

**IT WAS NOT SPORTSMANSHIP.**—Umatilla, Oregon, Sept. 9.—Elk are more plentiful in the Coos Bay and Umpqua Mountains in Western Oregon this summer than for years, and would-be sportsmen are holding high carnival. One party of three went out and killed six from one band. Two fellows did all the killing, as the third party's gun, a .38-cal., was too small to be effective, but he fired into them until his magazine was empty, and there is no telling how many died a lingering death from his pure wantonness. From all this slaughter they took only two hundred pounds of meat, thus putting themselves far below the skin hunter. Another party killed eight elk, not even going to two of them after they fell. With any kind of care this noble game would thrive in these mountains, and they would be sport for all time to come for the true sportsman; but a few more years and the vandals will have made them a thing of the past.—RIFLE.

**NEW JERSEY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE SOCIETY.**—At the sixth annual meeting in Plainfield, Sept. 16, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Directors—Jas. S. Vossler, William E. Jones, Edward P. Thorn, Wm. L. Force, Martin W. Schenck, Wm. B. Dunn, Israel D. Ten Eyck, J. W. King, Chas. Smith. Vice-Presidents—Percy C. Ohl, R. M. Stelic, Jos. B. Miller. Honorary Vice-Presidents—Fred. Volekman, New York city; Gen. William H. Sterling, Plainfield, N. J.; John I. Holly, Plainfield, N. J.; James R. English, Elizabeth, N. J.; William J. Thompson, Gloucester City, N. J. Counsel—George P. Suydam, Plainfield, N. J. The Board of Directors subsequently met and elected the following named officers: President, Jas. S. Vossler; Secretary, Wm. L. Force; Treasurer, Wm. E. Jones.

**"BOB WHITE," "PARTRIDGE," "QUAIL."**—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If "Wells," "Coahoma" and "S." are through their discussion on this point, please give us all leave to go on calling the birds by the names we have known them by. They are just as easy (or hard) to shoot by one name as by another. The prolongation of the discussion recalls the speech of a North Carolina colored member of the State Legislature, who rose and said: "Mistah—Spea-kah—I—yah—did not magninate dat de extenuation o' dis line would extenuate under dis time, sah," and then sat down again.—MEAT-HAWK.

**A MOTHER DOE'S STRATEGY.**—Umatilla, Oregon.—While hunting last June I was eye witness to a neat piece of strategy played by an old doe. I was bear hunting and my dog, while ranging the woods, started a doe and fawn. They came by at race horse speed, not seeing me as I stood perfectly still, and dashed into a clump of young fir, and, as I thought, passed on. But directly the doe came back without the fawn and retraced her course until she met the dog, when she bounded off up the mountain with him following, thus leading all danger away from her baby.—RIFLE.

**ONTARIO.**—Paris, Sept. 14.—Fishing and shooting have been rather poor in this neighborhood this year. I seem to have had extra luck in the fishing line, having caught over 100 pickerel, or as I think you would call them, "wall-eyed pike," and about the same number of bass, the average weight of each kind of fish being one and a half pounds. We have literally no game laws here and the result is that our game is nearly a thing of the past. We have a game and fish protective society but I have never joined them, as I consider them pot-hunters.—XL.

**RAIL SHOOTING.**—Philadelphia, Sept. 19.—The rail shooting up to two or three days ago has been very poor. A flight of birds arrived, however, on the 16th and 17th, and better scores were reported. The rail are now arriving in good numbers, and can be heard every night passing over the city. A run of afternoon tides will take place next week and good shooting is expected. Snipe are arriving and more teal are seen, but the latter keep well up the unfrequented creeks flowing into the Delaware.—HOMO.

**A NEW GEORGIA LAW.**—Newton, Ga., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Birds plenty this season, thousands of them all over the county, and but few hunters. No market-hunters here, though some in the adjoining county. Under our law parties owning fenced land by posting the same can keep market hunters off their lands. Our Legislature now in session has just passed a law protecting deer, turkeys, squirrels and insectivorous birds till the 1st of October; open season till 1st of April.—WIRE GRASS.

**HIGH POINT, N. C., Sept. 19.**—The game prospects in this vicinity are better than I have known for many years. Quail were never more plenty within my recollection, there are also plenty of squirrels and rabbits and a fair amount of turkeys. It is very dry here, and the hunting is, of course, poor, but we hope for rain soon when we shall have some capital sport. Those four old gobblers still live. Come down and give them some exercise and get them in condition for the field trials.—TURK.

**STALE GOODS.**—The evening papers inform their readers that canvassbacks, redheads and terrapins are in market. Yes, there are a few last year's ducks in market, that were kept in ice houses all summer, but the pretended epicure who would order them sent home now would probably steal sheep. As for terrapin, they are the sickly pen terrapin, the livers of which taste like rancid oil, even in winter, while in hot weather this objectionable flavor is still more pronounced.—*The Cook, Sept. 21.*

**ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.**—The arrangements for the St. Louis convention are rapidly approaching completion. The "formulating committee" will meet several prominent gentlemen from other cities, at Mr. J. D. Johnson's office, on Sept. 28, the day before the meeting of the convention, to draw up suggestions for the open meeting. Mr. Gates has been appointed chairman, and Mr. Peck and Dr. Swander of a committee to arrange for grounds and programme of shoots.

**MIDDLEBURY, Vt., Sept. 21.**—Grouse are more plenty with us than they have been in several years. Gray squirrels are not here yet, but as there are plenty of nuts we expect to see them later. Foxes are everywhere, and we look forward to fine sport with them.—SELDOM.

**HARTFORD CITY, IND.**—Ruffed grouse shooting will be excellent with us this season; birds very plentiful.—C.

**CANADIAN NON-EXPORT LAW.**—Deer, wild turkeys, quail, partridges, prairie fowl and woodcock, are prohibited to be exported from the Dominion of Canada by the customs laws passed last session, and all customs officers have been ordered to be on the alert.—M.

**TAKEN FOR A TURKEY.**—A Liberty (Mo.) hunter last Friday shot at what he supposed was a wild turkey, but was in reality his hunting companion. The victim lived about twenty-four hours.

**INFORMATION WANTED.**—Wishing to complete our record of Westley Richards hammerless guns, we desire to obtain the address of the present owner of the highest quality gun, No. 13,289. Any sportsman will confer a favor by sending such address to the undersigned. A. G. Spalding & Bros., 108 Madison street, Chicago. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Adv.*

**Camp Fire Flickerings.**

"That reminds me."

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**I** WONDER how many times this old joke has been played on greenhorns, and how many times it will be played. Johnny was night operator at Magnolia and boarded with Mr. H. He was a very green youth from somewhere in New Jersey, and had never before seen so many ducks or heard so much duck talk. He was just crazy to shoot a wild duck or goose, and was generally found wandering around the shore with an old gun he had borrowed. One day he went out without his gun and walked up toward the creek. Here he saw several large white birds moving about among the cattails. He asked Hickey, a curiosity of these parts, what kind of birds they were. Hickey said, "Them's wild swans; why don't you git your gun and shoot one of them?" Johnny did not wait to hear more, but started off for the house on a full run for a gun. Arriving there pretty well blown, he spurted out with his eyes as big as saucers, "Lend me a gun! lend me a gun! the creek is full of swans; Hickey said they were, and I can get close enough to kill one." The gun was loaned him, and off he went. In about fifteen minutes there was a report, and in about an hour Johnny was seen approaching covered with mud from head to foot, and with a large white bird on his back. He marched proudly up to the porch, where all those about the place had congregated to see what he had got, and with a most consequential air threw down his swan and said, "There, now, let's see you fellows beat that." At this moment Mrs. H. appeared upon the scene, and taking one look at the swan, she went for Johnny. "You dratted fool," she said, "don't you know a tame goose from a wild swan? That's my best young gander you have killed, and you have got to pay for it." The shout that went up from us "fellows" caused Johnny to sink away awfully crestfallen. After he had shot the goose he had a terrible time getting it. He cut several poles and lashed them together, and waded out in the mud most up to his neck before he could get it ashore. The boys never let up on him about his "swan," and it was not very long before he applied to be transferred to another station. E. H. R.

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Quail are abundant here; squirrels are found in all of the bottom lands, rabbits are plentiful on the uplands and in the fields, and we have a good sprinkling of wild turkeys, geese, and ducks. The quail shooting here is as fine as there is in the State, and some of our crack shots made some extraordinary bags during the last season. All kinds of game wintered finely. Our game laws are generally respected by the hunters. Two of our local sportsmen are still quite sore over a joke that was perpetrated on them early in the spring. One of their country friends was coming into town late in the afternoon, and in a bottom close to his house he flushed a fine gang of young turkeys. Will and Ed requested him not to tell any one else, as they did not want too many. Great preparations were immediately begun, and long before day the next morning, two men could have been seen with breechloaders on their shoulders and visions of turkey gobblers in their minds, quietly making their way toward the bottom. A brisk walk of twenty minutes found them close to the house of their friend, who was waiting for them. Another short walk of five minutes and a suppressed sh-h-h-h brought the three to a stop. Peeping through the heavy timber, the outlines of several dark objects could be seen high up in the trees. There was a hurried whispering and three guns went up to aim, a low command, and three flashes and three loud reports were followed by the fall of several heavy bodies into the thick underbrush and a loud flapping of wings. There was a quick rush to prevent escape, followed almost immediately by a choice selection of language, with something about buzzards, fools, etc. If any one thinks those men won't fight, just ask what size shot is best to shoot at buzzards. Bob.

GRAVES COUNTY, Ky.

I was waiting for the train at our station a morning or two ago, talking to an old sporting man and the village parson, when the former told us about a fox-terrier he had bred out of a bitch from the Fitzwilliam Kennels by a dog belonging to a colonel near here, who never had a bad one. The pup is about six or seven months old. Late in the seasons a fox was chopped in the gorse and left by the hounds, which went away with another fox. The master ordered the watcher to get him out, which he did next day, finding a very good head on him. This was stuffed and found its way to a spot a foot or so over the narrator's mantelpiece in the dining-room. The terrier, coming in shortly afterwards, began sniffing about until he caught sight of the head. To spring on to the seat of an easy-chair and from the back of that to the mantelpiece, was an instant's work. His owner, coming in, attracted by the smashing of glass the dog had upset in his rush at the head, found him worrying it right merrily. A very gentle chiding was all he got, and the head was put up, as was thought, out of his reach, 2ft. higher. Shortly after this, as the family sat at dinner, an unaccountable scratching noise was heard, and all calls for Gyp proved unavailing, but a search discovered him up the chimney scotching himself on a disused pot-hook, and tearing with all his little might at the brickwork where the brush ought to be, as the head he no doubt reasoned was coming out of a hole on the other side, and the mounting of the head gave color to this, and must have a body and brush behind it. So, no doubt, thought Gyp, who, being baulked in his wish to worry the head, thought he would have a go at the other end, but had to bolt up the chimney to do it.—*J. L. W. in the Stock-Keeper.*

**Sea and River Fishing.**

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

**SALMON IN THE COLUMBIA.**

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

This scrap, cut from an old copy of *Land and Water*, gives some idea of the great numbers of salmon once found in the Columbia River, and now in a fair way to be exterminated: "I take the liberty of writing to communicate to you a fact respecting the vast increase of salmon in their native rivers when unmolested, and thereby showing that if the poor things had but the chance of getting past the nets at the mouth of our rivers, and of avoiding those horrid small mesh nets along the Kentish coast, which inclose many tons of fry of the smallest and most valuable fish, which are used merely as manure, what an immense increase of valuable food might be procured from the waters for our population; but I am induced to send you these facts about salmon also because I have never seen them mentioned in any work on ichthyology, so that they may possibly be new even to you. I have never heard here of salmon being caught in the sea, or in any of our harbors at the mouths of salmon rivers, but in the year 1845 I was a lieutenant in H. M. S. Modeste on the N. W. coast of America, and when lying in the inlet of Pugt Sound, a branch of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the Indians used to catch salmon of thirty and forty pounds weight almost alongside the ship, by trolling for them in their canoes, using as bait a fish about the size and appearance of a four ounce roach.

"In the Willamette River, about thirty miles from its junction with the Columbia River, there are falls which when the waters are high, are about fifteen feet deep; the river being half a mile broad, at the bottom of the falls is a very deep pool; when the salmon are going up the river they leap these falls, and get over them by the aid of a natural ledge of rock that is about half way up their perpendicular face, but though numbers succeed in getting up them, a vast number also fail, and these are so bruised with their fall that they die in the pool at the bottom, and such great quantities die there as, when the water gets low in August and September, to cause an abominable stench, and to make the river water putrid and undrinkable for a long distance down.

"In the same year on this N. W. coast, in about lat. 56°, we went in a man-of-war's gig, drawing about eighteen inches water, up a small stream about as large as the River Adur above Shoreham Bridge; there was a depth of water of about four feet; it was in August, and the fish were returning to the sea after spawning; the whole stream was full of them, and so full that they were swimming, or rather floating, on the top of each other, for they were in so very weakly a condition that they could scarcely move a fin or wag a tail; many were dead, and we lifted several out of the water so as to be able to say that we had caught live salmon with our hands, which if in condition would have been 30-pound or 40-pound fish; some were hooked by the gills and lifted out with the boathook, so as to be able to say that we had done such a thing, but of course they were quite unfit to eat. The stench from the dead fish that had been left on the bank by the tide was abominable, but we tried to get on to see what the river was like, but after forcing the boat through salmon for about a quarter of a mile we had to give it up, the boat in four feet of water having fairly stuck fast upon the salmon.

"I am afraid of relating this story, for it seems so incredible that it may be thought to be a 'Traveler's Story,' but I assure you that it is a fact, and the present Admiral Baillie and Captain Maitland Rodney, who were with me in the boat, would tell you the same thing.

"THOMAS GEORGE DRAKE, Captain R. N. (July 16, 1870)."  
I thought this worth sending in these days of annihilation of all animal life. During 1856 I visited most of this region, and I assure you Capt. Drake has not drawn too long a bow. It will not be long before the Columbia will be as depleted of salmon as our Eastern rivers. DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O.

**THE PIKE FAMILY.**

At a recent meeting of the Toledo (O.) Fishing Club, Hon. Amory D. Potter, the veteran angler and former Fish Commissioner, gave the following description of the members of the *Esoxidae*:

Mr. President, without taking up your time I would say that I have always been on intimate terms with the pike. Without further preliminary remarks I will give you a short history of the pikes (family of *Esoxidae*). This family of fishes is known by the long cylindrical body, large elongated jaws, armed with strong, sharp hooked teeth, one genus and six or seven species. The species most abundant in Lake Erie and tributaries is the muskallonge (*Esox nobilior*) the great lake pike, (*Esox lucius*) the green pike, (*Esox reticulatus*) or Eastern pickerel. We do not propose to enter into a minute scientific description of the varieties of this fish, our aim being to give such description as will enable the fisherman to recognize them at once, with some account of their habits and the best modes for their capture.

First—The muskallonge breeds in the latter part of May, seeking the shoal waters of rivers and bays, when they pair (they are not polygamous), the pair running side by side, in water so shallow that their dorsal and caudal fins are seen above the water. Here the spawn is fertilized and dropped upon the sand or gravel. Nature does not seem to have endowed them with much wisdom, for their eggs, laid at high water in the spring on these shoals, dry or become food for the birds. This fish seldom takes the bait in the upper waters of Lake Erie. In Buffalo Creek, New York, he is a vigorous biter, and Esquire Slade and George Clinton have captured many in that stream. In the St. Lawrence and the tributaries of Lake Ontario they take the bait or the spoon readily.

In the streams in Southeastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, they are ravenous biters and are known as the Ohio river pike. They were formerly abundant in the Mahoning and Coshocton in Ohio, and the Beaver and Alleghany in Pennsylvania. Without question they are the best table fish, next to whitefish, that is taken in our waters. They grow to a large size, sometimes as high as sixty pounds, and are very rapid growers. At one year of age they will average one pound; at two years, three to five pounds; three to four years, twenty to thirty five pounds.

Second—The Great lake pike (*Esox lucius*) is the most numerous of the species in our waters and the one with which our fishermen are most acquainted. They are found in March and April as soon as the ice is out of the shallow