

MAINE WOODS

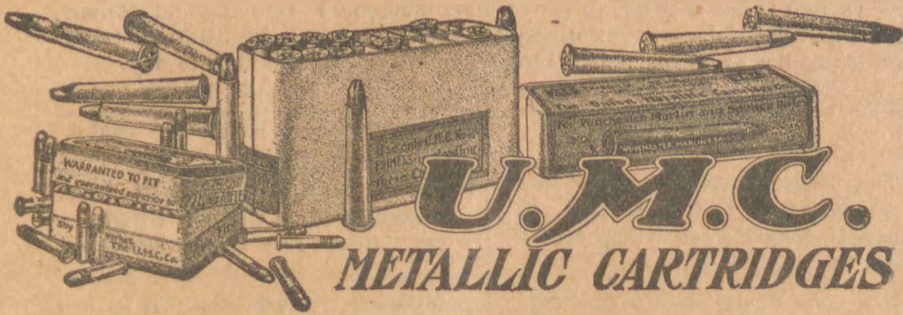
VOL. XXVII. NO. 18.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1904.

PRICE 3 CTS

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RABBIT HUNTING GOOD.

Color Hasn't Changed Yet And They Are Easy to Get.

Places Where They Can Be Found In And Near Phillips.

This is the season for rabbit hunting, but although there are plenty of bunnies in Phillips and vicinity there are but few to hunt them. The early snows are very favorable for the rabbit hunters, but bad for the rabbits themselves.

The rabbits have not yet taken on their winter coat of white and their dark brown fur makes them a prominent mark against the white background of the snow. An early snowfall is always a bad thing for the rabbits for the bunnies do not put on their winter styles until late in December usually. Later on when the deep snow comes and the rabbits are in their white coats, it is almost impossible to distinguish one of the little animals if he lies still, and unless the hunter is experienced he will pass many of them almost under his feet.

There are many places near Phillips where the rabbit hunting is good. There is a swamp back of D. T. Libby's house on the Mile square where the growth is blackmataik and spruce and the rabbits are very plentiful. There is also an excellent place in the spruce woods back of C. L. Boston's barn on the Mile square and there is also a swamp back of Milton Bean's house on the Dodge road where they are very plentiful.

There is the most sport in rabbit hunting when a dog is used, though this kind of hunting is not followed very much around Bangor. The rabbits are found most frequently in thickets and swamps and when the sun is shining are often seen on the sunny side of some hill near their burrows.

John Lovejoy is the only Phillips man who owns a beagle, so far as we know and Mr. Lovejoy is quite an enthusiastic rabbit hunter. He went out to the C. L. Boston place the other day and shot seven rabbits behind his year old beagle.

Harry M. Pierce of Farmington, proprietor of King and Bartlett Camps is one of the most enthusiastic hunters of our acquaintance.

The dog gets the scent of a bunny and then the fun begins. A rabbit can hop over the ground at a far faster rate of speed than one might suppose. Usually a rabbit when it finds that a dog is on its track, will take a course of a circle in hopes, probably, of doubling in its own tracks and thus confusing its pursuer.

But the hunters know this little trick and so as soon as their dog starts off after a rabbit, they station themselves at a point somewhere near to where the dog took up the chase, and wait.

Pretty soon they are sure to hear the deep baying of the hounds in the dis-

tance and a little later seeing a rabbit hopping along toward them, every jump covering several feet of ground. It is then a case of shoot and if the huntersmen is a good shot, he bags a rabbit.

Shot guns are used almost entirely by rabbit hunters, mainly for two reasons. In the first place it is easier to shoot a rabbit with a shot gun than with a rifle and the other is because rabbit hunters usually go in parties and there is less danger of shooting one another by accident if a shot gun is used.

When a crowd goes off after rabbits, it is considered a good day's work if the hunters average a couple a piece at the end of the day. Sometimes a very successful rabbit hunter will bag quite a number

When the snow becomes deeper snowshoes will be brought out and the sport will go on as usual. Then the rabbits are often found on a morning after a storm, huddled down in a little hollow in the snow under some low cedar or fir, the white of their coats blended with their bed and only the two little black beads of their eyes to show their presence.

A steaming hot rabbit pie is thought by most of the hunters to be even superior to chicken. The meat is certainly sweet and to a man who has tramped through the woods and over snow-clad fields all day long carrying a heavy gun to sit down to a hearty meal of rabbit at night is enjoyable.

First Caribou Shot by Lady.

ZEALAND STATION, N. B.,
Dec. 4, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

The first caribou ever taken by a lady in this section was shot by Mrs. Avery Morehouse of Zealand Station, N. B., while camping out with her husband on the Keswick waters. She was very proud of her capture and will have the head mounted.

There have been a number of large moose taken on the Keswick this season. Mr. Samuel Hoyt shot a very large one a few days ago with 52 inches spread.

While Avery Morehouse of Zealand, an all around sportsman and taxidermist as well, bagged a monster bull moose with spread up in the fifties. One day last week he secured two monster buck deer and some time previous he secured a ground hog or woodchuck, jet black in color. This is a rare specimen and he prizes it very highly.

At present caribou are very plentiful in this section. Deer are also on the increase and moose are rapidly increasing.

Our game country here is second to none in the maritime province. The game season just closed has been a banner one.

Mr. Morehouse, who is a competent guide, has already some parties booked for next season which he thinks will be a red letter season for big game.

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 CO.
Phillips, Maine, Jan. 11, 1905.

Fish and Game Oddities.

Not a Rare Specimen.

Ten years ago I was visiting my brother in Montana. We put in the whole time hunting in the mountains and the fun we had would fill a good sized volume.

Before starting I made two suits of buckskin, or rather, my pants and shirt were made of antelope skin. He had a buckskin shirt so I made him a pair of pants of an elk hide.

When we were well in the mountains he began to tell me stories. Among them which most interested me was one about wild-cats. He said whenever he made a camp he always used to set a wild-cat trap near the creek and often got a wildcat. "They are a great big nasty yellow cat," he said, "worth about 50 cents."

I was curious to see one so I began setting traps near the creek whenever we camped.

One morning he started to the creek for a pail of water and I followed because I wanted to hear the story he was telling. Suddenly from out a thicket leaped a wild cat and fastened tooth and claws in his elk skin trousers. He let fall the pail and leaped backward, but the cat held him. Once more he leaped and this time desperately. The claws broke loose and he was free. He turned on me with an oath that made me shudder and I turned and ran for the tent. As I ran I heard him call out, "You young devil, don't you ever set another trap without telling me where it is."

D. E. HEYWOOD.

HAD A MOOSE SUPPER.

Triumphant Rockland Nimrod Entertains Guests.

Just home from a trip in the wilds of old Maine, with a moose for a trophy and some smaller game—I banquet my comrades who love sporting, too.

And trust that this menu will suit all of you.

And it did. The occasion to which these lines refer was the complimentary game supper tendered by John E. Leach to 16 male friends recently. Mr. Leach was one of the five sportsmen who recently went into the Moosehead region after big game, and who prospered beyond their brightest hopes. Reports were spread around town during their absence that John W. Anderson had been shot and Mr. Leach had been lost, but at the very moment these stories were in circulation the gentlemen in question were enjoying that sensation which comes only to the hunter who has spotted big game.

Their trophy was an 800 pound moose—one of those kings of the north woods so often seen, so seldom shot. The credit for bringing the animal down must be evenly divided between Messrs. Anderson and Leach, for each man fired two shots and neither is able to say which was the effective one. An 800 pound moose eight miles from camp is something of a white elephant, but pluck, plenty of hard work and a pair of intelligent horses solved the problem in just three days and the hunters came back home flushed with triumph and laden with deer meat.

Mr. Leach conceived the happy idea of a moose supper and the fact of catering to his 16 appreciative guests was splendidly performed by Mrs. Z. O. Bragg, with the assistance of Mrs. Leach and Mrs. E. L. Brown. The moose was converted into a roast so tender and appetizing as to challenge comparison with anything in the game line and it was supplemented with other courses that were a triumph of Mrs. Bragg's well known culinary skill.

Mr. Leach's guests were William W. Spear, Walter H. Spear, Frank L. Weeks, H. Nelson McDougall, Harry F. Brown, Robert M. Packard, H. B. Fales, H. W. Thordike, Frank L. Newbert, George W. Bachelder, Seabrook Gregory, Harry French, E. L. Brown and F. A. Winslow of Rockland, J. A. Brewster and Walter Young of Camden. Speech making was eliminated but there was no lacking of wit and humor, particularly at the eastern end of the table where "Fa her" Newbert presided. The "old bird," as he lovingly termed the moose was evidently a very superior object in his esteem, but he drew the line at a repetition of the courses.

The remainder of the evening was spent at whist and pitch. Mr. Leach's splendid hospitality was endorsed in three loud cheers as the guests departed.—Rockland Courier-Gazette.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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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.

Rangeley Sporting Notes.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.
RANGELEY, Dec. 5, 1904.
Reuben Wilbur and Frank Stewart were at Camp Wildwood last week and brought home four buck deer. Two of them were good eight pointers.

Jim Wilcox and Jasper Hamlin were in to the camp at The Boulders last week. They got three deer. Jasper got one ten-point buck.

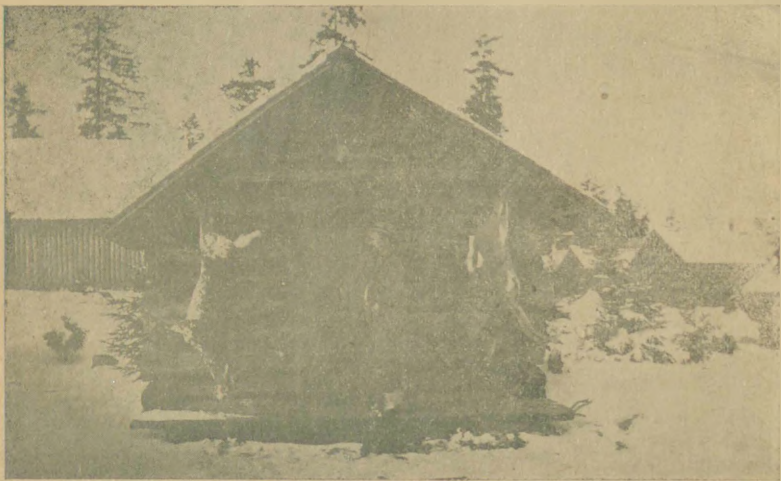
A party composed of J. A. Russell, G. A. Proctor, Dr. F. B. Peabody and Billie Hayden were in to Russell's camp on Elm ridge last week. Russell, it is said, fired 20 shots at game one day. They got some deer but were not informed as to the exact number.

W. S. Lovejoy and M. B. Skolfield were at Gilman's camp on Ash stream in Coplin last week for a few days. They got two deer. One of them was a seven-point buck shot by Lovejoy.

Tom Porter went to Kennebago on Saturday to cook and look after the camps for the winter.

Will Tibbette, Lorin Haley and Bill Porter spent a few days at Long pond last week. They got two deer; a buck and a doe.

S. M. Carleton, Dana Carlton, Harold McCard and Mr. Bradford, the school principal, hunted from Snowman's camp on Spotted mountain last week. The main feature of the hunt was that of Dana Carlton and Bradford getting lost.



A SPOTTED DEER AND A PLAIN ONE.

They started to come to camp one noon for lunch but went the wrong way. At 2.30 o'clock, by following down log roads which they thought they recognized, they came to the shore of John's pond—a pond neither of them had ever seen before and four miles north of their camp. Then they followed a traveled road to Kennebago river, where they saw fresh tracks of a team going north on the tote road. Being very hungry they followed the team, believing this would find them food quickest. They happened to meet Jim Wilcox, who was returning to his camp and he took them in with him. The next day they came to Rangeley and made a fresh start.

Rev. E. H. Prescott and wife and Olin Rowe and wife have returned to town after camping all the week. Olin shot one deer, which was the only one killed. Rev. Prescott failed to get his by reason of his rifle clogging in the action. Rumor has it that it went off twice before he got it to his shoulder. It is often quite difficult to get at the details of these hunting experiences. There is no record to be found on earth of what he said when the rifle failed him.

Harry Quimby and Reuben Wilbur went into camp on Monday to pick spruce gum. They have a market in Farmington of 80c per pound for all the rough gum they can get and they expect to work at it all winter.

L. E. Bowley of Mountain View sends up a nice eight-point buck's head to be mounted which he shot last week.

Hunting was never better than it has been the last week. There is stiff snow at the bottom—just enough to prevent slipping and nearly every day there is a light fall of dry snow which aids in distinguishing fresh tracks. Large bucks are being killed in abundance and there are very many hunting parties out.

The New Haven party, composed of John P. Cox, Henry Weerwise, Fred Hawkins and Sandy Mackintosh, who were at Beaver bog the past two weeks with Harry Quimby and Frank Porter, got some quite remarkable deer. They had six bucks and two does. One buck weighed 232 pounds and was poor in flesh. The guides say he would have been 50 pounds heavier if killed a month earlier. They shot one spike horned buck from the camp piazza.

(J. L. Harnden is buying all the local

fur this season. He studies the market carefully and is a pretty good authority on fur. He lately bought a bear's skin for \$0.00 and sold it for \$3.00. He has at present about \$200 worth of fur on hand. On Monday he bought two mink skins which he left in W. E. Tibbett's store, while he went to Twombly's shop. Frank Porter took one of the skins and followed him and sold it to him for \$3.00. There was a final reckoning when Harnden discovered the trick that had been played on him.
D. E. HEYWOOD

WAS IT FAIR?

Remarks on the Shoot at Strong Thanksgiving Day.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
STRONG, Dec. 5, 1904.
Since the shoot at Strong last Thanksgiving day, conducted by Messrs. Jas. Packard and Dyke Curtis, fully reported in last week's WOODSMAN, there has been considerable discussion as to whether the shoot was conducted as it should have been.
It will be remembered that the winner was Mr. Horatio Luce, but that Mr. Luce did not shoot personally, but employed Hammond Richardson to shoot for him. This, some of the original signers claim, was out of order and should not have been allowed.
One rifleman who shot for the prize (a \$15 rifle) claims that only 16 persons were to be allowed to shoot and all those who were to shoot were supposed

to sign the paper before the shoot commenced. Then, if only a few were present when the shoot occurred, the prize should be awarded to the person making the highest score. Notwithstanding this fact, so the person claims who is referred to, many were permitted to shoot who came at the last moment. The same person claims that if the shoot had been conducted on the original lines as he understood them, the result would have been different.

Mr. James Packard was interviewed by MAINE WOODS and stated in substance that the following rules only were made in regard to the shoot:

1. That the contestants agreed to pay James Packard and D. T. Curtis the sum of \$1 for ten shots at a standard American target, distance 100 yards.
2. That the contestants use sporting rifles with plain sights.
3. That the shooting shall be off-hand.

Mr. Packard says that nothing was said about the number that should shoot, the object of securing the 10 signers being to guarantee the financial success of the shoot. Messrs. Curtis and Packard purchased 21 targets that they might have enough in case of an accident happening.

At the present writing the matter of the shoot is, in the minds of some, in very unsettled condition.

It is now expected that a shoot will occur this week and it is understood that the affair will be hedged in with all kinds of rules and regulations.

Kingfield Sporting Notes.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
KINGFIELD, Dec. 5, 1904.
At the close of the deer season there seems to be hardly enough snow to make good hunting. As the conditions are now the snow crunches so loudly beneath the feet that still hunting is almost impossible. However, the deer slayers are still confident and some are seen rifle in hand each day.

Mr. Ned Tufts got his deer No. 2 the other day and now he smiles sweetly and announces to his friends that he's "got his number."

John Batchelder got a good doe one day recently.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DuPont Smokeless is the champion. In winter shoot infallible.

Sportsmen's Show Number.

MAINE WOODS will issue a Sportsmen's Show number for the 905 show which will open February 21 and close March 9, 1905. The edition will be 10,000 and we will distribute them free at the show to sportsmen and others who are interested in Maine.

Price for space \$2.00 an inch.
Send an item for it.
Can we have your advertisement?
J. W. BRACKETT Co., Phillips, Me.

Carry Pond Camps.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
BINGHAM, Dec. 5, 1904.
The New York party returned home with two deer apiece, each taking a buck and doe. Messrs. Moebus and Holding have always taken two bucks but as they shot the does before they did the bucks they were contented to carry them home. They have plenty of fine heads and only wish for a few good ones to give to their friends in New York.
Mr. Moebus had a very fine head with 10 points, while Mr. Holding secured a good eight pointer. Mr. Holding has had the best sport he has ever had at these camps. After tramping three days with no success his guide, H. J. Lane, told him that the deer must come their way soon, so on the fourth day, while on the trail to West Carry, they reached a good deer country and Mr. Holding told his guide to go south and drive a deer to him. Soon a large buck and doe jumped from their beds and ran north. In a very few minutes five shots rang out and as soon as his guide reached him Mr. Holding had secured both, shooting them on the run. This he considered as the best sport of his life in the Maine woods.

Three young men from Bingham, Ben, Dannie and Clyde were in camp three days, Ben taking first blood on the second day out. He secured a fine doe and dragged it out to the buckboard road. Dannie got two smaller ones and Clyde was last to get his, a fine buck. Clyde is supposed to be a good shot, being brought up in Bingham, but he had a good standing shot at the buck and only broke his foreleg. The buck ran and Clyde thinking he had hit him hard immediately gave chase. Clyde is quite large and fat but he wanted that buck and ran for half a day through a thick swamp, mowing the bushes right and left. He thought to keep the deer going would be the thing to do and by the cries that came from him that anything would go as long as one leg was left, so just at sunset Clyde came up to Mr. Buck, who refused to move. Clyde was some ways from home but he came in about 8 o'clock.

Now, as I understand it, it is unlawful to chase deer down or run them with dogs and I hope the game warden will not investigate the matter. I also hope next year that Clyde will improve in shooting so as to kill his deer on the spot, for unless he did these would be grave danger of running the deer over into close season.

Mr. H. J. Lane is getting in his supply of ice and wood and will soon move out to his farm. The ice is about 11 inches thick here.



HIS MAJESTY, THE MOOSE.

Miss Cornelia T. Crosby, Fly Rod, returned to her home in Phillips last Saturday after a pleasant sojourn of two months in Quebec. Although still very lame Miss Crosby found the trip very beneficial to her health.

Gamelans of Maine.
BY GEO. N. VAN DYKE.
The forests, lakes, ponds and streams, the camps and lodges, guides, game and game laws of the great wilderness.
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Game Shipments.

The game shipments via the Franklin & Megantic railroad from Bigelow, Carabassett, Kingfield and Strong recently were:

Nov. 22. Dexter Bubier, Lawrence, Mass., two bucks; Mrs. E. White, Strong, one buck; Joe Tobin, Farmington, one buck; C. B. Moody, Farmington, two deer; G. M. Bacheller, Livermore Falls, one buck; Wm. Adams, Walnut Hill, one deer; Harry Cain, Walnut Hill, one buck.

Nov. 23. Rever Bros., Portland, one buck; W. R. Jacobs, Portland, one buck; J. O. Elwell, Kennebunk, two bucks; F. W. Jones, Kennebunk, two bucks; W. E. Brett, Canton, one buck, one deer; J. F. Cressey, Woodford's, one buck, one deer; P. Bartlett, Riley's, one buck; F. M. Richards, Farmington, one buck; A. E. Traak, Wilton, one buck; F. R. Bardner, Wilton, two bucks; E. G. Houghton, one buck, one deer; J. W. Jacob, Wells Branch, one buck; C. E. Collins, Farmington, one buck.

Nov. 24. G. W. Hammond, Lynn, Mass., one buck.

Nov. 25. Geo. W. Hammond, Lynn, Mass., one buck; Carl Heinger, Walham, two bucks; B. L. Spiller, Wells Branch, one buck; R. Criado, New York, one buck; J. M. Wilson, Ada, Ohio, two bucks; A. Leatherman, Ada, Ohio, two bucks; J. B. Pearson, Stoneham, Mass., one deer, one buck; W. H. Libby, Biddeford, one buck; W. L. Dow, Livermore Falls, two bucks.

Nov. 28. J. F. Newell, Livermore Falls, two bucks; W. W. Tillson, Wakefield, Mass., one deer.

Nov. 29. D. H. Streeper, Morristown, Pa., one buck, one deer; B. F. Neal, Farmington, one buck; G. W. Collins, Farmington, one buck; E. B. Burgess, Somerville, Mass., two bucks; E. W. Wentworth, Somerville, two bucks; W. T. Setteney, Charlestown, Mass., one buck, one deer.

Nov. 30. Geo. A. Staples, Lowell, Mass., one buck, one deer; P. A. Smith, Lowell, Mass., two bucks; P. A. Smith, Skowhegan, two bucks.

Dec. 8. G. A. Kidder, Waterville, one buck; C. Pooler, Farmington, one buck; Grace Smith, Kingfield, one buck; Gertrude Smith, Kingfield, one buck; F. C. Hayden, Woodford's, one deer; B. F. Lester, Auburn, two bucks.

Dec. 5. D. Lovejoy, Danville Junction, one buck; C. F. Jones, Newton, Mass., two bucks; R. R. Rogers, Winthrop, one buck.

A. S. ARNBURG, Rangeley, Maine. Builder of Rangeley Boats. Write or prices.
H. M. BARRETT, Weld, Me. Builder of FINE CEDAR BOATS. Write for price list and descriptive Catalogue.

some days near South Arm. They had five or six deer with them.

Ed Coburn went out a few days ago with a party. They had two deer and a bear.

Chester Sweatt arrived home Nov. 28. He has been at the lakes trapping muskrats.

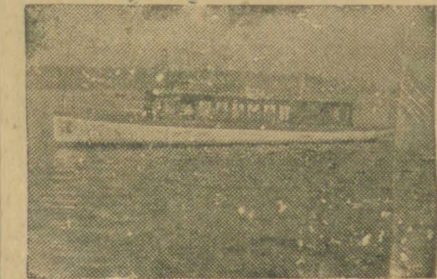
Chas. Morton and Arthur Poor have been at Umbagog lake for a few days, a guest of Roe Otis. They intended to do some hunting.

Whitney Roberts shot a fine doe last week.

SEND US HUNTING STORIES

Our readers are requested to send us hunting stories. There are plenty of things to write us. Tell us where you go and what you see. Address, MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

RAW FURS bought for cash. I make Snow shoes. Call on or write for prices. CHAS. L. HARNDEN, Rangeley, Maine.



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For sale or exchange Steam Launch 49x12 Copper fastened hull, Roberts tubular boiler, Althouse engine, built 1901, in A 1 condition, capacity 35 passengers, under government license, cost \$8,500, suitable for lake or transportation. Will take any reasonable offer of land or cash.
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(Mark this ad. for future reference)

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| Reloading Tool complete for 32 special, | 2.75 |
| Colt's 32 Cal. Automatic Pocket Pistol, | 14.30 |
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Premiums—Send \$1.00 the regular subscription price for MAINE WOODS and receive your choice of any article of sporting goods or tools retailing for 40c or less, or one year free subscription to Camp Fire Stories. Sample copies 5c.
Send your order now and receive catalog free, from which to select your premium. Catalog to anyone sending stamp. Address, R. A. MORRISSETTE, Sporting Goods, No. 203 W. Main Street, - Richmond, Va. (Mention where you saw this ad.)

Andover Notes.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
ANDOVER, Dec. 2, 1904.
The hunters are out every day.
Henry Hall and wife were walking in the woods not far from the house when a deer ran past them. Mr. Hall immediately fired and brought down a fine doe, which would weigh 150 pounds or more.

A party of five went out recently, headed by Mr. Mabry, who at one time kept the South Arm hotel. They came from Mechanic Falls and camped for

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

The Lafin & Rand Calendar For 1905

(See cut and description in reading columns)

will be issued in December. To those who send us the brand of powder they shoot and 10c in coin or stamps.

Don't forget full name and street number.
Address Advertising Bureau,

Lafin & Rand Powder Co.,
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MUSKRATS BY DOZENS.

Trapper Baited Rats With Canned Salmon and Makes a Haul.

Portland Man Who Has Caught Thousands of Rats.

PORTLAND, Dec. 5, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Among those who rank first in the field of hunters and trappers, Mr. Stillman Munroe, the veteran muskrat hunter of Maine, is entitled to a place at the

not kill as he supposed and after completing his cot of boughs he decided to retire for the night only to be awakened every few minutes by the constant squealing of rats in every direction. He had decided that rats must have been very plentiful in that location some time before but now he was convinced that they were coming in herds, so a new idea struck him. He always carried a limited amount of canned goods for his early morning lunches and among these at the time he had a few cans of salmon. As the muskrat is decidedly fond of fish, especially of this origin, he thought it a



WHEN THEY USED TO JACK 'EM.

head of the column as one of the most successful trappers that ever visited the different states and territories.

Munroe's principal industry is the trapping of the festive muskrat and other small fur bearing animals.

During the season of 1903 he caught and prepared the skins of several thousands of rats. Living as he does, nearly all the year round, in his small tent pitched wherever night overtakes him as it were, he has become accustomed to every phase of climate the season presents as one would readily see by his hardy looking countenance.

One of Munroe's most interesting stories among his numerous list is one that took place during the late autumn of 1903 while trapping in the vicinity of Spurwink near Scarborough.

He had taken up his quarters in the brush near the bogs where he had many traps awaiting his morning visit as it was customary for him to visit in this place at least once each day, owing to the good number of rats he always found in his traps.

Munroe noticed something get up out of the brush as he was preparing his tent for the night and as his gun was always by his side he shot at it but did

wise idea to do a little still hunting by moonlight with the assistance of the salmon, so going to the edge of the bog which was about 50 yards distant and directly in front of his tent, he at once opened his canned goods and proceeded to "strew them around" (as he terms it) covering an area of about four feet. Then returning to the tent he lighted his "jack" which by the way, was of the ordinary lantern nature, hanging it in front of a small mirror which he always carries in his pack to serve as a reflector.

Loading both barrels of his old gun with an extra large quantity of No. 4 shot he sat down to await developments. The rats had in the meantime begun to scent the salmon and were flocking around it in large numbers.

For two long hours he quietly watched the proceeding until the place in front where he had deposited his bait was like a dark cloud in the heavens; all that could be seen were the numerous pairs of small sparkling eyes of the hungry rats.

Leveling his gun over an old stump that protruded near him he discharged the contents of both barrels at once. The roar of the gun on the still night and the agonizing shrieks of wounded rats trying to escape in every direction nearly brought the hunter to flight.

However he thought it best not to go near the place until daybreak as a lot of the wounded rats would remain where they were and die if they were not driven away.

On the approach of morning he made his way to the scene of the slaughter. On his arrival he found that he had killed on the spot 36 rats, two skunks and a mink and he says he hasn't the slightest idea how many wounded ones crawled away. After visiting his string of traps and bagging altogether 128 rats he returned to Portland his home much pleased with his day's catch and highly satisfied with the results of the canned salmon.



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LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

LETTERS TO MAINE WOODS.

Deer Plentiful In Dead River.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

EUSTIS, Nov. 30, 1904.

As I have noticed some extraordinary good game reports from the different well known sporting camps of Maine in the MAINE WOODS this fall, I take pleasure in offering this Eustis report of game from this vicinity up to Nov. 20, 1904, this fall's hunting:

P. C. Wiggin, Boston, Mass., 1 buck
Wm. G. Baldwin, Pittsfield, Mass., 2 "
Henry L. Greene, Worcester, 2 "
Frank Cressy, Portland, Me., 2 deer
J. J. Wyman, Kingfield, 1 "
C. E. Thurston, 1 "
Jed Perry, 1 buck
Dr. Pennell, 2 deer
E. K. Perkins Providence, R. I., 1 buck
Mrs. E. K. Perkins, 1 "
John Kennedy and wife, Providence, R. I., 1 "
Frederick Quint, Amesbury, Mass., 1 "
Dr. J. F. K. Blon, 1 bear
Arthur Robinson and wife, Boston, 3 deer
1 bear

G. C. Holden, wife and son, Gen. U. S. Postoffice Inspector, Phila., 2 deer
Mr. and Mrs. Electus B. Ward, N. Y., 2 bucks
G. H. Ricker, Waterbury, Vt., 2 deer
W. M. Hazen, North Hero, Vt., 1 buck
F. W. Hanner, Boston, Mass., 1 deer
Edward Burbecke, 1 "
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pierce, Boston, 3 bucks
Wm. C. Smith, Philadelphia, 2 "
J. P. Gleason, Boston, 1 buck
J. B. Pearson, 1 "
W. G. Payson, 1 "
Oscar W. Green, Skowhegan, 2 "
Curt Henger, Waltham, Mass., 2 "
Arthur Nash, Boston, 2 "
Dan Goodwire, Madison, Me., 2 deer
R. Copeland, Augusta, 2 "
F. C. Luce, Madison, 2 bucks
A. M. Vooris, Nyack, N. Y., 1 buck
F. M. Vanhoy, East Stroudsburg, Pa., 1 "

Harry J. Van Vlied, East Stroudsburg, Pa., 1 "
John Tiesen, N. Y. City, 2 bucks
Emile Hoertels, 2 "
G. H. Frost, Waltham, Mass., 2 "
G. H. Hall, 2 "
H. Y. Frost, 1 bear
Chas. J. Kipp, N. Y. City, 2 bucks
Harry Haynes, Boston, 2 "
Frank Noyes, 2 deer
John H. Kinney, 2 "
C. R. Drew, Medford, Mass., 1 buck
Oliver Whyte, 1 "
Geo. H. Cutting, Worcester, Mass., 2 "
A. H. Burton, 1 "
Fred Tompkins, 1 doe
1 "
Wm. L. Davis, 1 buck
H. M. Ives and wife, Livermore Falls, 1 buck
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Rowlette, N. Y., 2 deer
Ralph E. Watson, Worcester, Mass., 2 bucks
Wm. S. Flynt, 2 "
R. J. Cummins, Orange, N. J., 1 bear
1 buck

reason to think the deer are decreasing this year as I have heard some misinformed hunters claim.

If we only get as good hunting next season we will have no kick coming.
FRED L. HUTCHINS.

In Regard to Plug Fishing.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 5, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Inclosed is \$1 currency for my subscription, also a paragraph on Wisconsin deer season which is at your service—facts acquired as stated from papers.

I note with amazement and also much egotistical satisfaction, the petition printed in your issue of Nov. 11 praying the assembly to enact a law against plug fishing in the Rangeley lakes.

When I first went to the region in '89 I saw very soon that the spring bait fishing from the shore and the summer deep fishing must inevitably destroy there the sport of angling which had for so many years attracted men of means, thereby contributing a substantial increase to the income of the community.

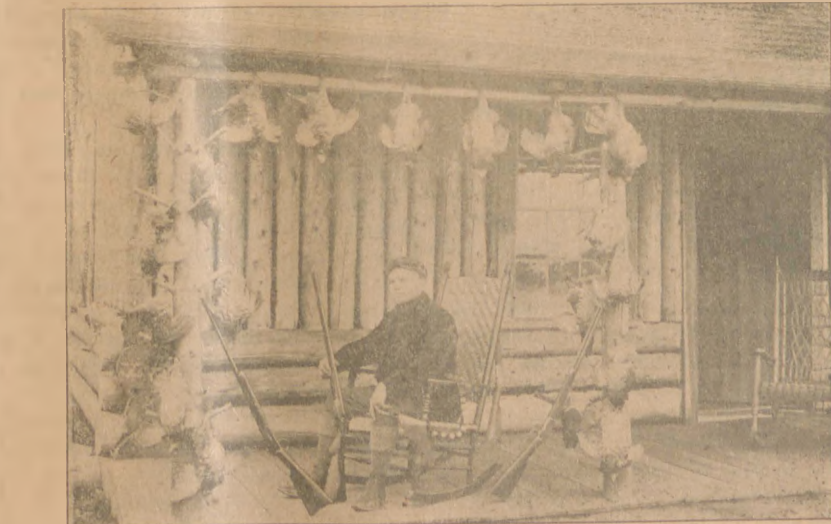
I was irresistibly impelled to speak very frankly of the matter in general conversation and once was courteously given the privilege of expressing my views at a meeting of the Guides' association. To put it mildly I gained no friends by my efforts, rather the contrary. Finding these efforts hopeless I several years ago abandoned them.

Consequently the appearance of this petition signed and supported by so many substantial and influential citizens is, as I have said, a surprise and a general satisfaction. Many names, however, which I look for there, are to my great regret, missing.

That there will be opposition and perhaps the usual Rangeley counter petition, goes without saying and that the petition of the first part will not be granted is almost a certainty. But be it so, the appearance in print of such a document is a long step in the direction of safety and induced a reasonable hope that ere very long such a law may be secured. It means a number of thousands of dollars annually to the region, one way or the other, and that's no lie
J. F. LEECH.

Shooting In Wisconsin.

In Wisconsin according to newspaper reports the deer season is so far a very close and interesting race, the number of hunters killed to date is known, v. z.,



PARTIRDER ARE PROTECTED NOW.

F. J. Felders, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1 deer
W. H. Randall, N. Y. City, 1 buck
Z. Taylor, 1 "
W. E. Blodgett, Boston, 1 "
Joe Tobin, Farmington, 1 bear
Arthur Plummer, N. New Portland, 1 buck
Harold Viles, Kingfield, 2 deer

This is only a partial list of the game shot around here this fall as this list includes mostly nonresident people and of course the residents of this town have shot a good many deer and a number of bears and I think that anybody after reading this report can have no

twenty-nine; deer reported killed, with a few back counties yet to hear from, twenty-eight. Supposedly as a consequence of the indiscriminate slaughter and there is a rumor afloat that the legislature will enact a law forbidding the shooting of hunters for a period of at least five years. Surely some such drastic action is required to save the Wisconsin variety from total extinction.

J. W. Carlton of Phillips recently made a trip through Oxford County after fur.

Microbes on Coins.

"The poor man," said a scientist, "hasn't everything against him. It has been discovered that gold collects disease germs to a greater extent than either silver or copper. Thus the poor man, with only quarters and dimes and pennies to handle, is safer than the rich man, with his eagles and double eagles. And the poor man, with his silver watch, can ascertain the time without half the risk that the gold-watched rich man runs. Seriously," said the scientist, "it has been proved that gold has a greater attraction for disease germs than any other metal. Microbes crowd a piece of gold as commuters crowd the trains in the rush hours. Silver and copper, however, the poor man's metals, are not so overrun with microbes. On pennies or dimes there is always room for the little creatures to stretch their legs and move about a bit."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Something Still Lacking.

Nordy—We've got our church choir screened off so as not to be seen from the auditorium at all.

Butts—Ah! a choir invisible, eh?
"Yes, but not inaudible. You can still hear 'em quarreling."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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WANTS.

WANTED. Good chance for taxidermist. One that can mount moose and deer heads. Write to WM. WEITZEL, Grand Rapids, Minnesota, Box 79.

WANTED. Several bear cubs in good healthy condition. State weight, age and lowest cash price when answering. Address GEO. B. MACLEAN, 100 Milam St., Houston, Texas.

WANTED. One good foxhound, 1 1/2 years old. Price \$10.00. W. E. DENNY, Franklin, N. Y.

CAMP TO LET. Furnished hunting camp for rent. No better country for big deer in Maine. Camps will accommodate large party. FRANK CHICK, Franklin Co., Madrid, Maine.

FOR SALE.

COON, Rabbit and Fox Hounds must be sold. LOVELL, Putney, Vermont.

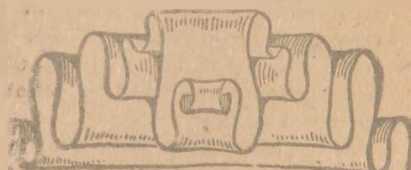
FOR SALE—Five male, two female, full blooded bull terrier pups. For prices address, O. W. WILLIAMSON, New Portland, Me.

FOR SALE—In the Rangeley Lake region of Maine—A fine camp, fully furnished, ice house (diced), store house and boat house; power launch, boats, canoes, etc., etc. Best location in the section. Will be sold at a bargain. For particulars, etc., address CHAS. T. BEEBE, New London, Conn.

FOR SALE—The most convenient, the best located private camps in the Rangeley Lakes region. Running water hot and cold. Three camps joined. Furnished complete; nothing more comfortable. Will accommodate twelve guests with single bed for each. Accommodations for six guides and camp for man and wife to care for grounds and buildings. Ice house filled and other outhouses necessary. Address HENRY H. ROELOFFS, Philadelphia, Pa.

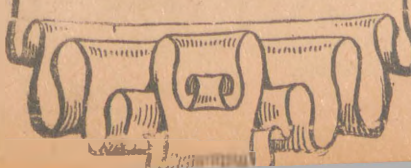
GASOLINE LAUNCH FOR SALE—A new first class gasoline launch built May last, by Thomas Stone of Swampscott, Mass., was on exhibition at Horticultural Hall at Automobile Show, used only two weeks, 30 ft. long, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, Sagamore Engine 24 horse power, 3 blade propeller, decks finished in mahogany, brass rails, oak finish, canvas cover batteries, cradle oars and tools, price \$350. Net cash F. O. B. Greenville, Me. Can be seen at Camp Waumbec, Sugar Island, Moosehead Lake, Maine, after Aug. 22d or communicate with owner, Geo. H. Rimbach, Prop. Crawford House, Boston, Mass., only reason for selling is, that a larger boat is desired.

HOTEL FOR SALE—During the past winter and spring we had letters from several hotel men who wanted information in regard to paying hotel property that could be purchased. We couldn't name the right place then; now we can. We know of a hotel that can be bought at a low price considering its capacity for earning money, and the cost of the hotel and stables. It is located better for making good money all the year round than any other hotel in the same county. We are thoroughly conversant with the conditions surrounding this very desirable hotel property and we solicit correspondence in regard to it. Address the J. W. BRACKETT COMPANY, Phillips, Maine.
August 9, 1904.



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experiences as are narrated in

**Ed Grant's
Back Woods
Fairy Tales**



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Maine Woods Information Bureau gives in-

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and Shooting. Boston office, 147 Summer St.,

with Boston Home Journal.

This Edition of Maine Woods

5,550.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1904.

Beaver May Lose Protection.

It seems quite probable that during the coming session of the legislature the law protecting beaver will be removed.

The lumbermen are understood to be quite unanimous for its removal and so far as we have learned there are none who will oppose the change.

Timberland owners claim that millions of feet of lumber, spruce and poplar particularly, is lost each year by the flooding of land as a result of beaver dams. We hear that the wild land people are united in favor of the beaver law.

A STORY is told about a New York man who has an idea of creating a game preserve in Maine for the good of the state and the promotion of his name. He would buy a township of land, one that is not worth too much for lumber and put a barbed wire fence ten feet high all around it. He would then put in samples of deer, moose, buffalo and some other animals, and allow them to increase, hiring two or three men to look after the place. He would leave it to the state as a game preserve on the condition that it should bear his name. He thinks this would be a cheaper way of keeping his name in memory than endowing a college, and at the same time be doing the world or part of it some good. It is a good idea and we hope it will be carried out. He may find some difficulty about it though. Poachers may bother him, and lumbermen might cut his fence rather than to walk several miles around it. He will probably have to get some private legislation before he can carry out his plan successfully.—Gardiner Reporter-Journal.

Moose Escaped.

In September I tried to hire a man to help me harvest potatoes. He said a friend of his had invited him to go with him after live bears; they could get \$300 each for them in Bangor and if they only got one piece it would be better than breaking their backs in the potato field, so they gathered a supply of traps, and large quantity of gin and molasses, and went to the distant woods. The latter were to be mixed and put in troughs and when the bear came and ate it he would get drunk and all the hunters would have to do was to tie his feet and he was a prisoner. One afternoon they went out to look at their traps, and took a bottle of the gin along to keep them from getting cold. It was dark when they returned. A large trough near the camp was licked out clean but there was no bear.

As the trees appeared to want to fall on them they staggered to the camp and not caring for supper, they hung coats, hats, rifles and cartridge belts on a convenient rack that had been placed near the door. When they awoke it was broad day light. In the door of the brush camp lay a monstrous bull moose sound asleep. His mouth and nose were smeared with gin and molasses. Their coats and guns were hanging on his antlers. They crept towards him for their guns, but he sprang to his feet, and, being frightened by the strange load on his head, he galloped away, and moose, clothes and rifles were seen no more.—Parkhurst correspondent of the Aroostook Republican.

To Camp Owners.

Many owners of camps who have MAINE WOODS regularly, but who have had no camp news in our columns for a long time past, if ever, would do well to send us a little news about their people and their attractions. We would print it and it would pay the camps well. We like to have mail sent to us as early as Monday, for the current week, when possible.

J. W. BRACKETT Co.,

Phillips, Maine

SHOTGUN FEVER.

A Guide Had it But After a While He Was Cured.

Bear Makes a Great Fright But Ben Gile Gets Him.

(BY D. E. HEYWOOD.)

RANGELEY, Dec. 5, 1904.

Three or four years ago Ben Gile and Jim Wilcox went into the woods to do a little hunting on their own account. They were both done guiding for a time and at that time they were great chums. Ben is quite a bird hunter so he carried a double-barreled shotgun while Jim had a rifle. Ben had some buck-shot shells in case he happened to see a deer—in fact I am grieved to state that at that time Ben had a touch of the shotgun fever and intended to give this one a trial and see if it was not the most practical weapon with which to hunt deer.

While they were in the woods there came an early fall of snow of about two inches. It was damp and crunchy, but they started out early to look for big game. They kept together for about an hour and then got separated. Jim drifted about for an hour or two among the deer tracks without seeing any deer, and finally the snow began to go off rapidly.

In a sheltered place Jim came upon Ben's track, following that of a large bear. Jim knew that Ben had only the shotgun and so hurried along as fast as he could go to overtake him, if possible. He had not gone very far when he heard two gunshots fired very close together.

"There," thought Jim, "He's come upon him and given him both barrels and will probably lose him on this little snow."

The shots were quite far away and not quite in the direction in which Jim was traveling, but to avoid making any mistake he kept the tracks and went on as fast as he could. He soon discovered where the bear had been digging beech-nuts and Ben's strides had shortened and often led around behind ridges and knolls, indicating that he was endeavoring to catch the game unaware.

Suddenly Jim came upon a sight that made his blood run cold. The snow for several yards around was trampled and blood stained. The ground was torn up and leaves scattered far and wide, and there were fragments of Ben's clothing; his hat and one moccasin, and his gun broken at the action. Jim ran from place to place groaning and picking up the pieces, only to drop them and seize another which he examined. Then he seized the gun barrels and examined them. He found the muzzle of both chewed flat and a few inches from the breach both were burst open. "Oh poor Ben," he groaned, "If he had only pulled a second quicker!" Then he cast his eyes about for Ben's remains, but search as he would, no part of him—only the moccasin and clothing—could be found. So he decided Ben must have crawled away.

He hunted for his trail and circled the place several times. There was plenty of snow and he had no difficulty in finding where the bear had left, but Ben's track was not there. He had entered the arena on foot but had not left it that way.

As a last hope Jim looked around in the trees and not seeing his chum he groaned, "Ben was such a little fellow with not much meat on him—but then I should thought there would a been some bones left."

Jim started to follow the bear's track but it was going at such a furious rate that he decided that he had started it from where Ben was made away with. The occurrence had completely unnerved him and utterly discouraged him. So he turned about and made his way back to camp, taking with him the broken gun.

Crunch, crunch, crunch in the damp snow outside the camp. Jim was sitting near the fire, his elbows on his knees a picture of despair, but at the sound of approaching footsteps he raised his head and listened. Crunch, crunch, crunch, near and nearer came the steps. A hand was upon the wooden latch; Jim sprang to a kneeling position and turned deathly pale at the sound of the familiar footsteps. Involuntarily he reached for his rifle just as the camp door swung open and Ben, bloodstained, his clothes hanging in shreds from his almost fleshless limbs, was lighted up by the camp-fire.

"Clear out of this," shouted Jim, pumping a cartridge into his rifle. "What ye got again me that you can't leave me alone now?"

As if in self defense Ben swung a heavy load from his shoulder and held it in front of him. Jim saw that it was a great bundle of black fur.

SPORTSMEN'S DIRECTORY.

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ASK FOR free catalogue of Witch-Elk Hunting Boots. They always please. Witchell Sons & Co., Ltd., Detroit, Mich.

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

The Foot Ball Champion-

ship is in dispute,

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Smokeless

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Powder.

"Are you crazy, Jim, or don't you know me?" asked Ben.

At the sound of Ben's voice Jim dropped his rifle and settled back upon his heels, his hands outspread on the boughs beside him.

"Well, I'll be hamstrung," said Jim as soon as he could get his breath, "if this ain't a resurrection. I found where you had the scrap and brought home the gun and I said to myself, 'that's all there is left of old Ben.' Now tell me how you accounted for yourself."

"Well, you get me something to eat and I'll tell you the story," said Ben coming inside and throwing his bundle in a corner.

Jim got up and poured some water into a kettle of partridge stew and more water into another kettle of tea and hanging them both over the fire, seated himself on the boughs and exclaimed, "Now, I am ready for the story."

"To begin with," said Ben, "what do you know about it?"

"I saw where you had the scrimmage and shot the gun off in the bear's mouth and I saw where he swallowed you. That's all I know about it."

"Give me a chew of tobacco," said Ben, "and I'll tell you the rest. You see that old feller must a been kinder laying for me, 'cause he came up behind me when I was lookin' the other way. I heard a sort of rustle and whirled round just in time to jab the gun into his mouth and pull the trigger. Then there was a mixup. I never knew what became of the gun but he was so big I had the advantage of him from the start. Things looked pretty dubious for me at one time but I kept close to him same as you would if you had been in my place. Once he tried to get me by the throat but I seen that trick so many times I knew just what to do and I grabbed his tongue and held it in the corner of his mouth and let him chew onto that the same as any bear hunter would.

"The next thing he tried was to get my head under his arm and run with it against a tree. I let him run with it till he got most to the tree, then yanked him to one side and let his head bump the tree, just the same as I have done many times before. The next trick he tried was to lay on his back and undress me with his hind feet. I lost a moccasin in that part of the game, but as you know he was taking desperate chances and just then I got what I had been looking for—the strangle halt on him.

"I got both legs over his back, my arm around his neck and his throat over my shoulder. He knew as quick as I, that I had him and how his hind feet did dig into the small of my back! But his win was shot off and he began to snore. Then he flopped over onto his feet and run like a whirlwind. I got the point of my shoulder right on his windpipe and he kept snoring and I kept tightening. At last he begun to stagger and down he went, plum used up for the loss of wind.

"I was gettin' tired grippin' him and when he went down I just let go and finished him with my knife. I went back after the gun but you say you got it. That's what made me so late—lookin' for the gun. D. E. HEYWOOD.

Deer For Shiloh.

A young deer in a box directed to Rev. Mr. Sandford at Shiloh attracted considerable attention at the Phillips station last Saturday.

Mrs. J. S. Freese Registered Guide.

Shooting, canoeing and camera parties taken. Address,

Riverton, - Maine.

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and Spencer Stream Camps.

50,000 acres of fishing and hunting preserve is controlled here. Moose, deer and small game are abundant. Many brooks, lakes and ponds furnish fly fishing, where trout and salmon rise to the fly every day in the season. Log cabins are situated on the different lakes and ponds and twenty camps on King and Bartlett Lake furnish hospitality to the man who fishes and shoots. For circulars and further information, address

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Farmington, Maine, until May 15.

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at this season of the year, and KINEO is its gateway—COME! The finest trout fishing in the world, big game in plenty, a net work of lakes and streams, a wild, free, outdoor life in crisp pure air and glorious sunshine are its attractions. We make a specialty of completely outfitting campers, canoeists, fishermen and hunters. Write for information

THE MOUNT KINEO HOUSE, C. A. JUDKINS, Manager, Kineo, Maine.

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The only publication of its kind in the world. A Journal of Information for Hunters, Trappers and Traders. Contains 64 or more pages each month on the following: Building Deadfalls, Setting Steel Traps, Baiting Traps, New Ways to Capture Sly Animals, Night Hunting Dogs, Growing Ginseng, London Raw Fur Sales, Raising Skunk and Other Animals, Letters from Old Hunters and Trappers, etc.

Subscription, \$1 a year; single copy, 10c. Trial subscription, five months, only 25c. Special offer, MAINE WOODS and Hunter-Trapper both one year, \$1.50

Address, HUNTER - TRADER - TRAPPER, Gallipolis, Ohio.

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Phillips, - - - Maine.

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TRIP TO THE WOODS.

Springfield, Ohio, Man's Hunting Trip to Maine.

The Best Time of Year For a Deer Outing.

Ducks In Abundance and Plenty of Big Game.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The following letter from Dr. W. A. Barber, who is on an extended trip in the Maine woods, will prove of interest to his many friends in this city:

A little over a year ago found me looking forward with eager anticipation to a new pleasure in my hunting experience—a trip to the great forest of Maine—and in company with no other than my genial, good natured fellow sportsman, A. W. Grant. The picture painted for me at that time by him would make any artist green with envy, and the enjoyment of that trip was far beyond my most ardent expectations. How truthfully has it been said that "to know a man you must go to the woods with him." Two weeks' association a year ago with Mr. Grant brings to mind so many pleasant recollections that I find it impossible to resist the temptation to again join him for a couple of weeks in the greatest of all sports.

Many a man does not take his vacation until this time of the year, when he knows that there is good fun ahead of him in the cool forest, with good companions. He is willing to see other men rowing or swimming or fishing in the broiling sun of midsummer; for he prefers to take the late fall or early winter for his playtime. There must be some sense in his argument, because hundreds and thousands of others are of the same opinion. They come home tanned by wind and weather, and laden with plenty of game and well repaid in improvement of health, less of that feverish, fretful, fussy fume and ferment—that fierce, furious, frenzied fight for favor and fortune, and more of that calm, tranquil, imperturbable serenity, equipoise and self-possession—that latent, potential power and reserved force drawn from deep, quiet wells of vitality; that which we must possess if living would be "real and earnest"—a full, replete, competent life, sufficient for any drain, draft or peremptory demand made by disease or emergency, when work seems a pleasure once more.

The hunting season begins when the trees are adorned with their richest colors—the browns and yellows and reds of autumn—and what would we not give for a picture with the colors reproduced as we see them! The sport continues while the leaves are falling and when the limbs are bare and past the time of the first snowfall to almost the depth of winter. Long before Nov. 30 in Maine there are snowstorms that make even the hardy hunter and guide stay indoors and days of Arctic weather that make him very willing to remain close to the big fireplace.

On the trains en route to the hunting grounds many a story of great kills is told, but during the "inside" days and nights at camps there is more opportunity for men to tell of unusual experiences. The spirit of the whole talk is now matching his instinct, skill and endurance against those of the animals of the wild and coming off best.

There is nothing to be compared with the game dinners gotten up by such cooks as Charles Stewart and Lawrence Hughey, when one is hungry enough to eat a pine board. Under such circumstances, with big plates of appetizing game set before you, is it any wonder that we enjoy it and talk about it for months—yes, years—afterward?

The old log house stands on the edge of the clearing—the log shanty, the

guides call it. It is a rough looking place on the outside, and there is little to brag about on the inside, perhaps. The walls are made of rough logs and the cracks are closed with clay. My only disappointment in last year's camp was that there was no great fireplace to spread about that cheerful glow that we cannot secure in any other way. There are a couple of rough looking tables and some benches and chairs with rustic legs. At Heald Pond Camps I found four old-fashioned fireplaces. The bunks along the walls may not look especially attractive. They are made from balsam boughs covered with our blankets; and much to the amusement of our guides I insisted upon putting on sheets. And that balsam odor for a tired hunter is the best resting place he ever finds—along with pipes, cigars, and, in some camps, a bottle containing something the guides say prevents colds.

Deer and other game may be shot until the last sunset of November, so that there is no doubt many a family on Thanksgiving day will rejoice around a

power over the most secret springs of memory and longing.

My welcome to camp at Heald Pond was just like going back home once more. As Mr. Hughey and his genial wife greeted me with a warm hand shake. It made me feel I was truly welcome to one of the grandest places to take an outing in the world. Mr. Hughey is one of those kind of men who makes a hunter feel perfectly at home. He does not consider his duty ended by simply making you comfortable, but he takes a kindly interest in your welfare. He is a woodsman who can give you any information you may desire, having been a hunter and trapper for years. It is not only a business but a pleasure as well for him to please people.

A discovery was made at this camp this summer that will no doubt make it a great health resort. A noted chemist discovered a stream coming out of a ledge of rock to contain a large quantity of lithia. People who come here from Boston and New York will not need to come loaded down with lithia tablets. Combined with the pure ozone of the



Small black and white reproduction of the Laflin & Rand calendar for 1905, which will be ready for distribution in December. The regular size of this calendar is 15x28 inches, and it is lithographed in from 12 to 14 colors. Attention is called to the Laflin & Rand advertisement on page 3.

big table loaded with fruits of the chase. Doubtless many of the hunters will be there to tell how they did it, and the stories of triumphs of the field will be repeated around the dinner table—the old soldier will fight his battles again.

But the hunt itself is the thing. There is a fascination about the chase for wild game and when this fun is carried on with the hunter surrounded by the wonderful beauties of the forest, no wonder we travel over a thousand miles to enjoy it.

There is something awe-inspiring about the monarch trees of the forest, rearing their great, gaunt limbs in the sighing wind and showing between their branches the cold gray of the leaden sky or the rich red of the sunsets.

I shall not weary you with an account of a long railway journey as it would not interest you in the least.

At Jackman, Me., I extracted everything on the hotel table, making a specialty of platework for a half hour, and that is just as close to my professional work as I want to get for the remainder of October.

As we get away from Jackman I am reminded of bygone days. The memories of a year ago rush over me as we near Heald Pond Camps. The smell of burning wood in the old-fashioned fireplaces built of rocks—the penetrating October smell—spread up from the clearing where the camps are located at the edge of a beautiful lake. The odor filled the chilly, windless evening air. It seemed a sort of expression of the cold sky, pale, steel gray and sea-green wastes, deepening into sharp, straight bands of orange and smoke colors along the horizon. It seemed almost an expression of the harsh, darkening upland pastures, dotted with ragged stumps and backed by ragged forests. It was the distinctive autumn smell of the backwoods settlements; that smell which, once enjoyed, can never lose its potency of music, its

woods, with its balsam odor, it will make a man better, mentally and physically.

I wish I were able to portray the scene I looked upon tonight. Bald Mountain one mile above the sea level, with its trees all covered with a beautiful snow dome about half way, then the green of the spruce studding the shore again that white background of snow, with the sky above making a beautiful picture from the lake—one of the greatest places for brook trout, by the way, in the state and located in the heart of Maine's best hunting region. Here, 2,700 feet above the level of the sea, where the air is dry, and laden with the balsamic fragrance of the woods, is an ideal health and sportsman's resort, where every corner, whether a seeker for big game, big fish or new health and strength, is sure of most gratifying results.

The trip from Jackman to South Branch of the Penobscot River is thirty-one miles, attended, of course, by some hardships; but is through one of the wildest, most beautiful and picturesque sections of the state. Civilization is practically left behind at Jackman, on the St. John and Halifax branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The canoe and the trail succeed the parlor car.

A new route to our permanent camp on the Penobscot River, going by way of Iron Bound Lake, only one of the many beautiful little sheets of water that lie all about this section, and in which the trout rise in triples and doubles—where the deer in summer feed on the wooded shores unmindful of the fisherman's presence, and the lordly moose regards their intrusion with sullen indifference or ominous threatening, if annoyed too much. We had luncheon there—air like good wine, the water from a spring of nectar—and our luncheon—oh, well, we had an abundance, and it was good and wholesome. The welcome I was accorded upon reaching camp by Mr. Grant and the guide well repaid me for

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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like multitudes of sportsmen in every section of the country, will tell you, with a smile of unqualified approval, that

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afford more real, genuine satisfaction, and give better actual results than those of any other make. Peters Rifle and Pistol Ammunition is loaded with Semi-smokeless powder, which insures unquestionable superiority over black powder goods. Peters Shotgun Ammunition includes SEVEN different shells, each the best of its kind. Peters "Ideals" were used by the winner of the Amateur Championship of the United States in 1903. New York was recently added to the list of State Championships won with Peters Shells this year.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY,
New York: 98 Chamber St., T. E. Keller, Manager. Cincinnati, U. S. A.

all the hardships I had endured on that lonesome tramp through the forest, with only an almost extinct lumber road to guide me. The return of a prodigal son could not be considered for a moment when considering the reception I was accorded at the camp.

A banquet is to be given at Heald Pond Camps in my honor, with a menu card made from birch bark with a list of gamesishes that would make ye epicures of a dozen or more courses wall.

A duck hunt on the South Branch of the Penobscot River—and a grand day. Well, I should remark, a cold, dreary morning. Yes, I will admit it required an effort to leave that warm fire but, oh! when you warm up to the hunt who would consider the weather?

"What the Dickens?" says A. W. "Gee whiz!" cried I; "ducks, and a hundred of them, I should say," to which A. W. questioned the number, thinking thirty would be nearer right.

"Quack, quack!" Up went our guns and the nitro cracked, but the range was too great, and they passed over the timber out of sight. Out of the boat we wormed our way through the thickest growth of underbrush I ever encountered. There they are! "Quack, quack!" and two arose within range. Both guns barked and they fell in the water. Leaving Charlie to secure them with the canoe we pushed on through the mud up to our ankles.

"Quack, quack!" and A. W. secured another. A little later we found an inlet where four ducks arose and I scored a clean miss, but redeemed myself a few minutes afterward by making a double, one with each barrel.

So we went on, taking turn about as they got up, until we had all the ducks we could possibly use, and we began our return trip to camp.

After a hearty supper, the kind you always eat on such occasions, A. W. hands me a cigar. "No, thank you. I have not indulged in a cigar since leaving home." Beside a good warm fire we recount the doings of the day. Was the hunt a success? Ask A. W. if the cigar was good? Was the supper good? Now, please do not ask me any more fool questions. If you have ever been on such a trip you know and if you haven't you have wasted half your life. "There's a feeling within us that loves to revert To the merry old days that are gone."

It is just breaking day as I shoulder the 30 30 and strike for Alder Brook Lake to make a day of it. There had been a nice fall of snow, making good tracking. Out into the cold, gray dawn I marched for my first try at big game alone. I had in mind just the kind of deer I wanted, one that makes very big tracks and wears a rocking chair on his head. I took up over a hill, and actually it was so steep for a mile (or less) that when I was standing up I was lying down on the side of that hill. I tramped all the forenoon, ate a little (?) cold lunch, started again, and about 4 o'clock I was taking in things in general. Way out a turn in tote road my eye caught sight of an

object which, on the second thought, reminded me of something I had seen before. I stooped down on one knee to get a better view. Yes—another good squint—he is a dandy, but 300 yards away, and an open place between us. There are pretty high bushes and I will just crawl to within striking distance of you. Away we go like a snail keeping brush between us all the time. A hundred and fifty yards, pretty long shot for a greenie; suppose we get just a little closer. Next move I break a twig; up goes his head. Now or never, one moment more and you are gone, put my 30-30 to my shoulder, make my first request of it and away he goes, giving that white flag a distressing movement. No I shall look and see surely I did not miss you entirely. I started after him; his tracks indicated confusion of their maker. I note a few crimson spots on the snow and there, some twenty yards from where he and 30-30 connected, he lies, a beautiful specimen.

A little of the real thing—yes, and we shall have more. Must send this out or you will not receive it. If possible I shall write you futher about my trip.

W. A. BARBER.

Lucky Strike Camps.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

ISLAND FALLS, Dec. 1, 1904.

Lucky Strike Camps have been well filled this season by local as well as nonresident sportsmen. These camps are well located and easy to get to. Game is very plenty and all parties leave them well satisfied.

Dr. C. C. Morrison and wife of Bar Harbor have just left here with three deer, two bucks and one doe. No better place can be found for ladies to hunt deer.

Send Three

2 cent Stamps to

MAINE WOODS,

PHILLIPS, MAINE,

For a little bunch of Back-

woods Fairy Tales, by

ED. GRANT

of Beaver Pond, Maine.

Edited by FRANCIS I. MAULE:

"There's not so—very slow."

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if you need a Revolver at all. The

H. & R. POLICE AUTOMATIC
DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER

is adapted for quick use. Absolutely reliable.
Perfect in every detail; Accurate; safe; durable.

FOR REVOLVER CATALOGUE, ADDRESS DEPT. 24
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
WORCESTER, MASS.

A New York Woman at Carry Pond Camps.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 1, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

So many of my friends have been interested to hear about my first (and I hope not my last) summer in the Maine Woods that it occurred to me your readers might like to know how a lone woman fared in the wilderness.

After passing many summers in the Adirondacks which, every year were becoming more and more civilized, I decided they were at last too much so with their increasing number of hotels and boarding houses, and I took a steamer from New York to, Portland. That city I found so comfortable that I

pick the fir tips to fill pillows for my friends in New York. There were glorious sunsets and a beautiful view of the lake with its brilliantly turning foliage on the wooded shores and the mountains beyond the piazza of my log cabin where I had a hammock and a big rocker for lazy moments, and inside was a well filled wood-box for a roaring fire whenever I wanted one.

I think every man, woman and child except myself went there to fish, and I was as interested in the catch, almost, as if I participated, and I almost think, if I hadn't been so busy I would have tried my luck at casting a fly. It would not have been skill in my case. One man who had been there all summer had caught 1500, but most of the people



"I TELL YOU, WE DID WELL."

made it my headquarters for a week while I went on trips around and about, mostly along the coast and everyone of which was enjoyable, but, the "woods were calling" and at last I turned my face northward and arrived, in due time, at Carry Pond Camps.

There I was suited so exactly that I stayed for six weeks.

It has been a sportsmen's camp for years, but often men take their wives and daughters along, and every year seems to have added to the comforts, although I am glad to say it is far from being civilized.

Think of a main camp and some separate log cabins, with nothing for miles in any direction but woods and lakes, having a clearing large enough for a garden, out of which we had a variety of delicious, fresh vegetables all summer long, even to the sweetest of corn, and, as they kept cows too, we had all the milk and cream we could use, and I must say, it did surprise me to have ice cream in camp as well.

I am not a bit of a sportsman, not liking to kill things, but I have to acknowledge I'm not above eating things the "other fellows" catch so I did justice to the speckled trout which were on the bill-of-fare every day or twice a day if we wished, always in abundance fresh out of the water. Of course the meat had to be brought in, as it was not yet open season for deer when I left.

I prefer to see the wild creatures alive and I explored the trails in various directions from the camp for miles, sometimes to near-by ponds, and I rarely missed seeing one or more deer, occasionally several. As I wasn't walking expressly for that purpose (two men who were, saw fourteen and sixteen in two half-day trips) and I was not keeping particularly quiet, sometimes they saw me first, when I'd hear a stampede, then a stamping and snort or whistle, many times repeated, which may be, as I have heard, caused by fear, but I always took it to mean "Get out!" I wasn't wanted on their premises.

Oh! it is fine to be away alone in the forest breathing the life giving fragrance of the evergreens with nothing but the woods creatures anywhere about. There is so much to interest one in the plants, vines, flowers, berries and shrubs, and the shy animal life. One of the most startling things to me is to flush up a covey of partridge or grouse unexpectedly, as I did many times, I could never get used to the sudden whir as they rose so that I did not jump, but it is possible to get very near birds and squirrels if one is quiet, and I have paddled up very close to deer feeding to the edge of a lake, when the wind was favorable.

I was never lonely. If it rained I had books and papers to read, letters to write or mending to do, not caring for games. If it had not rained occasionally I'm afraid nothing of the sort would have been done, for the days when the high wind on the lake made rowing or paddling unpleasant, were just the ones to seek the shelter of the woods and

came for a few days or two weeks at the most, and of course all wanted fish to take out with them, so the last two days catch was saved in the ice-house or, if alive, in the car in the lake. One party of five or six, men and women came in one day about noon and went out the next afternoon before dark, taking with them 218. Part of these were caught in our home pond, but some of them were got in Middle Carry Pond, three-fourths of a mile away by a pretty trail, where Mr. Lane keeps boats, as indeed he does at his sporting camps on West Carry Pond and Pierce Pond. In Middle Carry Pond the fish are smaller. Personally, for eating, I prefer the smaller ones, but, no doubt they are not as much sport to catch.

Carry Pond is a natural trout pond, and historical as well, for as long ago as 1775 Benedict Arnold, on his way to besiege Quebec wrote in his journal that his men caught here a prodigious quantity of fine trout, thinking nothing of



GETTING READY TO HAUL 'EM OUT.

getting ten and twelve dozen an hour, and this buck board road from the Kennebec River, was then a well worn Indian trail.

Every one for his taste, but it seems to me, that a summer spent like that in the woods in a simple way, although it was so comfortable, is the wisest and best way to store up health and strength and energy for a city winter. Probably I wouldn't care for it twelve months of the year, but for two or three, there is nothing like it.

To Camp Owners.

Many owners of camps who have MAINE WOODS regularly, but who have had no camp news in our columns for a long time past, if ever, would do well to send us a little news about their people and their attractions. We would print it and it would pay the camps well. We like to have mail sent to us as early as Monday, for the current week, when possible.

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
Phillips, Maine

BUCK DRAGGED HARD.

Thirteen Bucks Taken by Seven Sportsmen in Dead River.

WAPAKONETA, OHIO, Nov. 28, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

On the first day of November 1904 a party composed of Beach Graham, Wm. Stein, J. L. Howard, Wilson Howard, T. A. Crawford, Enos Whiteman and the writer of Anglaise & Allen Co. Ohio and John M. Wilson and Arthur Leathman of Hardin Co. Ohio left Lima, Ohio at 4.30 P. M. over the C. H. & D. via the Grand Trunk for the woods of Maine for a hunt, Carrabassett, Me., being our destination. We arrived at the above named station Thursday evening Nov. 3 at 6.30 o'clock P. M. We were met here by teams of J. G. Harlow proprietor of the Black Brook Camps, with whom we were to bed and board during our sojourn in the woods. We were taken as far as the Ledge House the first evening where we stayed all night leaving early next morning for camp a distance of nine miles which we walked the team bringing in our luggage after us. We arrived at camp in time for dinner where we met "Jim" Harlow proprietor of the camps, who by the way is the cook and a most efficient one. The first seven named gentlemen named in this article stayed with Mr. Harlow in Black Brook camps proper while Mr. Wilson and Mr. Leathman together with four other Ohio boys journeyed on up the brook about five miles to the upper camp.

Of the hunt of the seven first named boys we will endeavor to give a brief sketch. Having arrived at camp Friday noon we practically laid by getting our traps ready for business. Saturday morning we all started out to prospect some going one way and some another.

When the day was in and all had reported we concluded that we would not be able to shoot deer off of trees as no deer had been seen that day.

Monday brought a change in the affairs of camp the writer having broken the ice by hanging an 8 point buck by 9.30 o'clock about 4 miles from camp and didn't we puff that afternoon lugging him to camp. Tuesday drew a blank but Wednesday morning Stein downed a fine 4 point buck and "Jim" Whiteman a nice spike horn. Thursday forenoon Graham secured a fine spike buck, Friday was again blank but Saturday saw something doing in earnest. Graham got another spike horn, "Pat" Howard a fine 10 pointer and J. T. Howard a fine 8 pointer all now had a buck apiece except "Doc," T. A. Crawford (who by the way had had a chance but his gun failed to respond) who was feeling pretty blue by this time. On coming to camp about 4 P. M. with "Pat" Howard's buck the cook informed us that there was a buck in the alder brush below camp. It was now

about the hunt every deer taken by the party was a buck. We now broke camp and left Carrabassett Thursday noon laid over one night in Portland, Me. arriving home Sunday morning Nov. 19 where we found our game awaiting us in splendid condition. I will say here in behalf of the party that we were treated by the G. T. R. R. people and most royally cared for by J. G. Harlow, proprietor of Black Camps and we cannot too strongly estimate his camp and country to go for a hunt and recreation.

M. J. CRAWFORD.

Game Figures.

(Bangor News.)

The Portland Press of recent date states that Maine's moose season for 1904 ended at midnight, Nov. 30 and that in the woods on that day the hunters would put on a final spurt to round up the big animals that they have had in view for the last week or so. There is much interest in the final statement of the number shot since Oct. 15, more than in previous seasons in fact. The reason for the unusual curiosity over the returns is the partial failure of the companion sport, deer hunting, which this year has been away below the average of recent seasons.

They go on to say that the only statistics available are those of the wardens at Bangor who handle a large proportion of the game shot in the state and carried by rail. According to their account there had been 182 moose shipped through their city up to Sunday, Nov. 27. Last year there had been 185 sent through Bangor at the end of November, so it would seem that the two months this year will show a considerable increase at this point. Unfortunately there is some ground for doubting the accuracy of the figures given out from Bangor, as the deer tables are manifestly erroneous, showing nearly 500 more shipped the last two months than had been sent via the central city last year in the same time.

As is generally the case, the Express is woefully mixed in the game returns. The Express states that the wardens are inaccurate in their count of moose and deer. Probably the Portland paper has a better authority than the men who are hired by the state for the sole purpose of stopping illegal shooting of game and keeping account of the game shot.

Again is the Express mistaken in stating that the figures given out in Bangor show the deer to number nearly 500 more than for the corresponding months of last year. The Bangor figures, which are absolutely correct, state that in 1903, 4011 were received in October and in November. The corresponding months of 1904 show 3756 deer. The mathematician on the staff of the Express, who can misconstrue the fundamental rules of arithmetic to such an extent as to prove 3756 deer to be greater than 4011 by nearly 500, is certainly deserving of a prize package.

The receipts for five years on the Bangor & Aroostook railroad alone are as follows:

	Deer
1899,	3756
1900,	3779
1901,	3882
1902,	4497
1903,	3786

These figures show an average of 3,859 deer for each year. The game receipts for the past ten years were 30,442 deer, or an average of 3,044 deer yearly. In the same ten years 1,722 moose were received, or an average of 172 moose for each year.

The present season shows 3,756 deer to date which, although the season is not yet over is an advance of 712 deer over the average season. The present season shows 204 moose, with more to come, giving 1904 over 32 more moose than the average season.

Any person familiar with the game seasons of the past few years will readily appreciate the fact that 1904, although not a banner year, is far in advance of the average year.

Degrees of Culture.

"I hear you had a good deal of sickness at your house," remarked Mrs. Plane.

"Well," replied the haughty Miss Stickler, "one of the servants, I believe, is sick; pa was ill and ma is quite indisposed."—Philadelphia Press.

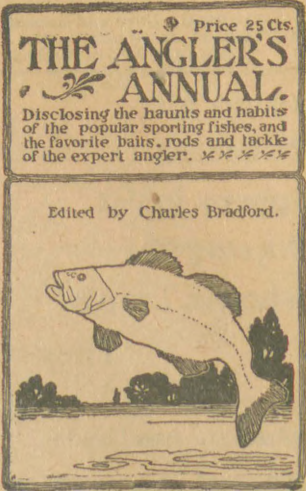
Ocean Cables.

There are 252,436 miles of ocean cable in operation to-day, and only 38,797 miles are owned by governments. The British cables, which connect London with all parts of the world, have a total mileage of 154,099.

A Swift Player.

"That cornerer doesn't seem to keep good time. He's always ahead of the others."

"Yes. The manager told me he played to beat the band."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



MAINE WOODS,
Phillips, Maine.

M A P S.

MAINE WOODS has frequent enquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state e. c., and we can furnish the following Maine Maps: Rangeley and Megantic districts, 25c Rangeley and Megantic districts, very large, 50c Moosehead and Aroostook districts, 50c Millinocket and Munsungan lakes, \$1.00 Maine, Northern, for sportsmen and lumbermen, 25c Franklin County, 50c Oxford County, 50c Somerset County, 50c Aroostook County, 50c Piscataquis County, 50c Washington County, 50c Outline map of Maine, 30x36 in. \$1.00 Geological map of Maine, 35c R. R. map of Maine, 35c U. S. map, size 18x29, 50c Androscoggin county, 35c Cumberland county, 35c Hancock County, 50c Kennebec County, 35c Knox County, 35c Lincoln and Sagadahoc Counties, 35c Penobscott County, 50c Waldo County, 35c York County, 35c

LOTTED TIMBERLANDS.

Aroostook County, section plans Nos. 3, 4 and 5, from Grand Lake to Fort Kent, 50c Hancock County, section plan No. 2, 50c Penobscot County, section plans Nos. 3 and 4, \$1.00 Piscataquis County, section plans Nos. 1, 3 and 6, \$1.25 Somerset County, section plan No. 6, and Franklin Co. map, \$1.00 Washington County, section plan Nos. 2 and 3, \$1.00 Oxford County section, see Oxford county map 50c Postage paid upon receipt of price MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine

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THOMAS MARTINDALE.

A graphic description of camp life in Maine, finely illustrated from photographs by the author.

A book every woods lover should have. Price \$1.50, Postage 14c additional. With MAINE WOODS \$2.50. Address

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, Maine.

Kill No Bears?

[Bangor Commercial]

A close time on bear is the latest proposition being advanced in the interest of Maine game. Just how much of a close time is wanted has not been suggested, but it is thought by many that some time of the year should be set aside when it would be illegal to shoot the heavy beasts. A well known hunter recently discussed the situation as follows:

"Bears are plentiful in Maine. They are good eating and they make good sport. Also they are not as dangerous as some people seem to imagine. A good bear skin surely ought to be prized more than a deer skin and bear meat is just as palatable as venison.

"The impression has gone abroad that bears are more or less of a pest to the state. The report comes in that farmers are troubled with them, that they harm the sheep and the hens and spoil the corn and potato crops. But as far as I can learn, this is not so; it is far from true.

"Bears are, of course, very numerous in Maine, but they are not destroyers of sheep. It is true they may get into a farmer's garden and do some damage there, but for that matter, the farmers of the backwoods are continually complaining that deer dig and spoil the crops they have planted. I have heard of cases where hundreds of bushels of potatoes have been destroyed as a result of the depredations of Maine deer.

"In only one place in the state as far as I know, have bears caused any seri-

ous annoyance and this is in Oxford county. There the animals come down out of the hills and make a raid on the farmer's crops. Especially are they emboldened to do this in the spring after a hard winter or during cold weather when it is hard to root in the forests for food. In such times as these, the bears impelled by extreme hunger, may exceed the bounds of propriety and make an attack on a farmer's stores, but these are about the only times.

"Now, bear hunting is good sport. The big beasts will make it lively for the hunter, especially if the animal is brought to bay, and if he gives chase, then the nimrod has all the excitement he wants. To my mind, there is nothing little sport in lying in wait by a path-way in the woods for a deer. The lithe, innocent animal comes unsuspectingly along, there is a shot, and then the little beast is dead. It is all done quickly; there is no fight, no defense; it is just plain deer murder.

"But it is different with a bear. He will not run off as a general rule and can be made to fight. And when he does fight, there is sport enough to last a man a month. After a person has succeeded in shooting a refractory bear, or winning a hand to hand fight with bruin, he can tell that he has done something.

"The game laws of the state now provide for no protection for these animals, they are not even mentioned. They may be killed in the summer and in the winter. In time they will all be killed off. What should be enacted, is legislation that will give a close time on them, and when the law comes off, a man will have better sport than he can get from a deer or perhaps even more.

FARMERS WON'T AGREE.

It is doubtful if the farmers in the northern and eastern part of Maine will agree with this hunter in saying the bears do little damage, for during the last few months bears have committed great depredations among the flocks of sheep in those sections of the state. In some places the bears have been so bold that the hunters of the town have turned out in force and hunted down the beast, and many big animals have been killed in this manner.

are capricious and if they happen to be in a troublesome mood they are dangerous customers to meet.

There is not much to be gained by protecting the bears anyway, for they are not so much a feature of the hunting that sportsmen come to the state expressly for the sake of killing them and even when in the best of condition they are hardly worth the damage they do to sheep and corn. Bears have increased rapidly in Maine in the last few years and there are many of them now to be found in the northern and eastern parts of the state. The bears are well able to shift for themselves and can get along without any protection from the game commissioners.

Hunting Season.

After the end of the present week most of the hunting in Maine will be left to the natives, the men who live near the woods and who have done little shooting so far except as occasion offered and who have kept out of the woods to give the visiting sportsmen a chance. The native hunter will now take his rifle and go out to get his deer, though he is just a little too late to get a moose if one should cross his path.

The deer which these native hunters will get during the remainder of the hunting season will furnish fresh meat for many families for a good part of the winter. The native hunter is not like the visitor. When the Maine farmer or resident of one of the country towns goes out at this time of year to get a deer he does so with the idea of having fresh meat for his family for several weeks or perhaps months to come. He takes his deer home, removes the skin, dresses the animal and hangs the deer up in the woodshed or some other convenient place where the cold will keep the meat in good condition. Then when the housewife wants a steak for her hubby's dinner or supper all she has to do is to step outside and remove it fresh from the carcass of the animal.

There will be many of these native hunters in the woods in the next two weeks and they will find deer where the visitors saw only stumps or blowdowns. The average Maine farmer at this time of the year finds time a burden on

hands and he can devise no more profitable way of using his spare moments than by going into the woods and getting a supply of fresh meat for the winter and at the same time getting revenge on the deer for the trouble they caused him while his crops were standing. These natives know just where to look for the deer and they are seldom out long without returning with their game.

Most of the visiting hunters have already gone back to their city homes and their departure is marked by the increased game shipments. Few of the visiting hunters return empty handed after a stay in the woods, for if they do not shoot the game themselves it is an easy matter to buy a deer and one can be secured for a trifle. Having stayed in the woods until the close of the moose season and spent their time in a fruitless search for a big bull which they dally expected to see, these hunters are overtaken by the cold weather and rather than face the cold breezes they get a deer or two and leave.

The moose are now safe, or at least they should be, but the deer still have to run the gauntlet of the hunters until the 15th of December. After that time the animals can rest in peace until another shooting season comes around, unless the crust hunters again get in their deadly and illegal work.

SOUTHERN BORAX FIELDS.

Taking Out the Deposits Is Very Similar to Digging Potatoes.

In the Argentine republic are vast fields of borax, which are sometimes spoken of as borax "mines." They are not mines, however, as the process of securing the borax is closer akin to agriculture than mining. "The vast, flat, earthy surfaces of the borax fields," says a writer in describing the scene, "lost themselves in extreme distance or mirage, and to all appearance any one square yard was similar to any other part. Wherever the crust of the salinas in the locality of Tres Morros or Moreno had been dug into 12 or 14 inches deep, there lay masses of soft, white, round 'potatoes' of borax, packed closely together to a depth of about 18 inches.

"Digging borax was just like digging potatoes, and the borax 'potatoes' were staked in rows on the ground, just as freshly dug potatoes on a farm are laid in rows. The lumps of borax, however, are probably five or six times as numerous as real potatoes would be in the same area. The lumps of borax varied from the size of a hen's egg to pieces of one and two cubic feet in size. They lay close below the surface, and when broken were soft looking, like moist snow.

"After lying in rows in the air, subject to the intensely drying winds that swept over the plains, the wet snow color became white, like pure, dry snow, the lumps became hard, and the weight diminished more than half, by reason of the evaporation of the water. The borax then contained about 45 per cent. of pure boracic acid. In some places borax lay in unbroken seams 15 to 20 inches thick."

To Cure a Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. W. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 22c

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50 cts

MONEY FOR YOU.

Easy to Run.



This outfit will earn any man from \$10 to \$15 each day clear of expenses doing work for his neighbors, besides his own. If you need power for farm, factory or workshop, you need one of our Gasoline Engines. Portable or stationary, horizontal and vertical engines, all sizes. AMERICAN GASOLINE ENGINE CO., 232 Kennebec St., : : Portland, Maine

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Then they're not HOOD'S.

HOOD RUBBERS

TRADE MARK

NOT MADE BY A TRUST IF YOU CANNOT GET THESE RUBBERS FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE US

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME - TABLE.

SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, October 10, 1904.

North.			
	Tr'n 1 A. M.	Tr'n 3 A. M.	Tr'n 5 P. M.
Farmington,lv	11 00	12 10	4 40
So. Strong,.....			
Strong,ar	P. M. 12 05	P. M. 12 42	P. M. 5 10
Phillips,ar	12 30	1 00	5 30

South.			
	Tr'n 2 A. M.	Tr'n 4 A. M.	Tr'n 6 P. M.
Phillips,lv	7 30	8 30	1 30
Strong,ar			
So. Strong,.....	7 50	9 10	1 50
Farmington,ar	8 20	10 00	2 20

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

FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RY.

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

TIME-TABLE.

In Effect October 10, 1904.

SOUTH.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Bigelow, lv	11 00	2 00	6 45
Carrabassett, lv	11 20	2 25	7 05
Kingfield, lv	11 40	3 00	7 30
Freeman, lv	7 05	12 55	
Freeman, lv	7 35		
Salem, lv	7 55	1 10	
Summit, lv	8 15	1 30	
Freeman, lv	8 35	1 50	
Strong, ar	7 45	9 10	1 55

NORTH.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv	8 20	10 00	6 12
Freeman, lv	8 30	10 10	6 17
Summit, lv	8 40	10 30	6 27
Salem, lv	8 45	10 35	6 35
Freeman, lv	8 50	10 40	
Freeman, lv	8 55	10 45	6 43
Kingfield, lv	9 05	11 30	6 50
Carrabassett, lv	9 20	12 00	6 55
Bigelow, ar	9 30	12 35	6 20
Freeman, ar	10 20	1 05	6 40

*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 Carrabassett for Flagstaff and Dead River.

GEO. M. VOSE, SUPERINTENDENT.

Rangeley Lakes Steamboat Co.

Time-Table, August 1, 1904.

GOING SOUTH			
	A. M.	A. M.	NOON
Rangeley, lv	10 25	8 00	12 05
R. L. H. Wharf, lv	6 30	8 05	12 15
South Rangeley, ar	7 10		12 45
Mountain View, lv		8 55	1 25
Rangeley Outlet, lv		9 00	1 30
So. Rangeley, lv	7 20		1 00
P. & R. F. Ry. lv			1 00
Portland M. C. R. R. ar	12 25		5 45
Portland (E. D. ar	4 00		9 05
Boston (B. & M. R. R. W. D. ar	4 10		9 10

GOING NORTH			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Boston (E. D. lv			10 00
B. & M. R. R. (W. D. lv			10 10
Portland M. C. R. R. lv		10 05	1 30
So. Rangeley, lv		10 10	1 30
Rangeley Outlet, lv	10 00		5 00
Mountain View, lv	10 05		5 05
South Rangeley, lv		NOON	
R. L. H. Wharf, lv	10 45	12 35	5 45
Rangeley, ar	10 50	12 40	5 50

*Daily. *Daily except Sunday. Connects at Rangeley Outlet with stage to and from the lower Rangeley Lakes. The above time-table shows time boats may be expected to arrive and depart from the several points, but is not guaranteed. Last regular trips for the season of 1904 will be made October 1st.

H. H. FIELD, General Manager.

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.

Printing Talk

We are constantly making estimates for printing of various kinds. The result is that we get our share of the big jobs as well as the small, and we have grown to feel that nothing is too large for us to print. We like to get up small business cards. Big catalogues are also in our line, in fact big or little, anything that can be printed by anybody anywhere, can be done right here. There are many reasons why the people who read this should have us do their work.

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,

Phillips, Maine.

TRANSPORTATION.

THE PHILLIPS & RANGELEY

AND EUSTIS RAILROADS.

Time-Table October 10, 1904.

The Only All Rail Route to Rangeley. The Shortest, Quickest and Easiest Route to all points in the Dead River Region, Stratton and Eustis, giving ample time for Dinner or Supper at Greene's Farm.

EAST			
	A. M. No. 1	P. M. No. 2	A. M. No. 3
Boston, E. Div, Lv			9 00
" W. Div, Lv			9 30
Portland, Lv			P. M. 12 55
Farmington, Lv	11 00	12 10	4 45
Phillips, ar	12 30	1 00	5 30
Phillips, lv			2 00
Madrid, lv			2 30
Madrid Junction, lv			2 52
Reed's Mill, lv			2 50
Sander's Mill, lv			3 20
Redington, lv			3 40
Eustis Junction, lv			4 20
Greene's Farm, ar			3 45
Dead River Station, lv			4 00
Rangeley, ar			4 00

WEST

	A. M. No. 2	A. M. No. 4	A. M. No. 6
Rangeley, lv			5 00
Dead River, lv			5 15
Greene's Farm, lv			5 45
Eustis Junction, ar			5 30
Redington, lv			5 45
Sander's Mill, lv			10 05
Reed's Mill, lv			10 15
Madrid Junction, lv			10 25
Madrid, lv			10 35
Phillips, ar			11 00

Phillips, lv, 7 30 8 30 1 30

Farmington, 8 20 10 00 3 20

Portland, 12 20 5 25

Boston, E. Div, ar 4 00 9 05

" W. Div, ar 4 05

*The American Express Co. transacts business at all points on line of Phillips & Rangeley railroad.

*Flag Stations.

*Stage connections for Stratton and Eustis and all points in the Dead River region.

The above table shows the time that trains may be expected to arrive and depart from the several stations but is not guaranteed. Subject to change and correction without notice.

FLETCHER POPE, General Manager.

D. F. FIELD, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

PORTLAND & RUMFORD FALLS RY

In Effect October 10, 1904.

Trains leave Oquossoc for Rumford Falls, Lewiston, Portland and Boston, 6.50 a m.

Trains due to arrive at Oquossoc from Boston, Portland, Lewiston and Rumford Falls, 8.25 p m.

Through Parlor Cars between Portland and Oquossoc during the Tourist Season. Trains run daily except Sunday.

R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Man., Portland, Me. E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt., Rumford, Falls, Me.

BANGOR & AROOSTOOK R. R.

Arrangement of Trains.

IN EFFECT MONDAY, OCT. 10, 1904.

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars between Caribou and Bangor on train leaving Caribou at 5.00 a m and Bangor at 3.15 p m. Sleeping Car on train leaving Caribou 4.10 p m, and Bangor 3.55 a m.

TRAINS LEAVE BANGOR.

3.55 A. M.—For and arriving at Millinocket, 6.40 a. m., Houlton, 8.50 a. m., Presque Isle, 10.32 a. m., Fort Fairfield, 11.00 a. m., Caribou, 11.00 a. m., Van Buren 12.40 p m.

7.00 A. M.—For and arriving at Brownville, 9.01 a. m., Katahdin Iron Works 9.50 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Patten 11.50 a. m., Ashland 1.15 p m., Fort Kent 4.15 p m., Houlton 12.55 p m., Presque Isle 2.46 p m., Caribou 3.15 p m., Van Buren 5.40 p m., Fort Fairfield 3.05 p m., Limestone 4.10 p m., Dover, 8.17 a. m., Guilford 9.41 a. m., Monson 10.15 a. m., Greenville 10.55 a. m., Kineo 1.00 p m.

3.15 P. M.—For and arriving at Brownville 4.48 p m., Millinocket 6.38 p m., Sherman 8.54 p m., Patten 7.25 p m., Houlton 8.15 p m., Mars Hill and Maine 9.25 p m., Presque Isle 2.57 p m., Caribou 10.25 p m., Fort Fairfield 10.15 p m.

4.50 P. M.—For and arriving at Lagrange 6.10 p m., Milo 6.35 p m., Brownville 6.45 p m., Dover and Foxcroft 7.03 p m., Guilford 7.26 p m., Greenville 8.40 p m., Quebec 1.15 p m., Montreal 8.35 a. m.

ARRIVALS

9.25 A. M. Leaving Montreal 7.25 p m., Quebec 3.00 p m., Greenville 5.35 a. m., Guilford 6.44 a. m., Dover 7.02 a. m., Brownville 7.20 a. m., Milo 7.30 a. m.

1.00 P. M. Leave Caribou 6.00 a. m., Presque Isle 6.2 a. m., Fort Fairfield 6.00 a. m., Houlton 8.05 a. m., Ashland 6.50 a. m., Patten 8.50 a. m., Millinocket 10.16 a. m., Brownville 11.25 a. m., Milo 11.34 a. m.

7.25 P. M.—Leaving Kineo 1.20 p m., Greenville 3.40 p m., Monson 3.25 p m., Guilford 4.54 p m., Dover 5.03 p m., Limestone 9.50 a. m., Van Buren 9.25 a. m., Caribou 11.40 p m., Presque Isle 12.11 p m., Fort Fairfield 11.35 a. m., Houlton 2.00 p m., Fort Kent 10.40 a. m., Ashland 12.45 p m., Patten 2.50 p m., Sherman 3.27 p m., Millinocket 4.20 p m., Brownville 5.33 p m., Milo 5.45 p m., Lagrange 6.10 p m.

11.45 P. M. Leaving Van Buren 2.30 p m., Caribou 4.10 p m., Fort Fairfield 4.15 p m., Presque Isle 4.38 p m., Houlton 6.20 p m., Millinocket 8.43 p m.

C. C. BROWN,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

GEO. M. HOUGHTON,

General Manager.

Bangor, Me., October 8, 1904.

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

SAVE THE DEER.

Would a Law Preventing Their Killing Save The Deer?

Will the next legislature be called upon to pass a law placing a close time on doe deer or on all deer not having horns? This is a question which is exciting more or less discussion among sportsmen just at present and it will not be at all surprising if their discussions take definite form in a petition to the representatives in the next legislature when they meet in January to this end. It is an indisputable fact that the numbers of the Maine deer are decreasing, and that a rate which makes legislation for their protection and preservation imperative. Various laws have been passed for the protection of deer, lessening the number of them that can legally be killed, shortening the period of open shooting season, and providing more wardens for their protection from crust hunters in winter, but even with all these precautions the number of the deer has been rapidly diminishing and sportsmen are of the opinion that deer, like the moose must be protected by a law which will prevent the killing of the females of the family.

The present hunting season which will close in three weeks has been productive of so much proof of the rapid decrease in the number of deer that sportsmen have become alarmed for the safety of the animals which furnish the great recreation in the Maine woods. The hunters who have gone into the woods this fall have found the deer to be far fewer than usual in the haunts where they were formerly found almost as thickly as sheep in a pasture. In some sections where the deer were very numerous a few years ago there is now seen only an occasional strayer from some herd which has sought new feeding grounds, while on the other hand deer are now seen in numbers where they were formerly seen only occasionally. In every case the number is less than in previous seasons.

Various reasons are advanced for the decrease in the number of deer which has been so apparent this season. Of course a great many have been killed by the hunters and carried out of the woods. Those are known of and their disappearance is accounted for, but this has been going on annually for many years and no sudden decrease has been noticed. It is a fact, substantiated by scores of men who spend their whole time in the woods, that hundreds of deer died in the Maine woods last winter either from starvation or from cold. The carcasses of these deer have been found in large numbers and without the sign of a wound to bear out the statements of those who say the deer were wounded by hunters and escaped at the time only to die later as the result of the wounds they received.

Last winter was very cold and besides this there was hardly any crust in the woods all winter. The deer yarded and when all the food in their yard was eaten there was no crust to bear them if they set out in search of more. It was a case of the survival of the fittest. The big deer could browse low and they began low and ate as high as they could reach. The little fellows could not reach so high and therefore when the low sprouts were all eaten they had to seek other feeding ground and they died in the snow. One hunter, a man of reliability who ran a line of traps only a short way north of Patten last winter, is authority for the statement that many deer died either from cold or starvation in that section.

This man was in the woods almost every day going on the line of his traps. There were times when he met deer in his path and the animals were so weak that it was necessary for him to shoulder them out of his way. "I had to push them off the beaten track I made with my snowshoes and often they were so weak they fell over into the snow. It would have been merciful to have knocked them on the head with my ax, but if I had done so and the game commissioners ever found it out I'd be up for killing deer in the snow." The words of this man have been corroborated by many others.

SEEK FEEDING GROUNDS.

It is evident that the deer are seeking new feeding grounds. The guides say there is plenty of food for deer almost any place but nevertheless the animals are moving. Up near Alton many deer have been seen and killed every year but this year there are few in the old haunts and the animals are found in numbers several miles up country in places where they were scarce before. Some of the guides say the deer are following the lead of the caribou and moving northward and eastward into Canada and New Brunswick. Up in the Allagash country is a similar state of affairs. Several guides from that country say that previous to the last summer and fall they had rarely seen deer below

Allagash falls but this year they saw 20 of the animals where they saw one before. On the other side of the line they say the deer are increasing in numbers. This may not indicate that the deer are going across the line but it certainly does show that the animals are spreading out and that the hunters will have to go farther to find them.

Sportsmen are of the opinion that a law making it legal to kill only deer having horns would be a good thing for the game in Maine. This fall there have been many fine bucks seen and shot and it is harder to shoot a buck than to shoot a doe. The bucks are also more hardy and better able to take care of themselves in hard winters like that of last year. "Save the does," the sportsmen say, "and the bucks will take care of themselves." A law of this kind would, in the opinion of the sportsmen, be also a protection for hunters, for in making it illegal to kill a deer not having horns a hunter would stop to get a view of his game before firing and thus many of the "mistaken for a deer" accidents would be averted. Of course does with a fine growth of antlers are sometimes shot and a hunter could hardly be blamed for killing a doe under these circumstances, but that would be the doe's misfortune and not the fault of the hunter.

It is certain that something must be done before long to protect the deer in Maine and many sportsmen are of the opinion that a law protecting the does and lambs would go far toward obtaining the desired results.—Bangor Commercial.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Overconfident Trout

Mr. Trout thought he was an exceedingly clever sort of fellow, and among other things he believed he was altogether too smart to be caught by any of the fine gentlemen who came up from the city to fish in the brook.

"I am not afraid of any of them,"



JERKED HIM OUT OF THE WATER.

he declared to his friends. "I shall never be caught by any one."

"You had better take care," they warned him.

But he was confident and was absolutely sure he could not be fooled.

Well, one day he saw a little black boy sitting on a board that crossed the brook.

"I wonder what he is doing there?" said Mr. Trout to himself.

Then he noticed a nice fat worm swimming around in the water.

"Oh, here's my dinner!" cried the unwary fish, and in an instant he had gobbled down the worm.

There was a hook in the worm and a string tied to the hook and a pole at the other end of the string, and the little black had hold of the pole.

The boy jerked Mr. Trout out of the water and high up on dry land.

"I told you so!" cried his friends.

"He didn't look like a fisherman," replied the sorrowful trout.

Moral.—Things are not always what they seem.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



Have you read the Famous Book on Camping in Maine and New Brunswick; exciting and instructive. How to camp out is told in a most entertaining way by E. W. Burt in his 200 page book "Camp Fires in the Wilderness." Twenty-four photographs of the woods. Send for it \$1.00 or with the MAINE WOODS one year \$2.00.

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Aroostook County.

Via OXBOW, ME.

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

Via OXBOW, MAINE.

Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. All-glass trips a specialty. Address, ARBO & LIBBY, Oxbow, Me.

Franklin County.

EUSTIS, MAINE.

Round Mountain Lake Camps. Give us a trial if you want a fine buck. During the 1903 hunting season ten (10) licensed hunters saw over two hundred (200) deer in two weeks hunting and picked twenty bucks. Camps open during December. Warm comfortable cabins. DION O. BLACKWELL, Mgr., Eustis, Franklin Co., Maine. New York office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

WILTON LAKE.

Blue Mountain Camps. Ideal spot for summer vacation with everything the county affords. A New York chef prepares the food. For particulars address, WILLIS E. BACHELLER, 489 5th Ave., New York.

After June 1, Wilton, Me.

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



RANGELEY LAKES, 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 the house from a spring above. Rooms large, well lighted and elegant. 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.

RANGELEY LAKES.

Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing and hunting 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.

DEAD RIVER REGION.

Greene's Farm is headquarters at the entrance to the Dead River region. Trans runs within less than a quarter of a mile of my house and are met by my teams. People stopping at my house over night can take the train, arriving in Boston at 9 p. m. There are plenty of deer in this section. I. W. GREENE, Proprietor, Coplin, Maine.

STRATTON, MAINE.

Hotel Blanchard. Centrally located in the Dead River region. Good table and clean beds. Good livery connected. Parties taken to any and all camps in this section at reasonable rates. E. H. GROSE, Prop'r., Stratton, Me.

P. O. BEAVER POND, ME.

Grant's Camps. The popular resort of the Rangeleys. Situated at Seven Ponds, 27 miles from Rangeley village. Good boardwalk road. Deer are seen daily from camp doors. Small game is abundant. Fishing cannot be excelled here. First-class accommodations for ladies. ED GRANT & SONS.

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The day he was 11 years old Benny's father began to tap the sugar maples.

When the first sugaring-off came a half dozen of the neighbors and Benny's cousin Elvira were invited for the treat. Warm maple sugar on snow, eaten with a fork, is better than anything else that can be served even on a king's table. Finally they all went home and his father left the boy to watch the fire a few minutes while he went to the barn to make the cattle comfortable for the night.

He had been gone but a moment when Elvira called to Benny—she was afraid to go home alone.

Benny promptly shut the draft to the furnace and started to go the few rods of road with her, but as the two turned to the door they saw something black in the doorway. It was a big black bear after his share of sugar.

Benny promptly took command. "Climb up the ladder, Elvira. Here is the bear!" he shouted in his excitement and they hardly had got upon the few loose boards laid overhead when the bear came snuffing and blinking into the faint light that shown from the little cracks in the furnace damper.

A pan of syrup and snow attracted his attention and he began to enjoy the dish.

"Oh, Benny, he can come up right up here. Bears can climb," panted the girl.

The animal heard her and rose on his haunches to inspect the place more closely. "Wish I could pour hot sap on him. I bet he would leave then," said Benny.

As he spoke his hand struck something greasy. "Here is that old lantern father said was no good. Wish I could light it. He would be scared then."

Meanwhile the bear had discovered a new interest. A can of syrup, still warm, stood within reach and he knocked it over and began licking up the contents.

"Wait a minute, Elvira; I'll fix him." The young defender poured the kerosene oil in the old lantern down upon the black mass below.

"I don't see what good your pouring oil on him will do," remarked his companion.

"You just wait. Here, let me take your handkerchief."

"It's real linen. Don't you spoil it."

"Well, this is a real bear and I've got to spoil it."

The boy put the little remaining oil on the bit of cloth, lighted it and dropped it on the bear's back.

The oil that had soaked into the fur blazed up. Frantic with pain, the brute made a rush for the door, but struck it before he could pass out and slammed it shut.

Then he performed as no circus performer ever dreamed of doing. 'Round the little room he went like a pinwheel, growling with pain and rage. Buckets, skimmers and cans of half-cooled syrup were scattered about in wild confusion.

Finally he jumped upon the evaporator pan and scalded both front paws. With a howl he scrambled to the open window hole and clambered out, disappearing down the brook road like a living torch with a little place upon his back still burning brightly as the farmer came back to send Benny home.

"Say, father, did you see my bear go by just now?" inquired the lad.

"Yes, I saw him and I guess he belongs to you. You have your mark on him all right," said the farmer, after he had the matter explained.

And so it turned out that Benny did have him for his own. For when his Uncle Henry shot him two years later he was contented to take the bounty and make a present of the bear to his nephew.

Benny looked at him with interest. "He is big, isn't he, Elvira? And see the white stripe on his back where he was burned. I guess bears have a pretty tough time after all."—Portland Advertiser.

Sportsman's

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