

THIS IS GREAT SPORT

DUCK SHOOTING AT THE LOWER END OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

A Visit to Whitefish Bay, Where Game Is Abundant and Sportsmen Are Few. Fine Fishing and Splendid Shooting. Growth of Sault Ste. Marie.

(Special Correspondence.)
SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Nov. 17.—It is more than two and a half centuries since the Jesuit missionaries established one of their wilderness outposts in the little Indian village which then occupied the site of this city. The Ojibways were not unfriendly, but the mission was afterward removed to Mackinac. The French name which the priests gave to the rapids remained, and today it is hard to find one of the degenerate half breeds who linger around the locality who can tell what the original name was. At all events, I have not learned it.



IN THE BLIND.

It seems a little strange that in all the many years that have since elapsed the fame of the place has not spread more widely among sportsmen, for there are few places so easily accessible as this where such excellent sport may be had with rod or gun. It is true that the trip hither from any of the eastern cities is rather a long one, but it is far from tedious, and the true sportsman will certainly not regret the outlay of time or money after he reaches here. A few days on one of the lake packets will bring him to the famous canal, where he has only to step ashore, hire an Indian guide and paddle or sail directly into the wilderness.

For it is a true wilderness that he reaches in another day, though "The Soo" has grown from a small garrison village to a thriving city since the civil war. He may ride around the city in electric tram cars, but passing the city limits he will find good use for his guide's wood craft, provided, that is, that he goes with gun instead of rod.

Unquestionably the fishing is the sport par excellence. The lower end of Lake Superior, which drains through "The Soo," is called Whitefish bay, as any one may see by the map, and gets its name, naturally enough, from the abundance and excellence of the whitefish there. Numerous as they are, however, the trout—both the lake and the brook trout—are to the full as plenty, and, at least to my taste, far preferable both for catching and eating. They grow to a size that must be seen to be believed. I certainly shall not imperil my reputation, such as it is, by telling how large a fish I have caught with light tackle.

Winter is already here, though, and as good as ever in the lake, the rapids and the countless streams that flow into Whitefish bay from either shore, the weather is too cold to admit of enjoyable angling. The climate is severe enough, and the summer residents, of whom there are a goodly number, have mostly flitted southward. Only a few remain. I having the luck to be one of them, and find in the excellent duck shooting temptation enough to prolong the stay not that ducks are the only game to be shot, but that just now we are having the fall flight, as the bronze beauties are flying to their winter quarters, and they are so abundant as to preclude the thought of seeking other game.

There is a natural reason why this particular locality should be, as it is, one of the very best of places in North America for fall duck shooting. To appreciate this reason it is necessary to look again at the map. Whitefish bay, it will be seen, is an irregular triangle at the lower end of the great lake, with its lower angle pointing southerly. Now the duck, as he flies from the northern winter, will fly hundreds of miles over land, of course, but he prefers to keep in sight of water as much of the time as he can, and invariably seeks a place near the shore to spend the nights of his pilgrimage. Hugging the shore, then, of Lake Superior brings him to Whitefish bay, where just now a few gunners are lying in wait for him.

A few sportsmen from Detroit and other of the lake cities have learned the attractions of the neighborhood, and



THE SINKBOX.

there are, here and there on the lake shore and on the islands in the St. Marie and Detroit rivers below the rapids, quite a number of summer cottages. The most of these are exceedingly primitive, being mere shooting boxes, but a few are used for family homes through the short summer.

The sportsmen who come singly or by twos to try the shooting will not, unless fortunate enough to claim acquaintance with the owner of one of these places, get so good accommodations, but one of the charms of the sport consists in "roughing it," and no place is better adapted to pleasant camping out than

the Lake Superior shore. There are scores and scores of shell red nooks along the coast (which is rocky, sandy and well wooded in turns) where a handy Indian guide will rig up a tent or a hut and make a party comfortable in true backwoods style.

There is no trouble in securing a pair of these guides, for they prefer to work in pairs, in or near the city, and their charges are not unreasonable, though they vary considerably with the nature of the expedition. For a few days or a week of duck shooting they will make quite elaborate preparations, and will take the party to some one of the coves mentioned, where a sportsman may find all the fun he wants.

The camp is hidden tolerably well in the first place, for the duck, even in the wilderness, is wary and shy, and will pass your tent at a distance if he sees it. But it may readily be placed among the trees or behind some friendly rock not far from the cove where the ducks will settle at nightfall.

To get your birds you must go through the same discomforts that duck shooters always have to face, excepting here there are no game laws that forbid you to shoot after nightfall. At least, if there are any such, there is no one here to tell you about them. Your Indian guide will profess the densest ignorance on the subject if you have the curiosity to question him, and naturally enough you are not over anxious to press the query.

So, if you choose—and you will choose—go to the blind at the water's edge in the afternoon, when the raw air does not nip so cruelly as before dawn in the morning. There are shooters here who use the sinkbox, but the conformation of the shore makes the blind equally effective when it is well placed, and it is vastly to be preferred for comfort.

Your decoys are out, and your guide, close by, but hidden, as well as yourself, will call the birds with an imitation of their notes so exact as to startle you. They come in swarms. It is a true "flight," and you need hardly look for pairs or single birds, though these come too.

Wheeling in toward your decoys they come, twenty, fifty in a bunch. It will test your mettle. If you prize your sport in proportion to the slaughter, you will have no trouble in bagging half a dozen or a dozen at a shot. There are gunners even here who will shoot at a flock on the water and follow the shot with another before the birds have risen. The single birdshot, however, may do as well here as anywhere else on earth and keep his conscience clear.

From early dusk to dark you may have an hour of good shooting. It is enough to whet your longing for more, and when at an unrighteous hour next morning your guide arouses you it is with no laggard steps that you follow him to the water's edge. Your coffee, or it may be a taste of something a little stronger, has warmed you up, and for a whole forenoon you are tingling with the delight of good, wholesome, manly sport.

C. A. DAVIS.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

A Schoolmate Gives Reminiscences of Little Price.

(Special Correspondence.)
YONKERS, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Whenever I read of the doings of our American Duchess of Marlborough I think of her as I first saw her at school. I was at that time a resident of Troy, N. Y., and so was she. We were both day scholars at Mrs. Willard's famous seminary. She was plain Lillie Price, the daughter of a poor retired naval officer. They were of a good family and very proud, if they were poor. Lillie had a quiet little dignity of her own. It was a quiet one indeed, which makes it more surprising that she now can be a leader in the highest English society.

She was slender, and wore her light hair straight back from her face. It was held there by a round comb, and was cut off short behind. It seems to me now that she almost always wore a dress of red, green and blue plaid. It was made with a plain waist and plain short skirt. No trimming was on either. You see she was a poor girl, if she was of good family. Her manners were always ladylike, and she spoke in a sweet voice. She had a fair complexion, with dark blue eyes. The pictures of her which we see in the papers do not look at all to me as she did then. The only point of resemblance is her hair, which she still wears off her forehead.

There was no regular course of study laid out at Mrs. Willard's seminary. Each pupil took what she chose. So we did not go through with the same girls year after year, and sometimes were in only one class with each one. I was in the history class with Lillie Price. We studied a history of the world written by Mme. Emma Willard, the founder of the school. It was there we learned of Queen Anne's present to the first Duke of Marlborough, when he won the battle of Blenheim. Little did we girls think, as we glibly told off the story of that battle and the queen's gift to the conqueror, that the quiet little girl in red plaid was some day to bear that warrior's name, and to go to live in that very castle. She was just like the rest of us then, only more timid than some and more ladylike than others.

One of the greatest anxieties she had during her school life was a fear that she would not pass the regent's examination. We younger ones were examined together. It was a very hard examination. Some of the questions would have baffled older and wiser heads than ours. Walking down the street together afterward, talking it over, she expressed the greatest concern for fears she would not pass. When we all had our certificates she was the most delighted. It may be she thought the day might come when she would have to support herself by teaching school, and she was anxious to be thus well armed.

Many girls have graduated from Mrs. Willard's seminary who afterward have become famous, but none has had such a remarkable change in her life as came to quiet little Lillie Price.

Mrs. I. W. HART.

WRAPS FOR WINTER.

FUR COATS MORE EXPENSIVE AND ELABORATE THAN EVER.

Some Attractive Styles in Sealskin and Astrakhan—New Walking Dresses—Hats Keep Growing Larger, but Bonnets Go to the Other Extreme.

(Special Correspondence.)
NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The fur coat of the season has never been so elaborate or expensive as it is now. Sealskin has nearly doubled in value, and as if this was not enough all sorts of fancy frills by which more work can be added and the cost augmented help to make papa or hubby baldheaded before his time.



WRAPS.

There are coats that come to the feet, and wraps ditto, but the box coat of sealskin and the half long mantle are oftener seen. One odd and not altogether pretty fashion is to have the collar arranged in such a way as to resemble wide ostrich tips and the edges scalloped. It is really becoming, however.

One of the prettiest wraps of this season is of black astrakhan laid in plaits, and with a high scalloped collar. Little pockets are placed in each side of the lining for holding the purse, etc. The only objection to these is that wearing fur against the hair is very injurious to the hair.

Another handsome cape is made of sealskin, with a boa of mink or Russian sable, if one can afford it. There are fewer of the little pneumonia breeding capes that reach only to the waist line, and the lady who cannot obtain one or the other of the new fur coats or capes will pass a very unhappy winter, so she will.

Some of the walking dresses of this season are very pretty, and evidently have been designed by some one who possesses a fair share of common sense, which tones down the ridiculous tendencies toward empire styles. I don't mind a real empire gown on the proper person, which is a pretty young woman, neither fat nor thin, but with a trim figure, and with much natural grace of movement, but the worst of it is that every one thinks herself exactly the kind that would be charming in an empire gown—a sort of superior Josephine or idealized Recamier.

I could not express strongly enough the sort of picture they make. They move brusquely, and every angular point or movement is accentuated. Let us hope that the empire will not become arbitrary, but will allow us a little latitude of choice—at least enough for the pretty walking dress below, which is a type of modern taste.

The dress is of gray chevrot, with three narrow green jet-studded braids. The sleeves and waist are of chevrot, with combination of green and gray brocade silk, with belt, windmill bow and lapels of green velvet bound with silver braid. The toque is of chevrot, with silver buckle and green coque plumes. When the weather is very cold, a vest of chamouis is worn under the waist and keeps the wearer as warm as toast, but people who see the wearer now without a wrap would be apt to think that the young lady must be very cold or have a remarkable constitution.

Hats keep growing larger and more soul destroying than ever, but bonnets are very dainty and small, in many cases seeming to be little more than ornaments in the hair. The brims of the hats seem to have all run to the front in the melted state, though there are a very few in the Rubens and Rembrandt style, and some regular Puritan with high pointed crowns. Besides these the soft felt alpine is a favorite for a run-about hat. Satin is a new material now in use for hats. Many are neatly shirred, and others are laid smooth.

WALKING DRESS.

Among the latest importations of silks I notice one, which is a thick cord bengaline, every three cords being crinkled, and that gives the whole surface a very rich effect. It is in plain but exceedingly rich colors, and made up entirely by itself it produces a dress inapproachable except by velvet.

OLIVE HARPER.

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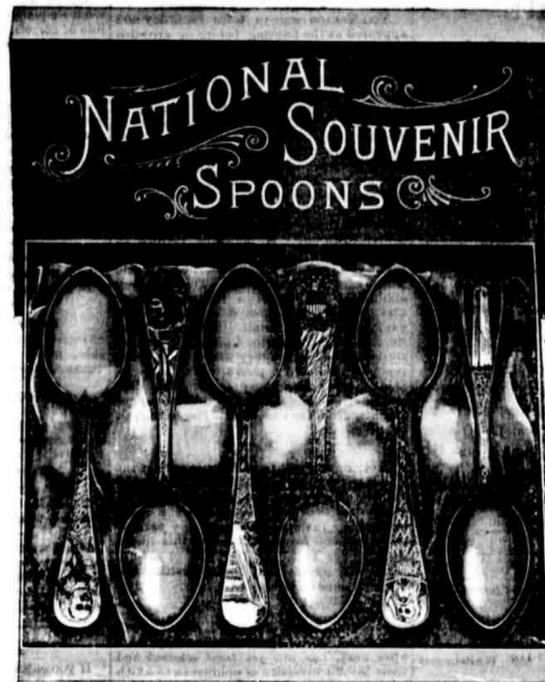
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