

A NIGHT IN THE BACKWOODS.

A cold Canadian winter. Snow and slush; dripping leaves and gables of our rude log-house; a bitter February day near its close; the cold intense; all around outside, the picture of desolation; tall trees, gaunt and leafless, uprearing skeleton arms to the murky sky. A thaw has set in, and at every step you take out of doors you sink ankle-deep in the soft snow. Indoors, it is dreary; the cold air is forced through many a chink.

Upon that night, my fingers were benumbed, toes ached painfully, and a feeling of depression seized me such as I had never felt before. Save for my baby, I was alone. My little child, indeed, gave me employment for hands and mind; it had been ailing, and its pretty face looked pinched and wan, with a hectic flush on it, and its little hands were hot and feverish. I had been frightened about it all day, as it lay moaning in my arms; but now, as sleep closed its eyes—a troubled sleep at first, but gradually deepening and growing tranquil—my mind, relieved about it, began to revert to my own loneliness. With a heavy heart, I looked around the scantily furnished room, where all the articles were of the commonest kind; at the partition of rough boards which divided the hut into compartments; at the fire, which had burned down, and was a heap of white ashes. Replenishing this last, and fanning it into a flame, gave me fresh occupation. It was not easy to make the damp, green logs catch fire. And at last, weary with the effort and nervous, I burst into a fit of impatient tears.

I was indeed desolate; divided by at least a mile from any human beings, in the heart of a forest, the small portion of cleared land round our cottage shewing forth more plainly, as it were, the density of the surrounding woods. My husband, the day before, had gone to a town some miles distant, to obtain a sum of money due to him for the sale of cattle. He had left me alone with my one female servant, sorely against his will; but it was impossible to avoid going, and equally impossible to take me and my sick baby with him. I had never been without him for a night since our arrival in the bush, and I felt miserably weak and nervous as night came, and morning dawned, and day again faded into night, and still kept him. One comfort was my child. My servant had been summoned that morning to go to her father, who lay dangerously ill some distance off; and though I missed her much, there was nothing for it but resignation. And now that my husband had not returned, I began to fear I should have to spend the night alone with my baby. Before the fire, now beginning to burn dully, I sat on the ground. The shades of evening fell fast, and a thick haze was dimming the small panes of the one window. Ah me! crouching thus on the cheerless hearth, listening to the soft breathing from the cradle where nestled my treasure, my thoughts went wandering, travelling backward; my heart was too oppressed to look forward. As far as human companionship went, I was, but for my baby, alone; but I had one faithful friend with me—a dog, a rough-haired Irish terrier. We had had him some time, and the faithful creature seemed to us to have more than canine sagacity. Now, as I sat brooding, he placed one paw on my lap; then his cold nose rested on my folded hands. "Poor Ter," I said aloud—and the sound of my own voice, breaking the stillness, made me start—"poor fellow; then stroking his rough coat, I relapsed into thought. Far away from the dark Canadian forest—far away, indeed, my memory carried me. I saw rise before me a rose-embowered cottage, its windows opening on a sloping lawn; at the foot of which ran a rippling river; a pretty lawn studded with trees, an orchard close by, bright with blossoms, giving promise of golden and russet fruit, the sweet scent filling the air; underneath a spreading elm, a rustic seat, and a girl resting thereon. From an open French window issues forth a gentleman, old and gray-haired, but erect and stately still—the village doctor, my father. In that house I was born; by that river-side passed my youth; underneath that spreading elm dreamed I my foolish romantic dreams—built my castles in the air. Under that dear father's loving care, I was simply, calmly happy; no sorrow came near me. Alas! he died—died in the discharge of his duty, and I was left alone to commence the struggle of life. The speculation in which my father's whole savings were embarked proved a failure, and all was lost. Determined to be up and doing, I became companion to a lady, but daily found the life grew more distasteful. But just when hope seemed dead within me, my life was suddenly brightened by the possession of the love of my brave and faithful Jack.

We got married. Things did not go on quite well in worldly matters, and we had trials; but we were so much to each other, and Jack was so strong and brave, that they were not very difficult to bear. At last came a day when he determined to emigrate, and we came to Canada. He had a good knowledge of farming, and thought he would get on. So with the little money he had, he purchased this place, and was now trying to get a living out of it. He had hard work enough. We were poor, and could not get proper help to clear the land, and Jack had to depend a great deal on his own strong arms and clear head. But, thank God, neither failed him. He never gave up hope; when things looked their worst, he was ever calmly brave; his strong heart never gave way. He used sometimes to say words of self-reproach for having married, and brought me to face such a hard struggle. My dear Jack, he need not have so spoken or thought. I cared for nothing in the life he had rescued me from. I regretted sometime I was not stronger—a more useful help-mate for him. But I was only too glad to do all I could with him, and strong in the will to rough it with him, and strong in the will to do all I could to set his mind at ease on my account.

And to-night all this came before me—my dear dead father, my absent husband; and I sat dreaming on, until the darkness had quite fallen, and I awoke with a start to the realities of the present. The fire had begun to crackle loudly, shedding a bright light around, dancing and flashing on the timbers, and filling the room with a crimson glow. I went to the window, and drew the screen. I did not close the shutter, thinking that if he did come home to-night, he would like to see the cheery light, in token of welcome. I went to the next room, used as a kitchen, softly followed by the dog, and bringing forth some candles, lit one. I had to be sparing of them, for my stock was but small; but to-night, I could not bear the shadows cast in corners by the flickering of the fire. I scarcely expected Jack. Still,

hope would whisper—"He may come." But the hours grew into night, and still the longed-for arrival did not take place.

My baby was sleeping soundly in its cot, and "Terry," the dog, lay snugly before the now cheerful fire. I tried to while away the lonesome time by reading and thinking; but my book proved tedious and my thoughts became sad. My fears were for Jack. I cried with sheer nervous fright. "What, what can delay him so?" I cried. "Oh! what trouble is in store for me?" Then my better sense came to me. "What use in idle repining! I made some tea, and drank it, but with little result."

As I watched my sleeping infant, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a wild unearthly yell! The wolves in the swamp some distance off. I cowered, and shrank. What if Jack, determined on coming home, had faced the night, and those terrible foes!

Nerving myself by a great effort, I stole to the window, and fastened the shutter tremblingly. Terry barked violently at this moment, and awoke my baby, which diverted my thoughts for a while, until I had petted and nursed it into another soft slumber. I heaped on fresh wood. The night was far advanced, but I could not go to bed. Indeed, I felt thoroughly sleepless; and drawing my low rocking chair to the fire, sat down. I must have slept some time, when a long low whine from the dog aroused me. He was standing facing the window, his ears erect, his hair bristling, listening attentively.

"Terry, poor boy, good dog," I whispered, trembling, "what is it?" How long the silence lasted, I cannot say; all at once it seemed to me as if some one or thing was creeping round the shanty—round, slowly feeling its way. There was a crunching sound in the snow, at first faint, now quite distinct. And now, first, the dog's behaviour changed. With a fierce bark, he dashed forward to the door. At this moment, on the glass on the window, came a violent rapping—a rapping, it seemed, of human fingers! I smothered a shriek, and sank on my knees. Then, again, Jack came before me, and I approached the case. But the loud barking of the dog, and the crying of the awakened child, stifled all other sound. I opened the shutter, and raised the screen, looked into the darkness. I recoiled with a shriek! A white face was pressed against the glass, and I saw the face of a dying man, as he had called himself. I helped him to a sitting posture, then to his feet. He staggered in, and sank down again when he reached the hearth. His hands were benumbed, his teeth chattered with cold, and his clothes were wet and torn. Altogether, he looked the picture of wretchedness and misery. His wild eyes were riveted on the door.

"Shut it," he whispered. "Keep him out, for—"

I quickly closed the door, and fastened it. Then, giving him a little cordial, it revived him greatly.

"My poor fellow, are you better?" He nodded.

The fire's heat seemed to make him drowsy; so, getting a blanket and some skins, I made him a kind of bed. He lay down obediently, and gradually I saw his eyes close. I looked at him curiously. I was not frightened now. The man before me could not have injured a child, were he so inclined. Worn to a mere skeleton, the wreck of a once powerful man lay there. As the light fell on his face, I saw that he must once have possessed no ordinary portion of good looks. His beard was grizzled, though he was not past the prime of life; but toil and hardship, and to

node from the sunken eyes and furrowed brow, care and sorrow, had done their work. I pitied him, and was glad that no cowardly fear had caused a refusal to his entreaty for admission. Poor fellow! those sinewy hands, feeble as a baby's now, spoke of hard work, a life spent in outdoor toil. I anxiously looked for moving, as well as for the return of my husband. While enduring this sad vigil, the stranger whom I had sheltered suddenly burst into exclamations, like the ravings of a madman.

"Keep him out—keep him out! Don't you hear him?" The man was sitting up, pointing with extended finger. "Keep off!" he cried; "keep off! Your time is not come yet. Stand there between me and him. Save me!"

I sprang towards him. "There is no one here," said I hastily; "no one, indeed. I am quite alone, except the little child and the dog. You are mistaken." I was terrified, but strove to speak calmly.

"I am not mistaken. Have I been mistaken those ten years? For ten years on this very night, this twentieth of February, I have heard his voice and seen his face. Stand there between me and the door. Hark! hear to him!" He cowered down, shuddering. "Let me die," he murmured. "He said he'd be with me at my dying hour; and he is." He stopped speaking. His last words were uttered in a hoarse whisper. In the silence, I could hear the beating of my own heart. He stretched out his hand feebly. "Touch me!" he said; "it will give me courage."

I did so, taking his hand in mine.

"You are an angel," he said, his fingers convulsively tightening on mine. "Look at the dog!" he cried. His voice was low and hoarse through excessive weakness.

"Maybe you think it's the horrors of the drink that's on me. I haven't tasted liquor till you gave it me, these six months. It only drove me worse when I took it.—And I am not mad," reading some such thought in my face. "Though, if I was, you'd be in

no danger; even madness couldn't put the strength to harm into this bag of bones," straining at his hands lying before him. "No, ma'am, I am not mad."

I knelt down, the cowering dog at my side. I prayed earnestly, and when my voice ceased, he spoke.

"I'll tell ye true," he said—"I'll tell ye true. Besides, an I can through your means help another, I know you won't refuse me. I have done harm, maybe—a deal of harm, to one who never injured me. An' now, I can never repair it, if you don't help me."

His eyes were on mine, and the pupils seemed covered with a film. The effort seemed evident, when he spoke even in the lowest tones; yet in voice and gaze there were signs of strong anxiety.

"I promise you," I replied; "I shall try to have your wishes complied with. All my husband and I can do we will."

"Moisten my lips; they're parching. Bless you," he said, as I moistened his lips, speaking in a stronger, yet constrained tone, as if he had never himself to the task, he said: "Let me say my say. I haven't much time left now. 'Tis ten years ago since I spoke in confidence to any human creature; 'tis ten years since I spoke the truth by word or deed! I was a happy, contented man. I was a husband and father, an' my wife a purty girl, an' as good an' true as ever lived. We rented a little farm in the county Limerick, an' we were happy an' honest. I was considered a smart fellow, an' likely to do well; an' Mary had the good word of all the neighbors. Ah! a bitter drop it is—I'll never meet her again. She's in heaven."

So things went on fair enough with me for some time; when on a day comin' in from the field, I found my wife cryin', an' lookin' vexed an' flustered somehow, wid the flush on her face. She would not tell me the cause. So I went out to my work again, an' a bit at her being secret like with me. I met Mr. Donevan, the agent, by the way, an' he gave me a civil good mornin' an' talked for a bit about the cattle an' the crops, an' was mighty kind entirely. He went his way, an' I went mine, I thinkin' what a nice gentleman he was."

The speaker had kept his eyes fixed on me, and never once glanced round. I strove to rise, to get him more stimulant, for his voice had grown alarmingly weak.

"No, no," he said; "I am dyin'; I know it. But if I had twenty years' life in me, and knew the gallows was before me, I'd spake now, well, one evenin', a month after, I found it out. Comin' through a lonely windin' borrough with a man, I came suddenly on a woman stridin' with a man. Help! she cried. My heart leaped. I knew that voice. I rushed forward, and with a blow knocked down the villain who held her, and caught my wife in my arms. I'll never forget the scowl he gave me, as picking himself up, he limped off, I kept, by Mary clingin' round me, from following him. 'O Jim, don't go after him,' she said. Then at length she told me how Mr. Donevan had followed her about for a long time, both before and after her marriage, and how the day I found her cryin', he had made proposals to her, insultin' to an honest woman, and how he had threatened her, if she ever told me a word about it, he'd be the ruin of me."

"Well, to cut it short, for I feel the life's goin' fast from me, we were turned out of our home by the agent; all my little stock and furniture seized. My wife was after her confinement only two days, and the bed was taken from under her. A neighbour took her in, but the shock and removal killed her. I lost her an' her baby together."

"In one short week I was a widower and childless, without house or home, or one penny in the world. I did not much care for the poverty, now, though. I met Mr. Donevan the day I buried Mary, an' his give me one look, which said to me plainly: 'Haven't I kept my word?' But I was determined to be revenged on him who caused my bitter sorrow. It came to my hand, my revenge did, unexpected. One night, I was comin' along a lonely country road. There was a moon, but the clouds were scudding across it sometimes, an' thin all would be dark; an' thin she'd suddenly appear, lightin' up everythin' quite clear. It was in another country I was, away from my own place, having gone there for work. I had to live somehow, an' was bound to work. All alone I walked, an' all alone in the wide world I thought I was too; when, all of a sudden, a horse's trot sounded on the road, and towards me. I moved aside, to let him pass, when he pulled up, an' asked me if this road was not a short-cut to K—."

The moon shone out then clear an' bright, an' I seen his face, an' heard his voice an' knew it was him. In an instant he was on the ground at my feet. One blow from the stout stick I carried had felled him from the saddle. He never stirred after! The frightened horse rushed away, an' I dragged the body inside a low ditch. I took his watch, purse, an' some papers that were on him, an' left him, as if he had been murdered for robbery's sake. I was unknown in them parts. None would ever suspect me, in my own place. If they searched for me, I never knew it. I got away from Queenstown by a ship which was short of hands, an' as I had at one time lived by the sea, an' been used to boats, they were glad to get me. Over the vessel's side I flung, as we left Cork Harbour behind us, the watch and purse, but the papers I kept. They were in one small packet. I put them up; I don't know why, but I did not like to destroy them. They are now in my pocket. I went to San Francisco, an' I went all round the world, but never back to Ireland. I changed my name, an' none would ever know me would have recognised me. I became so changed in looks. But, as it happened, I never met one from my own place. My revenge brought me no comfort."

Here his voice quivered, and he uttered some wild exclamations. He was evidently laboring under a terrible sense of remorse, and his mind was wandering. I could see the watch and the purse, but the papers I kept. The rattling became fainter; he breathed at longer intervals. Suddenly he put out one of his hands feebly, and touched mine; a smile stole over the mouth, that had not smiled for years. "I shall see Mary," he said, and died. Just then, when all was over with this miserable being, there was a loud knocking at the door, and with rapture I heard the voice of my husband: "Hollo! Nell! Let me in, child. Where are you?" I flew to the door, and, in the agitated state of my feelings, I fainted away in his arms. When I came to myself I was in his kitchen, and Jack beside me; his dear face looked pale with anxiety, and he held me close to his heart, as I told him what had

occurred, as soon as I could find voice at all, and I did not forget to mention the packet. Jack had been unable to leave D—until late the preceding day, and had been overtaken by the darkness. The fog increasing, he had consented to accept a friend's hospitality for the night; but being long before dawn, and arriving home, beheld the strange scene related.

I was ill, and it was a good while before I got well. In the interval, my baby was attended to by an English settler's wife, who lived next to us. Having lost her own child, she nursed mine with care and love until it could be restored to my care. During this dismal period, I escaped any concern as to the removal and burial of the stranger who had died in the distracting circumstances I have recorded.

On returning to everyday life and sitting one day with little Willie in my arms, Jack proposed to tell me a story. "If you are able to hear it," he said, "I will tell you a story full of interest, but also a little painful. I think you should hear it." I requested him to proceed. He then went on as follows: "Ten years ago, in a certain county in Ireland, lived a gentleman who had two sons. He had been married twice, and the brothers had different mothers. The first wife's son was a great deal older than his half-brother, and was married, with a son reaching manhood, when the younger came home to his father from the English college where he had been educated. The mother of the younger brother had died in giving him birth. The elder brother's wife was a very intriguing woman. The younger son had a will of his own, and was too proud and too honest to flatter. Things did not go on well between him and his brother's family, who disliked him, and were jealous of the father's affection for his younger son. The fortune of the father was in his own power, with the exception of a small entailed property. Gradually an estrangement crept between the old man and his favorite son, which was not wholly the son's fault. And there was no lack of malice to widen the breach on the part of others. At last, a serious quarrel occurred between the young man and his father on the subject of the former's marriage with a lady of large fortune. The father and son parted in anger. The father sent for his lawyer, and made his will leaving his whole fortune to his elder son, cutting off the younger with one shilling. The father and son did not meet again until just before the old man's death. The son hearing one day of his father's wish to see him, hastened to him. The meeting gave happiness to both, and they parted reconciled. The old man had not been very well for some time, but after his son's departure, rallied wonderfully, and seemed likely to live for years. One day he started on a journey, telling no one his mission. The same evening he returned, apparently in good health. The next morning, he was found dead in his bed! Heart disease was the verdict of the physicians. The night before the morning, of his death, a terrible murder had been committed near a town not twenty miles distant from the old man's home; the victim being a solicitor and land-agent from a neighboring county. This gentleman had come to K—on business, and had accepted the invitation of a friend to dinner. On returning to his hotel from his friend's house, he was attacked on the public road. His body was not discovered for several hours after the deed was perpetrated; and as all the valuables on his person were gone, it was believed it was for the purpose of robbery the crime was committed. It was generally believed there were more than one engaged in the matter, as, though lame, the deceased was a powerful man, and well able to cope with a single antagonist. The murderer was never discovered. There were some hard dealings with tenants, which had brought the dead man into disrepute with the peasantry; and there was one man in particular whom suspicion fell. But the fact of the robbery took people off the scent, and gave the crime another character than agrarian."

"Search was made, however, for the man in question, but he was never found, and was believed to have left the country; and no trace of the murderer, whoever he might be, was discovered. The elder of the two brothers stepped into his father's fortune, and the younger got his shilling! They never met after they parted at their father's grave. But the younger went his way with a lighter heart to think that his father's last words to him had been those of peace and love; believing also, that if he had but lived a little time longer, another will would have been made, and justice would have been done him."

"Justice had been done him; another will had been made. For some reason (probably suspicion of his elder son) he had wished to keep the matter a secret; and had employed the murdered man to draw the will, instead of the family lawyer. He had known the dead man a long time, and had confidence in him. He had gone to K—to meet him the day of that sudden journey—the last day of their lives—and had executed the will. Whether the elder brother ever had any suspicion on the subject, it is impossible to say. The witnesses to the will are both living in R—. No papers of any kind being found on the dead man, of course all was clear for the elder of these sons; and he was at liberty to disregard any idle gossip he might have heard as to his father's executing a deed the day before his death. The will, which was the old man's last wish and act, is found, and has through a mysterious interposition of Providence, been sent to him to whom it chiefly applies."

"That is fortunate, dear Jack, for the younger brother will get his due."

"And that younger brother is about to claim it, and is going to carry off his wife and child to share it with him," said my husband, jocosely. "Ay, Nell, I am that younger brother, whose earlier history has, till now, been such a mystery to his sweet little darling wife."

"Then," said I, tears of joy brimming my eyes—my hand fondly clasped in his; "then that is the story of the 'packet'?"

"That is the story of the packet; so carefully guarded for years by the poor outcast who is dead and gone. And now I think my Nell will have no cause altogether to repent having sheltered the castaway on that Night in the Backwoods!"

It is proposed to establish a temporary refuge for children in Toronto.

Arabi Pasha a few years ago was a handsome, black-haired man with a fine military bearing; now he is quite gray, is often ill and complains that he suffers much from the hot and humid climate of Ceylon. Nobody would think of calling him Arabi the Blest.

Stanley's Christian Testimony.

There is nothing more attractive than the religious side of Stanley's character. In the midst of civilization, surrounded by all the helps and comforts of enlightenment, a man may forget his dependence upon a Supreme Being, and he may argue with some show of plausibility that as the age of miracles is past, even going so far as to deny that miracles were ever performed in the days of the prophets. But when the intelligent man of today, skeptical or not, places himself in the wilds of nature, where civilization has never had a foothold, he turns to a higher power, just as did the children of Israel in their wanderings, and though he may not have the pillar of cloud for guide he finds evidence of a Creator not only in his surroundings, but in his own miraculous preservation from the dangers that hourly beset his path.

This is amply testified to by Mr. Stanley. No one will deny that this man of undaunted courage has been practical in his explorations, and used every aid human intelligence could command to sustain himself and his followers in their trials on the Congo, in the forests, and among the savages of the Dark Continent. But he often found himself hemmed in where human intelligence could not extricate his little army, and he naturally turned to a greater power than himself. In his forthcoming book, "In Darker Africa," Mr. Stanley does not claim all the credit for what he has accomplished. Like Joshua and Moses of old, he acknowledges his dependence upon a God who led him when human courage and human intelligence failed. He does not consider it any less manly that he should acknowledge that on many occasions he was dependent upon a power beyond himself, and he distinctly sees in some of his rescues the hand of Divine Providence.

In a letter to Sir William Mackinnon, which appears in his book, Stanley wrote: "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exiting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column."

Again when trying to reach Emin's camp he writes: "If he with 4,000 appealed for help, what could we effect with 173? The night before I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of those brave words or whether it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard: 'Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' When the next day Mazombi commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp; whereas the evening before, we exclaimed in bitterness on seeing four of our men fly before one native. And these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha."

Again when they had fairly entered the trackless forest and were starving with no human possibility of succor, Stanley says: "Each officer had economized his rations of bananas. Two were the utmost that I could spare for myself. My comrades were also rigidly strict and close in their diet and a cup of sugarcane tea closed the repast. We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and the time it would take them to return; and they desired to know whether in my previous African experience I had encountered anything so grievous as this. 'No; not quite so bad as this,' I replied. 'We have suffered; but not to such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way to Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbire we certainly suffered much hunger, and, while floating down the Congo to trace our course our condition was much to be pitied; we have had a little of something, and at least large hopes, and if they die where are we? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be. Moses drew water from the rock of Horeb for the thirsty Israelites; of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook of Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us.' Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly. We turned our heads to see and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vise as of iron. 'There, boys,' I said, 'truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past,' and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine, fat guinea-fowl."

Very pretty American calico frocks for piazza and house wear are made up with large cuffs and collars, gumpes and waistcoats of white pique, duck or butchers' linen, or ecru canvas.

Discussions are going on all the time in regard to the reasons for the salmon "alking" the fly. All the books printed for several centuries almost universally assert they take it in sport, play with it. It is astonishing how little is known of the habits of a fish seen daily by thousands during the weeks and months it is running up the fresh water rivers, says *Forest and Stream*. If any one will sit on a rock and cast a fly, and bring a salmon to his feet, he will see that he takes it in anger, that his eye will be like a coal of fire, and a tiger ready to strike his prey will not indicate more fury. His appearance is precisely that of a rattlesnake in the act of defending himself. His gills, and eyes alike, a burning red. I have often brought one to my feet, so that my Indian could gaff him, before he struck the fly, and have seen this exhibition of anger again and again, and so intense that he never noticed me or my rod till the fly pricked him. The knowledge of this fact will account for many peculiarities about fly-fishing. Any one not skillful enough to entice a fish to his feet can easily verify this by watching a salmon waltz his companion casts a fly at him, and see the difference he may show to it for a time, and finally be provoked into making a rush at it in a state of absolute frenzy. This is why they so often come short of the fly, but when they are excited and angry it will take a smart angler to get his fly away.