

Fish and Fishing.

There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind.—Washington Irving.

ANGLING IN WASHINGTON.

The Sumas River Pays Tribute.—Angling in the Northwest.

BY JAY-SEE-EN.

PART II—CONCLUSION.

Written for SPORTS AFIELD.

JAY, having caught a few more small fish, changes his position to a deep pool where some big trout are splashing and feeding. He tries a coachman over this pool, then a brown hackle, then a professor, but without securing a rise. The fish evidently esteem the coachman too gaudy and straight-backed, and the professor too wise for their palates. Now a Skinner spoon flickers and glances through the water and is rushed at by several excited fish. Again the spoon shines through the water and a good one rushes for it and is hooked. But, alas, for Jay! he forgets he is standing on soft, muddy ground in this place. He slips, and would have fallen, but recovers sufficiently to rush up the bank, manipulating his reel even in this dire position—half on the ground. As he reaches the steep bank, he slips and goes to earth. Amidst Bob's screams of delight he turns ruefully toward the water. Imagine his surprise when he finds his fish, and a good two-pound one at that, high and dry on the bank. Bob swears he will never forget the position—the rushing student of the angle, and the big, fighting but helpless fish, trailing up the bank.

This seeming to be a good hole for hungry trout, Jay proceeds to troll it thoroughly, and while doing so he observes that one of the ranchers is taking something from his pocket which proves to be a huge, red bass fly. The rancher next takes out his knife and cutting off the gut close to the hook, discovers to his sorrow that there is no loop there in which to tie his line. Upon being asked why he cut off the gut, he answered:

"Eh, mon, but that bit gut is too weak."

Several flies are now tossed across the stream to them, as they seem to be sufficiently humbled and appreciate the value of a fly for a game fish, but not having proper lines and rods, they soon discard them for their old friend the red bait.

Jay succeeds in striking the leviathan of these waters at this point, but after a long, hard struggle, when the salmon trout (for such it was and the largest seen on any trip yet), had almost given in, the barb parted from the hook. The trout threw himself high in the air, fell back with a mighty splash, and was free—leaving the disappointed angler to his own bitter reflections. The fish could be seen leaving a ripple along the surface as he swam down stream, very

sick, but he will live to fight another battle with some other angler, and no doubt will yet find his master. And if any angler happens to capture the biggest trout that ever ate little fish and he finds a barb attached to his many toothed jaw or file-like tongue, he will know that it has been marked by Jay, who hereby relinquishes all claim to it.

The fates are against Jay this bright May morning. Catching no more fish here, he goes up stream, and changing back to the more sportsmanlike flies, he soon has a pair floating down stream. Past the three dark and gloomy visaged ranchers they gaily float, till thirty yards below they cavort gaily in a whirling pool, where we will leave them to watch Bob who is pounding away at the old stand with indifferent success. At this place he hooks one eighteen-ounce trout, which has a Siwash's hook in his side attached to a piece of wood and a cord which had been fastened to a spear pole. The wound was thoroughly healed, and the hook, cord and wood seemed to bother the fish not in the slightest degree. The Siwash comes and goes as he lists. His weapons are of the rudest kind, but adapted to getting meat and not sport. Sportsmanship is not his forte, nor is it his ambition, quantity and not quality being his motto. As is well known, he is given to depopulating the streams and rivers of the gamey trout and lordly salmon in the most expeditious manner his ingenuity can suggest, and for good thirty-six inches to the yard ingenuity, commend me to the Indian. The game of the forest is likewise pursued, killed, trapped and salted down in great quantities by this noble red man. His time for the angle and hunt being all the time, if there be any money in it, (his squaw does all his work), the dirty, greasy, treacherous Indian, retaining nearly all his ancient customs, superstitions and habits, fishes, hunts and smokes and is never disturbed. He is not given to exploiting his deeds afield or astream to the white tyees. No one knows what game he destroys and none interfere.

However, the little matter of the Siwash hook should not have launched me into a complaint against our red brother, as some of them are fairly well educated, and from long intercourse with the pale faces have become civilized and good neighbors. I don't want to be put down as classing them all alike.

While trolling below the ranchers, Jay captures several trout. Bob succeeds in keeping pace with him in numbers, but is behind in size.

While winding in one tired and exhausted fish which came in with mouth wide open, Jay steps back and falls over a beam which projected from the wood work of the dam. The marks made by the stones can yet be seen (or at least he claims so), in his back, and for several days he could locate them by feeling. Still he retains his composure and winds in that fish till the line

is sufficiently taut, when he scrambles to his feet and ends the tragedy.

Having secured all the fish necessary for their wants, they string them on a stout willow carried between the anglers on a pole, each end of which rests on a shoulder. In this way the three mile homeward trip through the timber is taken up, and the bait fishermen and the chuggetty, chuggetty, chug, chug, chug of the mill wheel are soon left far behind. The cautious Sandy's last remark in answer to Jim's that "them fellers wasn't sech fools as they looked," was remembered by both anglers: "Aye, they air nae sae bad and nae sae fulish, but they mought hae gotten mair."

Clearbrook, Washington.

FISH NOTES.

A DENVER party, consisting of G. H. Knifton, T. H. Williams and H. W. Ferguson spent one day last week at Estes Park. They report the fishing as unusually good, and clinched the assertion by showing 236 trout taken in one day.

A TELEGRAM from Silverton announces the arrest of three dynamiters who for years have plied their unlawful work along the upper Rio Grande and sold the product of their labor at Silverton as "New Mexican" trout. There is a good prospect of their conviction, as a detective has been watching their movements for a month or more.

WE have just received a catalogue from that well-known rod maker Thos. H. Chubb, in which attention is called to his new eight-strip split bamboo rod—one of the finest and most durable rods now on the market. It should be remembered that Mr. Chubb also makes a trout rod with reversible handle, that enables the angler to have the reel either above or below the hand, and that all of his best rods are warranted.

THE Marvine Gun and Rod club has located its camp upon Marvine Creek, which heads in Marvine Lake and empties into the north branch of the White River about ten miles from its head—Trapper's Lake. When the Hon. H. H. Eddy made the location he knew exactly what he was doing, and if there is a better place in the whole West for trout, deer, elk and bear, we have not heard of it. As might be inferred from the name, the club is not an association of trap-shooters, but is composed of Colorado's leading men who wish a quiet place in which to pass a few weeks each summer. They are to be congratulated upon the site chosen.

Of Interest to Anglers.

Fly-fishermen in the West will find it a great saving of both time and money to communicate with the Chicago Fishing Tackle Factory of S. Westwood & Son, Englewood, Ill., as it is the only exclusive fishing tackle factory west of New York, and having had some thirty-five years' experience in the manufacturing of the finest grades of fly tying, etc., its proprietors naturally feel that they are in a position to serve the angling interest in the best possible manner. Send your address for the Westwood catalogue.