

anything, but, being there to fish, I was going to fish. Something rose at the fly but hardly broke the water so I did not pay much attention to it. However, at about the eighth rise I saw the trout and was wide awake like a shot. I hooked him the next time and in fifteen minutes had him in my creel. He was the biggest of the trip. Now, this illustrates the great beauty of fishing—you never know what to expect. If each spring you were given a nice little list of your next summer's catch with weight, dates, etc., there would be no fun in it at all.

Another illustration of the same principle is a trip my chum and I took in the "Gospel Ship," an almost unmanageable punt sometimes used to convey people to church. We anchored the said punt amidships so that she swung round and round and we fished the same water with identical flies. While he got thirteen trout of almost exactly the same size—as pretty a string as I ever saw—I did not get even a rise.

There is never a rose without a thorn and this outing although so pleasant has deprived me of another pleasure, not so great to be sure, but still considerable. I have lost my old satisfaction in mill-pond fishing. I can still enjoy it after a fashion but it is not what it used to be. My great aim at present is to get up to Fortune about the middle of May during the first run of the fish when report sayeth that they will eat bare hooks.

