

MAY TROUTING IN THE SNOW.

Tradition Destroyed by a man who Fished in an Icy Stream.

'I waded through snow once up to my knees to fish for trout,' said a New York sportsman, 'and it was the middle of May at that, and not more than half a day's journey from New York. The stream was in the Pocono Mountains, and I had gone there on purpose to enjoy some early fishing. I got to the little backwoods village at night and woke next morning to find a cold northeast rainstorm on hand, and when I inquired for a guide to go with me to the stream the landlord of the tavern looked at me as if he thought I was crazy.'

'You ain't goin' to try to ketch trout today, be you?' he asked. 'Why, you can't get no fish worms yit, and the woods is full o' snow and the creeks has got ice on 'em.'

'I don't want any worms,' I replied, smiling at the thought. 'I fish with a fly.' I didn't believe his talk about snow and ice.

'But trout won't jump at a fly yit,' the landlord insisted. 'You've got to have worms.'

'I insisted on going to the creek, and he went out and got a strapping big native to act as guide. The guide himself was staggered at the idea of a man's thinking of going out on such a day, with the streams in the condition they were alleged to be, to fish for trout, without worms for bait, but he at last agreed to go on my paying him \$3 and finding him in rum, and we started. I found out from the guide on our way to the creek that the local angler in the trouting regions of northern Pennsylvania was always ready for action in the streams with his bate and tackle as soon as the law allows fishing, and, if the conditions were favorable, he was ready a week or so before. He used the worm not because he could not cast the fly, but because from time out of mind he had stubbornly clung to the belief that trout would not rise or jump, as he expressed it, to the fly so long as there was water in the streams nor until the natural insects had appeared on them. The mountain region through which the streams of that part of northeastern Pennsylvania flow was so apt to have winter lingering with it late that it had been a rare thing for sportsmen from the cities to risk the discomforts and uncertainties of a visit to it before May, although the legal opening of the season was on April 1. For this reason the streams had been left to the inroads of the local angler, with his pole and worm, for weeks at a time, and the native had never seen anything to alter his belief that trout would not jump to a fly under the conditions mentioned. It was my mission, I think, to correct that old-time idea, and to show the native sportsman that he didn't know as much about trout as he thought he did.

'We arrived at the brook about 9 o'clock in the morning. It was in good condition as to quantity of water, but my heart sank within me when I saw that the story about the snow and the ice was only too true—and it was the 16th day of May, 1885. The most enthusiastic angler never yet saw much promise of an enjoyable day's sport while tying on his flies standing nearly up to his knees in snow, and gazing on a stream with deep borders of ice fringing it as far as the eye could see, especially if one of the coldest and most penetrating of rainstorms was pelting furiously down upon him. My guide induced me to return to the shelter of the tavern at once, but I had travelled more than 100 miles to enjoy some early May trouting, and I was bound to enjoy it—at least I was bound to have it.

'Well, I fished that creek more than a mile and a half, and I caught seventy trout. But, bah! It was just like catching suckers, pulling them out. I wouldn't have cared for the discomfort of the day's fishing if only the trout had been capable of acting up to their nature. I caught one trout that was fifteen inches long, but he had so little fight in him that I had no idea he was of more than ordinary size until I landed him. The trout took the fly with so little animation that sometimes I wouldn't know that my feather had been touched, judging from any effort the trout would make. Out of one pool, on the bank above which was the remains of a snowdrift that reached nearly to my waist, I stood and took fifteen trout, one after the other, like so many sticks. Then I quit in disgust, and rejoined my guide, who had gone to a bark peeler's cabin near by and built a roaring fire in the fireplace.

'When we got back to the tavern we found a group of woodsmen, and I had hard work to convince them that I had caught my trout with a fly. The evidence of the guide alone established my declaration. But that experience cured me of a desire to enjoy early trouting in such a region as that. I have been there many times since but never before the 1st of June. But I find that the idea that trout will not jump at the fly while there is snow water in the creek no longer prevails among the natives up there, and they no longer wait until the ground is so they can dig worms before they go out to fish. So I'm a little sorry I destroyed that pet belief.'

Be Warned.

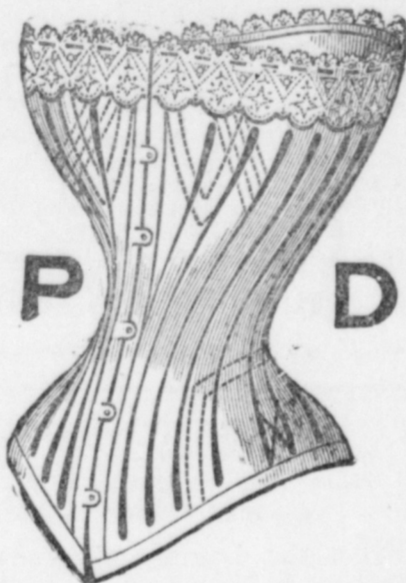
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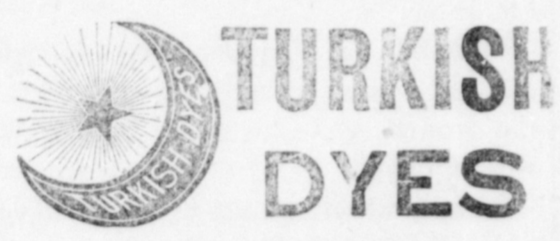
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WILD BILL'S DEADLY AIM.

His Duel With Dave Tutt in the Public Square at Springfield, Mo.

'It was in the spring of 1865 that Wild Bill and Dave Tutt, ex-chief of Confederate scouts, tried conclusions in the public square at Springfield, Mo,' said Dr. Hogeboom, surgeon of the A. T. and S. F. Railroad. 'The war was over, as far as fighting in the field was concerned, but the peculiar vindictiveness that characterized all the warfare on both sides in Missouri still existed and showed itself in many ways. A strong force of United States troops occupied the town, the Kansas regiment to which I was attached among them. A picturesque and striking figure among those who had fought on the Union side was Wild Bill, whose daring and valuable services as a Federal scout were fresh in the minds of men. There were many ex-Confederate soldiers in town, and Tutt, a brave and desperate man and a dead shot was the leader of that element. They lost no opportunity to show their ill will to the Unionists, and between Tutt and Wild Bill bad feeling was strongly manifested. It came to the point of an open quarrel one night when Tutt, with his gang, came into a saloon where Wild Bill was seated at a game of poker. He had been winning, and with the pile of money before him on the table was a gold watch and chain that some one had wagered and lost. Tutt had come for a quarrel. He watched the game a few minutes, then said suddenly:

'Bill, I want you to pay me the money you owe me.'

'I have paid you once, isn't that enough?' said Wild Bill, looking up from the hand of cards he held.

'Tutt reached over and took the gold watch and chain from Wild Bill's pile of winnings.

'You owe me that money,' he said, 'I'll keep this watch to satisfy the debt.'

'Wild Bill looked at him with perfect calmness. 'Better put it back, Dave,' he said. 'You'll be sorry if you don't.'

'Tutt laughed and put the watch in his pocket, which ended the matter for that night. Next day he sent word to wild Bill that on the following Saturday, at noon he should carry the watch and chain across the public square, entering it at the northeast corner. This was a challenge which Wild Bill could not ignore.

'I'll be there,' he said, when the message was given him, and went home and cleaned and oiled his pistols. He did not show himself much about town until Saturday noon came. Then as Tutt appeared at the northeast corner of the public square, Wild Bill walked in at the southwest corner. As the two men approached each other, walking from the corners diagonally opposite, it was seen that a group of Tutt's friends were gathered at the corner to the left of Wild Bill, and nobody present doubted that they were there to take a hand in the shooting if the fight went against Tutt.

'The distance between the two men at the start was about 140 yards. They walked steadily toward each other, with pistols in the belts, until about fifty paces separated them. Then Tutt made a motion as if to draw his pistol. Instantly Wild Bill's pistol came up, and holding its butt with both hands without sighting, he fired at Tutt, who threw up his hands, staggered and fell dead on his face, shot through the heart.

'With the crack of his pistol Wild Bill wheeled and faced the group of Tutt's friends, pistol in hand. Some of them had drawn their weapons, but they put them up in a hurry, and declared that the duel had been a fair one. Wild Bill was king of the town after that, as he was chief for many a year afterward on the plains and in the tough frontier towns.'

A DRY PLACE.

Not Enough to Drink let Alone to Wash Themselves.

There are places where water is one of the greatest luxuries, and where the want of it occasions not only great inconveniences, but numberless awkward predicaments. Witness the following article borrowed from the Oregonian:

A. B. Ellis, while on a visit to Ascension Island, met an old friend, who shook hands reached down a coat from a peg and put it on, saying:

'Excuse my not putting on a shirt, will you?'

'Of course, of course,' replied Mr. Ellis. 'Take off more of your clothes if you'll feel more comfortable.'

'N—no; it's not that, but the fact is I haven't a shirt clean enough to put on.'

Mr. Ellis could not murmur his surprise at this strange circumstance, and endeavored to look sympathetic. The friend continued: 'I dare say you think it odd that I don't have them washed?'

Mr. Ellis, hardly knowing what to say, inquired, 'Why don't you?'

The friend unfolded a horrible tale, to the effect that the water supply of the island consisted principally of what was distilled by a condenser, a small quantity being obtained from Dampier's drips and Brandreth wells; that water was always so scarce that it was served out almost like a ration of rum, the allowance in prosperous times being two gallons a day per man.

When clothes were sent to the wash, the water for washing them had to be sent with them. But the condenser at that

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time had been out of order for nine or ten days, and everybody on the island had been put on short allowance, so that they had not enough for drinking, much less for washing either themselves or their clothes.

THE ONLY WHITE BUFFALO.

Seen and Chased by Indians and Hunters, but Never Caught.

During the summer of 1875 bands of Indians returning from a hunt far out on the plains brought in stories of having seen at different times and different places, and always in the centre of a large herd, a white buffalo. They had used their best horses in the effort to overtake it, to no purpose, never being able to get anywhere near the animal. At first we did not pay much attention to these stories, but still it kept cropping up from different camps, and at last, in the fall of 1875, I myself had a chance to verify the truth of the report. I had been sent on duty north along the Red Deer River and was camped near a large band of Blackfeet, who were hunting south of that river. The buffalo had moved north in vast numbers, and the prairie was black with them.

I had gone out one morning with a party of Blackfeet to see one of their hunts, and also to try and kill for myself. My horse was a good one, and much faster than any belonging to the party, becoming tired of the slaughter, and must have been at least twenty miles from camp, when I made for a small clump of timber not far off, intending to build a fire and roast a portion of some buffalo meat I had on the saddle with me. As I approached the wood a band of about 100 animals burst out of the brush and made off to the south, and yes, most certainly, in the middle of them was a white buffalo. Although they were a quarter of a mile away, there could be no mistake about it; he was there as large as life and quite white, and running like a deer. There was no time to much more than take in the scene, but I gathered up the reins and was after him, determined to bag that buffalo or kill my horse.

Oh, what a race it was, mile after mile; and although all the band, with the exception of about a dozen, had split off and gone in different directions, the white animal, with his body guard of about a dozen, kept at about the same distance ahead. I could catch a glimpse of him now and then, and there was no doubt he was snow white. Get within shot I could not, for many miles. At last they began to tire, and although my horse tired also, I had good hopes of coming up and getting a shot. Alas! for such a chance. Of a sudden my horse lurched forward on his nose, sending me over his head onto the prairie, and turning a somersault himself, missing me by only a few feet. He had put himself into a badger hole and brought my hopes of a white robe to a sudden end.—Forest and Stream.

Insects Drowned in a Plant's Leaves.

There is a quaint plant, and a very pretty one, quite common in the Northern States, that grows in peat-bogs. It has large flowers with an odd, umbrella-like shield in the centre. The shape of this has given it the name of Sidesaddle Flower, but it does not look very much like a sidesaddle. The most familiar name for the plant is Pitcher-Plant, and it is sometimes called Huntsman's Cup, or Purple Trumpet-Leaf.

This Pitcher Plant has leaves shaped like open cups, that stand up from the ground in a cluster. They are generally about half full of rain water, in which many insects are drowned. It is probable that these serve as food for the plant. The pitchers are gaily colored—green with dark-red or purple veining, and sometimes purple all over.—St. Nicholas.

The Hat.

A hat has been designed which it is claimed will remedy many of the most serious objections made to it in its present shape. The chief idea in this new hat is to prevent pressure on the arteries passing to the scalp, and the veins passing therefrom, by the application of pads to the leather of the hat, in certain positions. On the band inside are fixed three pads in front, one central and two lateral; between these there is an interval on each side in which the frontal artery and supraorbital nerve rest; passing backward, the next interval forms a large space for any variations of the temporal artery and its two branches, and the next interval is for the occipital artery.

Had I Joined the Church.

Clerk—Sir, I've joined the church. Grocer—Right glad to hear it; I've been a member for some years; it's a splendid thing, and—
'Yes, sir; and will you get some other clerk to sell those pure spices now?—Adams Freeman.

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