

# MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVII. NO. 35.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1905.

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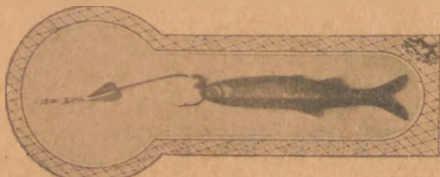
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New York.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE WISH to announce to the public that we have leased a large territory at the foot of Kennebago 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 Kennebago 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 South Rangeley 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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WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

### POLAND SPRING OPENING.

To Occur June 1st, 1905—Unique Endorsement of Poland Spring.

Beautiful are the designs of the Poland Spring house prospectus for 1905 and of the preliminary announcement of the opening on Thursday, June 1st, 1905.

This is the thirtieth season of the Poland Spring house and is sure to be its best.

A unique endorsement of the house occurred recently in the sermon of Rev. Minot J. Savage, of the church of the Messiah, New York, on March 17th, 1905.

Rev. Mr. Savage speaking of the significance of Lent said:

The most of us do not learn what is best for us, merely because we do not want to learn. Appetite gets the best of us; and so we are half our lives long inconvenienced by attacks of ill-health that are purely of our own designing. A man will eat twice as much as he ought to eat, he will do things that he ought not to do, he will drink twice as much as he ought to drink he will go without sleep, he will sit up and dissipate, play cards, go to concerts and operas, until he can hardly keep his eyes open; and then he rushes off for a rest and to recuperate, perhaps to Poland Springs. That is a good illustration; for it is a capital place to go under these conditions. The man cannot get anything to drink but water; and the water is wholesome. He follows the custom of the place, goes early to bed, gets up early, drinks his fill of water, leads a simple life, is much out of doors,

obeys the laws of his body, and goes back wonderfully recuperated; and the chances are that nine times out of ten he lays it all to the magic of Poland water, which has nothing to do with it except that it is a pure water to drink. It means that he has recuperated because he has been behaving himself for a while, and is feeling the benefit of it.

The new prospectus of Poland is one of the most beautiful pieces of printing that we have ever seen. The half tones are in olive tints. It is unsurpassed in scope and elegance by anything of its sort issued anywhere in the world.

### THE SAME OLD ROBINS.

This is Their Fourteenth Year at the Same Old Nest.

In the branches of a tree at the northerly side of the Portland Athletic Club is a robin's nest which has been there ever since the club was started 13 years ago. Every year two robins show up about this time and take possession. There are never but two and Professor Lee, athletic instructor, says they look the same to him. Not knowing how long the average robin lives he is not prepared to say that the robins are the pioneer pair who built the nest 13 years ago but if they are not he thinks they must be their offspring. Professor Lee was speculating with a member of the club as to the date when the robins would appear this year and he gave them until April 1. But on Thursday he happened to look at the nest and there they were. The industrious pair at once set about tinkering up the damages wrought upon the nest by the winter snows and winds.—Waterville Morning Sentinel

### Send Us Hunting Stories.

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

## Fish And Game Oddities.

### Salmon Twelve Times a Week.

On lake Champlain years ago salmon were so plentiful that it was the cheapest food imaginable. The result was that the residents had salmon pretty often, which resulted in some of the hired men getting a little sick of the regular diet of fish. This resulted in at least one very peculiar contract being made between a farm hand and his employer. The contract provided that salmon should not be furnished on the table oftener than twelve times a week.

### Camper Got Up.

A certain Maine man who used to go fishing at Sandy River ponds, was in the habit of lying in bed right through breakfast time. His two companions tried several plans to get him up at a reasonably early hour, but without success. Finally, one morning they adopted a particularly bright plan; they got breakfast ready and then took the lids off the stove and stepped out doors. They didn't say a word but the man above, slept in the room directly over the kitchen and the floor to his sleeping room was not very tight. The result was that the smoke woke him up very promptly and he came down stairs three steps at a bound, with a towel in his hands wiping his eyes vigorously.

### Miss Madelyn Shaw.

News has been received of the death of Madelyn Shaw, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Albert H. Shaw of Bath on March 22.

Miss Shaw, it seems, had been suffering from a slight attack of bronchitis since the Monday before but no alarm was felt even by those about her until the day before her death when she grew rapidly worse and her father was summoned from Augusta. He arrived on the 5.10 train, accompanied by Dr. Alfred Mitchell of Brunswick, but by the time they reached the sick room it was evident that the end was near. The girl did not recover consciousness and passed away peacefully before six o'clock.

The child was never strong and endured her sufferings patiently. The Bath Daily Times says:

In the frail body, however, a soul of the utmost strength and beauty grew up and endeared itself to all who came in contact with it. Always and to the utmost thoughtful of others, the child found her greatest happiness in doing generous things for her little playmates and all who were unfortunate.

She had an artistic gift and was a fond student of nature and she always found great pleasure in employing herself with giving expression to these talents, many pieces of her handiwork proving of rare beauty and artistic merits.

Naturally the parents loved this daughter with more than usual devotion and are heartbroken by the sudden separation. Their only consolation are the consciousness that nothing was left undone which could increase the pleasure of the child's brief life and the knowledge of the sympathy of the entire community in their great loss, particularly of those who came within the sweet influence of the child. Miss Shaw was the granddaughter of the late M. G. Shaw. Mr. A. H. Shaw, her father was a representative, at the last session of the legislature.

### Three Bear Cubs Captured.

People at the western station Friday afternoon, before the departure of the afternoon express for the west, saw a novel sight in a litter of bear cubs brought from Cherryfield by Mr Bridges of Dexter. The owner had the little fellows loose in a small box and they were as playful as puppies. They were the center of attraction in the smoking car.

The cubs were taken Thursday in township 10, near Cherryfield. The mother was killed by hunters and the little fellows captured. They are thought to be between two and three weeks old and were about the size of pups at the same age. Mr. Bridges was taking them to his home in Dexter where he will keep them for a time and then make some disposition of them. Hunters say it is unusual for a bear to have a litter of three cubs and also very early in the season.—Bangor Exchange.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

**WINCHESTER**

**Take-Down Repeating Shotguns**

The notion that one must pay from fifty dollars upwards in order to get a good shotgun has been pretty effectively dispelled since the advent of the Winchester Repeating Shotgun. These guns are sold within reach of almost everybody's purse. They are safe, strong, reliable and handy. When it comes to shooting qualities no gun made beats them. They are made in 12 and 16 gauge. Step into a gun store and examine one. FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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198-Page Tackle Catalogue on Receipt of 25 Cents.  
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### DON'T FORGET THE '05 EDITION,

Sportsmen's Guide Book

### "In The Maine Woods."

Bangor & Aroostook R. R.

192 pages, over 100 half-tone and color illustrations. Sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address Dept. L.

C. C. BROWN, G. P. & T. A.,  
Bangor, Maine.

### To Camp Owners.

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

J. W. BRACKETT Co.,  
Phillips, Maine.

## THE RANGELEY LAKES.

THE VACATION SEASON is not complete without a trip to this region.

THE RUMFORD FALLS LINE reaches direct and makes close connections with the steamers for all points on the Lakes.

THROUGH PULLMAN PARLOR CARS between Portland and Oquossoc during the Tourist Season.

Booklet and time table mailed upon application to

R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Manager, Portland, Maine.

To the fisherman, there is no music like the hum of the reel, no sport so rare as that of playing the

## Spotted Trout or Landlocked Salmon

TAKEN IN THE

## DEAD RIVER REGION OR

## THE RANGELEY LAKES,

and the many Hotels and Camps furnish excellent accommodations to all. Write for illustrated booklet to

F. N. BEAL, Phillips, Me.,  
Supt. S. R. R. R.

G. M. VOSE, Kingfield, Me.,  
Supt. F. & M. Ry.

## INFORMATION FREE.

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



## MARLIN REPEATING SHOT GUN

## NEW MODEL No. 17

12 GAUGE

The Cheapest Good Gun Yet Made!

It has a solid frame (not take-down) and a straight grip stock. It is made of the best material in every detail, is extremely clean, simple and light—weighs only 7 1-2 pounds. The workmanship and finish are perfect. Several improvements in the operating parts make it the easiest, most reliable and best working gun in existence. Barrels are especially bored for smokeless powder as well as black, and so chambered that 2 3-4 inch or 2 5-8 inch shells may be used. The barrels are full choked and using 1 1-4 ounces of No. 8 chilled shot are guaranteed to target better than 325 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards.

The omission of the take-down feature saves a number of pieces and enables us to offer the gun at a much lower price than any high-grade repeating shot gun has ever been regularly sold before. This model is up to the famous high Marlin standard in every respect.

Ask your dealer to show you—or send 3 stamps for catalogue and Marlin Experience Book—full of good-luck gun stories.

The MARLIN FIRE ARMS COMPANY

33 Willow Street  
New Haven, Conn.

## DEAD RIVER REGION NEWS.

## FISHING PROBABLY WILL BEGIN EARLIER THAN USUAL THIS YEAR.

Preparations Being Made By All of the Camp Owners and Some Will Build New Camps.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

EUSTIS, March 30, 1905.

The prospect is that the spring fishing will commence early in the Dead river region. By May 20th the trout will be rising to the fly in most of the lakes if the weather keeps warm, a few days more. The camp owners and hotel men are hustling things into shape for business which promises to be very good with the whole of them.

This has been an exceptionally good winter for game and partridges especially as there hasn't been any hard crust to prevent them diving into the snow. Most of the camp owners are planning on building additional cabins as soon as the logs will peel in good shape. At Round Mt. lake, there will be three built like their others, about as cozy as they can be.

## WHAT EXCHANGES SAY.

Woodland Longing.

[Lewiston Journal.]

Full of woodland longing was the talk of two veteran lumbermen, who met Tuesday, in a Brunswick office. "Just one more trip to the woods this season, that's what I'd like," said the older of the twain, in homesick voice. "When the drive breaks up; when the waters of Big Spencer and Little Spencer mingle and flow into Dead River; then I'd like to be there!" "Yes," interrupted the other, excitedly, "Do you remember the big jam at Ingin Pond? That was a sight! Why, when I was there, I saw trees 40 feet high, with their limbs broken off where the logs smashed against them, that day the big jam broke." When the call of the forest gets into the soul it is useless to resist and the chances are that these two lovers of the winds and waters will hark back to the wilderness, ere many moons have come and gone.

Effect of the Sturgis Bill.

(Boston Globe.)

Probably it isn't necessary to suggest to city sportsmen intending to go down to Maine this year, that if they really need it they will do well to take a bottle with them.

He'd Rather Carry Game.

[Bangor News.]

It was very thoughtful on the part of the Maine legislature to remove the penalty from the men who shall shoot or otherwise destroy vultures in Maine. This is a reform that has been needed for many years. Now let our lawmakers take off the protection from condors and ostriches and Bengal tigers. Hunters who go out for big game should not have to burden themselves too heavily with copies of the game laws. It is more agreeable to carry game.

## THE FIRST SPRING FISHING?

Landlocked Salmon and Square Tailed Trout, go to the

## RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE,

RANGELEY, MAINE.

Send for Illustrated Booklet, free.

RANGELEY LAKES HOTEL COMPANY, Rangeley, Maine.  
John B. Marble, President. Henry M. Burrows, Treasurer.

## ROBINS SING AND ICE SOLID.

FISHING AND SUMMER RESORT TO BE SUPPLIED WITH GAS.

Snow Leaving but Ice Still Very Strong; Rangeley Had Many Feet of Snow Only a Few Days Ago.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

RANGELEY, April 4, 1905.

Mr. J. B. Marble, president of the Rangeley Lakes Hotel company, has been in Rangeley for a month past and he has been very busy. The first thing he did was to have his crew "shovel out." That means a good deal of work because the snow was 20 feet high right by the Rangeley Lake House piazza on the village side. Mr. Marble had paths shoveled through and when the job was finished a man could have ridden through on horseback and not been seen from the ground.

Talk about the summer weather and "When will the ice go out?" Mr. Marble says he doesn't care, because he won't open the Rangeley Lake House until May 15, anyway. If there are anglers before that time and there are likely to be, they will find excellent accommodations and a good bill of fare, always well cooked, at the Oquossoc House, and Mr. Whorff informs MAINE WOODS that he will cater for sportsmen all summer. Mr. Whorff owns an attractive set of camps at Dead River pond and this year he will be catering for business at both ends of the line.

Mr. Marble has been working very hard this spring, as he always does. He is superintending the construction of an acetylene gas plant for the Rangeley Lake House. Believing as he does that anything that is worth doing is worth doing well, he has installed a gas plant that is probably large enough to furnish light for the whole of Rangeley should occasion require it. The company will put in as many lights this year as the time between this date and the opening of the season will allow and eventually every nook and corner of the Rangeley Lake House and the Rangeley Lake House grounds will be lighted by the new plant.

To give our readers a good idea of what the company is doing it is only necessary to say that the dining room has 48 three-light chandeliers. The J. B. Colt company of New York furnished the plant and that in itself is recommendation enough. The plant is the very best throughout that money can buy.

The snow has nearly all melted and the robins sing now once in awhile when the sun shines bright in the morning. On Tuesday, April 5, a MAINE WOODS reporter walked over the foot bridge in the afternoon and had the pleasure of seeing a team "get onto the ice." There were three men. One walked out two or three hundred feet and then they all rode fast. The ice is thick. Nevertheless the robins sing and the grass begins to look green.

Mr. Bean of the Maine Central magazine has been betting cigars with some of the guides that the ice will "go out" as early as May 2. He'll lose.

Lewis Bowley drove up from Mountain View on the ice this morning, April 5. He drove a pair of light horses, presumably trotters. Mr. B. and W. D. Grant agree that if they "can ever" get their circulars out of the MAINE WOODS office they will answer some of the letters that they have received lately and furnish some of the information that has been asked for by their correspondents.

The snow is going very fast.

## DEER HAD A NICE BLANKET.

Gum Pickers In Rangeley Woods Make a Big Haul.

Harry Quimby and Reuben Wilbur of Rangeley, who were at the Quimby and Porter hunting camp after spruce gum during the past winter, stayed in camp about two months and got three tons of rough gum, besides \$60 worth of first and second quality. The rough gum brought 6c and 8 1-2c a pound so it will be seen that the total receipts figured up something like \$500. Mrs. Quimby kept camp for the gum pickers and when she got lonesome in camp and housework was all over she would pick a little around camp on her own account. She picked in that way \$15 or \$20 worth. But Mrs. Quimby had something to do besides pick gum or take care of the camp, she had a pet deer to feed and care for. Quimby and Wilbur found a yearling buck in an exhausted and starving condition and took him to camp. They built a pen of boughs, Mrs. Quimby made a blanket for him and they soon found that he was very appreciative of all of their attractions. He showed his appreciation by being docile and fattening up very fast. He ate biscuits, potatoes, in fact almost anything from the table. He was very fond of corn bread and ate it ravenously. They kept him two or three weeks until he was fat and sleek and thoroughly domesticated, then they turned him loose and when they returned home they left him in the woods, a much happier deer than when they found him.

Mr. Richard Wheatland and Mrs. Wheatland of Salem, Mass., have been at the Mountain View House for a few days recently. While he was here, Lee Haley, superintendent of the Wheatland cottages, took them to one of the logging camps. This was very interesting for Mrs. Wheatland as she had never before been in a logging camp. Mr. and Mrs. Wheatland were also very much interested in the state fish hatchery that is located near Mountain View.

Nathan Albee and Melvin Tibbetts, who were gumming at Kennebecago 21 days, brought out over 2,200 pounds of rough gum that they sold for 8 1-2c a pound and 40 pounds of first-class gum worth \$1.50.

## Deer In Vermont.

The following were clipped from a recent issue of a local paper:

"Reuben Jepson, of Pownal, while out in a pasture recently, counted thirty-two deer in one flock. The pasture is located at the head of Rattlesnake brook. The deer were quite tame. It is the largest flock seen at one time in that section in years."

"Mr. Dold, Mr. Allen and Mr. Brown while walking between Williamstown and Pownal, saw a herd of thirty-six deer."

These items created considerable interest among hunters, not alone for the news they conveyed regarding the number of deer seen, but because of the intimation that Pownal deer have wings. "Otherwise," said the pedagogue of the back room council, "how could they have flocked?"

W. A. Viall and John Davis drove to Pownal and thence went to the head of Rattlesnake brook on snowshoes, hoping to get sight of the deer, and they were not disappointed, for they counted twenty without moving from their station behind a large tree.

These deer are seen almost daily by farmers and wood-choppers. It is estimated by these people that the yard contains nearly fifty deer.

In another yard, seven miles north of Pownal, fourteen deer were seen recently.—John Q. Reed in Shooting and Fishing.

## SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

## SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

## GUIDE CANOES

18-foot Canoe, \$25.00, 19-foot Canoe \$26.00, F. O. B. Old Town. Model and finish designed expressly for use on hunting and fishing trips. Maple paddles \$3 per pair. Order your canoe and paddles today.

CARLETON CANOE COMPANY,

Box 139,

Old Town, Maine.

## FISH STORIES.

## WITH A PAIR OF GOOD DUCK STORIES MIXED IN.

Truthful Tales Which Show That Spring Is Present Now.

A spirit of rivalry is a healthy incentive to the successful accomplishment of results in all walks of life, no matter where it may exist, even when it comes down to the gentle art of telling stories, and the truth of the above statement was certified at a gathering of a few State officials and employees which occurred in one of the offices in the upper part of the Capitol recently.

As might be expected, with the spring season at hand, and particularly as three of the members of the party were expert fishermen, the stories, which were passed around, savored strongly of that nature. That was where the rivalry came in. The gentleman in whose office the others had assembled, told of some of his exploits at Cobbooseecontee and also of those of an Augusta young man who had trolled patiently all last season at the lake, using only six feet of line, and had hardly yet ceased to wonder why he caught no fish for the season.

This recital moved another member of the party, whose office is on the floor below, to tell of a catch he had once made at Grand lake, over in Washington county, where, in one short forenoon, he had landed 26 salmon, and it wasn't much of a day for salmon either. This story was destined to hold the others for awhile, and the man who had told the first story, giving up all further attempts in the fish line, turned the subject to that of shooting.

He had been talking on the same subject before the others came in, and had excited the admiration of his solitary listener by the tale of a shot he had made from a blind one time, up near Newport, at a mallard. The bird was about 40 yards up in the air and coming toward him at the rate of a mile a minute, more or less, but the man in the blind got his gun on to the bird just right and killed him dead.

When he took up the subject again, in the presence of the party, the one who had listened to the duck story, hoped to hear something more in that line, from him but it was not to be. Instead of continuing, the gentleman merely broached the subject, and followed it with the suggestion that the gentleman who had caught the salmon should tell how near he once came to getting shot.

The latter gentleman, by the way, is one of the very best story-tellers at the Capitol, an honor which is by no means an empty one, and one of the beauties of his stories is that they are backed up to a greater or less extent by facts. The story told by him was in substance about as follows:

The scene of the incident, the details of which were related, might have been somewhere near the town of Bowdoin. The gentleman who told the story, with another man, was out after ducks and finally with the aid of a glass they located a bunch of birds near the shore of the pond at some distance from where the hunters were. The men were in a team and it was agreed that the man who was with the narrator should get out and work his way down to the shore, while the latter should drive along to a point near where the birds were and hitching his horse go down and get a shot at them. Those that he did not happen to kill were to be killed by the other man when they came his way.

Accordingly the narrator drove up to an abandoned farmhouse, hitched the horse and started down across the field toward the shore. He had an old muz-

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Builder of Rangeley Boats. Write for Prices.

H. M. BARRETT, Weld, Maine.  
Builder of Fine Cedar Boats.

Write for price list and descriptive Catalog.

zle loading gun in a bag and as a matter of precaution had taken off the percussion caps and set the hammers at half-cock. Something must have been wrong, however, for when he went to draw the gun from the bag, one barrel was discharged and with the roar of the gun there came over him the horrible sensation that he had been shot.

Instinctively both hands went to his side where he had felt the charge strike him and he found the clothing torn away and hanging in shreds. He also could feel the warm blood trickling down his side till it ran into his shoes. His first thought was that his parents ought to know how he died and grasping his side firmly in both hands he ran for his life for the old farmhouse.

As he ran he could feel the blood in his shoe at every jump. He proceeded in this way for some distance and at last realizing that he was growing no weaker he stopped to examine the extent of his injuries. One hand was carefully lifted from the spot and then the other and to his surprise he found no wound at all, nor was his shirt even torn. The shot from the gun had torn a great hole in his coat and vest but the shirt was not cut and he was absolutely unharmed.

When he found the real condition of affairs his nerve forsook him and he fainted. How long he remained in that condition he did not know, but he hunted ducks no more that day and when he did go again the gun which he carried with him was a breech-loader.—Kennebec Journal.

## Lake Christopher.

[Special Correspondence to the MAINE WOODS.]

BRYANT'S POND, ME. April 1, 1905.

The ice in the lake is fast breaking and indications for early salmon fishing were never better than this spring.

Prof. C. M. Wiske will arrive from Paterson on the 19th to look over his plans for the interior finishing of his new camp, and to cast a "fly."

Mr. Nicholas Manger and family, who are spending the winter at the Bermuda Islands, will come north to occupy their Sunset camp on Guernsey island, through Easter.

Camps, "Christopher" and "Echo" owned by Mr. Geo. L. Stephens are receiving their new paint and cleaning, getting ready for the early visitors.

Mr. Berton Cole will build his camp this May on the point south of "Echo."

The new camp at the head of the lake, which was built last season by the popular writer, Mr. Geo. England, is being plastered so to be used summer and winter, if necessary.

The public wharf at the foot of Lake street, is nearly completed. This will be a great convenience to the camp and village people for they have for a long time needed a public landing place. The wharf is to be supplied with a large light, which will be a needy guide on dark nights.

The many friends of Miss Bessie Bell Collis, the well known violinist, will be glad to know that she will accompany her parents and occupy camp, "Cohasset," their summer home, this June.

## Two Papers, \$1.50.

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

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

## 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.

## The Best Wall Map

— OF —

## MAINE

By Express, \$5.00.

R. M. NASON,

180 Exchange St., - Bangor, Me.

## To a "True Lover"

of nature at its best, I have to offer what is beyond question the most beautiful, and in every way, most desirable parcel of land on the shores of Rangeley Lake. The property in question (about 42 acres in all) is the well known point on the Southern Shore of that lake directly opposite to, and looking down upon "Maneskutuk" the island paradise of Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, of Philadelphia. I shall be pleased to send a circular with full details, and price to anyone desiring to investigate this opportunity to secure a property without a rival on the shores of Rangeley Lake.

Address J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Maine



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## Lafin & Rand Powders

Win all Amateur Averages at Omaha, Nebraska, on March 20, 21 and 22.

1st. H. G. Taylor, Meckling, S. D., 561 ex 600, shooting E. C.

2nd. C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill., 558 ex 600, Shooting Schultze.

3rd. Albert Olsen, Cedar Bluffs, Ia., 557 ex 600, Shooting Schultze.

Lafin & Rand Powder Company,  
New York City.

### A Canoeist's Sermon.

In all the world no outing like this; put your business affairs in as good shape as you can, close your desk, pack a few plain, rough clothes into a canvas case, travel a few hours, step into a canoe, swing your hat in joyous farewell and plunge into the heart of the woods for a week, a fortnight, a month or mayhap a whole summer! Then shall you enjoy that one stimulant, whose free use every medical authority sanctions; that one panacea for human ills, against which no charge of quackery has ever been made!

Thousands of happy Americans are annually making these delightful and invigorating pilgrimages into the woods and thousands more would be keeping them company, if they but realized the simplicity and ease with which the outing can be made—the unique novelty and rare enjoyment of its every moment—the lasting benefit which is its sure result.

Therefore am I a self-ordained preacher, with a text from the Book of Nature, selected while autumn turns the leaves and a sermon something like this, 1. I have spent five months during the past two years canoe cruising in northern Maine. 2. It has been the most delightful and the most beneficial five months of my life. 3. "Go thou and do likewise."

Go almost anywhere in the Pine Tree state; you can hardly make a mistake. God meant it to be happy hunting ground for all the tired folks of the busy eastern cities, and thanks to wise legislation and up to date business methods, even nature itself is being improved upon. Wild game is carefully protected, the taking of game fish is reasonably restricted, the increased means of communication with the outside world has brought better equipment for the tourist; indeed, luxurious parlor cars will now carry you to within a stone's throw of the canoe that awaits you, while the baggage car will carry anything you fancy as to outfit or supplies.

Go almost anywhere, I said. I mean it. Well do I remember getting off at Brownville one Saturday night, because forsooth, the train went no further. The guidebook strongly hinted that not much sport might be expected in that region, but a local druggist who sells fishing tackle generously made me, a total stranger, his guest, and I have rarely had such sport with the black bass and white perch as we found within easy driving distance. I remember suddenly stopping off at Winterville on the shore of St. Froid lake, largely because the little lady beside me said it "is so beautiful and must be fishy." As to sport the guidebook was silent. Winterville consisted of one house, the station, over which a train crew bunked; not a soul spoke English; not a boat could be found; not a trout had been seen recently, yet, within an hour, in sight of the station, from an old lumberman's bateau we took more than one 3-pound square-tailed trout.

Such experiences warrant the belief that these good folks do not really

know their own wonderful country, and that he who chances it, is not likely to be disappointed.

A canoe cruise, undoubtedly the ideal method of spending a vacation in Maine, is now possible, with little trouble, to every lover of nature. Particulars as to length of the trip are furnished in the model books issued by the railroads, reliable guides may be secured by correspondence, and every detail will be attended to by these capable and experienced men. A short trip of a week or long cruises of months are possible to the visitor, and range from quiet days on placid lakes or slow flowing rivers to wild rides through rock-strewn canyons at Break-neck pond.

The tonic of the air is wonderful. Cool, clear and bracing, it seems a sovereign cure for fatigue. Frail city folks do tasks here that would be deemed heroic at home, while the strength of the native guides is amazing.

The scenery is varied and charming. You may range from placid meadows of well cultivated rural sections to the wild impenetrable depths of the forest primeval; from the level of the lowlands to the rugged height of Mt. Katahdin which rears its horny head five thousand feet into the eternal blue. The first glimpse of Katahdin as you ascend the West branch of the Penobscot, in your canoe, is a perfect picture of natural beauty. The view from the summit of Katahdin looking over millions of acres of pine and spruce forests, in which no road or clearing or sign of human habitation can be discerned, and with over a hundred lakes or ponds clearly visible to the unaided eye, is as sublime a spectacle as America affords. And when it is remembered that this vast region is the habitat of lordly moose and sleek deer, that every lake is alive with game fish, its wonderful attraction for the sportsman is understood.

Neither romantic, historic nor literary interest is wanting in northern Maine. In the days of the early voyagers and missionaries the Penobscot river was the scene of many romantic episodes; large numbers of full-blooded Indians still live on a picturesque little island near Old Town. Not every American remembers that Maine once planned a war with Canada and that Congress supported her claims and promised to raise ten millions of dollars to pay her "war" bills. Thoreau, the greatest nature lover and nature interpreter America has produced, made three excursions into Maine, climbed Katahdin and has written fully of its charms.

Best of all, in Maine you may "rough it," or you may "smooth it," as pleases your fancy. If you want wild life near to nature's heart it is there in abundance; if you want hotel life, with a flavor of the woods, that, too, may be had. The women are now putting on short skirts and taking to the woods like seasoned campaigners, but in case the feminine contingent of your party do not care to endure the slight privations of simple life in the woods, many a well located camp can be found where good beds and good food prevail and where they are accustomed to serve people of refinement. Moosehead lake, in the heart of the best fishing and hunting in the state, boasts one of the largest and finest summer hotels in the east; within a stone's throw of its piazza, splendid trout, landlocked salmon and togue are taken and moose and deer are neighborhood visitors.

And now, dearly beloved, before we part, let us promise each other that ere another year rolls around, we will put into practice the truths which we have this day heard.—In the Maine Woods.



Which has attained Popularity



## IS THE BRAND — OF — AMMUNITION

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UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY,

Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

### The Katahdin Iron Works Section.

Katahdin Iron Works is the gateway to a vast and most interesting region of the Maine woods. The little hamlet is located on Silver lake, through which Pleasant river runs, and it derives its name from the furnaces that once handled the ore before such outside competition began. The furnaces are still standing and add to the picturesqueness of the location while not interfering with its calm and quiet. There is but little business, the only store being connected with the hotel, yet, at certain times of the year, scores of sportsmen pass through on their way to the camps in the great forest. The whole section is a capital angling ground, if such an expression may be used. Pleasant river itself has magnificent trout in it. Rising in the West Branch ponds and flowing down under the shadow of White Cap and Baker mountains, following the course of the valley for about 25 miles, tumbling through Gulf Hagas, a beautiful gorge about ten miles from the station, there is hardly a barren spot in it for the angler. The fishing is, like all brook fishing, irregular, being dependent upon the condition of the water, but up to July 1 a man is sure of a good catch and in September the upper waters are full of fish. The road along the river is a kind of artery from which many of the best camps and fishing grounds may be reached. B pond (named after B township) is reached by the "river road" and the "Ten-Mile Shanty road," and behind B lies that vast number of ponds of which Yoke is the center, Crawford, Pleasant, Boareway and the Roaches numbered up to the seventh. You may turn off the river road at the island for East and West Chairback, but you must have good lungs and a stout pair of legs to stand the climb, for though the nearest way, the ascent is steep. If you drive on past the Hermitage and turn in to Long pond the trip to Chairback will be easy. Of the fishing here, it may be said that in spite of the great increase in the number of anglers, fish are numerous and large. East Chairback has the largest fish but the West pond is more reliable, especially for the fly fisherman. On the other side of the Chairback range of mountains lie Lake Onawa and the Bensons, and that section may be reached from Long pond. The fishing is good there early in the season, Onawa being famous for its landlocked salmon. Besides it is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Maine, Boarstone mountain rising from its shores reminding the visitor of the Matterhorn.

Following the river road you will come to the Lyford ponds and the West Branch ponds, the source of the river. It is easy to get to the Roach ponds from the West branch over the trails through the burnt land, or they may be reached from Yoke. A pleasant trip is to go in one way and out the other.

Near the hotel there is splendid fishing. I have taken a trout weighing a pound from the pool under the dam and salmon up to 2 1-2 pounds out of Pleasant river. A friend of mine landed a brook trout in June that tipped the scales at 2 3-4 pounds in nearly the same place. Big Houston, only three miles away, is teeming with big togue running up to 10 pounds. Little Houston is only two miles from the hotel and is probably the best stocked pond in this section of Maine, but the fish are shy and but moderate in size. On top of Horseback mountain is a little shallow pond where good catches of pound fish are taken and Middle Branch pond, seven miles away, has plenty of good fish as well as being a great resort for big game. White brook is the best water in these parts for breeding purposes and small trees are abundant.

Being a disciple of good old Isaac I have spoken of fishing first but game of all kinds abounds in this section. Deer are so common as to attract but little attention. Moose are now increasing

so rapidly that they are frequently seen near the hotel. Bears are more shy but now and then give the visitor a glimpse of big black sides dashing away to shelter, and partridges startle you with their sudden noisy flight.

The Iron Works itself has a peculiar reputation as a health resort, owing to the mineral springs which are to be found near by, the medicinal quality of whose water has been testified to by several chemists who have analyzed it.

There is good opportunity for mountain climbing, Chairback and Horseback being accessible from the hotel at the Iron Works in a day and White Cap, with an elevation second only to Katahdin itself, may be reached by a little longer journey.

After all it is not fish, or game, or mineral water that constitutes the chief charm of the Iron Works. It is that strange, indefinable combination of wild woods through which the trails run in every direction, gushing springs that come out of the sides of the hills to refresh the thirst, the lake and the lower waters of Pleasant river up which one may wind in and out with his canoe and the great wall of mountains with stretches of woodland lying quietly between. It is all of these things in their combination of spiritual suggestiveness that make this locality so dear to those who frequent it summer after summer in search of physical, intellectual and spiritual vigor.

The language used by a recent poet in celebrating the associations of the lake country, and especially of Grasmere, where Wordsworth lived, may be appropriately employed of this region,

"Afar though nation be on nation hurled,  
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,  
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world  
Is not at peace; and all men's hearts at rest."  
—Exchange.

### Ice in Lakes Rotting Fast.

The next item of interest in the progress of the season is the breaking up and going out of the lakes, immediately after which comes the opening of the fishing season. Reports which come down from Moosehead indicate that the ice is wasting rapidly there and that it would require only a slight rise of water to send it out. Many who are acquainted with the conditions think the ice will be out of Moosehead before April 25, while others are looking for a cold snap which may keep the ice solid for several weeks longer.

The water in the lakes is rising slowly but a good rain storm now would soon raise it to a fresher pitch and send the ice out. The water in the lakes is lower than usual at this time of year, probably owing to the fact that there have been no spring rains of any consequence as yet, but the lumbermen are confidently expecting a big rise of water before long and meanwhile the fishermen are getting their tackle ready for a try at the big trout and togue as soon as the ice is gone from the fishing country.

### The Ice at Sebago.

The fishing prospects at Sebago are looking rather slim at the present time, says an exchange. The ice is still 24 inches thick in some places and gives no sign of breaking up and the water is very low for this season of the year. Said a local sportsman: "It will be three weeks at the least before there will be any fishing at the lake and I would not be surprised if we did not get it then. Last season was a bad one for the local fishermen, the ice not leaving the lake until about the 20th of April, but I am afraid that the conditions will be still worse this season."

The rod and reel enthusiasts have been watching the conditions with no little disappointment and when the ice leaves Sebago there will be a shout go up that can be heard all over the state, followed by a mad rush to the lake.

### No Salmon Taken Saturday.

Not so many fishermen went up to try their luck at the salmon pool on the first day of the open season though the conditions for the fishing were good for this time of year. No fish had been taken up to the time the Commercial went to press but the tracks of several salmon were seen on the rocks in the eddy on the Bangor side and some lucky fisherman will probably get a fish before long.

All the fishing Saturday was done in the eddy on the Bangor side and down along the rocky shore near the Eastern Maine General hospital. It is likely that most of the fishing will be done on the Bangor side for some time as the small torrent being poured into the river from Burr's brook just below the Brewer end of the dam makes the water so muddy that fishing is impracticable. It is likely that there will be many boats on the pool Sunday. Every fisherman is anxious to get the first fish not only because it will bring him about \$1.25 per pound but because of the distinction of having landed the first salmon of the season.—Bangor Commercial.

In a recent copy of the Auckland Weekly News of New Zealand there is an extended account of the visit to that place of the Countess of Onslow and her son the Hon. Hura and Lady Dorothy Onslow. They were given a delightful harbor excursion by the mayor and Miss E. Mitchelson and among the guests invited was Mr. J. W. de Vere-Stevens.

### "The Chap as Gets the Fish."

I hev noticed in my travels  
Lots uv folks set 'round an' wish;  
But the chap as gits the fishes  
Baits an' casts his hook for fish.

You may trust the powers as made 'em  
To supply yer empty dish;  
But the chap as does the fishin'  
Is the chap as gits the fish.

More perhaps is wrought by prayin'  
Than the doubter ever dreams;  
But the sporty trout are captured  
By the hustlers on the streams.

Folks may envy or berate him,  
He jes' laughs, an' gits the fish;  
They must beg or buy or steal 'em,  
Ef they git 'em in their dish!

Yes, I've noticed twict or off'n'er,  
'Taint no use to set an' wish;  
Fer the chap as goes a-fishin'  
Is the chap as gits the fish.

Ain't ye seen a crowd o' growlers  
'Round the camp o' Wishin' Wish?  
But the chap 'ats fishin's happy,  
'Cause he allus gits the fish!  
—WILLIAM WOOD in Lewiston Journal.

### To Cure a Cold In One Day

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

### WANTS, FORS ALE, ETC.

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

### WANTS.

WANTED.—One good foxhound, 1 1-2 years old. Price \$10.00. W. E. Denny, Franklin, N. Y.

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

COOK WANTED.—A fishing and hunting camp in the Rangeleys would like to hire a cook for the season. Address MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine and receive an immediate reply.

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 Millam St., Houston, Texas.

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.

WANTED.—A woman to do cooking and general housework at Rangeley, Maine, six weeks in June and July. Six in family. Address, stating terms and references, K. MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

### 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 21-2 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, 1904.

### 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.



# MAINE WOODS, PHILLIPS, MAINE.

J. W. BRACKETT COMPANY, Publishers.  
J. W. BRACKETT, Editor and Manager.  
CLARENCE E. CALDEN Associate Mgr.

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, APRIL 7, 1905.

ONE subscriber to MAINE WOODS on sending his remittance says:

"Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for my renewal to MAINE WOODS for I would not be without it as it has helped me out on several occasions and is very interesting; everthing has the touch of new blood and new life contained in it. Wishing you the best of success."

REV. FRANK W. SANDFORD of Shiloh, has bought the Gem cottage property at South Freeport. This used to be a well-known summer resort.

The land is about four acres in extent and prettily located.

It is understood that Mr. Sandford is going to build summer cottages here for the Shilohites.

THE projected hunting trip of President Roosevelt is attracting much attention. He is expected to arrive at Colorado Springs, Colo. about April 15. The hunting grounds lie west of Glenwoods Springs, a section seldom visited on account of its inaccessibility. Big game is reported to be abundant.

## Guides and the Forests.

MAINE is waking up to the immense value of her timber lands. Our late legislature took an important step by appropriating \$10,000 for the support of fire wardens in forest districts to be established by the forest commissioner. Although the amount appropriated was, in our opinion very small considering the extent and importance of the work to be done, it will be enough for a start and while the people are gaining information in regard to the matter the commissioner will receive more and more assistance as time goes on.

For the full text of the law refer to chapter 44 of the public laws as furnished with this issue of MAINE WOODS.

The Maine guide is the most valuable ally that the Forest Commissioner and his fire wardens will have in this most important work of saving the Maine woods from fire and we expect to see every one of them redouble his efforts in that direction.

No sportsman will leave a fire in the woods if his guide does his duty. No sportsman who discovers a fire will leave without notifying the proper authorities or having it extinguished if the guide does his whole duty and insists upon his rights.

Few Maine guides have ever yet failed to do their duty in this direction and we do not believe they are likely to.

The state has in Forest Commissioner Ring a particularly efficient state officer and there is every assurance that the work from his end will be well done.

It's up to the guides to render him every assistance possible.

## Ice Fishing In Franklin County.

THE impression has been given out in some quarters that the late legislature repealed the law which closed the principal waters of Franklin county to ice fishing. How erroneous an impression could have become current is a mystery.

Chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903 absolutely prohibits ice fishing in all the ponds and lakes situated wholly or partly in Franklin county except Pease pond in Wilton—in which it shall be lawful to fish through the ice, as provided in the general law, on Saturdays of each week during the months of February, March and April of each year) and Indian pond, situated partly in Somerset county, (in which last named pond it shall be lawful to fish through the ice as provided in the general law.)

The late legislature prohibited all ice fishing in Pease pond but did not repeal the law which closes practically all of the Franklin county waters to ice fishing. There was, so far as we have been informed, no wish expressed to have any further changes made in regard to ice fishing and we believe the sentiment is all against that method of fishing in waters that are stocked by the state.

## Massachusetts Game Notes.

Among those who were supplied with food for birds by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association the past winter, is an old friend of the writer, who was for many years a well-known lawyer in Boston. Having retired from active business, he now occupies a country seat in Winchester, some half a mile from the Middlesex Fells.

Referring to the bird food in a recent letter, he says: The next morning after getting it, I put seed in four boxes and the birds were soon at it; in fact, I noticed a bird looking into one of the boxes before I had time to put seed in it. Besides a variety of small birds, two partridges came near the house to pick up some of the food I had scattered on the ground. The birds rather prefer to take it from the ground, I think."

This observation may prove a timely hint to others in reference to the method of feeding birds.

He continues thus: "If you will discover and propagate a bird that will clear off the gypsy and brown tail moths, your name will go down the ages with that of the great American eagle."

He further says: "We have greatly enjoyed watching the birds from our piazza and windows."

The house is perhaps forty yards back from the street and I think it is evident the grouse must have been very hungry to venture so near the house, unless the presence of the other birds gave them courage.

The writer has received many other interesting reports from those who have been providing the hungry birds

## 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.

## DUPONT.

At Spirit Lake, Iowa, March 1, 1905,  
1st General Average, Mr. Gilbert 190 ex 200.  
1st Amateur and 2nd General Average, Mr. Russell Klein, 182 ex 200. Both used

DUPONT SMOKELESS.



AROOSTOOK SPRINGS, J. C. HEWS, PROPRIETOR, ASHLAND, MAINE.

with food. They tell with what regularity the birds visit the free lunch place and how quickly they lose their timid ways and take on confiding manners. A friend not far from Worcester liberated several dozen quail in December. He tells me that fully a third of them, if not more, are now alive. He thinks nearly all the native birds, of which he has been feeding several coveys all winter, have come through in good shape and it is a pity people did not engage actively in the work of feeding the quail before the severity of the winter of 1904 so sadly decimated the covers. Probably had the same efforts been made in the winter of 1904 as have been in the winter just passed at least half the birds that perished would have been saved.

There are in some sections of the state several coveys of birds, according to reports that I have received recently. The sportsmen of Marlboro think about all those they had left last December are now alive. This, of course, is due to systematic feeding. The sportsmen of Middleboro were among the first to start a crusade of feeding as early as January, 1904. They have followed it up the past winter with gratifying results.

There is a widespread desire among sportsmen to buy birds for restocking. The call is a loud one, but the difficulties to be met in securing the birds are almost insurmountable. The sportsmen's clubs, which have been rapidly multiplying in our state of late years, are doing everything in their power to increase the supply of quail, and in some instances, of hares. It would not be surprising if the same committee on fish and game should report in favor of curtailing the quail shooting season.

Just now, however, our legislators are studying the lobster situation. The committee recommended that the legal limit of length of those imported be reduced from 10 1-2 to 9 inches. Such a bill went to its second reading and after being amended, so as to apply to those taken in Massachusetts waters, has been passed to a third reading—but it is only for the winter months, from December 15 to April 1. The senate has proved a graveyard for a good many bills and it may be for this measure. Otherwise, it may prove the first step toward a new departure in the policy of the state for the protection of the lobster industry. The present chairman of the commission, Dr. Field, advanced a theory about three years ago that the way to increase the num-

ber of lobsters was to save those 10 1-2 inches long and over for breeders and use the smaller ones. Some biologists put the number of eggs a female lobster produces, in the aggregate, during life, at 500,000, of which it is claimed only 8,000 are produced prior to the time she attains a length of 10 1-2 inches. If this be true she has only produced about 1 1-2 per cent of what she would produce in the course of her natural life, in case she is taken when

10 1-2 inches in length. The theory of the state board has been that if all those less than 10 1-2 inches are returned to the water when taken and all the seed lobsters also are put overboard, the work of reproduction will go on sufficiently to keep up a normal supply.

It is proposed to establish a hatchery station for lobsters at Chatham, steps having been taken to secure Powder Hole and Monomoy Point for that purpose. This is to be entirely independent of the federal stations at Wood's Hole and at Gloucester. The commission boat Egret will commence gathering seed lobsters as soon as the harbors are free from ice.—Boston in Shooting and Fishing.

Edward P. Ricker of Poland Spring left on Wednesday for Pittsburg, Pa., to contract for the glass for the new spring house to be built this year at Poland. This work will be done and on the most extensive plan of any mineral spring probably in the world. The structure will be of stone and selected face-brick. The whole side of the building will be of glass, specially designed after original patterns by H. C. Wilkinson of Washington, D. C. All of the brick will be selected by hand or specially made for this structure. The building is of the most beautiful design, surmounted by clock-tower, approached by drives and walks and surrounded by formal gardening. The building and other improvements at the spring will cost close to \$50,000, it is said. Messrs Ricker are quoted as saying that they propose that this be the last work ever done about the spring, for their knowledge of the spring and its sources and their exceeding care in disturbing surroundings are essential in this work. Mr. Ricker will take Mr. Wilkinson with him to Pittsburg.



MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS

### Fly Fishing

Every Day in the Season at

King and Bartlett Lake

— AND —

### Spencer Stream Camps.

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

HARRY M. PIERCE,

Spencer, Maine.  
Farmington, Maine, until May 15.

### Spring Lake,

In the Dead River Region

Best of Early Fishing for Salmon, Square Tailed Trout and Lake Trout that weigh from 2 to 9 pounds. One day's ride from Boston. Only 21-2 miles by buckboard road. Lake 31-2 miles long, 11-2 miles wide, surrounded by mountains covered with green woods. Cabins are very pleasantly situated on the shore of this lake. Spring beds, new blankets and clean linen make our beds all that could be desired. New boats and canoes. Best of stream fishing near. We have canoe trips that take you by some of the grandest scenery in Maine, with good fishing all the way. Telephone connections at home camps with main line and doctor's office. Purest of spring water. Hay fever unknown. Excellent food. This is an ideal place to spend the summer with your family. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN CARVILLE, Farmington, Maine.

### The Wilderness Beckons

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

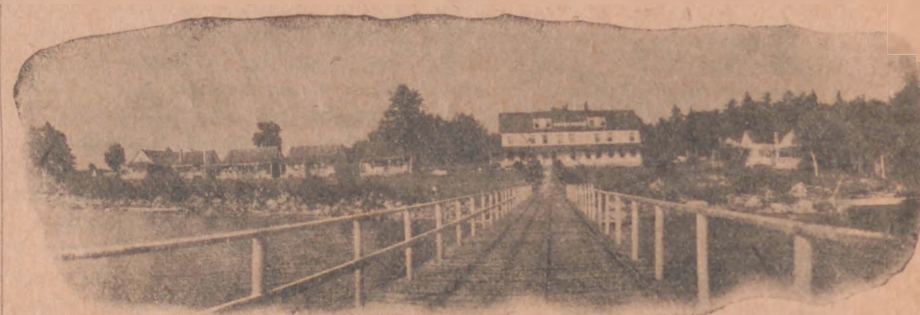
THE MOUNT KINEO HOUSE, C. A. JUDKINS, Manager, Kineo, Maine.

### The White House and The Birches.

Log Camps, The Upper Berth and The Owl.

The best appointed hotel and camps at Grand Lake, open for guests from Apr. 15 to Nov. 15. Excellent table, large airy rooms, clean beds, open fires. Plenty of game, landlocked salmon, trout and toad. Beautiful scenery and healthful air. Write for terms.

FRANK H. BALL, Proprietor, Grand Lake Stream, Maine.



### Anglers' Retreat and Log Cabins

Are situated at the Outlet of Welokennebacook Lake. Is a delightful resort for Sportsmen and their families.

The Trout and Salmon fishing here is unsurpassed by any in the state. The house has been thoroughly remodeled and enlarged, with new offices, cuisine, etc., and travelers, sportsmen and all persons seeking rest and recreation will be provided with every comfort and convenience, while for those who prefer, I have several neat Log Cottages, well furnished, with open fireplaces, spring beds and everything that will add to the comfort and pleasure of the guests. Splendid accommodations for all and an excellent table will always be found here.

The early spring fishing is a revelation and the summer fishing never fails. The best of Fly Fishing every day in the season. This place holds the record of the largest trout taken in the Rangeley Lakes.

Guides and boats always ready. This is the most direct route between the Rangeley Lakes and the White Mountains, and my Steamboats connect with all trains, boats and stages. Write for descriptive circular.

CAPT. E. F. COBURN,

Middledam, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.



### "ONLY LETTERS"

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.

"Only Letters" is not a "work of genius," most distinctly not, and is not easily confusable with books under suspicion as such, but society is, by no means a unit in pronouncing it "hopelessly dull." "Absent treatment" will be furnished by mail to cases of aroused curiosity that send a \$1.00 bill and 5 2-cent stamps to the author at 406 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

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Should order their circulars at once. The time is fast approaching for them to be put into use. MAINE WOODS does a great deal of that class of work. Send in your orders early. We can do the work as quick as anybody, but it takes time.

J. W. FRACKETT CO., Phillips, Maine.



## TRAPS AND TRAPPERS

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.

## IN THE WILD WOODS.

An Animated Sandhill and an Albino Deer  
In the Dead River Region.

"Better come with me this year, Fred," said I to my old chum one August afternoon, as we sat talking over camping experiences.

"Nothing would suit me better if I could only get away from business, old man, but this year I am afraid it's impossible," he replied.

We had planned fall trips together many seasons, but never were able to get away at the same time. It looked as if this year would be no exception to the rule, but the gods favored us and finally, one pleasant October afternoon found us on the train bound for Dead River. Changing from the Maine Central at Farmington into the fussy little narrow gauge, we reached our first stopping place just in time to enjoy a good supper. There we were met by two friends, Will and Arthur, who were to go into the woods with us.

Next morning, early, we started for a drive of 30 miles to the river, which we reached early in the evening, having stopped for dinner at Carrabassett station. The scenery from Kingfield to Carrabassett is beautiful. The road winds through the valley of Carrabassett stream for some distance, high up on the hillside, with a clear drop to the river on one side and an almost perpendicular ledge on the other; then through broad fields where it is not unusual to see deer feeding along the edges of the clearings. We saw no deer, but were fortunate enough to pick up a few grouse, shooting them from the wagon.

At Carrabassett, Dr. Paine, proprietor of the hotel, has a game park with a variety of wild animals. They have a large range, including low and high wooded land, open, and running brooks. There we saw good specimens of bull and cow buffalo and they brought to our minds another animal, not rare, unfortunately, but soon, we hope, thanks to the untiring efforts of Coquina, to become extinct—the game hog.

At the station we heard rumors of a six-mile log jam in Dead river, extending to Long falls, the very place we had started for. As events proved afterward, however, that log jam was no Jonah.

From Carrabassett the road ascends a small mountain and is poor, and in places too narrow for teams to pass. Six or eight miles on are the "Ledges," well named; the camps being placed on the ledge 20 feet above the road and back about 100 feet. There is good hunting all through that section. Two miles beyond is Parson's a large house and well located. Deer are frequently seen from the house and moose can be successfully hunted on the sides of Mt. Bigelow, close at hand. Just beyond Parson's we turned down to the river and transferred our luggage to the boat in which we were to finish our trip. Learning that the log jam was a certainty, we started up river instead of down, having no particular place in mind. There was a bright moon and objects on the bank were almost as clearly defined as in daylight. Two deer were frightened from the bank; ducks took flight; and muskrats splashed at intervals. At 11.30 we reached the foot of Hurricane falls and decided to finish the night there. Up went the tent, a fire was built and after a lunch we rolled up our blankets and were soon asleep.

When Arthur and I were awake it was daylight and Billy and Fred were missing. They soon returned, dragging in a deer and said we were well located and need go no farther up the river. Most of the day was passed in exploring the country in the vicinity, making permanent camp and building a fireplace. A good spring was found near camp and a well satisfied quartet sat down for an hour's rest, as we had been hard at it all day. Just before sunset we started out, each taking a different direction, and 8 o'clock saw two more deer hanging in front of camp. The next day we got two and the third day another.

One of our party got near enough to a moose to hear him in the thick woods, but could not get a shot. The following day a four-year-old bull was killed a mile below camp by a visiting sportsman, one 30-30 soft point doing the work thoroughly. We met several hunters and natives during our trip who were prejudiced against the 30, and in each case found the cause the same. They had seen the effect of full patched bullets only and the soft points were a revelation to them. Our experience was certainly favorable to the small bore, and showed that the bullet will mushroom even if it does not strike a bone.

It was the next to the last day in camp that we had most cause to remember. The night before, we sat in camp discussing the best place to strike for in the morning. Billy and I had become well acquainted with the country down river, and we advised Fred to go down to a large clearing at the farther end of which was a sand knoll. There we had found fresh tracks every day and some big ones, too. On his way down he would cross a smaller clearing separated from the other by a narrow stretch of woods. We gave him explicit directions.

Next morning he started by the light of the moon, so as to be at the knoll by daylight. Billy went up the river, while Arthur and I decided to be lazy and sleep. The sun was not yet up when Fred returned and woke us with the remark, "I've got one." "Where is he?" we asked. "Hid him in the woods," was the answer. Then while we laughed he told us how he got a white deer.

After leaving camp he had hurriedly made his way to the first clearing and then moved with more caution. The moon was still shining and daylight scarcely in evidence. This first clearing was about half a mile long and he had traveled but a short distance when he caught sight of a sand knoll at the farther end. Slowly he moved ahead, watching in all directions and, at length, saw the deer coming from the edge of the woods toward the sand knoll. Silently he crept along and was about 300 yards away when the deer raised its head and looked uneasily in his direction. Fearing he could do no better, he took as careful aim as possible on the shoulder, holding a trifle high. The bullet

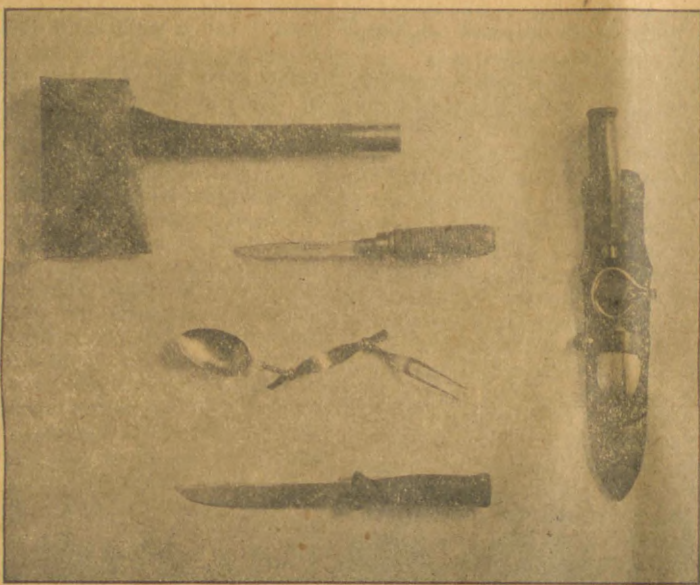
## Methuselah.

(D. W. Weaver in The Amateur Sportsman.)

High on the top of Angel's Craig sat old Methuselah. His powerful wings drooped, and, his head bowed slightly forward, was sunk deep between his shoulders. For years he had watched his prey (and enemies) from this point of vantage, and to what degree he had preserved his own safety himself and his name were evidence.

Back in his memory he could see below him miles and miles of woodland with nothing to tell of human habitation save a blue curl of smoke rising from some grassy bank of a sparkling stream. These inhabitants he had from his earliest recollections treated with disgust. And many a time with a mighty swoop and scream that awoke the echoes from the neighboring hills he had descended into the midst of such a camp and carried away, with another scream of victory, a fresh supply of venison, amid a shower of arrows. And more than venison had he carried away from such a camp. Once he remembered well he had brought from one of his forays a tiny copper-colored infant that wriggled and twisted and pulled more than one feather out of his breast as he bore it aloft and deposited it in the nest long since torn from the craig below him.

After that, too, he had several mad fights with the copper-colored folk from the valley. One got so near the nest where the mother bird and young ones were that, angered by the intrusion, he had descended with a swift downward plunge and attacked the redman who had dared so much for his lost papoose so suddenly and with such vehemence that he caused him to lose his balance



Some Very Useful Articles for Sportsmen, Manufactured by John King of Monmouth, Me.

sped true to its mark, a really wonderful shot in such uncertain light. The deer staggered a few feet and fell. But right here occurred a most remarkable thing, as Fred expressed it, "When the deer dropped, the sand knoll jumped up and ran like the devil."

His deer was a fat sheep and the sand knoll a large flock lying down. He remembered later that he could not have been within a mile of the sand knoll he had started for. Can you wonder we laughed? We sympathized with him and told him we were sorry the deer was not standing on a knoll, for then he might have made a double. He could not help but see the funny side and then he felt better. The question was, what to do with the game. We decided to take it to camp, so after it we went and were soon back to find Billy waiting. As he noticed we were dragging something, he started to help, but when he got near enough to see the white wool he stopped short. "What in—" he began, but his expression was too much for us and we dropped our load and roared. The sheep was skinned, dressed and hidden under a thick fir a short distance from camp, much ingenuity being used meantime to get a camera focussed on Fred and the sheep collectively, but to no purpose. He didn't need anything to look at, he said, to make him remember that morning's hunt.

After breakfast we all started down river to watch Fred break the news to the farmer who owned the sheep. He was found and the news broken and the fact that he had several men at work with him at the time, who of course gathered round to listen, assured us that the news would spread all right. It did. Fred paid only about twice what the sheep was worth, but said it was worth the money to know he could make such a shot.—W. H. Stevens in Recreation.

## WHERE TO GO FISHING.

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

## SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

## SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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the very edge of the cliff and scanned the valley below. Ah! that was the cause. Far below him he saw the long black stick of a hunter pointed in his direction: a spurt of smoke and, instinctively dodging backward, he heard the "whist" of a bullet. He had courted death. Why not step out and follow his friends and relations? Now that the chance to die was his, he shrank from a death like this. No, he would die fighting. Dropping quietly off the back of his roost he sailed down into the valley.

Two young men had taken a bet two days before in a crossroad store in the valley that they would bring the head of Methuselah in inside of a week. They had gone there that day on purpose to make the bet. For hadn't one of them just received a 48-caliber repeating rifle of the finest make? It would kill at a mile and the magnified sights make the death of Methuselah a certainty—in their opinion. The day before they had watched all day, but Methuselah, as sly as usual they said, had not shown himself.

Now, after firing the second shot, they scanned the place where the eagle had been, such a plain mark between them and the sky. He had disappeared. They had crept as near him as they dared before firing and were on a wide ledge on the edge of which a cedar of considerable size, growing out of a crack in the rocks, had hidden them from the lonely watcher high above them. One began chaffing the other about his marksmanship, who in return was doubting the power of his rifle and suggested that maybe he had killed his game and it had fallen off the back of the roost.

Then an unusual thing happened. Hearing a sudden whirr of wings they turned to see above and within 30 feet of them Methuselah, his wings outspread, his eyes flashing, his beak wide open and, as they turned, emitting his old time scream, the terror of many a farmhouse. Like a cannon ball he came straight at them, beating the air with his powerful wings and holding his talons in a grasping position. Before the one with the rifle could more than throw it between his face and the oncoming terror, he was hurled violently to the ground and the rifle sent with such force that it went clear of the edge of the ledge and landed on the rocks below.

It was now a fight to a finish. Before his companion could aid the fallen young man, Methuselah had recovered his balance and was at them again. Armed only with a butcher knife he had brought (so thoughtfully) to cut off Methuselah's head, he now fought desperately, slashing out at any part of the bird's powerful body he could reach. Back and forth they fought, Methuselah beating him with his wings and tearing him fearfully wherever his talons could get a hold. Now he was down; now up again and fighting for his life. Never had he thought of such power as the great bird seemed to possess. Once or twice he felt the knife strike the softer feather of the bird's body and by now Methuselah's eye was losing some of its fire; his movements became slower; blood flowed freely over the rocky ledge; he halted and with a last long scream rose higher and higher and at last sailed for his roost.

A friend of the boy's, hearing the noise of the fight and hurrying to the rescue heard that cry and gazing upward watched the bird in its last flight. In the sail for the roost he just missed the edge and clinging for an instant fell downward and for a moment the boy's friend thought that their bet was won, but with a frantic effort the great bird steadied himself and with one last

swoop of the mighty wings rose to the top of the ledge, where he turned, raised himself to his full height and screamed forth his cry of victory.

Bruised, bleeding and half stunned the great eagle hunters were glad of the assistance home.

Methuselah never bothered the country folk more. And although they had lost the bet and failed to win the bounty, the young hunters had inflicted a mortal wound and realizing this, Methuselah, the last survivor of his race, scorning to fall into the hands of the enemy, had in his last flight won a secure and secluded resting place for his body, out of reach of human hands.

## Maine's Exposition Building.

The Maine building, which was so attractive and so popular during the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis last summer, has now been sold to St. Louis parties and is to become the property of a private hunting club and be moved 40 miles south of the city into the Ozark mountains on the White river. The men who bought the building for the club are D. R. Francis, president of the exposition, Adolph Busch, the celebrated beer manufacturer and C. H. Nuttig, all of St. Louis. The price paid for the building was \$2,000 and this money has already been paid over to the state. The deal was made through the Maine St. Louis fair commissioners and the disposal of the building has not previously been made public.

The state of Maine building will be moved very soon to its new location. There are to be 31 sleeping rooms arranged in it and a large cook room, also made of logs, is to be constructed and added to it. It is to be located on the top of a high bluff and from the big veranda rocks can easily be thrown out in front so that they will land 300 feet below. The place is a most sightly one and the surroundings are said to be extremely attractive.

Some time ago it was reported that the Maine building had been sold to parties who would move it to Atlantic City but such was not the case. Such a disposal of the building was talked of but no transfer was made at the time. The big log cabin was a very popular rendezvous for Maine people and a great many others throughout the fair.

At first there was a good deal of criticism, as many Maine people did favor that kind of a building to represent the Pine Tree state, but the many thousands from all parts of the country who visited it during the summer were delighted with it. The large building was finely located and proved to be one of the pleasing features of the fair.—Kennebec Journal.

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# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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By Stewart Edward White

Continued from last week, this story began March 10.

Light. "How nice! May I go with you?" she cried.

Thorpe shook his head. "I'm afraid not, little girl. It's going to be a hard trip a long ways from anywhere. You couldn't stand it."

"I'm sure I could. Try me."

"No," replied Thorpe. "I know you couldn't. We'll be sleeping on the ground and going on foot through much extremely difficult country."

"I wish you'd take me somewhere," pursued Helen. "I can't get away this summer unless you do. Why don't you camp somewhere nearer home, so I can go?"

Thorpe arose and kissed her tenderly. "I can't, little girl; that's all. We've got our way to make."

She understood that he considered the trip too expensive for them both. At this moment a paper fluttered from



"Oh, but you're tanned and—and big!" the excelsior. She picked it up. A glance showed her a total of figures that made her gasp.

"Here is your bill," she said, with a strange choke in her voice, and left the room.

"He can spend \$60 on his old guns, but he can't afford to let me leave this hateful house," she complained to the apple tree. "He can go way off camping somewhere to have a good time, but he leaves me sweltering in this miserable little town all summer. I don't care if he is supporting me. He ought to. He's my brother. Oh, I wish I were a man! I wish I were dead!"

Three days later Thorpe left for the north.

## CHAPTER X.

FOR more than a week Thorpe had journeyed through the forest. His equipment was simple in the extreme. Attached to a heavy leather belt of cartridges hung a two pound ax and a sheath knife. In his pocket reposed a compass, an air tight tin of matches and a map drawn on oiled paper of a district divided into sections. Some few of the sections were colored, which indicated that they belonged to private parties. All the rest was state or government land. He carried in his hand a repeating rifle. The pack, if opened, would have been found to contain a woolen and rubber blanket, fishing tackle, twenty pounds or so of flour, a package of tea, sugar, a slab of bacon carefully wrapped in oiled cloth, salt, a suit of underwear and several extra pairs of thick stockings. To the outside of the pack had been strapped a frying pan, a tin pail and a cup.

He had not met a human being or seen any indications of man excepting always the old blaze of the government survey. Many years before, officials had run careless lines through the country along the section boundaries. These latter stated always the section, the township and the range east or west by number. All Thorpe had to do was to find the same figures on his map. He knew just where he was.

The map he had procured at the United States land office in Detroit. He had set out for the purpose of "looking" a suitable bunch of pine in the northern peninsula, which at the time was practically untouched. Access to the interior could only be obtained on foot or by river. The South Shore railroad had as yet penetrated

only as far as Seney. Marquette, Menominee and a few smaller places along the coast were lumbering near at hand, but they shipped entirely by water.

Thorpe, with the farsightedness of the pioneer, had perceived that the exploitation of the upper country was an affair of a few years only. The north would not prove as accessible as it now seemed, for the carrying trade would some day realize that the entire waterway of the great lakes offered an unrivaled outlet. With that discovery would begin a rush to the new country. He resolved to anticipate it and by acquiring his holdings before general attention should be turned that way to obtain the best.

He was without money and practically without friends, while government and state lands cost respectively \$2.50 and \$1.25 an acre, cash down. But he relied on the good sense of capitalists to perceive from the statistics which his explorations would furnish the wonderful advantages of logging a new country with the chain of great lakes as shipping outlet at its very door. In return for his information he would expect a half interest in the enterprise.

Thorpe was by no means the first to see the money in northern pine. Outside the big mill districts already named cuttings of considerable size were already under way, the logs from which were usually sold to the mills of Marquette and Menominee.

But work was on a small scale and with an eye to the immediate present only. It was accomplished by purchasing one forty and cutting a dozen. Thorpe's map showed often near the forks of an important stream a section whose coloring indicated private possession. Legally the owners had the right only to the pine included in the marked sections, but if any one had taken the trouble to visit the district he would have found operations going on for miles up and down stream. The colored squares would prove to be nothing but so many excuses for being on the ground. The bulk of the pine was stolen from unbought state or government land.

This in the old days was a common enough trick.

Thorpe was perfectly conversant with this state of affairs. He knew also that in all probability many of the colored districts on his map represented firms engaged in steals of greater or less magnitude. He was further aware that most of the concerns stole the timber because it was cheaper to steal than to buy, but that they would buy readily enough if forced to do so in order to prevent its acquisition by another. In his exploration, therefore, he decided to employ the utmost circumspection. He would pose as a hunter and fisherman.

For a week he journeyed through magnificent timber, working always more and more to the north, until finally he stood on the shores of Superior. He resolved to follow the shore west to the mouth of a fairly large river called the Ossawinamakee. It showed in common with most streams of its size, land already taken, but Thorpe hoped to find good timber near the mouth. After several days' hard walking with this object in view he found himself directly north of a bend in the river, so he turned through the woods due south, with the intention of striking in on the stream. This he succeeded in accomplishing some twenty miles inland, where also he discovered a well defined and recently used trail leading up the river. Thorpe camped one night at the bend and then set out to follow the trail.

It led him for upward of ten miles nearly due south, sometimes approaching, sometimes leaving, the river, but keeping always in its direction. The country in general was rolling. Low parallel ridges of gentle declivity glided constantly across his way, their valleys sloping to the river. Thorpe had never seen a grander forest of pine than that which clothed them.

At the ten mile point he came upon a dam. It was a crude dam, built of logs, whose face consisted of strong buttresses slanted up stream and whose sheer was made of unbarked timbers laid smoothly side by side at the required angle. At present its gate was open.

The purpose of the dam in this new country did not puzzle him in the least, but its presence bewildered him. Such constructions are often thrown across logging streams at proper intervals in order that the operator may be independent of the spring freshets. The device is common enough, but it is expensive. People do not build dams except in the certainty of some years of logging, and quite extensive logging at that. If the stream happens to be navigable the promoter must first get an improvement charter from a board of control appointed by the state. So Thorpe knew that he had to deal not with a hand to mouth lumber thief, but with a great company preparing to log the country on a big scale.

He continued his journey. At noon he came to another and similar structure. Here he left his pack and pushed ahead in light marching order. About eight miles above the first dam and eighteen from the bend of the river he ran into a "slashing" of the year. The decapitated stumps were

already beginning to turn brown with weather; the tangle of tops and limbs was partially concealed by poplar growths and wild raspberry vines.

To Thorpe this particular clearing became at once of the greatest interest. He scrambled over and through the ugly debris which for a year or two after logging operations cumber the ground. By a rather prolonged search he found what he sought—the "section corners" of the tract, on which the government surveyor had long ago marked the "descriptions." A glance at the map confirmed his suspicions. The slashing lay some two miles north of the sections designated as belonging to private parties. It was government land.

Thorpe sat down, lit a pipe and did a little thinking.

He had that very morning passed through beautiful timber lying much nearer the mouth of the river than either this or the sections farther south. Why had these men deliberately ascended the stream? Why had they stolen timber eighteen miles from the bend when they could equally well have stolen just as good fourteen miles nearer the terminus of their drive?

Thorpe suddenly remembered the two dams and his idea that the men in charge of the river must be wealthy and must intend operating on a large scale. He thought he glimpsed it. After another pipe he felt sure.

The unknowns were indeed going in on a large scale. They intended eventually to log the whole of the Ossawinamakee basin. For this reason they had made their first purchase, planted their first foothold, near the headwaters. Some day they would buy all the standing government pine in the basin, but in the meantime they would steal all they could at a sufficient distance from the lake to minimize the danger of discovery. Every stick cut meant so much less to purchase later on.

Thorpe knew that men occupied in so precarious a business would be keenly on the watch. At the first hint of rivalry they would buy in the timber they had selected. But the situation had set his fighting blood to racing. They undoubtedly wanted the tract down river. Well, so did he!

He purposed to look it over carefully, to ascertain its exact boundaries and what sections it would be necessary to buy in order to include it, and perhaps even to estimate it in a rough way. In the accomplishment of this he would have to spend the summer and perhaps part of the fall in that district. He could hardly expect to escape notice. By the indications on the river he judged that a crew of men had shortly before taken out a drive of logs. After the timber had been rafted and towed to Marquette they would return. He might be able to hide in the forest, but sooner or later, he was sure, one of the company's land lookers or hunters would stumble on his camp. Then his very concealment would tell them what he was after. The risk was too great, for, above all things, Thorpe needed time. He had, as has been said, to ascertain what he could offer. Then he had to offer it. He would be forced to interest capital, and that is a matter of persuasion and leisure.



"How do?" greeted the newcomer.

Finally his shrewd, intuitive good sense flashed the solution on him. He returned rapidly to his pack, assumed the straps and arrived at the first dam about dark of the long summer day.

There he looked carefully about him. Some fifty feet from the water's edge a birch knoll supported, besides the birches, a single big hemlock. With his belt ax Thorpe cleared away the little white trees. He stuck the sharpened end of one of them in the bark of the shaggy hemlock, fastened the other end in a crotch eight or ten feet distant, slanted the rest of the saplings along one side of this ridgepole and turned in, after a hasty supper, leaving the completion of his permanent camp to the morrow.

In the morning he thatched smooth the roof of the shelter, using for the purpose the thick branches of hemlocks, placing two green saplings side by

side as cooking range, slung his pot on a rod across two forked sticks, cut and split a quantity of wood, spread his blankets and called himself established.

For some days he made no effort to look over the pine, nor did he intend to begin until he could be sure of doing so in safety. His object now was to give his knoll the appearance of a trapper's camp.

Toward the end of the week he received his first visit. Evening was drawing on. Thorpe was busily engaged in cooking a panful of trout. Suddenly he became aware of a presence at his side.

"How do?" greeted the newcomer gravely.

The man was an Indian, silent, solemn, with the straight, unwinking gaze of his race.

"How do?" replied Thorpe.

The Indian without further ceremony threw his pack to the ground, and, squatting on his heels, watched the white man's preparations. When the meal was cooked he coolly produced a knife, selected a clean bit of hemlock bark and helped himself. Then he lit a pipe and gazed keenly about him.

"What you do?" he inquired after a long silence, punctuated by the puffs of tobacco.

"Hunt, trap, fish," replied Thorpe, with equal sententiousness.

"Good," concluded the Indian after a ruminative pause.

That night he slept on the ground. Next day he made a better shelter than Thorpe's in less than half the time and was off hunting before the sun was an hour high. He was armed with an old fashioned smooth bore muzzle loader, and Thorpe was astonished after he had become better acquainted with his new companion's method to find that he hunted deer with fine bird shot. The Indian never expected to kill or even mortally wound his game, but he would follow for miles the blood drops caused by his little wounds until the animals in sheer exhaustion allowed him to approach close enough for a dispatching blow. At 2 o'clock he returned with a small buck, tied scientifically together for toting, with the waste parts cut away, but every ounce of utility retained.

"I show," said the Indian, and he did. Thorpe learned the Indian tan.

The Indian appeared to intend making the birch knoll his permanent headquarters. Thorpe was at first a little suspicious of his new companion, but the man appeared scrupulously honest, was never intrusive and even seemed genuinely desirous of teaching the white little tricks of the woods brought to their perfection by the Indian alone. He ended by liking him. The two rarely spoke. They merely sat near each other and smoked. One evening the Indian suddenly remarked:

"You look 'um tree?"

"What's that?" cried Thorpe, startled.

"You no hunter, no trapper. You look 'um tree for make 'um lumber."

"What makes you think that, Charley?" he asked.

"You good man in woods," replied Injun Charley sententiously. "I tell by way you look at him pine."

Thorpe ruminated.

"Charley," said he, "why are you staying here with me?"

"Big frien," replied the Indian promptly.

"Why are you my friend? What have I ever done for you?"

"You got 'um chief's eye," replied his companion, with simplicity.

Thorpe looked at the Indian again. There seemed to be only one course.

"Yes, I'm a lumberman," he confessed, "and I'm looking for pine. But, Charley, the men up the river must not know what I'm after."

"They get 'um pine," interjected the Indian like a flash.

"Exactly," replied Thorpe, surprised afresh at the other's perspicacity.

"Good!" exclaimed Injun Charley and fell silent.

With this, the longest conversation the two had attempted in their peculiar acquaintance, Thorpe was forced to be content.

[To be Continued.]

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

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North	Tr'n 1 Tr'n 3 Tr'n 5			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Farmington, .....	lv	11.00	12.10	4.40
South Strong, .....				
Strong, .....	ar	P. M.	P. M.	
		12.05	12.42	5.10
Phillips, .....	ar	12.30	1.00	5.30

South	Tr'n 2 Tr'n 4 Tr'n 6			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	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. REAL, 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.	P. M.
Bigelow, lv		11.00	2.00
Carrabasset, ..		11.20	2.25
		11.45	3.00
Kingfield, { ar	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
{ lv	7.00	7.05	12.50
*N. Freeman, lv	7.05		12.55
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	7.20	7.35	
Salem, ..	7.20	7.45	1.10
*Summit, lv	7.22	8.35	1.12
*W. Freeman, lv	7.35		1.25
Strong, ar	7.45	9.05	1.35
NORTH.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv	8.15	10.00	5.12
*W. Freeman, lv	8.25		5.17
*Summit, lv	8.35	10.30	5.27
Salem, ..	8.40	10.35	5.35
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	8.45	10.40	
*No. Freeman, lv	8.50		5.45
	9.00	11.30	5.55
Kingfield, { ar			
{ lv	9.15	12.00	
Carrabasset, ..	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 Carrabasset 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	No. 2			
A. M.	P. M.			
9.00	lv	Boston	W. Div.	Ar
8.30				
12.40				
P. M.				
4.40				
		Farmington		2.25
		Phillips		1.30
				A. M.
5.30				1.30
6.00		Phillips	Ar	11.00
6.02		Madrid	Lv	10.25
6.10		*Madrid Junction		10.23
6.20		*Dead'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, Supt. G. P. & T. A.

### Portland & Rumford Falls Railway

In Effect October 10, 1904.

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

Trains due to arrive at Quosoc from Boston, Portland, Lewiston and Rumford Falls. 6.25 p. m.

Through Parlor Cars between Portland and Quosoc 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 Bangor and Bangor on train leaving Bangor at 6.00 a. m. and Bangor at 3.15 p. m. Sleeping Car on train leaving Bangor at 3.10 p. m. and Bangor at 3.55 a. m.

TRAINS LEAVE BANGOR.

3.55 a. m.—For and arriving at Millinocket, 5.40 a. m. Houlton, 8.50 a. m. Presque Isle, 10.32 a. m. Fort Fairfield, 11.00 a. m., Caribou, 11.00 a. m. Van Buren 12.40 p. m.

7.00 a. m.—For and arriving at Brownville, 9.01 a. m. Katahdin Iron Works 9.50 a. m. Millinocket 10.25 a. m. Patten 11.50 a. m. Ashland 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 4.43 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 3, 1904.





## SAVAGE RIFLES

The Savage .22-Caliber "Junior" Single Shot Rifle is different from any rifle you have ever seen. Its outward appearance may seem similar to other rifles of this size, but that is not the point. It is the quality and the smooth and easy manner in which it works that counts. Beside being the easiest and most accurate shooter, it is beautifully finished and sold to you under an honest guarantee. Price \$4.00, at your dealer's or direct from us.

Shoots the short, long and long rifle cartridges.

Write for Catalogue, free.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 19 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

### GUN CLUB'S FAST DAY SHOOT.

Portland Club Arranges an Interesting Program for April 27.

Event No. 1	15 Birds	Known
Event No. 2	15 Birds	Unknown
Event No. 3	15 Birds	Known
Event No. 4	15 Birds	Unknown
Event No. 5	15 Birds	Known
Event No. 6	15 Birds	Unknown
Event No. 7	15 Birds	Reverse
Event No. 8	15 Birds	Unknown
Event No. 9	15 Birds	Reverse
Event No. 10	15 Birds	Unknown

Targets 1-1-2 cents each for those shooting the entire Program or 25 cents for each event.

Distance Handicap from 16 to 20 yds. Handicap Committee, S. B. Adams, C. S. Randall, W. C. Wyman, H. L. Snow, W. H. Rich.

\$15.00 in high gun money, divided as follows: \$7, \$5, \$3.

\$5.00 in low gun money, divided \$1.00 to lowest and \$2.00 each to second and third lowest.

High and low gun moneys to be awarded to those who shoot the entire program. The high guns to win high gun money and low guns to win low gun money.

Interstate Rules to govern.

Shooting begins at 9.15 a. m. sharp. Dinner will be served on the grounds. Loaded Shells for sale on the grounds. Take Cars Head of Preble St. marked Ocean St. or East Deering. Cars leave on the hour and every 15 minutes hereafter.

Be sure and bring your shooting friends. We shall run this shoot to please you.

Guns and Shells shipped two days in advance to T. B. Davis Arms Co. Express prepaid, will be delivered on the grounds, free of charge.

### THE RIFLE AND RIFLE SHOTS.

Officers Won From Company M by a Fair Margin.

The rifle match for March 30 in Portland of the regular schedule was between the teams of Company M and Commissioned officers and although the marksmen from Westbrook made a considerable improvement of late they were defeated by a margin of 15 points.

The high scores of the evening were made by Lieut. Syphers and Sergt. Small, each with a 22. There were several 21's made during the match.

The marksmen and scores were as follows:

OFFICERS' TEAM.	
Capt. Parker.	5 4 3 5 4-21
Capt. Mulhearn.	4 5 4 3 4-20
Major Welch.	2 4 3 3 3-15
Lieut. McKough.	3 4 4 3 4-19
Lieut. Way.	2 4 3 5 4-20
Lieut. McCrink.	5 4 4 3 3-19
Lieut. Purinton.	4 4 5 4 4-21
Lieut. Syphers.	5 4 4 5 4-22
Lieut. Cummings.	3 3 4 4 4-18
Lieut. Kaler.	4 4 5 4 4-21
Team total.	196

COMPANY M.	
Sergt. Kimmond.	2 5 4 4 3-18
Priv. Perrin.	3 0 0 2 3-18
Priv. Bryson.	4 4 4 5 3-20
Priv. Goodrich.	4 4 4 4 4-20
Corp. Strout.	3 2 2 4 5-17
Priv. Labrecque.	3 4 4 3 4-18
Priv. Roberts.	4 4 5 4 4-21
Priv. Hay.	4 5 5 2 3-19
Sergt. Small.	4 5 4 5 4-22
Corp. Kimmond.	4 3 3 4 4-18
Team total.	181

### New Advertisements.

The Rangeley Lake House.  
Land on Rangeley lake for sale—"Haines Point."  
Wanted.  
Best Wall Map of Maine.  
Wanted.  
E. I. DuPont Co.  
Lafin & Rand, Powder Co.  
The Flagstaff, Frank Savage, Jr.  
Prop. Flagstaff, Me.  
Savage Arms Co.  
Marlin Fire Arms Co.  
Hood Rubber Co.  
Harrington & Richardson Co.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.  
L. F. Atwood Bitters.

### A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in six to 14 days. 40 cts.

### A BEAR STORY.

Pet Takes A Lively Ride In Company With the Bear.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

RANGELEY, March 30, 1905.

One evening as we were eating apples and drinking cider around the fire in the office of the house in Calais, Maine the boss came in and we all sang out, "Now for the bear story you promised us last night," this being the night after the dog hunt story.

"Well boys you shall have it and after you hear it you will know if I have told you a true story or not.

"Well boys a few years ago I had charge of a crew of men to go in the woods and build camps for a lumbering operation. As we had to go about 15 miles from the village we hauled our supplies on a sled with a yoke of oxen the road being so rough.

"After we got there the first thing to do was to make a shed to put our supplies under out of the sun. This we made out of poles and boughs; then we went to work on our camp. We had got the large camp about done when one night something visited the shed. We thought it was a hedgehog and made no note of it till morning. On going out after breakfast I found that the noise was made by a large bear which had been at work on the molasses barrel which had dried up with the sun and leaking quite bad. We rolled the barrel into the camp and took the molasses out into other dishes. The barrel was a large one so we took the head out; there was a lot of molasses stuck to the barrel so we put it in the corner of the camp to warm that we might clean it out for a water barrel.

"It being Saturday and the men tired after the week's work, supper being over we put a few lumps of wood on and sinking a pot of beans in the bean hole we turned in and was soon lost in sleep. During the night the bear came to the shed and took the trail of the molasses and walking up to the camp door knocking down some boards that were put up for a door walked in and smelling the molasses in the corner of the camp went right to the barrel and with his paw turned it down on its side and stuck his head in the barrel to get at the bottom. The molasses being soft it stuck him fast to the barrel and in trying to get out made a dreadful racket.

We had a man in the crew by the name of Pet McCarthy. He was the life of the camp. The noise of the bear woke him up just as it stood on its haunches and seeing the molasses running down all over him roared out, "Turn out every mother son of ye, the devil's in the molasses barrel," just as the bear brought it down with a crash on a pile of wood and out went the bottom and the bear stuck his head out. All this time he was trying to get out of the barrel, turning end for end and rolling over and over but he stuck fast; then he stood up and came down on the wood pile and hoops and staves flew all over the camp and the bear was himself again, and walked around the camp until he came to a bench which was full of clothes. These he knocked of onto the floor; then he jumped and rolled on them and when he got up he looked more like an Arab pack pedlar than he did like a bear. The clothes were stuck fast to him.

Walking to the fire he smelled the steam that came from the bean hole and jumped over the fire into a red hot pot of beans. The grease and beans flew over the fire and in a moment the camp was all light. I could not stand it any longer and called out, "Five dollars for the one who will stop that bear."

Pet said, "Do you mean it, boss?"

"I do, I replied.  
"Then I am your honey. Just you wait a bit. Then taking a small coil of rope from a peg and dropping the coil on the floor, put his foot on it and made a slip noose in the end.

"Now stand by to catch the rope and I will show ye how to choke the life out of the honey that stole the molasses."

The bear stood with his head near the door. Pet let go of the noose and when the bear felt the noose over his head and shoulders he jumped for the door and went through. Pet caught him by the hind foot.

"Now, boys," said Pet, but before they got the rope the coil caught Pet by the foot and the bear and Pet passed out through the camp door in a hurry and down the logging road, with poor Pet going bump, bump over the skids and the men running after him. Some eight rods from camp was a brook running across the road. The bear made a jump, the rope slipped off of Pet's foot and the rubber with it. Pet stopped in the center in two feet of mud and water.

The men ran to him. "Are you

# STOP! WOMEN, AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with woman's diseases covers a great many years. You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

### Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result.

First letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month with my periods. The pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have ovarian and womb trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Sts., Benning P. O., Washington, D. C.

Second letter.  
"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"After following carefully your advice, and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you a testimonial, and that others may know their value and what you have done for me.

hurt?" they asked.

"Am I hurt? bad luck to the like of ye. If I had a club I'd brain the lot of ye. Why did ye not hang to the rope as I did and stop the brute?"

"I say, Pet, where is your rubber?"  
"None of ye biz."

He went to the camp little the worse for his ride.

When we told the story at the village no one believed it, but the next October a party went on a hunting trip and shot a bear with a pair of rubbers on its hind feet; mittens on its fore feet; a red sweater over its shoulders; a red cap on its head and a rope fastened to its hind foot with a rubber hanging to it. That was proof enough, but Pet never forgot his midnight ride down the road with a bear.

WILLIAM WILCOX.

### At Highland Lake.

The following lines are respectfully dedicated to "Fly Rod."

Down the hillside, green and pleasant,  
Where clear waters love the shore,  
Where the breeze comes stilly sliding  
Glossy ripples surface o'er,  
Strayed I with such happy feeling,  
I could stray forevermore.

Spring was in the skies above me,  
Breathing of their genial blue,  
And 'twas sweet to look upon them  
Warning to such matchless hue,  
That my spirit soaring upward  
Into light and beauty grew.

And as up the slope I wandered,  
Where a gray old oak there stood,  
Like a hoary-headed warden  
At the portals of the wood,  
In my heart I sang most sweetly  
Such was my entranced mood.

Onward where the brook flows brightly  
Found I violets of blue,  
Sometimes, interspersed with others  
Of a white and golden hue.  
And they stirred sweet thoughts within me,  
Sweetest thoughts I ever knew.

Flowers are pure, most pure and holy,  
Thus it is and well may be  
When along the paths of nature  
Fairest flowers of earth we see,  
Then we feel new-born within us,  
Deathless love and purity.

Thus I walked, and thought, and ponder'd,  
Mid the gladness of the spring,  
Till my soul grew bright and thankful  
Such sweet pleasures life could bring;  
Unto me so full of music  
That I could not choose but sing.  
And when on my pathway homeward,  
By the aged oak I went  
To its boughs it seemed some greenness  
Those few genial hours had lent,  
And unto my heart such beauty  
That I deemed them not misspent.  
—TROUBLESOME.

"As you know, I wrote you that my doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wish every suffering woman would read this testimonial and realize the value of writing to you and your remedy."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Streets, Benning P. O., Washington, D. C.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.

### Addition to Fish and Game Collection.

The fish and game department is in receipt of an addition to the specimens of Maine fauna in which the department abounds, in the shape of a duck which was the gift of Game Warden, Chas. Adams of Jackman, by whom the bird was seized, last fall, for being illegally transported. The bird is a specimen of the species known as the American golden eye and is a female. It is mounted on a panel and will make a fine addition to the collection.

### Keep a Goin'!

If you strike a thorn or rose,  
Keep a goin'!  
If it hails or if it snows,  
Keep a goin'!  
Tain't no use to sit and whine  
When the fish ain't on your line;  
Bait yer hook and keep a tryin'.  
Keep a goin'!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

## Distress After Meals

Biddeford, Me., July 26, 1903.

Dear Sirs:—

I have used the "L. F." Bitters for the relief of headache, bilious and sour stomach and distressed feeling after meals. It always gives relief in a short time. I always keep it in the house to be sure of it.

MRS. JENNIE STAPLES.

When you feel doubtful after eating, it is safe to take a teaspoonful of "L. F." The True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, 35 cents at all stores.

ALL KINDS

It isn't often that the

Best costs no More.

Ask for HOOD'S OLD WABASH.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

HOOD RUBBERS

MADE BY HOOD RUBBER COMPANY BOSTON

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



## DELICIOUS BAKED BEANS.

STORY OF A BAKED BEAN DINNER  
IN WAR TIMES.

Huge Joke Played by Co. F's Boys Was Reflected Back on Them by the Trusted Cook of Co. D and all Ate Beans and Kicked Not.

BOSTON, March 31, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS.

A few weeks ago a gentleman who is planning to treat a party of about 50 to a dish of beans baked in the ground, asked for information or instructions regarding the preparation of the oven, quantity of beans, number of pounds of pork required, etc.

If Joseph Fairbanks, formerly of Phillips, who moved to Minnesota several years ago is alive, and I sincerely hope he is, he is probably as well qualified to give that gentleman specific information on that subject as any man living. Forty-two years ago Joe was catering to the ravenous appetites of the boys of Co. D, 28th Regiment Infantry, Maine volunteers. There was not another cook in the entire brigade that "could hold a candle to him" in baking beans in the ground. I have eaten and enjoyed very nice baked beans in Maine and a fair quality of them many times during the past 30 years in Boston, which has the distinction of being the bean city of the world, but the best of them cooked in Maine and famous Boston were as far inferior in flavor to those that Joe Fairbanks used to dish out to the boys of Co. D as a tallow candle is in brilliancy to an electric light.

This brings to mind a little incident that occurred when the 28th Maine was camping in "A" tent with the bare frozen ground for floors on the plains of east New York during the winter of 1862-3 enjoying a protracted siege of the measles and a vigorous siege it was too.

Our camp was located on Long island, a few miles from Brooklyn and New York City. These cities were reached by a line of horse cars that passed within about a half mile of our camping ground.

Nearly every day several of the good boys from each of the companies obtained passes from their officers which permitted them to take a day off, and some of the boys who were not especially worthy of rewards of merit, managed to slip over the guard line, unchallenged by the vigilant sentries, and took a day off on their own account.

On such occasions New York City was the objective point. These excursionists usually returned to camp about midnight, possibly a little later, generally pretty tired and invariably very hungry. The bean oven, (a hole in the ground,) of Co. D was located just beyond the line of the tents. Very early one morning (a little past midnight) the captain of Co. D, Orrin Thomas, was aroused by one of the boys of Co. D and informed that a lot of soldiers had taken possession of the bean oven of Co. D and devoured a large quantity of the beans. The captain and a few of his men scantily attired, rushed to the fray. The enemy beat a hasty and inglorious though successful retreat. Not a man of them was captured. They had made sad inroads on Joe Fairbanks's bean kettles and it looked as though the boys of Co. D would miss their usual feast at breakfast call that morning.

Next below Co. D on the line was Co. F. The cooks of that company were provided with upright cylindrical stoves with a fire box at the bottom and above that a close compartment or oven of sufficient size to admit a camp kettle through an opening in the top that was provided with a close fitting but movable cover. The beans of Co. F were baked in kettles set in the tops of those stoves.

After roll call that morning the boys of Co. F hilariously, energetically and somewhat derisively began to shout the following inquiry. "Who stole Co. D's beans?" They appeared to enjoy the joke? hugely for loud peals of laughter were continuous all along their company line. They were evidently anticipating the dejected countenances of the boys of Co. D as they turned away from the cook with empty plates. The boys of Co. D were as demure as lambs. They had implicit confidence in Joe Fairbanks and a close observer might have detected an expression of countenance and general air about them that was born of faith sufficient to remove beans if not mountains.

The bugle finally rang out the breakfast call. The orderly sergeants of the several companies formed their men in line and marched them single file with plate and dipper in hand to the cooks' quarters to receive their rations. The boys of Co. F were in high glee, those

of Co. D sedate but confident. When the head of Co. F reached the quarters of its cook, the shout, "Who stole Co. D's beans?" suddenly ceased. In its stead was a murmur of disappointment accompanied by a few impromptu but warm and earnest remarks, which would not look well in print and might melt the type. Strange to relate Joe Fairbanks dealt out full rations of their favorite dish to all the boys of Co. D and if the flavor was not quite up to Joe's usual standard the boys for once suppressed their "kicking" propensities and ate with a cheerfulness and evident satisfaction that was truly refreshing to spectators.

Perhaps the Co. D boys didn't retaliate and add insult to injury by shouting back, "Who stole Co. F's beans?" But if memory serves me right that question was passed along to Co. F. as cheerfully, as emphatically and derisively as "Who stole Co. D's beans?" had been hurled at them by Co. F. Perhaps Seward McKinney, Nathaniel Toothaker, R. W. Soule, Billy True, Henry McKinney, Lieut. Ricker, Capt. Thomas or some of the other boys not then in the hospital can remember the fact more clearly than the writer.

All the boys in the regiment seemed to understand that no one else could prepare and bake beans that were quite so delicious when served, as those baked by Joe Fairbanks, who worked hard for the comfort and cooked faithfully for the boys of Co. D, heaven bless him. He was assisted for a time in his duties if we remember correctly by his brother Charles Fairbanks who still lives in Phillips and perhaps he can give the information which your correspondent desired.

S. W. PARLIN.

An Animal Story For  
Little Folks

## The Frogs' Contest

There was once a grand contest announced for all the young frogs in Marsh's pond. The oldest bullfrog was coming to decide the matter. Young Peter Frog had always been good from the time he was a polliwog, and he made up his mind to win the prize and wear the medal. For weeks the other frogs were practicing diving off a log, and it was very much the way they had always played before the contest was announced. Peter Frog refused to join them. He carried a toadstool for an umbrella, so afraid was he that a



THE OLDEST FROG.

drop of water might spot his carefully rubbed green coat, and he stood far away from the happy, splashing young frogs for fear they should spatter mud on him.

And Peter Frog felt very superior to the other frogs, and he went home with a nice little roll of music under his arm which a linnnet had written out for him on a leaf, intending to practice bird songs, while all the other frogs were bellowing and shouting in chorus. At last the day of the contest came. The oldest bullfrog announced that there would be diving, swimming and shouting contests. Peter Frog was his own nephew, and he had hoped that Peter might win the prize. "Get in there! Why don't you jump in?" he shouted, as Peter stood about with his toadstool umbrella over him and his little roll of music under his arm.

"I'm afraid I'll soil my clothes," replied Peter. "I'm afraid I'll drown. I don't like the water—nasty wet stuff! But I can sing a song just like a linnnet," and he swelled with pride.

"A song! Sing like a linnnet!" boomed the old bullfrog. "Well, who ever heard the like of that? You're a disgrace to your name, Peter. You may leave the pond and live with the birds."

I have no idea which frog won that contest perhaps they all did—but Peter is living with the birds to this day, and if you ever meet a delicate little frog with a toadstool held over him for an umbrella and chirping as nearly like a bird as he can you will know it's Peter. —Worcester Post.

## 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 Birches, 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 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.

"Eureeka." 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.

Greene'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 backboard 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 &amp; 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.

Mooselook megruitic House offers excellent accommodations to sportsmen. It is in close proximity to the best fishing the 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. Sarxent, 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.

Whorff's Camps. Dead River Pond, P. O. Address, Rangeley, Me. Send for circular. E. B. Whorff, Proprietor.

## 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 togue. 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.

Cherry 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.

## Flagstaff, Me.

The Flagstaff. Fishermen, tourists and hunters find this an ideal place to spend their vacation. Salmon and square tailed trout are found in near by lakes, while pickerel fishing in Flagstaff pond is unsurpassed. Moose, deer and black bears are found here. Small game in abundance. Duck shooting unexcelled. A delightful fifty mile canoe trip to Big Spencer Lake. Frank Savage Jr., Flagstaff, Me.

## Washington County.

## Grand Lake Stream, Me.

The Birches. 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.

## THOSE NEWARK SPORTS.

A Wayfarer Finds Them In and Tells of  
His Impressions of a Jolly Good Crowd.

Your correspondent left Bangor on the morning of October 16th, bound for North East Carry for his annual hunting trip for deer, grouse, porcupines, bear, etc. We had been planning this trip from the day of our preceding year's trip and many a time had we taken down our old flint-lock and looked over its rusty sights and wished for a fine buck to walk across our range of vision.

We arrived at North East Carry after a rough trip up old Moosehead and being informed that we were only two and a half miles from Ellis camps we determined to save time and cash by walking the distance that evening and be on the hunting ground bright and early the following morning. After treading along for perhaps two hours and walking at least six miles, we discovered a lighted cabin in the distance which proved to be occupied by a number of Newark sportsmen.

As it was getting along toward seven o'clock and very dark in the woods, we decided to stop and ask for a night's lodging and supper. 'Tis needless to say we were received with open arms and pyrotechnics. This crowd of sports, we must say, were a whole-souled lot, but of the rough and tumble variety.

When we arrived they were engaged in some sort of a game new to us and the conversation was principally:—"you'r no good," "three of a kind" "House full"—(it may have been on some occasion.)—None of the party seemed to have any funds although they were putting up big money in their imaginations. So I don't think they were as gamy as one might be led to believe.

We were soon invited to supper of venison, grouse, ducks stuffed with snail sauce and it is sufficient to say, we enjoyed it hugely. After supper we got a little better acquainted with our hosts, Messrs. Jacobus, Wells, Castle, Wicks, Barker and Marh, all from Jersey.

Mr. Jacobus was a retired gentleman of about 80 summers or so, full of life and vigor as a man of 40 and the most substantial one in the crowd. Most of his hunting he did from the piazza of the camp. We learned however that he had quite a serious adventure with a bear, coming out of the encounter with coat torn in shreds. The bear, we learned from guides, was afterward trapped.

Mr. Wells was by all reports the hunter of the camp. He believes in large calibre, high power guns, that you can use for either grouse or moose. He used an 85-360 army gun and the way he paralyzed deer was nothing short of the marvelous. To illustrate: One day they brought in the remains of a big doe which had been shot facing the hunter; the only parts left of that deer were its four legs and back-bone and its flag was found waving on a tree 20 feet away. He intends to have a

more powerful one for next season's work.

Mr. Castle, we learned, belongs on the "Force" in Newark. We judge that he is a force 'most anywhere from appearance of hats and coats around camp. Mr. Castle is also an expert with a canoe, so Mr. Barker says. On one of his trips up the West branch he upset canoe, guns, Barker and all. Mr. Barker is particular nowadays as to who paddles him. You will always find Mr. Barker and Officer Castle together. Castle keeps everybody awake around camp.

Wicks is the tallest and thinnest thing in camp, 6 feet, 2, weighs about 150 pounds, fond of guns and rubber boots, always wears them, Sundays and all days. Always takes two or three guns when he goes out. He usually gets his share of crows, owls and ducks; also got his deer with the aid of the other versatile liars in camp.

Marsh, the tenderfoot, we learn later got the finest buck ever captured in Maine—18 points; shot him five times with rifle and guide finished him with two charges of buckshot. Marsh never uses bad language, tobacco, razors or water to excess. Good shot with a shotgun.

I believe this completes a summary of the peculiarities of the individual members of the party. We forgot to mention that they are all members of the Munchausen club in good standing.

We were fortunate to fall in so hospitable a crowd and we only wonder we are not in the hospital for repairs. Officer Castle has a peculiar habit of putting loaded shells in the fireplace with the result that every few minutes we would have an explosion, sending a shower of coals and ashes over the room.

After all is said and done, what pleasure can excel that derived from an outing in the forests of Maine? Who can realize the joy of outdoor freedom except the one who has experienced it in its truest sense? No one, who has not slept on the spruce boughs in a lean-to with a glowing camp fire lighting up the dark forest and listened to the whistle of the timid deer and the fox's bark, can truly appreciate all the good things nature has done for a tired mind and body.

Have you ever actually felt the quietness and solitude of the great forest? If not you are not living the life you were intended for by your Creator. A visit with nature as many days in a year as you can possibly spare, will make you a new man for months to come and you will have the memory of the forest and stream and mountain and valley constantly recurring to your minds.—S. E. Boomoc in Maine Sportsman.

## Arizona Girl Brave Huntress.

Miss Flossie Armstrong, a pretty young woman, resident at the Baum-folk ranch, eight miles from Bisbee, Ariz., has the distinction of being the only woman known to have killed a mountain lion in Arizona.

Out for a morning ride alone, she found the lion feeding upon the carcass of a calf it had killed. Miss Armstrong at once pulled from its holster the rifle she carries on the range and began firing. One of her bullets found the beast's breast. Then she placed a rope around the lion's neck and dragged it in triumph behind her pony to the ranch.—The Sportsman.

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.

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