

Figure 3, when continued, making a number of changes of edge on each stroke, cuts in the ice a wavy figure called the "serpentine." This figure may be executed on either foot, or on both feet together, and backward as well as forward. When done on one foot it is most gracefully displayed, where the unemployed foot acts as a gently swinging pendulum.

The figure following in order is the "loop," formed as is shown in Figure 5. Here the momentum should be uniform, except, perhaps, at the top of the loop, where the speed slackens somewhat, but is not arrested; and the completion of the figure brings the skater to the same position as at the end of Figure 1.

Figures 6, 7.—The preceding figures comprise the main essentials toward figure-skating, but advancing further we find following hard on their track a curious figure called the "rocking turn," which I can best illustrate by the two following figures: Figure 6, showing the correct turn, and Figure 7, that which is incorrect, but which is passed off for Figure 6.

Figure 8 illustrates what is termed the "counter rocking turn," or "counter rocker." In both rocking turns it will be noted that the change is made from one edge forward to the same edge backward.

Figure 9 is a movement which starts on a certain edge forward, then changes to the opposite edge backward, or *vice versa*. This is called a "rose-bud turn," or a "bracket turn."

All those figures above comprise the more important units toward fancy-figure-skating, which consists in the combining of two or more of them to form some intricate shape or shapes, as some of the following figures will show.

Figure 10 is what is commonly known

as the "single grapevine?" a double foot movement, and shows in its combination the "3," and the change from inside to outside edge.

Figure 11 is one of the hundreds of combinations of the "8," whether made on one foot or on an exchange of feet. This special figure shows combinations of the outside and inside edges with the "bracket and loop."

Figure 12.—"Spectacles." Single foot-work has become an attraction to many of our best figure skaters, and has been the source of developing a "pet foot," which is to be lamented, as it gets all the work and becomes proficient, while its mate is undeveloped and almost useless in the execution of figures. It is easy to say "Don't cultivate a pet foot," but it is much more difficult to carry it out.

Another division of figures enters into many a combination; this division I have heard spoken of as "Trick Figures." To it belongs the numerous cross-cuts or anvil figures, their combinations, the five-pointed star, the crescent, and jumping figures, beside many others, all of which may be combined in one way or another with the first nine figures mentioned. One of the most difficult points in their execution is the perfect balance required.

For the benefit of many expert fancy-figure skaters, who may not have been interested in the foregoing explanations, I submit for them, to practice, the eight following one-foot figures. Several of them I think will be found to be entirely new.

Figure 13.—Swedish cross-cut. Figure 14.—Greek cross. Figure 15.—Cross of anvils and brackets. Figure 16.—Baluster. Figure 17.—Combinations for single-foot grapevine. Figure 18.—Pig's ear. Figure 19.—Flower-bud. Figure 20.—Helmet.

FLORIDA FISHING SKETCHES.

BY MARY T. TOWNSEND.

THE strident tones of our fisherman guide, sounding through the door of mosquito netting in his rough-board hut, awoke us, announcing "Three o'clock! He had promised to take us "jacking" for sheepshead before sunrise. The sand-spit whereon our kindly friend had reared his castle

from the "flotsam and jetsam" of the broad Atlantic, was bathed in the limpid light of the waning yellow moon, and gently fanned by the languid air from the encircling Gulf Stream.

Our boat was lazily rising and falling in the sedges on the shore side of the sand-bar. It was an ordinary flat-bot-

tomed row-boat, with a tall pole in the bow topped by an oil-lamp with a huge reflector. The spear was simply a three-pronged fork on the end of a tough wooden handle, but when thrown by our fisherman, Neptune himself might have envied him his poise and skill. With our Cyclopean eye flashing its rays twenty feet in advance of the boat, we silently paddled toward a distant lagoon, still lost in shadows. From the swaying water reeds came the *honk* of the sheldrake hurrying her downy brood into deeper cover. The "blue-peter" pattered away over the surface of the water until lost in silence. A great white heron, balanced on one leg, his neck curved back in the comfortable folds of sleep, was outlined against the darkness of the tangled rushes. Slowly he stretched his long neck, straightened his yellow legs, and sailed away, a ghostly figure in the gloom. From the decaying cypress stumps glided the deadly water moccasin, with ill-concealed reluctance to retreat.

Suddenly the water seemed alive with silver-scaled mullet, splashing and jumping against the sides of our boat. We pushed through the school into shallow water, near the mangroves, where the reflector showed the still shadowy outlines of fish against the white sand. The sheepshead, with their silvery bodies encircled by rings of black, were sleeping in the shallow water. The fisherman stood upon the forward thwart, and with unerring aim threw the spear, retarding the boat's headway a trifle; then the wriggling fish was taken from the sharp prongs and laid upon the bottom of the boat. A strike to the right, to the left; in front, brought many fish and many varieties, cavelli, red snappers, trout, and mullet.

To be a successful jack-fisherman, requires as much skill as any other branch of sport. The spear must be held and balanced at the proper angle. You must calculate for the double motion of the boat and fish, if he be swimming, must allow for refraction of, light rays, and for deceptive distances measured under a broken water surface by means of a flickering jack. If you strike too far forward, your fish will tear out if too far backward he will wrench away by a twist of his body.

We tried our skill. At first we missed them entirely, or struck without force

enough to bring the fish to the surface; again others were pinioned so hard that we lost our balance, and but for helping arms would have followed them to their watery homes. After man failures we succeeded in adding a fair average toward the supply needed for our fisherman's distant market.

The crescent moon slowly dipped below the cypress-fringed horizon. One by one the stars grew dim. A faint gray light pervaded the waters and the air. Our feeble lamp no longer penetrated the hidden homes of fowl or fish. Nature was awake.

One's fishing experience in Florida is incomplete without the unique exhilaration of jack-fishing for sheepshead before daybreak.

To be sure, there is more excitement in waiting for the silver king to swallow his junk of mullet at the end of a number fifteen Cuttyhunk line, or in beguiling a dashing Spanish mackerel or spotted sea-trout with the beauty of some gayly feathered fly, while you sail lazily over the waves; and more grace, maybe, in encircling a school of playful mullet in the meshes of a skillfully thrown cast-net.

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"If it's tarpon you're after, you'll find 'em at St. Lucie Inlet. The other day I went through a school of 'em, and was afeard they'd sink my boat knockin' up ag'in it, jumpin' over it. Yes, go there; you'll get 'em."

Of course we went there, but I'll just tell the story, for there are many ups and downs in tarpon fishing.

At Fort Pierce we found a boat, secured Bob Watson, the deputy sheriff, as captain, and started for the fishing grounds, several miles away, expecting to stop at Marshalls' Point overnight, and be ready for the morning tide.

As usual, the wind was dead ahead, but there was plenty of it, and of Florida sunshine. The banks of the inlet were green with palmettos and mangroves growing on their stilt-like roots. Cracker huts tucked into the bank gave life to the scene. In the distance we could see our house of refuge. Men were moving on the dock, and, as night was nearing, we shook out our reef and stood for shore.

Could it be? Did I hear aright? They wouldn't take us in? No place to go; no other house anywhere. We must

turn about and retrace all those long miles. No matter; only fisherman's luck. Besides, the wind was with us and we could easily beat the Indian River steambot that was just making a landing at the dock. Up with the centerboard, ease off the sheet, and off we skim. The white caps seem playing tag with us. As the short twilight fades, we feel a lingering wish that we hadn't shaken out the reef, for the sky is full of clouds and the wind is growing more and more puffy. Lower the peak and keep a good watch. Darker grows the sky. All the world is blotted out, save one lurid spot on the horizon which reflects a blood-red sail and strange, uncanny faces, and throws into bold relief the inky black trees along the shore.

Suddenly, Watson, with a cool "I'll drop the anchor, you tend the tiller," ran forward. Even while the anchor was cleaving its sparkling path through the waters, the tornado struck us. Down dropped the sail. The anchor held. We are safe. But no. We are in the steamer channel, and the *St. Lucie* with full head of steam is heading directly for us. Our boat carries no lantern. Now for some paper and matches. The paper burns. She sees us, suddenly changes her course and gracefully glides away.

You may ask? where's the tarpon? I can't say. This was one of the times when we didn't find him.

A cloudless sky, intense tropical sunshine, a gentle sailing breeze; truly a typical tarpon day. We'll try 'em. Take our pipe and book, for there may be hours of waiting.

Now, for a good skipper, a sailboat whose mast can be quickly unshipped, a trusty "sou'wester," plenty of mullet for bait, rods, reels, etc. Don't forget the lunch-basket. And off we go, urged by oars as well as sail, for there is need of hurrying now. We skim by the mangroves, whose long roots, reaching out into the salt water, are covered with small oysters; disturbing at his breakfast the great blue heron, who lazily flaps his wings just long enough to carry him out of gunshot, then stretches his long legs in water a foot or two deep and guards against nearer approach. From these banks teeming with wild life, the egrets and ducks fly out, and the water is broken into ripples and splashed with spray from cavelli, pompano and other fish.

As the sun grows more merciless, our chances for tarpon grow better, so we hasten to anchor. Over an oyster reef we stop in water about eight feet deep and wait for the tide to come in. Lower the sail; out with the rod and line, the big hook baited with half a mullet. Now cast it far to leeward. Light your pipe; open your book, and wait. Wait, while the sun fairly blisters your hands and face, for the breeze has entirely died out, and the reflections come as from the surface of a mirror. But what's that? Your line is playing out! Let it run! Now strike quickly! No answering rise from the water. It's a shark! Get rid of him as soon as possible. Let him bite the snood in two, or get him to the surface and shoot him; for, there in the distance is a long black dorsal fin sticking out of the water, and behind it still another. We are indeed on tarpon ground. Another half mullet. The sharp fins are drawing nearer. Breathlessly we wait. Did the line move? So slowly—can it be the tide? One foot gone; two feet; ten feet! The captain tells us to say the multiplication table and then strike. A lightning flash of silver leaps upright from the waves. Up anchor, and off we go. Such a fight; such a struggle! Curving lines of iridescent light in the air, near the boat, a hundred feet away, show that the tarpon is vainly struggling to throw the squid from his mouth. Will he cut the snood with his sharp scissors-like jaws? Can we hold him with that small line and whirling reel? After a long fight, in a pause of exhaustion, we lead the silver king near the boat, gaff him, cut his throat, lift him into the skiff and carefully stow him away under the thwarts.

We hoist our sail and lazily float homeward at the sunset hour. Gorgeous streaks of purple, crimson and gold dart from the horizon, mirrored in softer tints in the surrounding waters. Long lines of pelicans and gulls crowd on a neighboring sand-bar, and huddle closer together to make room for the last newcomer, scaling low over the waves. The breeze freshens; the short twilight dies; the bright tropical stars peep out. A glaring white ray flares across the water. Sanibel's light-tower flashes seaward its timely warning against these tangled mangrove islands and oyster-covered reefs, and the day's fishing is done, indeed, all too soon for us.