

that rock to the right. Shoot a little a-head of him if you kin, Mr. Ned, for they're great to swim."

Stanny's warnings were never disregarded or valueless; he was born and brought up on the lake, and he often said he thought he was "more of a musk-rat than a human;" so we kept a bright look out. The boat approached the rock, but no pike was visible to our eager eyes.

"I see his tail," said old Stanny, "jest behind the shelf."

As he spoke the pike became alarmed, and without the slightest previous notice, he darted down towards the deep waters of the lake like an arrow, but the steel was swifter than he. The spear had already entered the water when he darted from the rock, and as we bent our body to the very surface of the lake, the long ash-shaft sped, quivering with its impetus, into the dark water, and disappeared.

"Guess you hit him," said Stanny; "consarned near it any way: here he comes."

The spear-handle rose at his side as he spoke; he gave it a sharp twitch towards us. We caught it, and sure enough, the pike was struggling on the tines, and was soon beside the bass in the bottom of the boat.

"Capital shot that, Ned," said Charley; "he must have been thirty feet off when you hit him."

"Good thirty-five," said Stanny; "but look out boys; plenty of pickerel here, and maybe some eels."

The bottom we were now passing over was sloping. On one side of the boat it was stony, but on the other, the mud had encroached upon the stone, and the bottom was soft and slimy. This was a favorite spot of old Stanny's, for here at this time of the year, the mullet and pickerel were spawning on the rocky shoal while the eels came up from their beds in the mud to feed upon the eggs of the scale fish. There was thus frequently in the same place a variety of fish, and eels old Stanny was especially fond of. As we slid quietly along we came upon a shoal of pickerel and eels thus mingled together. Charley deliberately singled out and speared the largest fish among the pickerel, and, frightened by the splash and the noise we made, the remainder of the terrified creatures dashed distractedly hither and thither in all directions, but cool and sportsmanlike was Charley's demeanour, as fixing his eye upon one at a time, he watched his arrow like flight till it brought him within his reach, and then the spear flew like lightning through the water, and the pickerel, transfixed by the glittering tines, was soon beside his fellows in the boat. The eels scuttled off in one direction under

the boat, so that we got beautiful flying shots at them as they sought the deep water, and before we left the shoal our killed numbered something more than five-and-twenty. Scarcely a word was spoken by either of us, but those only who are kindred souls can appreciate and understand the excitement and delight of such a scene. Stanny only was apparently cool and unconcerned, but we who knew him well, could detect the complacency of his tone as we pinned some writhing monster of an eel to the bottom with our spear and held him there "squirmying," as Stanny called it, till he had coiled his nervous length round the spear-handle, when we would haul him into the boat and disengage him by a twitch against the sternmost thwart, depositing him at the old fellow's feet. There the snake-like, slimy creature, would twist and crawl about, encircling his bare ancles with its clammy coils and poking its cold pointed head in every direction in vain endeavors to escape; sometimes, with others of its kind, entwining itself about the old man's legs until they were fairly fettered together, and then he would stop and "untie the critters, 'cause if we was to cant over it wo'd be awkward swimming with such garters as them," chuckling all the while with intense delight as he worked among the slimy folds with his bare hands to release himself.

By the time we had coasted round Hemlock Point, and over two adjacent shoals, our pine was about half exhausted. The victims of our prowess were floating in the boat, in the water we brought into it with them, and the eels were making such attacks upon us, as old Stanny had been enjoying so much, but which we were far from appreciating as he thought they deserved. The water was over our shoes, and we put ashore to rearrange our pine, so as to keep the fish at their proper distance, and to bale out the boat. When this had been effected, and we were again under way, we set off for Sturgeon Bay, where we had hopes of finding, in one of those giants of the fresh water, a quarry worthy of our spears. As Stanny paddled us swiftly on, he administered to our mental wants by giving us an accurate account of the method of "shining deer," and we took care of our corporeal ones by discussing the biscuits and beer.

Reader, did you ever drink a sherry cobbler on a hot dusty afternoon in August? Of course you say "yes." If I were to ask you whether you have ever tossed off half a tumbler of claret, after running fifty with the best bat on the ground at a cricket match in July, or iced champagne punch after a gallop with a fast partner, you would very likely answer that