TACKLING THE TROUT.

The Experience of a Party of Piscatorial Artists in New Hampshire.

Pork and Trout and Trout and Pork as a Steady Diet.

A Mosquito Remedy—How it was Applied and How it Worked.

The following well written account of a summer holiday in New England was written for the BAZOO by one of Sedalia's most prominent citizens:

Near a score of years ago I had often heard of people catching trout "as fast as they could haul 'em out;" I had often been assured of the plausibility of such a fact, but I had my doubts. I knew I had fished for trout and never 'hauled 'em out' at all, and so I was a skeptic as to any such proceedings as enthusiastic anglers from the north of the granite state had repeatedly affirmed to have been within their daily experience. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, I determined to try for myself.

There were three of us: our baggage as follows: item, one bottle of gin, two shirts: item, one bottle schnapps, two pair stockings: item, one bottle Scheidam, one pair fishing-pants: item, bottle genuine Aromatic, by Udolph Wolfe, name on the wrapper, without which the article is fictitious; one pair extra boots: item, one bottle extract juniper berry; one bottle brandy, long and wide, prescribed by scientific skill for medicinal purposes. Also rods, flies, tackle in abundance, and a supply of gin; in addition, each of us had a quart flask in our pockets, containing gin. We also had some gin inside, when we started.

Thus prepared, we started by rail from where the gin was purchased for Littleton, which we reached in the afternoon.

Littleton was a large and flourishing community, composed chiefly of ephemeral stage-drivers, black-legs, and acute landlords, who play poker with unsuspecting travelers over night, to whom they lend money in the morning to pay their tavern bills.

We did not abide in Littleton. We procured a wagon and two horses, or rather, about one and a half, and set forth, about 3 p. m.

As soon as we reached the highway, and were clear of the surrounding houses, I obtained my first view of New Hampshire scenery.

Back of us lay the lofty summits of the White mountains, Washington, Lafayette and Adams, towering above the rest, as these illustrious names among mankind. At the distance of twenty to thirty miles their well-defined outlines rose against the sky in solemn, gloomy grandeur, and their immense presence seemed to annihilate the space that intervened.

I had been in the habit of thinking that my own native western New York was the most beautiful country upon God's earth, and, indeed, in richness of foliage and verdure, in brilliancy of color, I know of none that surpassed it.

In the spring-time of the year, when everything is bursting forth in vigorous life; when the trees bud in fearless defiance of frost, and flowers bloom in bright profusion; when the corn transcends all limits of respectable growth, and the grain starts its tender shoots before the snow is quite gone; and in later summer, when the golden harvest is ripe for the sickle, and, swayed by the gentle wind, the vast field rolls like the billows of the sea; with the cultivated garden, the farm with its barns of plenty and its presses bursting with new wine; the plain with its velvet grass, the hill-side with its luxuriant vine, nature presents no lovelier sight than meets the eye, and gladdens the heart of the dweller in the Empire state.

Still, such scenery conveys no impression of the vast or grand, for the horizon is limited in its view. But among the mountains of the eastern states, the landscape stretches away before you for miles upon miles, with lakes, streams and rivers, villages and farms, spread out in one great picture. But however beautiful the sight, the sun began to get hot, and ideas of sentiment rapidly vanished, and soon arriving at one of those cool springs that burst forth from the hill-side at every few rods, we stopped to refresh our parched constitutions.

The second day's ride brought us to Colebrook, where the reign of pork begins. And here let me say a word of this staple commodity of the "rural districts."

After you get up into this country, you see nothing but pork. Not fresh pork, (shades of Elial defend us!) but salt pork that has been pickled, brined and put away in a barrel. They chiefly fry it, when it resolves itself into grease and scraps, and [illegible] into a compound of liquid grease, and a tough substance, resembling underdone sole-leather, nutritive but not attractive. They fry pork for breakfast, they do the same for dinner, and are not original in the point of supper. They fry it with potatoes; sometimes they fry it in a skillet: I believe they use it in their tea. For two mortal weeks, we had nothing but pork, until we got among the trout, and then we had trout and pork, and pork and trout, and pork, trout with, or without trout, and trout with, or without pork, according to the taste and fancy of the person porking or trouting, either or both respectively.

At Colebrook, as I said, we began on pork. It was the first I had experienced, and I thought it considerably great. Subsequent events, however, succeeded in eradicating that notion from my bosom.

Leaving Colebrook, we started for the Dixville Notch. We enquired the state ot the route before starting, and were informed that, 'in some places, it wasn't as good as others,' which was about the extent of the information to be obtained. The people of New Hampshire are remarkably cautious in their statements, and not at all prone to exaggeration, and we learned that our route was in some places a little rough; we thought to have a comparatively easy time of it. But shades, and ministers of grace defend us! People surrounded by the comforts of civilized life can have no idea of what roads are, or rather, what a road can be, if it only has a mind to. In the first place, it is like going up and down the side of a house. In going down a steep pitch, a bottle was jolted out of the rear of the wagon, and fell over the horses heads. That's a fact! I have the affidavits: In addition, the way was impeded by immense granite boulders, a number of feet one way, and as many the other, which seemed to have been shaken out of a bag, with the profusion of a pepper-box. Then again, there was no road to speak of at all, it having been abandoned, as we afterward learned, some ten years past; the rain also had washed out deep gullies, where your wheels are on each side, and your horses down below, underneath the wagon. But the crowning feature is the bridges.

Bridges here are made to let people through into the water; for that purpose they have large holes in them, loosely covered with brushwood, and when the unwary traveler steps upon it, he is seen no more, and when they can't get holes big enough, they have immense logs rotted to the proper point, and when you step upon them, the log caves, as it were, and you then perceive the exact purpose for which the structure was intended, as above stated. We came to one of these bridges, and two of us, having some idea relative to personal safety, declined crossing in the wagon, and got out to see it go down, and sure enough, when the near horse got in the middle, away went the whole concern, and the animal went through into the bottom of the creek.

It was not, however, so deep, but that by a judicious use of his forelegs, he could crawl out of the hole through which he went down, and he came out on terra firma a wet, and, to some extent, an agitated quadruped.

This may not, perhaps, be interesting to the uninitiated, but one who has not witnessed cannot conceive how how funny it looks, to be driving a pair of horses, and suddenly see one disappear to the extent of about one-half, his fore legs pawing in the air, and his hind legs somewhere else, not immediately visible, the general effect being that of an attempt to climb a tree, without any immediate prospect of success. No accident, however, happened, and no other inconveniences than that of one or more legs going through every bridge we crossed.

The next day we reached the falls of the Androscoggin, but had not yet attained the trouting region. We took a boat, and guide, loaded in our traps, and put out for the Megalloway. This river is crooked beyond any power of description; it is a practical exemplification of the ways of the evil one. One minute the sun is behind you; the next, ahead; then right and left, cross the middle, up and down in every imaginable position. You have to row three miles to get anywhere, if it isn't more than twenty rods off. We reached the lower landing at the farm where we stopped, and it was about an eighth of a mile by land, and two miles and a quarter by the river, to the house. Water is not a speedy means of locomotion in northern New Hampshire.

Our first day's fishing was in the Diamond river, and a good time we had of it. I tried to keep my feet dry, till I tumbled in, and then I stayed in.

The water here is rapid, and the stream full of rocks, on which you step, and in you go; this is invariable.

In fishing for trout, two things are to be observed: first, you must fall [illegible] in the water, and secondly, break your rod. N. had broken his before he started, and soon, in he went, up to his neck. To tumble down in a stream, like the Diamond, besides being inconvenient, is confusing; the water carries you off your feet, and bumps you against the rocks; its roar deafens you, and you think you are going to drown; your fishing basket goes one way and tackle another, and you regain your feet with a general sense of damp, to hear your friends laughing at you.

In this day's fishing, we caught about seventy-five pounds of trou among four of us. At night we re turned, quite well tired, to the farm house, which was our temporary abode. We had fried pork for supper. I believe I stated that they had pork in this country. We then went to bed, or rather to mosquitoes. There were four of us, with two beds in a room, which, so far from David Copperfield's being able to swing a cat in it, he couldn't have performed that feat with a kitten.

Having prepared ourselves for repose, out went the candle, and in came the mosquitoes. N—had brought with him a decoction prepared by some medical friend, which was to keep off these invidious insects. It smelt strongly of spearmint, and unclean oil. It worked, however, like a miracle, for the mosquitoes would light on our faces, and their feet would stick fast in the stuff—it had an extract of tar in it for that purpose—and by the time a small troop were thus entrapped, then you had music. Anon you would hear H— give a rousing clap, and with an expletive state: 'There! I missed him!' So we rolled and tossed, till finally N— burst out laughing, wanting to know if I was awake.

Sleep being impossible, we lit our pipes and sat up in bed to take a smoke. Jokes were cracked, stories were told, and we made night, up in that room, comparatively hideous. Next morning we learned that there was a sick baby down stairs, and the supposition in the family was, that our noise hadn't helped its colic any. That house will not soon fade from our memory. We slept in an attic, where the roof slanted down over the heads of the beds, so that it was not ten inches above the pillow; the roof was innocent of lath, plaster, or any of those little amenities that tend to make existence endurable.

Rustic ingenuity, upon the rafters over-head, had pinned, in the character of wall-paper "certain emanations of the press," among which were the Christian Herald, Boston Post, and New Hampshire Patriot. The strong point of this contrivance was, that all manner of bugs, spiders, and other creeping things, seemed to assemble in convention in the silent watches of the night, and essayed the climbing of these papers, which being rather much inclined, rendered the task of the insects difficult; but perseverance seemed to be a predominant trait, for all night long we heard these reptiles scratching, scraping and rustling up and down the paper, at the agreeable distance of about a foot from our heads. Occasionally a spider more adventurous than the rest would drop down by his web and alight on our faces, but he generally beat a precipitate retreat.

Then, too, there was a death-watch near the headboard, and he kept up his dismal ticking as long as we were conscious. This death-watch is an abominable nuisance. Its regular, monotonous, unceasing beat, heard in fearful proximity about 11 o'clock at night, when everybody else is asleep, is enough to drive a nervous man crazy. I would rather have six pounders fired off at me all night.

However, morning at last came, and we consulted as to what course should be taken, whether to turn homeward and fish our way back, or strike further north. We finally concluded to adopt the latter course. We procured a guide, got a wagon, left most of our luggage, took a change of raiment, all the gin, and then started. We rode about six miles to a house, which was the last one upon the extremities of civilization. From this place we were to walk over a "carry," stated to be about a mile and a half long, but was nearly six. So we packed our traps on our backs. Our guide carried all our camp equipage. N— had a fishing basket with the gin in it; the carpet-bag with our vestments, an ax, a rifle, a skillet, a bag of salt, a chunk of pork—they have pork in this country—some wet matches, and an overcoat; the rest of us followed with such articles as remained, piled on in a promiscuous manner.

This was my first experience in "carrying" the generic wore for this sort of business, and I must be allowed to state, that as a general proposition, I do not like this species of locomotion, either in point of speed or comfort. The day was hot, and such a road! Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of any man to conceive. It was up hill and through bogs and swamps; over fallen trees; encountering impenetrable thickets. A wagon path had formerly been cut through the woods, as though some one had entertained the idea that such a route might be traveled by beasts of burden, in connection with some kind of vehicle; if such a notion was ever conceived, we can only be amused at the simplicity of the individual. The path was infested with immense rocks that were smooth and slippery with moss, and when you put your foot on them, down you went, and when you were down, the musquitoes had you; for though when you were in motion, their attacks were suspended, yet, if you stopped, they came at you with renewed vehemence, slipping and falling, when you are fresh and light, is not of much consequence, but when you are tired out, and have an hundred pounds on your back, it's a fearful joke. I had trudged on till, through fatigue, I had become just desperate, and would not have made any exertion to save life itself. I stepped on the point of a stone, it was treacherous, and myself, pork and all, reposed softly in the morass. The mud was knee deep; exhausted nature had spent all her energies; I could not move hand nor foot; the musquitoes assailed me in legions; through an opening in the trees; the sun poured down his relentless rays; I thought my time had come, and memory, unconsciously reverting to the days of childhood, I was about beginning 'Now I lay down'—when I heard N— on ahead exclaiming, at the top of his voice, in all the consciousness of immense and impregnable strength:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood."

It would have afforded me satisfaction there and then to have knocked his head off. We accomplished the end, nevertheless, and reached the bank of the Illegalloway just above the falls, to avoid which, we had passed the 'carry.'

We found here, a little flat-bottomed boat, about fourteen feet long, and amply sufficient to carry a pound of butter and a dozen eggs, and when the guide told us that we were all to go in that cockle-shell, I proceeded to narrate to him a legend relating to three individuals of age and experience, who are reported to have dwelt in the state of New York, and who set forth upon a certain journey by water, in a class of sailing-craft not popularly in vogue among mariners, and with regard to whom it is confidently asserted that if their means of conveyance had been of a more permanent character, their traditionary reminiscences would have been prolonged.

Our guid, however, assured us that the week before, the same frail bark had brought down four men, with a moose they had killed, and somewhat reassured, but still with fear and trembling, we loaded our luggage. The vessel sank in the water to within three inches of her gunwale, and we had to keep the trim so nicely adjusted, that if you winked one eye without the other, you were in imminent danger of upsetting.

Once fairly started, thoughts of danger vanished, and our little boat glanced over the water at a refreshing rate. The river was perfectly still, with no current, and its smooth surface only broken by the leap of the trout, and the splashing start of the frightened wild-duck. High mountains arose on either side, and the river banks were lined with scrubby pine and birch, whose interlaced boughs rendered passage impervious except to the denizens of the forest.

Our point of destination was a place called Beaver Brook, some two miles up the stream, where it was supposed that trout would be found. We reached there about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sport then began in earnest. In my time I have fished, as it may be, considerably. I have fished for various specimens of the finny tribe; I have essayed cod in Boston harbor, and herring and mackerel on the sea-coast; I have fished in many streams for trout in Massachusetts and Connecticut; I have taken salmon in the Ohio, trout in Mackinaw and Minnesota, and bobbed for whale on the coast of Florida, but I had not reached the acme of fishing. As before stated, I had heard all sorts of "fish stories" from persons who had explored the northern regions; I had listened to their statements with silent acquiescence, but inwardly distrusting; but when the reality came, there was no exaggeration that could at all come up to the simple fact. Innocent stranger thou who readest these lines, perhaps you never caught a trout. If so, thou knowest not for what life was originally intended. Thou art a vain, insignificant mortal! pursuing shadows, Ambition lures thee, fame dazzles, wealth leads thee on panting! Thou art chasing spectres, goblins, that satisfy not. If thou hast not caught a trout, this world is to thee, as yet, a blank; existence is a dream. Go and weep. Come with me, and thou shalt see for what man was made.

Thou shalt learn for what those faculties were given that thou art wasting on minor objects. The brook rolls brightly before thee; the forest is deep and wild, and its branches hang over the stream; it leaps on with silvery laughter, like youth that bounds joyfully to the dark ocean of age. Its smooth waters dash against the rocks and become brawling foam, as broken hopes are turned to raging passions. It darts through narrow places, over opposing obstacles, as untiring energy bursts its way through untried and devious paths. It gathers in quiet pools, and returns in gentle eddies up the stream, as the thwarted purpose, the disappointed wish, recoils upon itself, or settles into sluggish apathy. Now, put up your pole, and take your first trout, poor innocent. Rig on your fly; not that great, big, red thing—put on that little gray one with the small hook. Don't you know that a trout is the daintiest, most delicate fish that swims? You pitch at him a bait as big your fist, and he'll turn up his nose in disgust; but just cover the point of your hook with the smallest possible piece of worm, or take the smallest fly, and he'll go at it like a shark. Now, do you see that dark object off yonder, lying by the side of that stone—that's about a pound and a half; we'll have him. Pitch in your fly, and skip it over the water lively; not that way—that's down the stream; cast your fly up. If you had any sense, which you haven't, you would know that trout always lie with their heads up stream; and if you cast down stream, in the first place they'll see you and won't bite, and if they do you'll pull the hook right out of their mouths; but if you throw up stream they bite faster, and you have a better chance of striking your barb through their gills. There! your fly touches the water; see those fellows jump at it; but those are little fellows, and don't weigh more than a quarter of a pound. Follow N—'s suggestion, and put up a notice on the bank: small trout are requested not to bite.

Now heave again. See there! That was a pretty jump he made; but he missed. Try him once more and you'll strike. Now he's on; let your reel run; there he goes up stream. How nicely he springs out of the water; he's got frightened, and don't know what is the rumpus. Reel him in a little; don't pull too hard, or you'll break your pole; you see it's bent double already. Just hold him tight enough to guide him, and he'll tire himself out in a few minutes; he can't stand it long, dashing about at this rate. Don't get too much excited, or he'll fool you yet. When you strike a fish you must be cool and collected. You see they are of an excitable temperament, and when they get the barb into their mouths they become agitated; they are also gamey, and make a good fight, and consequently, if you are anywise rash, and attempt to get them in too soon, ten to one you'll break your line. Now you see the rascal has started down stream for the river, and thinks if he gets into deep water he'll be out of the way. Let him slide; let you reel go out it's full length. Now he's still; he don't feel you pull, and thinks he's safe. Begin and reel him up. Now he's waked up again worse than ever. Don't he go pretty! Just hold him steady up the stream, and as his mouth is wide open he'll drown soon; because, if you drown a trout he thereby becomes dead, and when dead, is in a perfectly passive state. See, his struggles are becoming feebler and feebler; you'll have him soon. Be patient: Now he's still; pull him up to the side of the boat and take hold of him just behind the gills. There, isn't he a beauty: Don't those bright spots and silver stripes go to your heart! Don't you wish you were as good-looking as a trout? Wouldn't you captivate your friends?

The shades of eve begin to fall. I sit in the foot; N— a little below; H— above. It is still as night, except the repeated splash of fish as they rise at the fly, or as they struggle in vain attempt to escape.

I have at various times in various places, made various statements with regard to our success upon that particular afternoon, none of which have as yet been believed. Friends, of whom I had a right to expect better things, have upon occasions winked knowingly when I have narrated my experience; some have laughed outright; some have remarked unreservedly that that was a 'fish story.' Others have detected seeming inconsistencies, and irreverently asked for explanations; and again it has been inquired which was the trout, and which was the gin. I therefore will content myself with the following statement, made upon honor, that in a very short time we caught a very large number of fish. While we were fishing, our guide was pitching our tent. Our guide was a great institution; he was a complete backwoodsman. With an ax he could do or make anything in the world. I believe he could make a watch with that ax. He could chop down a tree in no time, and in the tree he'd find a coon, or a nest of

Concluded on Seventh Page.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

Popular illustrated book (200 pages) on MANHOOD! WOMANHOOD! MARRIAGE! Impediments to Marriage; the cause and cure. Sent *securely sealed*, post-paid, for 50 cents, by DR. C. WHITTIER, 617 St. Charles Street, St. Louis, Mo., the great specialist. Read his [illegible]

Beware OF *Fraud*

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. BENSON'S CORN AND BUNION PLASTER.