

over the spot, but there was no response. The surface of the water was as smooth as a mirror, and I could see half a dozen feet down, and not a sight of fish was there. Just as I began to get discouraged, a slight breeze sprung up and a slight ripple ruffled the surface of the lake. On it swept toward our position, and just as it struck us my flies were upon the water.

"I hardly knew what happened, it all came so quickly; but suddenly there was a thundering splash, I struck unconsciously, and a moment later my line was cutting the water and the reel clicking like mad, as a mighty force look it straight out into the lake. Twenty feet it went and then I got control, and ten minutes later two as handsomely marked pound trout as one could wish to see were floundering in the net. Things looked interesting, and I made a second cast with confidence, and again the water boiled, and a little later three fish, weighing a trifle under a pound, were alongside of the rock and netted after several attempts. Again I cast and again the fish rose and so on until I began to return the fish to the water because we had no use for them.

"Just then it occurred to me that I'd try a change of flies and see if there wasn't a big one there, waiting for something in the way of a delicacy. With the breeze the sky had clouded and I thought that a much abused fly, a 'yellow may,' might work. I had several beauties in my book, for I pin my faith on this lure when all others fail.

"Once or twice the fly glided across the water and then suddenly a monstrous fish leaped clear out of the water, took the fly and dove deep down into the lake. Out went the line in spite of my efforts to restrain it straight down into that bottomless lake, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy feet. It seemed that the fish would never stop, but at last I turned him, and he made a bee line for shore, then came to the surface a hundred feet away, broke and dove again, sounding and refusing to budge for a few minutes.

"Gradually I managed to draw in the line, and get the fish closer, but it was a hard fought and uncertain battle for half an hour. At the end of that time he was breaking water with some frequency, and twenty minutes later he came up along side the big rock belly up, stone dead. He had died game and the guide lifted him out safely of the water by the gills.

"He was a beautiful speckled trout. Five pounds and four ounces he weighed that day on the little pocket scales which we carried, and he hasn't grown an ounce since, contrary to the usual custom. I've a birch bark outline of the beast in my study, which will bear this out.

"We stayed our week out there, and had good sport—all the trout we wanted every day—but most of them weighing from a pound to a pound and a half, with one three-pounder and another a trifle smaller.

"I've fished a good deal for twenty seasons, and I have gone in many times since after the same sport in the same place, but I have never seen the trout before or since when they rose in triples and doubles at every cast, and when

they could be caught in endless numbers. I've caught my share of big ones on the fly, but most of them weighed less than three pounds, and I shall remember that day's sport at Little Dingley as long as life and memory last."

AT THE HARVARD.

House is Comfortably Filled and New Guests Being Welcomed.

There are few departures at The Harvard and new guests are coming to enjoy May. The house is comfortably filled and will be for some weeks to come.

AMONG THE GUESTS.

Mrs. Otto Wagner, and Otto Wagner, Jr., New York City, are spending some weeks here.

Mrs. B. S. Edwards, Miss Helen Edwards, and Miss Anne K. Edwards, LaCrosse, Wis., made their second visit of the season during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Clark, Monticello, N. Y., come for several weeks sojourn.

Rev. R. Stuyvesant, New York, is among the weeks arrivals.

Recent guests include: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harvey, Mrs. H. A. Harley, Miss Gertrude Harley, and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brigham, Bridgeport, Conn.

OPEN AIR LUNG EXERCISE.

Longevity and Happiness are the Result of It.

Every inch added to the chest means more vitality. One can live for days without food or waters; without air one will die in a moment. This shows the great necessity of oxygen to the system. Remember also that oxygen burns away fat.

Here is a breathing exercise that can be practiced during the daily walk. Inhale, filling the lungs, while walking five steps; hold the breath during the next five steps; exhale, completely emptying the lungs, during the next five steps. Now inhale during six steps hold the breath the next six, exhale six more. Continue the exercise, increasing the number of steps each time. After a few weeks you can use 15 steps.

Try to breathe deeply at all times—that is, make both inhalations and exhalations longer in time. Do not breathe with the abdomen, as most fleshy people do, as this increases its size. Use the diaphragm or lower chest in breathing—*Harper's Bazar.*



How the Tiff Started.

He—Did you see about the baboon who carries \$25,000 life insurance?

She—Oh, Charles, how thoughtful of you!—*N. Y. Sun.*



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