

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.



Camp Fire Flickerings

SHOOTING OUT OF SEASON

I had been told that there were trout in Big Spring Creek "that long" (indicating something less than a yard), and so, having no fish line, I twisted a formidable cable of black linen thread and for some hours I patiently waded the icy stream, and tried to convince the fish that my ponderous tackle was not so bad as it looked: still, they wouldn't even consider the matter. I had my doubts as to there being any fish there after all, but I threw a grasshopper on the surface of the current, and as I watched it drift down over a deep green pool under a ledge of rock, an enormous trout rose majestically, much as I have seen porpoises roll, and gathered in the grasshopper, thereby putting an end to my doubts at

once.

Well, thinks I to myself, that's a little the biggest trout I ever saw or heard of, and I must certainly make another effort. So with many misgivings I set about twisting another line of white thread, when suddenly it occurred to me that if I could make him jump like that again, so coolly and easily, I would have time enough to put a rifle bullet mighty close to him before he could settle back to the safety of deep waters. Shooting trout on the rise, too, would certainly be original if not exactly lawful.

So I threw away the thread and hooks, and taking my rifle along, caught another grasshopper. This I threw just as I had thrown the other, and the moment it struck the water I sighted it and followed it along as it drifted over the same pool. As before, there was a gleam of scarlet and olive green, the hopper was gone, and before I knew it I had discharged the rifle into the mighty swirl. No results at first, and I thought what a fool I was to suppose I could shoot a jumping fish with a rifle; but presently a huge pink belly made its appearance, coming to the surface, and there floated my fish, larger even than he had appeared before. I rushed in on a shallow rifle and seized him as he came floating down. Oh! such a beauty, and not a bruise on him; he must have been entirely under water before the bullet got there, but he had received such a shock that he hardly moved after it. I had no means of weighing him, but his length was 20 in.—Ipsarraka—in *Forest & Stream*.