

"Thanks," answered the guide, "it's not always that we see two gentlemen who are willing to give their guides a little sport on their last day, hey, Hiram?"

"Right you are," replied his brother, "we'll have a few casts anyway; who'll fish first, you or I?"

"You take your first chance," said William, "then I will try my luck."

"All right," responded the other, and as a preliminary move he lighted his pipe, after which he soon prepared to cast.

Beautifully he laid out a long line all over the pool. Not a splash indicated the fall of the fly, but it dropped like a feather, here and there, wherever the guide sent it. At length a swirl was seen, and Hiram, turning his wrist, was in an instant fast to a fish. The salmon dashed down the pool, endeavoring to escape from the incumbrance that was fastened to him.

"Bravo," I exclaimed, "kill him if you can and take him home for to-morrow's dinner."

"Thanks, sir," replied the guide, "I'll do my best."

It is not my purpose to describe the struggle that ensued, for a further repetition of such details will make a wearisome ending to my story. Suffice it to say that the fight was fought, and the fish, a twelve-pound female, was finally landed.