and that is the difficulty of getting to it. To get there will take lots of hard work and some hardships. It will be necessary to take boats in with you as far as the falls by wagon. We found out that it took more work than money to get along in that country. We found the people very clever and not inclined to rob you. One wishing to visit that section should write to John McLaughlin, at Marenisco, Mich., who will give you all the information possible. He is a perfect gentleman and knows all that country; he and another man by the name of Hamlin are going to build a camp on the Big Presque Lake for the entertainment of guests; they have a number of tents there now, but expect to put up permanent buildings this winter as soon as there is snow enough to do the teaming. But more of this later on.

After supper we thought it time to get things ready to get down to the lakes, but found that Mr. McLaughlin had made all arrangements for teams and drivers. The next morning we were all up bright and early. When we came to getting our traps in the wagons we found we would have more than could be hauled in two loads, and as no other team could be had at that time we started with two loads, leaving one load to be brought in the next day. We had a team and buckboard to carry us. We got away about 7 o'clock in the morning. Everything went well for the first five or six miles, and then it seemed that the roads were not improving with distance, but we got along very well for nine miles, which brought us to the State line between Michigan and Wisconsin. Then trouble commenced, for of all the roads I ever had the pleasure of traveling over I think this was the worst. It was up one hill and down another, over stones and logs. Sometimes the wagon would try its luck at running on two wheels, and then there would be some lively scrambling to see who would be on the high side. That was the longest four miles I ever traveled, but at last we reached the river, as far as the teams could go, but boats were brought down from the camp to meet us. It was decided that Old Spruce and myself should take the guide and go to the camp (which is about two miles by river and lake), and there look out a good place to pitch our tents and establish our camp. The rest of the boys said that as soon as the baggage arrived they would load up the boats and follow, so with the guide we started up the river, and of all the crooked, narrow, shallow streams it was ever my lot to take a boat up this is the worst. It took us about three hours to make the camp. There we were met by Tom Darley, the camp cook, one of the jolliest Frenchmen you ever saw. His greatest delight outside of seeing a man eat is to tell a story, and I am sure if he ever tells you the story of "me buck" you will ever after remember him. After a good supper we picked out a place for the tents just across a narrow part of the lake from the camp. There was a fine spring of water right under the hill from the place where we would make our home for the next four weeks.

It was then getting dark, and we knew from our trip up that it would be impossible for the others ever to get up in the dark. Tom volunteered to go and meet them and try and give them a lift. He says that after getting into the river it was so dark he had to feel his way, but being thoroughly acquainted he had no trouble. He had not gone more than half a mile when he heard some one talking and went up to them, found it was Chickaree and the cook. They had got their boat fast on a limb under the water, and the cook, in trying to get the boat off, went overboard, and by some hook or crook got under the boat. He yelled "push the other way," but Chickaree kept pushing the wrong way, thinking he was right, and all that saved the cook from getting the top of his head wet was a log that kept the boat from going any further. At about 9 o'clock they all got to the lake as wet as if they had been at the bottom.

The next day the rest of our baggage came to the landing and we got the guides to go and fetch it down to our camp. This ended the worst part of our trip, as Mr. McLaughlin came down and brought some men with him to cut a road into the lake, and when we came out we had teams all the way and a better road.

By 4 o'clock the next afternoon we had things in very good shape. Then it was proposed we should go fishing. As we had no meat in camp, we thought fish would take the place of it; so Chickaree and myself took a boat and started out for a point across the lake, where Tom had told us there was good fishing. We had hardly arrived there when I had a strike, which I responded to by driving the hook in his jaw. Then trouble commenced, for it was nip and tuck between us as to which would get the surplus line on the reel; sometimes I had a majority and then Mr. Bass had it. Between the old split-bamboo, silk line, Frankfort reel and myself we began to get the best of it; but it was not until the bass had tried the old tactics of jumping out of the water two or three times and then trying to find the bottom. At last he was in reach of the landing net and lifted into the boat. He weighed exactly 3½lbs., but had fight enough to do justice to one a great deal larger. After catching a couple more we concluded we had enough for that evening, and returned to camp, where the cook had a good supper ready for us.

The next day the first thing was to get a supply of bait. Minnows are very plenty, and as we found that they were the best bait we could use, we built a live box to keep our fish and minnows in, and then proceeded to fill it. In the lake you will get shiners, but down in the river, where you will have to catch them with a hook and line, you can get all the chubs you want. After providing a supply of minnows we began to have some of the sport we had come so far for; but it would be tiresome to you to have to hear the old story over of how this one was taken and that one got away, so will not go over them, but will summarize: We caught about 400 fish in the four weeks we were in there.

It would probably be of more interest to know something of this country than to listen to all the different fights we had with the bass.

Our camp was located on a high point of land extending out into Big Presque Isle Lake, about one-half mile from where the Big Presque Isle River makes its start for Lake Superior. We were, about fifteen or sixteen miles south of Marenisco, Mich. The lake is very irregular in shape, being full of coves and points projecting out into it. The water is as clear as any spring water and very cold. The banks are high, with timber growing down to within 5 or 6ft. of the water's edge. The space between the water and timber looks as if some expert had been trying his hand at paving, so smooth are the banks lined with stone. I estimate that the greatest length of the lake is about three or four miles and it is very nearly as wide in its widest part. There is a narrows that connects it with Mud or Van Vleet Lake south, and there is a good portage that will take you to Crab Lake, and from there by short portages you can go to Horse Head, Ox Bow, State Line and a number of lakes in that direction. By going down Presque Isle Lake in a southwest direction you come to a short portage of 100yds. that leads you to Lake Katinka, the prettiest of all the lakes we visited; it is about one and one-half miles long and about three-quarters of a mile wide at its widest part; it has two islands in it, with points of land running down toward them which leave only small narrows to pass through. The shores are all high and dry and wooded



like those of Presque Isle Lake. I think there are more bass in Katinka Lake than in any body of water for its size I ever saw. They are not so large as in some lakes we visited, but they make up in number and fighting qualities. There is one very peculiar thing about this lake: the water is of a blue tint and all the fish caught out of it have a bluish or steel color.

Going from Katinka Lake in a southwest direction, you come to a portage of about 400 yds. in length, which leads to Pappoose Lake, the waters of which are of an amber color. There is where we catch muscalonge, but being a little early in the season we did not have much luck. This lake cannot be called pretty, for in some places the water is covered with lily pads, and in places the shore is grown up with rushes, which also grow some distance out into the lake; but that all goes to make good muscalonge fishing ground. The banks of this lake have been marred by fire and wind; one of the islands has been burned off and left it covered with black stubs of trees and fallen logs.

From Pappoose Lake in a southeasterly direction lies Big Lake, a very irregular-shaped body of water, having lots of points setting out into it. It has very fine bass fishing in it. Rice Creek connects it with Little Crooked Lake. The creek must get its name from the amount of wild rice that grows there; it would be a great place for ducks, and in fact a great many come in there; but the Indians go in to get their supply of rice as soon as it is ripe enough, and they keep up such a racket that all ducks stay away until the Indians are through; then there is not much left for the fowl.

But to go on and try to describe all the lakes in this section would take more time than I have, and I am afraid it would tire the reader before he got through. All the lakes we visited had good fishing—some have nothing but bass, others a variety. In Pappoose Lake there are muscalonge, wall-eyed pike, both small and large-mouth bass, grass pike and goggle eyes.

There are two islands in Presque Isle Lake. The larger covers several acres; the smaller is only about 150 ft. long and about half as wide. On it A. P. Brown has pitched his tent and is living a happy life. He came in there last spring, and liking the looks of things went to work and built an ice house, packed it full of ice, put up his tent and prepared to put in the summer there trying to regain lost health. We found him to be one of the most obliging gentlemen we met on our trip. He is authority on that section of the country; nothing was too much for him to do for us. He puts in a great deal of his time looking around. One day when on one of his tours he discovered a lake that is not down on any map; when he came back he told us of it and wanted us to go in and fish it; he said he would blaze a trail and cut out some of the brush so we could portage a boat in. We went up there, took in a boat and fished about four hours; caught two coffee sacks full of bass; they were all of the big-mouth variety, weighing from 2 to 6 lbs. each. We did not catch these fish to throw away, for we had a place to put them. The camp over the lake had several men working clearing out the brush and cutting roads. They had to be fed, and to them we gave all our fish and they were very glad to get them, as they had no time to catch them. Mr. Brown discovered another lake a few days before we left, but we did not go into it to fish; some of the boys went and looked at it and they pronounced it a very pretty piece of water. The lakes are very numerous and you cannot miss it by going to any of them.

This country would certainly be the paradise of the deer hunter, as it was almost a daily occurrence for some of the party to see deer. On one occasion three swam across a narrow arm of Pappoose Lake within a short distance of where we were fishing; it would have been no trick at all to have rowed our boat up and killed them with clubs. But not being a hunting party and the law not being out, we contented ourselves with watching them until they reached shore, gave themselves a shake, looked calmly around and walked into the woods.

I must tell you of a little incident that happened at camp one evening. We had a tent 18x24 ft., which was our general living place; in front of that we had a fly 18x20 ft., stretched to form a roof for our kitchen. At odd times the cook cut tamarack brush and set them around, to form a wall for the fly, and wove hemlock branches in between, until he had a room as snug as could be asked for. In one corner of this, close by the stove, he had built a bench out of a cedar log split in two. On the other side of the fly and at some distance from the stove he had built for himself a rustic settee out of small cedar poles. On the evening I speak of he was stretched full length on this settee taking it easy, and the rest of us were trying to keep the stove warm, for the evening was very frosty. We were busy talking over the day's luck and telling about the big ones that had got away, when the cook jumped off his settee and came running up to me and wanted to know, "Are all the boys in? Are all the boys in?" I asked what was the matter; he answered, "Are all the boys in?" I answered that they were, when he caught up a lantern and started out around the tent. Tamarack, seeing by the wild looks and actions of the cook that something was wrong, started out on the other side. I took after the cook and caught up with him close to the rear of the tent. There he stood holding the lantern above his head looking out into the woods. I approached close to him and asked what he was looking at, when he turned his head and looked at me; he was so excited he could hardly talk, but he managed to stammer out, "Eheul! did you ever see such a buck?" Then I looked ahead and there stood one of the finest bucks I ever saw. He was within 10 ft. of the tent and not more than 20 ft. from us. When I stepped aside to get a better look at him he concluded it was time to leave, jumped over a log and went back of the tent, and in doing so almost ran over Tamarack, who was on the other side of the tent. I think he was trying to sneak up and put some salt on the deer's tail, but when it was put at him he denied it, and the cook said that if he had had some he would have put it on the tail of the deer, for if he had he knew he could have caught it.

There were lots of Indians around, and the cook had thought it was one of them prowling around trying to see if they could pick up anything they could carry away, but we were not bothered any with them.

If any sportsman who happens to read this thinks I could give him any information that would be of any use to him I am ready to answer any and all who may apply, for I am sure that any one who has the love for outdoor sports such as there is in that country cannot be other-

wise than pleased. There are some hardships to go through, but there is more good to be derived from such a trip than all hardships will amount to. When I went into the woods I was not able to do anything; could hardly row a boat, and when it came to portages it was all I could do to get myself over, but in less than two weeks I was carrying my half of the boat and doing my share at the table.

J. W. MCCREA.

#### CAMP BLAIR.

CAMP BLAIR, of the North Wakefield Trout Fishing Club, Canada, found the keeper, cook and guides ready to receive members and guests Sept. 14, and six of us answered to roll call on that evening, and as we all had brought our appetites with us we did ample justice to La Roque's good warm supper.

The night was cool and crisp, and the wood-fire in the broad fire-place made the sitting-room brilliant and comfortable as we took our after-supper smoke, arranged our tackle and laid plans for the morrow. Last season the first week of our stay in camp was warm and very quiet, extending to the lakes, the hills, the rocks and the trout; and while very beautiful and entrancing to the brush of an artist like Hart, did not pan out worth a cent for the rod and line with fly attachment. This year our first week's fishing proved the best, as most of the nights were frosty and a cool breeze by day.

Our experience in those lakes is, that trout will not rise to the fly, especially the large ones, in warm quiet days, but that they seek the deep water, 20 ft. and over, and remain there as quietly as their outer surroundings until the temperature gets down to 40° or 50°, when they seek the shallower water and are ready to take the proper fly skillfully cast. During the warm days in the last week of September some of our party succeeded in taking some fine trout of 1 and 2 lbs. weight, with earth-worms and minnows, from the deep water; but there was no sport in it, for they took the bait like suckers, often swallowing it before you knew you had a fish on your hook and then of course could make little resistance to being "snaked" in like a pound or two of salt mackerel. Of course this kind of fishing was not followed closely or continued long. Taking the two weeks together which we spent in camp, we took a greater number of trout with less rods than last season, though the fish did not run as large as last year.

One of our members who had spent nearly two months in the Rangeleys of Maine, taking only two trout during the time (and he is a skillful and persistent fisherman), met us on his return at Rouse's Point and went into camp with us, and the first morning's fishing gave him thirteen trout that averaged over a pound each. When asked his opinion between the two localities he said he liked to catch the big trout of the Rangeleys, but, like the Kentuckian, he said it was an awful long time between drinks. I am sure my patience and purse would not allow me to devote so much time to the catching of two trout, even though one of them weighed 10 and the other 6 lbs. We kept the table fairly well supplied with partridges, though they were shy and less plenty than in previous years.

One of our members, a jolly whole-souled fellow, whose toast is usually, "One flag, one country and zwei lager," told one of the guides that if he would take him where he could get a fair shot at a deer he would give him \$10, and if he killed the deer he would give him \$15. The guide went that evening and got a hound, and the next morning they started out and about a mile from camp the dog started two deer which separated, one turning to the right, which the dog followed, and the other taking quietly to the left in the runway, where our friend and the guide were stationed. Very soon the guide's experienced ear caught the sounds of the quietly approaching deer, and whispering to our friend to get ready, the next moment the deer stepped leisurely into the opening less than 50 ft. away and stopped. Did our friend shoot? The guide says yes, but that he shot at anything but the deer, pulling both barrels of his gun, loaded with buckshot, at the same time, when the deer bounded into the dense forest unharmed. Whether our friend M. had the "fever" or the "ague" perhaps can be determined by your pleasant correspondents who have been discussing such occurrences in "our family paper" recently; I am inclined to think he had both in a desperate form; at all events, when we returned from fishing we found him standing on the porch of the club house with his coat tails raised saying: "Gentlemen! go ahead, I am ready and deserve it." After chaffing him awhile some one said: "Why didn't you kill him?" With tones filled with vexation and shame he blurted out: "How could I kill him? There he stood like a big cow looking right at me!" Of course we got no venison steak, but we had more fun over the failure than we should have enjoyed in the killing of several deer.

Our entire sojourn at camp passed very pleasantly—we had an enjoyable company, an abundance of fish for the table all the time—the air was invigorating and all "grew fat and saucy." We heard nothing of the license fee for non-residents while there, but since our return have been informed that the authorities had made inquiries in regard to our fishing there, and as soon as known a committee was appointed to correspond with the Canadian Government in regard to the matter. Of course if we are liable under their law to pay the license we shall do it; but as we own by purchase and lease our grounds and lakes, which were purchased and leased of the Government for this very purpose of fishing, we cannot think we should again pay for the privilege.

The most of our party were forced to leave camp before the season closed; only three of us, who had "enlisted for the war," remained to fight it out to the end and close up camp, and we were amply paid, for the last three days' fishing gave our three rods about fifty fine trout. But this was not all; there is a quiet, thoughtful pleasure, tinged perhaps with a melancholy regret, not unlike the "hail and farewell" of the mariner to some bright isle of the ocean that has shed joy and sunshine on his gloomy trackless way. Such are these outings—they are green and refreshing bowers along the pathway of life, which, "like a thing of beauty," are "a joy forever." We regretfully left the camp, and yet thankful for the recreative blessing of our two weeks' sojourn, and with an earnest hope that another season may find us at Camp Blair.

HADDAM, CONN.

#### FISHING ON CAYUGA LAKE.

OCT. 7 dawned fair and windy, and before a sou'wester light scuds were flying as gulls before a gale. White-caps as far as the eye could reach broke and disappeared only to give place to others, while the good yacht Zitter, owned by Mr. George Ogden, left Ogdens at 8:30, Capt. Osgood at the stick, for a twenty-two-mile run to Union Springs, our destination. Only those who love the water can appreciate the sail we had. Four of us, Capt. Osgood, Tunis Osgood, Fred Pell and the writer, after a very delightful sail reached the ship owned by H. H. Morse, of Union Springs. But we were destined not to fish that day, as the heavy sea on made it out of the question and the thermometer was near 82°. We did not suffer with the cold, thanks to that genial gentlemen, Capt. John Carr, as he informed us that there was a good coal fire in the cabin of the Wide Awake, and lure with hammocks and chairs, we lounged and told tales of fishing (all true).

Tuesday, however, was fairly bearable, so we pulled out for the Spring holes, and after nine hours' fishing we returned to the dock; a pair of scales (tested) from my tackle box told that Pell & Co. had 19 lbs. of pickerel and black bass, and the Osgood Brothers 22 lbs. of the same varieties.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were very inclement, so we did not venture out, but Saturday the "fever" took renewed hold on us, and in a pelting rain we were after them again. The rain stopped after a short time and an ideal day for fishing followed. After eleven hours' fishing we returned with the following: Pell & Co., 44 lbs.; Osgood Brothers, 38 lbs. of bass and pickerel; total, forty-four black bass, twenty-two pickerel and about fifteen perch. Largest bass 4½ lbs., caught by Pell. Largest pickerel, caught by Abe Osgood, 8½ lbs., with Tunis Osgood a close second. Largest perch caught by Pell's oarsman. Total, 145 lbs. of fish.

Ask Fred how large the bass was that he handled so nicely, and just as he was about ready to net gave a jerk and bade him adieu. No wonder he gave a groan, for it was a whale. While memory lasts I shall not forget that scene—joy turned to indescribable dismay, a study indeed and a lesson.

But that was soon forgotten; the black bass needed our attention, strikes were frequent and savage, and we were kept busy taking them in while the boys at the Springs were waiting for the weather to moderate. Sunday morning we broke camp, spread sail, and after pleasant farewells cast off before a dreary nor'wester with all reefs in. We made the run in two hours and thirty minutes and towed two boats. If you think this is a fishy tale wait and see the kodak pictures that were taken before we left. Another year, when we hope to win fresh laurels to our names as fishermen.

HECTOR.

#### The Salt-water Fish Supply.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The query of Gonzola Poey under date of Oct. 18 in relation to the absence of school weakfish is pertinent to the arguments of advocates of protection to our sea fishes. If Mr. Poey will refer to the Sept. 22, 1894, issue of FOREST AND STREAM he will find I have mentioned the same fact, although not in the nature of a question. To the man who is on the grounds it is not a difficult problem to locate the trouble. I refer to the large ocean fishing pounds. While it is true that their catches of marketable size fish this fall have been very meager, the destruction of the small fingerlings of the weakfish has been phenomenal. Sickness has prevented my usual personal observations; nevertheless reliable information assures me that untold millions of these fish, too small for any purpose save the compost heap, have met that ignominious fate the past four weeks. A larger size mesh would obviate this trouble and save them to future usefulness.

To the angler, ocean fishing since early in August has been most discouraging. While weakfish have been plentiful in the bays and rivers, the surf has been apparently devoid of fish life; even the plaice or fluke, usually so abundant, have been remarkably scarce. Various theories are advanced to account for this fact.

Still the knowledge that the increased net capacity of the pound men for the season of 1894 was fully 100 per cent. over that of 1893, and that the increased catch of all manner of fish was but a trifle more than 10 per cent. for the same period, leaves but little room for conjecture as to the cause. Their reports to the Fish Commission for the season of 1895 will be of interest.

Now that the authorities have locked horns with the menhaden people and secured convictions in the lower courts, the results of the appeal to the Supreme Court is most anxiously awaited. Once the three-mile limit act is sustained then seizures will follow in rapid succession, as any citizen is authorized to make such seizure and prosecutions run in the name of the State. Altogether the prospects are not particularly rosy for either the menhaden or pound fishers, as a merry war will beyond doubt be waged against the last named in our Legislature the coming winter.

LEONARD HULIT.

#### Potomac Notes.

DURING the week of October 14 to 19 a number of anglers from Washington fished around the islands in the vicinity of Seneca. Tuesday and Wednesday (15th and 16th) the wind was high and the fishing very poor. On Thursday the weather was more favorable and the fish commenced biting. Messrs. Tappan and Dow, fishing at Edward's Ferry, took eight fine bass, the heaviest 4 lbs. weight, several 2½ lbs. each.

Messrs. Billings and Murphy arrived at Seneca on the 5th or 6th and remained there two weeks. For about ten days their luck was bad, but during the two last days they took bass by the wholesale. Murphy says he never knew them to bite better.

Mr. O. Belaski, fishing with the trolling spoon in the river near Seneca, made good catches after the 18th.

Two of our well-known anglers fished the Potomac from Catocin to Tuscarora one day early in the week, and notwithstanding they had the best of tackle and choicest bait, caught nothing, if we except two little bass returned to the river.

BART.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.