

BROOK TROUT FEVER

HOW RAVAGES OF A SINGULAR SUMMER AILMENT ARE STAYED.

Fishing for "Speckled Beauties" in the Wilds of Michigan and for Trout in a Wurttemberg Brook.

Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

LES CHENEUX ISLANDS, Mich., Aug. 14.—While strolling on the dock in front of the hotel a few evenings ago, I heard a guide and a newly arrived tourist discussing brook and speckled trout. The tourist had a bad case of trout fever. He is afflicted with the disease every year, he said, and the only ameliorative is a trip to the wilds of Michigan, seven or eight hundred miles from his home.

There is no cure for trout fever. If the disease once enters the system its bacilli stay there for life. The germs may become encysted and remain dormant for years, but the mere sight of a trout or picture of one is sufficient to cause the disease to break out with consuming force. It is aggravated by the heat of summer and reaches its worst stage about vacation time, when the fevered temperature of the victim crawls up to the danger mark. It is then the wise doctor tells his patient he can do no more and turns the case over to nature. The "case" at once purchases a railway or steamship ticket and is soon speeding toward the cedars, pines and balsam firs that shade the trout-stocked, spring-fed brooks.

As I passed the guide and trout-fevered tourist the second time in my stroll the former was telling the latter about the big "speckled beauties" to be caught in a stream about twenty-five miles away and reached only by sail boat. Now, I knew this guide. Like all guides at fishing resorts, he had the dollar mania. His services were self-valued at \$ a day with row boat and \$10 with sailboat. He had promised to take me where I could lure a mighty muskungee from the depths of the channel connecting the island waters with Lake Huron. I did not get the fish, and that evening, as I paid him his unearned wage, he consolingly remarked that he thought it was too early in the season for muskungee to bite, but he was sure I could get any number if I came back in September. So when I came back in September, I went to the lake with a party to the out-of-the-way trout stream. I hesitated before replying. The expense for a three-day trip would be about \$50. This would include boat, tent, guide, cook, provisions and drinkables. The party was to be limited to four, making the cost \$125 for each member, not more, the guide said, if hotel bills in the meantime were deducted. My vacation was nearing an end, and as I had heard of brook fever by I finally decided to go with the party. Three days later the trout-fever victim, three others and the guide returned with just five and a half pounds of trout—not a profitable showing in either sport or fish for an outlay of \$125. I at a fair exhibit of evidence has a money value. This incident is related merely to show that guides don't always fulfill their promises and that the allaying of trout fever is sometimes an expensive job.

A SPECIMEN TROUT BROOK.

Many Indians daily make the rounds of the hotels, clubs and restaurants located on and about Les Cheneux Islands. They sell berries and fancy baskets, the latter made out of basswood, dyed in all shades. Some of the Indians act as guides and all know every trail in the woods. All paths are called trails here. By questioning some of the Indians I learned that there were several trout streams within five to eight miles of the hotel. Few people visited the nearest, they said, because it was small and had been fished to death a few years ago. The trail to it led through the dense woods at the rear of the hotel, and the brook could be found easily, so I determined. My case of trout fever at this time had developed to an acute stage. Thirty years ago, when a school-boy, I had lured the lordly brooklines from a stream near my home, and remembrance of the sport of those days had been within reach. So when I knew that there were fresh fish I lost no time in preparing to catch them.

An evening was spent in arranging tackle. The Boy and a couple of ambitious tourists from Pittsburgh wanted to take part in the sport. We took the trout stream by fly-casting club. I attached six-foot leaders to the wings of some imitation flies, laid in a stock of angle worms, and were ready. Next morning, after drawing on long rubber boots, we started from the trail was narrow, but fairly free from obstructions, and we reached the brook after an hour and a half of walking. Then the real work began. The brook was small, indeed, and almost completely hidden by live cedars and firs and by fallen trees. The weather was warm and sunny. The breath of air was stirring in the dense, brushy woods, and the mosquitoes were as numerous as sandflies on a warm spring evening. We decided to fish up stream. The Boy and I took one side and the Pittsburghers the other. Artificial flies could not be cast in the brook to them with the avidity trout did not rise to them with worms. Here I made no remark that I once belonged to a fly-casting club that did not permit its members to use any other lure than the worm, but at the second cast I hung both leader and flies in the limbs of a balsam fir. The flies remained there, and in disgust I fell back on angle worms. Taking a fly which had been robbed of its wings, I tied it to the leader and covered the exposed part of the hook body with a despoiled worm. I stealthily crawled to the bank of the brook and dropped the hook into a dark hole between two logs.

THE FIRST TROUT.

Quick as the hook touched the water there was a swirl, and the sharp jerk that almost pulled the short rod out of my hand. Then I realized there was a trout on my hook. It had taken the bait as soon as it saw it, and had darted away like a flash, pulling the six feet of leader and a part of the hook body into the water. I pulled, and the trout started back as fast as it went, but when it reached the open space between the logs I jerked it out with such force that it landed on the bank with a splash. It was a trout of five feet above me on the bank. I was of a tree. It is needless to say that I was excited. It was my first trout in thirty years, and, though it was only eight inches long, it was a "speckled beauty," as writers for sporting papers call the dainty denizens of the brook. I admired the beautiful scales for a few moments as the fish gleamed in the faint light; then I released the hook from its quivering body, laid it on a piece of thin birch bark and put it in the pocket of my fishing coat.

Meantime my companions on the opposite side of the brook had been industriously fishing each hole, but lacked success. The Boy tried to follow my example, but got only mosquito bites. The little peats had fallen in love with him, and were becoming so affectionate that they threatened to leave no part of his body untouched. Finally he gave up his time in the woods fighting his tormentors. Being protected with rubber wading pants, short mackintosh coat, buckskin gloves and thick cap, the mosquitoes could not attack me except on the face. I fought them with one hand and fished with the other. Until I had caught ten fair-sized trout. Then rain began to fall and the other members of the party invited on

returning to the trail. There we rested and ate our lunch under shelter of some large trees. The Boy and one of the Pittsburghers were ready to return home, having had no sport but all the experience they wanted in one day. By this time the rain had stopped, and my remaining companion and myself determined to fish the lower portion of the brook. Fallen trees were piled ten feet high in some places and we made slow progress, but wherever there was an accessible pool I managed to lure a trout of two from it, until, by the time my companion had become fagged out and disheartened by non-success, I had twenty-one "speckled beauties" to show for my work.

Next day the trout fever had not abated, and I started out again, this time with another Pittsburgher who knew more about selling coal than fishing. We took a trail that led to the mouth of the brook, hoping to find deeper holes and fewer fallen trees and brush. We found more water, also more trees, and after climbing over the latter for two or three hours, my companion grew hungry and we returned to the hotel. The trout did not seem to be hungry that morning, for I only secured four, the largest of which was less than ten inches long.

A BIG "SPECKLED BEAUTY."

The following morning, accompanied by an official of the Carnegie company, who had come north prepared to kill either bears, squirrels, muskungee, bass, pike, perch or trout, I started out again. This time we fished a new portion of the brook. It was even worse blocked with decaying trees than the other portions. Most of the logs were covered with moss, and some were so rotten they gave way when the least weight was placed on them. In consequence, we received a number of tumbles and several times narrowly escaped a southing in the icy waters of the brook. In one of the falls I sprained my left wrist, but continued to fish until the pain became so severe I was forced to surrender and return to the hotel. We brought back twenty-four trout. The longest measured thirteen inches, and it had given me more sport than any I had caught.

Soon after I sprained my wrist I found a pool about six feet wide and two feet deep, with logs across both ends and overhanging banks on the sides. I cast in my baited hook and drew out a seven-inch fish. I put on more bait and cast again. Before the hook touched the water something darted from underneath the bank on which I was standing. In less than a second the invisible silk-rod flexible rod stretched taut and the short, leaded rod was bent into a big curve. I had caught out of its hiding place, swallowed the bait and darted back under the bank. Fortunately, the pool was fairly free of brush and the roots by the edge of the bank were small. There was little danger of losing the fish if I could keep it from passing the logs at each end of the pool. The trout lay under the bank half a minute, and then made a dash for one of the logs. I checked its rush, and as the barb of the hook sank into its jaws it started for the other log. The trout and I repeated our tactics for a few minutes. Then, fearing the leader might give way under the strain, I steered the captive to a part of the bank that was free from brush and quickly lifted it out of the water. It was a big trout for the size of the brook, larger, the natives said, than any that had been caught in years. W. H. K.

MOUNTAIN TROUT.

An Indianapolis Man's Experience in Wurttemberg Stream.

Correspondence of the Sunday Journal. ULM, Wurttemberg, Aug. 5.—On the way to Munich we stopped off here to visit the cathedral. Being hungry, we turned aside from our purpose a moment, and passed into the dining room of a hotel. On being handed the card our eyes fell at once upon "Trout."

"Have you trout here?" "Oh, yes. Would you like one?" Of course, there was but one answer. Soon a big lusty fellow was brought on, well served—a meal for two hungry people. "Where did you get this?" "I got it from here." "Can I go a-fishing for trout here?" I asked. "Perhaps on Monday (it was Saturday evening) if you stay so long."

It took, of course, but a little time to negotiate a certainty. We remained. Early Monday morning we were off for the trout stream. The weather was flying. Yesterday we came out upon a broad valley rich with the golden harvest. On each side of the highway were rows of fruit trees, each tree being numbered. The fields were alive with harvesters—men, women and children—everybody was gathering the wheat, using reaping hooks and the like in the good, old-fashioned way. In less than an hour we reached the village of Seofdingen, on the banks of a pure, pretty, rushing stream, or brook, that comes down from the Alps. It is properly named—the Blau. It has its source in a deep pool, not far away in the mountains, called the Blautopf, and, escaping through a gorge, rushes down a narrow valley into the Danube. We had been directed to inquire in the village for the "fisher," who would lead us the way to the sport. He was not at home, and we set out to find him. As we pass about it is noticed that beautiful wreaths of flowers adorn the windows and walls of almost every house, and from the highest point in the village, the vines are flying. Yesterday was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Melsenburg, in which many men living here had been engaged, and they had a soldiers' reunion in commemoration of their victory. A man who happens not to be in the field for a moment, kindly undertakes to help us find the "fisher," and leads us through a fruit garden, then by the old walk of a cloister long since abandoned, and into the fields. Here is the "fisher." But we have no tackle. He has no flies. Are we to be disappointed after all? We press upon the "fisher" that he must not fail us, and we start back to the village with heavy hearts. As we pass along the country will be knocked loudly at an old cottage. Directly it is opened by a large, handsome, elderly man, and we are bid to enter. He is a brother of the "fisher." This brother took us into one of the rooms of the old cloister. The pictures on the walls, with one unfinished on his easel, at once gave assurance that he was an artist. He bade us sit down. Old snuff, pipes and a pipe were scattered about, and over the head was a striking portrait of one of the old communal brothers, but who or what was no one knows. As soon as the artist learns that we are Americans, who want to go fishing, his kind eyes light up with a glow of real interest and friendship. He brings out his rods, and gives me a couple of flies. He soon finds his fly hook, and puts on a "dropper" (a pretty hackle) on the leader. The weather is threatening. He turns to the barometer and assures us it will be a good day. Equipped and fully assured, we are now off for the sport.

As we pass out of the village a wedding party comes to the church, led by a band playing a merry air. The bride (all smiles) and orange flowers and groom are followed by their parents, relations and friends, going, no doubt, to the wedding breakfast. We turn now towards the mountains, all eagerness and delight. Just at the base of the foothills we made up for the purpose of using the water of the stream as pretty a pool as ever Isaac Walton himself would have desired. The water runs quite swiftly through the pool. The banks are hung here and there with willow copses, and long, sedgy grasses fall over the water's edge. We begin at the top of the pool and fish down. The rod

is strange and a little heavy. The flies are very small and the quarry is hard to bring from the mountain makes it hard at first to guide the fly. I can see disappointment grow on the "fisher's" face as I felt it in my heart. The wind lulls a little, and as best I can I drop the lure just under a clump of willows on the opposite bank. A rush, a swirl, a splash. It would not be easy to say which of the flies I count the trout as the most important one, indeed—was most agitated. Slowly but steadily and surely he is brought to bank. My companion reaches down with the landing net and gathers him in. He shouts with a real sportsman's glee at my success. It is needless to say I bore my honor with as much restraint as a real lover of the pure art of angling could command under the circumstances. I took the beautiful fish in my hand and admired both his colors and his size. He bore all the marks, including the deep red spots, of a pure mountain trout. And, as to size—I am entirely conscious of the weight given by people generally to piscatorial narrative. We had neither tape line nor scales. But by weighing the fish on a scale twelve inches in length and certainly weighed a pound.

The "fisher" had brought with us a light vessel which he used instead of a creel. He fills it with water and carries it on his back. We put the trout in and he hands me the rod again. But the appetite was gratified. The fever was passing off, and I expressed the wish that he take the next fish, which he did in the course of half an hour. Then I took another directly. We now had three, which would tip the beam of any honest scales at as many pounds. It was enough. We turned our backs to the mountains and started homeward. And over the hills and across the forest, through the clear air, the top of the spire of the great cathedral, the highest stone tower in the world. It fills the heart with delight, but not sweeter than the morning on the banks of the beautiful Blau. A. C. H.

TITUS'S GOOD WORK

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Bald Has Held First Place Since Early in June—Number of the Cracks Have Retired.

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Cabanne has displayed pluck in his ride this season which has won for him the admiration of all. Cabanne's fall at Hillon and his severe injuries at that time would have laid most men on the shelf. Cabanne rode a month on nerve alone, and came direct from a sick bed to Asbury Park to compete in the national championships. His severe falls at that time in the past, which he has overcome, and the feasting of the sorps caused by those falls, did not deter one iota from the pluck of the man, and he came West to race when most men would have remained in bed. His team mate, Fred J. Titus, is beginning to meet expectations, and with a few weeks more of a magnificent character becomes tied with Charlie Murphy for the third position. Titus did not win for a long time, but at no time was he discouraged. The lad was a steady and consistent performer last season, and is beginning to show form like that displayed in 1894.

Charlie Murphy is one of the great surprises of the season. Murphy is a veteran at the racing game, having been on the path almost without intermission, and racing constantly summer and winter. Murphy has seen hosts of good riders come and go, and has bobbed up serenely every year. He has improved steadily as the years advanced until to-day he can be ranked with the leaders. The early part of this season Murphy did nothing, and there were those who predicted his withdrawal from the path. What the veteran lacked was a trainer, and to his happy fortune in securing Billy Young may be attributed much of his luck.

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Women and Introductions.

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Bald Has Held First Place Since Early in June—Number of the Cracks Have Retired.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—Another week has passed, and there are but few changes in the percentage list. The field is closing. The coming week will see fewer changes still, as but few of the riders—less than a dozen, in fact—attended the Minneapolis and Madison meetings. The percentage table is figured. Edward C. Bald remains in the lead—a position he has held since early in June. Bald is a consistent performer, and the greatest competitive rider of the season thus far. The regular year is now half over. Bald has been big at every race since the first of April, and yet gives little sign of wearing out. He had one off week, but such come to all men at some time during the year.

Cabanne has displayed pluck in his ride this season which has won for him the admiration of all. Cabanne's fall at Hillon and his severe injuries at that time would have laid most men on the shelf. Cabanne rode a month on nerve alone, and came direct from a sick bed to Asbury Park to compete in the national championships. His severe falls at that time in the past, which he has overcome, and the feasting of the sorps caused by those falls, did not deter one iota from the pluck of the man, and he came West to race when most men would have remained in bed. His team mate, Fred J. Titus, is beginning to meet expectations, and with a few weeks more of a magnificent character becomes tied with Charlie Murphy for the third position. Titus did not win for a long time, but at no time was he discouraged. The lad was a steady and consistent performer last season, and is beginning to show form like that displayed in 1894.

Charlie Murphy is one of the great surprises of the season. Murphy is a veteran at the racing game, having been on the path almost without intermission, and racing constantly summer and winter. Murphy has seen hosts of good riders come and go, and has bobbed up serenely every year. He has improved steadily as the years advanced until to-day he can be ranked with the leaders. The early part of this season Murphy did nothing, and there were those who predicted his withdrawal from the path. What the veteran lacked was a trainer, and to his happy fortune in securing Billy Young may be attributed much of his luck.

NEW YORK EXCISE LAW

To Be Vigorously Enforced To-Day by Acting Chief of Police Conlin.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—The feature of this Sunday enforcement of the excise law by the police to-morrow will be the carrying out of Acting Chief of Police Conlin's orders, under which warrants will be asked for the arrest of every saloon keeper whose bartender is caught violating the law. Mr. Conlin says certain saloon keepers are defiant and think they hoodwink the police. "The respectable liquor dealers realize that they must obey the law sooner or later," said the chief to-day, "and are closing up their places on Sunday. The others want to put the police to as much trouble as they can, but we will get them. Under Sections 23 and 31 of the penal code the proprietor of a liquor store is responsible for the acts of his employees. If his bartender violates the law he will have to suffer the same as if he committed the violation himself. I have instructed the inspectors and commanding officers to get warrants on Monday for the arrest of every liquor dealer or beer saloon keeper in whose place an excise officer has been caught. The man will be able to bring some of these defiant liquor dealers to terms."

WALLOWING IN WEALTH.

Nebraska \$39,000,000 Richer Now Than This Time Last Year.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 17.—Nebraska is richer to-day than this time last year by at least \$39,000,000. At the most conservative estimate three of its grain crops are worth that figure. Two of them have already been gathered and the third is practically beyond danger. Of oats, 30,000,000 bushels are about ready to be marketed. They are selling in Nebraska at 15 cents per bushel, so that the crop is worth \$4,500,000. The corn crop has never been so large as this year. The wheat crop, at 50 cents per bushel is worth \$7,500,000. The corn crop is practically made. It is past the reach of harm by hot winds. Only a severe frost can now injure it. There is now \$30,000,000 in sight. At 15 cents per bushel this would be worth \$4,500,000. The people of Nebraska count on receiving 25 cents per bushel for their estimate of its value. Should they be correct the value of the State's corn crop for the year would be \$7,500,000, increasing the aggregate of the three crops named to \$12,000,000. That by no means represents the total of Nebraska's wealth of the State for the year. Sorghum, broom corn, potatoes, hay, alfalfa, sugar beets, common beans and other crops in great abundance have been gathered. These facts, as stated, are the result of an examination of the statistics covered more than 1,100 miles of Nebraska territory.

HUNTINGTON'S HOUSE.

A Railway Magnate Will Disregard Omens and Move Into His Palace.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Nearly five years ago Collis P. Huntington began the construction of a \$2,000,000 palace at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue. The work was to be completed in two years. It is not finished. First, there was trouble with the building department because of a bay window which extended too far into Fifth avenue. This quarrel was carried into the courts. There were other annoyances which destroyed all of Mr. Huntington's interest in the house. It has been said that he offered to sell the place as it stood to each of the half dozen New York bankers who are able to finance such an expensive house, but there was no sale. It has also been said that Mr. Huntington quit the project, believing that his death would occur soon after he began to live there. This rumor annoyed Mr. Huntington quite as much as the strikes, for it would not be laughed down so long as he did not occupy the house. Legends have been about the great granite pile and it bids fair to become a haunted house. But now decorators are at work and the building is ready to be occupied by Nov. at least. He and Mrs. Huntington have returned from Europe and wish to move in during October.

Women and Introductions.

Are men more democratic than women? Or are women merely more timid than men? A woman sat alone the other morning at a summer hotel breakfast table. Presently