

Throwing away my minnow, I put on a fresh one, the largest in the pail and savagely cast the hook again over the rail.

Still no bite. I was getting discouraged, but as I slowly and disconsolately began to pull out the hook again I felt an electric shock from the deep. By the way my line started up the lake I thought a three hundred pound turtle or a shark had made connections with my pole.

Springing to my feet, I closed with a vice-like grip on my bamboo, and, although my name isn't Sandow, I easily raised my catch into the air—a bass of uncertain size, but extremely lively, I let him dangle in the air a moment. How pretty he looked, dripping and sparkling in the sun as he fought for liberty. Then I dropped him into the bottom of the boat. But no sooner had he touched than he bounded almost over the rail. I jumped to catch him, and things began to get exciting. Brown was on his feet, too, and our little boat was getting unsteady. The bass seemed somehow to slip out of my hands before I got hold of him, and his contortion dance bade fair to restore him to his native element, when Brown relieved the dilemma by shouting: "Get onto him with your feet! Get onto him with your feet!"

Pinioned in this manner the bass subsided for a moment, and I proceeded to take possession by grabbing him in my hands, when lo! You know the rest. I received an electric shock of an entirely different nature from the first. His back felt like a buzz saw, the sharp spines pricking my hand in a dozen places. Without thinking I jerked back, and precipitated the final catastrophe.

Brown and I were both standing, and my quick movement gave the boat a lurch. Brown threw up his hands, made a hurried but forceful ejaculation, and then, with all the grace of a Pennsylvanian bull frog, plunged backwards into the tranquil Kewaugausaga, head first, the water closing over his feet with a resonant chug. At the same time my end of the boat simply shot from under me like a fat man's foot on a banana peel and I splashed into the water in the most uninteresting, unromantic manner possible, while the bass started for the upper end of the lake with the bamboo pole in tow, for my hook was still lodged in his stomach.

By the time we had collected our tempers, our boat pail, our hats, and the rest of the floating paraphernalia and had bailed out the boat my fish pole was several rods distant. But I pulled viciously until we overtook the cause of our disaster, and soon