

10in. wide and 1ft. long wound into the shape of a funnel and tied.

After listening for some time John thought he heard something down in the swamp. After waiting awhile longer we went down there and found tracks only a few minutes old of a young bull. The bull had undoubtedly scented us and turned off at a sharp angle. John and I returned to Dennis's shanty, got our breakfast and then started back to the loggers, arriving among them at noon.

Sept. 20.—John and I walked from Nat's over to the Tuskat River, about a mile, and I cast my first fly in Nova Scotian waters. We had splendid sport. I gathered forty ranging from 1/4 to 1 lb. in the morning's fishing. In the afternoon we took a tramp through the woods, John showing me some traps he had set for wildcats which are numerous here; one had killed six of old man Forbes's sheep the winter before.

Sept. 21.—We were up at 4 A. M. loading our duffle on the ox team and were off at 8, John, I and Sylvanus, a boy we took along to mind the oxen. The oxen have to be carefully watched. They can scent game like a dog and if they smell a bear or moose they become frightened and if loose are very apt to take a straight cut for home. They got away from Sylvanus once on this trip and it took several hours of hard tracking to find them. I have great respect for oxen, for I find they will do anything but climb trees.

Our road soon became a loggers' road, then a trail and finally a "Nessmuk" once said turned into a squirrel path and went up a tree. John then went before with his axe and when necessary cleared a road for the team.

At noon we arrived at an old Indian camp on the Tuskat, called Bartlett's, where we got dinner, and then crossing the river went on. At 4 P. M. we were in what John called good moose grounds, so we decided to camp for the night.

After supper we went out and called a while, but as there was a strong wind blowing we heard nothing and so returned to camp and turned in. In the morning the wind was still blowing. Breaking camp we moved on and were soon at the headwaters of the Tuskat, at Oakland. A few miles further and we put up our camp in what John called the best moose ground he knew of. Moose hunters, however, around here consider the "Devil's Den" as the best place. This is a large swampy thicket surrounded by half a dozen lakes, situated about five miles from Oakland; and a fall never passes but what a number of moose are brought out of the "den."

In the evening it began to rain. We went out on the barren and called. After a while we heard a big bull traveling by in the swamp. John called to him but he paid no attention, so I hurried down to meet him; but he traveled faster than I, evidently bent on getting somewhere, and I missed him. Returning to John, we waited a while; but as it was now raining hard we returned to camp.

Sept. 24.—Called this morning with no better luck. We then looked around our calling ground and found tracks of two bulls which had evidently answered the call last night. They came up after we had returned to camp and one of them must have stood in a clump of tamarack a hundred yards from our boulders for some time, evidently wondering where that cow was.

In the afternoon we went still-hunting and came upon one of John's old bear traps. He told me how, a few years ago, he visited this trap and found a large bear lying beside the trap with one foot caught in it. At first he thought it was dead, then something in its appearance made him think it might be playing "possum," so he started back from it, when it started up with a growl and nearly tore its foot loose in its rage. A couple of bullets soon put it beyond doing harm.

We finally struck fresh tracks of a young bull and followed them to a swamp. Leaving me posted on the barren, John went in. Finding the tracks led to leeward he came out again and skirted along the edge of the swamp, which was small, until he came to its end, and then started on a run into a thicket of young alders. I waited now with great impatience, expecting every second to have the moose come dashing out of the swamp. Suddenly I heard John call. Pretty soon he appeared at the swamp and beckoned to me. Going down he showed me the track of the bull, which was running and had gone out on the other side of the swamp. John heard him get up with a grunt when he rushed into the thicket, but did not see him.

Returning to camp we had a rousing supper, and as there was a strong wind we did not call that night. It began raining at midnight and poured steadily until noon the 25th. In the evening we went out again. Heard some hard firing a few miles away and decided some other fellows were having better luck than we were.

Sept. 26.—We went this morning two miles from camp to call. Heard a bull and thought he would come to us. Waiting a while, John went over to a ridge to see what had become of him, and found traces of a cow and bull. We followed, tracing them across two brooks. Finally they began to run, having either seen or heard us, so we returned to camp. In the afternoon we went over to Oakland Deadwater and had some sport with the trout. We hoped to shoot a few ducks, but did not see any. We met a couple of Canucks prospecting for gold, and they told us that several parties in the "Den" had hauled out their moose. I was for going there the next morning, but John wanted to wait, asserting that we had had poor weather so far.

Sept. 27.—This evening it was perfectly calm, the moon came out full and the air was frosty. Going a few yards back of camp, John called and was answered by a bull. We waited; heard nothing for an hour. I began to be impatient. John said the moose was around yet, but was timid. Sometimes they will stand on the edge of a swamp for two or three hours listening.

Suddenly from behind a big boulder stalked the moose and stopped in a clump of tamarack, thirty yards away. Raising my rifle, I aimed low down on his shoulders and fired. He gave a great hound; then John pulled and he started over the hill like lightning. John felt sure he was badly hurt and that we would find him in the morning. Returning to camp, we cooked a second supper and felt very jubilant.

The next morning we traced the moose some distance, his tracks leading to a swamp. We found where he had lain down twice a short distance from where we shot, and also found considerable blood. Feeling confident that we would find him in the swamp, we went in carelessly. He had lain down three times within a few yards

of the beginning of the swamp; and while examining one of these beds we heard him get up and "git" a little further on. John ran on and out on the other barren calling. I felt rather crestfallen. If I had not been so careless and had gone around the swamp while John went in I would probably have dropped him. As it was he got away, although badly hurt, having lost lots of blood.

As it was Sunday we loafed around the camp the rest of the day. We decided to break camp the next morning, spend the following night in the Devil's Den and then make for Nat's.

So the following day we started, crossed the Tuskat and arrived in the Den in the early part of the afternoon. We camped in a swamp; saw plenty of sign. Called in the evening. Heard a cow which John thought was the calling of some other hunter. In the morning wind blowing a gale and we started home after dinner. Arriving at Nat's the next afternoon, we found that several parties had come out with moose, one party bringing out two. Nevertheless I believe our poor success was owing to the weather, strong winds blowing all the time we were out, except one night, and then we had a shot. Such is a sportsman's luck. The two nights spent in journeying home to New York were the finest I ever saw for calling. Well, the trip is over, and I am sitting before the open fire again with my pipe for company. Although I shot no moose I gained twelve pounds, and added to the bank of health no small amount.

Game or no game, I got my full of enjoyment during my moose hunting trip to Nova Scotia. B. L. L.

DR. KIDD'S WORK AND METHODS.—The Newburgh (N. Y.) *Daily News* has this to say about State Game and Fish Protector Kidd: There appeared in the last issue of the *Kingston Argus*, under the heading of "Serve all alike, Doctor," an article which read as follows: "Dr. Willett Kidd, Game Protector of Newburgh, has caused the arrest of two men for fishing for trout contrary to the law at Phoenicia, Ulster county. All hail! You are engaged in a laudable work; but we fail to hear of any arrests you have made of members of New York fishing clubs who have their huts in the country, and who openly violate the Sabbath by fishing Sundays. These cheeky fellows lease streams after having been stocked by the State hatcheries, for whose support every taxpayer must contribute, and then post notices forbidding any resident of this county to catch any of their fish, while they themselves openly violate both law and decency. If Kidd will display as much energy in the future in punishing these gentry from New York, who openly violate the law, as he has in the past hunting up little boys and men ignorant of the law in the county, he will be in much better business than he seems to have been in of late." This literary effusion is merely amusing. The writer of the paragraph starts off by praising Dr. Kidd for his suits against Mr. John Quincy Adams Ward, the celebrated sculptor, and his friend, the eminent Mr. Josiah Wentworth, of New York, and winds up by talking about that official "hunting up little boys and men ignorant of the law in the county." And yet, when we consider the matter, Dr. Kidd has found more ignorance or pretended ignorance of the law (and everything else) in Ulster county than he has discovered in all four of the other counties of his district rolled into one. The fact of the matter is that the vigilant game protector has never yet started a suit against a boy. He has found many violators of the game laws in Ulster county, but they all ranged in height from 5 to 7 ft. If they were giants of 10 ft. he would make it just as hot for them as he does now. Some of these Ulster county men, notably Carl Smith and Smith Mance, of Ellenville, have paid the penalty by being imprisoned in the Kingston jail, while others have paid fines for their misdeeds. And, come to think it over again, Messrs. Ward and Wentworth did their illegal trout fishing last April in an Ulster county stream of the former, such as the Kingston *Argus* man refers to when he bewails the alleged fact that Dr. Kidd don't "go for" the members of New York fishing clubs. Does the *Argus* man term Delmonico, Morello and the other New York restaurateurs against whom Dr. Kidd has begun suits for alleged violations of the game laws "little boys?" No, it looks as though some friend of the Kingston editor had taken into the hands of the law through the vigilance of the game protector and that the editor was seeking to have revenge on that official, for we don't want to be obliged to think that the *Argus* man's name should be added to the list of Ulster county men whose ignorance is dense. From an acquaintance of many years standing with Dr. Kidd, we long ago concluded that he was a man of the utmost fairness in the discharge of his official duties. He shows no partiality in hunting up game law cases. But it is a very difficult matter sometimes to secure evidence in cases that come under his jurisdiction. We can safely say that if the Kingston *Argus* writer has personal knowledge of any violations of the game laws in his county and will back it up on the witness stand, Dr. Kidd will proceed as soon as possible against the guilty persons. It matters not if the violators of the law do hail from New York or are Vanderbilts or Astors.

HOW A SWAMP HAS BEEN DRIED UP.—Piper City, Ill., June 29.—A few years ago the Vermilion swamps, north of this place, furnished great sport to Chicago and Peoria hunters, who came out here every spring and killed large numbers of ducks, brant, geese, etc., and shipped them to the cities. Thousands of these birds were annually shipped from here every week during the season, local hunters sending in their share too. A great change has taken place since then. The swamps have been drained out, and where the sportsman hid in the thickets not long ago the farmer boy is "going through" his corn for the last time before "laying bye." A thirty-foot ditch is all that remains of the places where, as one writer describes it, the "birds made such an infernal racket that sleep was impossible until long after midnight. Couldn't get a wink. Just as he was dropping off to sleep a roar like artillery would suddenly arouse him, as thousands of geese rose and circled over the water, alighting again to the increased music of ten thousand rancous throats." Our "shootists" now go to Beaver Lake, Indiana, when they want to shoot ducks. Very few have been seen the past spring. Prairie chickens and quail are plenty around here, and great sport is expected with them this fall.—H. P. B.

THE HASBROUCK HEIGHTS FIELD CLUB opened their club grounds July 4.

DEATH OF JAMES TERPIN—Lexington, Ill.—James Terpin died at his home in Lexington, Saturday, June 20. He was a famous hunter and enjoyed the distinction of being one of the very few men in this section of the country who knew perfectly well the haunts and habits of local game. As a judge of native game he stood at the head of local sportsmen. His knowledge of the art of approaching wild game was considered very fine. Sportsmen throughout the State knew him as a quiet and unassuming gentleman. He was 37 years old.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS OF the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

KENNERLY'S SALMON.

THE smallest known salmon of the Pacific region is the one first described by Dr. George Suckley in 1861 under the name *Salmo kennerlyi*—Kennerly's trout or Chiloweyuck red salmon trout. In 1862 Dr. Theodore Gill proposed to establish for this species the new generic name *Hypisifario*, because of its "compressed body, projecting snout, etc." The remarkable changes in the Pacific salmon during the spawning season were at that time less known than at present. About 1882 Dr. David S. Jordan examined the *Salmonidae* in the National Museum in Washington, D. C., and came to the conclusion that Kennerly's salmon is identical with the common red salmon or blueback of the region (*Oncorhynchus nerka*), and this belief was generally accepted as final. The material bearing on this relationship, however, was chiefly the actual red salmon collected by Capt. Charles Bendire, U. S. A., and the individuals were considerably larger than the Kennerly's salmon to be discussed in this article. Since the time of Dr. Jordan's study of the Museum specimens we have received new material and recent information, which enable us to place the species, as I think, in a different light and to contribute something of interest to its life history. On Nov. 26, 1888, and Oct. 8, 1889, Prof. O. B. Johnson, of the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash., collected for the Smithsonian Institution a large series of these small salmon in a little stream tributary to Lake Washington, near Seattle. In March, 1891, Dr. George M. Dawson, of Ottawa, Canada, sent the writer a photograph of one of the fish which he found in Nicola Lake, British Columbia, Sept. 7, 1890. Each of these gentlemen added something to our knowledge of the habits of the species.

This recent material includes only salmon in or near the spawning condition, yet it seems to me now sufficient to warrant the separation of Kennerly's salmon from the red salmon as a subspecies at least and I would write its name *Oncorhynchus nerka* subspecies *kennerlyi*. In the first place, Kennerly's salmon becomes sexually mature when only 8 in. long and seldom exceeds 10 in. at any time of life. It has about 30 gillrakers, while the red salmon has about 40. Its fins are much larger than those of the red salmon. It lives permanently in fresh water, most of the year in deep parts of lakes, from which it runs up small tributaries in autumn to spawn.

Names.—Dr. Suckley first described the species as Kennerly's trout, or the Chiloweyuck red salmon trout. The Indians of the Chiloweyuck Lake region call it *Tsi mia*. According to Dr. George M. Dawson the Kamloops Indian, or true Stauswop, name of the fish is *Kuk-en-owh'*. The Okanagan Indian name, *Kuk-en-eh*, slightly differs. Since the affinity of the species to the genus *Oncorhynchus* became known it has been called Kennerly's salmon.

Size.—The types of Dr. Suckley's description were 10 to 11 in. in length, and there was no difference between the sexes except in shape and in the development of the jaws. Some sexually mature males and females received from Prof. O. B. Johnson were scarcely more than 8 in. long. Dr. George M. Dawson wrote me that the salmon "is seldom over a foot long, generally about 10 in." Numerous specimens observed by the writer range from 8 to 11 in. in length. The average adult Kennerly's salmon weighs scarcely 1 lb., while the average weight of the adult red salmon is 7 or 8 lbs., and examples of 15 lbs. have been reported.

Distribution.—The most southerly locality at present known for this salmon is Lake Washington, near Seattle, Washington, in a small tributary of which Prof. Johnson found the species spawning near the end of November, 1888, and early in October, 1889. Dr. Kennerly believed the fish to be peculiar to Chiloweyuck Lake (north latitude 49°), near Fraser River, and east of the Cascade Mountains. He was informed by Indians, however, that it inhabited two other lakes of the region. Mr. Gibbs had it from the Nahoi-al-pit-kun River, west of the Cascades. Dr. Dawson wrote me as follows concerning it: "I know this fish is common in many of the large lakes of British Columbia. I have seen it in Nicola, François, Fraser and Okanagan lakes, the first three tributary to the Fraser River, the last to the Columbia. Nicola Lake is about ten miles in length, it is on the course of the river of the same name, which is a tributary of the Thompson. The lake is a little north of latitude 50°." The little river in which Dr. Dawson observed them early in September, 1876, and which connects Fraser Lake with François Lake, carries the distribution up to north latitude 54°. Prof. Macoun informed Dr. Dawson that he caught Kennerly's salmon with a spoon bait on Arrow Lakes, Kootanie Lake, and on the Columbia River a few miles below Arrow Lakes in June and July, 1890. In August, 1877, Dr. Dawson saw the fish in Eagle Creek, a tributary of Stauswop Lake, emptying near the present position of Sicomous Station, on the Canada Pacific Railway. "All the lakes mentioned," writes Dr. Dawson, "are in part of their extent deep and clear, and all are or may be reached by the salmon from the sea (generally, I think, the *saw-qui*), except Kootanie Lake, which is cut off by a fall. There is, also, in the last-named lake a larger fish, which I take to be a landlocked variety of the spring salmon [*O. choucha*]." Capt. Charles Bendire, U. S. A., has informed me that obstructions in the Kootanie are occasionally overcome in heavy freshets and the king salmon (spring salmon of Dr. Dawson) pass up into the lake and become landlocked. It may be that Kennerly's salmon owes its origin to a similar modification of the red salmon, but of this we know too little to indulge in theories.

Habits.—Dr. Kennerly was told by an Indian that this fish never descends into smaller streams and never goes

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—X.

[Continued from Page 474.]

THE next morning disclosed a bright sky brilliant in soft feathery masses of clouds; a lake in gentle wavelets of lovely sparkle, and an atmosphere of inspiring quality. Immediately after breakfast word was given to break camp and head for Aguawa River. The boatmen moved with alacrity, for they were both yearning for the return trip, particularly Joe.

There was hardly breeze enough to keep the sails spread when we started, and resort was therefore had to the oars. We rounded into the bay a mile or two from camp, in order to give Joe an opportunity to see the Indian who had moved his quarters from Jackson's Cove and had located here. He was to give Joe a final answer about a small boat he contemplated building. The Indian was up on the high hills when we stopped at his wigwam, but a halloo or two soon brought him to the beach. He followed us along the craggy shore some distance chatting with Joe, until finally he closed the contract for the boat. We told the boatmen to push along lively, as we had had Chippewa talk enough for one day. Thus urged, they bent to their ashen blades quite lively, while we feasted with admiration on the bold and pleasing coast pictures that were continually passing in review.

By 10 o'clock we reached the picturesque group of islands that form Aguawa Harbor. They presented a grand and impressive appearance as the cheerless and blackened bulwarks of flinty granite came into view. Many of their shore lines rose from the lake as straight as a plummet falls, while others gently sloped, as if they courted companionship with the murmuring waters. Between many of these islands the channel is of sufficient width and depth to permit of the passage of steamers, which frequently pass through them when passing this way in order to give the passengers a view of the charming group. On many of the bold bluffs, like the pictured rocks of the south shore, you can find almost any design, if you are only a little fanciful. On one of these rough

one had a bait-box strapped around his waist—a lamentable sight, I assure you. They knew nothing about the gentle art, and had no desire that way, and moreover stated they could discount all the fly-fishermen they ever saw by the use of the anglerworm. This boastful talk satisfied me that argument on the beauties of "the contemplative man's recreation" as an accomplishment would avail nothing here, so I declined discussion on the subject, knowing full well it would simply be casting pearls to pot-hunters.

I can excuse the use of the "barnyard hackle" in certain conditions, but how one can taint the crystal waters of Lake Superior or its rivers with a dirty wriggling anglerworm, when the fly will secure all the trout an angler desires, is beyond my comprehension. I should think the presiding deities of the aqueous realms would rise in rebellion at such desecration.

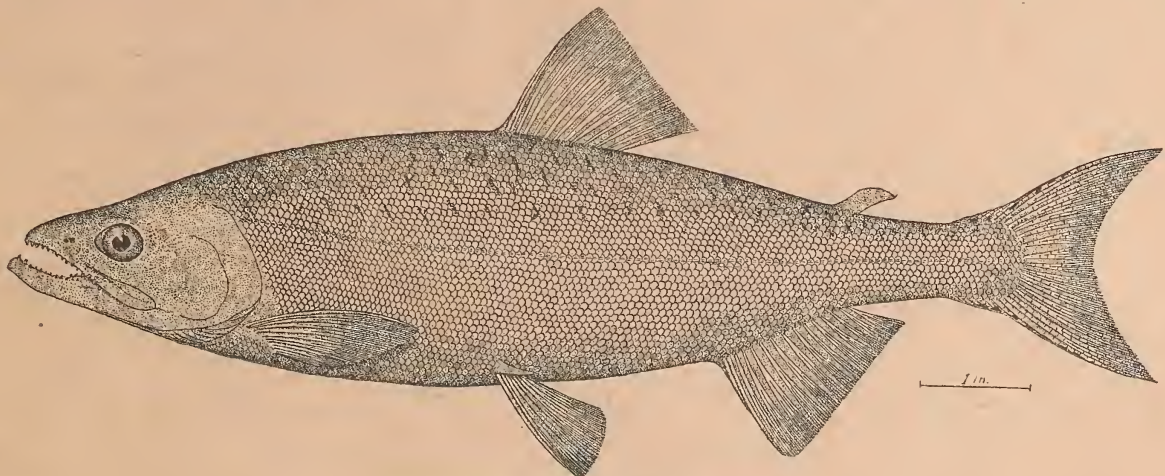
The anglerworm party stated they had frequently fished the river in the past, and intended going in the morning to the big pool at the falls, five miles above. They were to go on foot by the forest route, and then return in canoes with Indians which they had previously engaged to meet them there.

About 4 o'clock we took the boat and ascended the river as far as we could, about a mile and a half. We found no trout that desired to change their element, only having one or two rises from some of the fingerlings that abound in the stream.

The Aguawa is a fine sheet of water of about 100ft. in width at its mouth, and abounds in numerous ripples, rapids and cascades. Five miles above its mouth its sparkling waters come tumbling and foaming over a ledge of ragged rocks, some 75ft. in height, into a granite basin below of magnificent proportions, in which the trout, with a singular regard for picturesque scenery, love to dwell. Turn to the left, and a range of granite mountains with sugar-loaf tops confront you, with their scarred sides in spruce and fir that crowd to the very water's edge, and impress you with their singular fascination. Follow the winding river as it threads its mur-

to the sea. Dr. Dawson wrote as follows: "The Indians all affirm that this salmon lives throughout the year in the various lakes in which it occurs, only leaving them to run up certain streams to spawn in the autumn." In August, 1877, at Eagle Creek, he was assured by Indians that the little salmon does not go to or come from the sea, but ascends from the lake to spawn. The ascent of the streams for reproduction begins early in August, and in one instance, mentioned above, Prof. Johnson observed them as late as Nov. 26. The height of the run seems to vary with the latitude, as in salmon generally. Dr. Dawson's letters to the writer contain the following reference to the death of Kennerly's salmon after spawning: "In the first week in September, 1877, they were very abundant in streams along the west side of Okanagan Lake, and last autumn, on Sept. 16 and 17, I noted them again in these streams, particularly in that known as Bear's River. In my notebook, under date of Sept. 16, and referring to this river (again a small stream) I find the following: 'A great number of little salmon-like fish, apparently running up to spawn. It is singular that though they have evidently been long in the stream (from the livid red color of many of them, their frayed fins and tails, with white fungoid growth in places) they have not got further up the river, which offers no particular impediment to their ascent. They cannot all have spawned, as many still hold spaw and milt. Indians say that they all die in the streams and do not return to the lake. Many were dead along the stones, and the crows had collected in great numbers in the vicinity. This was within a quarter of a mile or less from the mouth of the river on the lake.'" Dr. Kennerly noted that the species disappeared suddenly about Sept. 1 at Lake Chiloweyuck. In the course of spawning the fish crowd into very shallow brooks, where they may easily be taken with the hands. "The ova," writes Dr. Dawson, "struck me as being rather large and few in number for the size of the fish."

Abundance.—Kennerly's salmon appears to exist in large numbers wherever it is known to occur. When



KENNERLY'S SALMON (*Salmo kennerlyi*).

first seen by Dr. Kennerly in a small stream tributary to Chiloweyuck Lake, he reported its presence in vast numbers. In company with Capt. Woodruff and several men he went to the brook Aug. 17, and the party caught 180 of these fish with hook and line. About Aug. 10, according to the same authority, they appear at the mouths of all the small streams emptying into the lake in such immense numbers that they can be caught with the hands. Among a thousand or more specimens taken near Seattle, and observed by Prof. Johnson, the females were as plentiful as the males. In the first week in September, 1877, Dr. Dawson found the species very abundant in streams along the west side of Okanagan Lake, and Sept. 16 and 18, 1890, he noted them again, particularly in Bear's River.

Associates.—In Kootanie Lake Dr. Dawson observed what he believes to be a landlocked variety of the spring salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouichia*). Prof. Johnson noted an occasional silver salmon (*O. kisutch*) and a few large red salmon (*O. nerka*) in company with Kennerly's salmon. One of the active enemies of this little fish is the che-wagh, mentioned by Dr. Kennerly, now better known as the malma or Dolly Varden trout. In a che-wagh weighing 9½ lbs, the Doctor found two whole salmon of this species.

Form and Colors.—Dr. Suckley described the fish in the following terms: General color red, dingy along the back, paler on the sides, and fading to pure white on the belly, small, irregular black spots above the lateral line. Pectorals bluish, their tips slightly grayish. Dorsal and ventrals red. Tail slightly spotted. In the female the general color is red, but slightly darker than the male. In other respects the sexes appear to agree. According to Dr. Dawson "the back is dark gray, slightly reddish; the belly bright silvery, shaded with gray. Flesh red, about the same as that of the saw-gut (*Oncorhynchus nerka*)." In June and July, when seen by Prof. Macoun in the upper Columbia, the back was steel-gray in color, with no trace of red. In form Kennerly's salmon is a diminutive copy of the red salmon, as will be apparent by reference to the accompanying illustration, which Mr. Baldwin has made for FOREST AND STREAM from a specimen belonging to the National Museum. As usual in the genus, males have the pectorals and ventrals longer than females and their jaws are much produced and bent, while the body is distinctly deeper and, in the height of the breeding season, has a large fleshy hump on the nape.

Mode of Capture.—Not much art is required to take a salmon that crowds up into small brooks where it can be caught with the hands; but in deeper water the fish has been readily taken with hook and line, and Prof. Macoun has already been referred to as having captured them with the spoon. Indians spear them by torchlight during the spawning season and take large numbers in weirs and traps.

T. H. BEAN.

walls, some artistic (?) Indian has completed a series of pictures by cutting away the moss that creeps o'er the rocks until the flinty surface is laid bare. In these rude sculpturings we observed a man on horseback, sailboat, canoe, bird and stars, all of which plainly indicate their origin, as these untaught savages have but one style of drawing, and it is not of the Rembrandt or Raphael school I assure you.

These islands are best seen on the approach of sunset; the combination of color and cloud are like visitations of ethereal light, which at times surpass all the resources of expression. This tinted beauty is only rivalled by the gathering and realization of a grand storm that battles over and against the massive bulwarks. "Then the sublime and the grand, and the awful and the terrible, are all wrought up to a fearful intensity at the same moment." Time and again have I viewed these storm pictures when my spirit would quail, and as often enjoyed the revelations of their beauty when the sea seemed to sleep and the sunset fires seemed burning in crimson and gold.

We ascended one of the group, the only one, Ned said, on which you can camp, and feasted for a while on some huckleberries, which grow in great abundance here. Joe suggested a lunch, but as we were only two miles from the Aguawa River, we declined, and ordered him to push ahead. His infernal gluttony so disgusted me that I gave him some emphatic talk, which he did not at all relish, and which I thought would result in a general row; but the trumpets were lulled in slumber, while the cheerful horns of peace were blown, amid which softened notes Joe declared he would depart for home. As we were not averse to it, and had had all the sport we desired, we gave him to understand that he could not lift the latchet of his door any too soon for us.

As soon as we landed at the mouth of the Aguawa we had our dinner before the tents were put in position. It took us but a moment to realize that we were in a small colony of sand flies in consequence of our being near the bush, and as a preventive against their sanguinary attacks resorted to the fly medicine, with which we generously smeared ourselves, and which gave us the appearance of a tawny savage. It drove the *brulots* away for the time being, and when another anointing was necessary never failed to apprise us of the fact.

We noticed a vacant tent on the beach in our immediate vicinity, and presumed its occupants were up the river in search of the tinted beauties. The surmise proved correct, for in a short time a small skiff, containing four men, put in an appearance at the tent, having come from the falls above. They had a couple of dozen of small trout, which they had caught with worms, they being strictly bait-fishermen, as they proudly acknowledged. They were provided with plain cane poles, about 12 or 15 feet long, and mounted as bass rods; and in addition each

muring way in curving and ragged lines, and a world of wild beauty unfolds itself which no artist's canvas ever presented. Carpets of lichen and moss, forests of birch and balsam, shadowy ravines and rocky ridges, lovely lakes and trickling rills, succeed each other in most entrancing disorder. If you know, as Emerson says, "What sweets and virtues are on the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens," you will be fully qualified to appreciate the grand panorama of Lake Superior's magnificent and sublime scenery.

After supper that evening we went to a post station of the Hudson Bay Co., a few rods away, which is kept by Wm. Fanning, a half-breed, who it is reputed rejoices in the possession of three lovely daughters of mature years. Joe had time and again spoken so highly of their peerless charms that we had an inquisitive desire to see them. Ned wanting to purchase a pair of fine point blankets at this post to take home with him, gave us the golden opportunity of gratifying our curiosity regarding these woodland nymphs of the tawny hue. Arriving at the dwelling we knocked, and one of the trinity admitted us. She was tall and exceedingly graceful and symmetrical in figure. Her face had the strong half-breed complexion, with a skin finely transparent, eyes large and expressive, and hair long and dark as a raven's plume, which, when free, rolled in tresses of rich abundance. Her dress simplicity itself, and her deportment quite lady-like. She was withal quite a prepossessing looking maiden, and many a dusky lover enamored of her winsome charms, has doubtless chanted his *chansons* of love to her in the quiet hours of the night, with a fervency relating that

"My love, she is a handsome girl, she has a sparkling eye,
And a head of flowing raven hair, and a forehead arched and high;
Her teeth are white as cowry shells, brought from the distant sea,
And she is tall, and graceful all, and fair as fair can be.
And if with art I act my part, and bravely wooing stand,
And with address my suit I press, I gain Nimosha's hand.

"Oh, I will search the silvery brooks for skin of blackest dye,
And scale the highest mountain tops, a warrior's gift to spy!
I'll place them where my love shall see, and know my present true;
Perhaps when she admires the gift, she'll love the giver, too.
And if with art I act my part, and bravely wooing stand,
I'll gain my love's unsullied heart and then I'll gain her hand."

The raven-haired beauty waited on Ned with a business-like air, but her high tariff on the blankets prevented her making a sale. As we departed from the store, which adjoined the dwelling, the other two tawny beauties appeared. They were of medium height, buxom in form, graceful in figure and possessed very agreeable features and expressive eyes. Ned said they were of the partridge style of beauty—plump—and that he admired their style much more than that of the other. Neither of us being