

through the "jams of the Dells," would guess that the little stream we cross and recross two hundred miles above is the same Wisconsin.

It is a most delightful ride. One hundred and fifty miles of almost unbroken forest has been passed through, and now we are in the heart of the northern woods. The odor of pine and tamarac fills the air, and the lake is beautifully calm and still, as the sun pours down warming and cheering the delicious atmosphere of the perfect autumn day.

But to my fish story. Kewaugausaga, like all the other big ponds in this State of lakes, abounds in bass and muscallonge, protected from the severe northern winters by a blanket of ice and snow six feet thick.

Brown and I had been sent to Minocqua to attend a small affair in connection with the extension of the line to Star Lake, which was then being constructed, and we expected to spend a day or two in the woods. Unexpectedly and unfortunately we found at the Minocqua station the engineer in charge of the work, and in a half hour's time we had nothing to prevent our going back on the next train, which left in two hours.

Of course we would fish, and fish we did. Hastily procuring a boat and some tackle and bait we rowed out to the geographical centre of the lake, as nearly as we could determine that point without a survey, baited our hooks with live minnows and dropped them in.

Neither of us had ever done any lake fishing, and we hadn't the least idea of what we might expect to look with greedy eyes upon our bait.

The old fishermen who owned our boat had looked at us with a pitying sort of superiority, duly tempered with deference to our "store clothes," but, mindful of his own interests, he held his peace. Suddenly up came Brown's rod with a tremendous whirr. We had been fishing only a few minutes, and this luck was considered a great piece of common good fortune. It was a baby muscallonge, about six inches long.

Throwing it into the bottom of the boat, Brown dropped in his hook again, and in less than two minutes he pulled out another fish a full inch longer than the first. I was getting envious, for I hadn't had the suggestion of a nibble. And when Brown pulled out his third, a whole foot long, with a dry meaningless remark about fishermen and fishermen, I began to get desperate.