

'akes of his head, and commenced sailing leisurely up and down the pool, now and then approaching the rapid, but turning to gentle persuasion; at length realizing that something was wrong, and not understanding what the constant strain that impeded his movements meant, he began to grow restive, and made determined efforts to reach the rapid and leave for parts unknown. Emulating the courage of his illustrious predecessor, but having much less strength, he was easily restrained within the limits of the pool. Finding his liberty in danger, he resorted to the invariable leap, and showed us his silver sides. In his second leap he turned a fair summersault, and in falling got the leader under the gill cover. This most unusual intrusion of a foreign substance irritated him to madness, and he plunged wildly about without order or method, and would soon have wasted his juvenile strength, and have fallen an easy prey; but to the intense surprise of our angler, with but a gentle arch on the rod and scarcely any strain, the recoil of the rod and the line dangling in mid air, showed that he was off. Amazed at this unlooked for event, our disappointed angler immediately proceeded to inspect matters and learn the cause of this defeat. Reeling in his line, and examining his leader, the mystery was soon solved; the gut had parted at the point of junction with the hook, which must have been firmly bedded, and when the leader got under the gill cover, it brought a short turn in the gut at the point of junction, which, rubbing against the shank of the hook, was quickly cut through.

"Served you rightly," said Harry, who had lingered to see the success of the new cast, "your foolish persistence in using *gut lengths* instead of *loops* in salmon fishing, has now met its reward. Strange that so clever an angler as you have proved yourself this morning, will adopt this objectionable resuscitation of an old and discarded mode. After dinner to-day I will give you a lecture on this subject, and leave your own good judgment to decide which is best. Come, let's to camp and look after the proper preparation of that salmon for breakfast."

"Stay a moment," said Charles, "I think I saw the gleam of a 'silver-sides' close to yonder rock, I should like to shake a 'bug' over it."

Hastily attaching a fly, dressed on a hook whipped to a small loop of the stoutest gut, to the end of his leader, he deftly landed it on the rock and let it fall thence into the eddy on the outer side. The "bulge" in the water and the spreading circle that followed showed that a fish was thinking of breakfast as well as Harry, but apparently this fly was not to his taste. Our angler lost no time in useless casts, but instantly recovered line and replaced the rejected fly by one of more gaudy hue and larger size. Making a number of casts directly across the rapid, and in a different direction from the rock, increasing his length of line each time,

until he had out sufficient to enable him to cast over and beyond the rock, he exerted his skill and let his fly fall about three or four yards below it, and drew it fluttering past the shoreward side. The fish made no further sign of his presence, and a succession of casts had no better result; at length, when further trials seemed useless, and he was recovering line for what he intended as the final throw, at the very instant the fly left the water, under the full and vigorous upward swing, the fish struck. The force requisite to lift twenty yards of wet line from the water, and send it streaming straight behind you, is very considerable; to meet with a sudden check at the critical moment when the greatest effort is made, is most generally followed by grief. In this case the rod broke at the second ferrule; being of good, trusty "greenheart," it did not part, but its strength and elasticity were gone, and to think of managing a salmon on it was out of the question. Here was a situation to try the nerve, coolness, skill and judgment of an angler; but our friend was equal to the emergency. Lowering his rod so as to bring the strain directly on the line, and seizing it above the reel so that he could draw it in or let it slip out as occasion demanded, he backed slowly and carefully along the dangerous ledge toward shore. The instant the accident occurred, Harry snatched up the gaff, and in a moment was on the point of the ledge nearest the fish. Charles steadily receded, not giving an inch of line, in such a direction as must bring the fish diagonally past the point on which Harry crouched immovable, with gaff extended under water, ready to strike the moment the fish passed over it. The salmon, apparently, had not recovered from his surprise, occasioned by the severe shock received when he struck the fly, and offered but little resistance to the steady strain that drew him nearer to the desired point. A failure to impale him at the first stroke would inevitably result in his escape, but the gaff was in the hands of one who seldom failed. At the critical moment, just as the middle of the fish crossed the submerged handle of the gaff, the stroke was made; the fish, lifted from the water, was writhing in the deep hook of the gaff, and borne triumphantly to shore. He weighed ten pounds, the hook was firmly fastened in the tongue, and it was much to be regretted that the rod broke, for he would doubtless have given magnificent sport, as soon as he fully realized the danger of his position; as it was, he was literally dead before he knew what ailed him. Consigning the trophies to George, with instructions from Harry to clean the one last caught, without cutting off the head, or splitting the fish, we walked back to camp and found the men busily engaged in preparations for breakfast. Fresh rolls were baking in a Dutch oven before a blazing fire; potatoes were washed, ready for the pot as soon as the water boiled; the kettle was singing merrily, ready to infuse the fragrant coffee, and only waited for Harry, who always preferred preparing his