

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. Emory 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

streams and swamps contiguous to the lake and rivers, depositing their spawn. They are the earliest spawners we have. By the time the ice is fairly out of the larger rivers and the lake, they have deposited their spawn and returned to the deep waters. They never feed during the spawning season, when they become much emaciated, in which condition they remain till late in the summer. They are in their best condition from the middle of September to the middle of February. They have been known to weigh twenty-five or thirty pounds. They will take a trolling bait or spoon, a live minnow in deep fishing, a frog, a young duck and have been known to swallow a gosling a week old. When in season they are esteemed by many as a very fair table fish. The largest should be boiled, the smaller broiled. They are also rapid growers; at one year they will weigh six ounces; at two years, one pound; at three years three to four pounds; five to six years they attain their growth.

Third—The common Eastern pickerel or green pike (*Esox reticulatus*) has the same habits as the great lake pike, and is fished for in the same way. They are not often seen in the great lakes, and seldom weigh more than five or six pounds. They are much darker colored than the lake pike; the bars on the sides are more marked and distinct.

Fourth—The hump-back pickerel (*Esox cypho*) resembles *Esox salmosinus*, only he is rounded or swollen in the dorsal region.

Fifth—The banded or trout pickerel (*Esox americanus*), dark green, the sides covered with twenty curved bars.

Sixth—The little pickerel or trout pickerel (*Esox salmosinus*), olive color, green above and white below, with streaks on the side instead of black bars. These three last never grow to be a foot long, and are considered of very little account by fishermen. Their habits and mode of life are very much like the other species of the family to which they belong.

FAIRLEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days since I was in the village of Post Mills, Vt., enjoying the genial hospitality of Captain Thos. H. Chubb's home. A copy of the FOREST AND STREAM was placed in my hand and my attention called to an article bearing the signature of "S." and entitled "Auld Lang Syne," which carried me at once, in imagination, to scenes of my childhood, which, I believe, must have transpired in the same town of which "S." writes. I am sure the description answers perfectly to the town of R—h, where I was born, and the Uncle Lisha must have been Uncle Isaac R—d, of whom I have heard many most laughable anecdotes besides those related by "S." Uncle Isaac was a man who, besides being universal "Uncle," was universally liked. But he had one bad habit; he would partake too freely of the "ardent," and when exhilarated he got the "cart before the horse" more than ever, and then the boys—some, and, in fact, most of them "boys" of a larger and older growth—delighted to congregate in the village store and hear the old gentleman talk.

It was on one of these occasions that he said he "wanted to get a good board to come and boy with me and go to theool thith winter." Also on such an occasion he told a story of a wonderful field of pumpkins in these words: "Outh I had the nitheth field of pigths that ever wath, and the neighborth's dam punkinth kept getting into them pigths. I got tired of it, and I jutht called the houth out of the dog, and they went through the devil ath though the very bruth fenth wath after them." And I wonder if it was an exaggerated version of the story that "S." relates that I heard, or if "S." did not quite remember it all. To "tell the story as 'twas told me," he once borrowed a sleigh called a cutter in those days, of a man named Tucker, and in the course of the evening he stepped into Mr. Tucker's house, saying, "Well, Mithter Cutter, I run your tucker under the thed and put your harneth in the thtable and hung your horth up in the barn, and I gueth you will find it right."

But alas! the trout fishing of which "S." speaks is now no more. Like most of the towns in Vermont, the brooks of R—h are tenantless, and the hills once clothed in verdure are disrobed. Many of our beautiful forest trees have been "cut off as cumberers of the ground," and are now no more. Tree planting will soon be as necessary with us as at the West.

But the hunting and fishing laws of Vermont are beginning to have a beneficial effect. Game and fish are more abundant than they were five years ago. It is well that there were a few men far-sighted enough to realize that game and fish must be protected by law and cultivated, and a happy illustration of this foresight may be seen in the case of Fairlee Lake, which lies partly in Post Mills village. The waters of this lake had formerly contained a great variety and seemingly an inexhaustible supply of the finny tribe, but fifteen or twenty years ago they only lived in the memory of the people. However, about that time there came to Post Mills, from the Lone Star State, a gentleman who was passionately fond of hunting and fishing, especially the latter. He was at once struck with the beauty and healthfulness of this locality, and he decided that this was the place for him, consequently he brought his family and settled here, and as it was now to all interests and purposes his home, being an active energetic man, he set about making improvements. He interested himself in the law for protecting game and fish, and stocked the beautiful lake that is so like an emerald gem, with a variety of fish, and established a manufactory of all kinds of fishing implements, and has kept the place alive generally. His is a history which, were it only written, is well worth the reading. R. A. T.

VERMONT.

GEORGIA BASS FISHING.—Macon, Ga., Sept. 15.—My friend and partner (H. B. D.) owns an interest in a large mill pond three and a half miles from Macon. In this are a great many small bass. Some years ago the supply was almost exhausted by the largest ones destroying the smallest and then being taken by the fishermen. H. B. D. had the pond restocked, and now the fishing is improving. He and I caught over twenty fish one day in June, most of them bass, and we also had some bream fishing. Together with a friend one morning in June I caught twenty of these, the finest perch fish in the world. Three miles beyond this pond is one owned by Dr. McC., of Macon, which is well supplied with bass, and several parties have caught some big weights there recently. I give you weights of ten, 2, 2, 3, 4, 4, 5, 8, 9 and 9 pounds respectively. These are private ponds and well protected. We anticipate some fine sport in November, as H. B. D. will let off most of the water in his pond to have some repairs done. The fish will then be in a small compass of water, and will bite freely. Will report to you if we have much success.—I. H. J.

A SECOND COURTSHIP.

A YOUNG lawyer friend of mine, H. H., has lately married. His wife is a good Catholic of an old Virginia family, and on Fridays and Wednesdays H. has to eat fish or dine with the heretics. These circumstances have been fortunate for your esteemed correspondent, who, by pretended or true interest in the cause of churchly fasts, was invited to "try the trout some Thursday." So last Thursday I asked H. if he thought his folks would take kindly to *Salmo fontinalis*, or *subclivus*, whichever be correct. His reply was favorable, so I meditated another bold stroke, namely, to persuade my own wife to walk to the stream and participate in the prospective sport. Leaving directions to a colored citizen to follow with lunch, my wife and I set out. The Big Spring is about two miles or more from our humble dwelling. We "walked in the middle o' the road," to avoid climbing too many fences. We wanted the trip to be inconspicuous, but every acquaintance we have seemed that evening to be on that particular road. My wife, however, behaved well under fire, and trudged along admiring the beautiful landscape on each side of the way, and enjoying the fresh air and exhilarating exercise as much as her fisherman escort, who was feeding on prospective pleasures yet to be drawn from the clear running brook, odorous with fragrant mint and sweet-smelling plants—pleasures of tangible shape and beautiful form—flame-colored fish sprinkled with sparkles of the finest jewelry. In fine, he was thinking of the trout and she of the landscape.

The trout stream runs through a beautiful grassy meadow. Its waters, clear, swift and sparkling, glide over enameled pavements of multifarious mosaic, many-formed and many-colored, all colors represented in its pebbles and clays—reds, whites, yellows, bluish-grays, and lead-shaded tints changing their hues with the movement of water, sky or cloud, outshining the products of man's poor looms.

One of our sons with the colored contingent had arrived and the rods were jointed, the narrowness of the stream precluding the fly, we began to try the swift stream with the festive grasshopper, who was out in force and tumbling from everything but "sweet tater vines" into the stream and being gulped up by the agile and scaly citizens of the water. Rob caught the first and largest fish, more than a foot long and as broad as my palm, in fact the rascal, notwithstanding the commandment, "Honor thy father," etc., beat me in size of catch, though not in numbers. Or to put the matter as Henry Powell, the colored aide, did: "Mr. W., if your fish were two or three inches longer you would beat Rob all to pieces, I tell you this for a fact."

We fished the stream to the river, about half a mile, caught a dozen fish, eight trout, nearly all plump and sizable, and after lunch and a pleasant walk home, ate trout for supper with the fragrance of mint still clinging to them, besides turning over to our friends enough for their Friday meal.

My wife had such a color, was so pleased and excited by the pleasure of the trip that I only was kept from courting her over again by the presence of the children, and by the consideration that "discipline must be maintained." If ladies only knew how much prettier a complexion may be gotten on a trout stream than from a drug store they would take more exercise and less powder. T. W.

LEESBURG, Va., Aug. 31.

RHODE ISLAND BASS.—I took with the rod the week ending Sept. 16, striped bass, the largest weighing 22 pounds; smallest 3½ pounds. Two rods that I baited during the week ending Sept. 12 took respectively: Rod No. 1.—Sept. 7, five, of 12, 9, 4½, 5 and 4½ pounds respectively; Sept. 8, two, of 17 and 8½ pounds; Sept. 9, six, of 10, 7, 5, 5, 2½ and 2 pounds. Rod No. 2.—Sept. 10, one, of 22½ pounds; Sept. 12, four, of 12½, 10, 7½ and 5 pounds; and Sept. 12 another rod took six, of 6, 5½, 4½, 4, 3 and 2½ pounds. Seven bluefish were also taken during the week, weights, 10½, 10, 8½, 8, 6, 5½, 3 pounds. I think from the indications that there is going to be the best fishing this month there has been for some years. For the past month the menhaden steamers have been in other parts and the menhaden have struck into the rivers and along this part of the coast, which in this locality means good bass and bluefishing. The gill-netters and trap-fishermen have had very poor fishing most of the season and it looks as if there would be less of them the next season. If there should be less and should the steamers also make themselves scarce, it would be of great benefit to the hook fishermen who depend on the line for their daily bread. I was much pleased with your editorial on the menhaden question, also with Mr. Clapham's notice, and could it be made as plain to the United States Government as it is to most fishermen that the steam fishing, pound and gill-netting destroys our fishing and fish supply, they would either be restricted or wiped out.—W. M. HUGHES (Newport, R. I., Sept. 13).

FIGHTING BASS.—New York, Sept. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: A friend of mine, recently from Florida, has just told me an absolutely true fish story, as follows: A friend of his with his wife were out rowing on Lake Nettie, near Lake Eustis, Orange county, Fla., when, noticing a commotion in the water at some distance, they approached and found two black bass in deadly combat. The water boiled. The fish attacked and retreated after the approved style of the arena. Finally one of them seized the other by the upper and lower jaw, and shook him as a dog shakes his prey. So exhausted were they that the gentlemen reached down and drew them both into the boat. One of them weighed 9 pounds and the other 9½ pounds. Verily Florida waters are the ones in which to go fishing, without either rod, line, hook or sinkers.—GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

RAINBOW TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Number Four, Lewis County, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: During the spring of 1883, while I was in this region, Mr. Fenton was hatching 300 eggs of the rainbow trout. About the first of this month Rev. Dr. Shipman, of New York city, caught one of these fish in the rapids of Beaver River, which weighed ten ounces. A day or two afterward one of the same size was caught by a gentleman from Albany. I found that they fed on green worms gathered from the rock bottom.—SPENCER M. NASH.

BRITTLE HOOKS.—Redditch, Eng., Sept. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: We notice that one of your correspondents complains of the quality of the sprout hooks of one of the manufacturers in this town. We take the liberty of sending you 100 of our manufacture, and shall be obliged if you will try them and report on them. Yours truly—S. ALCOCK & Co. [We have tested the hooks sent and find them of most excellent quality, and have sent some to our correspondent Mr. E. A. Leopold.]

LONG ISLAND SEA FISHERY.—Springs, Long Island.—The fishing of September here has been better than before, but the fresh winds and rough sea have been unfavorable for the bunker steamers and the pound-fishermen. The cooler weather and water have brought in the fish from the ocean tides in greater abundance, but the water has been too rough to allow the pound boats to "lift" their nets. One party here (Fireplace Point) who have five pounds at Fort Pond (Montauk) have been able to visit them but once this week, viz., on Monday. On that day (7th) we had fresh easterly winds here, when the racing yachts were prevented by calms off Sandy Hook from completing their struggle. The fish chiefly taken in the pounds of Block Island, Gardiner's Bay and Peconic Bay waters are weakfish, bluefish, porgies, shiners and flatfish, these five pounds taking from two boxes of fish to twenty. The average prices they receive for them in New York vary from \$2 to \$12 each, according to the demand for them in city markets. The dealers tax the fishermen about 12 per cent. for sales, which is a fair sum and is not objected to here. Once each day a cartload of worthless fish is taken, such as sharks, dogfish, skates, bunkers, etc., and these are used to manure the land.—I. McLELLAN.

SNAKE AND BETHABARA WOODS.—Snake or letterwood is a tree of the genus *Piratinera*, growing in Guiana, South America, and used by the natives for making bows and arrows, for which reason it should be an excellent wood for fishing rods, but has not entered into general use owing to its being very heavy and expensive, costing twenty-five cents per pound in the log in Guiana. Greenheart is a variety of the genus *Laurus*, found in the West Indies and South America. That in Jamaica and Guiana is the *Nectandra rodiaei*, called also "cogwood" in the former and "siper" in the latter locality. Lancelwood is a tree found also in the West Indies, called in botany *Gualetteria virgata*, and is par excellence the best wood for fishing rods. It will be difficult to find bethabara wood in the botanical list, it is only found in the catalogues of some fishing rod makers who have enshrouded it in mystery, otherwise it is nothing but a fancy name for greenheart.—M.

FLY-FISHING FOR PERCH.—Salisbury, Md., Sept. 14.—My colleague and myself were red fishing on the Urcomico River, two miles below this place, and at my suggestion, Mr. D. put on a leader containing three flies. On the third cast he took a white perch, and on the fifth or sixth cast took a large yellow perch, twelve or fourteen inches long. Handing his rod to me, he went into the yacht's cabin to put a leader on another line, when upon the first or second cast, I took a large yellow perch. This was on a narrow mud flat, shelving up toward a marsh in fresh, or perhaps a little brackish water. The tide had been flowing perhaps an hour, and was in a short time too high upon the flat to fish. We will try it again. Fly-fishing for perch is something new to both of us.—E. W. HUMPHREYS.

FISHING WITH A PADDLEWHEEL.—Horncllsville, N. Y.—I see it reported that the other day the steamer Moulton struck and stunned a thirty-five pound pickerel with her wheel, in the lake off Chautauqua. A fisherman named Rew killed it with his oar and sold it to the Chautauqua meat market for four dollars. It was more of an object of interest than the pin machine, for the time being. I do not think this fish was a pickerel, but a muscalonge (*Esox nobilior*). I have caught them in Chautauqua Lake, but could see no difference in them and the Niagara and St. Lawrence muscalonge except in color. True this is some years ago and I did not at that time know that the true muscalonge had naked gill covers.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

BASS FISHING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Philadelphia, Sept. 19.—Bass fishing is now excellent in the Upper Schuylkill, above Phoenixville, and the fish take the fly freely. Two friends waded the river at or near this turn a few days since and took twenty or twenty-five fine bass with the artificial lure. September and October with us are the season par excellence for this fish, and our anglers are finding it out gradually and many put up their bass rods for July and August and never think of jointing them until autumn opens.—HOMO.

PICKLING CLAMS, MUSSELS AND EELS.—Can any of your readers give me directions for pickling clams, mussels and eels, for use on a long cruise?—A. W. R.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE BIENNIAL SPAWNING OF SALMON.

THE BUCKSPORT EXPERIMENTS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY CHARLES G. ATKINS.

AFTER the organization of the establishment for the collection of eggs of sea-going salmon at Bucksport, on the Penobscot River, in 1872, it was one of the earliest suggestions of Professor Baird that we should attempt, as occasion might offer, to obtain evidence bearing on the frequency and duration of the salmon's migrations and its rate of growth. To carry out these suggestions it seemed requisite that observations should be made on individual fishes at successive periods in their lives; yet, whatever means should be taken to secure and identify them must, it was evident, not prevent free movement in the open river to and from the sea, or interfere in any way with the development of their functions or their regular growth. They must be distinctly and durably marked, yet in such a way as to do them no injury. The cutting of the fins would answer the purpose only in part, since it would not afford a sufficient variety in form to enable us to distinguish a great number of individuals. Branding upon the side of the fish was thought of and even tried, but the serious mutilation that befel the first fish operated on, and the extreme probability that those marks that were so lightly impressed as to do no injury to the fish would soon become illegible, or so nearly so as to be overlooked by fishermen, caused that method to be abandoned. A metallic tag, stamped with a recorded number, appeared to offer the greatest promise of success. The first tag tried was of thin aluminum plate, cut about a half inch long and a quarter wide, and attached to a rubber band which encircled the tail of the fish. It is probable that most of the bands slipped off, and that those which were tight enough to stay on cut through the skin and produced wounds that destroyed the fish. At any rate, no salmon thus marked were ever recovered. The next method employed was the attachment of an aluminum tag by means of a platinum wire to the rear mar-