

for I was forsaken of all the gods and goddesses who preside over the chase, and handed over to the very demon of ill luck.

First I hooked a fine fellow of some three or four pounds, and having played him to exhaustion, hailed the Judge to come and give me a hand.

I adjured him to use tenderness and discretion, and not to scoop up my fish as one would a shovelful of mud, but to slip the net under him and gently swing him in sideways.

The Judge gave me a scornful glance which evidently meant, "Young man, let *me* conduct this case," and netting the trout with a dash hoisted him clear five feet in the air, and then stopped abruptly. This aroused all the waning energies of my victim, and with a prodigious flap he threw himself out of the net and returned to his native element bearing off my fly and leader as a trophy.

Bitterness filled my soul, but I did not address the Judge. It is fit that the words of that magnanimous man be here recorded: "I am afraid I did just what you told me not to do"! After this there was nothing left but to thank him for his well-meant but misguided efforts, and to inwardly vow to land my own fish in future. Another cast and fly—this time a "Silver Doctor," were soon adjusted, and as luck would have it a fine trout rose as soon as the line touched the water. He made two or three strong rushes, and then to my despair bore down for the bottom. My light rod was bent nearly butt to tip, but still he circled down and down in slow waltz time to the region of snags and boulders below. The end soon came. Around some cunning branch he twined the line, and pulling against this unyielding obstacle, broke away and was off. The line floated up devoid of cast and fly, and, checking an idiotic longing to dive after my lost prey, with nerveless fingers I tied still another cast, and offered this time a "Jack Scott" to the denizens of the deep. Before many seconds a great broad back rose to view, and a powerful tail swirled the water just behind the fly. One more cast and he is fairly hooked and tearing off for the middle of the pool—a clean run of twenty yards at least. Then he makes a beautiful jump clear into the air, and the Judge calls out, "By George, what a beautiful fellow," and leaving his rod comes to see the fun.

He is slowly reeled in, but at the suggestion of the net makes another furious run with a jump at the end of it. The Judge is sitting on a rock smoking peacefully, but there is a gleam in his eye when he says, "That fish weighs six pounds." After reeling partly in I glance down at the butt of my rod. To my dismay, the reel—a very easy-running one—has over-run, and the wet line has got into a snarl. A cold perspiration breaks out on me at the thought that if my fine fellow takes it into his head to make one more dash like the last, he will reach this tangle and then something will have to go. Oh, how tenderly and how prayerfully I bring him in, and with what tumultuous joy I see him gasp and turn over. Most insinuatingly the net is approached, but ere I can get it under him he discerns the impending evil, gives a twist and a jump and goes like lightning for deep water.

Giving all the butt I can, still the reel fairly buzzes till he comes to the hitch—a moment of strain, a flap, a snap, and the line drifts in in that limp and deadly manner that makes the heart sick.

Well, the gallant fellow made a pretty fight of it and deserved to get off, but this humane view of the matter did not occur to me at the time, and it *was* exasperating to see the Judge land a five-and-a-quarter pound trout a few minutes afterwards.

Then the Boy hailed us from a little distance with the information that he had struck a whale, and we scrambled along to the rock where he was excitedly reeling in a fish that had made a brave run. "Easy, Boy; don't force him. Let him take all the line he wants. Tire him! Tire him!" shouts the counsel-bearing Judge; and very well does the Boy play him; but when the beauty with his gorgeous orange sides and bril-

liant spots, hangs on the scale which marks a full four-and-a-half pounds, he simply collapses and goes wild with joy.

Let the reader recall the time when he landed his first four-pound trout (if such has chanced to be his good fortune) and he will sympathize with the mad exhilaration of this youth.

It is hard to bear the successes of our friends, and, desperately envious of the good luck of the Judge and the Boy, I employ all my art to capture a fish which shall transcend in beauty and size those already taken. At length a somewhat uncertain-minded trout is tempted to essay my fly. Twice he comes up with a dash, but suddenly changes his intention, and in going down shows a glimpse of tail and fin which sends my heart into my mouth. Not to weary him I make two or three casts elsewhere, then I can stand it no longer, and drop the fly over him again. A sentiment of regret for a lost opportunity has evidently arisen in his breast, and he has concluded that after all he is hungry, for now he leaves no doubt of his intention. With a dash and a splash he comes at it, bolts it, and strikes himself irrevocably. Ten minutes of varying fortunes, during which he must have astonished every fish in the pool by his rapid changes of purpose and marvellous versatility of contortion, and now he lies on the rock, with the writer, triumph and determination in his eye, on top of him. In his desperate struggles he has broken through the landing-net, and one more flap would have given him his freedom; but this was not to be, and now he is held up in exultation for the Judge to admire. "How big is he?" "Four pounds and three-quarters" rings cheerily back. "Good" says the Judge, as he turns to net a lusty fish which has been bending his rod double for the past five minutes.

And so the sport goes on, but as I do not purpose to give you the age, sex and personal characteristics of every fish caught or lost, I shall sum up by telling you that our total catch in this pool was some twenty odd trout of two pounds weight and over, and that the Judge's five and a quarter pounder was the biggest.

This we considered to be a capital day's work, in which opinion, patient reader, I think you will coincide.

W. H. B.

TRUST BETRAYED.

"O Varus, where are my legions?

I ask them from thy hand."

"They are lost,—the snows have buried

Thy men in a desolate land."

"O Memory, where are my fancies?

I call on thee to show."

They are dead,—thy thoughts are scattered

'Neath Time's all-shrouding snow.

J. H. M.

QUISQUILIAE.

In an Album.

The quivered goddess, chaste and fair,

Diana, the robed huntress,

With foot of wind, and flowing hair,

And terrible far-shadowing spear.

Was far less kind enchantress

Than she whose eyes these lines will trace,

Perhaps when time goes slowly by;

Whose kindly heart and gentle grace

Merit indeed the highest place,

Even as they'd light the lowly.