

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

shoot one more and then swear off. Charlie L. is a proud man, and the boy who owns his first pair of long boots is not in the same class with him. We can all testify that the venison is first class, and the grand antlers are Charlie's proof positive that his name is entitled to be added to the list of mighty Nimrods.

Jimmy the Bachelor has not been taking an active part in hunting as yet, nor will he until the camp is fixed up as it should be. He has organized several expeditions covering many miles, to hunt up boards to make tables and comfortable seats, and in an old discarded lumber shanty near here has found a veritable mine of wealth. Among other discoveries he has got hold of an old "dug out" eighteen feet long, and as crank as a racing shell. This he has christened the Crazy Jane, and in her he makes all of his board hunting trips. He induced me to accompany him on one of these, and insisted on shipping a load that left half an inch of freeboard. We launched the craft, and soon learned that we dare not wink. Half an inch of freeboard is excellent under some conditions of wind and weather, it is a little on the scant side in the face of a rising sea. We had a mile to go, and the "Crazy Jane" developed marked signs of insanity in the first hundred yards. At the quarter mile buoy she was unmanageable, at the half mile getting "groggy and half full," at the three quarter, the freeboard had disappeared, and we swam the last hundred yards, Jimmy feeling sorry that he had not brought the air bags along—in case of a cramp. In future I have no use for a dug out, with half an inch of freeboard.

You would think that it was too late in the year to fish, but strange to say such is not the case. This Lake is tenanted by nothing but bass and herring. The bass are of the large and small mouthed var-

ieties, the latter predominating. They fairly swarm, and it is a rare thing to catch one under two and a half pounds in weight, and rarer still to get one weighing more than five. They take the "Seth Green" flies well, and will in fact bite at almost anything. We put back all that we cannot use, and rarely fish until a few minutes before the time that a bass is wanted for a meal, and then keep nothing but the four pounders. I saw Jack have a hard tussle with two bass on a seven ounce rod. These fish struck two flies at the same moment, and fought a desperate fight. Napoleon had his hands full, and it took him nearly half an hour to conquer the fish. Although he could see a big fish jump occasionally, he could not understand how one of such a size could keep it up. When the landing net was brought into requisition, we found that two four and a half pounders accounted for the vigorous resistance. It was an exciting struggle, but Nap. proved himself equal to the task. We are to have plum pudding on Sunday to celebrate the death of the Buck, this is an invariable custom, and the etiquette of our camp would be shocked if this was not produced. We have pudding enough to celebrate several bucks. Charlie L. has brought one made by his fiancée, Jimmy one by his boarding house mistress, whose age puts her beyond the fiancée line; Pompey one by his wife, and I one of those incomparable productions you have met so often at Xmas, the compound of which causes my wife so much worry. Napoleon says he knew there would be trouble over this pudding business, and purposely kept out of it, but is quite willing to make the sauce, and act in company with Parit as umpire extraordinary. We have refused too to entertain any plum pudding, unless brandy sauce is supplied with the accent on the