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A DAY'S FUN.

Two Sportsmen's Luck on Kettle Creek.

"Come and go fishing," wrote a Tioga county friend a few days since. "The fishing is good and there are plenty of pigeons, too." That was all he said, and it was enough. I went. His home was reached about sundown, and the next morning before six o'clock we were driving rapidly toward the west territory.

One of the best trout streams in Pennsylvania is Kettle creek, but so many sportsmen have discovered this fact that the more notorious and accessible portions of the stream are done to death. My friend had some points on the trout question, and, therefore, we caught a nice mess, instead of tramping twenty miles and getting next to nothing. We didn't go over the "dome" territory, but took a new section, where only an occasional farmer took a day off to waste on the city man's luxury, fishing.

KETTLE CREEK TROUT.

It was eight o'clock when our horse was put out in the barn of an accommodating farmer and we were started on our tramp down the road that followed the small trout of a stream which by and by grew to the dignity of the famed Kettle creek trout stream. This was the headwaters with a vengeance, for the spring from which the rivulet had its source was less than half a mile back of the barn where our horses are feeding. We traveled down the rough road for quite a distance before it looked large enough to hold a trout worth saving. At length we came to what looked like a good hole and stringing our poles and baiting our hooks, work began. (There was no fly fishing among those overhanging bushes, nor any kind of fancy business.) I made the first cast and as the hook touched the water a fair-sized trout seized it and was promptly landed. Just here it may be remarked that there is no fooling about these nery, hard-fleshed trout which live in the headwaters of the streams fed by cold springs. When they want to bite they do it for all it is worth, and if the trout is not captured at that time they are not secured at all. They are exceedingly prompt in deciding whether the particular angle-worm adorning a given fishhook is in their line or out of it. This fact was impressed upon me several times during the day.

The little stream where we began fishing was scarcely eight feet across and one could jump it with ease; still it was the head waters of a branch of Kettle creek, and this was a great point in its favor. Another recommendation was that the fish were plenty, and, while not the largest, were still of fair size and living in the cold water, they were of delightful flavor. Slowly we worked our way down stream, climbing over logs which bridged the brook with troublesome profusion, breaking our lines on refractory limbs, climbing trees and wading deep holes to rescue lines which caught larger game than trout, until it was time for lunch. We took an hour for dinner, and to all fishermen we commend this plan. You will catch more fish, be less worn out and generally have a better time.

A TROUT DINNER.

We began our dinner preparations by building a fire. Then we dressed about three dozen of the smaller trout and curing some of a branch of Kettle creek, and this was a great point in its favor. Another recommendation was that the fish were plenty, and, while not the largest, were still of fair size and living in the cold water, they were of delightful flavor. Slowly we worked our way down stream, climbing over logs which bridged the brook with troublesome profusion, breaking our lines on refractory limbs, climbing trees and wading deep holes to rescue lines which caught larger game than trout, until it was time for lunch. We took an hour for dinner, and to all fishermen we commend this plan. You will catch more fish, be less worn out and generally have a better time.

the woods, but they could be seen flying around a small clearing close by in large flocks. We changed our base of operations from the spring to the hill near by, but had only a fresh supply of disappointment. Tired of pigeoning, we started down a back road toward home, assured of plenty of trout for supper, even if we had no pigeons. On either side of the road the small wild cherry trees were growing some thirty or forty feet in height, and beyond the higher trees were casting the last shadows of the day in as pretty a piece of forest as can be found anywhere. It was all very pretty, from the grass-grown road which led to Lungersville to the mountains away in the distance, but it was pigeons and not scenery we wanted, game, not beauty.

We had gone down the road about a quarter of a mile when the peculiar whish of the swiftly flying pigeon was heard and an instant later a pair lighted within easy range. In another moment they were our game. Before we had picked up our dead birds another small flock came in and for an hour it was a steady game of load and fire. Fun? Well, yes; trees full of pigeons, gun hot and a continual rush of the birds for a resting place in the cherry trees for the night. I never saw such swarms of birds and never saw them so tame. We had to shoot the farthest one, or at least those not nearest, to keep from shooting them to pieces. We struck just the place and it was a steady bang for over an hour, when it became too dark to see. Then we gathered together our seventy-five pigeons and toiled back to our carriage with the heavy load, as tired a pair of sportsmen as could have been found in the state. But such a day as we had, with our trout and pigeons! It was the best two or three hours' game I ever saw, even on famous Kettle creek. —*Phila. Times.*

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From Portland	To San Francisco	Day
Oregon	San Francisco	Tu
Idaho	San Francisco	Th
Washington	San Francisco	Fr
Idaho	San Francisco	Sa
Oregon	San Francisco	Su

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