

NOW FOR ANOTHER TRY AT THE TROUT

Advice for Anglers Who Are Going to the North Woods.

DEER BACK IN OLD HAUNTS

They Are Reappearing in the Forests of the Highlands of the Hudson.

Trout in the Northern Streams Less Educated in the Ways of the Angler Than Hereabouts—Outfit of the Fisherman Going to Camp in the Woods Tricks to Catch Shy Fish—Deer in the Hudson Highlands Again—Supposed to Have Come From the Tuxedo Park Preserve—Adventures of Hunters

"The streams of southern New England and New York, as well as those in the latitude of Pennsylvania, are getting more European every day, that is from the angler's point of view," said Uncle Ned Buckshaw. "I mean by this that the trout are getting educated up so that European methods, what we may admit as finer methods, employing smaller flies, lighter leaders and more caution, may now be said to obtain in these waters.

"In the real north woods, taken to mean northern New England and Canada, the trout are still fairly uneducated and crazy for the fly and the duffer fills his creel with ease and self-complacency, that is when they are on the feed. This is a debatable fact too often leads the expert to sneer, but this is unjust, for though when the fish are feeding eagerly the angler speedily gets tired of the sport, nevertheless even the keenest expert can find the will find all the sport he wants, either by waiting until the trout are not rising or by using very light tackle.

"If my young college friend is using three flies and getting one or two or even three at a cast and chortling in his tenderfoot glee I swing my lightest rod with delicate leader and one No. 10 or 12 fly or even much smaller and get some real classic sport out of landing one big one in that heavy water while he crawls over me with philistine derision. And let me tell you that I would rather be there where I have to wait for the trout to stop rising so eagerly than to walk up and down a stream for hours with only a rise every half hour.

"Again the north woods mean the wilderness and generally camping out. When one camps out he soon becomes a sportsman, because he cannot possibly use more than a very small percentage of the fish he nets and he speedily gets used to returning them to the water, to grow bigger and rejoice the heart of some other fellow.

"And just here let me expose one of my pet fads, which is to keep and eat the little chaps, which are better eating and little good for spawning, and throw back the large ones, which are less toothsome but which lay an enormous number of eggs. By the way it always seemed foolish to me for the authorities to protect the small lobsters and encourage the taking of the big for this very reason.

"The ancient question arises whether trout, once hooked and thrown back into the water, will live. The answer is yes, unless the gills are lacerated or the trout is otherwise seriously hurt. Most fish taken on the fly are hooked in the cartilages of the mouth, which have no nerves; and if the trout is handled delicately while the fly is extracted it will get off with nothing more than a fright, which is a very slight thing, a trout entirely proved by the well known fact that trout very often strike again soon after having been hooked and netted.

"Some anglers have asserted that the educated trout of our Southern waters are not so apt to do this, but there is no question as to the habit in the north. One cannot argue from a single case, but the following is one of many in my experience.

"My friend Charlie was fishing a deep pool with worm and suddenly called out to me that a big fellow had taken his hook and sinker. For the fun of it I walked round to his stand, cast a few times with my Montreal fly and not ten minutes afterward hooked and landed the fish with the hook in his mouth and the sinker and a piece of leader attached.

"And now let us suppose that you are that wise and fortunate man who elects to spend his vacation at one end of a fishing rod in the north country, say the Adirondacks or Maine or New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. What tackle and personal outfit shall be taken along from home?

"The first thing to note is that tackle shops are not common along the streams and lakes of the wilderness; therefore take what you will need, including spare articles. Of course you may borrow the favorite rod and choicest flies of your club after you are broken and lost, but the affair will not gain you any popularity.

"If you are an old and enthusiastic angler you will have rods by the dozen, and at least two rods, both made of split cane, not shedding on early spring trip, and one or two more as you go on. A good one for you, being a heavy one, and the others, being light, being a complete rod and a pair of moccasins for camp use.

"Gloves too big for you, furnished with wristers that close with elastic, are for the flies in spring and for the same purpose is a head net of black silk or blue, which will keep you cool. It is kept in the bag, and transferred when needed to little pocket oil cans, enough for the daily use.

"A suit of light yachting oilskins should be taken on a canoe trip in spring and you had better bring your own paddle.

RETURN OF THE DEER

Seen Again in the Highlands of the Hudson and the Tuxedo Hills

"Scarcely less interesting than the recent reappearance of the beaver in the Hudson Highlands, New York, is the return of the deer to the Hudson Highlands and the Tuxedo Hills. Said a man who lives in that part of the State: "The native wild deer had for years been as extinct in the Highlands as the beaver, the bear

and the wild turkey. Only a few men now living remember when they roamed the mountains in any numbers.

"But the deer have come back and are increasing so rapidly that scarcely a resident of the mountain country but has some tale to tell of an encounter with them. As they do not infrequently cross the Hudson from mountain to mountain they have even been seen by travellers on river steamers and trains and a number have been run into by locomotives and killed.

"Only a few days ago I came down to the dock at Fort Montgomery just in time to hear the engineer on the morning train call out to the fireman that a large deer was coming around the bend of the river on the ice drift. Within short time the animal came into view. As he neared the shore the ice cake broke under him and he was seen to fight his way to land through the fies and escape up the side of Anthony's Nose.

"About an hour later a second deer floated up the river, and I was told that a third was seen later in the day. This may have been the second one coming back on the ebb tide. He was not seen to land.

"That afternoon I happened to be going over the Timp Pass and stopped to see a friend. He told me that that morning about 7 o'clock his son and a neighbor encountered a deer at the point where the Hole Creek enters Doolittle's Right. The deer had come down from the direction of Dunderberg, pursued by two dogs. His tongue was hanging out and his mouth covered with froth, and he was all in. He had at first approached them, as though for protection, then started to cross the mouth of the creek.

"The tide was low and the deer became mired. The two men ran toward him, thinking to help him out, but he beat about so wildly with his forefeet that they were afraid to approach too closely. Finally he escaped and made his way toward the western edge of Iona Island.

"The men ran to the nearest farmhouse for guns to shoot, not the deer but the dog, for there is a heavy fine for shooting deer in that section. Later they found the deer, which was a doe, in company with a stag, on the island, and they believe that they are the animals which were seen floating up the Hudson shortly afterward, having run out on the shore ice, which had broken off and carried them out into the stream.

"A little further up the Hudson there was an encounter with these animals last summer which was more exciting. The story was told me by a witness. Three deer came down the clove between Storm King and Cro' Nest and plunging into the river started to swim to the opposite shore. The sight was so unusual that the members of the aqueduct engineering force in the shanty at the mouth of the Storm King shaft telephoned the news to the engineers at the Breakneck shaft across the river, and told them to watch out for the deer.

"The engineers at the Breakneck shaft when they saw the animals approaching decided to lasso them and a hasty requisition was made on the storehouse for the necessary rope. As the three deer approached the shore they divided. Two veered to the north, making for a spot just to the west of the city canal, and the third, which was a doe, veered to the south of the tunnel, and he was immediately tackled by the waiting engineers, who managed to drop a noose over his head. Then the deer had his ining putting up such a game fight that he finally got away from his captors after kicking one of them in the face and breaking his jaw.

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"Officers of the steamer Emeline, which plies between Newburgh and Haverstraw, have reported seeing swimming deer, as have those of several other vessels. In the interior of the hills one hears all kinds of stories.

"Two men driving through the mountains back of Tomkins Cove were startled by a buck jumping over a fence and running behind their logs. They followed them at a distance for a long way, as though for protection from his pursuing enemies.

"A man hunting on Jimmie Stalter's Mountain along the Cedar Pond Brook Valley fired at a grouse his dog had started, when a deer jumped out of the brush and almost immediately killed the deer. One of the oldest hunters of the region, who is wintering at Popolo's Pond, said the other day that he had seen five deer come out of the woods there one morning last year.

"They have invaded the outlying settlements and larger towns also, coming out on the farming-land quite close to Peekskill, and one day a few years ago a deer came down the main street near Spring. Several have crossed the road near the post office at Fort Montgomery and two or three passed several nights in the woods around the ruins of the old fortification, it is said.

"By all odds the most interesting incursion of this kind is the case of the deer which came up as far as Newburgh last July, stopping on Broadway, one of the main business streets. Pursued by men, boys and dogs, the terrified animal bolted through a glass in the front door of a drug store and smashed a plate glass mirror and one of the show cases, scattering drugs and chemicals right and left.

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"How came the Highlands to be populated once more with an animal beyond all question had been absolutely extinct there and where did these deer come from? It is just possible that some might have escaped from the Tuxedo Hills, or the same mountain group in Massachusetts and Connecticut; it would be no great feat for a deer to travel the distance involved. Similarly they might have come into the Highlands from the direction of Pennsylvania or Sullivan county. But this possibility is remote, and it is to be noted that it is only in very recent years that they have appeared at all.

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"A resident at Beaver Pond says that in his opinion they would increase much more rapidly were it not for the fact that they are being constantly run by dogs, not only by those of the residents of the mountains but especially by the numerous dogs which have run off into the hills and are owned by nobody. There is considerable complaint against those tramp

dogs by the native hunters and their worrying of all the wild game is unaccountable.

"A number of men working at Highland Lake, cleaning out underbrush on the new State Park tract, heard a hound bark and saw a fox jump over the side of Bear Mountain a couple of weeks ago. "There goes Smith's dog after a fox again," said one of them. "I hear that found running foxes almost every day in the woods."

"But when the men came back from their dinner, which they had eaten down the outlet of the lake a way, they found tracks where a deer in their absence had come down the mountain, crossed the lake, followed the State road a short distance and then cut down through the woods and gone into the river. That was probably the fox which the hound had been crying.

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"About an hour later a second deer floated up the river, and I was told that a third was seen later in the day. This may have been the second one coming back on the ebb tide. He was not seen to land.

"That afternoon I happened to be going over the Timp Pass and stopped to see a friend. He told me that that morning about 7 o'clock his son and a neighbor encountered a deer at the point where the Hole Creek enters Doolittle's Right. The deer had come down from the direction of Dunderberg, pursued by two dogs. His tongue was hanging out and his mouth covered with froth, and he was all in. He had at first approached them, as though for protection, then started to cross the mouth of the creek.

"The tide was low and the deer became mired. The two men ran toward him, thinking to help him out, but he beat about so wildly with his forefeet that they were afraid to approach too closely. Finally he escaped and made his way toward the western edge of Iona Island.

"The men ran to the nearest farmhouse for guns to shoot, not the deer but the dog, for there is a heavy fine for shooting deer in that section. Later they found the deer, which was a doe, in company with a stag, on the island, and they believe that they are the animals which were seen floating up the Hudson shortly afterward, having run out on the shore ice, which had broken off and carried them out into the stream.

"A little further up the Hudson there was an encounter with these animals last summer which was more exciting. The story was told me by a witness. Three deer came down the clove between Storm King and Cro' Nest and plunging into the river started to swim to the opposite shore. The sight was so unusual that the members of the aqueduct engineering force in the shanty at the mouth of the Storm King shaft telephoned the news to the engineers at the Breakneck shaft across the river, and told them to watch out for the deer.

"The engineers at the Breakneck shaft when they saw the animals approaching decided to lasso them and a hasty requisition was made on the storehouse for the necessary rope. As the three deer approached the shore they divided. Two veered to the north, making for a spot just to the west of the city canal, and the third, which was a doe, veered to the south of the tunnel, and he was immediately tackled by the waiting engineers, who managed to drop a noose over his head. Then the deer had his ining putting up such a game fight that he finally got away from his captors after kicking one of them in the face and breaking his jaw.

"Meanwhile the two other deer had landed and a group of men had cornered them between two buildings, as they thought, but the deer jumped over a high fence and made off into the woods of Breakneck.

"Several times West Shore trains have proved too fast for deer which ventured on the tracks, a statement which may be questioned by commuters on that road. Two or three years ago one was killed near Haverstraw and later a locomotive ran one down at Iona Island. In both cases Game Protector Kidd came down from Newburgh and saw to it that the deer were at once buried.

"Officers of the steamer Emeline, which plies between Newburgh and Haverstraw, have reported seeing swimming deer, as have those of several other vessels. In the interior of the hills one hears all kinds of stories.

"Two men driving through the mountains back of Tomkins Cove were startled by a buck jumping over a fence and running behind their logs. They followed them at a distance for a long way, as though for protection from his pursuing enemies.

"A man hunting on Jimmie Stalter's Mountain along the Cedar Pond Brook Valley fired at a grouse his dog had started, when a deer jumped out of the brush and almost immediately killed the deer. One of the oldest