

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

READINGS FROM THE OLD MASTER

26	1	58
4	10	20
56	0	16
4	0	1
35	0	9
11	5	0
11	5	0
303	57	172

Manson	Kerwin	McKay
(C)	(L)	(S)
310	103	100
2	4	0
15	1	2
70	13	6
9	0	0
7	4	1
14	15	1
5	1	0
2	2	0
8	4	1
4	1	1
22	0	2
10	10	2
2	0	0
2	2	0
10	0	0
4	0	0
6	0	0
0	0	0
20	18	15
9	3	6
50	51	6
3	0	0
11	3	0
0	0	0
24	0	0
30	1	2
11	2	0
8	1	0
13	7	1
3	18	6
22	1	5
5	6	0
7	10	0
17	5	0
12	1	0
12	0	0
29	4	0
20	22	0
0	0	0
822	377	163

Shatford	Blmhrst
(C)	(L)
17	1
20	5
34	18
10	11
5	0
25	7
3	0
32	6
39	1
15	1
2	0
7	7
19	9
39	23
68	63
70	4
4	4
9	0
13	0
440	205

conservative)	8441
.....	5202
.....	5190
.....	5051
.....	4826
.....	4110
.....	3984
.....	3942
.....	3856
.....	3227
.....	1883
.....	1428
.....	1231
.....	1227
.....	1218
Victoria	2856
conservative)	2503
.....	2497
.....	2486
(Liberal)	2218
.....	2218
.....	2031
.....	1875
(Socialist)	659
.....	659

McBride	Henderson
(C)	(L)
56	50
8	3
27	12
12	4
3	2
12	4
11	0
47	10
11	3
74	72
15	4
7	1
6	3
6	1
12	16
3	3
6	6
19	17
57	21
25	14
8	4
2	4
4	2
3	3
6	1
455	265

Schofield	Oliver
(C)	(S)
189	79
17	9
106	27
70	110
13	9
14	3
11	4
3	4
11	4
31	13
30	4
8	0
8	0
16	1
11	2
10	13
13	1
8	1
94	4
12	4
8	0
30	0
11	6
13	6
20	23
0	0
10	0
0	0
699	365

Fly-fishing for Trout

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing; but I shall do it with a little variation.

First, let your rod be light and very gentle: I take the best to be of two pieces. And let not your line exceed, especially for three or four links next to the hook, I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most; though you may fish a little stronger above, in the upper part of your line; but if you have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back; and the sun, if it shines, to be before you; and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself and rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade which you must take great care.

In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout; or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy; the best fishing is with the palmer-worm, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colors: these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-angling: which are to be thus made:

First, you must arm your hook with the line, in the inside of it: then take your scissors, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as, in your own reason, will make the wings of it, you having, without regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook; then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook; then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook, and, having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is usually better: take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, silk or crevel, gold or silver thread; make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger as you turn the silk about the hook, and still looking, at every stop or turn, that your gold or what material soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast: and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast; and then, with a needle, or pin, divide the wing into two; and then, with the arming silk, whip it about cross-ways betwixt the wings; and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook; and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook; and then view the proportion; and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler to a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day; and catch one of them, if he sees the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind; and then having always hooks ready-hung with him, and having a bag always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-colored heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, several colored silk and crevel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of silver; silk of several colors, especially sad-colored, to make the fly's head; and there be also other colored feathers, both of little birds and of speckled fowl: I say, having those with him in a bag, and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection that none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them, as well encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

Venator—But, my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

Piscator—Marry, scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree; for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower, and therefore sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a Trout.

But first for the wind: you are to take notice that of the winds the south wind is said to be best. One observes, that

when the wind is south, it blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best; and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree; and yet, as Solomon observes, that "he that busies the wind shall never sow"; so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious; for as it is observed by some, that "there is no horse of a bad color"; so I have observed, that if it

be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish, standing on the leeshore; and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer; and also nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets nearest the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the fly-fishing for a Trout; which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May butter. First for a May-fly: you may make his body with greenish-colored crevel, or willowish color; darkening it in most places with waxed silk; or ribbed with black hair; or, some of them, ribbed with silver thread; and such wings, for the color, as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the Oak-fly; with an orange, tawny, and black ground; and the brown of a mallard's feathers for the wings. And you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the Oak-fly.

And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possible, whether you fish with a fly or worm; and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if



The Geese he brought back

it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream.

WILLIAM'S FISH

William Huggelassier, who has run a farm near Prairie Lake for the past thirty years, had an accident last week. He was milking the old roan with the crumpled horn and studying the stars across her jagged hip-joint when he heard something splash. A hasty inventory of the milk bucket disclosed the fact that the roan's hind foot was in it. William grew wroth and grabbed the milk stool with the idea of breaking the roan's back in about two and a half ticks. He struck mightily, but the cow sidestepped with the agility of Joe Gans ducking a haymaker. The stool smote William heavily on the knee-cap. Just which knee-cap it was cannot be definitely stated, as he limped with both legs when it was over with, and the language he used was too general in character to afford a clue.

The hired hand finished the milking and William hobbled to the house, where he explained the accident to Mrs. Huggelassier in a voice that could have been heard on the main road half a mile away.

Next morning Hugg could barely touch his right hoof to the ground and his wife solicitously asked him what he would do about it.

"I'm goin' fishin'!" returned Hugg, as he grunted his back teeth in misery. "Hain't been fishin' in twenty years an' now I'm goin'." Clean up the old fryin' pan—we'll have fish for supper."

He hunted up a pole of the vintage of '83, rigged some stone line to it and spliced on a harness hook at the other end. The hired hand ran down a few frogs for William and he stuffed a handful of them into his pocket, along with his pipe and tobacco. He was then ready for business.

There was an old scow down at the end of Huggelassier's corn field, and the accommodating hired man finally got him planted in it and handed the oars to him. He then shoved the scow off and wished him luck.

William fished steadily. In about thirty minutes the hired hand's patience gave out and he went back to work. In another half hour Hugg had worn one frog to a frazzle and put on another. He tossed the bait overboard with a sigh of hope. Just then something occurred that was different. William swears he saw the first six to eight feet of a sea-serpent rise up out of the lake and spear that frog. He says that when the critter's jaws shut down it sounded like slamming the old cellar door back on the homestead.

The next second something gave a yank on William's pole that made him think he had snagged the Lusatiana. But he hadn't been hushing corn and slopping hogs for nothing all his life—he was dead game and he grabbed the pole with a death grip. He found he could hold the fish all right, but that the fish was do-

ing all sorts of things to the scow. He was skidding over the water like a \$400 gasoline skiff and William begun to think he was seeing twice in the same place. Every little bit the beast would turn a handspring in the air and come down with a smack that shot a big sheet of terribly damp water over the victim. In ten minutes William was thoroughly wet down.

But he owned that pole and hung to it. Pretty soon he observed that he was nearing the shore, and looking up, he discovered that he had crossed the lake. At this moment the boat changed ends so suddenly that it came within an ace of spraining William's back. During the next hour he was dragged across the lake seventeen times and at that period the fish was so exhausted he could hear it breathe.

Getting down on his knees, Hugg began pulling in on the line. Hand over hand it came until he could see the whites of the critter's eyes not six feet distant. He says it looked like a cab horse in pink spectacles, and the sight almost weakened him in his resolve to land the fish.

But he braced himself for the grand effort and heaved in for keeps. He succeeded in getting the fish's head up to the edge of the boat, but just then somebody hit him a whack on the nap of the neck that jarred his eye teeth. Looking back over his shoulder, William saw the tail end of the fish getting ready to hand him another uppercut. The fall was a good yard wide, he says.

Without stopping to argue the thing, he let go the line, and the next minute he saw the pole skimming across the lake at a Dan Patch clip.—N. H. Crowell in Outdoor Life.

GOOSE SHOOTING REMINISCENCES

(Walter A. Cornelius in Outdoor Life)

I have often wondered at the tenacity of life of wild geese, especially the Canadian goose. It would be difficult to tell just what would be termed a vital spot on an old Canadian "honker." I do not refer to the geese who carry off the lead of the novice hunter, who imagines that every one he shoots at is "lead ballasted" and that distant fields and swamps are covered with his slain.

The enthusiastic goose hunter, but a poor shot, thinks he can see unmistakable signs of mortal injury on the goose he had picked out as the flock rapidly wing their way to other countries and other states, and he never takes his watery eyes off them until he can no longer follow the thread like streak on the horizon. Most of the geese fired on by this class of hunters are far out of range of a shot gun, but in their zeal to kill a goose their eyes attain telescopic power and the highly prized game really appears close to them.

In Kansas and Oklahoma, nowadays, the killing of a goose is heralded far and wide among the hunters, so scarce have the geese become and so wary. I have seen the time ten or fifteen years ago when they used to cover the fields and lakes by the acre, but nowadays most of those seen are passing high overhead.

In the last few years I have killed quite a number of Canada geese and gray and white brants on the lakes in McPherson county and on the Cheyenne Bottoms in Barton county, Kansas, and have had some good opportunities to observe the strong hold on life that some geese have. I believe that it is only the veterans who have crossed the continent many times in their semi-annual migrations that are so hard to kill, as I have invariably killed the young geese stone dead.

One noon along the latter part of March I was sitting in a blind half asleep, resting before starting on my walk back to town, four miles away. My repeating shotgun, loaded with o. 4 shot, was lying on the bank at my side. My reverie was broken by the swishing of wings and looking up, I saw a flock of Canadian geese not more than thirty-five yards from me. The gun was loaded but not cocked, but I managed to turn three loads loose at the flock (why I did not shoot more, I do not know) and three geese fell in the water in front of me about twenty yards apart. They all appeared to be dead before they hit the water, as I did not see one of them as much as kick after they fell. I waded out and got them and found that they were not geese, but goslings. Their bills were about half the length of my little finger, but they had all the markings of the big Canadians.

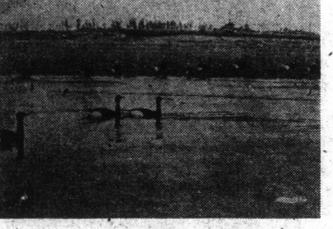
Every winter when there is water in Clear lake, two miles east of Hoisington, Kansas, it has been the roosting place of a flock of big Canadian geese. Many hunters have had designs on them, but they are so wary that but few of them have fallen. I have diminished the number in the flock by four and all of them proved tough tars. I sighted the flock in the middle of the lake on the ice one morning and, taking a .22-caliber Winchester automatic rifle, I slipped out of town and went after them. It was about 250 yards from the south bank of the lake to where the flock, consisting of about thirty geese, was sitting. As I knew that they would hardly fly at this distance, I walked up the bank until I had the flock well bunched and began shooting at them. The rifle made so little noise with its smokeless powder shells that they paid but little attention to it. I could not get the range, as I could not see where the bullets hit the ice, so my shooting was considerably at random. But as the flock walked away one goose remained sitting on the ice and I knew that at least one ball had found its mark. One

goose was standing out in front of the flock and made a fine target, so I took a good aim at the centre of its breast and pulled the trigger. The effect was immediately apparent, for the goose sprang into the air and started off in rapid flight, followed by the flock. It had not gone more than a hundred yards when it came down backwards in a clear place in the lake. By this time the other geese was running on the ice dragging a broken wing, and as the ice would not bear a man up, I let it go while I went after the other one in a boat. I found that the bullet had struck it midway on the neck, severing the bone almost in half.

The first goose was making rapidly for the shore and I marked the spot where it crawled out on the prairie. It was necessary for me to go to town and get a dog before I could find it. It was dead when I picked it up and was about a quarter of a mile from the lake. I found that it had been struck by two bullets. The one that broke its wing nearly tore the wing off, as it was shattered from the body to the first joint and hanging to the body by shreds. The whole breast and side of the goose's body were caked with blood. But the strangest part of it all was that the other bullet had passed squarely through the bird's head just back of the ear, making a hole through which I passed a weed stem. I showed the goose to a number of the "I'm-from-Missouri" sportsmen when I reached Hoisington.

The next one of the flock I brought down with a o. 4 buckshot at a distance of 150 yards, after I had laid on the bank for two hours waiting for the flock to return after I had scared them off the lake. One of the buckshot struck a fine large goose in the tip of the wing and after a hard run I caught it. On examining it I found that it had been near death before. About an inch and a half below its head a rifle ball or buckshot had passed through its windpipe, and in healing had left a neat round hole a quarter of an inch in diameter by means of which one could see clear through the goose's neck. The windpipe at this point had enlarged to almost twice its normal size.

When not roosting on the lake the geese had a habit of dropping into a pond covering four or five acres on a flat piece of ground a couple of miles southwest of the lake. The prairie surrounding this pond was almost bare and it was almost impossible to get within gun shot of anything in the pond in the day time. I came up to the pond one morning before daybreak and, stopping to listen at a safe distance, I could hear the geese splashing the water and "talking to themselves." I made a wide detour of the pond and came up between the geese and a high bluff west of the pond, where I knew they were in the habit of feeding. I removed my hunting coat so the shells in the pockets would not rattle and crawled carefully towards the game. It was coming

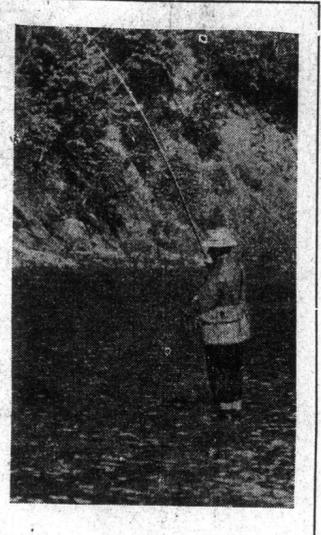


The Geese he took out

daybreak and as the grass was only four or five inches high, I had to make my way very carefully. It was about 100 yards from the bank to where the geese were sitting on the edge of the water, and I was very dubious about getting any of them, as the shells I had, were mere "squibs," being loaded with three drams of smokeless powder and one ounce of No. 2 soft shot. I had one shell loaded with 3/4 drams of Schultze powder and 1 1/2 ounces of oo shot, and, as I pinned all my hopes on this one, I placed it second in my Winchester.

Reaching the edge of the pond I lay behind a weed and watched the geese. Several flocks of ducks circled over my head and dropped into the water in front of me with a splash. A big sandhill crane came wading along the bank so close that I could have blown his head off. The geese walked out on the bank opposite me and began flapping their wings and arranging their feathers and when the leader gave a couple of short "honks" I knew they were going to fly. They raised against the wind and then turned and came past me, about sixty yards away. The first shell I fired into the thickest without effect, but with the second I took careful aim at the great gander at the head of the flock and had the satisfaction of seeing him describe a somersault in the air and hit the mud with a resounding thump. The rest of my shells had not the slightest effect upon the flock, other than cut out a lot of wing feathers.

On examining my prize, I found that one of the shot had broken its neck and two others had entered its body. I laid the goose out on the bank, where it flopped and kicked for about fifteen minutes, and went after my hunting coat, which act I soon had cause to regret, for



Sportsman's Calendar

APRIL

Sports for the Month—All game fish now in season:

Trout of all kinds, spring salmon, steel-heads, grilse, bass, char, etc.

Geese may be shot, but not sold.

April is one of the best months for bear and brant.

N.B.—Visiting non-resident anglers must take out a license to fish in British Columbia waters.

I had no more than picked up the coat when the whole flock came pitching back and lit on the pond. I crawled as close as I could, and, after waiting a couple of hours for them to fly again, emptied my gun at them, but the miserable loads had no effect on them than to scare them off the pond.

The goose I killed was one of the largest I have ever seen. It weighed just sixteen pounds, and was poor at that.

I gave it to a Missouri Pacific passenger brakeman, who took it to Pueblo, Colo., where he said it attracted a great deal of attention on account of its large size.

A few years ago I watched my brother crawl up behind a straw stack near which seven Canadian geese had lit. He had a .32-20 Winchester rifle and, although the geese flew before he could shoot he fit two of them. One of the geese flew over a mile and came down because it could not get over a high hedge. On dressing it was found that the bullet had passed squarely through its body. The other one flew a mile and a half. It was shot in the back and was dead when picked up.

I have left the "Happy Hunting Grounds" on the Cheyenne bottoms for good and have taken up my abode in Sunny Southern California, but of all the enjoyable hunts I have had in Kansas those that will linger in my memory the longest are the hunting trips when I was able to return to town with one or more big Canadian geese.

THE VIENNA SPORTS EXHIBITION

The committee of the British section of the first International Shooting and Field Sports Exhibition, which is about to take place in Vienna, will consist of Lord Desborough (chairman), Lord Lonsdale, Mr. C. E. Fagan, secretary of the British Museum (Natural History), and Mr. Theodore Cook; with Mr. T. L. Fairholme (British commissioner for the exhibition in Vienna) and Mr. V. F. Wintour (director of the exhibitions department of the Board of Trade), ex officio. The Emperor of Austria will open the exhibition on May 2. Both the Emperor and King Edward are taking great personal interest in the exhibition, which will be held in the Rotunda and the surrounding park of the Imperial Prater, and will remain open until the end of October.

The British section will contain, in the main, a collection of big game trophies as representative as possible of the British Empire. With a view to making it complete many of the leading sportsmen of this country have been approached and have promised to send their finest specimens. There are 165 species of big game in the British Empire, and it is hoped that most, if not all, will be represented at Vienna. The Trustees of the British Museum have granted facilities for the reception or collection at the Natural History Museum of these sporting trophies, and have promised the assistance, in other ways, of some of the officers of the Museum.

Subsidiary to the big game trophies will be collections of pictures and relics illustrating horse racing, a most popular sport in Austria. In addition to the skeleton of Persimmon, which will be lent by King Edward, the committee hope to obtain the loan of the skeletons of Eclipse, the most famous of all thoroughbreds, and of Hermit, the winner of the sensational Derby run in a snowstorm. The former is in the custody of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons and the latter in that of the Royal Veterinary College.