

strikes, but I fear has not been permanently benefited by the few thousand he received for his claims. For one or two reasons I hired Duncan to go with me, help pack my camping outfit, and do the work about the camp. Many pleasant hours have I spent with him in front of our camp-fire; of his early life I could learn but little. A Scotchman, well educated at one of the colleges in Glasgow, his intelligent looking face bespeaks a better and more regular life than he has led. His native "mountain-dew" possibly is responsible for his not occupying a more prominent position in the world than he does. He could rattle off lines from Burns and Longfellow in a style that made me feel my own ignorance. His manner and whole demeanor was that of a refined and educated man, and one that made it a pleasure to be in his company.

One day, wanting Duncan, I went on a little exploring expedition to find his cabin. Though not more than a mile back from the railroad track, it was in a lonesome spot, not a soul near him. A shanty built of spruce poles and carked with moss was his mansion. The dreadful lack of order and cleanliness, and the complete absence of all comfort inside, made one chill with pity to think that a human being would eat, drink and sleep in such a miserable shack. No one could more completely isolate himself from the "madding crowd" than by taking up his residence in such a place. I took his picture, with that of the shanty, and named him "The North Shore Hermit."

Black River, twelve miles west of Jackfish, is a beautiful stream. Between the railroad bridge and the lake, some two miles, are some magnificent falls. The first one from the bridge is a dark and mighty chasm, which makes one shudder, a fearful abyss, wild and awe-producing in its terrible fierceness. Those below it, and nearer the lake, are extremely beautiful; it is too bad that the R. R. bridge did not cross the stream just below one of these, so that the passengers on passing trains could view the grandeur of a waterfall on this wild river. The water is dark and still for a mile or more up from the bridge, after that it is wild and rapid. I made a trip up its banks once only. My take was not a large one. Last August I fished it down with but little success. I know it is a good trout stream, but to fish it one needs a canoe (and camping outfit) and to ascend it up to beyond where it has been fished. It is a larger river than the Steel, and I know no reason why it should not be as good a trout stream. I believe it is a better one, as it is much larger and longer, and I have reliable information of large fish having been taken in it.

Pino River, at Mazokama Station, is a pretty stream; I camped on it several days on one of my fishing trips. I had for a companion a locomotive engineer, whom I picked up at Schreiber; he was a splendid fellow in camp, and we had a pleasant time. About three miles up the river we came to an almost solid barrier of rock, broken, tumbled and jammed into the river's course, the water percolating through clefts and crevices. We climbed this almost perpendicular dam of rock, and found that above it was a stretch of still water: as we had no canoe with us, we could not go further, so I do not know what there may be beyond.

The next station west from the Mazokama is the world renowned Nepigon—safe to say the greatest trout stream in the world. Thousands of newspaper columns have been filled, and books been written, extolling its great wild beauty, and fishing resources, so it is needless for me to give more than a passing description of it. It is the largest river of all those I have named as running into Lake Superior. To Lake Nepigon it is thirty miles long, but in this course it passes four or five

smaller lakes. The scenery along the river is of the grandest description, and is well worth going to see, even though one never catches a fish. Lake Nepigon is a magnificent sheet of water, seventy miles long and fifty wide, studded with a thousand islands; it is a picture that would make the eyes of a Ruskin sparkle with joy. The Nepigon Lake is perhaps the source from whence the river draws its endless supply of trout; and while many tourists go every season and fish it, to all appearances the numbers are as great to-day as when the first white man wetted a line in it. The fish may be, and very possibly are, more whimsical, at times preferring certain flies to others, and, as in all rivers I have fished, may have their off times, when they will not take anything you may offer them; but the great Nepigon River fished as it is to-day, will afford good sport to the skilful angler long after all the disciples of Walton now living will be dead and gone.

The Nepigon, besides being the largest and best trout river flowing into Lake Superior, is the easiest fished, as Indians, with their canoes and camping outfits can be hired there; while doing the smaller rivers it is only by chance that one can get a guide or companion to go along to help over the portages and do the work around camp.

Of all the travelling on foot I ever did the going up the trout streams I have named is the most laborious. Sometimes in the river, sometimes along a shore so thick with alders and willows as to make it impassable; again, climbing over and by steep rocks, in places the path is so narrow and dangerous that only the long thick moss, which gives you a hold for your hands and feet, makes negotiation possible. It is the hardest of hard work, and if it be a strange river you are going up you never know what may be in store for you a hundred yards ahead. It may be a sheer rock that completely bars your progress and makes you take to the river again and wade, or, should the water be too deep and rapid, then there is no way for it but to back up on your trail and strike a new line. Though the labor be of the severest kind, the compensation is, that you are exploring, and never know what pool or fine trout stretch may open out to you in the river at any moment. All the disappointments, all the excitement, all the enchanting anticipation of new discoveries, are a part of your programme, and for years afterwards you have in your mind's eye photographs of those wild rugged scenes you have encountered along the rivers of the great "Lone Land."

I named all the pools on Steel River, from Lake Superior to Mountain Lake. The first pool from the lake is "The Lower Pool." It is on the east side of the river, and is dark and deep; formed by an outlet from Steel Lake, and a rush of water as it leaves the gravelly rapids in the river and sweeps along the rocks by the shore. Many are the big fish that have been taken out of that pool, although I have not had my early luck there during the last few seasons I have fished it. Perhaps it is too conveniently fishable.

The first turn above the bridge is "Owl's Corner," so named because one season when I fished the river, four or five young owls had their home there, and, when passing, we almost always saw them sitting side by side on a spruce or balsam limb. The first good pool up the river is the "Rock Pool." Some one has since honored me by calling it "Smith's Pool." It is on the west bank of the river, and is about a mile up from the R.R. bridge. It is a beautiful stretch, and when the fish are taking well, large ones are had here.

About a mile above the Rock Pool is "The Basin," the best pool on the river. I named it "The Basin" because of its peculiar formation. The river narrows and runs through