

fiend was on my track, for a four-minute bay roadster and a dainty Portland were behind, and Jim would as soon do what he said as not.

For a hundred yards we had it hot as we could lay foot to snow; then I heard the dull blows of flying feet and a sharp "Hi!" and dodged aside just in time to clear the rush of one of the tidiest gentleman's roadsters in the country.

Jim could hardly pull up inside of fifty yards, for the good bay's blood was hot; but finally the horse steadied, and Jim sung out: "Come, pile in here! I want to use you."

"What for?"

"I'm off for the bay. Spearing's prime, and we'll have a try at it. Everything's ready down there — spears and all in the shanty — so in you get."

No better fun was wanted, and away we jingled through the town and thence westward over an excellent country road toward Mitchell's Bay, on Lake St. Clair, famous for black bass, 'lunge, and waterfowl since the days of "Frank Forester."

Mile after mile our game horse flung behind, now passing fat farms — great levels of white — now waking the echoes of dense, shadowy woods with the crisp jingle of the bells, until at last we reached the frozen marsh and the small hotel beside the bay.

Very brief time sufficed for final arrangements, and we were soon in our shanty, one of several similar in construction that were scattered over the ice. These shanties are built of rough boards and are large enough to accommodate two men and leave room for a small stove. The roofs are high enough to allow the use of a short-handled spear, and fre-