

The former comes in early in the fall and remains till the severest weather is over, when it wends its way to the breeding grounds of the far north. This is the honker, or Canada goose so common in America. In the spring the brant goose, which winters in the valleys of California, stops here a few weeks on its way north and falls a victim to the sportsman's gun.

Probably no where else in the United States can be found such admirable shooting grounds within so easy access from a large city as Sauvie's island presents to the sportsmen of Portland. As the island is all owned by various persons, and as there is a trespass law in the Oregon statutes, the zealous sportsman is able to secure private shooting grounds by paying a rental to the owners and posting up notices warning all persons not to trespass upon the property. The rentals vary from \$25 to \$150 for the season, the larger wapato and canvas back lakes, such as Morgan's and Gardiner's, bringing the most, and generally being rented by several men associated together. There are, however, a number of small lakes and little marshes, where "trash" ducks only are to be found, that are not rented, and these are the resort of the spasmodic Nimrods who have no private grounds of their own, at least during the intervals when they have been driven off from the better shooting grounds.

Although more or less shooting is done during the week, Sunday is the great day among the ducks. At two o'clock every Sunday morning a steamer leaves for the shooting grounds, the fare for the round trip being \$1.00 and everyone is free to take passage, the boat being run for the accommodation of all and not for the use of any club or private parties. The sporting contingent numbers from 25 to 75 men, who go aboard with their dogs and accoutrements at all hours until the time of sailing, and a perfect bedlam of sounds emanates from the vessel from midnight until she begins to land her passengers at the shooting grounds. Boisterous laughter, singing, story telling, yelping dogs and scuffling of feet combine to make a composite of noise far from agreeable to one with sensitive nerves. The greatest of good nature prevails, nearly all the hunters being acquaintances and fellow sportsmen of long standing. No sleep visits the eyes of those on board, and all who do not take the precaution of retiring early Saturday night and rising again in season to catch the boat, must shoot the next day with eyes unfreshed with slumber.

Commencing about six miles below the city the steamer begins to make landings, the hunters getting off in small knots as their favorite shooting grounds are reached. In this way she goes about thirty miles down the slough, lying at the last landing until 5:00 in the afternoon, when she begins the return trip, picking up the hunters at the various stopping places as

she comes along. When the sportsmen leave the boat they at once seek their shooting stations, which generally consist of a "blind" of bushes constructed on the margin of the lake, with a flooring of brush to make a dry place for the body to rest upon. The larger lakes have quite a number of these blinds at various points of advantage along the shore. Those who use decoys place them in position, and with their dogs retire into the blinds to await the coming of daylight. This is a tedious wait for those earliest on the grounds, especially when a heavy and cold rain is falling, but with long rubber boots and a heavy rubber coat, in addition to the shooting jacket, and buoyed up by the pleasant anticipations of the coming sport, and, perhaps, by something else more local in its action, they wait with much patience till the coming dawn. At last the light appears and the ducks begin to stir, and soon the stillness of the air is broken by the report of a gun, followed quickly by others, with increasing rapidity, until, in a short time, a continuous fusillade can be heard from one end of the island to the other. As much ammunition is used every Sunday as would be necessary to fight a small battle, resulting in bags of ducks ranging all the way from one to 100.

Dogs are used for retrieving the birds, and the hunters of Portland have some animals as fine as are to be found in the world. The dogs are as enthusiastic sportsmen as their masters, and some of them even more so. They seem to be crazy to get an opportunity to go down, and know when Saturday night comes as well as their owners do. One of them, the veteran of them all, has missed scarcely a Sunday for the past ten years. This is "Old Boss," the favorite dog of H. T. Hudson, who has had him for twelve years. Boss has a very ancient and venerable appearance, and as he lounges about the shore or sleeps in the sun the casual observer would say that his hunting days were over; but the old veteran is as ardent a sportsman as ever and can bring more ducks out of the water than most of the younger ones. He never fails to go down on the boat, even if his master remains at home, always appearing on deck in time to get a passage and always welcomed by his old sporting friends, to some of whom he offers his services for the day.

Quite in contrast with the hilarious and noisy crowd that goes down in the morning is the fatigued and hungry collection of sportsmen who return on the boat at night. Berths are free on the deck for men and dogs, and each contingent, as it comes aboard and gets something to eat, immediately selects a soft plank for a couch, and soon men, dogs and ducks are mingled in almost inextricable confusion, where they snore in discordant unison until the boat reaches the Portland dock, about 9:00 o'clock, when they quickly seek more downy beds to continue their slumbers.