

but to a man who is fishing for the market, or preserving, or for his dinner, time being an object—there is plenty of joy and sport in throwing seventy-five to a hundred fine ones on the gravel from a single net casting. The excitement is more intense than fly fishing for you are playing for bigger stakes, even though it be true you do not give the "speckled beauties" the same chance of escape. Some men like to make a labor of everything they undertake, and others try to escape the Creator's mandate about our kind, being compelled to earn bread by the sweat of our brows. It is the same thing with fishing.

Our camping place on the sand spit, reached from Garibaldi by sail-boat, consisted of a snug house, sheltered among a grove of pine and fir trees on the land side of the ridge that runs the entire length of the spit. In one of the two rooms of this Robinson Crusoe abode was a large bed for a Portland companion and the writer, and scattered about in bachelor confusion were rifles, shotguns, ammunition (wet and dry), fishing poles, Salmon nets and clam spades. In the parlor (so called by courtesy and to distinguish it from the combined armory and sleeping apartment) was an immense fire place that devoured logs "like a thing of life," and thrown around with the same chaotic indifference that distinguished the bed-room, were shooting suits, a big iron pot, rubber boots, farming implements, some skins, oars, boxes, dried fish and meats, a couple of chairs, a table and a formidable array of empty beer bottles for candlesticks. The front door opened on a potato-patch, and looked out upon the waters of Tillamook bay, and the Coast range of mountains beyond; the back door—did not exist. This was our castle, and no feudal lord ever made the Gothic arches of his manor hall ring with more hilarious laughter than echoed through the timbers of this place as we three congenial souls talked over the present, the future and our sporting experiences of the past few hours.

The first day's sport was devoted to clam and cockle digging, on the flats in the bay at low tide, and to those not to the manner born, it is not the easiest way in the world of earning a living, or securing a meal. However we had no difficulty in loading our boat (thanks

to a kindly disposed Indian), and although we gave of them to the entire neighborhood, the supply of clams never ceased, we believe, for the entire month we stopped in Tillamook. Our boarding place was with an Indian woman named Hoxhurst, who was a first-class cook and had a large family of half-breed children and grand children around her. Eggs, chickens, new potatoes, fresh butter, butter milk, sweet milk, strawberries, mussels, oysters, trout, clams, flounders, salmon, crabs, and home-made bread, were the principal features of our bill of fare, and I know that the appetites we brought to bear on our landlady's table—independent of her very low rates for boarding—were ruinous to her financially, and it was no surprise to me (though it struck me with remorse) to hear since my return to Portland that she has offered her little farm for sale. The summit of the sand spit ridge is covered with tangled under-growth and gnarled pines, and is but fifty yards from our camp, and from which point a conversation could be easily kept up with a man standing on the ocean beach on one side and with a man on the bay beach on the other.

The surf bathing here is delightful, and I experienced no signs of the undertow that is so dangerous at Long Branch and Ilwaco. I discovered, however, a clover knoll on the bay side at the edge of the water that made bathing there preferable. The beach is strewn with beautiful shells and sea mosses, and a day might be profitably and pleasantly spent in their search alone. But gathering shells, for a big strong man to exercise himself with, is poor business when there are no ladies to help him in his scientific pursuits, and in this respect Tillamook county is not prolific. Ladies are at an immense premium. Where the sand spit begins, on the ocean side, is a rocky bluff about three hundred feet high, down which a sparkling waterfall empties its virgin purity into the roaring ocean below, and burrowing far into which are deep caves, crossing one another in all sorts of ways. The walls of these sea caverns are solidly lined with mussels, so compact that they look as if nature had attempted the Byzantine style of mosaic. At the base of the caves are star fish, and a peculiar creation looking not unlike roses, some green and some pink,

that cling to the rocks, and emit water and close up when prodded with a stick. A short distance beyond the caves, to the westward, is a large rock, standing in the ocean, which is a favorite breeding place for gulls and shags, and where eggs can be obtained in abundance. Just beyond the bluff to the south a splendid trout stream empties into the sea, and the beach is covered with all kinds of succulent shell fish. Several bears have been killed not a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Hoxhurst house, one of which fell a victim to the unerring rifle of our jovial host. Elk and deer abound in the mountains whose feet are bathed in Tillamook bay, and pheasant find a security in the woods that clothe their sides. In the proper season, ducks, geese and swans swarm in the bay, and on moonlight nights freight the wonted stillness of the air with a wild screaming and quacking that becomes a perfect pandemonium.

A good day's sport can be had during the summer by engaging an Indian with his canoe for the purpose of seal shooting. When the salmon begin running, seals follow them in over the bar into the bay, and for a good rifle shot who can hit a seals head at fifty yards, when they come up for air and reconnoitring purposes, it is no difficult thing to kill enough of the bright eyed bullet-headed fellows in a day, to supply the entire county with oil for the winter. One of my principal amusements at this place was to fill my pockets with cartridges, and after securing good cover on the ridge, shotgun in hand, there, to kill time, if nothing else, blazing away at the flocks of "Shags" as they flew over from the ocean rocks to their breeding grounds on the bay. It was in this way that we obtained our bait for crabbing—and crabbing as we carried it on, was perhaps never surpassed in the world for actual results. We got a carriage wheel tire and knit a net to fit it; then skinned our birds, tied them fast into the bottom of the net, and sailed out into the stream, where we anchored and threw overboard our crab trap. People who have gone crabbing in Jersey, or even those who have seen the Chinese catch them with nets knit around small barrel hoops, on Meiggs' Wharf in San Francisco, can form no idea of the success of our scheme. We allowed our