

FISHERMEN'S LUCK.

We reached our camping ground, in the beautiful valley of Dale Creek, at four o'clock in the afternoon, having ridden about sixteen miles. Gen. Dodge had promised to regale us with plenty of speckled trout, from the clear, cold mountain streams along our route; but up to this time, the only ones we had seen or tasted were upon the dinner table of our excellent and hospitable friend, Gen. Pierce, of Denver City.

As we were watering our animals in Dale Creek, just previous to our halt for the day, the General declared that he saw several speckled trout in the stream; and immediate preparations were therefore made to secure sufficient for our supper. The General and myself trolled the stream for a half mile in each direction, Mr. Williams following with a gunny-sack in which to bag our prey; but it was of no avail; not a bite, nor even the faintest nibble, did I have; but the General protested to at least one fair bite, and some half-dozen glimpses of the little rascals as they dodged around the bends in the stream. We were therefore compelled to fall back upon our regular bill of fare for dinner, aided by our elk-steaks, which, being fried with bacon, we found most excellent.

CAMPING OUT.

We had at last reached the realization of our hopes and dreams, and were actually "camping out" in the mountains. We could roll in the long grass, drink our fill from the sparkling stream, sing and halloo as loud as we pleased, without disturbing any one outside of our own little party. The Indians might be watching us from some of the surrounding crags, and coveting our