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NO. 13.



Long before the sun pokes his flery rays of salmon eggs at their sides and long over the jagged crest of the Cascades this morning, when the mists that hang along the deep canyons begin to drift slowly down the watercourses, the swish of trout lines will mingle with the roar of the mountain streams and the lusty trout will find at their noses the most tempting breakfast they have partaken of this year. Today the law that prevents any man, woman or child, of any race, color, or previous condition of servitude from taking trout in any of the streams in Oregon will be granted a vacation, and he who is skillful enough to land a reciful of speckled beauties is privileged to do so, provided he doesn't capture any under five inches long and sells none of his catch.

It is too early for the fly season, so the extreme sticklers for pure sport will not be out in large numbers this morning: but if one walks out along any of the country roads this afternoon he is pretty sure to meet a straggling stream of fishermen, returning on foot, awheel or in care. And most of them ought to be fairly successful, for the small streams in which the trout abound are not swollen with recent rains, and, except for the bluish cast, which is always their habit at this season of the year, are as clear as a sportsman could desire.

### Ye Alert Country Lad.

Most of the anglers who fish in the imnediate vicinity of Portland-that is, within fifty miles-will find that the enterpristhe law, and will notice broken willow boughs and empty worm cans along the margin of their favorite streams. But the country lad is a sparing fisherman at best, now that he cannot sell any of his catch, and he has, withal, a wholesome dread of the Deputy Game Warden, ever lurking near, which keeps him from looting the streams completely. So today's sport will depend largely on the skill of the fisherman and the size and juiciness of his worms, unless he stoops to employ that murderous balt, salmon roe.

While some of the streams near Portland have been pretty well fished cut of late years, men who know just where to go this morning can land a considerable catch and get home by noon. The small streams are the best for very early fishing and there are a few on the western slope of the ridge that divides the Willamette Valley and the Tunlatin Plains that should be found full of speckled beauties, and all of them not under five inches in

Up toward the waters of the Clackamas, where Kipling caught his salmon, and on Eagle Creek, in the same neighborhood, will be the Mecca of many an angier's pilgrimage today. Others will go down the river and fish the streams on the Washington side of the Columbia, which have been open for a month, but which have thus far not yielded very glittering returns. Still others will try Dairy Creek and a number of streams near it, in Washington County. The Trask and the Wilson, which are considered among the finest trout streams in the world, are not fished, as a rule, till later in the season. They are ideal streams, for fly fishing, and the limit to the stories which can be told or the size of the trout to be taken there has never yet been reached,

As the season advances, the Necanicum, flowing into the Pacific at Clatsop beach, will receive its share of attention from the anglers, and its near neighbor, the Lewis and Ciark, will be visited by those whose enthusiasm is equal to a rather difficult tramp over a rough trail. The Necanicum is one of the most beautiful streams that ever chattered over stony ways, and has probably more ardent adrairers than any other creek in the state.

On it is located a favorite summer resort, and its waters have been fished since Lewis and Clark built a salt cairn on its banks, more years ago than the oldest Indian on the beach remembers. Early In the Spring the trout come down nearly to the first riffles, which are about a mile above the junction of the stream with the Pacific, but in the gentle Summer time, when the denizens of the hotel prowl along its banks, rod in hand, the fish acquire an aversion to society which drives them to Fall, the salmon trout enter the Necani-

bamboo poles. The Lewis and Clark, while difficult of access, repays the trouble it takes to gain it, by furnishing an almost unlimited supply of trout. They rise to a fly in July, and catches have been reported which are altogether beyond the credulity of the ordinary mortal.

All the streams along the Coast, in fact, both the larger ones and their tiny tributaries, are so full of trout that one might imagine the supply would never be exhausted. Such has been the greed of the dynamite pot hunter, however, that the last Legislature found it necessary to abolish fishing for the market altogether, and now, to the disgust of the epicure, no trout can be had for money

The interior of the state is as plentifully supplied with trout streams as the Coast, So many are there, in fact, that but a few can be mentioned, and among these few, first of all, comes the Mackenzie, a swift and deep tributary of the Willamette, which joins near Eugene. Portland fishermen have been going to the Mackenzie every summer since they can remember, and those that go one season always return the next and the yarns they spin their friends are calculated to make the latter drop everything, buy a rod and prepare for the journey

### Famous Williamson.

Then the Williamson River, in Klamath County, has gained for itself a reputation as a trout stream which has passed far beyond the confines of the State. J. R. Moore, of New York, who has fished every stream from China to Peru, whipped the Williamson some years ago, and when he ing country boy has anticipated them and left Oregon he declared it was the finest trout stream he ever visited. And he showed he was in earnest, too, for since then he has been back every year with an elaborate trouting outfit, and he has become a familiar summer figure to the natives along the stream.

> To the well-directed energy and intelligence of the late Fish Commissioner, Hollister D. McGuire, which have been ably seconded by his successor, F. C. Reed, the trout fishermen of the State owe a great deal. Mr. McGuire, while his principal duty lay in fostering the commercially important salmon industry, never during his lifetime neglected an opportunity to urge the necessity of legislation protecting trout, and it was largely through his efforts that the present excellent laws were passed. The Oregon Fish and Game Association, organized a little more than a year ago, is composed chiefly of enthusiastic anglers, and leaves no stone unturned to assist in the enforcement of the law and hunt down offenders.

Such wholesale methods of slaughter the explosion of dynamite in streams and seining the pools have been stopped almost altogether since the sale of trout was forbidden, and the punishment of a number of pot fisnermen has discouraged the industry. The members of the association have composed a body of voluntary deputy game wardens, and as they scatter widely during the summer among the many trout streams of the state, they are pretty sure to find out where and by whom the law is being violated.

Of the varieties of trout in Oregon, much has been said and written, and there are many anglers who make bold to dispute with naturalists concerning the identity of many species. The most common species is the black-spotted trout, which is found nearly everywhere. The rainbow trout, found in the Mackenzie and the streams of Eastern Oregon, is one of the most beautiful of the finny tribe, and is eagerly sought after by sportsmen and

### Cutthroat and Lake Trout.

On the Mackenzie the cutthroat variety of trout also abounds-a large, gamey fish that requires considerable skill to land. In Klamath Lake, and some of the other large inland bodies of water in Southern Oregon, lake trout are plentiful. They are lured from their deep lairs by the fly or trolling from boats, and furnish exhibirating sport.

But with all the information that science has supplied on the subject; with all the observation old fishermen have employed to learn the difference between the different species, this matter of the identity of trout is one on which fishermen scarcely ever agree. The same varieties differ so widely in different waters that they are frequently mistaken for separate species, and in the creel of a fisherman will sometimes be found trout of as many the seclusion granted by the tall timber different colors and markings, as the and high hills miles up stream. In the members of a feline family. When they who have caught them come into camp. cum and then the banks are lined with the there ensues a discussion as to their

there is one thing an angler prides himself upon it is his ability to call off the names of the fish he has captured.

Discussions of this kind-not infrequently lead to hard words, and usually to the ransacking of piscatorial works and reports of the Smithsonian Institution, but he seekers after knowledge return from these educational excursions about as wise as they were when they jerked their shining captives from the riffles and admired their beautiful markings as they

One person has a theory that all small trout are youthful steelhead salmon, or salmon whose inland voyages have tended to hold down their size; another believes that salmon trout and brook trout are brothers, whose flesh differs in color by accident, and there is another theory that the works that describe the trout of Oregon are all wrong. Whether the anglers know more than the naturalists, it is not the purpose of this article to say; it is only intended to show that on fishing, as on most other subjects, men's minds differ and opinions vary.

### Fly Fishing.

Of course, the true sportsmanlike way to capture trout, and the one that gives the angler the purest and greatest joy he can know, is fly fishing. In Oregon the trout are shy risers to a fly in the early Spring, holding out for worms and salmon eggs, if they can get them; but, as the days lengthen and grow warmer, and the insects begin to skim perliously near the surface of the still ponds, between riffles, the splash of leaping fish is heard by those who are near the bank, and they know that fly time has arrived. It is then that the farmers write to their city boarders that it is time to come out into the woods, and it is then that the fly books of the city anglers wax fat and their pocket-books wax lean. For fly fishing for trout is a pastime which costs some little money, and the thoroughbred troutfisher will not venture to the side of his favorite stream unless he has a gilt-edged equipment of rods, lines, leaders and the other tools of his gentle craft.

Most of the streams on which the fly shing is good can be waded, and some fishermen prefer hip rubber boots for this occupation. Others, however, merely wear an old pair of shoes and clothing which cannot be injured by dampness, and walk boldly into the kcy current, cleaving the air with the sharp snap of their lines

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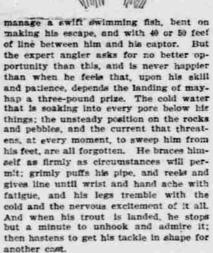
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as they cast. The art of putting a fly in just the spot along the stream which looks as if a trout might be lurking there is one which requires a natural gift for that sort of thing, and no end of practice. In the first pince, only the veteran fisheman knows. from the look of it, where that spot may be. He is familiar with the habits of his finny friends. He knows at just what time of day they are most likely to be in good appetite, and just where they go to look for careless insects. He further knows, by noting the bugs that are skipping along over the water, the sort of a fly that is likely to prove most tempting. and he selects two or three of these to place on his leader. Then, with a deft turn of the wrist, and slight movement of the arm, the line is sent shooting across the river, where it hovers for a moment over the water and then settles down on it, wriggling along as it is drawn back toward the angler with a motion that would deceive even the most wily and ex-

## perienced of trout.

There is a sudden swish in the water, a streak of silver at the end of the line, and the reel begins the song that the true fisherman loves better than any other munatives of the village of Seaside, with cans species, and then there is trouble, for if sic on earth. It is no small task



On some of the larger streams, and on the lakes of Southern Oregon, it is possible to figh from a boat, and, in places, to east directly from the river bank, without wading. This opens the sport to women, the strongest and most energetic of whom would not enjoy the rough and tumble climb over sticks, stones, logs and coulders, the tearing through brush and the wading in ice water that the ordinary style of fishing involves. Casting from a boat is by no means an easy matter, as the proper management of a trout line requires skill under any conditions, but it is far more pleasant sport than wading a stream, and is furthermore one in which a woman can become as proficient as a

### Salvelinus Fontinalis.

Repeated experiments in the transplanting of the true brook trout, the salvelinus fontinalis, from the East, have been made by the United States Fish Commission and by Commissioner McGuire. Speckled trout and Loch Leven trout have been planted in streams throughout the state to the number of 23,000. Just what is the result s not yet clear, as the transplanted fish have not been taken in large numbers, but fishermen hope that, in future years, the Eastern fish will begin to swarm in the streams, and supplement the numerous branches of the trout family indigenous to Oregon.

The trout law now in force in Oregon is brief and to the point, and in order that its provisions may be fully understood it is reprinted. Here it is in substance: "Section 1. From and after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful for any person to take, catch, kill, or have in pos session, any trout during the months of November, December, January, February

"Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, kill or capture, or have in possession, at any time, trout, char or salmon of less than five inches

"Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, catch or kill, in the waters of the state, any trout, by any means whatever, except by hook and line, and any person with hook and line who, upon lifting the same, shall find that a trout, char or salman of less than five inches in length is entangled thereon, shall immediately, with care and the least injury to the fish, disentangle the same and transmit the fish to the water, without

### Unlawful for Three Years.

"Sec. 4. For the period of three years from and after the passage of this act. But the true sportsman cares nothing for it shall be unlawful for any persons to these troubles. They sit on him as lighttake, catch or kill, by any means what- ly as a wreath of roses on a May Queen. ever, or have in possession, any Eastern He thinks only of one thing, and that is

species of trout recently introduced into the basket grows heavier and heavier, the state by the State Fish Commissioner, the added weight is an added joy. Withand the United States Fish Commissioner. "Sec. 5. It shall be unlawful to sell, offer for cale, or have in possession for sale,

any species of trout whatever, at any

erson or persons to explode, or cause to be exploded, in any of the waters of this in his basket. state, any powder, Hercules powder, dynamite, nitro-glycerine or any explosive substance whatever, or place in any of the waters of the state any lime or polson for the purpose of catching, killing or destroying fish. Any person found guilty of violating this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$30 or more than

\$100, or by imprisonment of not less than one, or more than three months, or both." The penalty for the violation of sections 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 is a fine of not less than \$20, or more than \$100, or by imprisonment

of not less than 10, or more than 50 days. This law was approved April 20, 1899, and has been very ouringently enforced since that time by Game Warden Quimby, aided, as has been stated, by the efforts of the Oregon Fish and Game Association. It has proved just the legislation that was needed, and its strict enforcement will probably not only preserve to the streams of the state their native fish, but enable the transplanted varieties to wax strong and large, and take a place beside the Webfoot trout as a game fish worthy of lodgment in the sportsman's

#### Angler's Paradise.

From the time the white man first foot upon its soil, Oregon has been the angler's paradise. And long before that, when the Indian fished the streams with his primitive but effective apparatus, he never lacked for a trout breakfast, when he felt in the mood for it, in season or out of season. Sportsmen from all parts of the world have fished the streams of the state, and have felt so well pleased with the result of their visits that they have returned, year after year, to repeat or try to raise their large catches. Particularly high in the estimation of Eastern fishermen is the lake fishing of the state the catches on Pelican Bay, Klamath Lake, being world-famed. Among those who have visited this favored spot is an Englishman of title, who returned last year, for the third time, to try his luck in the clear waters of this magnificent

The fisherman who starts out today to land a good-sized creel of fish must be prepared for a good many hardships, which, endured at so much per diem, he would consider worth a very handsome wage. In the first place, it is not at all certain that the rains will not descend and the floods come, in which case he might as well go back, for, after a brief hour or two of sharp rain, most of the small streams, which are best for early fishing become yellow with mud, and it is impossible for Mr. Trout to see the bait. Even if the weather is clear, the roads over which he must travel, if he is so unfortunate as to be obliged to go on foot, will be tolerably adhesive with mud, and he will arrive at the stream he is bound for in a condition which does not fit him for the exertion he must put forth if he hopes to catch any fish. For the trout streams of Oregon, and especially the smaller ones, are fringed with brush, and bordered with howlders and fallen logs, and, to make the ascent of them requires the strength of an athlete and the patience of a Job.

# Some Drawbacks.

Fishing tackle, unless handled with the utmost skill and care, is likely to snarl and tangle; rods will break at the least resemblance of rough usage, and unfeeling trout will make no bones of biting off snell hooks, and deparing with them for regions unknown to the angler. It may require patience to sit quietly by the bank of some open country stream, after the manner of Isaac Walton, and wait for a bite, but it requires five times as much climb up the stony canyon through which a trout stream flows, keeping a complicated set of fishing gear straight the the while and now and then dipping a hook into a riffle or disentangling it from some overhanging branch.

And it requires still more patience, and this of the variety only distributed among saints, to land a beauty; see him get free, as he reaches the bank, and, wriggling into the water, dart off so swiftly that you can only see a streak where he went, and then refrain from saying anything that, as Mark Twain says, could not be put into a Sunday school book without injuring the

prook trout, or Loch Leven trout, being getting that creel full of trout. And as

out lunch, without even a nip at somthing warm and invigorating, he will fish away as long as he is catching, counting the victims as they come in, and striving first to raise it to ten, then to 25, then to "Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful for any 100, and, finally, to 101, for no fisherman could go home with just an even hundred

#### Fruition And when the fish are all in, nicely overlaid with meadow grass, and arranged with the big ones on top, where they can be first seen by the friends he meets when he gets into town, he would not trade places with a king.

All that night he will see riffles bubbling before him, hear the musical purr of the mountain stream, and behold trout of assorted sizes dangling before his eyes. He will live over the experiences of the day. thinking how he might have got a coupla more out of this riffle or how he fished that one a little too long. And the next morning, when he goes down to breakfast, the smell of fried trout in his nostrils will round out and complete the greatest happiness he is capable of enduring, in this world,

#### BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS. Ben Hezzard's hut was smoky and cold,

Hen Hamard, half blind, was black and oM. And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold. Sometimes he sighed for a larger store Wherewith to bless the wandering poor: For he was not wise in worldly lor-The poor were Christ's, he knew no Twas very little that Ben could do, But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe, And only himself and the dear Lord knew. Mannyhile he must cobble with all his might For he walked by faith and not by sight, One night a cry from the window cam Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lan "Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say; "Give shelter and food, I humbly pray." Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head To listen. "'Tis awful cold," he said, And his old bones shook in his ragged bed, "But the wanderer must be comforted." Out from his straw he painfully crept, And over the frosty floor he stepped While under the door the snow wreaths swept.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried. As he opened the door and held it wide, A milk-white kitten was all he spied, Trembling and crying there at his feet, Ready to die in the bitter sleet. Hen Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down-The candles were out in all the town; The stout house-doors were carefully shut, Safe holted were all but old Ben's hut. "I thought that somebody called." he said: Some dream or other got into my head: Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed." But first he sought for a rusty cup, And gave his guest a generous sup. Then out from the storm, the wind and the sleet Truly, it was a terrible storm, Ben feared be should never more be warm But bust as he began to be dogy A voice called faintly before his door "Ren Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implored Give drink and a crust from out your Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes, And his full-moon face showed great surprise

Out from his bed he stumbled again 'Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said, With such as I have thou shalt be fed.' Only a little black dog he saw "Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have

But verily like a voice it seemed.
"Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone, "Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-

He went to the cupboard and took from the The bone that he had saved for his very self. Then, after binding the broken paw, Half dend with cold went back to his straw. Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,

His conscience was white, and again be slept. But again a voice called, both loud and clear; Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake

Once more he stood at the open door, And looked abroad, as he looked before. This time, full sure, 'twas a voice he heard; But all that he saw was a storm-toosed bird With weary pinton and beaten crest, And a red blood-stain on its snowy breast. "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said. Tenderly raising the drooping head, And, tearing his tattered robe apart, Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart. The sunrise fisabed on the anowy thatch, As an angel lifted the wooden latch. Hen woke in a flood of golden light, And knew the voice that had called all night. And steadfastly gazing, without a word, Beheld the messenger from the Lord. He said to Ben with a wondrous smile. (The three guests sleeping all the while,) "Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor, The humblest creatures that sought thy door, For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted." "Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said, With a rueful shake of his old gray head. Who giveth all of his scanty store In Christ's dear name, can do no more. Behold the Muster, who waiteth for the 'Given to them thou hast given to Me." Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Ament When at last he found him in his bed, With a smile on his face so strange and bright; He wondered what old Ben saw that night. Ben's lips were silent, and never told He had gone up higher to find his gold

one P. Marshall in the Animal World