

the butt vigorously, curving the weapon into a half circle. The fish felt the strain and began to move upstream, slowly at first, then quickened the pace at a rate that required a sharp spurt at the oars to equal. This continued for ten minutes or more, during which I never got a glimpse of the salmon, and had no means of judging his size, except by the weight on the rod, and his power of dogged resistance.

We had moved up stream about two hundred yards before any change took place in the fish's movements. Then he seemed to realize that there was something seriously the matter, and made a rush across, drawing line at a great rate. Like all fish after a vigorous dash, he came to the surface of the water, and broke it into a wide spreading circle, but without making any attempt to spring into the air as salmo salar is accustomed to do. I got a glimpse of a broad side, and a wide tail, which left no doubt in my mind that I was in a good fish destined to play long and stubbornly. The boat followed him again, and I recovered the extra line. He turned and went down stream, seeking relief from the heavy strain, which had begun to tell on his strength. A swift rapid and downward movement is one which an angler welcomes, as it is a quicker way of exhausting a salmon's power of endurance.

The action of the water on the open gills—strange as it may seem in the case of a fish—produces symptoms of drowning. This is no doubt why a fish takes upstream, or when he makes a rush downstream, takes a diagonal course. The current, however, was not rapid enough to affect my quarry seriously.

I got the boatman to row at a brisk pace with a view to quickening the salmon's movements. He felt the effect and turned, after a short run upstream, then indulged in excursions from side to side, and all this continued for a clear hour from the time I had hooked him. Another ten minutes elapsed before he gave me the first chance and I gaffed him. A very handsome fish just 25 pounds weight.

The spring salmon as the quinnat in California, the tye and king in Alaska, and the chinook in Oregon. Its full canonicals are *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*. It is short and thick, well-shaped, with a small head of metallic lustre. I had similar tussles with other members of the same species, all of which played long and vigorously, the largest of all taking an hour and forty-five minutes.

**In Memoriam**

"I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket you wear?" the inquisitive wife of the clergyman asked a parishioner.

"Yes. It's a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive!" the lady exclaimed in considerable surprise.

"Yes, that is true, but his hair is gone."

**Why Did They Not Light?**

In the days of Ralph Waldo Emerson, matches were not sold loose in boxes, but were made up in "cards," as they were called, of a dozen or so, connected by a common wooden base, from which they were broken off as necessity required.

Emerson, so the story goes, used to place a fresh card of matches on a table by his bedside every night, together with a candle and some writing materials, in order that he might jot down at once any valuable thought that came into his mind during the night watches.

One night he wakened with a particularly brilliant idea and bethought himself at once of his canny preparations for such emergencies. Reaching out, he grasped his card of matches, broke off the outer one and struck it sharply on the under side of the table. It failed to ignite. Swiftly he struck the next and the next, but with the same result.

Even so great a philosopher began to grow a little annoyed. Sitting up in bed, with grim determination he broke off one match after another until the card was gone. Not one gave the faintest spark.

By that time the idea was gone, too, and so his only recourse was to lay himself down again to ponder over a new problem, to wit: "Why wouldn't those matches light?"

Whatever his solution was, however, it probably had to be revised the next morning, when he was wakened by a startled outcry from his wife.

"Oh, what can have happened to my best tortoise-shell comb?" she said. "I left it on the table at the head of the bed last night, and this morning it's in fragments!"

**The Inconsiderate Mice**

A more kind-hearted and ingenuous soul never lived than Aunt Betsey, but she was a poor housekeeper. On one occasion a neighbor who had run in for a "back-door" call was horrified to see a mouse run across Aunt Betsey's kitchen floor. "Why on earth don't you set a trap, Betsey?" she asked

"Well," replied Aunt Betsey, "I did have a trap set. But land, it was such a fuss! Those mice kept getting into it!"

**Just Boys**

The trait in a mother that all boys most admire is that which prompts her to proceed with the packing of a lunch basket for a picnic, although anyone can see that the clouds are gathering for a storm. There is one complaint that the neighbors of a family of boys never make, and that is that there is nothing going on in their neighborhood.

A boy likes best the game that involves the most hard work, and the work that requires the least exertion.

During a boy's career he encounters

almost everything in the way of ailments except insomnia.

There is not much hope for the boy who pleases his mother to the extent of keeping a pair of white stockings clean all day.

If a boy had half the pride in the baby that his mother feels, he would shut it in the barn and charge three pins for admission.

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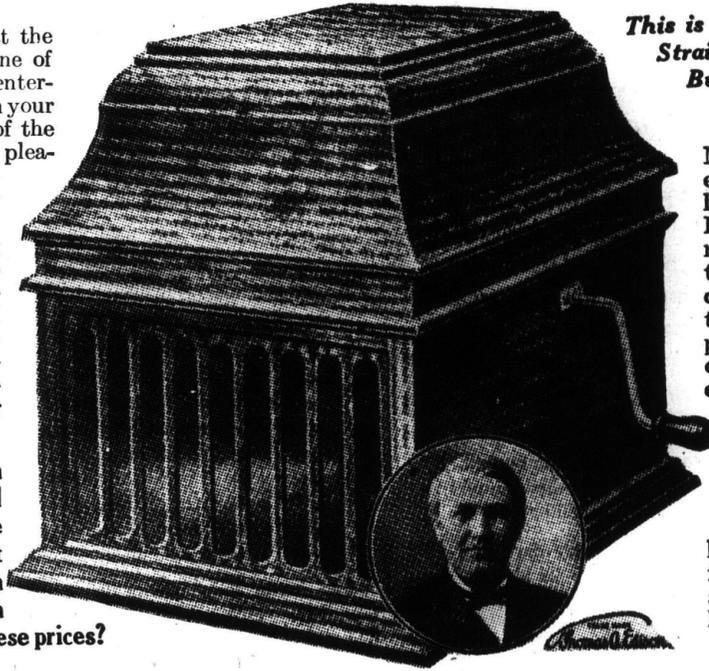
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