

instead of "Dilly dilly duckling," we sit down and chant, "Silly silly salmon, come and be potted!" and prod them in a friendly manner with our rakes. Meanwhile the oldest of the five, the owner of the long pole, disdaining such frivolities, is steadily going on ahead. *She* means business, and we think we musn't miss the fun, so we follow, but cannot resist an occasional fishy flirtation on the way, though we shun, as dangerous, salmon that are too gaily coloured. For we asked the other day if the pink salmon with green tails were good to eat, "No" was the grave reply, with a wise shake of a small head "they're going mouldy."

But we do come at last within sight of our tall fisher maiden standing on a point jutting far into the river itself. She knows what she is about, "caught two already" comes to us over the water, and can take care of herself. The smaller children are safer in a large pool sheltered by a great rock. Off with shoes and stockings, away with hats, you can count thirty salmon within fifty yards of you, catching them is another matter. *Why* did'nt we bring some salt to put on their tails?

Having only succeeded after many efforts and much talking, in *stroking* a few fish, we think we'll just go to encourage the successful fisher, now landing her third. We clamber on over the great rocks, stopping on the way to gaze down into the clear peace-pool in the deeper depths of which the wiser salmon are keeping out of the way of the agitators of the shallows. A small plaintive voice reaches us, "My! musn't they be *tired* swimming round?" We climb on, thinking swimming might be easier, and reach the point. Once

there we forget the salmon. Red sunset glory is reflected in the swift stream, steep hill sides still rich with foliage close us round, the infinite sadness of departing day falls over us,—soon

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,

but the dark and the rest are not for us yet, we have still some fishing to do. And a shrill voice calls us back—"I've killed a fish, but I threw it back into the river, for it had a little white nose." We do not like to expostulate at first, for fear of betraying insular ignorance, but growing bold, suggest that perhaps a white nose may not mean any thing very dreadful, and the owner of the squeaky voice thinks that if we cut its head off it wouldn't matter. We agree that as we don't usually eat fishes' heads, perhaps it wouldn't.

Four fish now, all to our canny maiden, and we must be going up stream again. One child climbs up to the track to carry her four fish home, but we go on. One tall, earnest, business-like means to have her fifth, one the squeaker, intending to take in a fish with a commendable and sober coloured nose. These go on out of sight. We follow, making little dabs in the water, but we are rather tired and a little disappointed. We have fished such a lot and to no purpose, much better have stayed at home and mended stockings, we *can* do that!

A scream from a child a little way ahead, "Oh! Come! Come! I'm holding him with my rake!" Wildly shouting encouragement, "Hold tight, *don't* let go!" how we fly over those rocks, our feet hardly touch them. Just by a rock, almost under it, it's head held fast by a rake pressed on it by a pair of