

FISHING ON THE BRULE

One of the grandest and most delightful things spread out in the lap of nature hereabouts is the Brule river. It is the paradise of the trout fisherman and is rich in nature's splendors. Romantic, turbulent and picturesque in the extreme, the crystal ice cold waters of this splendid spring-fed river hurry onward over its gravelly bed, here with the noisy force of a mountain torrent, there through a narrow stretch, deep, swift and silent. The primeval forest overhangs the river on both sides and the picture as nature originally painted it remains intact. Herein lies the great charm of the Brule river. The rustic furniture and other handiwork of nature are the same today as they were when the red man alone paddled his canoe upon its eddying waters. To attempt to improve upon the Brule of today would result in dragging its beauties into civilization's gutter and its charm would forever be destroyed.

Although the Brule is only thirty miles from Superior, the second largest city in the state, it traverses a wilderness which has few signs to indicate that its solitude had ever been disturbed by the march of civilization.

A visit to the Brule has a peculiar charm for denizens of the city. Instead of the rattle of the street, one's ear is soothed by the murmuring of the rushing waters of the river, which may be heard at a considerable distance, and the whispered conversation of the pines, stirred by the wind, in the sweet,

peculiar dialect of the sylvan shade.

Now that the open season for taking trout is at hand, the visitors at the Brule are many. In a week or two there will be hundreds of people scattered between Lake Superior and St. Louis Falls, a distance of about twenty-five miles. There are two railroads which reach the river, the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic and the Northern Pacific. To reach the lower part of the river the latter road is the one to take, and for the upper waters the former. The choicest scenery and the best fishing are on the upper waters, and the station on the South Shore where the pleasure seekers disembark is Winneboujou. It is simply a flag station at the end of the bridge which spans the Brule, and it is needless to add that the name is Indian. There is

AN INTERESTING LEGEND

connected with the name. Winneboujou was the Indian Noah of the Chippewas, while floating in his big canoe on the waters of the great flood, like the Noah of Bible history, he sent out, not a dove, but a muskrat to ascertain if the flood was subsiding. The rat dove into the water and was gone a long time, but brought back nothing. Winneboujou then sent out a loon, which also dove and brought back nothing. He next sent out an otter and this animal after a long absence under water brought back earth and sticks in its mouth. Winneboujou then knew that the flood was subsiding.

Among the fishermen on the Brule during the past few days were A. W. Shaver, District Attorney Monson, Deputy Sheriff

Rice, Heber McHugh, Capt. McDougall, Charles Leland and the Evening Telegram was represented also.

A. W. Shaver, vice president of the Superior Rod and Gun Club, is an ardent sportsman and spends more time in the forest and on lake and stream than any other man in the city. Trout fishing and hunting wild geese are his great specialties.

"Now here's where I shine," said Mr. Shaver enthusiastically as he prepared to embark on the river with his guide, who is known to all persons who have ever fished the Brule as "Bill" Tibbetts. Mr. Shaver's party stopped at J. M. George's new lodge near the Winneboujou station where the accommodations are excellent--better than have heretofore existed for the public on the river.

The party went up the river and lunched at a beautiful spot above the St. Louis rapids.

"Now here's where I shine again," said Mr. Shaver as he helped his guide, and Henry Miles, another of the guides, who is popular and experienced on this river to unload the hampers and make preparations for the lunch.

TEA WAS STEEPED.

over a fire of cedar boughs and a fallen monarch of the forest furnished the table. And what do you suppose Mr. Shaver had for lunch? He had nothing except boiled ham, bread and butter, young onions radishes, mixed pickles, boiled eggs, sardines, doughnuts, strawberries and a few other things calculated to make a man with a fisherman's appetite founder himself.

One of the exhilarating pastimes on the river is shooting the St. Louis rapids. It takes a skillful boatsman to take a party safely down this foaming side-hill of water and dodge the boulders which rear themselves here and there. It is equal to being launched on a whaleback.

The public and the club house people on the Brule do not get on well together. The latter own a great deal of the land on the river and their enjoyment would be unalloyed if they could keep all other persons from fishing in the waters of the Brule. They will not let a person erect a tent on their lands, and when a man builds himself a house on the bank on leased ground the club men will buy it if the owner will sell.

Mr. Shaver, who owns 120 acres on the upper waters of the Brule, is thinking of interesting others with him in building a Superior club house. He says if the deal should be made the new club will be the finest on the river and will have a billiard room in connection. The St. Louis club house is the finest at present, and velvet carpets and mahogany furniture grace the interior.

A guide with a boat are necessary to fishing on the Brule. The guides are very skillful in polling a boat, and as that light craft rushes along down stream the very boulders in the water seem to move aside in a respectful manner. The guide knows where the favorite retreats of the speckled beauties are and he is indispensable to a day's sport.

Trout inhabit the river everywhere, however, and to use Mr. Shaver's expression a man to catch trout "has got to keep thrashing every minute if he wants to make a record."

G. L. Rice suggests that the state should

CREATE A PARK

for northern Wisconsin which should include the Brule. It should be fenced and deer should also be put within the enclosure. When Douglas County shall be settled and Superior becomes a great city this bit of nature rescued from the wilderness will be appreciated.

Joe Lucius furnished accommodation for Messrs. Rice, McHugh, and Monson at his lodge two miles up the river from Winneboujou. Capt. McDougall has a private lodge near by but usually takes his meals at Lucius' place. The captain is an enthusiastic fisherman and the only draw-back which he finds in the Brule is that it is not big enough to float whalebacks. The captain caught a fine string and some of them were big fellows. G. L. Rice caught 74, McHugh and Monson each caught as many as their consciences would permit of. Mr. Rice tells a thrilling tale of his experience with a two pound trout which got away. His story did not meet with the reception which he expected. Instead of words of sympathy and condolence his claims to distinction on this score were swept aside with scant ceremony and sarcastic comments. Heber McHugh, with his legal instinct, aroused an investigation. He finally tried to break Rice's

testimony down by a fierce cross-examination, but without success.

A. W. Shaver caught 100 trout and then quit when they were biting the best, remarking to his guide: "Bill, this is to much like club fishing; guess I'll quit." C.D.S.

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