

MAINE WOODS

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PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1904.

PRICE 3 CTS

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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Fish and Game Oddities.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

U. M. C. METALLIC CARTRIDGES

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CONN.

Do White Fish Bite a Hook?

SANDUSKY, OHIO, Feb. 10, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods.

This question is often asked and always finds a ready answer. No.

For 25 years I have spent the months of August and September each year along the northern lakes and streams from Moosehead lake to the Rocky mountains and, as a matter of course, have had very many pleasant experiences and many good catches, particularly in the northern part of Michigan and Maine.

The middle northern country is dotted thick with beautiful lakes and numerous trout streams. I have trolled, plucked and cast bait in the very best waters but never caught a white fish on the hook before, although it was said that the water was full of the fellows. Last summer, however, in August, while at Topinbee, Michigan, situated on the north shore of Mullet lake, one bright but windy morning I started out for the gummy black bass. After an hour or so I was about to pull up anchor, after securing a good string, when I thought I would just try one more cast for luck. Baiting my hook with two small minnows, I cast away about 60 feet, allowing the bait to sink say 30 feet. After a few minutes I began to reel in slowly, when I felt as I supposed, a snag, but soon found it was some strange sort of a fish, a new sensation, and I began to reel all the faster. I soon saw it was a real, live, big fish. He soon came to the surface and with extreme care I succeeded in bringing him near enough to land him with the net. It was a beauty, a 4-pound, 2 ounce white fish. I believe I enjoyed the capture of that fish better than any square tail I ever hooked. My money no longer says white fish never bite a hook and yet I never expect to catch another. E. J. HAINES.

How to Catch Owls.

Uncle Frost Bunker, the veteran hunter of Athens, tells of a marvelous way to catch owls for mounting. He says that when you find an owl in a tree in the daytime, he will only set and stare at you and that all you have to do is to get a white stick and shake it at him to get his attention and then commence walking around the tree, shaking the stick all the time. After commencing to walk around the tree keep going faster until you go very fast as the owl will not move his feet but will keep his eyes fixed on the moving stick. When you have run around the tree five or six times he will get dizzy and wring his own neck and fall off the limb he is sitting upon and you can catch him and thus save shooting him to pieces.

Upper Dam House.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

UPPER DAM, Feb. 19, 1904.

Despite the cold winter thus far Upper Dam has been a busy place. A crew of from 30 to 40 men have put in seven weeks' work on the channel of the big lake. They completed the work last Monday.

On Tuesday five ship carpenters arrived from Portland and are at work on the new steamboat to be put into the service of the Upper Dam House the coming season. The frame for this boat was all fitted by the Portland Shipbuilding Co. in Portland so the work of construction is rapidly going forward and it is intended to have the boat ready for the opening of the season. On Friday last the boiler, weighing five tons, was hauled from Bemis by eight horses in two hours. The boat is 78 feet long by 12 wide and will carry an engine of 140 horse power.

Capt. Prouty of Lowell, Mass., is here remodeling the steamer, Richardson, and adding ten feet to its length.

The sawmill was run day and night while the water lasted after the cofferdam was blown out.

Hollis Ellingwood of Camp Whitney is out on a vacation. Leroy Jordan is in charge of the camp.

W. H. Felker, who has been out for a short vacation, has returned.

Mrs. Hiram Dolbier left recently for a visit in Lewiston and Kingfield. Miss Lizzie Chadwick left on the same day for her home in Holden.

WHERE TO GO FISHING.

Ask Maine Woods Information Bureau for circulars and particulars, Phillips.

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Why Did They Eat the Deer?

EAST DEDHAM, MASS., Feb. 19, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I have been receiving the last two or three copies of MAINE WOODS and I am much pleased with it. I first saw MAINE WOODS at the Sportsmen's show in Boston two years ago and brought a copy of it home with me. I often thought of sending for it but never got to it yet.

I saw in the last edition of your paper, concerning trapping, that the lynx could be caught by setting in a plain cubby and baiting with meat. Now I would like to know what this cubby is.

Last fall I was on a hunting trip in northern Maine and in a country when lynx were plentiful. I shot at a deer one night at about 12 o'clock. Well, I'll tell you the whole story and if it's worth printing you can put it in the paper.

It was away up in northern Aroostook county on the banks of a small stream that emptied into the Aroostook river. There were only two of us, a friend of mine from Rumford Falls and myself. We had a little log hut about 75 feet from the stream and in the centre of an opening. About 100 feet to the right of the hut was another smaller brook running into the larger one.

We had a kind of a path trampled in the snow from the hut to the smaller brook, because we used to use the brook water for cooking and drinking instead of the water from the larger stream.

Well it was a cold bleak sort of a night and the sky was overcast, as if getting ready for snow. We cleaned our rifles in the evening, both of which were 30-30 Winchesters and then had a game of cards until we began to get sleepy, so then we got the hut good and warm and fixed the fire so as to last for four or five hours and then turned in. We had an old railroad stove and it was a fine heater while the wood lasted. All we had over the doorway was a piece of burlap bagging hung from the top. We were dead to the world after being in the bunk about five minutes.

Toward midnight I woke up feeling kind of chilly so I fixed the fire, put on a little more wood and sat on a box to wait for the wood to get to getting good, also to get good and warm before turning in again. I looked at my watch and it was just ten minutes of 12. I soon began to doze by the fire but all of a sudden I heard a noise. At first I thought it was a mouse as there were two or three in the hut, but I heard it again and I knew it was something breaking through the crust in the snow

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outside of the hut. My friend was sound asleep.

I reached for my rifle and crept quietly in my stocking feet toward the burlap door. I pulled the burlap one side just far enough to peek out. There, about 50 feet from the hut I could make out the form of a deer. I could see the legs against the snow but could just barely make out the form of the body against the woods behind. It was standing, looking, I suppose at the sparks coming out of the chimney. I took aim the best I could and fired. The shot rung among the hills for almost five minutes but the deer flew back on its trail. My friend woke up with a jump clean to the middle of the hut.

When daylight came we went out and found the snow covered with blood. We followed it for about half a mile into the woods and there we found as nice a buck as I ever saw, but he had been eaten all but the head. For an area of at least 20 feet in every direction from the deer were tracks of fox, lynx and wild cat and others that looked like wolf. There were blood and bones in all directions and the hair was scattered so that it looked as if it grew on the snow.

We took the head and horns, but I often thought how I would have liked to have been in a tree watching those animals fight over the meat.

That ends the story but I would like to know why they ate that deer and wouldn't eat what we hang up in the woods. It can't be because we handle the meat we hang up because we handle what we put in the cubby, as you call it. What is the best way to catch a bear, and also a fox?

SAMUEL S. HARRIS.

Carry Pond Camps.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

BINGHAM, Feb. 20, 1904.

As it is nearing the time for sportsmen to make arrangements for a fishing trip or summer vacation we hope to secure some new guests as well as the old ones up here in the Kennebec valley region.

The Carry Pond Camps will be opened May 10th, 1904, with Henry J. Lane, proprietor. Mr. Lane has managed these camps for the past eight years and has built up a good business. Two new cabins will be built in the early spring which will add to the place and will be much needed.

Among the many side trips from the main camp will be one to Pierce pond, where the large salmon were taken last season, weighing from 5 to 16 pounds.

Lake Austin will be opened in the early spring, under the management of Mr. Henry Washburn. Mr. Washburn is proprietor of the Bingham Hotel, terminus of the Somerset railroad. This hotel is a neat, clean hotel and every sportsman who stops there is well pleased. Mr. Washburn's teams are always ready to take parties to the different points leading to the fishing and hunting grounds.

Rowe Pond Camps and Otter Pond Camps are also among the well kept camps in this region. We hope that many of the readers of the MAINE WOODS will try our region this season.

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Buy your Ticket to Bingham, Maine,
Via Oakland and the
..SOMERSET RAILWAY..
when you get ready to go
Hunting or Fishing.
Moose, Deer, Trout and Salmon in Abundance
Rowe, Carry, Otter, Pleasant and Moxie ponds and Bald Mountain Lodge are some of the most prominent resorts. Up to date camps in every respect. Reasonable rates. Two daily trains between Bingham and Boston. Round trip tickets on sale at principal B. & M. R. R. stations and Portland, Maine. Fishing opens about May 10. Information cheerfully furnished by
W. M. AYER, Mgr. Somerset Ry., Oakland, Me

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Where BIG TROUT and LANDLOCKED SALMON rise to the fly every day during the open season. Come to the

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and you are sure to get plenty of good fish. In planning your trip send for booklet and maps, free, to

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INFORMATION FREE.

We often get enquiries from parties who want a bunch of circulars of camps and hotels in Maine and of Railroad and Steamboat lines. We send these free of charge for the benefit of advertisers in MAINE WOODS and our readers.

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.



Marlin
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are the original solid top and side ejectors. This feature forms a solid shield of metal between the shooter's head and the cartridge at all times, throws the empty away from him instead of into his face, prevents smoke and gases from entering his eyes and lungs, and keeps the line of sight unobstructed. The MARLIN action works easily and smoothly, making very little noise. Our new automatic recoil-operating loading device makes the Marlin the safest breech-loading gun ever built. 120-page catalogue, 300 illustrations, cover in nine colors, mailed for three stamps.
The Marlin Fire Arms Co.
New Haven, Conn.

News From the Rangeleys.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

RANGELEY, Feb. 23, 1904.

J. B. Marble, proprietor of the Rangeley Lake House, was in Rangeley last week. He said the outlook for business is already very encouraging for summer. He will commence work on the hotel the 20th of March and have everything in order when the ice goes out. There is much he says to be done in the way of improvements and repairs, and he does not intend to overlook anything that will add to the comfort and convenience of his guests.

W. D. Grant says he is ready to bet that the ice will go out in April next spring. His argument is based on the fact that in all the lakes the water is so very low that there will be vast stretches of open water as soon as the spring rain raises the lakes to their normal height. The ice will move about as the wind changes and the wash of the waves will wear into the ice rapidly. There is lots of logic in this and if the weather is favorable there is no doubt but the condition of the lakes at present will hasten the departure of the ice by several days.

"Uncle Ned" Abercrombie and his dog, "Peck," are attending the Sportsmen's show in the interest of Capt. F. C. Barker.

There is another wild cat at large somewhere in the woods south of Spotted Mountain. It has been seen several times of late by members of the logging crews and Philbrick Giles, Seth Benson and Elmer Snowman are all trapping for it.

E. B. Whorff, the once popular hotel man at Mooselockmeguntic House, will run Dead River Pond Camps next summer. He will also have the Saddleback Pond Camps. He expects to have a telephone put in at Dead River Pond Camps and everything in first-class shape for his guests.

This is one of the most attractive places in the Rangeley lake region and so handy that ladies have gone from the Rangeley Lake House to the top of Saddleback Mountain and returned the same day.

The fishing is good at both Dead River pond and the ponds on the mountain, salmon weighing nearly a pound having been caught at the latter place.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

DEER AND CROPS.

An Old Hunter In Phillips Comments Upon His Observations.

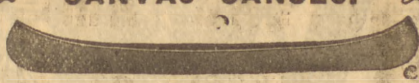
In regard to the claim in some localities that deer have destroyed valuable crops for the farmers, a MAINE WOODS reporter interviewed G. L. Kempton of Phillips, a hunter and trapper of long experience. Mr. Kempton has always lived in hunting territory and he has been a close observer of the habits of deer. He says he never knew a deer to browse apple trees. He says that in grain fields they step along in their tunnel way and their little pointed feet do no harm to the grain as one can hardly see where they go along. He says that once in a while they will nip a hill of beans, beets, turnips or something of that kind.

Mr. Kempton says he has known partridges to take a few apple buds but the damage is not large. He says the farmers in the game districts as a rule get a great deal more than enough deer meat to make up for the loss in crops. He says further that it is a matter of common knowledge that a great many who are favorably situated for the practice supply their tables with very little meat besides venison in open or close time.

Mr. Kempton has for years been an occasional correspondent of MAINE WOODS, signing over the signature of "Border."

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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FOR SALE. Steam launch, up to date, cost \$3,000, will sell for \$850. Address VAN, 52 Front St., Newburgh, N. Y. Going out of business.

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CANOE, BOATS, CEDAR - Canvas Covered Models for sportsmen, pleasure paddling, and for salt water use. Thorough construction. Various prices. Send for catalogue. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 11 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

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Trout Fly Watch Charm.

A perfect trout fly enclosed between glass crystals and surrounded by solid 18k gold band, guaranteed interchangeable. You can insert any fly you wish. Price 50c. 25 stamps taken as cash. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Address WATCH CHARM AGTS, Box 186, Waterville, Me.

A Plucky Cat.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

FRYEBURG, Feb. 22, 1904.

We had a cat in our camp one fall that used to catch squirrels and birds daily and one day she came into camp with a full grown partridge, but the pluckiest cat I know and one that is "sand" way down to the ground is a Tomcat owned by Seth Webb of South Chatham, N. H. This cat weighs about eleven pounds and will tackle anything that walks. There isn't anything in the cat line in South Chatham that can down him and the most of the dogs have no business with him.

He has had varied adventures in his career, having been shot at by Clifford Walker, who took him for a fox one day up in the back pasture. He also got caught in one of Walker's fox traps but he is still in the ring.

Not long ago Mr. Webb was working in his garden just back of the house, when he heard a big commotion up in the cow pasture a short distance from the house. He immediately dropped his hoe and started in that direction. Arriving on the scene he found his cat and a fox, about two-thirds grown, in deadly combat.

Anybody that knows anything about a fox and how they can fight when cornered can readily see that Thomas had struck a pretty lively customer. However, when Mr. Webb arrived the cat had the fox down and was making the fur fly and chewing his neck in great shape.

The rumpus attracted the attention of Webb's cows and they came running up just as he got there.

One of the cows more bold than the rest commenced to nose up near the combatants. This evidently caused old Thomas to let go his grip and the fox dragged himself away.

He was so badly used up, however, that he went but a short distance and sat down to lap his wounds. Webb hurried back to the house, got his rifle and easily approached the fox and shot it.

Mr. Webb says he was badly chewed up and if the cow hadn't disturbed the cat no doubt old Thomas would have killed the fox.

W. H. HATCH.

A Good Deer.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

SOUTH PARIS, Feb. 22, 1904.

Four of us made a trip deer hunting on Sandy stream, near Dead River, November, 1903, and secured several deer and enjoyed the trip very much. We crossed lots from Bethel, with a two-horse double seated buckboard, by the way of Dixfield, Weld, Phillips, Kingfield, North New Portland, then north up Sandy stream.

I shot a very large buck with 9-point antlers, spreading 22 inches and measuring 8 feet, 8 inches from tip of nose to tip of hind feet. We found deer very plenty but as the footing was very bad it was hard getting shots.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. B. Whorff, formerly proprietor of Bald Mountain Camps, who has leased the camps at Dead River pond, near Rangeley, has an advertisement in our hotel list on page 8.

E. I. Du Pont Co.

L. P. Kinne's fox and mink scent, Lebanon, N. H.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

TENTH ANNUAL SHOW.

One of the Most Successful In the History of the State.

Maine Represented By Hosts of Guides and Hotel Men.

The tenth annual Sportsmen's exposition opened Friday of last week, Feb. 19. If the attendance of the opening evening was a forerunner of the after days, indications are that this will be one of the best attended shows ever held. It is estimated that about 10,000 were present the opening evening.

The many sportsmen and lovers of camp life who visit the show this year will find much to interest them and to turn their thoughts to plans and preparations for the outing which they contemplate for the coming season.

In addition to the varied interests that find enthusiasts among sportsmen and sportswomen, there is an elaborate and complete display of electric and gasoline yachts and auto boats. The island having been removed from the center of the artificial lake, free play is given the many yachts and canoes which are on exhibition.

Among the boat and marine engine manufacturers are Newbury & Dunham, Mishawaka, Ind.; Prince Engine Co., Racine, Wis.; The C. H. Bloomstrowe Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.; Lozier Motor Co., New York City; Electric Launch Co., Bayonne City, N. J.; Panhard & Levassor, New York City; Eagle Bicycle Co., Torrington, Conn.; Smith & Mabley, New York City; Hollander & Tangeman, New York City; The Standard Motor Construction Co., Jersey City, N. J.; The Tom H. Brodie Co., New York City; The American Darracq Automobile Co., New York City; Gas Engine & Power Co., Morris Heights, N. Y.

One feature of the show was incomplete at the opening due to the delay of the car containing the Maine exhibit, which did not arrive until quite late. The Maine exhibitors were much disappointed but everything has now been done to make this space one of the most attractive of the show. Maine occupies the first space at the right of the Madison avenue entrance. It shows a real log cabin, filled with guides who will give all the information asked for in regard to the Maine woods, its fishing, shooting and outing facilities.

All of the leading railroads of the state are here represented, while many of the camps and hotels of the state furnish interesting reading matter. The Maine Central and Maine Sportsmen's monthly magazines are placed in the hands of many sportsmen. The Sandy River, Phillips & Rangeley, Bangor & Aroostook, Washington County and Somerset railroads are all putting out some attractive circulars. The MAINE WOODS is putting out double its usual number of copies.

The guides and camp owners from Maine are: Dion Blackwell representing Round Mountain Lake Camps, Esutis; A. B. Douglass, Eagle Lake Camps, Eagle Lake Mills; Warren Wing, Tim Pond and Spring Lake, Flagstaff; Silas B. Langley, Flagstaff; A. L. Abercrombie (Uncle Ned) Bemis; Mr. Norris, Ashland. Other Maine people here are Harry Chapman of S. L. Crosby & Co., Bangor; C. A. Judkins, Kineo; Capt. Chas. Robinson, manager of the Coburn Steamboat company; Mr. Palmer, traveling agent for the Bangor & Aroostook railroad; Capt. F. C. Barker, proprietor of Birches, Bemis and The Barker, Bemis; State Game Warden Ross of Bangor represents Washington county; H. C. Cobb of the Maine Central magazine; C. A. Hill of The Belgrade, Belgrade Mills, are also present.

These well known guides and camps and hotel owners are busy relating woods experiences and if you care for rest and relaxation, for wilderness life and comfortable log cabins, for fishing, hunting, canoeing and tramping where nature reigns in all her loveliness, in woods where the hand of man and the ruthless axe have been strangers; if you love the sheen of blue waters and scintillating sparkle of sunshine and shadow casting reflections from the fringes of beautiful trees that frame and hold like a beautiful picture, they will have much to tell of places that will satisfy all these longings and which are visited each year by many sportsmen, who always return well satisfied with their catch, hunt or vacation days.

The Adirondack region has an ex-

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1000 Targets shot at, 962 (96 2-10 per cent) broken.

The story. Mr. Fred Gilbert made these scores at

	SHOT AT	BROKE
Houston Tex., 1-27-04,	125	123
Dallas, Tex., 1-27-04,	100	94
Texarkana, Tex., 1-29-04,	100	97
Shreveport, La., 2-1-04,	100	92
Shreveport, La., 2-2-04,	100	94
Camden, Ark., 2-3-04,	125	122
Pine Bluff, Ark., 2-4-04,	100	96
Pine Bluff, Ark., 2-6-04,	125	122

Demonstrating the wonderful uniformity of

DUPONT SMOKELESS.

cellent display, showing much of camp life, while guides from this section are present to give such information as may interest the inquiring sportsman.

The exhibit of the New York Aquarium Fish hatchery appeals to everybody, even if it is Lent. One wit says that the reason he looked at them was that the price of fish has gone up so high that he had to take them out and look at them. Live brown and rainbow trout are shown in great profusion swimming around in glass tanks. In the hatchery tanks are shown the spawn in various stages of brown and brook trout, Atlantic and landlocked salmon.

Dr. Cecil French of Washington, D. C., has one of the most interesting exhibits at the Show, consisting of water fowl of twenty different varieties, deer, possum, coon, foxes and squirrels. Dr. French has a hobby for wild animals and birds, and doctors the sick inmates of the Zoological garden at Washington. Among the novelties in his collection at the garden are an exhibit of prairie hens which are rarely seen east of the Mississippi, for the reason that the game laws of all the western states forbid their exportations; some flying squirrels, some grey squirrels bred in captivity, an unusual thing, and tame deer. On Monday, the doctor expects a pair of wild cats. The covey of quail attracted so much attention yesterday that Dr. French was obliged to cover up the exhibit to-day; three of the birds having died last night of fright. The prairie hens, which are now on exhibition, have been sold and will be shipped to France to stock the game reserves of a large estate outside of Paris. In the miniature ponds under the water wheel in the garden. Dr. French has a splendid collection of fowl, including teal duck, canvas backs, dusky ducks, widgeons, mallards, black heads, pin tails, wood ducks, mandarins, wild geese, swans and sand hill cranes. The tame banger, possums, coons and foxes have attracted much attention.

The Fly Casting Contest this afternoon was Class B, Trout Flies for distance only. Won by Arthur Gottold of Brooklyn, with a cast of 99 feet 8 inches; W. Walter of Bath Beech, second, with a cast of 65 feet; C. R. Woodward of Brooklyn, third, with a cast of 52 feet 4 inches and H. R. Smith of Brooklyn was fourth with a cast of 56 feet.

Miss Bessie Gruikbank, of Brooklyn, the woman champion fly caster, was practicing with a rod and fly at the tank this afternoon. She made over 60 feet repeatedly, her best cast is 68 feet.

Clerk Fuller of the Supreme court has been at the Canadian guides camp. He arranged with the guides to take a party up to Lake Temagaming in August. Mr. Fuller is enthusiastic about the lake, which he says has over 600 miles of shore line. It is way off the path of travel and is in the centre of a great forest reserve of 10,000 square miles of absolutely virgin wilderness. The tourist and the lumberman have never visited it. The lake is the breeding place of innumerable wild fowl and in the summer is the haunt of all the Canadian songsters. Moose and deer are plentiful. Mr. Fuller was impressed with the show. He said:

"The show is for the real sportsmen, not for the summer boarder or the man who is content to spend his vacation on the veranda of a hotel, but for the man who wants to get out into the wilderness. It is a most interesting exhibition."

Harry T. Radford, the young sportsman and writer on out of door topics, editor of Woods and Waters, who has done yeoman's work for the Adirondacks and who now has four bills before the state legislature dealing with the state's recreation grounds, was a visitor at the show today.

An interesting exhibit is in the space occupied by Abercrombie & Fitch, where the model of an Arctic sled fur-

nished by the company to the Ziegler Polar expedition, is shown. It is the regular skeleton sleigh, combining lightness and great strength, with harness for the dogs and the steering and controlling device at the rear. These sleds will pack an incredible amount of camp stuff.

Home trainer races are held every day in the bicycle exhibit in the Concert hall. The contests are for high grade bicycles as prizes, and they are open to all, provided the riders appear in bicycle costume.

A cage full of Mountain lions is shown at the entrance. They are four healthy active scrappers indeed.

A large collection of moose heads, in the rough, and hunter's saddles have been added to the Canadian Pacific exhibit.

Ernest Thompson Seton, the distinguished naturalist and story-writer, visited the show this afternoon. He said: "The show is, in many respects, superior to any of the previous exhibitions. It is practical and useful this year to a greater degree than ever before." Mr. Seton expects to visit the show frequently.

Guides from the Adirondacks report a great mortality among the deer, especially in the Bog River region. The unusual severity of the winter has cut off the food supply in a great many sections. One guide reports that, while driving out from his camp to the railroad, he found a deer lying in the road and dying. He lifted it out of the wagon track and laid it in the snow beside the road and when he passed the next day he found it there dead. He said that that was the seventh he had counted since the first of January. Some of the guides suggest that if a supply of hay were taken into the woods and distributed throughout March the game supply next fall would be greatly increased. At one camp two bushels of frozen potatoes were thrown out of the back door and were devoured by a herd of seven deer.

Why Not?

If I really do believe that I thoroughly understand my business, and that the only way it can grow is by having a lot of people know about it, then it's "up to me" to see that what I "am at" is widely known.

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"And further this deponent saith nct."

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MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

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"INFALLIBLE."

The only dense powder made in America.

Mr. John Fanning scored 114 out of a possible 120 targets at Trenton, N. J., February 6th, winning high average for the day.

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NEW MODEL, 9 MM. OR 35 I-2 CALIBER.

Can be readily loaded with or without magazine clip or as a single loader.

Extra finish, raised matted rib, half octagon barrel, length 26 and 28 inches, sling swivels, hair trigger, checked pistol grip, all bright parts matted, weight 7½ pounds, (extra charge for any but regular finish,) \$50.00. Cartridges per hundred, \$5.50.

Point blank range, 300 yards, velocity 2,000 feet per second, 44 grains smokeless powder bullet weighing 280 grains.

A. H. FUNKE, 325 Broadway, New York.

Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., San Francisco, Cal., Pacific Coast Agents.

Fishing on the Madunkeunk.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

LINCOLN, Feb. 20, 1904.

Having determined to celebrate the glorious anniversary of our country's independence in a manner befitting the occasion, far from the maddening crowd, I had written to Trume and Frank, respectively my son and son-in-law, to come to Lincoln on the afternoon preceding the advent of that great day, sacred to the lover of liberty and forever dear to the heart of the American boy, with the unexploded and the exploding firecracker.

I expected them on the local train, which reaches Lincoln at 8.05 p. m., but they took the through express, which stops there for water, at 4.40 and rushed unexpectedly into the building where I was busily at work, so filled with enthusiasm at the prospect of catching trout that they wanted to start for the camp at once. As it was then past 5 o'clock and the camp seven miles away, with a ferry across the Penobscot river intervening, I persuaded them to stop with me till morning, promising them all the fishing they could stand under between that time and Monday noon, when they must be at the station to take the train home.

The next morning showed up with an unclouded sky and knowing that it would be useless to fish for trout till near sunset, we proceeded leisurely to camp where, after cooking and eating our dinner, we put in three hours of solid enjoyment sprawling under the grateful shade of the big rock maples. Then the boys started for the Notch, a mile and a half above the camp, and so-called because at that point the stream cuts through the big horseback, while I had decided to try a pool just opposite the camp, where an enormous spring boiled out from under the horseback, pouring its icy cold waters into the warm dead water of the meadows.

Everyone knows how dry the present season has been (and is) and the water in the main stream was correspondingly low. I crept cautiously up to within sighting distance of the pool, when a glance told me that it would be futile to try for trout till dusk, as the white clay bottom was clearly visible. I therefore wandered over the meadows for an hour or more, watching yellow hammers catching grasshoppers for their young, hearing the kingfisher winding up his reel, after a plunge for a minnow which he missed, and absorbing the quietude and beauty of the scene through every open avenue of my mind.

Deer tracks, indelibly imprinted in

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J. WALDO NASH, Norway, Maine.

the soft bottom, were everywhere and—why! What is this? Are there cows on this meadow? Oh no! Certainly not. Those pointed dew claws, so far above the hoof, and those sharp, tapering toes never grew on the leg of any domestic animal. It is a cow moose, sure, a 2-years-old cow moose track and a very fresh one! And I started for the pool greatly exalted in spirit at the mere sight of a fresh moose track.

Putting two very lively worms on my No. 1 spout and crouching low I crept slowly to within casting distance of the pool. Effacing myself as much as possible I made a long cast into it and allowed the line (no sinker in mine, please) to settle slowly to the bottom. Although the sun had sunk behind the high horseback to the west and the stream laid in deep shadow, it was still above the horizon and its reflected light would continue for quite a time. Therefore I could still watch the slack line at the point where it emerged from the water, whose surface was as unruffled as the face of a mirror. There was a very slight movement of the line at this point and knowing that if a trout had taken the bait he would instantly drop it if he felt the line tighten, I struck on a slack line.

Great luck! I had hooked a pound trout at the first cast. My rod was a No. 7 Bristol steel one and this was its sixth season. Many a pound trout had been clearly lifted from the water and swung onto the bank with it, under favorable conditions, but this was a different proposition, the bank being wet and slippery and sloping upwards for 20 feet and then a flat covered with hazel and alders. If I swung that trout onto the sloping bank with the water oozing out of it in a hundred places and he came off the hook, as he was almost sure to do, my chance of catching and holding him before he flopped back into the water was about one in ten. I was therefore obliged to play him out, meanwhile execrating my folly in neglecting to bring a landing net. He was a fighter for sure and his mad rushes, which I was forced to sharply check, to keep him out of the lily pads made the glassy pool boil.

At last he gave up the fight and turning on his side, with quivering fins and tail feebly wagging protest, he suffered me to gradually bring the rod to a perpendicular. Then slowly stooping down and softly grasping the knot of the snell and carefully lifting him high above the intervening weeds I marched gingerly up the bank, the trout hanging limp and motionless below my extended right arm. Something touched him, however, just as I gained the flat and he came off the hook the first flop. He was safely landed, however, and after feasting my eyes on his beauty and plump-

ness, I dropped him into the basket and returned to the pool. Five times was this repeated but none of the trout were quite the size of the first one. The six would weigh just about 3 pounds. However, it was enough and warned by the rapidly gathering gloom I started for the camp filled with spring water and the joy of trout fishing.

The boys reached camp a few minutes behind me and being wholly unacquainted with the stream had only succeeded in capturing five trout, but judging by their chatter, they had had a high old time. On reaching the stream at the Notch they had fished in opposite directions and each had seen a beautiful buck and Trume bewailed the absence of his camera, which he had neglected to bring.

After a late supper they began plotting the capture of a porcupine, which had taken up his abode under the camp, and on a previous trip had made sleep a hollow mockery by gnawing the floor timbers at night. As it was very uncertain whether he was in or out they had to provide for either contingency; so they attached a wire loop to a spring pole, on the top of which they balanced a rock; which would be sure to fall off if the pole was agitated. About 3 o'clock the next morning I was very suddenly aroused from sleep by a tremendous double concussion which fairly shook the camp and for an instant I surmised that it was being destroyed by an earthquake. Sitting up in my berth, half dazed, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a flying figure in a single abbreviated garment through the doorway! The boys had heard the rock drop! and entirely forgetting that they were in an upper berth had both jumped out of it and dropped a plump six feet to the floor below, nearly going through it. By the time they got around the corner of the camp the porcupine was well out of reach, scratching up the trunk of a big hemlock which grew within 20 feet of his hole. A revolver was brought into requisition but in the dim light it was emptied without bringing him down. Then as the light grew stronger, the 38-55 tumbled him out of that tree in a hurry and they buried him, ignoring the bounty. Further sleep was out of the question and after a hasty breakfast in which a dipper filled with strong coffee played an important part, we started for the upper crossing on the east branch of the stream, five miles above the camp.

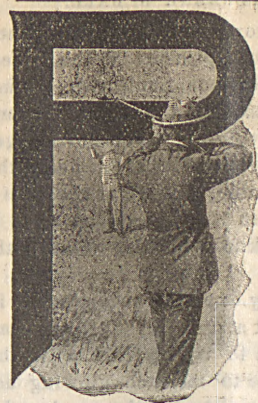
Crossing the stream at the Notch we took the tote road running on the summit of the horseback to the upper crossing. A cutting by lumbermen on the western slope at its highest point gave us a glorious view of almost the entire mountain range of western and northern Maine from Mattamiscontis, a few miles to the westward, to Bigelow, blue and dim on the very verge of the horizon. Farther north were Russell, Barren, Joe

Mary and the needlelike summit of Sourdunhunk, while towering above them all its rugged sides, seemed by the fierce and irresistible rush of the avalanche, loomed old Katahdin like a veritable giant of old, watching over and guarding his territory. The level rays of the rising sun, bathing the outlying spurs in a flood of light and leaving the ravines in deepest shadow formed a vanishing picture which mere words are too feeble to describe. On reaching the crossing at the east branch we quickly jointed up and then began our return journey, the distance which we had traveled by road from the Notch being nearly doubled by the stream.

The very first hole yielded us ten trout, not to mention a big sucker which Frank hooked and which pulled and fought like a bull dog, leading him to suppose that he had struck the biggest trout in the stream and the expression of disappointment and disgust on his face when at last he brought the yellow and disreputable looking fish to the surface would have been pathetic if it had not been so amusing. The fishing consisted of long stretches of shallows where the water barely covered the bottom and then a deep pool in a sharp bend where we were sure of trout. Between pools we talked, laughed and smoked; but when nearing them we were perfectly quiet and attended strictly to business. In this way we got to the head of Mile rips where the Woodville tote road crosses the stream, at 11 o'clock. There was still two miles of stream between there and the Notch, but we decided unanimously that we had trout enough and would take the road to the Notch and camp. Just before reaching the road I nearly stepped on a woodcock which whirled up from between my feet and dropped as if shot a few yards away, a nesting female probably which did not wish to get far from her home.

We had invited some friends in the village to partake of a trout dinner with us that day at the camp, but everything was quiet when we reached it and we concluded that the celebration of the day before, coupled with the dance at night, had disinclined them for a seven-mile drive. Therefore after eating all the trout we could hold we carried the rest to the home of the nearest farmer, half a mile away, where they were gratefully received.

The next morning we were ready by daybreak. Rain was impending but rain or shine we had got to have some trout for the boys to take home, so we decided to go to the head of Mile rips and fish down to the Notch. When we got to the stream and looked up it, how we did long for a camera! Standing in the middle of the shallow water head toward us was a graceful doe quietly drinking, her forelegs spread wide apart in order to reach it. Throwing up her head she stood for a moment as still as



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At Wood Lake, Neb., Oct. 14th, **1000** Straight without a miss, same conditions.

At King's Mills, O., Nov. 19th, **1019** shotgun shell heads without a miss, distance 25 ft.

At Cincinnati, O., Cincinnati Gun Club, Nov. 20, **1601** blue rock targets without a miss, distance 30 ft.

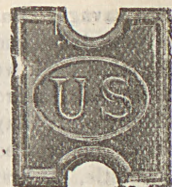
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a statue. In answer to a cheery "Good morning, old lady," she bounded to the bank and again looked us over, then apparently satisfied that we were harmless she hopped away.

It began to rain shortly after we commenced to fish and as the blue joint was nearly up to our armpits in places, in five minutes we were simply drenched. We kept on, however, to the Notch, which we reached about 9 o'clock. Hurrying to camp we built a rousing fire. As the boys brought no change of clothing they had to dry those they stood in before leaving camp.

They found a couple of old skirts left there the week before by the Doctor's wife and put them on, taking off every rag of their own drenched clothing. Now Trume is a light weight and his skirt came down nearly as low as a golf girl's and was almost respectable, but Frank is nearly or quite a six-footer and his skirt reached hardly to his knees. Oh, it was too ridiculous! and as they danced around the hot stove, turning and tending their smoking garments, I laughed till I had to lie down. All things come to an end, however, and the two quiet and respectable anglers who took the train a few hours later could never have been recognized as the disreputable sealawags who whooped and danced in Indian style around the hot stove.

Our trip to the Madunkeunk was ended. PENOBSCOT.

WANTS, FOR SALE, ETC.

Wanted.

Position as manager of sporting camp or summer hotel by experienced man and wife. BOX 861, Hardwick, Vt.

Wanted.

Position to take charge of a first-class hotel or charge of office. Have had experience and can give first-class references. Address MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Me.

Wanted.

To purchase two copies of Hubbard's Guide to Northern Maine. Anyone having copies to sell please write, stating price, to SUMNER R. HOOPER, Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

Wanted.

Position in sporting camps at Rangeley or vicinity. Can do most any kind of work around hotel or camp. Good references. Address, EDWARD GOULD, Strong, Me.

Wanted.

A full blood male Cocker Spaniel dog; must be well broken to hunt partridges and bring in dead birds. Must also be of clean habits around the house and not over 3 years old. Write, stating price, to GRANT FULLER, Stratton, Me.

Wanted.

To lease a furnished hotel in the sporting regions or position as manager of hotel or sporting camps. Would accept position as clerk or steward. Have had years of experience in all branches of hotel work and can give best of references. C. E. PENDLETON, Box 25, Foxcroft, Me.

Wanted.

To purchase a small parcel of land in the deep woods, near lake shore, on which to put a shack for hunting and camping purposes. Price must be reasonable. Address MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.

Wanted.

A man and his wife to take charge of a sporting camp. Wife must be a good cook; husband capable of caring for clubhouse and management of help and will be required to hire all help necessary to run the same. Full particulars can be obtained by applying by letter, with references, to BOX 98, Medford, Mass.

Fall Bargain List
200 of the best trades in New England, and just out free for a stamp. A few with crops, stock and tools included, on easy terms. If you want to get a quick sale send for our description blanks. Over 130 sales to men from 19 states since Mar. 16, 1903, is our guarantee to you that our methods are right. O. P. WHITTIER, Franklin County Agent, Farmington, Maine. E. A. STROUT, 150 Nassau st., New York City.

TRAPPERS.

Kinne's Fox and Mink Scent will catch them. Forty years' experience at trapping. Try a bottle and you will receive returns. That tells the death knell to those who deceive. If you want steel traps, shot guns, rifles or anything in the trapping or hunting outfit, write me. L. P. KINNE, Lebanon, N. H.

TO BOOM BUSINESS,

ADVERTISE—with my help. I plan, write and place all kinds of advertisements; have a special discount proposition to make on all orders received before April 1, 1904. Sample booklets, etc. on request. Write TODAY. F. H. CLIFFORD, BANCOR, ME.

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MAINE WOODS solicits communications and fish and game photographs from its readers. When ordering the address of your paper changed, please give the old as well as new address.

If you want it stopped, pay to date and say so.

Maine Woods Information Bureau gives information on Summer Resorts and Fishing and Shooting. Boston office, 147 Summer St., with Boston Home Journal.

J. W. BRACKETT.

This Edition of Maine Woods
5,450.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1904.

UNCLE IKE'S FISH STORY.

A 25-Pound Trout Through a Two Inch Hole.

COSCOB, CONN., FEB. 15, 1904.

In speaking of catching large fish reminds me of a story told a few years ago in the state of Maine. A crowd had gathered around the stove and the conversation drifted to catching large trout in the lake. So one of the listeners spoke up and said: "Uncle Ike, did you ever catch a large lake trout?" To which Uncle Ike replied:

"That reminds me of a few years ago that the boys wanted me to bring their dinners to them at a temporary logging camp in the woods across the lake and they expressly said, 'Don't forget to bring a two inch auger.' So I sailed out with their dinners and the auger and struck across the lake for the camp. As I was crossing the ice I was looking at the transparency of it, when lo and behold, I saw a large tongue or lake trout up near the ice. As I always carried fish-hooks and line in my vest pocket I proceeded to rig up my line for a catch. I took a piece of meat from one of the baskets and then I was ready to fish. I bored a two inch hole through the ice with the auger. And I slowly lowered my line through the ice and began to bob for the trout. After four or five minutes work I got a strike on the lift up of the line and I pulled up my line with my big trout hooked fast. I carried him home and weighed him and he weighed 25 pounds and four ounces." There was silence for a minute or two, then all in a chorus, "What, through a two inch hole, Uncle Ike!" "Wall I swan, I forgot about that two inch hole."

Foxes Numerous.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
So. CHATHAM, N. H., Feb. 22, 1904.

Foxes have been very numerous here this fall and winter and the local hunters and trappers have caught quite a number.

Clifford Walker shot two on a bait he had laid out and they will bring a good price as they are in prime condition.

It has been reported here that a number of deer have been killed in the deep snow over the mountain near Bartlett. It is hoped that it is not so as the winter killing thins them out and hurts the fall hunting.

Interest in outdoor shooting on the range has been slow on account of the cold.

At a meeting of some of the best shots of this vicinity a short time ago, W. H. Hatch of Fryeburg, Me., gave an exhibition of expert rifle shooting at moving targets, which was immensely enjoyed.

His act of riddling a tomato can, thrown into the air with a magazine rifle, was truly wonderful and no less so was the cutting of a lead pencil thrown by himself.

He is an expert with the magazine rifle and his exhibition was worth going a long way to see.

We shall be glad when the warm weather comes and we can get out for outdoor practice.

Rabbits have been unusually thick here and those who enjoy running them with dogs have no reason to complain of the bags. WINCHESTER.

Forest Commissioner Ring was at his office recently, having just returned from a trip to Washington, where he was in consultation with Gifford Pinchot, chief of the United States Bureau of Forestry. This consultation was for the purpose of mapping out the work which will be done in this state during the coming summer by the United States government experts, working in conjunction with the main department of forestry. The main object of the proposed investigations will be the prevention of future forest fires, and incidental to this the work will include other important lines. The plans of the summer campaign are not yet fully matured, but will soon be given to the public.

OLDEST COPY OF GAME LAWS

Valuable Document In Possession of Bangor Man.

Bangor Commercial.

Dr. Eugene B. Sanger has in his possession a most valuable document, it being an abstract of the game laws of ten years ago. It has been at the S. L. Crosby's Co.'s establishment for the past few days where it has been examined with much interest. It is in the form of a large handbill, although printed on better paper than forms the ground of handbills nowadays.

Regarding moose, the law says that no person should have any meat in his possession before the first day of October, 1880. The penalty was \$100. For deer and caribou the law reads that none should be killed between the first of January and the first of October.

The possessor of parts of either carcasses or hide should be prima facie evidence of killing. No person should at any time hunt moose deer or caribou with dogs—any person could lawfully kill a dog engaged in such pursuit. No person should at any time have in his possession except alive, any deer with the intention of sending or having the same sent beyond the boundaries of the state. The penalty was set at \$40.

The open time for woodcock, partridges, English snipe and woodduck or ruffed grouse could be sent from the state under a penalty of \$10 for each bird; which penalty also applied to killing.

In reference to traps, nets and snares the law reads that any person who took wild duck, quail, woodcock, grouse or partridge in that manner, in any manner other than the usual method of sporting with firearms, would suffer a penalty of \$5 for each bird.

Woman In the Woods.

[BY MRS. FRANK H. BALL.]

I wonder how many true sportsmen experience more pleasure in the reflection of their various hunting or fishing expeditions than in the actual experience. When there is a spice of danger included, the reflection is decidedly the more comfortable, but when there is a danger without the knowledge then it is a case of "know nothing—fear nothing."

This was my experience once while in the tenderfoot stage. My husband had gone to Maine to try his luck with the rifle and wrote to me such glowing accounts of the life in the woods—the beautiful scenery and the deer—he had shot one, a beautiful buck with a nice set of horns and I must pack my trunk and bring my rifle and hunting toggery and come at once and I obeyed.

We were located at a camp on a carry between two lakes and everything was as represented, only I know that no one can form a true impression of the wild woods in Maine from the tame woods of Massachusetts. So it was grand to me, the odor of the pine and fir and the clear air so free from smoke and dust.

We were 30 miles from the railroad and in a week I felt quite savage. But ye hunters will give me your true sympathy when I say that for that week we saw—not a deer—but we had heard them. We hunted faithfully every day for the week and twice we had scared one for we heard him whistle, at first quite near and then farther and farther away. Each morning down on the sand at the edge of the lake there were the fresh tracks where the deer had come to drink, some large ones and some tiny ones of the young deer. So we concluded we did not get out early enough and on the seventh morning we left the



OUR FIRST MORNING OUT.

Photo by Robert Martin, Middletown, Richardson Lake. (Rangeley Chain.)

Mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher or muskrat could not be killed between June 1 and Oct. 15 under a penalty of \$10.

The law further stated that Indians were liable to the penalty the same as other people; and it was signed by Manasseh Smith, of Portland, secretary of the Maine Sportsmen's association.

STODDARD HOUSE ARRIVALS.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

FARMINGTON, Feb. 20, 1904.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Stoddard House the past week were:

J. A. Davey, F. J. Foy, L. W. Stone, E. E. Cutler, J. M. Carroll, J. C. Brown, Louis K. Brown, B. D. Knight, W. F. Wilson, O. M. Hall, C. H. Fisher, W. S. Ames, J. L. Tosier, Fred Richards, E. Lane, Chas. F. Reids, A. B. Leighton, J. W. Shaw, G. W. Lord, A. C. Sawyer, W. C. Blair, F. L. Diehle, A. R. Phillips, H. A. Garrard, J. E. Woonside, O. W. Brown, Boston; J. E. Cook, S. F. Clark, J. W. Stone, Geo. H. Smardon, F. B. Bosworth, J. A. Wright, W. B. Adie, Geo. A. Smart, Geo. E. Hartshorn, C. C. Files, B. W. Emerson, Peter McDonough, H. J. Hammett, Portland; Fred O. Smith and wife, New Vineyard; A. Simmons, North Anson; John P. Swasey, Canton; N. E. Smith, J. W. Irish, Bangor; W. M. Rhodes, Cold Water, Mich.; C. H. Clark, Detroit, Mich.; Prof. W. W. Stetson, C. S. Downing, Will M. Miller, Augusta; I. W. Greene and wife, Coplin; W. D. Grant and wife, Rangeley; R. E. Sharp, Worcester, Mass.; H. O. Staples, Waterville; G. B. Warner, Jackson, Mich.; R. W. Blanchard and wife, Stratton; R. M. Leach, E. W. Woodward, Taunton, Mass.; Prof. H. L. Chapman, Brunswick; Fred L. Smith and two daughters, Minnesota.

Two Papers, \$1.50.

MAINE WOODS readers, who want to subscribe for MAINE WOODSMAN, my weekly local paper, can have it at 50 cents a year in addition to their MAINE WOODS subscription. This makes both papers cost only \$1.50 a year.

J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Me.

Mrs. J. S. Freese Registered Guide. Shooting, canoeing and camera parties taken. Address, Riverton, - Maine.

Lady Registered Guide. Shooting, fishing, canoeing, camping, mountain climbing, driving and bicycling parties taken. Good references. MRS. FORREST DURRELL, Dead River, Me.

ed the horns would make good handles and one of us on a side and the path smooth with leaves it was an easy pull down to the canoe. The old guide was truly surprised when we paddled up and had previously remarked to his wife "Don't believe those city folks will get any deer." But we did and it weighed 185 pounds after it was dressed.

We did not have to hunt for meat during the remainder of our stay at camp but put the time in hunting partridges and fishing for pickerel through the ice and did not leave for home until January. This gave us a fine opportunity to see the woods in winter and although we had no camera, I have many beautiful pictures engraved on my memory.

TRADE NOTES.

The 100 Shot Gallery Record.

On Feb. 9th, 1904, on the range of the Zettler Rifle club, New York City, Mr. W. A. Tewes put up a score of 2460 out of a possible 2500, thus equaling the record made by the veteran marksman, Mr. M. Dorrier, May 5th, 1901. Mr. Dorrier's score stands as the 100 shot indoor record and expert marksmen have vainly endeavored to equal or surpass it. The conditions under which these records were made were similar, being at 75 feet position strictly off-hand. Both of these gentlemen used Peters 22 Short cartridges loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless powder.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

For Sale.

Beautiful island with log camps containing many up to date improvements, large broad piazza, etc. Camps built on a knoll about 75 feet from lake shore. Ice house with season's supply of ice. Lake abounds in salmon, bass and pickerel, while large and small game is abundant. Address for further particulars G. GOLDSMITH, Norway, Maine.

Spring Lake, In the Dead River Region.

Best of Early Fishing

for Salmon, Square Tail Trout and Lake Trout that weigh from 2 to 9 pounds. One day's ride from Boston. Only 24 miles of buckboard road. Lake 3 1/2 miles long, 1 1/2 miles wide, surrounded by mountains covered with green woods. Cabins are very pleasantly situated on the shore of this lake. Spring beds, new blankets and clean linen make our beds all that could be desired. New boats and canoes. Best of stream fishing near. We have canoe trips that take you by some of the grandest scenery in Maine, with good fishing all the way. Telephone connections at home camps with main line and doctor's office. Purest of spring water. Hay fever unknown. Excellent food. This is an ideal place to spend the summer with your family. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited. JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Maine.

SPORTSMEN'S DIRECTORY.

CAMP SUPPLIES for sportsmen, carefully packed for transportation. Send for prices. S. S. Pierce Co., Tremont & Beacon sts., Boston.

SPORTSMEN'S BEST PACKS, \$15.00. Best nowshoes, \$10.00. Burnt Leather a specialty. H. H. Hosmer, Norway, Me.

RANGELEY LAKE COTTAGE LOTS. Very desirable. Rangeley Cottage Co. Enquire of H. M. Burrows, Rangeley Lake House, Rangeley, or J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.

SMOKELESS GUN POWDER. Important discovery in gun powder manufacture, by which anyone can make his own gun powder. It costs but 10 to 15 cents a pound. It's twice as strong as black powder. It also makes a splendid blasting powder. Shop rights. For sale by Frank X. Schuster, Rader, Mich.

Says Deer Were Cold Storage.

ROSLINDALE, MASS., Feb. 19, 1904.

I saw in Feb. 12 issue of imported deer owing to scarcity of venison in Boston. The best whole deer on the market today is worth 10 to 11c, hind quarter 14 to 15c. I know as I refused to sell two I got last fall so you see the price is nothing. The 126 deer imported were dug out of Boston cold storage. W. H. JAMES.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

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J. W. BRACKETT, Publisher, MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

For six new subscribers for MAINE WOODS at \$1.00 each, I will send a copy of this book free. J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Me.

TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

FOX TRAPPING. Sure and honest method. Fully warranted. Stamp for reasonable terms. R. F. D. No. 2. EDGAR R. PAGE, Bucksport, Me.

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Bentley's Fox and Mink Scent is the leading scent of the world. No skunk stink, trout oil, skunk oil or other fake trash, but a genuine scent composed of the bitch fox, mink, muskrat and other powerful ingredients during the rutting season, which I collect every season. Price 50c a bottle for fox or mink. You see plenty of scents advertised but they are worthless as a rule, but there is no fake about my scents. They are genuine. Remember the price, 50c a bottle postpaid.

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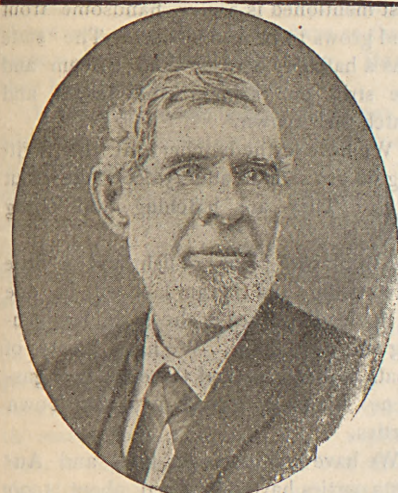
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TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

About Protection of Fur Bearing Animals.

It is well known by hunters that there are both statute and local laws for the protection of game animals, and that these laws have from time to time been amended in the different counties till they at times seriously interfere with the plans and natural desire of the hunter.

Formerly the three months, October, November and December, were months when moose, caribou and deer could be legally hunted, but as the result of too much killing made it evident that the game could not stand the strain, the season for legal hunting has been shortened and in some counties the killing of game animals has been indefinitely prohibited.

In Knox county the killing of gray animals, squirrels and chipmunks is prohibited at all times. Rabbits or wild hare, are protected during the month of April, May, June, July and August. And the use of snares, traps, or other devices for capturing them other than the ordinary method of shooting with guns is prohibited.

All these laws are unquestionably wise and just, but how about those that protect the fur bearing animals? Mink, sable, muskrat and fisher are protected by law from May 1 till Oct. 15 throughout the state, excepting in such cases as when they are doing injury to property. Beaver are protected at all times unless their works are flooding and damaging property. The killing of bears and wolves is encouraged at all times by the payment of a bounty.

The laws protecting fur bearing animals with few exceptions has stood as they now are from the first. Occasionally some slight change is made in regard to muskrats, or some other specimens in certain localities, but on the whole they are not changed.

It is evident that the cause of all this is lack of interest in the matter, and of someone who has force in looking to the interest of the trappers. While the game laws are watched over with jealous care and manipulated with a nicety that gives the hunters the best results, the laws governing trappers is left entirely alone.

I am not in favor of constantly changing game laws as in so doing they may become a nuisance, but I am satisfied

the laws on fur bearing animals should be looked to more carefully.

I am satisfied they are not right as they are. To begin with, Oct. 15 is too early to begin trapping. Most fur if caught at that time is worth less than half the price it would be if taken a month later. Then in the case of sable and fisher they have begun shedding more than a month previous to May 1, and by this late are worth only about half their winter value. It is true that fur bearing animals can be caught much more easily in warm weather but this has no weight in the matter since the object in trapping is for the commercial value of the animals and not for the sport in trapping them.

Most animals excepted, bear, wildcat, wolf and perhaps foxes are harmless, and there is no excuse for destroying them other than for their commercial value. The annual harvest of fur is a matter of much importance and affords considerable revenue to the states. In some localities it amounts to nothing, for the simple reason that the animals are not protected and in consequence have become nearly or quite exterminated. There is no more reason

because they are of less commercial value to the state when taken at that time, fishing is not allowed till early spring and is permitted to continue throughout the hot summer months, when the fish are poor and flabby and even extends well into the spawning season in the fall.

This is very unfortunate for the fish and in consequence all manner of restrictions are placed on the number and size that may be taken and the method to be employed in taking them.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

Trapping Foxes.

Trapping foxes takes plenty of time and labor in many respects. We read about trapping the sly fox in chaff beds and in water and I have read and seen many so-called fox trappers' water set fox methods, but they are far from being right, and if they get 17 or 18 foxes with such methods they think themselves mighty lucky.

It always puts me in misery to see a man tugging around a market basket full of glass cans and jars filled with rotten cat meat, stale rats or skunks that stink to the very heavens, digging



John S. Danforth, former owner of the Parmacenee Preserve, as he looked when he came out of Box Canyon, Idaho, in 1903. See article on page 1 of MAINE WOODS, Feb. 19.

that mink, muskrat, otter and sable should be subjected to indiscriminate slaughter than there is that fish, game animals and birds should be, and it is evident that the only reason for conditions being as they are is because no one has called the attention of the lawmakers to the facts and asked for the right kind of laws for their protection.

It is doubtful if even state laws would be sufficient in all cases. They would have to be applied to the different counties and even to local streams and towns. Those who are most interested in trappers are the ones who should find the needs of the different states and places, and endeavor to get laws for the best interest of the country. It seems to me the local fur buyers, or the large concerns who handle furs are the ones to take the matter in hand and backed by the testimony of the trappers do that which is most needed for the interest of the fur business.

It is not my intention to say just what changes should be made in the present laws, but I am sure they should be so arranged that no animals other than those which are destructive to farmers could be legally killed until their fur is thoroughly prime and the trapping season should close before the fur is beginning to shed and before it interferes with the breeding season. The reasonableness of such a law is evident in the case of fish. Anyone who has eaten our finest game fish knows that the time when trout, togue and landlocked salmon are prime and at their best is during the winter and early spring months; yet

out old swamp holes or spring holes and leaving bait in the farmers' springs that will breed the cholera in ten minutes, when they can trap every fox living with one-half of all this trouble or labor if they had the methods we northern trappers use.

We trap in certain places in water but never go through such performances as I have spoken of for it's useless and out of date with the water sets of the present time, or altogether different than what they were 40 years ago. Some tell about the bitch fox scent salted. Now you can't get a fox on snow with that scent for it freezes up and after it's frozen it has no more smell than a chunk of ice or snow. To trap foxes in the snow wants a different scent entirely from that employed on bare ground or you get no fox.

Most of the trappers and old trappers at that have an idea the fox can be trapped in the snow for the very simple reason they never learned how to do it. I can trap more foxes on snow than in any other way and do it faster because I can see their trail and when I can find that I can get the fox for I know just how to go to work to catch him. A man that can't trap foxes on snow, in my opinion, isn't much of a trapper.

I caught seven foxes and four lynx last week in the woods top of the crust. One lynx measured 4 feet and 10 inches from tip to tip and weighed 80 pounds and I want to tell you right now he was a savage animal to fight on these mountains several miles from any living soul and with snowshoes on at that.

I won't take up any more of your time and if this escapes the waste basket I will tell you about bears, panthers and other wild animals I have met on the line of the traps and trail.

JESSE BENTLEY.

[35 pounds is considered a very large lynx.—Ed.]

Impressions of a Logging Camp.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT]

Last year three novels were published of so slight worth that a year will see them not only sold off for waste paper by circulating libraries but hardly kept on the shelves of booksellers. And to put out editions of this flotsam of literature took 5,000 hardy little fir trees to make the paper on which they were printed. To a real lover of the woods, and of the northern woods especially, such an item comes as a real hurt. We have been in the Maine woods and visited several logging camps and we felt like begging for the life of the little fir—that seemed to be like the infants of Israel in Herod's time—doomed to destruction under two years of age. "You are far too tender hearted" said my kindly and hospitable host in one logging camp, as a little cry escaped me when one big tree fell not only with a crash but really a cry. "It is our living and trees will grow again, though I confess we older lumbermen hate to see such waste of little trees."

The wildness in winter is a beautiful and glorious sight and as inspiring as in any month of summer and the life of a logging camp is by no means so "utterly dreadful" as many city minds would picture it. We visited several and always met such courtesy and hospitality that the very cockles of your heart were warmed, even at 30 below zero and the eye was struck with the neatness of the big room used as kitchen and dining room and sometimes sleeping room also, and by the order, neatness and warmth of the "quarters" in larger camps. One day was spent in a big camp and dinner hour saw neatly laid tables for a "crew" of forty and a well cooked, bountiful dinner served to a particularly vigorous healthy set of men. "Mine host" took us to the blacksmith shop, which is in full working order on Sunday usually, and then to the "hovel." No use having any particular objection to the name even though it does suggest a most wretched abode of poverty and squalor. The home of the big strong horses of the camp is "hovel" and suggestions of Irish or Russian half starved, half clad peasantry to the contrary, hovel the stable will be to the end of the chapter. Six horses are comfortably housed in this hovel, well rubbed down each day, carefully looked to and grain fed. A little road horse is usually in the stable for the boss to get to and from a distant village easily. The lack of windows did not seem to trouble the animals and ventilation was secured by an opening in the low roof. And warmth! well go in that log hovel from 30 degrees below zero, as we did, with the six horses stalled for dinner and a greenhouse for orchids seems almost chilly by comparison.

The three buildings are fairly close together usually and very near the lake or river. If the boss is a brother of one of the wise virgins of the Bible he builds his camp high enough to escape flooding in spring time. There sometimes are foolish brothers of the virgins of the untrimmed lamps who do otherwise and the camp often gets really quite camp at freshet time, so rumor said. Big spruce logs, the bark left on, make the walls and roof of the camp, the spaces well chinked in with hay and moss and sometimes now, heavy paper is nailed on inside as further protection against the cold. This addition is far from beautiful at least.

We don't just peek in, any place, nor look a legion of questions. We are taken into confidence and kitchen, hovel and sleeping room very readily and the most idle question of an interested if ignorant seeker after logging lore is freely answered. The interior of the largest cabin (of the camp just now under consideration) is divided into two rooms, say 20 by 25 feet square each. The first is lined on two sides by three tiers of bunks, a stove in the middle of the room and a very little daylight manages to creep into the one tiny window. Fresh air cranks reading this may sit still here for plenty of fresh air circulates in and out stray peep holes. A sink and plenty of soap, towels and water is in one corner. Sunday is a queer day for a crew who having no active duties out doors, sit round in their bunks and play cards by the light of lanterns, read stray papers, sleep or smoke away a good part of the day. Some may live only eight or ten miles away and will go home Saturday evening, returning Sunday, walking both ways usually. From this room you enter the kitchen, pantry and dining room combined lighted by several small windows and well ventilated by big chimneys and spaces round the sheet iron stove pipes which then go through the roof. We found the cook a big, genial man busy turning out from huge pans square yards of molasses cake, the smell of which must often have made Lucullus turn in his grave and groan that he could not feast from it. We tested it too, after eating a well

cooked simple dinner, and I took an extra piece as tribute to the shades of the departed Latin epicure. Great drawers held pie, cake and bread, a wide shelf running two sides of the room had supplies and among them a side of beef thawing out for immediate use. And two cook stoves kept cookee (assistant cook) busy firing up when dish washing, cutting wood, setting table or paring barrels of potatoes would permit, and in fact cook himself has no small task in keeping up this special work intermittently done by cookee.

As to the logging itself—you see two men called swampers keeping ahead of the tree cutters and they clear a road—cutting down small stuff, following the route spotted by the surveyor. Then the men with a big saw or axes follow the swampers and in remarkably quick time cut out the best timber, big spruces, cedars and fir and alack, also chopping down the little children of the woods to feed that insatiable monster, the pulp mill, with his hundred mouths. A big tree will fall beneath the saw in about five minutes. The ax takes a bit longer. It is stripped of its boughs and left dismantled and sore by the road, and then come the two men with a sled that is just runners. Big cant dogs in the hands of two men quickly roll two or three logs onto the runners, chain them fast at one end and then the big well fed shaggy horses haul them over the snow road, which is often three or five feet above the earth. And by repeated trips of sled and logs make a hard and good road. Once hauled down to the lake that with its deep white blanket of snow over the ice looks more like a large meadow, two more men appear, take the logs, lay them in place inside the big chained boom logs and proceed to saw them into certain lengths. There they stay, each day seeing more and more added "till the ice breaks" and the work of the winter starts on its long float through rivers, lakes and sluiceways to the distant sawmills and pulp mills. A, to me, mysterious unknown called "the scaler" is busy "scaling" for several logging camps in and about where we were. This embodied spirit or realistic myth lights upon each camp with all the rules of Euclid at his fingers' ends and adds caliper to Euclid and finds out just how many feet of lumber all told is in each daily haul and can with his fishy eye see how many shingles, boards and bark each log contains and leaving a copy for the "boss" wends his way to the next camp and again "scales." He wears seven-leagued snowshoes for he is in all camps though miles apart daily and seemingly at all in the morning and calls at each daily. We are yet to meet this scaler and his caliper rule. A smaller camp, of a crew of 10 or 15 men, had quite a homelike air, the wife of one of the head men and a fair haired little girl and the dolly and patient "pussy" gave the home touch. A big open fireplace gave forth cheer and the tiny shoes and little stockings drying beside the big moccasins and gloves made that hearthstone all the more attractive. The house mother was young and cheery and always had "a good long afternoon" she said till the men came in after five.

The tall, stalwart figures of the men convinced you some son of Anak settled here and left many descendants, while the splendid coloring and clear complexions would drive a three season belle of Newport to despair or the wilderness. Each camp had some local habitation and name, some difference in minor ways, but logging is logging pretty much the same everywhere. Cold, snow, wind and drifts make no halt in the work and good temper, good appetite and good sleep prevail with all.

Feb. 20, 1904.

Articles and Pictures.

MAINE WOODS readers are requested to contribute items and articles about their experiences in the woods for publication in MAINE WOODS and those who have photographs to go with the stories should send them.

J. W. BRACKETT.

Phillips, Jan. 11, 1903.

Camp Printing.

I make a specialty of camp and hotel printing. I am prepared to show samples of circulars and other work that I print for camp owners who do business in Maine and in New Hampshire. I get half-tone cuts for my customers when they want me to. I have had a great many cuts made. I usually get good cuts. I own hundreds of fish and game cuts that can be used by my customers in connection with their printing, free of charge. Write me for full particulars.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Publisher MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

Big Salmon Taken at Upper Dam

On a beautiful Saturday afternoon in the month of September quite a number of sportsmen had been whipping the pool below the dam without any great success, when one of the guides called the attention of his employer to the "Father of all the trout coming up the stream." He immediately turned around and cast for him but as he was not located in the proper position for fishing in his direction, he had to give up the task. I saw the back fin about the same time just above the surface of the

I had great luck one year* at Bangor previous to the catching of the salmon at the Upper Dam. I caught a 23-pounder at 6 p. m. and at 6 the next morning a 19-pounder, both inside of 12 hours. Good fishing that! I came home that day well satisfied with my trip.

C. J. BATEMAN.

Reliable (?) News.

This is from the New York Sun—to be taken with the usual pinch of salt. Under date of Coxabaxis Lake, Me., Feb. 18th, the Sun's "always reliable,"



EIGHT AND A HALF POUNDER, LANDED ALONE IN BOAT BELOW THE DAM.

rapid water and I told my friend that that was my fish and I immediately prepared to cast for him. I was too far up stream for him, some 80 feet or more. I told my guide, Lewis Chadwick, to drop me down stream 15 or 20 feet. He immediately complied with my request. I started to cast my fly to reach him. The second cast he made a try to gobble it but failed. I turned to Lewis and said, "see that Lewis." I was all of a tremble, the boat shook, my heart beat like a trip hammer. I cast again but he did not attempt to rush for it. The fourth cast I made he jumped for it and I struck him on the instant. Then the fun began.

He jumped out of the water two or three times. I knew that I had a landlocked salmon and was more anxious than ever to land him. I tugged and he tugged for fully 15 minutes, until I got him to the side of the boat and told Lewis to get ready. He did, poor fellow, his first experience at guiding. He tried to land him tail first but he would not take to that kind of treatment. As he touched the rim of the net with his tail he got disgusted, kicked up his heels and ran away laughing to himself and for 20 minutes more we had quite a heated argument.

Finally with great caution and good generalship we landed his lordship head first into the net. It did not take long to get ashore with my prize. I did not wait to remove the fly from his jaw until I had him many feet up the bank from the pool. He had wings. During the excitement everyone stopped fishing to watch your humble servant handle himself. "Don't lose him." "Be careful." "Don't hurry him." "He will land him all right," etc. I had all the advice that was possible to get so I had to obey orders and be sure and land him. It was 29 inches long and for a long time was the record salmon in the lakes. I have him mounted and in a glass case in my office, 12 Pearl street, Boston.

By the way, while the salmon was on exhibition on a plate (borrowed from Briggs's cookery man) in Appleton & Litchfield's window, one day a gentleman remarked "that that was the best imitation of a fish that he had ever seen," when to his surprise Dr. Granger of East Boston told him that "that was the real fish as I was with the gentleman when he caught it." Dr. Granger is the party who took my photograph and of the salmon the next day at the Upper Dam.

The two trout, one in hand and the other on the tree were taken and landed single handed before 5.15 in the morning in the pool below the dam by your humble servant.

Maine correspondent spins this one:

There is more than six feet of snow on the level at Coxabaxis Lake, Me., and in the edges of the great spruce forests which come down to the shores the drifts are from ten to fifteen feet in depth. In John Largay's camp, which is six miles back from Churchill lake, are 40 men living on salt pork and Indian meal and 18 horses with nothing to eat except frozen twigs from the trees. Owing to the great depth of the snow no supplies can reach this camp for a week or more and though the men can come out on snowshoes, it is feared that the horses will starve before any hay and oats can be brought down from Northeast Carry. The men who have come out say that the deer and moose are unable to move about in the woods on account of the deep snow and that most of them will perish from hunger before spring. James Burke, a prospector, who was cruising in the woods for new chopping came upon a moose yard near Cauomagormac lake, where he found six dead moose and five very lean ones that were too feeble to break through into the deep snow when he came upon them. One big bull that was reduced to skin and bones allowed him to come up and feel his ribs and showed no signs of fear. When Burke held out a fragment of Indian bread the moose ate it ravenously and was so greedy for more that he tried to follow the prospector when he quit the road. Wildcats had visited the yard and fed on the frozen bodies of the moose. From the number of tracks entering and emerging from the yard Burke thinks there must have been at least a dozen wildcats close by waiting to prey upon the survivors so soon as they became weakened from starvation. In addition to the wildcats, he saw signs where foxes had been at work among the bones. Though he had heard reports that wolves had returned to Maine from Canada during the cold weather, he saw no indication of these wild animals, though he remained about the lake for a week.—Lewiston Journal.

The Baker Gun & Forging company have secured the services of Mr. W. H. More for their sales department. Mr. More has formerly represented the Syracuse Arms company as sales manager.

THE WICKED FLEA

Doth flee from dog or cat when the Infallible Flea Exterminator is applied. 50 cents, post paid. Prepared and sold by Eugene Glass, editor of The Dog Fancier, a monthly illustrated dog paper, 50 cents a year, published at Battle Creek, Mich. Send or sample co. of The Dog Fancier. Stamps accepted.

Letters to Maine Woods.

John Danforth and the Bag of Dust.

DIXIE, IDAHO, Feb. 10, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Late last fall I received at Dixie post-office a letter from a mine superintendent, who was doing some development work on a mine in the great basin, asking me to take his mail at Dixie and bring it to him, saying he would pay me \$5 a day for the job.

I took the mail and a few days' provisions and my Savage rifle and started on the trip. I had to cross the mighty Salmon river canyon, which is 3000 feet deep and the first night found me in camp on the bank of that river. In the morning I got two small logs from a drift pile on which I put my pack, rifle and clothes and swam the river, pushing the logs ahead of me. Oh, my, how cold that water was! The rushing river took me far down it, but at last I reached the opposite shore about half a mile below where I entered the water.

By the time I got my clothes on I was ready to climb the mighty cliffs. On my way up I ran into a large bunch of mountain sheep and among them were some fine rams, but as I could not use one I had to let them run away. That night my camp was far over the great divide and on the water of the Chamberlain. I saw many signs of bears and many of the tracks showed the foot of the grizzly, but I did not get sight of any of them.

Early next morning I was on the march and soon came onto fresh signs of a large band of elk. I paid very little attention to them and kept on. Before long I noticed I had jumped them and as they were running the same way I was traveling I watched their signs. Soon ahead I could see an opening and upon coming to it I saw it was a large meadow and toward the far side I could see the band of elk walking rather fast toward the woods and also just to my right I saw a man with long hair and whiskers at work with a rocker. Al most at the same time I heard him call in a loud voice, saying:

"Bird, you go over there where I was rocking this morning and get that bag of dust and take it to your mother. These d—d elk will stamp h—t out

while going the rounds of my traps I heard a dog running a fox, so after finishing up my traps I started out after the fox. I hunted and waited about an hour but Reynard did not appear. So being discouraged I started out for home. While passing along a wood road I came to a gate and thought I would sit down so standing my gun against the gate I sat down. I had not been there more than five minutes before I heard the dog driving the fox my way, but I was so tired that I paid no attention to it, but afterwards I wished I had for the fox came out into the road right in front of me. I was so surprised that I sat there. I watched him until he disappeared down the road.

P. E. COLLINS.

Petition to Close Lake.

A petition has been sent to the commissioners asking for the closing of China lake to winter fishing, the idea being to make better fishing during the remainder of the year. From the fact that people will go fishing through the ice it is to be presumed that there is some fun in it, but as there are but few who enjoy that kind of sport it will be better on the whole to keep the fish for the many who go after them in the summer time. About all the principal lakes are now closed to winter fishing and if they are to continue to be popular summer resorts every way possible of preserving good fishing should be enforced. Fishing through the ice is a good deal like working for a living and the fish are worth more for sport than they are as a means of livelihood.

Big Lynx Killed.

The big Canadian lynx which terrorized the farmers of Perry for several weeks and succeeded in killing about ten sheep, has been killed in the Charlotte woods a few miles further away by the Goulding brothers, the well known trappers. They had no trouble in locating the tracks in the deep snow and with dogs kept on until they reached the Charlotte woods and in a lone tree in a large field found the dogs had treed the game. The brothers did not care to venture very near, for near by were the bodies of two deer that had recently been killed by the animal and partly eaten, so at long range several shots



LEWIS CHADWICK'S PRIZE—RESULT OF 35-MINUTE FIGHT.

of everything." Just then he saw me and straightening up said: "Are you the d—d fool that stampeded those elk? What do you want around here anyway, localling claims? Only room here for one."

I hastily told him where I was going and that I was not looking for claims and as I passed on he said in language I could understand: "Keep your d—d mouth shut if you want to keep healthy." I reached my destination in due time, delivered my mail and came home by a different route.

J. S. DANFORTH.

Fox Got Off.

PINE POINT, Feb. 20, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Perhaps some of the MAINE WOODS readers would like to hear about my first experience fox-hunting. One day

were fired. The lynx was soon on the ground and quickly killed by the dogs.

The Gouldings were surprised at how thin the animal was, although it weighed 100 pounds and was more than three feet in length. As this was the only animal of the kind to be so far reported in the eastern Maine woods it attracted more than the usual amount of attention, and the brothers are looking forward to a bounty from the state for their work in getting rid of such a sheep killer.

Read Rider & Driver

—AND—

Outdoor Sports.

Publication Office,
1123 Broadway, New York.

COLD STREAM LAKE.

One of the Pleasant Places to Spend an Outing.

ENFIELD, FEB. 22, 1904.

I am a reader of the MAINE WOODS and have noticed that almost every lake is mentioned or written about excepting Cold Stream lake or Ammadamast.

Some people have the impression in speaking of Cold Stream that it is a small dead water stream, but such is not the case. The lower lake is five miles long and three miles wide; the upper lake two and one-half miles long and one mile wide with narrows between the two lakes. The water is very clear and cold being fed principally by springs.

There is not a bog or slough hole on any part of the lake. The shores are the best that can be found for sailing near shore. The land around the lake is high and dry and mostly well wooded.

The lakes are bounded by Enfield, Lowell and Lincoln, and are situated thirty-six miles north of Bangor, on the Maine Central railroad, one mile from Enfield station.

We have good salmon and lake trout fishing or some call them togue, but I can't see them that way, also white perch and pickerel, and quite often a square tailed trout. We have planted Rainbow, Steel Head and Swan Lake trout. The last mentioned is a very handsome trout and grows to be good size. The state has a hatchery here at Cold Stream and we strip our salmon and lakers and hatch their spawn.

We have in the hatchery at this writing 60,000 salmon and 250,000 lake trout eggs. They are hatching and doing finely.

I think with plenty of fish and a little advertising Cold Stream lake will be one of the leading lakes in the state for fishing and rustication. We have plenty of boats and canoes, and there are two gasoline launches owned by Old Town parties.

We have four cottages built and Augusta parties have purchased about 1000 feet of shore for cottage lots or other purposes. Parties desiring cottage lots on one of the most beautiful lakes in the state of Maine should visit Cold Stream.

In the month of September, 1903, I was camping out on upper Cold stream with my brother, Charles E. Darling and wife, my sister, Hattie L. Darling, and Marion A. Pritchard of Bangor. We had been having a fine time and very good luck fishing, getting all we wanted to eat.

Two of the party were as much at home on the water as on the land. They wanted more fishing, so I took the boat and rowed out to a good fishing ground and dropped anchor. We had fished nearly an hour and only landed ten small perch. I thought that was poor fishing, so started the anchor from the bottom and rowed out to a small island and before the anchor struck bottom, my sister had a large perch in the boat. Then the fun began in earnest.

The lake was smooth and calm as glass. I don't know which I enjoyed the most, catching the fish or watching them jump and turn somersaults over each other. I will safely say there was an acre of water alive with fish.

The ladies proved to be better fishermen than I, for on several occasions they landed two at a time. In one hour we had landed 114 large perch and then we started for camp, where we had the pleasure of eating white perch, baked potatoes and other good things too numerous to mention.

The beauty of camping out is a good crowd. Then go to some lake with plenty of canoes or boats. Select camping ground that has a good shore for landing, also where there is plenty of good wood, water and fir boughs. Then pitch your tent. Make a bed of small fir boughs, fix a rock fireplace and have everything nice and handy. Take along your camera and get views of the different places you visit and of your fish, deer, etc. I don't know of any out-of-door sport that a party can enjoy as much as camping out.

Parties desiring any information in regard to Cold Stream lakes or surroundings can write to

HENRY A. DARLING, Guide,
Enfield, Maine.

FOUR MILES FROM RANGELEY.
Whorff's Camps, Dead River Pond, P. O. Address, Rangeley, Maine. Send for circular.
E. B. WHORFF, Proprietor.

Horses and Horsemen,
Yachts and Yachtsmen,
Hunting and Fishing,
Canoeing and Camping,
Bench and Kennel.

All branches of sport. Attractively illustrated and presented. Send for sample copy.

Bearback on Bear's Back.

A Rutland lumber dealer who has extensive interest in Shrewsbury, Vt. engaged Hen Morse and Abe Jackson the other day to repair a log chute on Shrewsbury mountain.

The men, both veteran choppers, found the chute two miles below the peak, and beginning at the bottom worked up. The affair, a wooden trough, 18 inches in diameter and a quarter of a mile long was intended to shoot the four-foot log from the base of a cliff over a rocky and uneven stretch to a point where they could be loaded on ox sleds. While it was built a dozen years ago and never used, the choppers found it in good condition, and at noon had completed their work and sat down at the top to eat their dinner.

The top of the chute rested on the edge of a high rock just back of which was the mouth of the Peterson bear cave, where, so the story goes, a man named Peterson, caught in a blizzard, once spent a night with a black bear for a companion. Between the entrance to the cavern and the chute was a platform of rock about five feet wide.

It was covered with six inches of snow and the same amount was in the chute.

The men got to talking about the Peterson bear as they ate, and Hen declared that he was of the opinion that the yarn was a myth.

"Dunno" said Abe, reflectively, "b'ars was es thick in them days es they be now, an' I call late ye'll allow, Hen, they be tol'rab'le thick now."

"Wa-al, yas, seems 'ought they was," admitted Hen, selecting a raspberry tart from his dessert menu, at the bottom of his pail, and viewing it with gastronomic satisfaction. "But they be all holed up fer th' winter now, anyway." He turned the tart around several times, nibbled at the edge and smacked his lips.

"Most es fond 'f them tarts es b'ars be 'f ros'berries, ain't ye Hen?" inquired Abe. "I never sot much b' sweet victuals meself. I reckon thet's th' reason ye be s' tarna' fat," replied Hen, taking another nibble, "but Marthy does make mighty good ones, 'f I do say it."

He was munching in silent satisfaction and Abe was lighting his second pipe when they were startled by the sound of a sniff issuing from the darkness within the cave.

"Gewhillikin!" ejaculated Ben, whirling round as on a pivot.

THIS BEAR NO MYRTH.

Abe had already turned toward the cave's mouth and half risen. He was on one knee when his eyes became riveted on the moist black nose of a bear protruding out of the cave and levelled on the remains of the tart firmly grasped in the hand of the terrified Hen. For an instant there was a tableau; then Bruin advanced a step.

"Holy smoke!" gurgled Abe, leaping to his feet and moving stealthily toward a stunted spruce.

Hen crouched, paralyzed, like a bird fascinated by a snake. The bear advanced a second step.

"Look out! Ye'll get et!" yelled Abe, as he dropped his pipe and dextrously swung up in the tree. "Durn it, drop th' tart; thet's what he's arter!"

Hen's eyes bulged from their sockets, his hair rose, and with the tart in his hand he backed toward the chute. The bear followed the receding tart with his eyes and nose, and advanced a couple of feet. Hen's eyes never left the bear for an instant. He was too scared to speak but he kept on backing until he was in the trough. The next instant the bear had his forefeet on the edges and was crawling in after the chopper.

Abe was fairly petrified at the danger of his friend; and called to him again to drop the tart. But he might as well have yelled to the wind. If Hen heard, he could not obey, and, bracing his hands and feet on the sides of the wooden spout, attempted to stand erect.

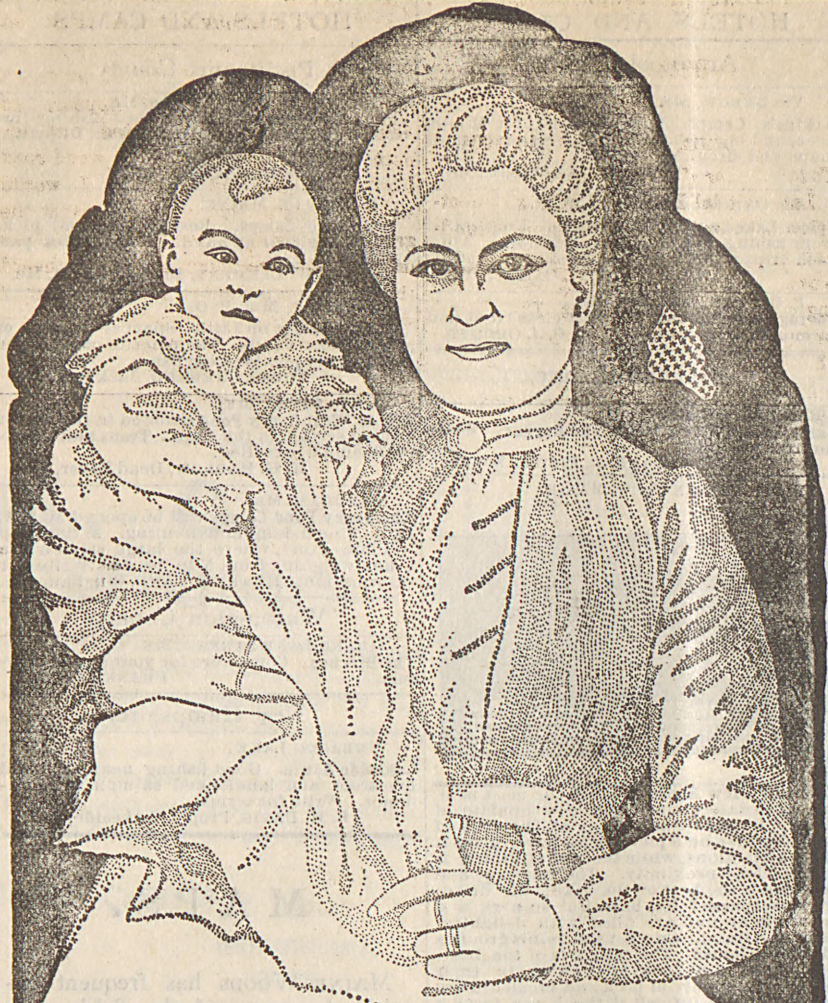
THEY'RE OFF!"

Just as he did so the bear lost his footing and slid head first into the chute. Down between Hen's spreading legs he went, toppling the man on his back, and away they both sped, gathering momentum as they fled onward.

"Hang on!" shrieked Abe falling out of the tree in his excitement.

Hen hung on. He had just sense enough left to bury both hands in the long black hair and stick. A cloud of snow marked the descent of the pair as they made a lightning passage, Hen yelling for help and the bear growling from fright. They struck a hummock at the bottom, bounded high in the air and, whirling in aerial somersaults disappeared in a deep snow bank.

Abe had got half way down to them by a circuitous course when the bear dug his way out and, still growling, disappeared down the mountain. A little later Hen's white face appeared above the snow.



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—MRS. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn.

Another case which proves that no other medicine in the world accomplishes the same results as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for five years and gave birth to two premature children. After that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it changed me from a weak, nervous woman to a strong, happy and healthy wife within seven months. Within two years a lovely little girl was born, who is the pride and joy of my household. If every woman who is cured feels as grateful and happy as I do, you must have a host of friends, for every day I bless you for the light, health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought to my home. Sincerely yours, MRS. MAE P. WHARRY, Flat 31, The Norman, Milwaukee, Wis."

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile let her write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all would-be and expectant mothers.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness, Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated as his companion extended him a hand. "Say, did ye' see a b'ar er was I dreamin'." Then he observed the tart still grasped in his hand and took a consoling nibble.—Bangor News.

To Cure a Cold In One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E.W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.
Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protuding Piles Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

CAMP AND HOTEL PRINTING.

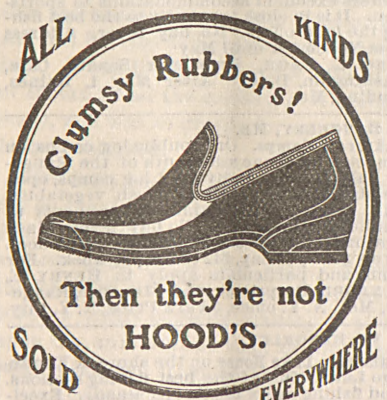
There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1904 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. I know what you need for cuts.

J. W. BRACKETT.
MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.



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TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED.

Whiting Nursery Co., Boston, Mass.
Finest new fruit specialties ever offered. Experience not necessary. Success assured. Write at once for full information.

RALPH H. ROCKWOOD,
Civil Engineer.

Railroad Surveys a Specialty. Preliminary, Location and Construction. Examinations and Reports.
Waterville, - - Maine.

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME - TABLE.

SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

North.	Tr'n 2	Tr'n 3	Tr'n 5
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Farmington,.....lv	11 00	12 10	4 40
So. Strong,.....			
Strong,.....{ ar	P. M.	P. M.	
Phillips,.....{ lv	12 05	12 4	5 10
Phillips,.....ar	12 30	1 00	5 30

South.	Tr'n 2	Tr'n 3	Tr'n 5
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Phillips,.....lv	7 30	8 30	1 30
Strong,.....{ ar			
So. Strong,.....lv	7 50	9 10	1 48
Farmington,.....ar	8 20	10 00	2 17

WESTON LEWIS Pres. F. N. BEAL, Sup.

FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RY.

Shortest and easiest route to Eustis and the Dead River region.

TIME-TABLE.

In Effect Oct. 12, 1903.

SOUTH.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Bigelow, lv	11 00	2 00	
Carrabasset, { ar	11 20	2 25	
Kingfield, { lv	11 45	3 00	
*N. Freeman, lv	7 00	7 05	12 70
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	7 05		12 55
Salem, { ar	7 20	7 45	1 10
*Summit, lv	7 22	8 35	1 12
*W. Freeman, lv	7 35		1 25
Strong, ar	7 45	9 05	1 35
NORTH.			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv	8 15	10 00	5 12
*W. Freeman, lv	8 25		5 17
*Summit, lv	8 35	10 30	5 27
Salem, { ar	8 40	10 35	5 35
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	8 45	10 40	
*No. Freeman, lv	8 50	11 30	5 45
Kingfield, { ar	9 00	11 30	5 55
Carrabasset, { lv	9 15	12 00	
Bigelow, ar	9 45	12 35	
*Flag stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor. Mixed trains.			
Close connection is made at Strong with trains to and from Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston.			
Stage connection at Bigelow for Stratton and Eustis, at Carrabasset for Flagstaff and Dead River.			
GEO. M. VOSE, SUPERINTENDENT.			

TRANSPORTATION.

Time-Table.

PHILLIPS & RANGELEY R. R.

The only all-rail route to Rangeley Lake. The quickest and easiest route to the Dead River Region via Dead River Station. Stage connection with every through train for Stratton, Eustis and all points inland.

On and after Dec. 14, 1903, trains on the Phillips & Rangeley railroad will run as follows until further notice:

EAST.		P. M.
Phillips, Lv		2 00
*Madrid,		2 20
*Madrid Junction,		2 4
*Reed's Mill,		2 50
*Sanders' Mill,		3 00
Redington Mills,		3 30
Eustis Jct.,		4 00
Dead River,		4 10
Rangeley, ar		4 30
WEST.		P. M.
Rangeley, Lv		5 00
Dead River,		5 20
Eustis Junction,		5 30
Redington Mills,		10 00
*Sanders' Mill,		0 30
*Reed's Mill,		10 45
*Madrid Junction,		10 55
*Madrid,		11 10
Phillips, ar		11 30

*Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

FLEETCHER POPE, Gen. Man. J. C. WILLIAMS, Supt., G. P. & T. A.

Portland & Rumford Falls Ry.

DIRECT LINE TO RANGELEY LAKES.

Through Time-Table, In Effect Nov. 16, 1903.

GOING SOUTH.			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Oquossoc, lv	6 50		
South Rangeley,	6 55		
Macy Junction,	6 55		
Bemis, lv	7 22		
Rumford Falls, ar	7 22		
Rumford Falls, lv	9 10	2 40	
Livermore Falls,			
Mechanic Falls,	A. M.	9 00	
Lewiston, ar	6 55	10 41	4 07
	7 40	11 25	4 50
Portland, Union Sta., ar	8 35	12 20	5 45
GOING NORTH.			
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Boston, (W. Div.) ar	12 45	4 10	
Boston, (E. Div.) ar	12 35	4 00	9 05
Portland, Union Sta., lv	8 30	12 55	5 15
Lewiston, lv	9 20	1 55	6 05
Mechanic Falls, ar	10 05	2 41	6 45
Livermore Falls, ar	11 40	4 15	
Rumford Falls,	11 55	5 58	
Bemis, ar		6 17	
Macy Junction,		6 17	
South Rangeley,		6 17	
Oquossoc, ar		6 25	

All trains run daily except Sunday.
This is the only standard gauge all rail line to the Famous Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Rangeleys.
E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt., Rumford Falls, Me.
R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Mgr., Portland Me.,

Rangeley Lakes

Steamboat Co.

Connections in the season with trains on Phillips & Rangeley and Portland & Rumford Falls Railroads.
H. H. FIELD, Gen. Mgr'r.
Phillips, Maine.

First-Class Liverv.

We have everything in the livery line that is needed. The stable has been enlarged and newly equipped throughout. Experienced drivers will take parties when desired.

P. Richardson & Co
Rangeley, Maine.

CAMP

PRINTING.

I print circulars, writing paper, envelopes, registers, tags, bill heads, laundry lists and all other things needed by hotels and camps.

I have several hundred half-tone cuts representing fish, game and outing scenes that can be used in circulars at a moments notice. I never turn away a job for want of a suitable cut. I furnish it if requested to do so and I write a great many circulars every year.

If you want prices and other details write to me about it.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Maine Woods, - - Phillips, Me.

If you want to know

where to get good

HUNTING

or desire circulars, descriptive matter or information regarding Hotels or Camps in MAINE'S HUNTING or FISHING REGIONS address

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,

Phillips, - - Maine

BEAR STOLE THE DEER.

Hunts In Which Two Got Away and One Didn't.

[BY 45 90 WINCHESTER.]

STRATTON, Feb. 12, 1904.

A few years ago, in company with another young man who was also a guide, it became my good fortune to build a hunting camp for a Boston man, so with the boards and shingles for roof and floor on a buckboard we started, taking a Winchester 38 40 along, thinking to save a little weight by leaving the man's gun (45-90) at home.

Having selected a camp site and got a lean-to put up, we started after meat and went to a bog which is a great tramping place for deer in October.

As we had only one rifle and my friend shot from his left shoulder, we sat down on a sunny bank and agreed that if anything came out on the left, I was to shoot; if on the right, he was to have the chance.

After staying about an hour we heard a stick snap in the green woods across the bog and a little later another crack farther to the right showed us that whatever it was would come out on that side, so I passed the gun over like a man, but my fingers felt a little sticky.

After a while we saw the head and shoulders of a big bear come up into sight over an old log about 200 yards from us. What a sight it was! his head looked as big as a bushel basket, but we thought he would come out on the bog, so my friend didn't shoot until the bear started to turn back and at the first shot Bruin tumbled over on his side in the bushes.

I said at once: "You go around and I will stay and watch to see if he gets up or crawls off, so we will make sure of him!" He did so but had gone only a few rods when I heard two shots and then a yell for more cartridges, which were in my pocket.

Running out, I found my chum had run right up against another big bear just coming up the bank, after having skirted the bog back of the bushes.

The surprise was mutual and the only harm done was by the second shot, which caused a little blood to drop from the bear's hip pocket. We followed this one about one-fourth of a mile, but it was no use, so we went around the bog to where Bear No. 1 dropped and there was no bear and no signs of a bear there. So ended Bear Hunt No. 1. Bear Hunt No. 2 had a different ending.

It was while I was with a New York man at Chain of Ponds. We had just shot a nice deer and I carried the hind quarters and saddle to camp that night and went back early the next morning after the rest of the meat.

Before we got near the place where our meat was we found a fresh bear's track in the road and going our way, so I was not surprised to find our meat gone, but the old chap had left a good wide trail where he dragged it through the thick young growth of spruce and cedar and as it was a wet morning we started after him at once.

After going about 200 yards I began to hear sticks cracking, so I got up on a log to look and the bear did the same thing about 50 yards ahead but he lost all further interest in the proceedings as he went off his log with a little hole through his neck just back of the ear. It was my good fortune to assist at the "taking off" of six very good bears that fall so I felt very well for a youngster.

OUTLOOK FOR GAME.

Winter Has Been a Good One So Far.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

STRATTON, Feb. 19, 1904.

The outlook for sport here for the season of 1904 is fully up to the top notch and if no thaws come to make a crust on the snow, we shall look for the best season for partridges for many years, as there are plenty of old birds and we have had no thaws yet so the birds could hide in the soft snow and be just as comfortable with the thermometer at 40 below as they would be on a branch in summer. The only danger that is to come is a cold, wet spring which will kill the young birds in the shell.

Last fall was the best season we have had for several years for both birds and deer and many a good meal did I enjoy by snipping off a partridge's head along in the middle of the day while I was out hunting for that big buck that had a dose of lead poison due him, and what is better than a good roasted partridge? Try this way once:

Clean and wash your birds, then sprinkle them all over with salt and pepper; cut a good big slice of pork or bacon and fasten on top of each bird with wooden toothpicks, after it is in a deep open pan that has a cover that can be put on later. Then put the pan into

a good hot oven and roast for 20 minutes and have them well browned. Take out and add about a half inch of hot water in the pan and cover tight and set on back of stove where it will just simmer (not boil) for about an hour. Serve and I would like to be there.

But we will return to live game.

Deer seem to be just as plenty as ever and nature has provided food for them within easy reach so the deep snow has no terror for them and the only thing both deer and moose need is better warden service in the deep woods and around the lumber camps that are far from fresh meat except wild meat. But I suppose the commissioners have plenty of money now and there should be some practical results show up soon.

The Sportsmen's show will give sportsmen a chance to talk with some of the camp owners of this section, but as far as I know at this date the only guide that will be there from this section is Grant Fuller, who is president of the Spring Lake Fish and Game association, and his transportation was not furnished by the Maine exhibit managers but by the railroads direct (guess he had friends at court.)

What a lot of questions will be asked those poor guides at the show and some of the questions would be stickers for even Solomon in all his wisdom to answer right (and truthfully) but I'll bet on the guides every time.

45-90 WIN.

Mr. Wade In Georgia.

J. Maurice Wade of Farmington is now a member of the orchestra at Hotel Piney Woods, Thomasville, Georgia. The following program will give our readers an idea of the kind of music that is played by the Piney Woods orchestra:

March—Pontificale, Gounod
Nocturne from Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn
Overture—The Bronze Horse, Auber
Intermezzo—Love's Dream After the Ball, Czibulka

Gloria from Farmer's 12th Mass.
a. Longing—From Suite of Four, Bendix
b. Meeting—From Suite of Four, Wagner
Selection from Tannhauser, Wagner
Played by Shannon orchestra, Feb. 14, 1904.

An Anima Story For Little Folks

Learn to Be Contented

Sambo was tired of his kinky locks. He wanted straight hair like the white folks had.

So he had gone out behind the barn to grieve and complain, which, of course, was entirely wrong.

"I hate this plagued wool," he said, running his hand through his black corkscrew ringlets.

"Why can't a fellow's hair be decent and straight and silky? I can't go out but what some white boy yells, 'Hi, there, woolly!'"

"Wool ought not to grow on boys anyway. It's only meant for dirty



HOW THAT LITTLE DANKY RAN!

old sheep, and they can't do nothin' but lie round and blatt. Dey's des no 'count nohow." And he got up to look at himself in a bit of broken mirror. But there had been some one listening to all this. Around the corner sat old Mr. Ram.

"Umph!" he said. "So he thinks that wool is only fit for 'no 'count' sheep, does he? And he's ashamed of his looks, is he? Well, I'd just like to show him that it isn't what a fellow looks like, but what he is, that counts. I believe I will give him a lesson in manners anyway. It isn't polite to remark on people's appearance behind their backs, and he called me 'dirty sheep.'"

With that he gave one loud "Bah!" and, ducking his head, went for Sambo.

My, how that little darky ran! It was a long way to the fence, and before he made it the ram had caught him and lifted him over into the potato patch on the other side. He lit on his head, but got up instantly, scared, but unhurt. "My," said Sambo reflectively, "if it hadn't been for my wool I'd 'a' got hurt!"

"Of course you would, impudence," said the ram. "Maybe now you won't complain about the way the Lord made you."—Atlanta Constitution.

HOTELS AND CAMPS

Aroostook County.

Via OXBOW, ME.
Atkins's Camps. Famous region for Moose, deer, and big fish. Write for special small maps and circulars to W. M. ATKINS, Oxbow, Me.

Via OXBOW, MAINE.
Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. All-glass trip, a specialty. Address: ARBO & LIBBY, Oxbow, Me.

P. O. PORT-GE LAKE, ME.
Portage Lake Camps. For first-class trout and salmon fishing, address: C. J. ORCUTT.

Franklin County.

RANGELEY LAKES
Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.
CAPT. F. C. BARKER, Prop'r, Bemis.

Via MOUNTAIN VIEW, MAINE.



Mountain View House is one of the most modern, up to date summer homes in the state of Maine. Its beautiful location at the foot of Rangeley Lake on a picturesque cove, gives it many attractions, while the best of fishing is within close proximity. The boating and canoeing is the best on the lake; the drives are unsurpassed for beautiful scenery and the woods around are filled with delightful paths and trails. Croquet and tennis grounds adjoin the house. The cuisine is of the best; fruit, vegetables, fish and game in their season with plenty of milk and cream. Pure spring water is furnished from a spring above. Rooms large, well lighted and pleasant. Hunters find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock in the woods near by. Send for 1904 booklet to L. E. BOWLEY, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.
Round Mountain Lake Camps. Located in the heart of the Maine woods, 19 miles from Eustis. Best of trout fishing at all times, both lake and stream. Fine hunting, large and small game. Dotted log cabins, new last season. Open fires.

Round Mountain Lake Camps,
DION O. BLACKWELL, Mgr.,
Eustis, Franklin Co., Maine.
New York office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

WELD, MAINE.
The Maples, situated on Lake Webb. Excellent trout and salmon fishing. House newly furnished. Write for booklet for season of 1904.
F. W. DREW, Prop'r, Weld, Maine.

RANGELEY LAKES.
Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone at camps. Two mails daily. Write for free circular to AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r, Bald Mountain, Me.

Via FARMINGTON.
Clear Water Camps. First-class fishing. E. G. GAY, Route 1, Farmington, Me.

ON PHILLIPS & RANGELEY RAILROAD.
Redington Camps and Cottages. Good accommodations, with best of fishing. One minute's walk from Redington station. Write for circular. J. F. HOUGH, Proprietor, P. O., Rangeley, Maine.

Near RANGELEY.
Pleasant Point Camps to let outright. Ice furnished. Correspondence prompt. Circulars free. HINKLEY & ROBERTS, Rangeley, Me.

FARMINGTON, MAINE.
el Willets. Refurnished entire. Excellent location. Best possible fire protection, electric lights, new steam heat, spring water, large pool rooms, billiard room. Rooms can not be engaged for the summer months. Free carriage to all trains.
J. R. KELLEY, Prop'r.

PHILLIPS, MAINE.
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Salmon Fishing at Grand Lake Stream.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
GRAND LAKE STREAM, Feb. 19, 1904.

One of the sporting periodicals of recent date has published an excellent article on the fishing at Grand lake as it was 40 years ago, which we read with pleasurable interest since our residence here has been of but eight years' standing and judging by the experiences enjoyed during that time, the fishing in the lake and stream is little changed, excepting the meeting with another canoe which now is no rarity.

Washington county is the best hunting and fishing region in Maine. Until recently it has been so very difficult to get to the heart of this vast section that sportsmen have not frequented our forests and waters but very little. Grand lake is the largest lake in the county, being twelve miles long and some four to six miles wide and is one of the most beautiful lakes in Maine. Its water is very clear. The shores are very bold and in some places near the middle there is 300 feet of water. On the shores are evergreen trees and the land rises from 50 to 500 feet above the surface of the lake. No more beautiful scenery can be imagined than this lake, where Nature has never been changed.

Here is the home of the ouananiche or landlocked salmon. The trolling begins as soon as the ice is out which is usually about May 1 and the stream is open to fly fishing June 1.

This stream, which connects Grand lake with Big lake, is nearly three miles long and one of the most beautiful rivers in Maine, it being varied by swift current rapids and falls making ideal pools for fly fishing. Half a mile from the village, through which the stream runs, is Big falls, where for a half mile the river leaps from one ledge to another, cutting its way through the solid rock. Then comes Little falls, followed by a mile of smooth water between level banks and then a long stretch of rips and swift boiling current down to the dead water. And all along, here and there are pools, where the fish lying constantly in the swift water, are nimble and active beyond belief, and where one can pursue them, either wading or from a canoe, with constant change of scene.

The "Tannery pool," in the middle of the village, is a favorite stand for fly fishing. The long flat roof of the old building starts at the road at a height of three feet and runs out 50 yards, to the river, where it is some 20 feet above the surface of the stream. Standing on the corner of this roof one is enabled to make a cast nearly to the tail of the pool, and from the elevation every rise can be seen in the clear water. The salmon run in size from 1 1/2 to 4 pounds and when they are really coming a total catch of 20 to 30 in a day is a common score.

Trolling is the sure method on the right grounds all through the season. The culmination of sport comes in June with the beginning of the fly fishing, which is the only legal method of capture on the stream and for 100 yards above the dam. Though June is the best month for fly fishing there is apt to be excellent sport on the river, particularly in the deeper pools through July and August; while the September chill generally brings the fish to the surface. The most taking flies seem to be the Silver Doctor, Farmachenee Belle, Jack Scott and Professor and especially after dusk the Hackle.

The number of visitors who come to Grand lake has increased every year since the Washington County railroad opened up the way to a short cut and the trip from Boston is made in less than 20 hours. The accommodations, too, are better; for while five years ago the fishermen were content to put up at the private homes of the villagers, there are now good hotels right on the fishing grounds and many picturesque camps on the lake.

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Sportsman's

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