

with the spear ready and I holding the decoy string, which I manipulated in such a way as to cause the "minnow" to waver about, so that fish far below could see the lure. We could see far down into what was apparently bottomless green space. A submarine jungle of streaming, brownish weeds spread afar in every direction; dim, shadowy caverns and corridors showed faintly, and now and then a glint of silvery light or a ghostly shadow seemed to drift through them. I worked the minnow zealously for nearly an hour, and at last something came rising solemnly toward us. Just as I made out a pair of glowing eyes, the spear shot viciously downward and we had what proved to be a pickerel. It was a good-sized fish and we felt encouraged. The next wait was very brief. A big form flashed into view, hesitated an instant, then vanished like lightning. The spear made an impotent thrust, seconds too late, and the spearman's voice exclaimed: "Gee! what was it?" "It was a big bass, you chump, and you let it get away!" was my polite reply. Presently another fine pickerel rose and was secured, and it was followed by two others. Still I wagged the decoy and the spearman remarked, "This is great!" Then he changed his position so that one of his boots projected half its length over the hole. Neither of us noticed it at the time, for we were intently watching something more interesting. Down below was a half-defined shape—a 'lunge, and a whacker in comparison to the victims we had speared. For seconds it rose so slowly that we could hardly see it move; then it gave an unexpected dart and came right into the hole. The suddenness of its rush