


MAINE WOODS

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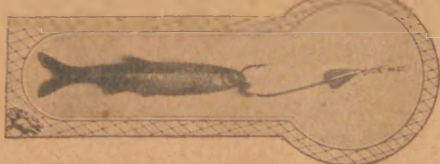
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE WISH to announce to the public that we have leased a large territory at the foot of Kennebec lake and have built there a set of camps which we will open to our patrons and friends the coming season. This new establishment in connection with our camps at Beaver Pond will give our guests the manifold advantages of a very large tract in which to hunt and fish. Our guests will be able to get both lake and stream fishing and fish of excellent size both salmon and trout may be had. We have our own steamboat on Kennebec lake, also buckboards making two or more trips daily from Rangeley Lake House to connect with our steamers. Daily mail service is assured, also both telephone and telegraph connections. All telegrams will be immediately forwarded from Rangeley. We wish to say that either of our establishments are ideal places for women and children. The altitude is high, 2000 feet, thus making hay fever and like diseases unknown. Our terms are \$2.00 per day per person; \$1.25 for guides' board. We furnish reliable guides on application. Parties can leave Boston at 9 o'clock a. m., on either the Eastern or Western division of the Boston & Maine railroad for Portland, Maine Central to Farmington and the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley railroads to Rangeley, or from Portland via Maine Central to Rumford Junction, Portland & Rumford Falls railroad to Oquossoc Station and the Rangeley Lakes steamboats to Rangeley. From Rangeley our buckboards convey parties direct to our camps. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Write us early for any particulars; we are sure we can satisfy you. We make special rates by the month. Let us hear from you that we may reserve some of our best accommodations for you. Address

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MANY IMPROVEMENTS

Will Be Noticed in the Sebago Lake Steamboat Company.

Patrons of the Sebago Lake and Songo River Steamboat Co. will find many improvements in that line when they come to use it during the coming summer. Hon. Benj. F. Chadbourne of Gorham, who recently visited it said it was by far the best lake line in the state.

Particularly in the means of transportation will there be improvements. There will be an electric line and better service on the steamers. Other additions to the attractions will be a pleasure ground and a hotel. The officers of the company are now awaiting authority from Augusta to issue bonds for the improvements.

At the mouth of the Songo a number of bouys will be placed which will be of great service not only to the steamboats of the lines themselves put also to everyone else who has occasion to go up and down the river in any kind of a craft.

Chas. L. Goodridge of Portland who has been at the head of the corporation for seven years has been the means of the prosperity and rapid growth which it has been privileged to enjoy. The travel has increased from 3,500 to 16,000 a year since his assuming charge of the enterprise. — Exchange.

A True Sportsman.

An owner of a gun unless he be a nature student is not a sportsman in the true sense. By nature student I do

not mean a man with his brain crammed with a lot of Latin names and far-fetched technicalities; that man is no more a student of nature than the man who knows and cares nothing about the birds and animals of our woods and fields. Every sportsman should keep his eyes open. He should see and appreciate the wild things around him when in the woods. And not only will this give him pleasure of itself, but it will make the time pass more quickly when waiting on a runway or when, finding no game, he has nothing to do but tramp the woods. The man who goes out to the woods and does nothing but kill isn't a true sportsman. He ceases to care for the woods as soon as they cease to yield him as much game as he expects. When, for any reason, he can no longer procure on a day's outing as much as he wants he lays aside his gun and says hunting is no good. But the other man—the man who appreciates every one of his outdoor friends—doesn't do this. There may be times when he brings no game to bag, but then he isn't dissatisfied. He does not put away his gun in disgust and say there is no pleasure in the woods. And why? Simply because he finds pleasure there, and plenty of it. He sees the chickadee making things lively around the evergreens and balsams. He hears the nuthatch piping his contentment in no uncertain tones. And because this gives the sportsman pleasure he listens with satisfaction to the murmur of smaller sounds even though he doesn't hear the whirr of the partridge's rise.

Stop sometime when out in the woods and listen. Classify the sounds. On the one side the murmur of the pines; on the other, the rustle of the October leaves. The lapping of the water against the shore. The voices of the birds. The chatter of the squirrels. Every sound in the woods gives pleasure to the lover of nature. And every sportsman should have his eyes opened and his ears attuned to the sights and sounds of the woods. — Amateur Sportsman.

Fish And Game Oddities.

'Coon In A Hotel.

One of two raccoons which a trapper left at the Beardsley House, Winsted, Conn., Saturday morning escaped from its cage at noon when the office and lobby were full of patrons going to dinner. The coon ran wildly among the people, snapping at the dresses of the women, who mounted chairs, clutched their skirts and screamed.

Finally the 'coon jumped into an open ash chute in the rear of the hotel and after a descent of 30 feet landed in Mad river. It crawled into a stone wall and was recaptured in a bag.

On one of the trips from Dunstan to Old Orchard recently, Motorman Bryant saw running along in front of the car what he at first supposed to be a dog. He clanged the gong, but the animal paid no attention to it and kept on as though unconscious that there was such a thing in all the world as an electric car. As he approached nearer the motorman saw that it was not a dog but a large raccoon and as there were no passengers in the car, a stop was made and both Mr. Bryant and Conductor Greenleaf gave chase. The motorman had taken the switch iron along as he left the car and overtaking Mr. Coon he gave him a smart rap on the head that put him out of commission. The coon was in full fur, was in excellent order for eating and weighed about 25 pounds.

CAPT. C. W. HOWARD.

Builder of Mollychunkamunk, First Steamer on Mooselookmeguntic Lake.

In a Portland paper of recent date there was a fine likeness of Capt. C. W. Howard, who is well known in and around Rangeley. The exchange says:

"One of Peaks Island's best known and most respected residents is Capt. C. W. Howard. Everybody knows him and everybody likes him. Although he was born at Readfield in Kennebec county, it was evident that Captain Howard was not intended to lead the life of a farmer for it is as a builder of boats that he made a reputation.

"Captain Howard built and run the first steamboats on the Rangeley and Mooselookmeguntic lakes. This was in the early 70's and at that time all travel was by stage line from Farmington. Supplies had to be teamed 40 miles for the lakes.

"The first steamer there carried the euphonious name of Mollychunkamunk and was named by George Shepard Page, president of the Oquossoc Angling association, who presented her with a fine set of colors. The Mollychunkamunk ran very successfully for seven years when she was totally destroyed by fire.

"On the Big lake, so-called, the first steamer was the Oquossoc, sold to Capt. Fred C. Barker, and was his first venture in a successful business life."

Magazine Enterprise.

Conspicuous among the best exhibits in the great automobile show now on at the Mechanics' building is that of the Maine Central Monthly, the official organ of the Maine Central railroad, which is one of the most unique of the entire lot. Found in the basement, where the excellent motor boat show is in progress, this fine array of the fish and game resources of the state of Maine is attracting well merited attention and is always the center of an admiring group of enthusiastic people who are attracted by the only show of its kind in the entire exposition. Associated with the Maine Central are the Bangor & Aroostook, Rumford Falls and Somerset railways, and the literature found here is of the highest order, consisting of the Monthly B. & A. Guide Book, artistic folders and general matter pertaining to the unsurpassed sporting features afforded by the various localities. Mr. Walter D. Hinds of Portland has a half-ton of beautiful specimens of the taxidermist's art and a finer array would be hard to find anywhere. The space, 26x41, is presided over by a half-dozen men, who are perfectly familiar with the entire northern Maine country and assiduously devote their attention to those who pour in a never-ceasing stream of interrogations concerning where to go and how to get there. — Boston Herald.

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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.

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RANGELEY'S WARM WEATHER.

Lakes Beginning to Sweat a Little Under the Sun.

There have been a few quite warm days around about the Rangeley lakes during the past week. The snow is running away pretty fast and the ice has begun to sweat under the sun.

There is already considerable speculation as to when the ice will go out and the guides are expressing their opinions more or less freely, basing their judgment upon the general appearance of things and the record of dates during years past.

Al Sprague thinks it will go out early in May this year, "because," he says, "there is mighty little ice this year." Al says there isn't much over a foot of "blue ice" and so it won't take long for it to melt.

Frank Porter guesses about the tenth but he found a man to bet him that it would go out in April.

THEIR MAINE TRIP.

Impressions of a Party from the Nutmeg State and Results of the Outing.

In a recent letter to The Sportsman from Norwich, Conn., there is given the account of a trip last fall to the Spencer Pond Camps of Thomas Gerard, reached by way of Jackman. In the party were Capt. Joseph Burdick, James Dunn, H. R. Woodward, Miss Alice L. Woodward and H. F. Palmer, all of Norwich.

The party started from Norwich, Oct. 20, arriving at Gerard's the 22d. For the first week unfavorable weather interfered with results, but the second week fine weather permitted some great sport and good results. Mr. Dunn broke the drouth with two fine does, Mr. Woodward duplicating his friend's trick, while Mr. Palmer secured a buck and doe, Captain Burdick being the only one of the party to secure two bucks. The members of the party speak very highly of the camps and of Mr. Gerard's untiring efforts to make the trip pleasant and profitable.

It is at times interesting to "see ourself's as others see us," and one may do this in the following letter written to the Norwich Record by Miss Woodward, who seems to have been mightier with the pen than with the rifle:

"A trip from Norwich to the Moosehead lakes affords one great pleasure, if one cares at all for scenery. It is after one has crossed the Maine border and entered the lumbering district that he notices the little things which distinguish this part of the country from Connecticut.

"It was on reaching Bangor, where our hunting party of five arrived early in the morning after a night's travel on the train from Boston, that we opened our eyes upon what was most assuredly a lumbering town. The freight yard was piled high with lumber, fresh from the sawmills, ready to be sent all over the country.

"From Bangor to Greenville we followed the Penobscot river up, a river which differs from the Thames in that its banks are bordered with forests of white birches and its stream floats down thousands of logs year in and year out. Wood pulp factories, sawmills, yards stacked high with lumber were passed all along the way.

"At Old Town we came upon an Indian settlement where the Indians get their living by making baskets and canoes and by acting as guides for sportsmen. The village resembles a factory village more than anything else, for most of the houses were huddled together and bore a strange likeness one to another. At the station two swarthy Indian boys were standing, watching with interest the train pass through.

"One peculiar feature that attracted our attention as we rode through some portions of the country were the ungainly, ragged stump fences, made from huge uprooted trees. Another kind of fence which we saw frequently was the snow fence to break the drifts. These were erected along the railroad wherever there was danger of great drifts piling up.

"From Blanchard to Jackman one gets the very prettiest scenery along the entire route, for from here mountains loom up in the distance and far below you can look into the valley, thick with woods, every now and then catching a glimpse of a stream winding its way through. Fog rises from the sides of the mountains, giving the appearance of smoke from forest fires. After a time Moosehead lake comes into sight and one's blood stirs at the thought that perhaps a deer or a moose may be seen along the shore. Such, however, was not our good fortune.

"After leaving Jackman, a small country village, our journey was by no means ended. From there a 20-mile

trip had to be accomplished, partly by canoe and the rest of the way by foot or on a buckboard. No words can describe what it means to hang on to a buckboard while going over a road full of rocks and boulders scattered everywhere. It is like being on the verge of tipping over every minute, first on one side, then on the other; and after you have stood just so much of it you decide that it is a blessed privilege to get out and walk.

"The woods we went through bear slight resemblance to our woods around Norwich. They remind one of the familiar lines:

" 'This is the forest primeval,
The murmuring pines and the hemlock.'

"The word primeval suggests the feeling with which they inspire one. The tall green spruces and hemlocks, with their church-spire tops, intermingled with white birches, fallen trunks lying across one another, soft with decay and covered with velvety, green moss—and mighty boulders resting for ages in the midst of this wilderness, are what surround one when he enters the woods. Little red squirrels flitting from tree to tree are the tatters of the forest, betraying one's presence by an angry chatter. Occasionally on making a turn in the road one is confronted by a deer which is off like a flash unless you are quick enough to aim and fire before he turns.

"A part of our path led through a burnt, barren district, desolate and lonesome, with its blackened stumps.

"Before reaching camp we passed close to a beaver settlement, where a house six feet high had been built by the beavers, made from trees which they had felled with their teeth. Some of these trees were as much as nine inches in diameter. Near by was also a pond which they had made by damming up the brook. Whenever there is a lazy beaver in the tribe he is driven away, for the beaver, like the bee, cannot tolerate laziness.

"This particular part of Maine is noted for its many ponds and streams, and in driving through the woods we often caught sight of a pond and crossed streams on bridges made of logs. In swampy places the road is made by laying logs down, and such a road is known as a "corduroy" road.

"It was toward the end of the afternoon that we arrived in camp known as Gerard's sporting camp.

"All of the log cabins, about eight in number, face the south and afford one a fine view of Spencer lake, with mountains rising on each side, Big Spencer mountain to the right and Hedge Hog mountain to the left. Each cabin is made of about 45 peeled logs, is floored and comfortably furnished with rustic furniture and spring beds. But what gives the greatest comfort of all is an old-fashioned box stove, around which it is a luxury to sit on a cold autumn night when the wind without is blowing and howling through the woods—and spin yarns. 'Tis then that one truly experiences the simple joys of life."—W. in Maine Sportsman.

The Megantic Club's Annual Dinner.

The eighteenth annual banquet of the Megantic Fish and Game club, at Hotel Somerset, Boston, was attended by more than 200 members and guests. Telegrams of regret were read from Jeremiah Richards, one of the early promoters of the club; President Roosevelt and ex-President Grover Cleveland. Dr. George H. Payne, vice president of the club, occupied the chair and introduced the toastmaster, William L. Quintey. The invited guests comprised L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Fish and Game commission of Maine; General C. W. Bartlett, Samuel M. Child, Rev. Fr. J. E. Choquette, cure of Lake Megantic; Rev. George A. Crawford, chaplain United States Navy; Dr. J. Flanders, of the B. & M. R. R.; George W. Hinman, the new chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. A unique feature of the feast was the bearing in of a huge fake fish supposed to have been landed at the Megantic Club wharf, Spider Lake, by four stalwart men to the tune, of the torpedo and the whale. Slitting it open with a villainous-looking bolo, a pretty little girl, Olga Clark, arose and presented the chairman with a bunch of roses. A bright, merry evening ensued, and the various speakers called upon by the toastmaster provided entertainment to the accompaniment of clinking glass and silver.

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MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

FISH HATCHERY IN MAINE.

Salmon In the Penobscot, Maine's Delegation In the House.

The operations of fish hatching and planting on the Maine coast this year will be more extensive than ever. The government, according to information at the United States Fish commission here, is preceding on a large scale at Boothbay Harbor, Craig brook and Green lake, and the outlook for the season's work is very good. Commissioner George M. Bowers, who has frequently been to Maine, is in Cuba on a little trip, but the acting commissioner, Dr. H. M. Smith said recently that the government's plans were going forward very satisfactorily.

"The two hatcheries at Craig brook and Green lake, near the Maine coast, are being operated for the hatching of landlocked salmon, Atlantic salmon and brook trout as heretofore. There is apparently nothing to hinder a very large output. The experiments we have conducted in Maine in recent years show that in practically the only remaining salmon river in the state, the Penobscot, the dependence on a supply of young salmon must be entirely upon the government hatcheries.

"In the headwaters of the Penobscot, where the salmon go to spawn, investigations have shown that no spawning salmon worth speaking of are now found," added Dr. Smith. "The numerous power dams and other obstacles keep the spawning salmon from ascending so far up the river. Under these conditions we are increasing our output as much as possible and the two Maine hatcheries, both of which are well equipped, will be operated to their full capacity. There will also be as large an output of trout as possible for planting in the many Maine streams and lakes that attract the multitude of anglers and fishermen from many sections of the country."

Other states are rapidly learning the value of Maine's activity in securing a large output of little fish to be planted in the lakes, streams and rivers. The pressure for the enactment of bills to create federal fish hatcheries was greater in the congress that just closed than ever before. Many of the states operate their own hatcheries, but this work has been so splendidly supplemented by the United States Fish commission as to be regarded now as almost indispensable.

The Maine senators and members began years ago to build up the federal hatcheries in Maine. Senator Hale has been specially active in that particular and the excellent plants at Craig brook and Green lake are due in a large part to his support. For years it was rare that a sundry civil appropriation law got through congress without some appropriation of a few thousand dollars for one or both of those hatcheries. Whenever Commissioner Bowers informed Senator Hale that something more was needed for the Maine hatcheries it was forthcoming. And year by year the efficiency of the hatcheries was increased until during the last year nothing more was needed. Then the capacity of Craig brook and Green lake hatcheries had been reinforced by the new station at Boothbay Harbor, the work of which will immensely enhance the planting of fish in Maine waters, both on the coast and inland.

With the propagation of lobsters, cod, salmon and trout in large numbers in Maine there is little to be desired in replenishing the supply of fish food. The hatching of cod this year will extend into the millions.

Every year demonstrates anew the increased efficiency of Maine's delegation in the house. When a session is all over and there is time to count up what its members have done, one finds that the Maine members have covered a little more ground than they were able to cover in the preceding year. It is true of the third district congressman and it is true also of the first, second and fourth district congressmen. There is a friendly rivalry among every man of them to do the utmost possible for the old Pine Tree state. As dean of the present delegation, just as the late Speaker Reed was dean of the old delegation; Governor Burleigh is always setting a lively pace. They sometimes say around the Capitol that New England's influence is waning in legislative matters. The West has learned the value of keeping legislators in congress and the Eastern men now-a-days have more experienced and influential competitors in the race for legislative favors than they used to have. But ever and anon little things are happening to show that New England, and especially Maine, is pretty well able to take care of herself. The West may be a sturdy young giant in shaping legislation, but Maine is yielding none of her laurels.

That statement, too, can be safely applied to the house. Maine's repre-

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Old Town, Maine.

sentation in the senate, of course, is the same that it has been for the last twenty years. The two senators never did more effective work for Maine than in the Congress just passed. For that it is sufficient to cite only one or two instances, such as senator Hale's splendid coup in securing \$100,000 for the improvement of Portland harbor. His achievement in general legislation were brilliant, most prominent of which was the establishment of what promises to be a permanent policy for the construction of a navy on a more conservative basis. His leadership in the senate was so generally approved and was so successful in every particular as to elevate him almost head and shoulders above others in a body. But gratifying as those things must be in Maine and gratifying as senator Frye's career has been, the work of the delegation in the house is of no secondary character. The work of Governor, Burleigh and Representative Littlefield in the fight over securing granite for the Cleveland, Ohio, post office was as cleverly planned and as cleverly executed as anything during the entire Congress. For them, of course, it was something for Maine, because Maine will furnish the granite, but the entire house became involved in the fight. At the same time both these Maine men were recognized as the leaders in it on their side and they won against odds that had been supposed to be overwhelming.—Washington correspondent in Republican Journal.

Talk of the Fishermen.

"Aren't going to skip fishing?" was asked one of the local veterans, as he longingly looked out of the back-shop window.

"Not exactly," came the answer. "Been getting my tackle into shape for the past two weeks. There's nothing like being prepared for the going out of the ice, for it sometimes breaks up earlier than you expect it.

"Say," he continued, as he learned his elbow on the counter, "I am rather proud of my fishing record and I don't care if you publish it. I started out on my first fishing trip to the Rangeley lakes of this state in the spring of '62. A long while? Lord bless you, it isn't a long while when you are fishing. I remember when I first went in, it was a case of stage and walk all the way. We had to work for our fishing, but good gracious! when we got there, we had it all our own way.

"I remember well the first day in '62 when I arrived at the lakes. I got out my brook tackle and started in fishing on the banks of Injun Rock stream. I hadn't been at it five minutes before I heard a hulloa from the opposite side of the stream and there was William P. Frye casting in his fly. Alongside of him was the late D. M. Ayer, formerly agent of the Bates mill Lewiston. Those were the days of the old Richardson camps, where the Quossoc Club house now stands. Yes forty-three years ago William P. Frye, myself and a few others were the same enthusiastic fishermen that we are today, only more so. In those days we used to fish about all the time, with a few minutes out for lunch."

"And how is the Senator, now?"

"Well, it has been my observation of late years that he fishes just as diligently, only he makes somewhat shorter hours. It is a little while in the forenoon and a little while in the afternoon, but old Injun Rock is still the favorite.

"Huh, speaking of the enthusiasm of those early days, there used to be an old mill near Injun Rock stream which was one of the landmarks of the Rangeley region. One spring there was a party of our good Baptist people of this city who were enjoying a little fishing trip along Injun Rock stream and one Sunday morning they decided to hold services at the old mill. It was a beautiful Sunday morning and an old fellow from New York state, or somewhere that way, was sitting on the dam casting in his fly as usual. One of our good deacons approached him.

"'Wouldn't you like to join us in our services this morning?' he asked.

"The old fellow slowly turned his head and looked our good deacon over before he spoke a word. Then he said 'I will be delighted.' Elder Bower, if I remember rightly, was the clergyman of the service and sure enough just as Mr. Bower was about to start in, up came our New York friend. His rigging was all in working order and as he stepped into the old mill and took his

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place in the back row of our little congregation he quietly leaned up against one of the beams of the mill. It wasn't a long service, but two minutes after the benediction you could have found our New York expert back on the dam casting in his fly with the same religious fervor.

"In those early days fishing at the Rangeley lakes was very different from what it is now. It was a very common occurrence to land a 41-2 and a 61-2 pound trout after five minutes fishing and if you didn't get a dozen of them before half the forenoon had gone, nine times out of ten it was your own fault. It was almost too easy to catch 'em; it took away much of the sport after the first day or two. Why, I can remember when the farmers of that section used to bring in their pork barrels and fill 'em half full with trout in less than half a day, salt 'em down and carry them home for the winter's supply. I have been fishing up the Cupsuptic stream in the '60's when in half an hour I got all the trout we could possibly use in two days at the camps. And there wasn't one of them that would weigh less than 5 pounds.

"About thirty-five or thirty-seven years ago I met at the lakes, one spring season Theodore and Robert Roosevelt, father and uncle of the President. They were stopping at the lower end of Rangeley, or Soule's Camp. They were fishermen for you! They had some of the finest tackle I ever saw, and they wouldn't think of catching a trout without a fly. Those were the days when old Captain Crosby, father of the present guide, ran his sailboat down through."—Lewiston Journal.

GAME WINTERED WELL.

Greenville Correspondent Sends Some Encouraging Notes.

Fishing has been poor so far this spring, although some fairly good catches at Spencer narrows and West outlet, are reported. Harry Gross of Bangor secured a good string of togue and square-tails at Stewart and Stevens's camps last week.

E. Hall, one of the proprietors of the Moosehead Inn, came back from Spencer bay with some good togue, one weighing 14 pounds.

One of the largest lynxes I ever saw was shipped by express to Baxter on a recent train.

Parke, the taxidermist, has a decided freak to mount. It has a pure white stripe about six inches wide extending from the jaws straight down the middle of the throat to the brisket. This is the property of Baxter Smith.

Sportsmen may be interested to know that A. A. Crafts has removed to his new quarters in the new big block, situated on the site of his old store. This is one of the finest stores in the state now, and strictly up to date in every respect.

Deer have wintered finely here this winter and I have been into several yards and find the deer in unusually good condition. Partridges are plenty and everything points to a great season next year.

Recently a large male partridge flew through one of the windows in the residence of Train Conductor John MacDowell, killing the bird instantly and shattering the window. Parke is going to mount it for Mr. McDowell.

There is little discussion on the ice yet but the general sentiment is May 1 to 10.—Maine Sportsman.

FISHING RODS

New store on Rangeley Lake House grounds. Call and see my line of Rangeley Wood and Split Bamboo Rods.

E. T. HOAR, Rangeley, Maine.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING

IN THE GAME SEASON,

BY JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE.

The best treatise on this subject that has ever been published. A neat and attractive booklet. Sent to any address for 20c. Address

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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DUPONT.

At Spirit Lake, Iowa, March 1, 1905,

1st General Average, Mr. Fred Gilbert, 190
ex 200.

1st Amateur and 2nd General Average; Mr.
Russell Klein, 182 ex 200.

Both used

DUPONT SMOKELESS.

BOUNTY ON FRANKLIN BEARS.

TILT IN LEGISLATURE BETWEEN BYRON AND OPPONENTS.

Attempt to Make the County Pay For the Sheep Eaten, but Legislature Decided Against it After Bill Was Called Back.

It is well known by MAINE WOODS readers that the woods of Franklin county are full of elegant big black bears, the kind with fur that never fades, but always remains glossy and black, the kind that are very fond of fish, sweet apples and fat lambs. The Franklin county farmers object to the lamb part of the program and so they got J. H. Byron, the representative from Phillips, to introduce a bill requiring the state to pay a bounty on bears. The bear bounty bill got along swimmingly and was very near a law, when Mr. Milliken of Island Falls in Aroostook county, the author of the medicine labeling bill, got on his war paint and went after Byron's bear bounty bill. Byron hustled and rallied his friends to his support. Then there were things doin'. This is the story as told by the Kennebec Journal:

On motion of Mr. Milliken of Island Falls, bill in relation to bounty on bears in Franklin county, was taken from the table, and on further motion by Mr. Milliken the vote was reconsidered whereby the bill was passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Milliken offered an amendment by striking out the word "state" in the second and third lines and inserting the word "county" and by inserting after the word "treasury" in the fourth line the words "upon recommendation of the county commissioners of this county," also strike out the word "state" in the eighteenth line and insert the word "county," also strike out the words "state of Maine" in the first line of schedule A and insert the words "county of Franklin."

Mr. Morey of Lewiston: Mr. Speaker, I hope the amendment will not be adopted. This bill was introduced by the delegation from Franklin county, who are unanimously in favor of this bill that has been passed to be engrossed. Now the county of Oxford has received a bounty from the state by a law passed at the last session of the legislature in 1903. During the year 1903 Oxford county received from the state \$150 and during 1904, it received \$155, so that the burden placed on the state will be comparatively small. The western part of Franklin county, which is adjoining Oxford county, is overrun with quite a number of bears and they work havoc with the farmers' sheep. The delegation from Franklin county desire very much that this bill should become a law, that it should be passed here without any amendment, such as is suggested by the gentleman from Island Falls, and it seems difficult to imagine the reason why, the state having passed a law for Oxford county to the same effect and the same tenor—why the county of Franklin should not be paid for the bears killed within its borders and the state of Maine pay a bounty on bears killed across the line in Oxford. It is a necessity for that community as far as the protection of sheep is concerned that an act of this sort should be passed and it would be wholly inconsistent with the previous act of the legislature of 1903 that the state should pay a bounty on bears in Oxford county and that the county treasury should pay in Franklin county.

I hope, Mr. Speaker, that the amendment will not prevail and that the bill that has been passed to be engrossed

TAXIDERMISTS

NASH OF MAINE,

Licensed Taxidermist,

NORWAY, - MAINE.

Branch at Haines Landing May to October 20. Gold Medal on both Fish and Game at World's Fair, St. Louis.

Inventor of the famous Mezzo style of mounting fish.

will continue on its way and become a law without any amendment.

Mr. Milliken of Island Falls: Mr. Speaker, I have no personal interest in this matter, and I dislike to interfere with anybody's project of this kind. I wish to say, in the first place, that the bill was not called to my attention until I saw it on the calendar, tabled pending its third reading. I happened to be out when it went to its third reading. Now, with regard to the question of a bounty on bears, if I remember correctly we had a bounty on bears some time ago in this state, and that law was repealed two years ago. As it has been said, Oxford county did have a bounty on bears. Now, here is the condition of things we have in Aroostook county. If any county of the state ought to have a bounty on bears it ought to be Aroostook; we have a great many bears in that county, and a great many are killed every year. I have had letters, and I think others from Aroostook county have received letters asking for a bounty on bears in that county on this same ground, that Oxford county has one and therefore Aroostook county should have one. Now, gentlemen, it amounts to this—it is not a question of one county of the state or another, but whether we shall gradually, county by county, go back to the condition which we had before, where we had a bounty on bears throughout the state. There is no good reason why Aroostook county should not have a bounty if this county of Oxford has a bounty, and probably that will be the result at the next session of the legislature. In our opinion the danger is not great enough in Aroostook county so that the state should pay a bounty in that county on bears. There are in that county men who make it their business to kill bears for the intrinsic value of the bear. There is one man in my district who has killed nearly three hundred bears in the last few years and who makes a business out of it. He would be glad to have this bounty placed upon bears, and it would have made a difference of fifteen hundred dollars with him in the last year. He kills bears now as a matter of business, and I doubt very much whether any more would be killed with this bounty. The proposition of this bill is this, that if it is necessary in Franklin county to have a bounty, if there is a local feeling there, then I think it is only fair that the county should pay. I do not advance that idea from any undue desire to economize, because it is not that amount of money that will be paid out to the county of Franklin, but if we keep on giving it to one county at a time then we have to extend the bounty all over the state as fast as the different counties ask for it. I believe, on the other hand that if the people of Franklin county would be satisfied to allow their county to pay a bounty on bears it would make only a difference of a few dollars a year. I merely bring forward this amendment as suggested on the line of what I have said.

Mr. Hastings of Bethel: Mr. Speaker. I should like to see the county of Franklin used the same as the county of Oxford is used. The county of Oxford is having its bounty paid out of the state treasury. Now, this measure has the unanimous support of the Franklin county delegation; and more than that, it was introduced into this house and referred to one of the great committees of the legislature, the committee on agriculture, and that committee referred it back to the Franklin county delegation. So you will see, gentlemen; that it has had the consideration of a good committee, a strong committee of this legislature; and I hope, Mr. Speaker, that the amendment will not prevail. It is a matter of vital importance to the people of Franklin county.

The question being on the adoption of the amendment.
The amendment was lost.
The bill was then passed to be engrossed as amended, and then passed to be enacted.

And here is the story in the senate:
On motion by Mr. Gardner of Penobscot the vote was reconsidered whereby bill "An act to provide for a bounty on bears in Franklin county" was passed to be engrossed. Senator Sturgis of Cumberland offered Senate amendment A, the effect of which was to provide that the bounty be paid by the county rather than the state. A vote being had on the adoption of the amendment the result was six in the affirmative and 17 in the negative; so the motion to amend was lost. On motion of Mr. Furbish of Franklin, the bill took its several readings and was passed to be engrossed.



IS THE BRAND AMMUNITION

Which has attained Popularity

Because of Superiority.



Manufactured by

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY,

Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

MAINE'S FAMOUS POACHER.

NATT CARR AND ED LOWELL, RANGE-
LEY GUIDES, CAPTURE HIM.

Taken on the St. John River and Brought to Bangor.

After a lapse of three years since he was apparently fatally shot by Game Warden Herman O. Templeton in his camp near Turner pond, March 19, 1902, Peter Fontaine, Maine's most famous game poacher, was taken into custody last week; brought to Greenville and down to Bangor Wednesday morning by Game Wardens Tim Pollard, E. H. Lowell and N. R. Carr. After a conference with Game Commissioner Carleton, who arrived Wednesday evening, a week, Fontaine was arraigned in the Bangor police court on Thursday on a charge of illegal killing of game. The wardens were reluctant about telling of the affair further than of the arrest. Nothing will be done until Commissioner Carleton arrives but it is thought that the officials will not insist on a full punishment of the prisoner and that he will be let off with a sentence which will be light, considering what there is against him.

Fontaine was taken by Wardens Lowell and Carr on the St. John river early Saturday morning. There was no trouble such as attended the arrest of the prisoner on the evening of March 19, 1902. Fontaine made no resistance and accompanied the officers to Bangor as any ordinary person would have done. He was arrested opposite what is known as Little Eight township on the northern border of the state, north northwest of Moosehead lake but a few miles from the scene of the shooting of three years ago.

BEGAN THE JOURNEY.

The wardens and Fontaine at once began the journey toward Greenville, covering 150 miles in getting out of the woods although the air line distance is not as great. The traveling was bad all the way out. They took him over to Baker lake and down around the lumber camps, choosing the best roads possible, which were few and bad at the best. The party used teams for the greater part of the way but the wardens were obliged to tramp much of the time and let their prisoner ride as much as possible on account of his physical condition, which is far from being the same as it was three years ago. He is a broken down man and shows it in his appearance.

Since he was shot by Warden Templeton, three years ago last Sunday, March 19, Fontaine has spent most of his time on the Canadian border, rarely venturing across to the American side. He has been across several times but never have the wardens been able to catch him in that wild and wooded country.

Last year a New York sporting club bought all the land on the Quebec side of the St. John river formerly occupied by Fontaine as a sporting camp. These camps have been in charge of Wardens Lowell and Carr and they have been living on that side of the river all winter patrolling the northern boundary on account of the camp being more comfortable in the winter weather.

TRAPPING OTTER.

During the past winter Fontaine has been setting traps for otter on the St. John river which was supposed by the wardens to be neutral ground. On receiving instructions recently from Game Commissioner Carleton they took him on the river and brought him down for trial. On Saturday morning Fontaine came down to the river with an ax and pail, for water, and while in the middle of the river he was taken by the officers and the journey to Greenville and Bangor begun. He offered no resistance to the officers.

Fontaine admitted to the officers on the way down that he had taken one otter out of the spring hole, which is on the American side of the river. He

has trapped on the river all winter but only on what he thought to be the neutral ground which he had a right to trap on.

In conversation with a Commercial representative at the Penobscot Exchange Wednesday morning Fontaine said he had been over on the American side but a few times since he was shot by Warden Templeton. As soon as he got out, he said, he went back and gathered up his traps, taking them to the head of Baker lake because he knew he could do no more trapping on the American side. He afterward went back and got them and took them to his camp on the Canadian side. He also said he had been over on this side on a few occasions to get supplies but had done no trapping or hunting.

Fontaine still retains a bitterness against Warden Templeton for shooting him in the camp at Baker lake. His story of the affair and that of the warden differ materially. The wardens say, however, that Fontaine has not given up all his old habits of poaching in Maine. They have no positive evidence against him but there are strong suspicions that he has hunted on the American side illegally.

NO ILL FEELING.

Warden Templeton said to the Commercial Wednesday that he had no ill feeling against Fontaine and had no desire to see him severely punished.

"There are many up that way a great deal worse than Peter," said Mr. Templeton. "If he was a younger man and still engaged in the work I would like to see him severely punished for what he has done in the 15 or 20 years that the wardens have been after him, but he is a broken down man now. That pill took the life out of him and he is not the same man he was three years ago."

DOESN'T LOOK BADLY.

Fontaine had a bad cold Wednesday and was not feeling well after his long journey down through the woods. He sat on a couch in a room at the Penobscot Exchange and spoke but little, except when spoken to by one of the wardens. He does not look badly, but those who know him say he is not the man he was three years ago. He says, himself, he is well and that the bullet which entered his body but two inches over his heart and went out through the shoulder blade, causes him no inconvenience.

"I felt it some the next summer," he said, "and sometimes I feel it in wet weather, but not much. It is like rheumatism."

"It broke my wind," he continued, placing his hand over the spot where the bullet entered.

He is a man 51 years old but looks all of 50. He stands about five feet, ten inches in height, slightly stooping shoulders and is a typical French-Canadian. His features are a trifle prominent and his coal black hair is somewhat streaked with gray. He was inclined to be gloomy and spoke with a tone of sadness in his voice, saying but little.

STORY OF FORMER ARREST.

The shooting of La Fontaine on March 19, 1902 by Warden Herman O. Templeton was one of the sensations of that time in Maine. La Fontaine had a camp at Baker lake, away up near the Quebec boundary, and had a line of traps extending for miles around in which, it was said, he had taken many beaver. Complaints became so numerous that finally, although many unsuccessful attempts to capture him had been made, and the job was regarded dangerous, Commissioner Carleton directed Warden Templeton to take a good man or men with him and go after the poacher. Templeton selected as a companion George Houston of Caribou. They came to Peter's camp at dusk, and Templeton, knowing the risk he was taking, stepped up with cocked revolver and suddenly threw open the door. La Fontaine lay on a bed of furs, with his rifle in easy reach.

At the click of the latch the poacher had half risen and grabbed his rifle. It seemed to be a question, merely, of who could get in the first shot, and Templeton, being erect and ready, was quickest on the trigger. The bullet went in just over La Fontaine's heart and came out under his left shoulder blade. It seemed that there was no chance for him to live, and, in any event, transporting a dangerously wounded man through the wilderness to the nearest railroad station, which was Greenville, was out of the question. So, when friends of the poacher who were at work in a nearby logging camp begged that he be allowed to go home to die, and offered to carry him by tote team to his native village of St. Francis, P. Q., the wardens consented, and away went Peter over the border.

It was supposed that that would be the last of the famous poacher, but he didn't die. He survived, to get more traps and give the wardens more worry. The bullet wound took most of the snap and ginger out of him, however, and the Peter La Fontaine of today is very unlike him who kept the officers on the jump in years past. He is 51 years old, but looks ten years older, and looks thin and sad. His poaching days are about over—Bangor Commercial.

Photographs Wanted.

The Maine Central railroad is sending out the following letter to newspapers:

We are having an unusual number of calls from the standard publications, newspapers which issue illustrative supplements, railroads in other parts of the country, lecturers and others asking for photographs of Maine coast, lake and interior scenery, and fishing and hunting scenes, and we have about exhausted our resources in obtaining these. As all this helps to advertise Maine it occurs to me that you might be willing to publish in your papers for one or two issues, stating that the Maine Central railroad is having such requests, and they will be pleased to have photographers, either professional or amateur, who have photographs which they would be willing to sell, loan or otherwise let us have the use of them, send a list of such photographs to Mr. F. E. Boothby, general passenger and ticket agent, Maine Central Railroad, Portland, Me., giving prices of them, we of course being perfectly willing to pay the market price for such as we could use.

It seems to me that with all the cameras that are owned in this state there must be a lot of very nice material, which we would very much like to get hold of, and anything that you could do to aid the matter would be very much appreciated.

Yours very truly,
F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. & T. A.

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

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. W. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

WANTS, FORS ALE, ETC.

Price 1 cent a word each insertion.
Cash with order.

WANTS.

Wanted position as chef for general sporting camps by man of experience. References furnished. Wendell P. Williams, Bloomfield, Vt.

WANTED.—I would like to buy or rent a cheap place, or build on some place where I could spend a part of the fall hunting small game. James W. North, 133 State St., Augusta, Me.

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

WANTED.—One good foxhound, 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, Me.

FOR SALE.

LIVE BROOK TROUT of all sizes for stocking streams. Guaranteed delivered in good condition. Chas. R. Doten, Chiltonville, Mass.

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 (filled), 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.

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, 20 ft. long, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, Sagamore Engine 2 1/2 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. 22 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, Me. August 9, 1901.

MAINE WOODS,
PHILLIPS MAINE.

J. W. BRACKETT COMPANY, Publishers.
J. W. BRACKETT, Editor and Manager.
CLARENCE E. CALDEN Associate M'gr.
Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

MAINE WOODS solicits communications and fish and game photographs from its readers. When ordering the address of your paper changed, please give the old as well as new address. If you want it stopped, pay to date and say so. MAINE WOODS Information Bureau gives information on Summer Resorts and Fishing and Shooting. Boston office, 147 Summer St., with Boston Home Journal.

This Edition of Maine Woods 5,550.
FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1905.

In the Oxbow Region.

To the lover of nature, to the tired business or professional men of our great cities, it is a priceless boon to steal away in summer, even for a few weeks, to the depths of the forest, near to nature's heart, where the jingle of a telephone or the clang of a trolley cannot remind him of "life's common way." And of all the wilderness places, to which my wife and I have made annual pilgrimages, the great Maine woods have proven the most delightful. This year we visited the Oxbow district, reached by the Bangor & Aroostook railroad.

We secured guides and canoes and started up the Aroostook river, a most charming stream, wild and rocky and with swift courses alternating with dead waters. The dense forest comes down to the water's edge everywhere, adding immeasurably to the charm of the picture. Every bend in the stream opened up new beauties and a succession of surprises. The guides were masters at their work, ever courteous and indefatigable.

The two days' trip up the Aroostook was like a dream and we begrudged every moment that passed. From the Aroostook, we went up the streams that form its headwaters, the Millinocket and Munsungan, outlets of lakes of the same name. The two latter streams are, if possible, more charming than the Aroostook. Like all Maine country, there were lakes and ponds and streams everywhere. We made our headquarters on these lakes, canoeing up most romantic streams and through various ponds, to the farthest waters that feed the Aroostook.

While we went into this country ostensibly to fish, yet fishing was secondary, simply an excuse, for our greatest pleasure was in the canoeing and the long tramps through the pathless forests, sleeping under bark "lean-tos" when night overtook us far from camp. In that country, fishing alone would become monotonous, for trout are everywhere and a true fisherman would not have such a dull conscience as to take pleasure in simply killing fish. In July and August, we did not expect to find good fishing and in this, as in everything else, we were most agreeably disappointed.

Everywhere, through the great silent woods, led the paths of the game, a perfectly bewildering network of deeply trodden paths. Wherever we landed along the banks of a stream or of a pond, the shores were marked with the footprints of deer and moose. Without making any special effort to see the deer and moose, we often saw as many as twenty in a day's excursion. With good guides, such as we had, we found it possible to approach so close to deer that we could reach out our hands and touch them and this was frequently done. To lovers of the woods and of the denizens of the woods, it is worth years of hard work at a city desk to be brought so close to the most beautiful animals in all the world, and to find them in such large numbers. Moose could be approached in the same way and often a handsome specimen would trot along the banks of the streams abreast the canoe for many rods.

This year we introduced to that refinement of a sportsman's life, the sporting camp. In Maine, this feature has been developed to a high degree. The camps are located at convenient points along the lakes and streams and some are operated as a series of camps, under one management. The cabins are built of peeled spruce logs. Those that we found were neat and comfortable, equipped with big stone fireplaces and iron beds, with springs, mattresses and clean linen. The food was excellent.

Every lover of the wilderness, every denizen of the bustling city, ought to visit the woods of Maine and fortify with the restfulness of those solitudes his weary brain. Every true sportsman, it is needless to say, should go there, in the proper season, for his sport, but he ought also to go when the glory of summer is in those magnificent woods.—In the Maine Woods.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

RANGELEY REGION PLACE TO FIND REST, ENJOYMENT AND HEALTH.

John Jay, a Well-Known Guide, Looks After the Comforts of the Visitor.
ORMOND, FLA., March 27, 1905.

To The Editor of MAINE WOODS.

Esquire Smithwick of New York, a noted criminal lawyer past middle life from years of close attention to business, found himself a physical wreck and sought the advice of Dr. Bolingreen, his lifelong friend. After the Doctor had examined carefully he said, "You have no disease, Esquire, that I can find. You are simply worn out and need a complete rest. Let me tell you what I do. I take a little vacation once a year, away from the cares and duties of every day life. I make it a practice through the heated term to steal away to the woods of Maine and in company with my guide live in a camp on the shores of some secluded lake away from civilized life, there to find a few weeks of rest and recreation.

"Being an expert angler, with my seven-ounce rod I lured many a gamy trout from some dark shady pool, with the net in the hands of my watchful guide, landing him after a desperate fight of skill and tact against the strength and endurance of the fish. A few trout so taken supplied the table with most delicate food besides furnishing one of the most exhilarating enjoyments known.

"Here I find a life of perfect rest and quiet, sporting over the crystal water of the lake with no other companion than John Jay, my guide, whose noiseless paddle directed their course as they moved about. I found much in nature to please the eye and interest the mind.

"The trained eye and ear of John Jay pointed out many object lessons as we stole quietly along some winding stream or skirted the shore of the picturesque lake. Occasionally we would start a frightened deer standing in mid-stream as we glide around a sharp bend. A flock of wild ducks are often put to sudden flight. The beaver and muskrat are seen at their work and hurry to escape observation. The kingfisher sounds his warning note from the overhanging limb of some dead tree and with his dipping flight and shrill note leads the way like some phantom pilot to enchanted land. As the shadows of the balsams lengthen and the sun hurries on to the west we turn our course homeward to the camp where John prepares the evening meal. Such coffee, such cakes, such trout, all cooked to a turn by long experience of camp life of John and placed steaming hot on the rude but clean table. Surrounding the larger part of what was prepared we retire for a quiet hour with the old pipe, discussing the exploits of the day and formulating plans for the morrow. As the shades of night settle down to brood over all nature we retire to the bunks piled high with balsam boughs cut fresh from the tree and draw our blankets about us, while we rest our tired bodies and inhale at every breath the fragrant odor from the balsam, that pervades the camp. No couch could be better suited to restore the worn out nerves or rest a tired body. Here we sleep the sleep of the just until a flood of golden light warns us of the coming of another day. Thus do we pass the days that follow. John Jay, schooled in all the lore of woodcraft, quick of perception, ever ready to serve or obey my slightest wish while I, having a love for the woods and camp life, study the mysteries it unfolds. My guide does all the labor, thus removing from recreation every trace of toil.

"I find at the end of a few weeks such a life has brought rest to my tired body, restored my worn out nerves, brought color to my cheek and luster to my eye. When I return to my bottle of pills and physic, I find new interest in all about me and feel that life is worth living.

"This is what I do and it's what you need. Buy a little fishing tackle, a line, a few hooks and some sinkers and put yourself right up to Rangeley, Maine, to the Mountain View House. After a few days you engage John Jay (he's my guide), and if you are fortunate enough to secure him he will take you back to some of the lakes in his boat, where you will find comfortable quarters in a trim camp. The guide does the cooking and looks after you while in his care and it's a life of perfect, quiet rest."

"But what can I do in such surroundings?"

"Do just as little as possible. You will find enough to occupy your mind, for it will be a new life to you. There are moose, deer and bear, plenty of

SPORTSMEN'S DIRECTORY.

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

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.

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"New E. C. Improved"

(Made in America by Americans) combines all the Qualities of

"E. C. No. 1" and "New E. C.,"

with some splendid qualities of its own. We know a trial will convince you.

Lafin & Rand Powder Co.

trout, grand mountain views, and besides, you will meet many nice people at the hotel and camp. Stay long enough to receive full benefit from the change. As you are a bachelor you can stay for the season."

"Well, Doctor, if you think that is what I need to do, I will close up the old desk, lock the office door and get right away."

"You will make no mistake and the sooner the better."

A few days later found the Esquire on the train for his destination. In due time he landed at Rangeley station and was directed to the steamer in waiting to convey him across the lake to the Mountain View House. This experience was so delightful and novel that he felt already in a new world, as he took in the surrounding views, so foreign to anything he had ever witnessed. When they turned the course toward the Mountain View House, it gave him a favorable impression. Although he was sorry the trip across the lake was to terminate so suddenly, once at the hotel he was made at home and received as a member of the family circle of guests. After a few days' rest he inquired and found John Jay would be at his service in a few days.

He called one day, making his acquaintance and arranging for a trip into the woods, "but for a few days," said the Esquire, "we will remain here, for I want to move about this lake a little. Today we will take it moderate, we will go out about 10 o'clock and shoot a moose and this afternoon we will take a few 8 or 10-pound trout."

John answered with a laugh, "Yes, that won't be much to start with," little dreaming that his man spoke in earnest.

When they started out John found he had a man with no knowledge of the sporting life or things in general to be met with every day here. He asked all sorts of strange ridiculous questions, finally acknowledging this was his first visit away from the city, where he had always lived. This life, these lakes, streams, mountains and wild country were all new to him.

After exploring many locations about the lake easily reached from the hotel, they started for a two weeks' trip into the woods. John had arranged all the necessary baggage in the boat. So placing his man on the center seat and taking his place in the stern they moved up the stream under the stroke of his paddle for a 12-mile course to the lake. The Esquire, being in a talkative mood, would turn in his seat and ask questions, talking as if addressing a jury. This would throw the boat out of trim, much to the annoyance of John. After a time John spoke in a commanding voice, "Trim the boat."

At this the Esquire would stare and ask, "What do you mean by trim the boat?"

John explained it was necessary to keep the boat on an even keel, to paddle to advantage. So the Esquire promised to guard against the fault in future. But at some interesting point in the conversation he would forget and turn around facing John and John would shout, "Trim the boat."

Finally the conversation turned on Rangeley, the Esquire inquiring if there were any schools. John told him they had a few weeks of school through the winter. The Esquire turned again in his seat and exclaimed, "a few weeks! Why I should think they would be a terrible ignorant lot of people."

This touched John a little and he answered, "Wall, they know as much as some of these New York lawyers that

[Continued on page 5.]

HOTELS AND CAMPS

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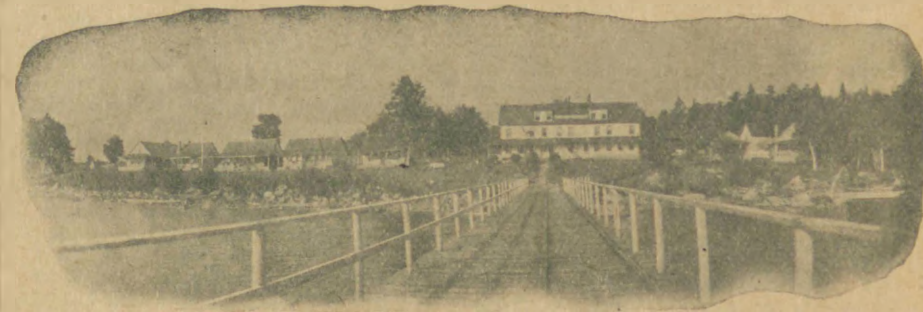
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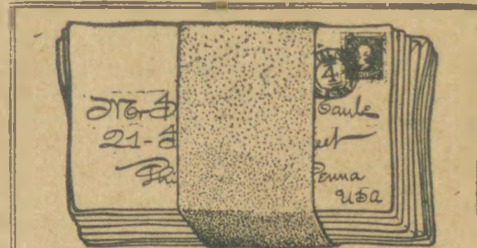
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Middledam,

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About 60 in all, from a brother on the other side, to one on this," from Northern, Central and Southern Europe, Russia, Italy, Egypt, etc., as those lands were seen through eyes unconventionally focused. By FRANCIS I. MAULE.

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TRAPPERS. After trying other trapping methods without success, try mine. I will show you the right way for a small sum. Wm. P. Townsend, West Buxton, Me.

His First Experience.

[Continued from page 4.]

talk all the time and can tell all they know in 15 minutes. Trim the boat."

The Esquire was silent. John took occasion to advise him a little. "The old Indian says, 'much talk, no hunt. When we are in the woods we are silent in voice and always on the watch for anything that moves. The animals of the woods are wild and ever on the alert for any approaching danger. If we go along talking aloud and making all this noise we shall not see any game. We have already passed two places where something has gone out of the stream before we came in sight.'"

Turning in his seat again in surprise the Esquire exclaimed, "How do you know?"

"Because I have seen the muddy water at the edge of the stream and where they ran up the bank. Trim the boat."

"Why, I didn't see anything. What do you suppose it was?"

"Oh, probably a deer."

"Well I will try and keep quiet."

So they went along for a few minutes in silence, when the Esquire turned in his seat and bawled out, "Is Rangeley an incorporated town?"

"Oh yes, some years ago."

"How large is the census?"

John did not exactly know what he meant but replied, "Wall, I don't exactly know. I never see it."

The Esquire turned again in his seat and stared. John called out, "Trim the boat."

"Now Esquire, I explained to you to keep the boat trim and I've got about tired of talking. If you get this paddle over the head don't be surprised and don't speak for half an hour."

The Esquire rather resented his remarks and John gave him further instructions. "Now Esquire Smithwick we have fit ever since we came into the stream and before we go any farther I want to tell my position and yours as well. When I took you into this boat, I took you into my care, that is, I am responsible in a way for your safety and success. On these points largely depends my reputation as a guide. If you don't see any game or get any trout and return disgusted with yourself and everyone else and talk the trip over with your friends, the first thing they ask, 'who did you have for a guide, see?'"

"This is our business guiding parties and we like to have them satisfied so they will recommend us to their friends. We meet a class of men who come in here the same as you have, with no knowledge of the life. They would not see a whole row of elephants, if standing in the stream, or could they shoot to hit a flock of barn doors, if they had a gun; do they know how to fish?"

"If a man expects to be successful he must follow the instructions of his guide, beside being able to do a handy turn himself. I don't care how much you talk or how much noise you make but don't be disappointed if we don't see any game and think it my fault. I like to have a man understand this when he starts in."

"Yes, John, that's all right. This is my first experience into anything like this kind of a life, I suppose I am terrible green and appear awkward enough to you, try and bear with me for a time I shall get on better after a while. Do you know John when I told you we would kill a moose and take a few 8 and 10 pound trout for our first day I was not joking, thought it as common as gathering a bunch of will flowers."

"Moose and 10 pound trout are not met with every day Esquire." For a time all was silent as the tomb, the steady even stroke of John at the paddle kept the boat moving up the stream passing the high wooded banks for a time, then coming to a low marshy shore the stream forms a cove, at one side, into this cove a cold spring brook finds its outlet and joins the mother stream.

Under the overhanging branches of the pines we find a cool and shady spot for a little rest and shelter from the blazing sun. In the shallow water just beyond grow a mixture of dark green rushes, meadow grass and cat-o'-nine-tails. On the banks of the stream and far up the brook, the ground is covered with green velvet moss like a carpet, changing its lights and shadows, where the sunlight folks through the branches above. Among the trees a few wild flowers struggle for an existence. Reaching out into the stream a growth of pads cover the surface, among them a few lily buds unfold their deli-

cate grace and beauty. The wooded banks of the stream spreading their branches over the water where the clematis climbs in profusion forming a bower of vines and green foliage with a border of silver fringe high above the water.

Seldom are so many rare gems in nature blended together. With a cooling draft from the brook, a parting look about you, one can but exclaim, so wild, yet so varied in all its elements of beauty, being a continual feast for the eye, a study for the mind and inspiring to the soul!

Following the winding course of the stream, for nearly an hour brings us to what is known as the ox bow, where the stream turns at an abrupt angle and the banks are covered with an alder growth, shutting out from view all objects ahead. John's quick ear had caught the familiar sound of k-splash! k-splash! gave the boat a quick turn around the angle and hardly two rods away in the middle of the stream stood a cow and calf moose. The Esquire like all amateurs pointed towards them, at the same time yelling out "Great Heavens and earth John what are they?" Before John could speak they had climbed up the bank and disappeared in the woods. John was not surprised for the Esquire did just what he expected. "What were they John?" "That Esquire was a cow and calf moose, so much for going still, I heard them before we rounded the bend." "You did? What queer looking things they are."

Another mile farther on John turned the boat from the stream into a sort of bog. "This, Esquire, we call the frog pond." Going a short way he took the pole he had rigged and with a bit of red flannel for bait took a number of frogs.

"This frog pond as we call it was created years ago by the beavers building a dam on a small stream below, flowing many acres of boggy land covered with a scrub growth of spruce and hard wood, we can go about with a boat. All kinds of wild fowl feed here beside thousands of frogs."

All this time the Esquire asked questions about the bog and the numerous water-fowls and birds flying about them. They passed through a part of the bog at the Esquire's request and came into the stream at the foot of the lake. Following up the shore they soon came in sight of the camp and a few minutes more they were at the landing climbing up the bank.

This was the Esquire's first introduction to a log cabin. He rushed inside. When John came with part of the baggage the Esquire commenced to ask questions. "What's this for John?" "Why don't you use any table?" "Are there no dishes John?" John who talked little and preferred silence, had answered so many questions, sought a little amusement by filling the Esquire up. "We use nothing but the best of china, Esquire and its locked up." "Oh it is." "I should think this roof would leak like a sewer John, I can see through it all over." "Oh yes it does Esquire, but we must have light and ventilation, you will soon get used to the rain."

The Esquire went on his tour of inspection while John brought the remaining baggage. "How many men did it take John to put that log up there." "Oh we rolled that up with a cross-haul Esquire." "You did, I wondered how it was done. What is a cross-haul John." A cross-haul is a very simple affair made with three poles fastened at the small end with a ring and a grump wedge, then stood upright spreading the bottom ends, we hitch a block and falls at the top. A rope around the log to be raised is fastened with a becket hitch, the men heave on the falls which raises the log and with a cant dog it is rolled into place.

Well John, I've tried hundreds of cases in court and heard all kinds of evidence, but your falls and heave, rings and grump wedges, with becket hitch and cant dogs, beats all my experience with the English language replied the Esquire with a laugh. I would bet a hat John, your description of a cross-haul would paralyze any judge and jury in the United States.

John had dressed his frogs and the Esquire inspected everything while John got supper. "What town are we in now John?" "Well Esquire, we have got by the towns, we ain't in no town, Rangeley was the last town, we are in No. 46, most to the boundary line north of us."

When all was ready John called him in and they sat down. Each had a tin plate, a dipper, knife, fork and spoon. A few tin pans held the food, a can of sugar, two bottles, one of milk, the other molasses and all the China was in use. After they had finished they sat outside and enjoyed a smoke dusk, when an old owl came a little way from

them and called out, ta-hoot, ta-hoot, to-hoo.

"Heavens and earth, what's that, John?"

"That Esquire, is a bear whistling through his paws."

Soon it came again. "He won't come down here will he?"

"Not while we are here."

"Do they ever attack men?"

"Oh, yes, they often kill a man and eat him up at two or three meals."

"Well that's mighty interesting."

A little later the loons commenced their calling. After a time came on the silent air that long, weird cry, the most lonely of all earthly sounds. "My God, John, what on earth is that? Is the place haunted?"

"Wall they tell queer stories about it."

"Now John no ghosts or winged angels."

"I don't believe in either."

The story goes, Esquire, that many years ago an Indian girl came down the trail through the valley and built her camp fire at Long point. She was followed and murdered by a jealous lover. Every year at this season a tall, white form follows this same trail down the shore of the lake to her grave and vanishes. The loons always set up a great cry and follow it down to the point, making this mournful wail like some one in great distress. Did you notice it?

"Oh, it was awful, awful. I never heard anything like it."

"What did you call them?"

"Loons, Esquire."

"Yes, but what are they?"

"Why a large waterfowl like a goose said to be possessed with souls of departed Indians, Esquire."

While John spoke came the mournful cry through the stillness.

"Well, John, with cow and calf moose, wild fowl and frogs, log cabin cross hauls and bears, my head is tired. Whether this unearthly cry is Indian girl, loon, ghost or the devil, it's enough for one day, let's go to bed."

So without further delay they sought the bunks of balsam boughs and folding a blanket about them were soon lost to all sights and sounds. They slept late for the sun was high in the heavens when they awoke. John started the fire and slipped around to the spring a few rods from camp, took a few trout, for he always kept a reserve stock here for an emergency. With these fish in the pan all dressed he met the Esquire at the camp door. Eying them curiously, exclaiming at the same time, "Why, John, has the fish cart been around as early as this?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes it does," hardly knowing what the Esquire meant.

Not until they were eating them did the Esquire explain. "I did not realize, John, when I spoke about the fish cart that we were 20 miles from a settlement. I surely thought you must have bought them from some fish cart."

Then John explained. Breakfast finished, arrangements for the day were in order. John noticed the Esquire had not changed his dress from the day before. He had supposed he had a change in his valise so told him his tall, white hat was a little out of place and offered him a soft felt hat he had in camp, also remarking his patent leather shoes would be ruined and provided him with a pair of moccasins.

"Have you any rod or fishing tackle, Esquire?"

"Oh yes, they are in my grip."

"Well I calculate we'd better rig up for we must get a few trout today."

The Esquire opened his grip, took out the package and handed it to John. He unrolled it carefully and found a skein of white cotton cod line of 100 yards; in another paper were some cod hooks and sinkers. "What are these for, Esquire?" he asked, as he looked them over in bewilderment.

"Why, that's my tackle, John."

"Great God of Israel!" shouted John. "Wall, I will be damned if that don't beat anything I ever seed brought into these lakes to catch trout with. We might use it for an anchor line, but I already have one."

"Why, what's the matter with it, John? Dr. Bolingreen told me I would need a line, some hooks and a sinker."

"Do you know Dr. Bolingreen?"

"Do I? Why he is one of my most intimate friends. He sent me up here."

"Why I guided him, Esquire, for years. He is one of the best sportsmen that come in here. Did he tell you to bring this?"

"No, he only said I needed some tackle. You see, John, I have been a few times for cod and I supposed this would be all right."

"I guess, Esquire, I can find a rig that will catch all the trout we shall need."

So taking their places in the boat

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they started for a tour about the lake. On reaching the outlet, they made off into a side stream leading to a small pond. John explained this was caused by the beaver making a dam below. We will go down, and if we go still we may see them at work. A short run found them at the dam. The Esquire was shown where they cut down trees and with brush, grass and mud had built the dam. Crossing to the other side John showed him the house where they lived. This we call a beaver house, Esquire.

"Are these ponds caused by beaver dams?"

"Oh, yes, most of them."

"What do these beaver build so many dams for, John?"

"You see, Esquire, when the young are grown, the old ones drive them out and go with them to some favorable spot and help them build a new dam and house, setting up housekeeping for themselves."

"Why I should think John they would dam the whole country to death. This interests me more than anything I have seen and I can hardly believe all you tell me of the wonderful things these little animals do."

"We must look for some trout to go with our pork and potatoes, Esquire."

"Oh yes John, I quite forgot the trout I was so interested in the beaver. I guess John you better do the fishing and I will look on."

John took his fly rod and noosing a leader to the line began to cast, allowing the boat to drift.

The Esquire said with a laugh, "I can understand now John the surprise you manifested when you saw my tackle. I also have discovered the use of the silken looking thread, I notice the guides have around their hats, but I don't understand what the feathers attached to it are for."

At that instant a trout jumped clear from the water taking a fly, and disappearing. The Esquire looked surprised but watched the game. John worked him up to the boat and taking the net soon had him flapping on the bottom of the boat. (That's all new to me.) John continued to take a few more and the Esquire looked on. But when John made a cast and two eager fellows came and both were hooked did the Esquire explode.

"Is that unusual, John?"

"No, I have often seen the Doctor hook three and land them all much larger than these."

"How they do fight."

When John had fish enough he resumed the paddle and started on.

"John this is a beautiful lake and the mountains that surround it with their green foliage coming down to the water's edge, is a grand picture." "That high sharp peaked one there is Snow mountain. I have a camp in there for winter."

"What can you do in here in winter?"

"Oh, I hunt and trap. I stay in here sometimes in winter for six weeks at a time, alone."

"You do, but don't the snow come deep?"

"Oh yes, from five to seven feet. We go over it all right with snow shoes. I got \$150 worth of fur about here last winter."

"Does that represent your winter's work?"

"Yes, we think up here if a man can pick up \$150 for the winter and comes out square at the store in the spring he's doing mighty well."

The Esquire kept asking questions, and John kept at work at the paddle.

"You must excuse me, John, for asking so many questions, but all these things you tell me are so new, and strike me so strange that I must ask questions."

"I'll tell you John the thing that impresses me most while I have been in here."

"What's that?" inquired John.

"This profound silence, not a sound only the birds and our own voices."

"Yes I suppose you do notice it. Did you know Esquire, after a man lives in the woods a short time he will stop and listen, same as the animals stop and snuff the air, they are always on the watch and never blunder into danger." "Is that really so John, well there seems much to learn in this life you live."

They had come to the landing and soon found themselves in the camp. The supper was gone through with, the smoke talk was enjoyed and at an early hour they each crawled to their corner and closed their eyes in sweet repose.

The next morning when all was ready about nine o'clock found them in the boat heading up the lake over new ground. The water was like a sheet of glass, the sun shone brightly and everything was reflected in it. The tall pines with their spreading branches, the wooded promontories that stretch themselves into the lake, the mountain sides, the rocks all forming a perfect picture seldom seen. About an hour found them on the opposite shore.

John said, "suppose we make a call at the other camp."

So they measured off the distance and landed at the camp. The Esquire found a party from New York and he was made at home at once. The conversation drifted to camp life.

The Esquire said, "This being my first experience I found much of interest, the associations with my guide whose life, habits and customs seem the extreme opposite from mine has impressed me wonderfully."

"Yes, Esquire Smithwick that's so, I was impressed that way when I come here first. These men born in the woods with no educational advantages, social life or travel, I've here for weeks at a time with doctors, lawyers, ministers and professors some of the highest type of education and social life, men who live in entirely different surroundings. Yet these guides have a knowledge not written in books. Most of these guides are close observers and learn from nature."

"It's what I call where extremes meet." "Yes that does express it. I have been here many times and this class of men are not met with in my experience anywhere else, they are honest, patient and always ready to try to please. Now look at this camp, see how neat and tidy it is conducted and furnished to meet its needs, all made from material found here in the woods. I find much new and interesting in the lives they live."

Lighting a fresh cigar they all stepped outside. Soon the Esquire took his leave of the party and taking their seats in the boat, John resumed his course following the shore of the lake to camp taking a few trout as they went. That afternoon as they sat around camp watching the squirrels play the Esquire remarked, "Doctor prides himself on being a crack shot." "Yes he is," replied John, "He did kind of a mean trick here some years ago."

"What was that, John?"

"He wanted a smaller mark to shoot at so shot the tails off close to their body of dozens of the squirrels. They did look mighty queer running about with out any tails, but the worst of it was, the next year we had a new breed, called the no tail breed. All the sportsmen who came in here were told, one of the guides found them last winter while on a tramp over the boundary

[Continued on page 8.]

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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By Stewart Edward White

Continued from last week, this story began March 10.

As soon as loading began the cook served breakfast at 3 o'clock. The men worked by the light of torches, which were often merely catchup jugs with wicking in the necks. Nothing could be more picturesque than a teamster conducting one of his great pyramidal loads over the little inequalities of the road, in the ticklish places standing atop with the bent knee of the Roman charioteer, spying and forestalling the chances of the way with a fixed eye and an intense concentration that relaxed not one inch in the miles of the haul. Thorpe had become a full fledged cant hook man.

He liked the work. There is about it a skill that fascinates. A man grips suddenly with the hook of his strong instrument, stopping one end that the other may slide. He thrusts the short, strong stock between the log and the skid, allowing it to be overrun. He stops the roll with a sudden sure grasp applied at just the right moment to be effective. Sometimes he allows himself to be carried up bodily, clinging to the cant hook like an acrobat to a bar, until the log has rolled once, when, his weapon loosened, he drops lightly, easily to the ground. And it is exciting to pile the logs on the sleigh, first a layer of five, say; then one of four smaller, of but three, of two, until at the very apex the last is dragged slowly up the skids, poised and just as it is about to plunge down the other side is gripped and held inexorably by the little men in blue flannel shirts.

Chains bind the loads. And if ever during the loading or afterward when the sleigh is in motion the weight of the logs causes the pyramid to break down and squish out, then woe to the driver or whoever happens to be near. For this reason the loaders are picked and careful men.

At the banking grounds, which lie in and about the bed of the river, the logs are piled into a gigantic skidway to await the spring freshets, which will carry them down stream to the "boom." In that inclosure they remain until sawed in the mill.

Thorpe, in common with the other men, had thought Radway's vacation at Christmas time a mistake. He could not but admire the feverish animation that now characterized the jobber. Every mischance was as quickly repaired as aroused expedient could do the work.

Esprit de corps awoke. The men sprang to their tasks with alacrity, gave more than an hour's exertion to each of the twenty-four, took a pride in repulsing assaults of the great enemy whom they personified under the generic "She."

One morning in February Thorpe was helping load a big butt log. He was one of the two men who stand at either end of the skids to help the ascending log keep straight and true to its bed on the pile. His assistant's end caught on a silver, ground for a second and slipped back. Then the log ran slanting across the skids instead of perpendicular to them. To rectify the fault Thorpe dug his cant hook into the timber and threw his weight on the stock. He hoped in this manner to check correspondingly the ascent of his end. In other words, he took the place on his side of the preventing silver, so equalizing the pressure and forcing the timber to its proper position. Instead of rolling the log slid. The stock of the cant hook was jerked from his hands. He fell back, and the cant hook, after clanging for a moment to the rough bark, snapped down and hit him a crushing blow on the top of the head.

They took Thorpe up and carried him in, just as they had carried Hank Paul before. Men who had not spoken a dozen words to him in as many days gathered his few belongings and stuffed them awkwardly into his satchel. Jackson Hines prepared the bed of straw and warm blankets in the bottom of the sleigh that was to take him out.

"He would have made a good boss," said the old fellow. "He's a hard man to nick."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Thorpe finally came to himself he was in a long, bright, clean room, and the sunset was throwing splashes of light on the ceiling over his head.

He watched them idly for a time, then turned on his pillow. At once he perceived a long, double row of clean white painted iron beds, on which lay or sat figures of men. Other figures of women glided here and there noiselessly. They wore long, spreading dove gray clothes, with a starched white kerchief drawn over their shoulders

and across the breast. Their heads were quaintly wigged in stiff winglike coifs, fitting close about the oval of the face. Then Thorpe sighed comfortably and closed his eyes and blessed the chance that he had bought a hospital ticket of the agent who had visited camp the month before. For these were sisters, and the young man lay in the hospital of St. Mary.

Like a great many other charities built on a common sense, self supporting, rational basis, the woods hospitals



"I see," said Thorpe wearily.

are under the Roman Catholic church. From one of the numerous agents who periodically visit the camps the lumber jack purchases for \$8 a ticket which admits him at any time during the year to the hospital, where he is privileged to remain free of further charge until convalescent. So valuable are these institutions and so excellently are they maintained by the sisters that a hospital agent is always welcome even in those camps from which ordinary peddlers and insurance men are rigidly excluded.

In one of these hospitals Thorpe lay for six weeks suffering from a severe concussion of the brain. At the end of the fourth his fever had broken, but he was pronounced as yet too weak to be moved.

The roofs were covered with snow. One day Thorpe saw it sink into itself and gradually run away. The tinkle tinkle tank tank of drops sounded from his own eaves. Down the faroff river sluggish reaches of ice drifted. Then in a night the blue disappeared from the stream. It became a menacing gray, and even from his distance Thorpe could catch the swirl of its rising waters. A day or two later dark masses drifted or shot across the field of his vision, and twice he thought he distinguished men standing upright and bold on single logs as they rushed down the current.

"What is the date?" he asked of the sister.

"The eleventh of March."

"Isn't it early for the thaw?"

"Listen to 'im!" exclaimed the sister delightedly. "Early, is it! Sure th' freshest co't them all. Look, darlint; ye can see the drive from here."

"I see," said Thorpe wearily. "When can I get out?"

"Not for wan week," replied the sister decidedly.

At the end of the week Thorpe said goodby to his attendant. He took two days of tramping the little town to regain the use of his legs and boarded the morning train for Beeson Lake. He did not pause in the village, but bent his steps to the river trail.

He followed the trail by the river. Butterballs and scoters paddled up at his approach. Bits of rotten ice occasionally swirled down the diminishing stream. Around every bend Thorpe looked for some of Radway's crew "driving" the logs down the current. He knew from chance encounters with several of the men in Bay City that Radway was still in camp, which meant, of course, that the season's operations were not finished. Five miles farther Thorpe began to wonder whether this last conclusion might not be erroneous. The Cass branch had shrunk almost to its original limits. The drive must have been finished even this early, for the stream in its present condition would hardly float saw logs.

Thorpe, puzzled, walked on. At the banking ground he found empty skids. Evidently the drive was over. And yet even to Thorpe's ignorance it seemed incredible that the remaining million and a half of logs had been hauled, banked and driven during the short time he had lain in the Bay City hospital. More to solve the problem than in any hope of work he set out for the logging road.

Another three miles brought him to camp. It looked strangely wet and sodden and deserted. In fact, Thorpe found a bare half dozen people in it—Radway, the cook and four men who were helping to pack up the movables. The jobber showed strong traces of the strain he had undergone, but greeted Thorpe almost jovially.

"Hello, young man!" he shouted at

Thorpe's mud splashed figure. "Come back to view the remains? All well again, heigh? That's good!"

"I didn't know you were through," explained Thorpe, "and I came to see if I could get a job."

"Well, now, I am sorry!" cried Radway. "You can turn in and help, though, if you want to."

Thorpe greeted the cook and old Jackson Hines, the only two whom he knew, and set to work to tie up bundles of blankets and to collect axes, peavies and tools of all descriptions. That evening the seven dined together at one end of the long table. The big room exhaled already the atmosphere of desertion.

"Not much like old times, is she?" laughed Radway. "Can't you just shut your eyes and hear Baptiste say, 'Mak' hem de soup one tam more for me? She's pretty empty now.'"

Jackson Hines looked whimsically down the bare board. "More room than God made for geese in Ireland," was his comment.

After supper they sat outside for a little time to smoke their pipes, chair tilted against the logs of the cabins, but soon the chill of melting snow drove them indoors. The four teamsters played seven up in the cook camp by the light of a barn lantern, while Thorpe and the cook wrote letters. Thorpe's was to his sister.

"I have been in the hospital for about a month," he wrote. "Nothing serious—a crack on the head, which is all right now. But I cannot get home this summer, nor, I am afraid, can we arrange about the school this year. I am about \$70 ahead of where I was last fall, so you see it is slow business. This summer I am going into a mill, but the wages for green labor are not very high there either," and so on.

When Miss Helen Thorpe, aged seventeen, received this document she stamped her foot almost angrily. "You'd think he was a day laborer!" she cried. "Why doesn't he try for a clerkship or something in the city where he'd have a chance to use his brains?"

And thus she came to feeling rebelliously that her brother had been a little selfish in his choice of an occupation; that he had sacrificed her inclinations to his own.

After finishing the letter Thorpe lit his pipe and strolled out into the darkness. Opposite the little office he stopped amazed.

Through the narrow window he could see Radway seated in front of the stove. He had sunk down into his chair until he rested on almost the small of his back, his legs were stuck straight out in front of him, his chin rested on his breast, and his two arms hung listless at his side, a pipe half falling from the fingers of one hand. All the facetious lines had turned to pathos.

"What's the matter with the boss anyway?" asked Thorpe in a low voice of Jackson Hines when the seven up game was finished.

"Hain't ye heard?" inquired the old man in surprise.

"Why, no. What?"

"Busted," said the old men sentimentally.

"How? What do you mean?"

"What I say. He's busted. That freshest caught him too quick. They's more than a million and a half logs left in the woods that can't be got out this year, and as his contract calls for a finished job he don't get nothin' for what he's done."

"That's a queer rig," commented Thorpe. "He's done a lot of valuable work here. The timber's cut and skidded anyway, and he's delivered a good deal of it to the main drive. The M. & D. outfit get all the advantage of that."

"They do, my son. When old Daly's hand gets near anything it cramps. I don't know how the old man come to make such a contract," but he did. Result is he's out his expenses and time."

The exceptionally early break up of the spring, combined with the fact that owing to the series of incidents and accidents already sketched the actual cutting and skidding had fallen so far behind, caught Radway unawares. He saw the railways breaking out while his teams were still hauling in the woods. In order to deliver to the mouth of the Cass branch the 3,000,000 already banked he was forced to drop everything else and attend strictly to the drive. This left still, as has been stated, a million and a half on skidways, which Radway knew he would be unable to get out that year.

In spite of the jobber's certainty that his claim was thus annulled and that he might as well abandon the enterprise entirely for all he would ever get out of it, he finished the "drive" conscientiously and saved to the company the logs already banked. Then he had interviewed Daly. The latter refused to pay him one cent.

The next day Radway and Thorpe walked the ten miles of the river trail together, while the teamsters and the cook drove down the five teams. Under the influence of the solitude and a certain sympathy which Thorpe manifested Radway talked—a very little.

"I got behind; that's all there is to it," he said. "I bit off more than I could chew."

Thorpe noticed a break in the man's voice and, glancing suddenly toward him, was astounded to catch his eyes

brimming with tears. Radway perceived the surprise.

"You know when I left Christmas?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The boys thought it was a mighty poor rig—my leaving that way."

He paused again in evident expectation of a reply. Again Thorpe was silent.

"Didn't they?" Radway insisted.

"Yes, they did," answered Thorpe.

The older man sighed. "I thought so," he went on. "Well, I didn't go to spend Christmas. I went because Jimmy brought me a telegram that Lida was sick with diphtheria. I sat up nights with her for eleven days."

"No 'bad after effects, I hope?" inquired Thorpe.

"She died," said Radway simply.

CHAPTER IX.

RADWAY," said he suddenly, "I need money, and I need it bad. I think you ought to get something out of this job of the M. & D.—not much, but something. Will you give me a share of what I can collect from them?"

"Sure!" agreed the jobber readily, with a laugh. "Sure! But you won't get anything. I'll give you 10 per cent quick!"

"Good enough!" cried Thorpe. "Now, when we get to town I want your power of attorney and a few figures, after which I will not bother you again."

The next day the young man called for the second time at the little red painted office under the shadow of the mill and for the second time stood before the bulky power of the junior member of the firm.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" asked the latter.

"I have been informed," said Thorpe without preliminary, "that you intend to pay John Radway nothing for the work done in the Cass branch this winter. Is that true?"

Daly studied his antagonist meditatively. "If it is true what is it to you?" he asked at length.

"I am acting in Mr. Radway's interest."

"You are one of Radway's men?"

"Yes."



The mill owner leaped to his feet

"In what capacity have you been working for him?"

"Cant hook man," replied Thorpe briefly.

"I see," said Daly slowly. Then suddenly, with an intensity of energy that startled Thorpe, he cried: "Now, you get out of here! Right off! Quick!"

The young man recognized the compelling and autocratic boss addressing a member of the crew.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" he replied, with a flash of fire.

The mill owner leaped to his feet. Thorpe did not wish to bring about an actual scene of violence. He had attained his object, which was to fluster the other.

[Continued on Page 7.]

The Time-table of the Rangeley Lakes Steamboat Company will appear in this space early in May.

H. H. FIELD, Gen. Man,
Phillips, Maine.

First-Class Livery.

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.

TRANSPORTATION

Sandy River Railroad.

Time-Table in Effect December 19, 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
South Strong,.....			
Strong,ar	P. M.	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	7.50	9.10	1.50
South Strong,.....			
Farmington,.....ar	8.20	10.00	2.20

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

Franklin & Megantic Railway.

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

Time Table in Effect December 19, 1904.

SOUTH.	A. M.	P. M.
Bigelow, lv	11 00	2 00
Carrabassett, ar	11 20	2 25
Kingfield, (ar	11 45	3 00
lv	7 00	7 05
*N. Freeman, lv	7 05	12 55
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	7 36	
Salem, ar	7 20	7 45
*Summit, lv	7 22	8 35
*W. Freeman, lv	7 35	1 25
Strong, ar	7 45	9 05
NORTH.	A. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv	8 15	10 00
*W. Freeman, lv	8 25	5 17
*Summit, lv	8 35	10 30
Salem, ar	8 40	10 35
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	8 45	10 40
*No. Freeman, lv	8 50	5 45
Kingfield, (ar	9 00	11 30
lv	9 15	12 00
Carrabassett, ar	9 45	12 35
Bigelow, ar	10 15	1 05
*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.		

Phillips & Rangeley and Eustis Railroads.

SETH M. CARTER, Receiver.

Time-Table, March 20, 1905.

The only all-rail line to Rangeley. The shortest, quickest and easiest route to all points in the Dead River region.

No. 1 A. M.	Lv	Boston E. Div. W. Div.	Ar	No. 2 P. M.
9 00				9 05
12 40		Portland	Lv	6 00
4 40		Farmington		2 25
		Phillips	Lv	1 30
5 30		Phillips	Ar	A. M.
6 00		Madrid	Ar	11 00
6 02		*Madrid Junction	Lv	10 25
6 10		*Reed's Mill		10 15
6 20		*Sanders Mill		10 05
6 50		Redington		9 40
7 10		Eustis Junction		9 20
7 15		*Dead River Station		9 15
7 30	Ar	Rangeley	Lv	9 00

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

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor.

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.

D. F. FIELD, J. C. WILLIAMS,
G. P. & T. A. Supt.

Portland & Rumford Falls Railway

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, 6.25 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 Railroad.

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 6.00 a. m. and Bangor at 3.15 p. m. Sleeping Car on train leaving Caribou 1.10 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. Katalind Iron Works 9.50 a. m. Millinocket 10.25 a. m. Patten 11.50 a. m. Ashland 2.15 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 9.17 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 6.03 p. m. Sherman 6.54 p. m. Patten 7.25 p. m. Houlton 8.15 p. m. Mars Hill and Blaine 9.25 p. m. Presque Isle 9.57 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 6.20 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 3.35 p. m. Guilford 4.50 p. m. Dover 5.08 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. 43 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 Pass. and Ticket Agent.
W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.
Bangor, Me., October 8, 1904.

Legislative News.

Senate.

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An act to amend Chapter 257 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the protection of deer on the island of Mt. Desert.

An act to regulate fishing in Sokokis lake, so-called, in the town of Limerick, also its tributaries, and in Long and West ponds in Parsonsfield, in the county of York.

FINALLY PASSED.

An act to prohibit fishing in Breakneck brook and its tributaries, situated partly in the towns of Sebago and Baldwin, county of Cumberland. (On motion of Mr. Clark of Hancock this was tabled.)

An act to regulate fishing in the Rangeley chain of lakes, so-called, in the counties of Franklin and Oxford.

An act to close the tributaries of Big Concord pond, in the town of Woodstock, Oxford county.

Papers from the house disposed of in concurrence.

An act providing for a bounty on bears in Franklin county. (On motion by Mr. Furbish of Franklin this bill took its second reading under suspension of the rules, and was passed to be engrossed.)

FINALLY PASSED.

Resolve in favor of M. H. Hodgdon, clerk, stenographer and messenger to the committee on inland fisheries and game.

On motion of Mr. Heselton of Kennebec, Resolve in favor of a feeding station for the Sebago Lake Fish hatchery, was tabled and assigned for tomorrow morning.

Papers from the house passed in concurrence.

An act to regulate the taking of white perch and black bass in Whitney and Hogan ponds in the county of Oxford, and also Phipps pond in the county of Androscoggin. (On motion of Mr. Furbish of Franklin the bill took its several readings under suspension of the rules, and was passed to be engrossed.)

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An act to organize the plantation of Sandy River in the county of Franklin, state of Maine.

An act to amend paragraph 6, entitled "Oxford County" of Section 3 of Chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to fishing in the Magalloway river and its tributaries.

An act to amend Section 1 of Chapter 301 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the protection of deer in the counties of York, Sagadahoc, Waldo, Lincoln and Kennebec.

An act to regulate the taking of white perch and black bass in Whitney and Hogan ponds in the county of Oxford, also of Tripp pond in Androscoggin county.

House.

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An act to extend the close time on caribou and amend Chapter 32 of the Revised Statutes, relating to inland fisheries and game.

FINALLY PASSED.

Resolve in favor of M. H. Hodgdon, clerk, stenographer and messenger to the committee on inland fisheries and game.

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An act to regulate fishing in the Rangeley chain of lakes, so-called, in the counties of Franklin and Oxford.

An act to extend the close time on deer on Swan's island, Hancock county.

An act to prohibit fishing in Breakneck brook and its tributaries, situated partly in the towns of Sebago and Baldwin, county of Cumberland.

An act to close the tributaries of Big Concord pond in the town of Woodstock, Oxford county.

An act to amend Chapter 257 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the protection of deer on the island of Mt. Desert.

An act to regulate fishing in Sokokis lake, so-called, in the town of Limerick, also its tributaries, and in Long and West ponds in Parsonsfield, in the county of York.

An act to organize the plantation of Sandy River in the county of Franklin, state of Maine.

An act providing for a bounty on bears in Franklin county.

Mr. Weatherbee from the committee on legal affairs, reported in a new draft bill, An act to amend Section 2 of Chapter 211 of the Private and Special Laws of 1905, relating to the Bangor Municipal court and that it ought to pass. (Tabled for printing under the joint rules.)

An act to amend Paragraph 6 entitled "Oxford county," of Section 3 of Chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to fishing in the Magalloway river and its tributaries.

An act to regulate the taking of white perch and black bass in Whitney and Hogan ponds in the county of Oxford and Tripp pond in the county of Androscoggin.

TO SEIZE GAME WITHOUT WARRANTS.

On motion of Senator Shaw of Sagadahoc the bill which provides for the seizure of fish and game unlawfully killed, by warden without warrants, was passed to be engrossed.

Information Wanted.

If parties having cottages to rent for the summer at the sea shore and on interior lakes and rivers, will so inform the management of the Maine Central railroad we think they will find it to their advantage as the company is receiving inquiries every day for information of this kind.

Raised Seven Healthy Children

Mrs. C. A. Treadwell, of Naples, Me., writes:—

I have raised seven children to manhood and womanhood, keeping them well by using the True "L. F." Bitters. I find them a sure and excellent remedy for worms, with which so many children are tormented.

"L. F." Atwood's Bitters taken in doses according to age and condition mean health at any time of life. 35 cents a bottle at all good stores.

THE BLAZED TRAIL.

[Continued from Page 6.]

"I have Radway's power of attorney," he added.

Daly sat down, controlled himself with an effort and growled out, "Why didn't you say so?"

"Now, I would like to know your position," went on Thorpe. "I am not here to make trouble, but as an associate of Mr. Radway I have a right to understand the case. Of course I have his side of the story," he suggested, as though convinced that a detailing of the other side might change his views.

Daly considered carefully, fixing his flint blue eyes unswervingly on Thorpe's face. Evidently his scrutiny advised him that the young man was a force to be reckoned with.

"It's like this," he said abruptly: "We contracted last fall with this man Radway to put in 5,000,000 feet of our timber, delivered to the main drive at the mouth of the Cass branch. In this he was to act independently, except as to the matter of provisions. Those he drew from our van and was debited with the amount of the same. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," replied Thorpe. "In return we were to pay him, merchantable scale, \$4 a thousand. If, however, he failed to put in the whole job the contract was void."

"That's how I understand it," commented Thorpe. "Well?"

"Well, he didn't get in the 5,000,000. There's a million and a half hung up in the woods."

"But you have in your hands three million and a half, which under the present arrangement you get free of any charge whatever."

"And we ought to get it," cried Daly. "Great guns! Here we intend to saw this summer and quit. We want to get in every stick of timber we own so as to be able to clear out of here for good and all at the close of the season, and now this condemned jobber ties us up for a million and a half."

"It is exceedingly annoying," conceded Thorpe, "and it is a good deal of Radway's fault. I am willing to admit, but it's your fault too."

"To be sure," replied Daly, with the accent of sarcasm.

"You had no business entering into any such contract. It gave him no show."

"I suppose that was mainly his lookout, wasn't it? And, as I already told you, we had to protect ourselves."

"You should have demanded security for the completion of the work. Under your present agreement, if Radway got in the timber, you were to pay him a fair price. If he didn't, you appropriated everything he had already done. In other words, you made him a bet."

"I don't care what you call it," answered Daly, who had recovered his good humor in contemplation of the security of his position. "The fact stands all right."

"It does," said Thorpe unexpectedly. "and I'm glad of it. Now, let's examine a few figures. You owned 5,000,000 feet of timber, which at the price of stumpage" (standing trees) "was worth \$10,000."

"Well?"

"You come out at the end of the season with three million and a half of saw logs, which with the \$4 worth of logging added are worth \$21,000."

"Hold on!" cried Daly. "We paid Radway \$4. We could have done it ourselves for less."

"You could not have done it for one cent less than four-twenty in that country," replied Thorpe, "as an expert will testify."

"Why did we give it to Radway at four then?"

"You saved the expense of a salaried overseer and yourselves some bother," replied Thorpe. "Radway could do it for less because, for some strange reason which you yourself do not understand, a jobber can always log for less than a company."

"We could have done it for four," insisted Daly stubbornly. "But get on. What are you driving at? My time's valuable."

"Well, put her at four, then," agreed Thorpe. "That makes your saw logs worth over \$20,000. Of this value Radway added \$13,000. You have appropriated that much of his without paying him one cent."

Daly seemed amused. "How about the million and a half feet of ours he appropriated?" he asked quietly.

"I'm coming to that. Now for your losses. At the stumpage rate your million and a half which Radway 'appropriated' would be only three thousand. But for the sake of argument we'll take the actual sum you'd have received for saw logs. Even then the million and a half would only have been worth between eight and nine thousand. Deducting this purely theoretical loss Radway has occasioned you from the amount he has gained for you, you are still some four or five thousand ahead of the game. For that you paid him nothing."

"That's Radway's lookout."

"In justice you should pay him that amount. He is a poor man. He has sunk all he owned in this venture, some \$12,000, and he has nothing to live on. Even if you pay him five thousand, he has lost considerable, while you have gained."

"How have we gained by this bit of philanthropy?"

"Because you originally paid in cash for all that timber on the stump just \$10,000, and you get from Radway saw logs to the value of \$20,000," replied Thorpe sharply. "Besides, you still own the million and a half which, if you do not care to put them in yourself, you can sell for something on the skids."

"Don't you know, young man, that white pine logs on skids will spoil utterly in a summer? Worms get into 'em."

"I do," replied Thorpe, "unless you bark them, which process will cost you about \$1 a thousand. You can find any amount of small purchasers at reduced price. You can sell them easily at \$3. That nets you for your million and a half a little over \$4,000 more. Under the circumstances I do not think that my request for five thousand is at all exorbitant."

Daly laughed. "You are a shrewd figurer, and your remarks are interesting," said he.

"Will you give \$5,000?" asked Thorpe. "I will not," replied Daly; then, with a sudden change of humor: "And now I'll do a little talking. I've listened to you just about as long as I'm going to. I have Radway's contract in that safe, and I live up to it. I'll thank you to go plumb to blazes!"

"That's your last word, is it?" asked Thorpe, rising.

"It is."

"Then," said he slowly and distinctly. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I intend to collect in full the \$4 a thousand for the three millions and a half Mr. Radway has delivered to you. In return Mr. Radway will purchase of you at the stumpage rates of \$2 a thousand the million and a half he failed to put in. That makes a bill against you. If my figuring is correct, of just \$11,000. You will pay that bill, and I will tell you why. Your contract will be classed in any court as a gambling contract for lack of consideration. You have no legal standing in the world. I call your bluff, Mr. Daly, and I'll fight you from the drop of the hat through every court in Christendom."

"Fight ahead," advised Daly sweetly, who knew perfectly well that Thorpe's law was faulty. As a matter of fact, the young man could have collected on other grounds, but neither was aware of that.

"Furthermore," pursued Thorpe in addition, "I'll repeat my offer before witnesses, and if I win the first suit I'll sue you for the money we could have made by purchasing the extra million and a half before it had a chance to spoil."

This statement had its effect, for it forced an immediate settlement before the pine on the skids should deteriorate. Daly lounged back with a little more deadly carelessness.

"And, lastly," concluded Thorpe, playing his trump card, "the suit from start to finish will be published in every important paper in this country. If you do not believe I have the influence to do this you are at liberty to doubt the fact."

Daly was cogitating many things. He knew that publicity was the last thing to be desired. Thorpe's statement had been made in view of the fact that much of the business of a lumber firm is done on credit. He thought that perhaps a rumor of a big suit going against the firm might weaken confidence. As a matter of fact, this consideration had no weight whatever with the older man, although the threat of publicity actually gained for Thorpe what he demanded. The lumberman feared the noise of an investigation solely and simply because his firm, like so many others, was engaged at the time in stealing government timber in the upper peninsula. He did not call it stealing, but that was what it amounted to. Thorpe's shot in the air hit full.

"I think we can arrange a basis of settlement," he said finally. "Be here tomorrow morning at 10 with Radway."

"Very well," said Thorpe.

"By the way," remarked Daly, "I don't believe I know your name."

"Thorpe," was the reply.

"Well, Mr. Thorpe," said the lumberman, with cold anger, "if at any time there is anything within my power or influence that you want I'll see that you don't get it."

The whole affair was finally compromised for \$9,000. Radway, grateful beyond expression, insisted on Thorpe's acceptance of an even thousand, and with this money in hand the latter felt justified in taking a vacation for the purpose of visiting his sister.

For the purposes he had in view \$500 would be none too much. The remaining \$500 he had resolved to invest in his sister's comfort and happiness. He had thought the matter over and had gradually evolved what seemed to him an excellent plan. He had already perfected it by correspondence with Mrs. Renwick. It was, briefly, this: He, Thorpe, would at once hire a servant girl, who would make anything but supervision unnecessary in so small a household. The remainder of the money he had already paid for a year's tuition in the seminary of the town. Thus Helen gained her leisure and an opportunity for study and still retained her home in case of reverse.

Thorpe found his sister already a young lady. After the first day of

meeting had passed they sat side by side on the haircloth sofa and took stock of each other.

Helen had developed from the school child to the woman. She was a handsome girl, possessed of a slender, well rounded form and deep hazel eyes, with the level gaze of her brother, although a figure rather aloof, a face rather impassive, but with the possibility of passion and emotion and a will to back them.

"Oh, but you're tanned and—big!" she cried, kissing her brother. "You've had such a strange winter, haven't you?"

"Yes," he replied absently. "Things came a little better than I thought they were going to toward the last, and I made a little money."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. "Was it much?"

"No, not much," he answered. The actual figures would have been so much better. "I've made arrangements with Mrs. Renwick to hire a servant girl, so you will have all your time free, and I've paid a year's tuition for you in the seminary."

"Oh," said the girl, and fell silent.

After a time, "Thank you very much, Harry dear," then, after another interval, "I think I'll go get ready for supper."

Instead of getting ready for supper she paced excitedly up and down her room.

"Oh, why didn't he say what he was about?" she cried to herself. "Why didn't he? Why didn't he?"

The days, however, passed in the main pleasantly for them both. They were fond of one another. The barrier slowly rising between them was not yet cemented by lack of affection on either side, but rather by lack of belief in the other's affection. Helen imagined Thorpe's interest in her becoming daily more perfunctory. Thorpe fancied his sister cold, unreasonable and ungrateful. And yet this was but the vague dust of a cloud. They could not forget that but for each other they were alone in the world. Thorpe delayed his departure from day to day, making all the preparations he possibly could at home.

Finally Helen came on him busily unpacking a box which a dray had left at the door. He unwound and laid one side a Winchester rifle, a variety of fishing tackle and some other miscellanies of the woodsman. Helen was struck by the beauty of the sporting implements.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried. "Aren't they fine? What are you going to do with them?"

"Going camping," replied Thorpe, with his head in excelsior.

"When?"

"This summer."

Helen's eyes lit up with a fire of de-

[To be Continued.]

TRADE NOTES.

Caution to Purchasers of Winchester Guns.

We find Winchester Repeating rifles and shotguns are being offered by certain of the trade, not customers of ours, at cut prices, and that such guns have been altered since leaving the factory, including the changing and obliteration of the factory serial numbers.

Not knowing to what further extent these arms have been tampered with, we take this opportunity of advising the public in general that we assume no responsibility whatever connected with any such arms, and caution all buyers to see that the numbers have not been changed or obliterated.

All genuine Winchester Repeating rifles and shotguns are numbered and all Winchester Single Shot rifles are numbered, except the Models 1900, 1902, 1904, and the Thumb Trigger Model.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

Averages Reported.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 25 and 26, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 342 out of 360, shooting DuPont. H. C. Hirschy, 2d general average, 326 out of 370, shooting DuPont. J. R. Graham of Ingleside, Ill., 1st amateur average and 3d general average, 323 out of 360, shooting New E. C. (Improved).

Spirit Lake, Iowa, March 1st, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 190 out of 200, shooting DuPont. Russell Klein of Spirit Lake, 1st amateur average and 2d general average, 182 out of 200, shooting DuPont.

Hellam, Pa., March 2, J. M. Hawkins, 1st general average, 188 out of 200, shooting DuPont. N. M. McSherry of York, Pa., 1st amateur and 2d general averages, 183 out of 200, shooting DuPont. L. J. Squier, 3d general, 182 out of 200, shooting DuPont. Andy Somers of Delta, Pa., 2d amateur average, 170 out of 200, shooting DuPont. C. W. Sechrist of Shrewsbury, Pa., 3d amateur average, 166 out of 200, shooting DuPont.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 6 and 7, W. R. Crosby, 1st general average, 370 out of 400, shooting New E. C. (Improved). Frank Riehl, 2d general aver-

age, 355 out of 400, shooting New E. C. (Improved). Thomas A. Marshall, 3d general average, 350 out of 400, shooting DuPont. Ernest H. Tripp of Indianapolis, 1st amateur average, 345 out of 400, shooting DuPont. Gus Moller of Indianapolis, 2d amateur average, 302 out of 400, shooting DuPont.

Shrewsbury, Pa., March 7, J. M. Hawking and L. J. Squier, 1st general average, 188 out of 200, shooting DuPont. Neaf Apgar, 3d general average, 183 out of 200, shooting DuPont. C. W. Sechrist of Shrewsbury, Pa., 1st amateur average, 161 out of 200, shooting DuPont. N. M. McSherry of York, Pa., 2d amateur average, 160 out of 200, shooting DuPont. H. C. Krout of New Freedom, Pa., 3d amateur average, 153 out of 200, shooting DuPont.

Lakewood, N. J., March 11, J. S. Fanning, 1st general average, 141 out of 150, shooting Infalible.

Des Moines, Ia., at the Iowa State shoot, March 14-16, W. Heer of Concordia, Kan., 1st general average, 594 out of 600, an average of 99 percent, shooting New E. C. (Improved). Fred Gilbert, 2d general average, 590 out of 600, shooting DuPont. W. R. Crosby, 3d general average, 588 out of 600, shooting New E. C. (Improved). H. G. Taylor of Meckling, S. D., 1st amateur average, 581 out of 600, shooting New E. C. (Improved). On the 16th inst. both Mr. Heer and Mr. Gilbert broke the entire program for the day, 200 targets, not missing a single one. Mr. Heer's longest run for the tournament was 307. F. A. Weatherhead of Red Oak, Ia., won the L. C. Smith cup with 40 straight, using DuPont. W. D. Stannard of Chicago won the cup for the Expert Average to be shot off for by those who broke 94 percent or better during the tournament, with 50 straight shooting DuPont. Mr. Heer and Mr. Crosby were second with 49 each, shooting New E. C. (Improved). C. B. Adams of Rockwell City, Ia., won the Second Average cup for the 90 percent to 94 percent men, breaking 47 out of 50 shooting Infalible. F. H. Lord of Chicago won the cup for those who shot below 90 percent, breaking 42 out of 50, shooting DuPont and E. C. The Handicap Event for the Iowa State Sportsmen's association badge was won by U. W. Layman of Des Moines, Ia., 48 out of 50 from the 19 yard mark, shooting New Schultz and tied with Fred Gilbert who stood at 22 yards. On the shoot-off at 25 targets Mr. Layman broke 23 to Mr. Gilbert's 22. Mr. Gilbert had a run of 157 straight, Mr. Crosby one of 147 and W. D. Stannard one of 104.

ITS MERIT IS PROVED

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Cincinnati Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, and thinking people generally.



Mrs. Sara Wilson

The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvelous results among sick and ailing women.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "About nine months ago I was a great sufferer with womb trouble, which caused me severe pain, extreme nervousness and frequent headaches, from which the doctor failed to relieve me. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and within a short time felt better, and after taking five bottles of it I was entirely cured. I therefore heartily recommend your Compound as a splendid uterine tonic. It makes the monthly periods regular and without pain; and what a blessing it is to find such a remedy after so many doctors fail to help you. I am pleased to recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. Sara Wilson, 31 East 3d Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you have suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, flooding, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, some derangement of the uterus or ovarian trouble. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Prize Fish.

As a guide, the best and most companionable fishermen I have ever met have been doctors. They are always good fishermen if they are good doctors. Their business brings them so constantly in touch with the human side of life that they have learned patience, forbearance, and seem to have the proper appreciation of everything. For good humane thoughts and ideas, for an impartial outlook upon human nature and upon natural causes and effects, and the qualities that make a good fisherman, I would put a good family physician against all others.

Last summer it was my good fortune to fish with a doctor about two weeks. He was a state of Maine man and came from a locality where hunting and fishing are central locations. To him the fishing was only incidental to his being at the Rangeley lakes, for he was in company with an invalid who furnished him with a guide and insisted on his enjoying himself. This invalid, though not a doctor, was the right sort, but he was not much of a fisherman.

Fishing was poor. There were many small ones and any day we could catch a bunch of them; but we did not care a cent for the little ones. The Doctor cared no more for them than did I; so we got on together very well. It was a pleasant pastime and there was always a chance of getting a big one. To add to the interest of the sport the man offered a large cash prize to the guide who landed the largest fish. The Doctor wanted me to get the prize. There was only one other guide to compete with, and as the man did not go fishing very much, I thought I stood more than an equal chance of getting it.

The man was a lucky genius. One day I saw him haul in a 3-pound salmon on a hand line, hand over hand, and throw it roughly into the boat. By similar rude work and good luck he managed to keep ahead of the Doctor and myself the first week.

One evening, after an unusually hard day, the Doctor and I headed for the hotel, about a mile away. We were apparently the last boat to go in, having been detained on account of some quite heavy strikes near a certain place. This was the last trip over the ground, for we knew dinner had been long since waiting.

The wind that had been very tiresome all day suddenly abated; leaving the lake smooth but rolling. The sun had just disappeared behind the hills, crimsoning the western sky, and promising a fair day on the morrow. Suddenly the Doctor's rod swept backward with a violent swish, and he struck vigorously and then let the reel spin.

There's something worth while!" I exclaimed.

At the same moment a salmon appeared and rushed along the surface like a wounded duck, splashing the water in a very strange and unusual manner. It went down and the line soon swept away to one side. I reeled in the other line, for we were using two rods, then attended to the oars.

As a rule I do not row after a fish is well hooked, unless it runs toward the boat or the fisherman requests me to do so, for I can see no use in towing them around. So I sat still and let them work. Before very long the salmon was directly under the boat and down about 40 feet, as near as we could judge. It was no doubt as near the bottom as it could get. Gradually the Doctor worked it up near the surface, until only some ten feet of line was out; then with a great rush it dashed away, taking a lot of line, and again sought the bottom. The performance was repeated at regular intervals for more than half an hour. Several times the salmon sprang into the air, but in such a way as not to give us much of an idea of its size.

The day was fast fading and there were some things that we were unable to see that made the situation awkward. The line on the reel might pile up on one side, or it might get twisted around the handle, in which case there was not light enough to aid much in handling it. I could not see the knot where the line and leader was connected, consequently it was a matter of guesswork just how near in the salmon was.

An owl in the near by woods began hooting merrily and seemed to be either cheering us or the salmon.

I suppose we used more time than was necessary, because we were especially careful not to lose it. Finally it came to the surface. Its tail and dorsal fin showed in the sheen toward the sunset and the line could be seen indicating where its head was. Ye gods, what a fish! It was 30 inches long if it was a foot and the tail looked to be as wide as the blade of an oar.

I stood up and wet the landing net. It was a big one, intended for just such

work. Slowly and steadily the Doctor towed the fish toward me, until almost within reach, when with a great splash it disappeared; but the screech of the reel assured me that the connections were still intact. Again it came to the surface and was towed toward me. It was evidently getting tired and would hold out but little longer. I got the net below, it this time and raised it swiftly, and the salmon fell inside and was safe. I brought it to the boat and hoisted it aboard. Then we looked about us. It was pitch dark, so to speak, and our absence at the hotel might well be causing alarm, so we hurried in as fast as possible.

When we got in we examined and weighed the salmon. It turned out to be a racer—one of the long, dark colored fellows, with enormous head and fins, but with a slender body. It was long enough to have weighed 10 pounds, but instead it only weighed 6 1-2. It held the record, however, for several days. But one day, while I was out with a picnic party, another guide went out to row the Doctor, and in less than 20 minutes had hooked a salmon which they eventually landed, that beat mine by more than two pounds. That's the way it goes—fisherman's luck.—D. E. Heywood in Shooting and Fishing.

Can't Take Home Ten of These Birds.

An exchange, speaking of the bird refuge on Maneskooutuk island, owned by that well-known and thoroughly sportsmanlike Philadelphian, Frederick Dickson, says there is an island in Rangeley lake owned by an attorney in Philadelphia named Dickson, where the ruffed grouse is almost as tame as Plymouth rocks. There was good shooting on this island before it passed to the ownership of Mr. Dickson, but gunning there now is not permitted. Very soon the ruffed grouse discovered that the island was a place of safety, and thither they winged their way from the mainland to drum and mate and bring up their families in the spring, until they multiplied and became so grateful for kindness shown them that now in summer they frequently appear on the piazza of the Dickson cottage, looking for crumbs or sprinklings of grain. A year or so ago a big cock partridge followed one of Mr. Dickson's workmen to the upstairs part of the boathouse and was neither frightened nor offended when picked up by the men and placed on the ground outside.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Dog's Mistake

A clown had a bulldog over whom he smeared a lot of paste and then covered him from head to feet with feathers. It made a very funny looking fellow of the dog, and everybody went to the circus to see him. They sold many pictures of themselves, and when the people put the money on the stage the clown would pick it up and keep it to buy food for them both and pay their board.

"Why should the clown take the money?" said the dog to himself. "I



THEY SOLD MANY PICTURES.

am the show, and I should have all the money I make."

So he bit the clown on the leg and sent him home howling with pain.

Then the dog waited for people to come and buy his pictures. They came and took his pictures, but instead of paying for them left the show without giving any money. The dog barked at them, but his chain was so short he could not bite them, and they simply laughed at him.

While the dog was pondering on his hard lot the clown came back with a club and cracked him over the head. The next day there was another dog in the show.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WHERE TO GO FISHING.

Ask MAINE WOODS Information Bureau for circulars and particulars, Phillips, Me.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Aroostook County.

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

Via OXBOW, ME.
Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. Allegash trips a specialty. Address, Arbo & Libby, Oxbow, Me.

Franklin County.

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

RANGELEY LAKES, ME.



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 are 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 pleasant. Hunters find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock in the woods near by. Send for 1905 booklet to L. E. Bowley, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.

Round Mountain Lake Camps. Located in the heart of the Maine woods, 10 miles from Eustis. Best of trout fishing at all times, both lake and stream. Fine hunting, large and small game. Detached log cabins, open fires.

Round Mountain Lake Camps, Dion O. Blackwell, Mgr., Eustis, Franklin County, Me. New York office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

WELD, ME.

"Enrekki." The best place in Maine for fishing. Trout, salmon and bass. Send for booklet. The Maples, F. W. Drew, Mgr., Weld, 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.

Green's Farm is headquarters at the entrance to the Dead River region. Trains run 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, Prop'r, Coplin, Me.

STRATTON, ME.

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 buckboard road. Deer are seen daily from camp doors. Small game is abundant. Fishing cannot be excelled anywhere. First-class accommodations for ladies. Ed Grant & Sons.

NEAR RANGELEY.

Point Pleasant. Stop and consider. This is a nice place to spend a summer vacation. For rates and particulars correspond with Hinkley & Roberts, Rangeley, Me.

ON PHILLIPS & RANGELEY RAILROAD.

Redington Camps and Cottages. Good accommodations, with best fishing and hunting. One minute's walk from Redington station. Write for circular. J. F. Hough, Prop'r, P. O. Rangeley, Me.

SKINNER, ME.

Log Cabin Retreat. Finest fishing and deer hunting in Maine. Send for circular. Log Cabin Retreat, Skinner, Me.

PHILLIPS, ME.
Phillips Hotel. Carriage meets all trains. Good fishing. C. A. Mahoney, Prop'r.



HAINES LANDING, ME.
Mooselookmeguntic House offers excellent accommodations to sportsmen. It is in close proximity to the best fishing lake offers. No hay fever. Address from Nov. until May, Theo. L. Page, Prop., Senate Cafe, Washington, D. C. After May 1, Haines Landing, Me.

RANGELEY, LAKE.

Munyon's Springs. The most beautiful spot in Maine. W. W. Smith, Mgr., Rangeley, Me.

AT FARMINGTON.

The Stoddard House is delightfully located for those wishing to spend the vacation among the hills and near good fishing and hunting. Write for particulars. W. H. McDonald, Prop'r., Farmington, Me.

Via RANGELEY.

Kennebago Lake House on the shore of Kennebago Lake. One of the best fishing sections. Good fishing every day in the season. Excellent accommodations. Address, Richardson Bros., Proprietors, Kennebago, Me.

DEAD RIVER REGION.

The New Shaw House, Eustis, Maine, a modern hotel and open to sportsmen. No better hunting anywhere. There are about 40 rooms. Correspondence solicited. A. B. Sargent, Eustis, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.

Tim Pond Camps. Situated in the Dead River Region, 2,000 feet above the sea level. In the heart of Maine's best fishing ground. Write for further particulars to Julian K. Viles, Eustis, Me.

Via RANGELEY.

York's Camps, Loon Lake. Ten Ponds. Trout, Salmon, Birds, Deer, Canoeing, Bathing, etc. A postal brings illustrated booklet. J. Lewis York, Prop'r., Rangeley, Me.

FOUR MILES FROM RANGELEY.

Whorl's Camps, Dead River Pond. P. O. Address, Rangeley, Me. Send for circular.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Kennebec County.

BELGRADE LAKES, ME.
The Belgrade. Best sportsman's hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world. Chas. A. Hill & Son, Managers.

So. SMITHFIELD, ME.
North Pond Camps. Situated on one of the seven famous Belgrade Lakes. Bass and trout fishing unexcelled. Log cabins with open stone fireplaces, and camps connected with large farm of 300 acres. New booklet for 1905 just out. Send for one. Edw. W. Clement, So. Smithfield, Me.

MERCER, ME.
Cottages to Rent on the Belgrade lakes, all furnished at low rates. Nice sandy beach. Address, J. Littlefield, Mercer, Me. Telephone connections.

Somerset County.

JACKMAN, ME., P. O.
Gerard's Camps on Little Spencer Waters of Big Spencer Lake. The place to come for trout and toge. Good camps, good Rangeley boats and good trails to all of the outlying ponds. Good fishing in the big lake in front of the cabins as soon as the ice goes out. Come early and see for yourselves. Thomas Gerard, Prop'r., Jackman, Me.

Via BINGHAM.
Carry Ponds Camps. Write me for information before deciding where to go for a fishing trip or an outing. Fine fly fishing at these camps. Only two hours' walk to Pierce Pond where the large salmon are taken. Special attention given to families during the summer months. Henry J. Lane, Bingham, Me.

Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.
The Birchies. Come here for your fall hunting. Frank H. Ball.

New Hampshire.

RANGELEY LAKES.
Lakeside House, on Umbagog, a most picturesque retreat, charming scenery, beautiful drives, excellent boating, good fishing. Send for booklet. E. H. Davis, Proprietor, Lakeside, N. H.

His First Experience.

[Continued from page 5.]

and brought them here. The commissioners heard of it and came in to see them, they trapped several taking them to the sportsman's show at New York. The commissioners studied all winter to find the scientific name of this breed and wound up with brain fever as a result of their failure. In the spring when the young were found they all had tails. The commissioners had a relapse which terminated in bilious colic.

The next morning after breakfast the Esquire surprised John by stating he was ready to return. "You see my white shirt is much soiled and I also need shaving. After calling yesterday and seeing how they were dressed for this camp life I see my clothes are much out of place, as I have no tackle and care little for fishing I think we better arrange to land at the hotel tonight. I have enjoyed this novel experience very much, but I am feeling uncomfortable for the need of a cleaning up."

"Well Esquire just as you say, it won't take us long to go back, as we shall have the current with us."

Putting things in order they were soon on their way down the lake and entered the stream where they felt the influence of the current. On they went past leaning trees, huge boulders, high banks and marshy meadows, around sharp bends, by strangled vines and wild flowers. It was like a panorama as the various objects unfolded to view as they sped along.

For an hour or so their courses in the stream had been uninterrupted, when suddenly as they neared the quick water the boat shot to one side close to the bank. John reached for an overhanging bush and held fast.

The Esquire had learned from custom to keep silent, which he did. Presently John whispered, "There is an old bear and two cubs in the stream just at the foot of the quick water, it might not be well for us to run suddenly on them, as we should do in this quick water, so I will drop the boat down stream until you can see them. When they were in sight John held the boat and they watched the play. Being warm and sultry they had found a cool place where the cubs delighted to frolic in the water. After watching them for a time, John gave a shout and waved his hat. Then the old bear gave the warning of danger and they all made for the woods. Nothing unusual occurred for the rest of the way and they reached the hotel in good time.

The next morning being Saturday, the Esquire told John he did not care to go out as he had his mail and papers to read up. "In that case I will go home and report Monday morning." "That will be all right John."

Sunday afternoon the Esquire learned that there was a path cut to the top of the mountain starting in a little way from the hotel. He at once decided to make the ascent. Being warned it was rather late in the day to start and that it was a three mile walk and part of the way quite steep he was advised to wait and start earlier in the day, but no, his mind was made up to go now, he had never been to the summit of a mountain so was impatient to start. When it came six o'clock he had not returned, seven o'clock and no signs;

then word was sent around to all the camps and hotels. Several parties were instituted with lanterns, horns and bells starting out from different locations, being out most of the night, with no tidings of the missing man. In the morning word was sent to Rangeley and a large company of men were soon on the trail leading over the mountain, all looking for the lost man. Not until about three o'clock in the afternoon did two men find him. He was sitting on the ground at the base of a high ledge, almost hidden by the brakes that grew about him. He was bareheaded, his clothes were torn and he could give no account of himself as his mind was deranged; he did not notice the men.

He was much debilitated and it was with difficulty he was removed to the hotel. After several days of absolute quiet he was able to be about. All the account he could give of himself was, "I reached the summit all right and traveled around what I cared to, but when ready to return I could not find the path I came up, everything looked alike. I had no idea from which way I came, so I started down through the woods wandering about until dark, after that everything is a blank until I found myself here in bed."

The affair caused quite a little stir about the neighborhood and all parties were accompanied with a guide who made the ascent, for a long time afterwards.

John called on the Esquire one morning after his recovery informing him he had learned of his experience as a mountain climber. I was much surprised, Esquire, that a man of your years and education should commit such a rash act as to start for the top of that mountain at sundown alone.

"I dare say John you think me downright stupid, but if you and other guides were a little more thoughtful and had put a sign at the entrance of the path where it could be seen from the summit it would be appreciated." "There is one already Esquire. Didn't you see it. I don't mean a painted one with gilt letters, but one such as we make in the woods." "There is a sign? Why I saw nothing to indicate the path." "No, I calculate you didn't. Well, Esquire there are two spruces with the tops cut so as to lop over, the sun has dried them brown, they can be seen a long way; an experienced man in our business would know at once what it meant." "Well John you have taught me many things I shall never forget and I hope to come here again."

The Esquire fully recuperated after a time, remaining until the close of the season, when he returned home. He passed many an enjoyable evening the following winter with his friend, the Doctor, relating his experiences of his summer at Rangeley and his strange new life in company with John Jay, where two extremes in life had met.

F. C. BELCHER.

Camp and Hotel Printing.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1905 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. We know what you need for cuts. J. W. BRACKETT Co., MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

MAINE WOODS readers are requested to contribute items and articles about their experience 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.



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