

The Daily

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A DAY'S FUN.

Two Sportsmen's Luck on Kettle Creek.

"Come and go fishing," wrote a Tigard 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 game 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 "done" 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 thread 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 strung 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 nervy, 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 about 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 trouble-some 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 cut some small beech sticks and sharpened them. The next thing was cooking our trout, and we managed to get some nice coals to do that with, and by putting the trout on the sticks, holding them on the coals and turning them when they were cooked enough on one side, we soon had a fine fry of hot trout nice enough for a king. Oh! but they were delicious—those hot, crisp trout, away in the Kettle creek forest, where for miles and miles the woods stretched unbroken and the air was fragrant with hemlock and rich with health. It seems as if nothing ever was quite so delicious, and certainly with the tramp and the appetizing air, no hungrier persons could have been found in the state. The first course embraced trout, bread and butter, cake, fruit and—cold tea; the other courses were varied by putting in more trout. Lunch being done we sat in the sun-shine and smoked our cigars and enjoyed the forest and the quiet, while the chirping of the birds broke as the whistle of a locomotive does the stillness of a sleeping town at night.

After our hour's rest we took up our fish poles, slung on our baskets and bag boxes, and went farther down. We passed the Billing's branch, a stream almost as large as the one it joins and which is said to be well filled with trout, and then we had a creek that really looked as if it were navigable for trout. It proved to be. We dashed steadily until almost 4 o'clock, pulling out the glistening beauties from under banks, from little ripples where the sun was dancing, from shady pools where overhanging boughs looked themselves in a sylvan screen, from the thousand and one little nooks where the wide-awake steamer makes natural hiding places for its beautiful tenants.

Having finished fishing we turned toward home, with our baskets well filled and hanging heavily. Then came the tug of war—tramping back for six miles, two of which were without a road. Over logs, through thickets, crossing and recrossing the streams, starting the whirling partridges and seeing an occasional flock of pigeons flying over, until at last we reached the road which led to our home and civilization. It was a long tramp before we were back to the farmer's barn, but at last we reached it and then drove rapidly to the pigeon ground.

THE PIGEON GROUND.

Down by one of the many cold springs which make a part of western Tigard county a paradise for Nereids and reformed toppers, was the place where we were told the pigeons came for their evening draught of good water. We loaded our shotguns and went to the spring. The pigeons didn't come, at least within range, although we could hear their calls in

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 Lurgerville 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 land 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 twelve hours' gaming I ever saw, even on famous Kettle creek.—*Philadelphian Times*.

Nebraska Plains.

Messrs. Wright & Woolsey, druggists, at Elm Creek, Neb., write that Mr. D. H. McClure was cured of a severe bruise by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure.

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Notice.

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been supplied with assessment blanks.

These are requested to hand in at once to the undersigned.

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