

to the spot and hauls up the struggling captive. Frequently, when a number of lines are set and the fish are biting freely, two or more tip-ups will signal at the same time. Then the fisherman rushes from one to another in mad haste and there is fun galore, especially if the ice happens to be smooth and the owner of the tip-ups does not have skates.

I have seen a long row of these lines set on a lake and a party of half-a-dozen dignified business men watching them from the shelter of a fish shanty. One or more wooden arms would dip, and lo! an avalanche of excited mortals would burst through the doorway like a parcel of boys from school, and speed across the treacherous surface — running, slipping, sliding, falling, and whooping and yelling in wild delight, till the tip-ups were reached and the prizes secured. Those stately old kings of commerce were more or less gray-headed, and maybe a bit austere when at home, but they were just frosty-whiskered boys when the tip-ups signalled. Next day they were doubtless stiff as to muscles, and black and blue in spots where the ice hit them; but they had enjoyed uproarious, healthful fun, freed their minds for the time of all worry, filled their lungs with air that made them new men, and, best of all, they had laughed the laugh that does men good — the laugh of pure, clean mirth.

Exciting and hilarious as this sport generally is, it sometimes ends in trouble, or at least a thorough scare for its laughing votaries. The element of danger enters into it under certain conditions, and it is not alone the possibility of an unexpected ducking when some careless person finds an unsuspected