

on a long line, no control can be had over his movements, he goes where he pleases, and does as he chooses, but when heading towards you a skilful hand can guide him where he will. Hence our angler now directed his attention to turning his fish, and reducing the distance that separated them. So, with hand again on line, and "butting" him well, he bore with steady strain on the flying prisoner, held now by the slightest of bonds. Finding his progress impeded, and his strength impaired, the perplexed fish again throws himself out of water in desperate efforts to break away. Cool, self-possessed and wary, the angler foils these cunning tricks, by depressing the tip of his rod, which takes off the strain, the moment the fish leaves the water, and elevating it again, which replaces the strain, the instant he touches it in his fall. Unsuccessful in his efforts, and still feeling the strain of the mysterious thread, the courageous fish rushes madly up stream, putting the skill and quickness of our friend to the severest test, for if the prisoner can only succeed in getting this inexorable strain off the line, he will probably dislodge the tempting shan that lured him to his fate. Elevating his rod, he winds in his line with a speed and steadiness that practice alone can give, and the startled fish, although going in the opposite direction, still feels the exasperating thread, that is now drawing him forward with as much force as it before drew him back. Utterly mystified, and unwilling to approach the spot from which he had so recently and by such hard labor escaped, he goes to the bottom to rest and consider matters.

Fishermen generally call this "sulking," but our angler knows that the noble fish never sulks, never despairs, he merely takes a breathing spell, and is cogitating all the while, studying his next defensive movement, and aware that this will take the form of a succession of short, sharp jerks, to tear out the fatal lure—just as a brave man undergoes the pain of wrenching out the barbed arrow, knowing that present anguish is the price of future safety—our friend Charles takes this opportunity of getting to shore. With cautious step, for the ledge is slippery and the footing treacherous, with one eye on the last visible inch of his line and the other everywhere—"feeling his fish" all the while, carefully letting out line as he recedes from the fish, and reeling it in as he approaches him, so that the same gentle strain shall never cease for an instant, he picks his way rapidly to shore, daring many a dangerous leap with the *foot of faith*. Once safe on shore, he breathes more freely, and feels increasing confidence as to the result: he walks steadily down past the rapid, taking in line and feeling his fish, till he reaches the nearest point in a direct line to his resting captive. The imminent danger of defeat being now over, our angler is quite as willing as his prisoner to rest awhile and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

Harry, whom we left on the rock, had caught one grilse, and hooked another which made his

escape just as his capture was thought certain; he was in full view of our position, and, of course, had seen the whole fight, as far it had progressed. So anxious was he for the success of his friend, that he forgot his own fly, which was dangling from the upright rod, as he stood eagerly enjoying the sport, and admiring not only the strength and pluck of the noble fish, but the skill and coolness of his brother angler. The change in Charles's position from the ledge to the shore, hid him from view, and unable to bear the uncertainty, besides wishing to be "in at the death," he hastily waded ashore, stood his rod against a sapling, and came with long strides to the scene of combat. He reached the standing point of his friend as he was wiping the moisture of exercise from his brow, and glances full of meaning and sympathetic pleasure were exchanged, but beyond the involuntary exclamation, "well handled, Charley!" not a word was spoken, and we anxiously waited for the next manœuvres of the opposing combatants.

Our monarch had evidently a knotty problem to solve, and was doubtless meditating deeply on "the position"; were it not for the regular and symmetrical arch of the tapering rod, we should not have known his whereabouts. Presently there came a succession of sharp, indignant jerks, then a relapse into quietness. Had these jerks been met by a straight rod, thus bringing the whole force on the hook, instead of on a yielding arch that gave to the slightest strain, the chances were ten to one that the captive's object would have been gained, and the hook torn from its hold; but our angler had learned from experience that the monarch of the stream is most to be guarded against when most quiet, and was fully prepared to foil this manœuvre. Accordingly the jerks were met by a long and flexible arch, which offered so little resistance, that the efforts of the fish could only fatigue himself, and render his subsequent struggles less vigorous. Still, these vindictive jerks are not relished by the angler, he knows they mean mischief, and that they are liable at any moment to succeed—for who can tell how a salmon is hooked till he is fairly on shore? So, to avoid a repetition of these dangerous tricks, and to prevent him from recovering energy to repeat them, it became advisable to rouse him from his lair, keep him in motion, and exhaust his strength as soon as possible; for your old angler well knows that the chances of losing a fish increase in a direct ratio to the square of the time he has been on the hook, as every rush, and every struggle, and the consequent strain on the hook, is weakening the integuments in which it is embedded, and wearing out the hold. Our friend knew all this, and felt himself master of the situation. Avoiding that too common practice of attempting to rouse his fish by jerking on the line, thus doing, much more effectually, what the fish has been trying to do, he shortened the arch of his rod by pointing the but in the direction of the fish, thus increasing the steady pull on his prisoner,