PADDLE DRIPPINGS
IN THE
MOOSEHEAD LAKE REGION

Written and Illustrated by
Harriet Coe
Presented by the Maine Central Railroad
Paddle Drippings

IN THE

Moosehead Lake Region.

ALSO,

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT KATAHDIN.

— AND —

THE WEST BRANCH TRIP.

PUBLISHED AND PRESENTED BY THE

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

General Offices - - - Portland, Maine.

PAYSON TUCKER,
Vice-Prest. & Gen’l Manager.

F. E. BOOTHBY,
Gen’l Pass’r Agent.
MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

This great inland sea has a length of thirty-eight miles, and an extreme breadth of eighteen miles, the most beautiful stretch of bright blue water in the eastern part of this hemisphere.

Far away in the northern wilderness of the grand old State of Maine, a thousand feet above the sea, with a breadth varying from eighteen to less than two miles, it presents a rare combination of the wild, the grand and the beautiful.

The four hundred miles of shore line is a sweep of mountain and cultivated slope, silent primeval forests and silver-sanded cove and tranquil bay.

Its cool waters are fed by innumerable springs bubbling up from the bottom, while the great promontories and long peninsulas form deep and sheltered bays, the spawning-ground of the famous lake trout. This is the great fish pond of our country, with millions of river and lake trout, white-fish, and gamey denizens of the waters.

Sportsmen and summer tourists seek its refreshing and invigorating surroundings, to breathe the perfume of the pine and spruce which fills the air, untainted by the deadly gasses of the town, or the damp and heavy atmosphere of the coast.

Leaving Boston in the morning, the magnificent Pullman parlor car and regular day coaches make one of the finest trains in the world, bringing the passenger to Portland at mid-day for a lunch in the imposing Union Station, then on to Greenville Junction, over the new Maine Central cut-off, via Dexter, Dover and Foxcroft. Arriving at the foot of Moosehead Lake in the afternoon, dinner is taken at Moosehead Inn, and steamers are in waiting to convey the Kineo tourists to the Mt. Kineo House, midway the lake.

Soon after leaving the landing the great inland sea begins to spread its surface in sweeping vistas of bristling wooded islands, glistening sunlit coves and sandy beaches. The steamer's course lies past Birch Island, and between Deer and Sugar Islands — so large as to appear a part of the main land. Running from this narrow channel, the steamer emerges into the widest part of the lake, which here reaches from the Kennebec dam to the head of Spencer Bay, a distance of eighteen miles.

Big and Little Spencer Mountains, some distance beyond the head of the cove, now appear in all their symmetry of outline, no intervening foot-hills appearing to dwarf their summits; and, on a cool, clear day, the more distant Katahdin stands out in bold relief, seeming proud of its more rugged outline and varying contrast of light and shade, impressing one that it is indeed grand in its isolation.
To the north and west of the Spencers, Lobster Mountain appears; to the left, Little Kineo, Dry Mountain, and Kineo, whose large flat summit only has been thus far visible, and opposite Kineo the massive Bald Mountain is shown, and to the northwest the forked peaks of Mts. Abraham and Bigelow can be seen distinctly if the day is clear. To the westward of Deer Island is the East Outlet and dam, which take again the waters of the Kennebec, previously interrupted by the lake at Moose River.

Immediately below the dam the Kennebec makes a succession of runs and rapids which are very swift, making it advisable, in a canoe trip, to be hauled across over a good road, a distance of some five miles, to Indian Pond. Some of the rapids may be easily run if preferred, and about two miles below the dam a clearing is reached where a team may be procured at the farmhouse.

Ten miles from Kennebec Dam, on the east side of the lake, is Spencer Bay, the upper end of which is the mouth of Spencer Brook and Roach River—the latter stream being narrow and rocky is hard to navigate, and forming hardly more than an outlet for Roach Pond, seven miles inland.

By far the better way to reach the pond is to land in the steamer at Lily Bay, where will be found a first-class hotel, and there procure a buckboard for a drive through the woods to the Roach River Farm, at the foot of the pond. To one who has never taken a drive through the wilds of Maine, this “corduroy road” is a novel and interesting feature.

The woods are so dense that very little sunlight is allowed, excepting at high noon, to creep through the closely interwoven branches, so that the land is springy in places with the dampness. Where this occurs the road is made solid by the hewing of trees which are placed side by side across the road. At the longest part, this corduroy road runs along for nearly half a mile without a break, so that the team bowls along over a seemingly hard wood floor, though hardly as smooth in some places.

Roach Pond is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by hills whose well wooded sides form a rich setting for this clear sparkling gem of water, usually as “calm as a summer sea.”

Such, however, is not always the case, for the writer well remembers the experience of himself and companion, one cold morning in the early fall, when the lake was lashed into a seething mass of wild roaring waters, each wave breaking in a shower of spray over the sides of the great batteau, manned by three hardy backwoodsmen.

This experience, however, is the exception, though at such a time one really realizes the grandeur of these inland seas, the sparkling atmosphere bringing each mountain, even the distant Katahdin, into close communion.

By taking a canoe trip of seven miles across Roach Pond, and then a tramp of four miles over a tote road, Randall’s Camp, on the shore of West Branch Pond, is reached.

Nestling under the shelter of White Cap, and Big and Little Spencer Mountains, this chain of small ponds is fairly swarming with trout the entire year, for it is so seldom visited that it is never “fished out.”
The whole region round about is a great game preserve; the tracks of moose, caribou and deer are seen on every side, and the river banks are fairly accessible and easy for carrying if the water is too low for canoeing. Half way up the head, called the eastern cent promontory, 2,500 feet above the lake, while on the sula which it forms, it is very abrupt and perpendicular for nearly 1,200 feet.

Every hour of the day finds some new delight in the many walks beneath the frowning precipices of the giant mountain, through wooded roads and sunlit clearings, the arch of leaves and branches overhead forming a barrier of green and brown through which the sun diffuses its warm rays in golden patches on the soft green moss, the hard pebble roads, or the yielding carpet of pine needles.

made through the woods, along the side and near the river banks, the region is quite accessible and easy for carrying if the water is too good. Lucky Pond is which empties the west. All water, too good caribou; good have

Spencer Pond, two miles back from Spencer lake, Mount Kineo, rightly, "Monarch of Moose-tending into the lake shore, is a magnificent summit rising level of the sea. The slope is toward the side where the peninsula joins the main land, rises almost perpendicular for nearly 1,200 feet. Spencer Pond, two miles back from Spencer lake through Spencer the outlet for Little Spencer from Spencer Bay. a little sheet of water into Spencer Bay on these places, while rocky for canoes, are grounds for deer and roads as been low up the called the head," ex- from the eastern cent promontory, 2,500 feet above the lake, while on the sula which it forms, it is very abrupt and perpendicular for nearly 1,200 feet.

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Just beyond the great hotel, which stands alone on the extreme southern point of the peninsula, the new road winds along the shore to Pebble Beach and the North Bay, where the summer visitor in early morning may be seen on Table Rock “chucking a bug,” and never failing to score a “rise” to be served in tempting manner at his breakfast hour. The broad expanse of water forming the North Bay lets the eye wander in delight over its calm placid surface, glistening in the sunlight, each wave and ripple caught by the gentle breeze and tipped by the sun with glittering gold.

Mount Kineo has an added attraction for the mineralogist from the fact that it is the largest horn stone mountain in the world, and, in the early days, was a place of resort for the Indians, coming from a great distance to get the flint for their arrow-heads and other implements. Many of these relics have been found on the mountain and the adjacent shores.

The legends of Kineo are many and varied, and Hubbard says, “This mountain seems to have been connected early in the imagination of the Indians with the moose, for we find the lake spoken of as Moose-parun (sic) from a remarkable mountain . . . the Indians say it resembles a moose deer stooping, and indeed it looks not at all unlike an immense moose lying or stooping with its head toward the west. The precipitous eastern cliff is a very good counterpart of the rump, while a slight elevation at the beginning of the western slope well represents the withers, and another near its foot the swelling of the massive ‘mouffle.’ Indian imagination, however, did not stop here. The two main arms of the lake, which extend north and south, one on each side of the ‘Moose,’ with their numberless bays and coves, form the animals antlers, with broad blades and branching prongs.”

The south cliff of the mountain, which is the one nearest the Kineo House, is inaccessible excepting near the western end, where at one place a broad flight of stairs has been constructed, and a pathway over the rocks made, with chains fastened to the ledges, making a comparatively easy though steep ascent.

From Kineo Point, on the west corner of the mountain, a path extends to the top, this trip necessitating a canoe or boat trip of less than a mile to the “Three Sisters,” a group of pine trees on the shore to the west of the hotel.

The view from the summit is well worth the effort called forth by the climb.

Far below, a broad neck of land juts out into the clear blue waters of the lake, and the great hotel, with its cluster of white stables, store, coach and boat houses, is commandingly situated at the extreme lake point.

All about this little mountain peninsula the lake stretches its arms of clear sparkling waters in unending perspectives.

Bordering the lake view are the towering mountains, capped with silver birches, whose clean trunks seem to purify the air saturated with life-giving ozone, wafted by every breeze into the farthest corners of the great lake.

At the extreme southern end of the lake the white church spires of the pretty little village of Greenville are peaceful in
their surroundings. Following the west side of the lake, Squaw
Mountain and the more distant hills glisten in the clear atmos­
phere. Still further turn and catch a glimpse of Indian Pond
and the blue ribboned Kennebec. Still further, and directly
opposite the hotel, the swift running Moose River makes an
outlet for Brassua Lake, sparkling in the summer sun.
From the northern end of
the mountain the great
North Bay is a broad,
glistening, sunlit silver
shield of pure sparkling
water. To the east
rise the rugged sides
of Little Kineo, Big
and Little Spencer

Mountains, while still further lies Katahdin, almost entirely shut
out from sight by its veil of distance.
More to the south are the Lily Mountains and turreted Baker,
blending in one great mass of hills.
The extent of one's vision on the east and south is limited;
but as the eye sweeps the western horizon, on a clear day,
mountain after mountain comes into view, like the rolling
lows of the ocean. Over all and above all rises the clear
blue sky, filled with fleecy clouds, which, wafted by
the breeze, pass overhead, hurriedly mov­ing across the sur-
face of the lake, pro­duc­ing shadows below

which
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The original Kineo House was built by Joshua Fogg, in 1848. The Hildreth Brothers soon after acquired possession, and the
THE WEST BRANCH TRIP.

At the extreme western end of North Bay the lake forms into two arms, which are the entrance to the Northwest Carry leading to the Penobscot River.

The Northeast Carry is the one usually taken, and a small hotel stands on the shore of Moosehead Lake, where comfortable accommodations may be had for a limited number. The distance from the carry to Chesuncook Lake is about twenty-one miles, and at this point the river widens into a level stretch of water which is eighteen miles long and from one to two miles wide; and at the head of the lake is a small hotel, which, having passed under the management of Mr. Foss, has been much improved, is well kept, and offers comfortable accommodations for eight or ten persons, and good plain country fare from the adjoining farm.

At the lower end of the lake the river narrows again into a succession of rapids and falls, and widens into Ripogenus Lake, at which place is the finest succession of views of Mount Katahdin to excite the admiration of the beholder. The outlet of this lake is a deep narrow gorge, where, for the distance of a mile and a half, the stream rushes between steep cliffs fifty or sixty feet in height, in some places overhanging the swift running water which has worn a passage many feet in width into the ledges, separating them into turreted islands running straight into the air, in tall columns of colored rock, covered with ferns and mosses.

The river rushes through this gorge with a mighty roar, making a fall of over two hundred feet in its passage.

Below the falls there is another succession of rapids, making necessary a carry of some three miles; but once fairly embarked, the canoe glides through rapid water for two and a half miles to Ambajewockomus Falls, or Gulliver's Pitch.

Another run of nearly two miles, through the dread "horse race," where the river is wild and impetuous and the river bed full of sharp ledges, or by the safer carry, brings one to Nesowadnehunk Dead-water, a charming spot and suggestive of rest and quiet camping-ground after the wild rush of the succession of falls and rapids through which the traveller has been passing.

The river widens at this point into a miniature lake for a mile and a half, at which point is had another fine view of Katahdin.

About three miles below, Sandy Stream is reached, which is the usual camping place for the Mount Katahdin trip.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT KATAHDIN.

The ascent to Mount Katahdin is attended with many a hard pull through heavy undergrowth and over perpendicular cliffs, but when the summit is gained the prospect spread for one's enjoyment is well worthy any effort it may have cost.
No well-worn carriage road or cog-wheel railway has banded this remote peak, but paths have been blazed, and the hardy, nature-loving, adventurous members of the Appalachian Club have done much to direct the way for the mountain climber. Along the bed and banks of Sandy stream, the path winds over low foot-hills and ridges to the base of the mountain, where the slide on the southwest side is taken for the ascent.

To start in the early afternoon is perhaps the best plan, camping that night at the base, by the clear sparkling waters of Roaring Brook, or, still farther on, by the banks of Avalanche Brook, and then make an early morning start to gain the summit and return, so that a night will not be spent on the top of the great bare granite ledges, which are not the most inviting for peaceful slumber.

With the rising sun the great cloud-capped peak is an ever shifting panorama of form and color. The early morning greys of the far eastern horizon are turned to rainbow coloring, and the sun’s rays penetrate the deep recesses of the great forest, or tip with gold the sharp spear-head of some massive cliff.

The several peaks of old Katahdin are like the massive gray walls of some ancient ruin, each mass of stone mounting higher into the blue vault of heaven.

The crater-like summit surface is one seething, rolling, billowy ocean of cloud, dark and drear until changed by the sun to pure white banks of mist.

As the sun mounts higher into the heavens, the clouds, caught up by the winds, are turned into mist, which dissolves to purify the atmosphere.

The strong northwest wind rises and sweeps along the great granite plains of the table-land, gathering force with every turn, until it swoops down into the basin and scatters the clouds in long cobweb threads, or whirls it into a series of miniature tornadoes. The top of the mountain might be likened to an immense iron kettle, brown and rusty, one side of which had been broken, and the balance worn and jagged by the storms of a thousand winters.

With an early morning start, one can, in three hours, clamber up the side, which is here at an angle of forty degrees, and reach the table-land near the top of the mountain.

The summit of the mountain is about one mile east of this point, a comparatively easy ascent, and when this, the western peak, is gained, it is found to be a flat surface of about twenty feet square.

To the west of it lies the table-land; a short distance to the east is the eastern peak, some few feet lower; between the two is a narrow ridge, sharp and ragged, over which it is necessary to crawl if the wind is blowing, for a single false step in either direction would result disastrously. On the eastern side is a sheer precipice hundreds of feet high, and the south side, though not so abrupt, is exceedingly steep, and would make a rough road over which to tumble.

From the eastern peak, a spur of the mountain extends for some distance, being of the same general characteristics as the ridge, and known as "PAMOLA," from the Indian Deity who was supposed to have made his home on this barren ridge.
The view from the summit is one of strange beauty, and unlike that from most mountain peaks, for it must be remembered that Katahdin stands unattended in her noble grandeur. The eye sweeps the long, forest-grown sides, cut in many places by the avalanches which have swept in their paths all signs of vegetation, to the extreme base in every direction.

The surrounding country is beautifully level and serene, cut into bright bits of blue, reflected in the hundreds of ponds and lakes which dot its surface.

To the north and west of this giant among its pigmies, no sign of civilization greets the eye, for it is one unbroken wilderness of green forests, silver lakes, and blue ribboned rivers and streams. To the south, the clearing of field, farm and meadow land are widely scattered, with the town of Patten, "like a child's box of toy houses," quiet in its peaceful seclusion.

The descent of Katahdin can be made in four hours — one and a half to the foot of the slide, and two and a half more to the river. Many routes to Katahdin and many paths along its sides to the summit are equally enjoyable, but the one just described is perhaps the best, if the ascent is made during the West Branch trip.

After leaving Abol Stream the route continues for fifty-five miles through a perfect network of clear water rapids, falls and carries, with the clear sounding Indian names of Packwockamos, Debsconeak Falls, Passamogamock Falls, Ambejejus Falls, and the North Twin Lakes.

Reaching Millinockett Stream, a mile of easy conoeing brings one to Shad Pond, the last "bulge" of the Penobscot fast growing to a mighty river.

Twelve miles of rapid water, accomplished in three hours, brings one to the East Branch, whence it is twelve miles more to Mattawamkeag Station, on the Maine Central Railroad, where the train is taken for Bangor.

THE NEW ROUTE.

By the opening of the new Bangor & Aroostook Railroad the train may be taken to Sherman, and teams from there to Katahdin, a drive of about thirty-five miles.

Another route would be via the railroad to Twin Lakes Dam on the West Branch, and by canoe to the foot of the mountain. This latter route is undesirable as the paddling would be against the stream — the best way being via Moosehead Lake and the West Branch, as already described.

NEAR THE CANADIAN BOUNDARY.

Still farther north in the Maine wilderness are many new resorts opening their doors for the coming season.

At Holeb, Me., the train is left and boats taken to Birch Island, one-half mile away, rising abruptly from the lake. Situated three thousand feet above sea level, in the midst of pine forests, the air is pure and health-giving, and the great game preserve of seventy thousand acres insures plenty of sport with rod and gun.
Attean Lake Camps, seventeen in number, are the ideal homes for sportsmen, who have the exclusive run of one hundred and seventy thousand acres, and the benefit of the ponds and streams stocked from the great hatchery, which has a capacity of five hundred thousand yearly. The situation of these camps is in the midst of a growth of silver birches on the shores of Attean Lake, a beautiful sheet of water four miles wide and six miles long, containing over fifty beautiful islands. The camps are built for entire comfort, and each has a pleasant outlook.

Heald Pond and Bald Mountain Camps are nine in number, on the shore of Heald Pond, which is one of a dozen connecting lakes and ponds. It is only two miles from the camps to the top of Bald Mountain, from which is seen one of the grandest views in North Maine wilderness.

Parlin Pond is another paradise for fishermen. A fine hotel, pleasantly situated on the shores of the lake, affords all the modern conveniences and comforts, and the farm connected with the house insures a good table. Heald Pond and Parlin Pond are reached by teams from Jackman Station, and Holeb and Attean Lake are regular stations reached via Maine Central to Dover & Foxcroft, Bangor & Aroostook to Greenville, Canadian Pacific to destination. Still another route is via Maine Central to Cookshire Junction — through the famous Crawford Notch and along the Connecticut Valley, thence via Canadian Pacific Railway to destination.

Retrospective.

For him who loves the mad rush of leaping, laughing waters, the calm influence of inland seas, the majesty of forest monarchs that carpet the mighty peaks, and for him who wishes to get away from himself in his everyday life that he may become part of nature in the smooth running, harmonious movements of her handiwork, to dream dreams as he breathes the aroma of her forests, to smell the burning birch logs, and write for himself on memory's pages a book of ever changing vistas of mountains, glowing in the tinge of the awakened day, the clear lakes bathed in the warmth of the mid-day sun, and at the close of day, the moonlight reveries beside the peaceful lakes on whose surface the silver rays are caught by every ripple, then let him come to the grand old summer State of Maine, and, with his guide and birch canoe, sail the clear waters of Moosehead Lake and take the trip down the West Branch of the Penobscot.
Rates of Fare and Time-Table of Trains.

NEW EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE FOR SEASON OF 1894.

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Through Pullman Sleeping-Cars Boston to Bangor, Berths $2.00.

Parlor and Buffet Cars Boston to Newport, Seats $1.00.

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<td>Lv. Portland</td>
<td>1.20</td>
<td>5.35</td>
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<td>Lv. Portland</td>
<td>1.45</td>
<td>6.00</td>
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Parlor and Buffet Cars Newport to Boston, Seats $1.00.

Through Pullman Sleeping-Cars Bangor to Boston, Berths $2.00.

BOSTON TO MT. KINEO HOUSE and Return. $15.00.

Limited to continuous passage in each direction. 13.50.

PORTLAND TO MT. KINEO HOUSE and Return. 12.00.

All Summer Excursion Tickets good for return until Nov. 1st.

The Hotels in the Moosehead Region are as follows:—

Kineo House ................................... Kineo, Me. ........... O. A. Dennen, Prop.

Moosehead Inn. ................................ Greenville Jet., Me. .... A. H. Walker, "

The Silver Lake House ........................... Katahdin Iron Works, Me. Wm. Haughen, "

The Lake House ................................ Greenville, Me .................. C. H. Sawyer, "

Lily Bay Farm House .............................. Lily Bay, Me ................. M. G. Shaw & Sons, "

Roach River House ............................... Roach River, Me ........... Morrison & Hunting, "

Winnegaron Rock House ......................... Northeast Carry, Me .......... Mrs. D. M. Savage, "

*Northeast Carry House ........................ " " " " " " " G. C. Luce, "

*Deer Island House .............................. Moosehead Lake, Me .......... A. Capen, "

*Outlet House ................................. " " " " " " " " " H. J. Wilson, "

Seboomook House ................................ Northwest Carry, Me .......... W. C. Young, "

Birch Island House ............................. Holeb, Me ........................ L. F. Kinne, "

*Attean Camps ................................ Jackman, Me ...................... Ithamar Howe, "

Newton House .................................. " " " " " " " " " S. Newton, "

Dutelly Camps ................................... " " " " " " " " " S. Newton, "

Parlin Pond House ............................... " " " " " " " " " Parlin Pond, Me .......... N. W. Murphy, "

* P. O. address, Greenville, Me.
ABSTRACT OF THE FISH AND GAME LAWS OF MAINE.

FISH.

Landlocked Salmon, Trout and Togue.—Close time from Oct. 1st to May 1st, excepting on St. Croix and tributaries, and waters in Kennebec County, where close time is from Sept. 15th to May 1st. Penalty $30, and $1 for each fish taken. R. S., chap. 40, Secs. 48-49.

White Perch.—Close time from April 1st to July 1st. Penalty $30, and $1 for each fish.

Salmon.—Close time in tide water from July 15th to April 1st. May be taken with single baited hook and line or artificial flies, from April 1st to Sept. 15th. No nets to be used above tide water at any time, except the ordinary landing net. Penalty $25, and $10 for each salmon and $1 for every other fish. Laws for 1891, Chap. 75.

Landlocked salmon, trout and togue not to be sold, exposed for sale or transported between Oct. 1st and May 1st. White perch between April 1st and July 1st. Landlocked salmon and trout not to be transported except in possession of the owner. Over 50 pounds of both together not to be caught for the purpose of transportation by any one person at any one time. Landlocked salmon less than nine inches and trout less than five inches in length not allowed to be taken at any time. Landlocked salmon, trout, togue, black bass and white perch not to be taken at any time, except in the ordinary mode of angling with single baited hook and artificial flies. All other methods prohibited. Penalty $25. R. S., Chap. 40, Sec. 52, and Chap. 65, Laws of 1891. Boats, nets, implements, materials used, and all fish taken in violation of law, are forfeited, and may be seized. R. S., c. 40, s. 74.

Laws of 1891, Chap. 75, Sec. 52. No person shall use dynamite or any other explosive, or any poison, for the purpose of destroying or taking fish, under a penalty of $100 and two months in the county jail for each offence.
GAME—(R. S., Chap. 30).

Moose, Deer and Caribou.—Moose, deer and caribou not to be killed, hunted or destroyed between Jan. 1st and Oct. 1st. Not to be hunted with dogs at any time. Any person may kill any dog found hunting moose, deer or caribou. No person is allowed to own or have in possession dogs for the purpose of hunting moose, deer or caribou. Cow moose never to be killed. Penalty, deer or caribou $40, moose $100, dogs $100. R. S., Chap. 30. No person allowed to destroy, kill, or have in possession between Oct. 1st and Jan. 1st more than one moose, two caribou, or three deer. Penalties, moose $100, deer and caribou $40 each.

No person allowed to transport the carcass or hide or any part thereof of any moose, deer or caribou, between Jan. 1st and Oct. 1st. Penalty $40.

Mink, beaver, otter, sable, muskrat and fisher not to be destroyed between May 1st and Oct. 15th. Penalty $10 each. Ducks not to be killed from April 1st to Sept. 1st. Then only with fire-arms.

Partridge and woodcock not to be killed between Dec. 1st and Sept. 1st.

Quail and pinnated grouse not to be killed or sold between Jan. 1st and Sept. 1st, nor plover between May 1st and Aug. 1st. Penalties $10 each.

Larks, robins, swallows, sparrows and orioles not to be killed at any time. Penalty $5. Nests, eggs, or unfledged young of any wild birds except crows, hawks and owls, not to be taken or destroyed. Penalty $10.

No person shall transport any of these birds herein-named during the period when the killing of the same is prohibited. Penalty $5.

Sunday Close Time. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy any game or birds on Sunday.

Indians are liable to the foregoing penalties the same as other persons.

The above presents brief extracts from the Fish and Game Laws now in force. See Revised Statutes of Maine. For game, Chap. 30. Fish, Chap. 40, and amendments.
PADDLE Drippings
IN THE
MOOSEHEAD LAKE REGION:
Written and Illustrated by
HARRIE TOE
Presented by the Maine Central Railroad