

HERD OF HEIFERS "GONE WILD"

Have Fled to Highest Part of Day Mountain.

(Special to Maine Woods.)
South Strong, Dec. 8.—Many young cattle in this vicinity have "gone wild" this fall but most of the scattering ones have been captured. One herd of 11 head still remains at large. Most of them belong to George Staples of Hartford, Conn., who owns several farms in Temple. Numerous attempts to secure this fine lot of heifers have been made, seven men being used on

one occasion, but at last accounts the herd had fled to the highest part of Day Mountain and "were wild as deer."

WILL SPEND WINTER AT LA-FAYETTE.

Hon. Weston Lewis and family are to pass the winter at the Lafayette Hotel as they did last season and have gone to Portland, closing their residence in Gardiner.

FINE DEER HEAD

Probably the finest deer head to be brought out of the Maine woods, this season, was that obtained by H. S. True, a spare engineer on the Maine Central Railroad, living on St.

John street, Portland. The deer while not unusually heavy had a remarkably fine set of antlers the horns from tip to tip measuring 25 inches with 14 points. The other buck shot by Mr. True was somewhat smaller and had a much smaller head of antlers. Mr. True was accompanied on his hunting expedition by Herbert and Nevers Prosser of Exeter, and they also secured their full quota.

HUNTING NEWS FROM KINGFIELD

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Kingfield, Dec. 9.—The largest deer reported this season was secured by Wallace S. Safford, Monday afternoon below the Fish orchard. It is a monster buck of 8 points and two others appear to have been broken off, the deer weighing nearly 300 pounds and 9 feet in length. Mr. Safford was gone from the house only two hours. The deer with the handsomest set of antlers was shot by Ralph Butts of Norway who returned home Monday from a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Butts. It was a 16-point buck. Rev. C. J. Langley and Chas. Cross got deer Saturday, one at Indian pond, the other near Chas. McLean's. Arthur Stevens of Maple St. got a deer of 8-points Monday. W. S. Stanley also brought in from the Fish orchard an 8-point buck. Arthur Davenport of Dryden secured a deer in this vicinity Monday. Mr. Edison shot a deer of 8 points Monday and D. H. Cushman brought in an 8-point buck Saturday. The following hunters are at their camp at Bigelow Station where they have been for a week or ten days: J. L. Parington, S. A. Russell, C. F. Hooper, C. H. Bailey, F. H. Hale. All but one have got deer. Mr. Hale came out Monday with his deer. J. L. Parington is from Portland, the rest from New Sharon.

Burleigh Batchelder of Kingfield saw a handsome coal black fox at Salem last week, and being without a gun waited on the ground for some time while he sent for the fire arms. Meanwhile the fox had made his escape. Sometimes the skin of these foxes bring as high as \$1500.

J. E. Voter got a 10-point buck last week near Stratton.

Fred Blanchard shot a doe and fawn with one shot Thursday, the fawn being beyond the mother and not in sight when he fired.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

The following cards, issued on Wednesday of last week are of great social importance in Portland: Mrs. Nathan Webb announces the marriage of her daughter Janet to George Sayward Hobbs on Wednesday November the twenty-sixth nine teen hundred and thirteen Portland, Maine. An enclosed card reads: At home Fridays after February, 48 Neal street.

AT HOTEL EAGLE

Quite an elaborate and a very attractive menu was gotten out by F. L. Blinn, proprietor of Hotel Eagle, Brunswick, for his Thanksgiving dinner. The cover is of mottled gray, rough surface paper and tied with red silk cord and tassel. Fortunate indeed were those

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS wanted. Devote spare time or all next summer gathering them. I pay almost market prices. Some worth several dollars. Profitable, interesting, healthful and easy work for outdoor people. Prepare now and be ready for "SPRING." Send 2c stamp for valuable information, and beginners get instructions. JAMES SINCLAIR, Entomologist, Dept. 9 OF ANGELES, CAL.

LARGE LUMBERING OPERATIONS

Carried on by the Pejepscot Paper Company--Vose Right Man in Right Place.

Few people realize the size of the woods operation that is being carried on in Franklin county by the Pejepscot Paper Company. This company with a great deal of foresight secured practically all the spruce stumpage on the entire timberland holdings of the Barnjum Sandy River Co. in Redington, Sandy River, West Dallas and Madrid townships, consisting of more than 50,000 acres of timberland estimated to contain over 40,000 cords of pulpwood; the contract running over a period of twenty years, and who can predict what the price of pulpwood will be in even ten years from now, with the large increase in consumption and diminishing supply of wood.

This contract calls for the cutting of 20,000 cords of wood annually, which means a great industry for Franklin county. The woods operations are in charge of Orris Vose, who is the right man in the right place. Orris is a hustler and some of the older woodsmen will do well to keep an eye on him, for he is not only incorporating up-to-date methods in his logging operations, but is devoting every moment of his time to business, working from early morning till late at night. The logging camp at Redington is a model and it is doubtful whether its superior can be found in the State.

The Pejepscot Paper Company is controlled and managed by men of the highest integrity, sound business judgment and pleasing personality, and it is certainly an asset to have a corporation of this standing established in our midst, and we welcome them to Franklin county.

who dined at this popular hostelry, for the menu included many rare and delicious viands.

DELIGHTFUL TRIP

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hinds and Miss Ethel Hinds of West street, Portland, are to leave in February for a trip around the world, going first to Egypt, and then to other points of interest outside the beaten track of the traveller.

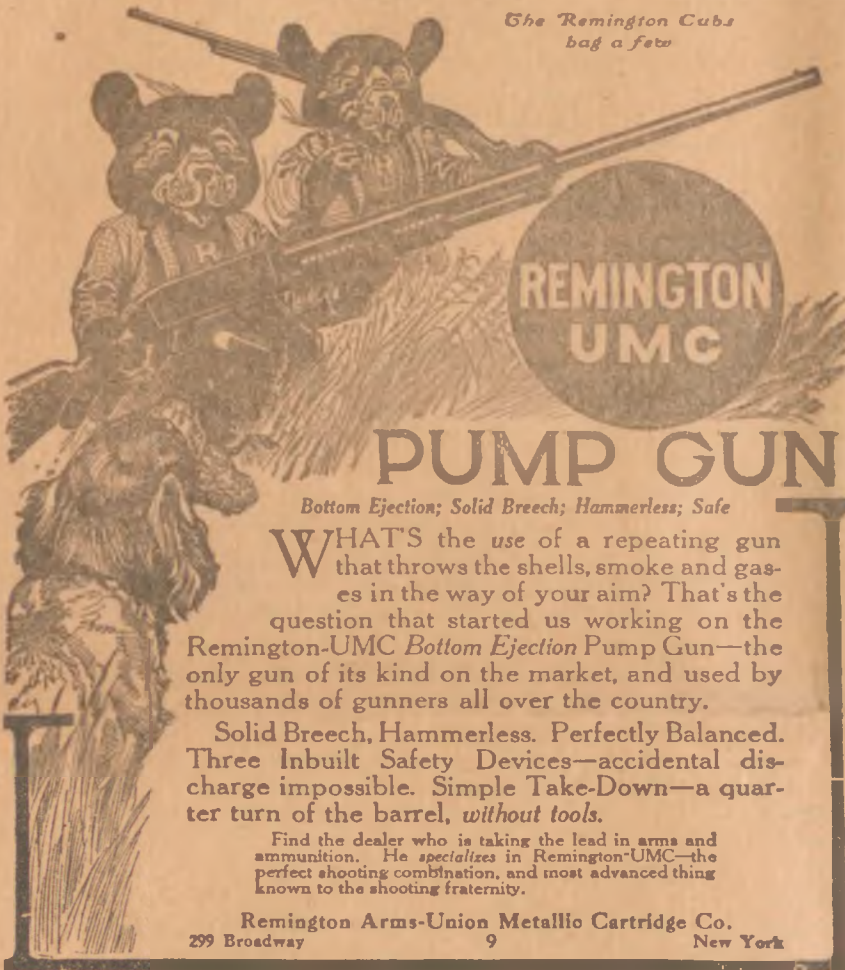
PORTLAND GUN CLUB WILL HAVE NEW RANGE.

The new range and rooms of the Myles Standish Gun Club of Portland, are about to be altered and repaired, and the club will probably be able to use the range for their annual Christmas shoot.

In the new quarters there will be four targets at a distance of 75 feet, and 12 at 60 feet, with an opportunity to install more of the shorter range targets if desired. There is also a large space to be devoted to rooms for the club, and when the new quarters are fixed up they will be the finest and most commodious this club has ever occupied.

The work of arranging the new range and rooms will be under the direction of Henry C. Hersey, president and treasurer, and Elton T. Thompson, vice president and shooting master.

G. Almon Blanchard, formerly of Auburn, and now of Portland, is one of the best trap shots in the Foremost City and his work at the holiday meet will be watched with interest.



The Remington Cubs bag a few

REMINGTON-UMC

PUMP GUN

Bottom Ejection; Solid Breech; Hammerless; Safe

WHAT'S the use of a repeating gun that throws the shells, smoke and gases in the way of your aim? That's the question that started us working on the Remington-UMC Bottom Ejection Pump Gun—the only gun of its kind on the market, and used by thousands of gunners all over the country.

Solid Breech, Hammerless. Perfectly Balanced. Three Inbuilt Safety Devices—accidental discharge impossible. Simple Take-Down—a quarter turn of the barrel, without tools.

Find the dealer who is taking the lead in arms and ammunition. He specializes in Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination, and most advanced thing known to the shooting fraternity.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway New York

Mountain View House Mountain View, Maine

For further particulars write or address

L. E. BOWLEY,
Mountain View, Maine.

GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE

We do not approve of the hunters' license this fall, but we do not believe that it will keep everyone out of Maine. Our camps will be open all the season. Trains every day.

The most wonderful hunting in Maine is on the BLAKESLEE PRESERVE OF 30,000 ACRES.

We guarantee you a shot at a deer. Birds are more numerous than ever before. If you want real hunting, write
JOE WHITE, Eustis, Maine, for booklet and particulars.
Skinner, Maine after October 1.

THE SEASON FOR BIG GAME SHOOTING IN MAINE

Is rapidly approaching and the prospects for a most successful season in that mecca for all deer hunters, the Rangeley and Dead River Region was never better.

A postal card addressed to the undersigned will bring you full information contained in our booklet HUNTING.
F. N. BEAL, G. P. A., Phillips, Maine.

If you find 12 gauge guns and loads too heavy and a bit slow in an all-day hunt, just get this splendid new



The Safest Breech-Loading Gun Built.

16-Ga. Hammerless Repeating Shotgun—\$24.50

For snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc., it has the penetration and power of the 12-gauge without the weight.

It's a light, quick gun of beautiful proportions, superbly balanced, with every up-to-date feature: Hammerless; Solid Steel Breech, inside as well as out; Solid Top; Side Ejection; Matted Barrel; 6 Quick Shots; Press-Button Cartridge Release; Automatic Hang-Fire Safety Device; Double Extractors; Take-Down Trigger and Hammer Safety. It's just the gun you want!

Marlin 12-gauge hammerless repeater, \$22.60

Send 3c postage for complete catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
34 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WILL ANGLERS ASSOCIATION HELP?

To Save Slaughter of Trees as Well as the Game.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Utica, N. Y., December 5.

It is far from my desire to interfere with the good cheer and pleasure that comes at Christmas time, but there is enacted during this month a performance which is so contrary to others that it seemed wrong.

The sincere people of the United States are united as a whole and desire at least that the forests shall not be taken away and that the reforestation shall go on. While we are teaching these ideas to the public, and while tree planting is going on every year, it is certainly a farce as compared with the slaughter that is going on, not only by the lumbermen but to furnish Christmas trees.

It is not long ago that two carloads of evergreen trees—hemlock, mostly spruce and balsam—were cut all near one section of the country and shipped to the cities. Each car contained 5000 trees, sizes running from four feet to ten feet tall. It is estimated the four foot tree is ten years old and that the ten foot is about twenty years old. Now, what a slaughter this is and what a splendid impression it makes with us who are favoring and actually doing forestry, and what inspiration it has—to stand for the people's health, which needs natural storage of water and forests as well. It is an act of vandals. 10,000 trees killed at the age of ten to twenty years each is sad to contemplate, and how much hot air from politicians, who are too often in league with the lumbermen and tree destroyers, can ever balance up this deficiency, to say nothing about the actual work done for good.

Of course, sentiment will say that we have got to have Christmas anyway, and the tree. Very well, they do not have to be natural trees cut down with the axe, for just as soon as this tree cutting is stopped for that purpose, "necessity will be the mother of invention," and all will come out just as well as to have live trees for this purpose. You know on public occasions not so very long ago the actor or reader was applauded by the stamping of feet on the floor, (and by the way some of the men at that time wore real heavy cowhide boots). Common sense declared that was a nuisance and now people are applauded with the use of their hands, instead of their feet, and the new Christmas tree can be one that does not have to be cut down in the forest, and would certainly come if the act was prohibited.

The first shipment of Christmas trees from the woods passed through Watertown, N. Y., yesterday. There were five flat cars loaded with evergreen trees, and to-day eight cars were added to the number, all going to New York and Boston, and it is fair to presume that Boston and other eastern cities get a great many more from the State of Maine.

Think it over and see if the Anglers' Association cannot grasp this idea and get behind it and push it a little, and protect the forests.

Very respectfully,

S. E. Stanton.

SUBSCRIBE FOR MAINE WOODS.

LEE DEER WEEK CONCLUSIONS

Sentiment Changing in Both Those for and Against Legal Deer Shooting—Jackrabbit Problem Next.

Lee, Saturday, Nov. 22.

Echoes of the deer week will be with us for some time. The fact that certain deer were, or may have been, wounded and crawled off into the woods to suffer and die brings the old arguments against a law that allows animals to be produced for slaughter by torture. It has changed one phase of this complaint this year that was unexpected, that is, people who had desired that the deer be allowed to multiply are now turning to the argument that it would be best to make a continuous open season and allow them to be exterminated, rather than continue the present policy. These people are getting rid of their nonsense that the deer is a wonderful asset to the summer boarder business. A lot of the nonsense about wild animals in the mountains may be cheerful gossip among the country people, but it is detrimental to the enjoyment of the city visitors and keeps them out of the free enjoyment of the woods.

There is also another side which no one has thought of, or if so failed to mention. Whenever one goes to-day he is almost sure to find the "no trespass" card; in other words, the fields that were once open to the free use of the city visitor are now closed, and it is discouraging to go for a stroll over old haunts, possibly places which one has traveled miles to visit again, and be confronted with this harsh warning. The posted land is covering a larger and larger territory each year, and is a nuisance even if one pays little attention to the signs. The tendency is all to the exclusion of the public and to the production of private domains and big personal game preserves.

The hunter, however, does not take this gloomy mood. The boys say that conditions this year prove, more than was expected, that it is possible to have an open week and still have deer enough left to assure good hunting another year. It was thought by some that after the first two years deer would be so scarce as to make it appear improbable to get one. The results of Monday's and Tuesday's shoots were a surprise to everybody, even the old hunters and game wardens. Deer have been very scarce on the hillsides the past summer, and there was every reason to expect a small pot. At the present writing it is a question if the number shot will not be fully up to last year.

One of the noticeable facts this season was the shifting of the animals. The big hauls were made in sections where deer have not been plentiful before, as Bear-town and the section near Great Barrington, while Sandisfield and Monterey shooting was comparatively poor. Special protection was afforded the Whitney place this year, it being understood that the fish and game commission have some arrangement for the care of the deer on the Whitney land. This is good if it does not mean, as some fear, that the game will be protected there to the exclusion of other tracts, and then some party come along and purchase the place and find it well stocked, at the expense of the state, because of the protection. If the place is so good, why not make it state property, in which case there will not appear to be the state's care of

private possessions, and an interest will be aroused which will give a hand instead of knocking, whether the true purpose is known or not. So far as may be judged locally, the criticism attending open week is not of the ramcor sort of former years, which leads to the belief that it will right itself if given time.

It will not be long before the public will be squabbling over the jackrabbit question. When a boy small enough to be called "a kid" can bring in seven rabbits as the result of an afternoon's hunt, and everybody reports good bags, it is a sure sign that they have rapidly increased in the last few years. With a good start, as they appear to have now, it will not be long before the farmer will want the state to pay damage for gardens and trees destroyed, and rabbit pie will be a drug on the market. It is surprising how many rabbits one who is driving will see scudding across the road.—Springfield Republican.

ESSAY ON FISHING

What It is and How It is Carried on in United States.

Fishing is the leading American sport next to the pianola. It is carried on almost entirely in sporting papers, but can be done also in streams and lakes.

The latter form of fishing is known as the empirical or experimental method.

Fishes are divided by science into two families, edible and non-edible. Edible fishes are those that are landed.

Edible fishes weigh from one to three ounces. Larger fish than this live in literature and do not take to bait.

To go fishing successfully, it is necessary to have an outfit consisting of a day off, a hook, and a piece of string.

There are innumerable varieties of bait, such as worms, grasshoppers, beetles, and toy torpedo boats known as casting baits.

Casting is done by hurling the torpedo boat violently into the water and hauling it back till the fisher faints.

There are also better baits, such as lobster pots and dynamite.

The noblest fishing is fly fishing. It is the art of throwing a miniature feather duster on the water in the hope that it will look like a fly. Countless fishes instantly dart from all points of the horizon to look at it. Fly fishermen count these countless fishes and report the number minutely to the sporting editor.

Even the smallest fishes reach enormous weights. This is because the scales carried by the fishes are not efficiently inspected.

The most disastrous mistake in fishing is patience. If a fish does not bite instantly, the fisher should try another place at once. After trying three places without success, the fisher will do best by bailing the place out with a bucket.

The best bait for general fishing is the worm. This is a longitudinally elongated tubular insect. It is enormously plentiful over the entire habitable globe except when it is wanted for bait. Worms then cost one cent per worm.

He is made into bait by being impaled on the hook. This is not painful to the worm. He is prevented only by lack of speech from expressing his delight.

The worm should be lowered into the water kindly but firmly. A fish will snap it up immediately. This fish may be a salmon, bullhead, Finnan haddie, or a tin can.

As soon as the fish bites, he must be played. Playing a fish is the technical term for yanking him in before he can get away. If the fisher is using a pole, he should lay it down and play the fish hand over hand.

Some fishes are known as game fishes. This is not because of their flavor, but because they jump into the air when hooked. Many fishers refuse haughtily to fish for any game fishes. The best way to get a game fish is to play him till he jumps and then skin him with a club.

The leading game fish of the United States is the speckled beauty. Uncultivated persons call this

fish a trout. The speckled beauty is speckled with vermilion, green, purple and blue spots over a brown moire with watered silk effect. It ranges in size from two inches to monsters of three or four, and lives exclusively in babbling brooks not less than one inch deep. It is fished for with artificial flies and caught with worms.

Bullheads are more easily caught than trout. This gives them a much finer flavor. The bullhead can be identified by gripping him firmly. If it is a bullhead the fisher will find the fish nicely nailed to his hand by handsome spines.

The bullhead has the openest smile of any game fish except the sperm whale. The sperm whale, however, is not a true game fish. He is an independent oil refiner who was pushed into the sea when John D. Rockefeller was evolved.

The sperm whale is considered a fair catch for one day's fishing.

Fishers who would rather fish for numbers than quality usually devote themselves to the eel. The eel is exceedingly easy to catch, but not so easy to uncatch. A 10-inch eel swallows the hook and 60 feet of the line in the moment of impact. The fisher must jerk violently as soon as an eel bites. He will then discover the eel reared handsomely around his neck and tied with a sailor's half-hitch.

A somewhat more aristocratic sport is salmon fishing.

The salmon is caught with a pole that has been sawed into three or more pieces and put together again at an expense of not less than one hundred dollars. The salmon fisher begins at dawn to cast into the salmon pool with his pieced pole and continues casting till sunset. A guide then wades into the pool and sets the salmon with a gaff-hook.

There is also salt-water fishing.

Salt-water fishing is not fishing for salt mackerel, as many unscientific thinkers believe. Salt-water fishers catch bluefish, whitefish, jewfish, pollocks and other nationalities—Tit-Bits.

Eels are running up the Saco river to their spawning bed near Laurel Hill cemetery. Then after depositing their spawn they run down again. It appears that the fishermen in this river are wiser than some other fishers elsewhere, for they do not molest the eels until they are on the return trip after having provided for the perpetuation of their kind. Then the fisher men go after them and make large hauls. The eels are selling for five cents apiece.

FIRE CAMPAIGN.

"It is only within recent years that the real cause and correction of our enormous fire waste have been clearly understood," remarked State Insurance Commissioner J. W. Blunt when asked about this important movement recently. "This campaign," he continued, "is of decidedly recent origin. About ten years ago the plan of a state officer empowered to investigate and regulate fire waste was first adopted in Massachusetts. By 1906 about half a dozen other states had followed suit. During the past five years there has been a marked awakening throughout all circles of the country concerning the size and character of fire waste in life and property, and the fact that it is in large part needless and preventable. During this time forty states have installed fire marshals (or other officers with similar powers), and many municipalities having realized that the bulk of this danger and loss was in their congested areas, have begun to exercise police power more freely and intelligently through varying agencies to control and abate it. Of late, especially, civic and commercial bodies are recognizing their responsibility in the matter, and are beginning to take a determined hand in bettering fire waste conditions.

Telling a merchant or householder that the fire loss of the country each year amounts to more than the national debt does not start him to thinking very earnestly about the matter, but it should jar him into action to tell him that the fire loss is \$500, a minute, every minute of

the year and every year as it comes and goes. If each storekeeper and householder would take just the common precautions against possible fire we believe the average would shrink to something less than \$50, a minute and that, even, is too high. Look to your chimney flues, furnace pipes, stoves, ash cans and fuel bins. See that matches are kept in closed tin boxes. Keep no oils or inflammable liquids, like gasoline, inside the building. Do not allow rubbish to accumulate anywhere in the store or cellar. Be very careful about allowing smoking on the premises. Look well to the position and condition of your lamps, if you use them, and don't try to get your wiring done cheaply if electricity is used, for 'defective wiring' is one of the most common causes of loss by fire. And bear this in mind: When all this preventable fire loss is eliminated, down will go your fire insurance cost to a remarkable degree. Isn't it worth it?"

SHORT RANGE LEAGUE MAKES GOOD START.

During the next three months, beginning Dec. 1, thirty rifle clubs will compete in the Arms and the Man Short Range League contests. This year's registration is six clubs greater than ever before and lively competition is anticipated.

Twenty states have one or more clubs entered, Maine and California representing the geographical extremes of the league's field. Ohio leads with three clubs; New York, Pennsylvania, California, Connecticut, Missouri, Massachusetts, South Dakota and Iowa have entered two clubs each, and New Jersey, Michigan, Nebraska, Idaho, Maine, Alabama, Maryland, Rhode Island, North Dakota, Oregon and the District of Columbia are each represented by one club.

Clubs may enter any number of contestants, up to ten, for each match, the five high scores to count for record. The matches will be shot, of course, in the towns where the clubs are located, the scores being sent to headquarters at Washington, where the winners are determined. All shooting will be done indoors, with .22 calibre rifles, prone position, distance 75 feet. Medals will be awarded for the clubs finishing first, second and third, and to the individual shooter who averages highest for all matches.

In arranging the conditions governing the matches the management has made an attempt to do away with all red tape and restrictions not necessary to the efficient handling of the organization's work. There should be a real test of shooting skill in this season's series.

FAREWELL DINNER TO FORMER ADJUTANT GENERAL DILL.

Early in January a farewell dinner will be given to former Adjutant General Elliott C. Dill by the present and past members of the governor's staff and the present and past officers of the National Guard of Maine. The affair will take place in Portland.

TAXIDERMISTS

G. W. PICKEL,
TAXIDERMIST

Dealer in Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Indian Moccasins, Baskets and Souvenirs.

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"Monmouth Moccasins"

They are made for Sportsmen, Guides, Lumbermen. Known the world over for excellence. Illustrated catalogue free.

M. L. GETCHELL CO.,
Monmouth, - - - - - Maine

RODS AND SNOWSHOES

I make Rangeley wood and split bamboo rods for fly fishing and trolling. Rods to let. Snowshoes to order.

E. T. HOAR, Rangeley, Me.

FREE INFORMATION ON HOW TO DO TANNING—Send for our illustrated circulars; on taxidermist work, custom tanning and manufacturing of ladies' furs, robes, coats, rugs, gloves and mittens, from the trapper to wearer. W. W. Weaver, Reading, Mich.



Fresh Corn On the Cob —or Dry Kernels?

There's no question as to which you would choose to eat. And there's just as much difference between *fresh* tobacco in the Sickle Plug and dried-up particles of sliced or granulated tobacco.

All the natural tobacco flavor and moisture are *pressed into* the Sickle Plug, and *kept in* by the natural leaf wrapper. You whittle a pipeful off the plug as you use it—that is why you always get it *fresh*—always get a slow-burning, sweet, cool, satisfying smoke.

Economical, because you get *more tobacco*—there's no package to pay for. And *there's no waste*. All good dealers sell Sickle—try a pipeful *today*.

3 Ounces
10c



Slice it as
you use
it

202

DID HE KILL DEER WITH HIS HANDS?

Jimmie Connors Gives "Primitive Man" Third Degree on Alleged Marvel of Muscle.

Since Tuesday night, when James Connors of Bangor, better known to the sporting world as Jimmy Connors, interrupted the lecture of Joe Knowles, the so-called "primitive man," in Bangor Opera House with some questions concerning the manner in which Knowles killed a deer, there has been a great deal of discussion on that subject, and many who were not in the theatre have inquired of the News as to just what was said during the Connors-Knowles colloquy. For the information of these the News publishes herewith a verbatim report of the questions and answers.

Mr. Connors, who had come from his sanatorium and sportsmen's camp at Norcross expressly to interrogate Knowles concerning his alleged wonderful feat of killing a

deer with his hands, rose in his place and asked:

"Will you, Mr. Knowles, answer a question which I may ask from where I am standing. I have come a hundred miles to ask it. You claim you have killed a deer. Killed it with your hands."

Mr. Knowles: "I not only claim I have. I know I have."

Question: "How long before you went into the woods did you contemplate this trip?"

Mr. Knowles: "More than a year."

Question: "Now, Knowles, did it ever occur to you that people would be skeptical, that better proof would produce more confidence in the people?"

Mr. Knowles: "The only thing I thought of, was I wondered if I could do this thing. I began to believe I could trust my self alone and felt safe."

Question: "You are acquainted with fire-arms? Would a deer that was shot bear some signs on its skeleton?"

Mr. Knowles: "If the deer was shot in the flesh, that wound would not show on the skeleton."

Question: "Are you not mistaken? Wouldn't the congealed blood show some effect? If you had killed a deer by your hands alone, why didn't you preserve the skeleton of that deer, with just the neck broken? This would have been the most conclusive proof that you had done it. You have not produced any bit of proof that you killed that deer by your hands. You could have brought the skeleton before the public, but this you have neglected to do."

Mr. Knowles: "That is how you consider it, but you are one man among many in the public. I have the majority to consider. I can say the proofs of my trip are in the woods there, in the wilderness. If you care to go and see them you may go. If you want me to go out it will cost you money. I want to talk further along this line, I will have to ask you to come to the hotel to see me. I shall be very glad to talk with you personally, but you shall not hold up the people here. It is not fair to them."

Question: "Why don't you answer my question?"

Mr. Knowles: "I have answered it, and if you have anything further to say, either write me or come to the hotel to see me. I shall not take the time for argument. I would like to have you ask me at any time as man to man. I consider you are a fair minded man. I would like to ask you something along this line of living and see how much you know. I would be

proud to have you come up and face the people. I must consider the majority of the people who are present rather than one person. If you are fair you should not be afraid to face the public. I do not feel like holding the people here, but I will reserve time to-morrow night, and will take it up then. Will you agree to that?"

Questioner: "I will answer now."

Mr. Knowles: "You are asking questions now. I have not any more time to-night. If you want to see me, come to my hotel. You are like many of the skeptics, but I will give you credit for this. You have more courage than a great many of the other skeptics, for you have spoken."

Artist, Knowles did not seem at all willing to go on with the debate, although Mr. Connors was ready and willing. The "primitive man" concluded his engagement in the Opera House on Wednesday night and left on Thursday for Boston, while Mr. Connors was obliged to leave on Wednesday morning on his return to Norcross.

TRIFLE INCONSISTENT.

Knowles' yarns were considered more amusing than convincing by Bangor men who know anything of the woods, and all through his talks and interviews are scattered miscellaneous absurdities and inconsistencies. In one interview, at City Hall, for example, he recalled a time when in his home the "little boys and girls" scraped away the frost on the window pane in order to see their "poor old mother" struggling through the snow drifts with a bundle of firewood on her back. It might occur to most persons that if the children were too small to be out in the snow and having a good time, their mother could not have been very aged; and, by the same reasoning, if the mother were really old, then the children could not have been very small. They would have been grown men and women, and should be ashamed of themselves to stick by the stove and send their poor old mother out in the storm for fuel. Furthermore whatever the ages of any of them, they couldn't have been a very enterprising set to wait until the howling storms of winter came before they thought anything about firewood. Most people who live in the country have a fine big pile of wood cut a year or so in advance, so that it will be well seasoned when wanted to start the fire.

But maybe this family were spending all their spare time just then learning how to dig without tools a hole deep enough to keep a yearling bear prisoner. You never can tell.—Bangor News.

A MOUNTAIN HOTEL.

Work Commenced on the New Summit House, Mount Washington, to Replace the Hostelry Destroyed by Fire.

Work is understood to have started by the Boston & Maine railroad on a new hotel building on the summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, to take the place of the old Summit House, destroyed by fire in 1908. The plans, however, provide for a much more economical structure than the one for which Charles S. Mellen, when president of the road, had plans drawn two years ago.

The foundations completed three years ago on the site of the old structure will so it is reported be used for a building 172 by 38 feet and one and one-half stories in height. It will contain twenty-three rooms for guests and eight for servants on the second floor, while on the first floor there will be a large lobby, dining room and lunch counter, souvenir stand, post-office, kitchen and service rooms and eight rooms for guests. The walls will be erected this winter and work resumed early in the spring, so that the hotel may be opened early in July for the tourist season of 1914.

The necessity of a new hotel at the summit has been emphasized in the past season by the lack of accommodations. The only place where guests could stay was the ol

START on your fall hunt supplied with Peters Shells—the ammunition that you can always depend on for shooting quality and results.

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give real and complete satisfaction, but their cost is within the reach of all. Barton Lewis won the U. S. Amateur Championship at Dayton, O., June 17, 1913, scoring 195 out of 200 with Peters "Target"—medium priced shell for Bulk Smokeless. Chas. A. Young won the Professional Championship of the United States, scoring 197 out of 200 with Peters "High Gun"—medium priced Shell for Dense Smokeless.

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COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Tip-Top House, which has often been so crowded that visitors were compelled to roll themselves in blankets and sleep on the floor. The proposed great hotel on the summit was found to be too expensive a proposition for the road to undertake in its present financial condition, and one of the first official acts of President Morris McDonald upon taking office was to stop work upon the detailed plans of the hotel.

The new building will be rectangular, instead of circular, and will be in front of the platform at the end of the Mount Washington cog railway line. It is understood that the proposition will be financed directly by the Boston & Maine. The hotel planned under the Mellen management was to be financed by the Boston, Concord & Montreal, which had voted to issue bonds for the purpose, and a tentative approval of the issue had been given by the New Hampshire Public Service Commission.

MOOSE IN MAINE

The number of moose killed in Maine this year will probably fall considerably behind the number killed in 1912, and the number killed in 1912 was less than the number killed in 1911. In other words fewer and fewer moose are being taken out of the Maine woods each year.

It may be that this is due in part to the fact that there are fewer hunters, but it would seem to be almost conclusive that the number of moose is steadily diminishing. Every two years the restrictions on

moose killing have been drawn tighter and tighter by the Legislatures, but if the number killed is any criterion, these restrictions have not resulted in an increase in the number of these animals. The halt must be called, however, for the people of Maine will never consent to the extinction of moose in this State. If we are permitting too many to be killed now, we must draw the lines tighter.—Press.

LEFT FOR HUNTING TRIP

William G. Hill of Woodford street, Dr. Frank A. Hayden of Congress street, west, Dr. Henry Gilman of State street, Dr. James F. Rowell of Henry street, with Mr. Curit and Mr. Bangs, all of Portland, left last week, Monday, for a week's hunting trip at Eustis. The party is to be joined on Wednesday by George A. Blanchard of Woodford street and Orrin P. Weymouth of Longfellow street.

HUNTING NOTES

Probably the last man in Kennebec county to kill a deer during the season just closed was Everett A. Shaw of Augusta. Mr. Shaw was out hunting, Saturday, in the vicinity of Three-Corner pond, and run across and killed a fine buck weighing about 150 pounds. The number of deer killed in the county, this fall, was very small.

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The Maine Woods thoroughly covers
the entire state of Maine as to Hunt-
ing, Fishing, Trapping, Camping, and
Outing news and the whole Franklin
county locally.

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.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1913

Among recent newspaper changes
in Maine was the sale of the Maine
Farmer to Charles W. Carson & Co.,
of Augusta, who took possession
Nov. 20. Mr. Carson had been
foreman of the printing department
of the Farmer for the past three
years. The paper will be conducted
along the same lines as heretofore.

The Aroostook Pioneer, Houlton,
has moved to the new Hamilton-
Burns block where they will
have commodious quarters fitted for
their especial purpose, and we con-
gratulate Bro. Lyons for the im-
provements which he will have.

SHOP NOW.

Christmas is two weeks away. It
is a joyous, gladsome time, when all
the world joins in the merry festi-
val. But two weeks is not a long
time, and now you should do your
shopping. Behind the counters in
the stores will stand clerks ready
to wait upon you. The coming
two weeks will be hard ones for
them, if you wait until the last
minute to make your purchases.
Everyone can start shopping a little
early, and thus give to the clerks
behind the counters a chance to
enjoy a little of the Christmas spirit.
Don't be selfish. Remember they
are obliged to work hard, obliged to
turn a smiling countenance to
every irritable shopper, obliged to
answer courteously every sarcastic
question. And they never fail,
but the customers do time and a-
gain. Shop early, and you will not
have to feel that, on Christmas
morning, the girls behind the coun-
ter have not been shown considera-
tion and justice by you, and your
Christmas will be the better for it.

TRAP SHOOTING THE SPORT ALLURING.

Trap shooting is the only organ-
ized sport that has been able to rear
its head above the ever rising flood
of baseball popularity in the United
States and maintain national recog-
nition.

This means that the pursuit of
the clay bird—now called "The Sport
Alluring" from ocean to ocean—has
inherent qualities which demand the
appreciation of sportsmen who would
cultivate poise, sureness of eye and
judgment, suppleness of muscle, and
general ruddy, outdoor healthfulness.
In many of these respects, trap
shooting parallels baseball, but the
gun game goes far beyond the
"diamond" in offering good sport
to its devotees regardless of age,
sex and almost in spite of physical
handicaps. There are octogenar-
ians in the United States who are
getting full joy and top scores at
the traps who might not be able to
walk from "home" to "first" with-
out assistance; there are lads of
from ten to fifteen who smash the
targets regularly in competition
with grown-ups who must wait year
for the ability to play standard
baseball with adults; and there are
women and girls galore who delight
in the handling of guns on the
firing line but who can only be

spectators at a baseball game.

Right here is the big point in
favor of trap shooting as compared
with baseball: No one is forced to
remain a spectator. Only eighteen
may play at a ball game—the rest
must look on—while at many trap
meets in the United States, 400 to
500 shooters have participated.
There is a chance at the traps for
the self expression that human
nature craves. It is not necessary
to sit tight and boil over with only
an occasional cheer to relieve the
pressure—provided the right team
is winning. There is a place in
the competition, a test of skill and
space on the scoreboard for all who
care to put gun to shoulder and call
"Pull."

Probably one of the truest crite-
ria of the popularity of any sport
is found in the public press. There
are several important sporting
papers in the United States that give
equal space to baseball and trap
shooting, a few devoted entirely to
the gun, and the general magazines
find space for many special trap
shooting articles. Within the past
few years, the newspapers, finding
that there is a big public interest
in trap shooting, are printing com-
plete reports of shoots and are run-
ning much general matter pertaining
to the game. This applies alike
to the large metropolitan dailies and
to the country weeklies.

When it comes to actual statistics
on trap shooting in Yankeeeland, the
figures bulk big. From personal in-
vestigations made by the writer for
this article, it was learned that there
are in active operation to-day be-
tween the two oceans more than 2,-
000 clubs at which trap shooting is
the main amusement. These clubs are
for the most part affiliated with
state organizations and with the
"Interstate Association for the Pro-
motion of Trap Shooting"—the na-
tional organization. In 1912 these
clubs entered more than 37,000 shoot-
ers in regularly scheduled shoots
mainly "registered" with the Inter-
state Association. Illinois was
the first of the states in this rep-
resentation with 4,500 shooters,
Pennsylvania was next with 3,700.
Across the border in Canada, nearly
1,500 shooters went to the firing
line in registered and unregistered
shoots. And in both the United
States and Canada, more than a
million and a half targets were shot
at of which there is a record. Of
course there were thousands of
club shoots and independent meets
on which no reports are available.

It is emphatically shown in the
records of 1912's shoots that the
repeating arm is by all odds the
trap shooter's favorite gun. Of the
37,000 shooters reported last year
more than 20,000 used repeating
shotguns—Remington predominating.
In Canada the proportion was even
larger, over 900 of the 1,500 shooters
using a repeating arm—about 650
of these being Remingtons.

Out of this army of trap shooters
a great many exceptionally good
shots have developed. W. H. Heer,
one of the veterans of the sport,
holds the world's record for a
season's average of 97.75 per cent—
made in 1910—which means that he
broke practically 98 out of every 100
"clay birds" shot at—and there are
many others who have averaged 95-6
per cent. Last year more than 700
shooters were listed in the "90 per
cent. or better class" by the sport-
ing press.

Naturally, lively rivalry has
sprung up between gun clubs as to
"championship honors." This whole-
some spirit has extended to inter-
club shoots and finally to contests
between cities and even to interna-
tional competitions. Leagues are
operating where strings of cities
contend for pennants, here again
following the famously successful
baseball practice.

These are unmistakable signs of
the increasing strength of trap
shooting's hold on the immense
sport-loving population of the great
republic of the North.

GOVERNOR HAINES NOT SUPER- STITIOUS.

Men prominent in the wholesale
lobster industry attended a ban-
quet at the Thorndike hotel last
week with Gov. William T. Haines

as the guest of honor. The chief
executive of our state showed his
entire disregard of superstitious be-
lief by joining in a feast which had
13 guests; and the others did not
seem troubled by the hoodoo num-
ber.

The occasion of the gathering
was a sudden fit of stubbornness on
the part of the federal government
which now refuses to buy more seed
lobsters for the fish hatchery at
Boothbay Harbor.

The purchases of seed lobsters the
past year have been the largest in
the department's history, and when
the number reached 20,000 Uncle
Sam put his foot down, saying that
the capacity of Boothbay Harbor
pond had been reached, and that
there is no more money available for
the purpose.

The seed lobsters are bought from
the fishermen or dealers at market
price, eventually stripped of their
eggs, and then returned to the lo-
calities from which they were pur-
chased, together with an amount of
fry proportional to the number got
there.

The government now desires to
purchase only the eggs, but this
finds opposition on the part of the
fishermen and dealers who would
prefer marketing the crustaceans
rather than loaning them to the
government until such time as the
stripping process is ready. The
dealers feel that this sudden econ-
omy is not in accord with the re-
cent act in shipping 4000 male and
female lobsters to the Pacific coast.

The upshot of the meeting was
that delegates will be sent to Wash-
ington to ask for assistance in the
purchase of seed lobsters until such
time as the state can care for the
situation. At present the state
government is powerless to act in
the matter.

Others at the banquet and con-
ference, in addition to Gov. Haines
were Fish Commissioner Henry D.
Woodbury, former Commissioner
James Donohue, Walter S. Trefethen
and John Willard of Portland,
Thomas Sullivan of Bangor, Eugene
Loud of Vinalhaven, and B. B. Smith
A. C. McLoon, C. F. Simmons, A.
W. St. Clair, Capt. C. A. Packard
and C. S. Coughlin of Rockland. W.
T. White and A. J. Rawley joined
the group later.

BRATTLEBORO IS DISSATISFIED

Restriction Should Be Made in Issuing
Licenses—Carelessness of the
Hunters.

Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 29.—The closing
of the deer season tonight is certainly
the source of a large amount of sat-
isfaction to a large number of the res-
idents of this state. The serious acci-
dents which have resulted in this vi-
cinity as a result of stray bullets from
the guns of hunters have shown the
need of either eliminating the hunting
season or endeavoring to have more
discretion used in this immediate sec-
tion one man killed while loading wood
in his woods and another seriously
wounded in one leg, while working in
his own dooryard, besides many other
narrow escapes from being hit by stray
bullets, show the carelessness of the
hunters in this vicinity this year. In
previous years when the season was
short most of the farmers planned their
work so as not to be near spots that
would be frequented by hunters, but
the long season of this year made it
impossible for farmers to suspend op-
erations for so long a period. The
Blood accident at West Townsend dem-
onstrated very emphatically that a per-
son was not safe from stray bullets
even in his own dooryard in the vil-
lage, so that the idea of not working
in the woods in the deer season falls
flat in that instance. Quite a little agi-
tation has been started in favor of an
amendment to the present system of
granting hunters licenses in this state
which would require more discretion
in granting them. Under the present
system practically everyone who has
the fee is given a license. It is gen-
erally conceded that a large number of
careless boys and incompetent men are

Hard Colds—People whose blood
is pure are not nearly so likely to
take hard colds as are others.
Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood
pure; and this great medicine re-
covers the system after a cold as
no other medicine does. Take
Hood's.

Advt

given a license to hunt regardless of
their responsibility in handling high-
powered rifles. Some test in handling
these weapons as well as prudence in
shooting at random regardless of
where the bullet may travel before it
spends its force ought to be imposed.

Of course such a course is rather in-
tricate to arrange for on account of the
hunters being obliged to secure licenses
from 245 town clerks throughout the
state, and their assistants. This means
that from 300 to 500 people in this
state are granting licenses. It might
be possible to refer all doubtful cases
to the board of selectmen in each town
in order to get the sanction of more
than one person in refusing to grant
a license or in granting those where
there is a chance of serious doubt. It
is possible that licenses to use shot-
guns might be granted to some boys
and irresponsible men when there
might be serious doubt as to the ad-
visability of granting a license to use
a rifle. In addition to some restric-
tions which might be made in the is-
suing of hunter's licenses it seems as
though a system of agitation urging
hunters to be more careful in shooting
at random without knowing where the
bullets might go before they spent their
force would accomplish good results.
Every hunter ought to be impressed
with the danger which may result un-
less they were cautious that every bul-
let would be grounded in some near
hill and that no human being was in
its path. This could be done by a no-
tation upon the license or by hunting
warnings posted in conspicuous places
by the game wardens in the various
towns. A restriction in granting li-
censes would help to accomplish this
identical purpose.—Springfield Repub-
lican.

FUR NOTES FROM PENNSYLVANIA

F. L. Butler,

Union City, Pa., Dec. 8.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Up to the present date I have
eleven weasels, nine brown and two
white weasels, one No. 1 mink and
three skunks to my credit, besides
a lot of rabbits and squirrels.

Winter has just set in December
8. Snow is already six to eight
inches deep, and more coming.

Our hunting season is fifteen days
longer this year than last, the
woods and fields are full of hunt-
ers and hunting dogs, no hunting
accidents are reported in this vicin-
ity to date, saving the death of a
cow and calf.

The fur market took a decline re-
cently of from fifteen to fifty cents
per grade, on certain kinds of furs.

A good many people advocate the
use of 16 and 20 gauge shotguns.
Such small gauge guns are all right
if one is hunting butterflies or
chipping squirrels for the zoo
gardens, or other similar small game,
at very close range, but the man
behind the good old ten, or twelve-
gauge gun is the man who can show
up the most game at the end of a
day afield. The small guns are
as the Indians always quote them
"child guns," or guns for children,
these small guns are not in it for
long range, or for shooting under
difficulties like shooting through
brush, twigs, etc., for birds or rab-
bits. Each gauge has its place,
but the small gauge gun, no matter
how good its qualities may be
can not usurp the place of the
standard gauge. This for me;
others can and will do as they
please.

I have bought and sold, traded,
and handled, shotguns, rifles and
revolvers, and used them also, of
most all kinds and makes, for over
20 years. I believe that during
these years I have burned more
powder than the average ten men
in any vicinity combined. It has
been said that the average man
shoots a gun not more than 20
times in as many years. This
merely speaks of the average man,
not meaning regular hunters who
might shoot 100 times in one sea-
son.

Let some other hunters give their
opinion on this subject. I hope
the rest of the boys will get more
furs than I have so far this sea-
son.

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ready for the coming season, by hav-
ing their booklets and stationery
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Phillips,

Maine

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FOR SALE—A good paying millinery and dry goods business, best location. Address Mrs. J. C. Tirrell, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE—Edison Dictating machine. In first class condition. Inquire at Maine Woods office.

FOR SALE—Village stand in Phillips Upper Village. Inquire of J. Blaine Harrison.

FOR SALE—Bay horse, nine years old. Weight 1200. Work or drive. B. F. Beal.

FOR SALE—Furnished boarding house near railroad station, and a first-class business. Mrs. Lucy Hilton, Phillips.

FOR SALE—Household furniture, carpets and range. Mrs. Frank Hood.

FOR SALE—Beef by a side or quarter. B. F. Beal.

MOTOR BOAT "MARION"

FOR SALE—26 foot, 7 h. p. Cockpit 13 by 6. Best sea boat on the lake. Excellent for fishing and cannot be excelled for stream work. Seats 12. Speed 8 miles. Now hauled out at the Big Lake. Can deliver any time or will hold until spring. Price \$250. Address Orchardton, care Maine Woods.

WANTED.

WANTED—600 cords of white birch delivered at our mill in Salem, Me. Will pay \$5.75 per cord until further notice, bills payable within ten days of delivery. For further particulars, apply to R. V. Plaisted at the mill or Malden Parcel Handling Company, Malden, Mass.

WANTED—A neat experienced girl for general house work in large house. No cooking or washing. Wages \$3.50 per week. Mrs. E. A. Hayes, 86 Pleasant street, Worcester, Mass.

MAINE PEOPLE FARMING IN CANADA.

To the Editor of Maine Woods: Winterburn, Alberta.

We thought we would write just an item for the Maine Woods.

We are working on a farm of 120 acres tillage land, eight miles from Edmonton, Alberta. The land is a rolling prairie.

Henry Frazer, the man we are working for raised 10,000 bushels of oats and 50 acres of green feed for winter.

For game there are partridges, ducks, snipe, prairie chickens, geese, deer, moose, muskrats, bears, coyote and weasels.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for subscription to Maine Woods.

Yours truly,
John D. Haley.

HALEY SERIOUSLY ILL IN HOSPITAL

Officers Elected at Grange, and to Have Charge of Christmas Entertainment.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, Dec. 9.—H. A. Furbish was in Phillips Saturday on business.

Miss Sarah M. Soule is caring for Mrs. George Esty for a few weeks.

The Ladies' Aid will hold their annual Christmas Sale at the church Friday afternoon. In the evening a fine program will be enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mathieson have moved up from the Rock and are again enjoying their cosy home on High street.

Mrs. Isaac Mitchell is confined to the house by illness. Mrs. Annie Burns is working for her.

Faithful "Carlo," who has been a familiar figure at Mrs. E. P. McCord's shop for many years was put away Thursday. Carlo was about 14 years of age and was the best known dog in town.

Miss Densmore, who has been caring for Miss Alice Sweetser left Saturday to spend a few days at Stratton. Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Brown came for her in their automobile and reported the traveling exceptionally good for an automobile notwithstanding the date was Dec. 6.

Mrs. Loring Haley was called to Boston last week by the serious illness of Mr. Haley, who is suffering from pneumonia. Mr. Haley who was in a Boston hospital for treatment is reported as being in a critical condition but his many friends hope for a more favorable report soon. Mrs. Haley was accompanied by Miss Lillian.

J. A. Russell, G. E. Russell and Eugene Soule are spending the week at Mr. Soule's camp in pursuit of game.

At the K. of P. meeting Monday night the 3rd and 4th degrees were conferred and a delicious clam supper was served which was much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boutellier are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter.

George Garland has gone to Vermont where he has a position running a log hauler.

Harry Brown and Riley Hinkley left Tuesday for their winter work at Kemankag.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mathieson, who have been spending the past few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Oakes left Saturday for their home in Stonington, Conn.

Mrs. Lester Ellis has purchased a fine Needham organ of Mrs. C. B. Harris.

Miss Faye Worthley, who has been spending the summer at Kennebago is enjoying a week's trip to Lewiston.

Norman Williams has moved his family back to Phillips, the change being made on account of Mr. Williams' work.

Mrs. Josephine Marshall is at Mrs. C. H. Neal's for a time.

Lew Toothaker had the misfortune to injure his ankle while at work at Spotted Mountain. At present he is stopping with his sister, Mrs. E. C. Hinkley.

Mrs. Frank Toothaker of Phillips is spending a few days with Mrs. George Garland.

Word has been received by friends of Mrs. Addie Richardson who is spending the winter at Portland that she is at St. Barnabas Hospital, Woodfords, Me., for surgical treatment. Many of her friends joined in sending her a post card shower, Monday.

Delegates have been chosen to attend Quarterly meeting as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Eben Rowe,

Mrs. C. C. Murphy, Mrs. Phineas Tracy. The meeting will be held with the church at Bean's Corner.

H. O. Hinton returned from Dr. Bell's private hospital much improved in health. Although feeling a little weak from his recent operation he is gaining rapidly and will soon be about again.

The following committee have been chosen to have charge of the Sunday school Christmas entertainment: O. R. Rowe, Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Childs, Mrs. Phineas Tracy and Mrs. Leslie Abbott. The programs have been selected and the school is now practicing the music.

At the Grange Saturday night the following officers were elected: Mr. Thayer Ellis; O. H. B. McCard; S. Scott Ellis; A. S. Howard Herrick; L. A. S. Marion Quimby; L. Ella Rowe; C. Bertha Russell; Sec., Eben Rowe; Treas., Mira Hinkley; G. K. Vance Oakes; C. Susie Stewart; P., Guida Philbrick; F. Irene Kempton. A fine social time was enjoyed, several visitors being present from outside granges.

Ernest L. Mills the Watkins Man is on his Rangeley trip this week. Mr. Mills has built up a large trade in Franklin Co., in the past year, owing to the high quality of his goods and his policy of absolute satisfaction or no money.

THE HUNTER IN CLOSE TIME

Pleasure in Repair and Care of His Hunting Outfit.

There are many things a gunner can do during the long winter evenings, partly as pastime, but largely by way of repair work and the upkeep of his shooting outfit. For no one who takes pride in his guns likes to see them deteriorate, even in a small way, and once he has acquired the habit of doing little things, it becomes a pleasure in preparation for which he will find himself planning long before the active season afield has closed.

Persons who do not shoot find it difficult to understand what pleasure the gunner "crank," as they term the enthusiast, finds in the mere handling of guns in the closed season. A lucid explanation is difficult to give; and, anyway, there is ground for belief in the old-time assertion that the love for guns and shooting, so strong in many men, was inherited, and not acquired through practice or environment.

No musician ever fondles his violin more lovingly than does the owner of one of the beautiful bits of workmanship, the modern double-barrel gun. Even the plain ones are handsome, and this you will admit if you find one of your friends, who cares nothing for shooting as a sport, gazing through a shop window at a display of guns, but he "is all eyes" for the high-grade guns, while as for you, if you can afford the outlay, you possess one otherwise you content yourself with a plainer gun and try to make yourself believe that it will serve better for knocking about and for rough use than the highly-finished piece which calls for more or less careful handling.

This accounts for the possession by men of two guns where one would answer all purposes. They take the costly one on upland trips in fair weather and the plain gun into the ducking boat and on backwood trips. When it comes to shooting, there is little to choose between the two guns, provided, of course, both are well made. It may be summed up in this wise. For one piece of money you can purchase a good gun. For two pieces you may have one that has barrels of a better grade of steel. For three pieces you can get better barrels, locks and stock. Beyond that sum you pay for engraving, fancy stocks and extra hand work, inside and out. This in a way, explains why so many of the very costly guns will shoot better with all sizes of shot than the average medium-grade gun.

The winter evening is the time to look after the inner workings of your gun, and to make sure that no saline deposit, however small, may be lurking there in the dark, like a moth in your best trout flies. It is no trick to separate the receiver from the stock, so that you can get at the locks to clean them. An old toothbrush—the stubbier the better—is the thing to use with a little turpentine or crude petroleum as a cleanser. Brush out all dust using a toothpick to get into the angles, and if there is rust on any of the parts, wind a bit of cloth around a sliver of soft wood, moisten with turpentine, and with a wee pinch of rottenstone or powdered chalk burnish up the tarnished places. Another useful thing to keep in the repair kit is

a three-eighths-inch round varnish brush. Cut off half the handle, moisten with turpentine, and see what an effective thing the brush is for getting into corners to clean out rust, dust and powder residue.

Don't use refined kerosene in your gun. Its smell is bad enough, but it soaks into the wood to darken and stain it. Nor is it well to use the very thin oils that are highly scented to disguise the fact that their bulk is kerosene. Vegetable and animal oils "gum" badly, and for that reason, as well as for the fact that they heat rapidly through friction, they are not used on high speed motors.

Mineral oils are preferred, and they are excellent for firearms, though it is as well to admit in passing that the old-fashioned bone oils are unsurpassed for use on gun locks. The very best reel oil, to be had at any fishing tackle shop, is none too good for your gun locks. Its cost is surprising at first—but after you have oiled your reels and gun-locks with a "tooth-pickful" of it now and then for ten or fifteen years, you will conclude that it was a good investment.

When one goes out of town for a day's shooting, a carrying case is a necessity en route, and a nuisance while you are hunting. Even a canvas gun-case is a bulky thing to stow away in a pocket during the day. Here is a wrinkle worth adopting. Have a full length cover of some soft stuff made, with a tie string in the open end. One of the gray cotton flannel cases guns come in will serve. From an awning-maker purchase four feet of non-elastic cotton braid. "Braid" is not just the word, but the material is the same as that used as shoulder straps for fishing reels. It should not be more than one and one-quarter inches wide; color brown or gray.

Double one end over into a loop and slip this over the barrels of your gun. Have it sewed strongly, the loop just snug enough to slip over the barrels to the forearm, but no farther. It will lie flatter than a leather strap, so that you can see the front sight over it. Loop the other end over the grip of the gun, and try it until it fits comfortably over the shoulder; then have a loop sewed in that end of the strap. Pass the other end of the strap through this new loop, so that it will serve as a slip noose. Pass this over the grip and the other end over the muzzle, and you will have a carrying outfit that is comfortable, yet may be stored away in your vest pocket.

Oh, yes, about the shooting coat. Now is the time to see, what it needs in the way of repairs, and to equip it properly. One pocket is occupied by the license, which it is assumed has been renewed while the year is yet new, to avoid possible lapses of memory next fall. In another small pocket there should be kept a field cleaner—one of the handiest little affairs consisting of a length of strong cord with a weight at one end and a bit of slotted brass at the other to hold a square of flannel. On wet days or in places where there is much sand, the barrels should be wiped occasionally. The same pocket may contain one of the old-fashioned shell extractors—a necessity in black-powder days, but useful always, for a water-soaked cartridge may stick at any time.

If you are a smoker, if you are fond of building a wee friendship fire now and then at luncheon-time while out shooting, remember the match-box, also a part of the shooting-coat outfit. A ten-gauge shell fitted over a twelve-gauge is the real thing, and water tight at that.

If you carry a compass in your shooting coat, see that it is not fitted out with a paper dial but with a rigid metal dial that cannot be displaced. Many a man has passed anxious hours in the woods because of an unreliable compass. A good one need not cost much. A compass is like an old-time Texan's six-shooter. You may carry it for years and not use it and when you do want it you want it very much indeed.

THE INSTINCT OF BIRDS

Three years ago the Maine legislature passed a law prohibiting the shooting of game birds on the flats and shallow waters of Back bay, in Port-

land harbor. Of course the birds were not notified of this action, and yet it has become so well known among them that this year acres and acres of the flats are covered with wild ducks, a sight unique even in a state where game is common. One may fire upon them in Casco bay, and a few days' hunting up to within a year or two would serve to scatter them to obscure coves on the coast, there to remain for the season. But now they turn and make directly for Back Bay, which has become the rendezvous not only for ducks, but for thousands of sheldrake, teal, wild geese and other sea fowl.

Is this instinct or intelligence; and why should the ducks risk a haven almost under the shadow of the city, when for generations they have blundered among the hunters until finally scattered to distant points? It offers an interesting theme for contemplation, and in this age of friendly consideration for the wild things of the air and forest it almost suggests an understanding of the protection that man is offering to the humbler creatures of the world.

CHIEF WARDEN

JORGENSEN HURT

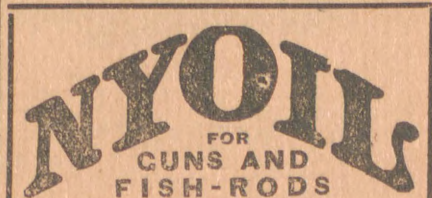
Chief Warden F. E. Jorgensen of Haywood Pitched Over Thirty Foot Embankment at Frenchville and Narrowly Escaped Death.

Chief Game Warden F. E. Jorgensen of Aroostook passed through an experience Oct. 28th that will last him the remainder of his life. He was at the Frenchville hotel for supper and that night, which was very dark and rainy, started in the hack for the 6 o'clock train. He was the only passenger and sat in the front with the driver, a Frenchman.

The road leading from the hotel to the station is somewhat windy and crosses a gully fully thirty feet deep. The bridge is narrow and the only side rails are formed of a few rocks laid up a foot or so high. In the inky darkness and a fierce rain, driven into the horses' and driver's faces, the driver and horses became bewildered and plunged over the bridge to the bottom thirty feet below. Mr. Jorgensen fell forward as the horses and driver went off the side and down to the bottom, and when he recovered he found himself under one of the horses. Using all his strength he managed to pull himself out. It was then he discovered a deep gash in his right ear, a very lame shoulder and a badly injured leg. It took two horses to extricate the horses, which, for a miracle, were not hurt.

The Frenchman landed at the bottom also and stuck his body half way into a pile of rotten potatoes. He managed to squirm out and ran wildly for help at the station only a short distance away. Mr. Jorgensen managed to climb the banks and went to the hotel where his wounds were dressed. He was in Mars Hill last week and is recovering fairly well from the injuries, although his leg pains him severely at times.

The selectmen wanted to settle and an attorney advised Mr. Jorgensen to sue the town, but he is too much of a man to cry-baby, and unless the injuries permanently disable him he will not bother anyone. In the meantime it is up to Frenchville to widen that bridge and put a railing on, for some other man may go over the same way and the town cannot settle with him so easy as they can with Mr. Jorgensen. —Mars Hill View.



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Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

St. Anthony's Cottage, Phillips, Me., Dec. 8.—The pile of letters, papers and packages waiting me on my return home, were like so many friends welcoming me back.

At Rangeley as I looked across the lake not yet frozen over, Bald Mountain against the winter sky seemed to present a more attractive picture than in summer. This winter a big crew of men are lumbering up the side of the mountain and I was told every tree large enough to use for pulp wood would be cut, and the beauty of this mountain ruined, and with so many of the trees taken one will not have to ask "why do they call that Bald Mountain?"

We all love our books, magazines and papers, but do we think how fast the grand old forests of Maine are being cut down to make the thousands of tons of paper now daily used in this country? Let us hope the time is not far distant, when from the field there can be grown an annual supply of material needed for the manufacture of all the paper the world can use, and that the forest we each and all love so much can be left for the home of the birds, the deer, moose and wild creatures who live therein.

At Rangeley station the agent, O. C. Davis kindly helped me to find

the number of deer and to whom of open season. In October there shipped during the first two months were only fourteen shipped as follows:

October
4, C. W. Middleton,
Torresdale, Penn., one buck
6, "Mr. Lowell of the Original
Squirrel"
Boston, one buck one doe
10, Irvin H. Atwood,
Boston, one buck
14, Dr. O. R. Blanchard,
Jersey City, N. J., two does
14, Dr. E. L. Bull,
Jersey City, N. J., one doe
17, Ernest A. Gray,
Augusta,
24, J. F. Byron,
Boston,
.. Augustus N. Parry,
Boston, one buck, one doe
30, W. G. H. Whitaker,
Upper Montclair, N. J., one doe
.. W. F. Welch,
Sharon, Vt., one buck
.. A. D. Welch,
Summit, N. J., one doe

Of this number all but one went out of the state on a \$25 license.

November
1, Fred T. Little,
Boston, one buck, one doe
3, Cyril F. Dospossos,
New York, one buck, one doe
.. E. T. Steadman,
Hoboken, N. J., one buck
6, T. D. Waterbury,
Brooklyn, N. Y., one buck
8, E. E. Blake,
Bideford,
19, O. W. Pattee,
Livermore Falls, .. doe
22, Benj. Brooks,
Lewiston, .. buck
22, Peter Jameson,
Lewiston, .. doe
.. F. M. Furbish,
Auburn, one buck, one doe

The Mountain View guests of 1913 will remember G. Irving Pevear who for the season occupied the last cottage and was called "Bill Taft." This week's Boston papers announce his death which occurred in his apartments at the Algonquin Club where he was found dead in his bed one morning. Mr. Pevear was a wealthy retired Lynn and Boston leather manufacturer, the son of C. K. Pevear a well known Lynn manufacturer. Mr. Pevear was 62 years old and leaves a wife, son and daughter.

It was my pleasure one evening when at Mountain View to meet E. S. Gifford of Elmwood Farm, Lewiston Junction, who is taking a great interest in the foxes and coons that he has on his farm, where he intends to raise them, and for the past year has been experimenting in caring for them in their home on the farm. Mr. Gifford with Ed Morrison guide was on his return from several days' hunting at Kennebago and had with him two fine bucks, one with seven points that he shot with a rifle that was made several years ago for him in Germany and will kill at a great distance. Mr. Gifford has hunted in

the far west, New Brunswick and Canada, having spent weeks with the Indians and his knowledge of life in the wilderness and the habits of the wild creatures of the forest, as well as the love he has for the same, gives to his hunting trips more than usual enjoyment.

Several years ago the fine farm near Poland known as Elmwood and owned by "Sanborn the Coffee King" was purchased by Mr. Gifford who intends to raise black foxes for the market, but in order to learn how to care for them, their habits and needs he is at present experimenting with the common red fox and has at the present time, but 20, as he recently sold nearly as many to parties in New Brunswick.

There are also seven coons that are great pets on the farm. It is most interesting to listen to the account of the lives of both the foxes and coons who seem to know and love their owner and with whom they spend hours. "I intend later to raise black foxes but at this stage of the game it would be too expensive as I want to know all about their habits first." I learned that one reason why black foxes are so rare is because the mother fox never loves her black baby but often kills it. There is no other fur that gold will adhere to, and Royalty buy every black fox skin that it is possible to purchase and their elegant fur with gold sparkle like diamonds and are prized more than ermine. Without doubt Maine is a perfect climate for fox farming and that there are not only thousands, but millions of dollars that will later be coming into this state in exchange for black fox skins. Mr. Gifford finds the coon a wonderful entertaining and affectionate pet and he is buying every live coon and fox that he can and hopes by study and experiment to raise them in captivity. The Elmwood Farm is one of the best located in Maine for the foxes who in that section have always been "at home" in large numbers and the fur buyer has sent many perfect skins to the market captured in Androscoggin county. The gray fox that Orrin Haley caught last week Mr. Gifford offered \$425 for and said but for the paw that was injured in the trap he would have offered more, but later Mr. Haley sold the fox for \$500.

Not long ago H. L. Welch at Haines Landing received from Chesham, Canada, a very handsome black bear skin that was shot by Mrs. Wm. R. Crowell formerly Miss Maud Lowell of Rangeley. Mr. and Mrs. Crowell were out hunting when they discovered the bear and the first shot from Mr. Crowell's rifle just missed and his wife, taking good aim killed the bear and has a trophy of the hunt anyone might well be proud of. The amount of work Mr. Welch has to do before spring tells of his skill and as he now takes the lead among taxidermists in mounting trout and salmon his fish panels are greatly admired.

At the fish hatchery the work this fall has been very satisfactory. In the pool below the dam near the hatchery the trout and salmon in autumn came into from the stream, in large numbers than ever before, which proves the old saying "there are as big fish in the lake as have ever been caught." The day the pool was "swept" with the seine 200 fish were taken. A number of them weighed 12 pounds and there were many from five to eight pound each. The fish were all placed in one of the ponds near the hatchery where they were kept until they are stripped of the spawn and then they are returned to the lake to grow bigger and perhaps be tempted by a big bunch of "garden tackle" or the feathered hook of some angler, and later reported as a "great catch" in the Maine Woods.

Several hunters this fall have returned in the Rangeleys that to all appearances were killed by bobcats, and two have been shot this fall.

Near Quimby pond Otto Lamb shot one which weighed 20 pounds and said to be the largest killed in this region for years.

At Kennebago Ed Grant caught in a trap one that weighed 11 pounds. Others have been seen recently and it is hoped they will be trapped during the winter.

Fly Rod

PROTESTS SQUIRREL SLAUGHTER.

A West Windsor friends of the gray squirrel is highly indignant over the violations of the law by hunters in that vicinity. He says these pretty, little animals, tame enough to come into his dooryard, are ruthlessly slaughtered by would-be nimrods, and he wishes attention called to the law as published in the recent revision. It is as follows:

Section 35. There shall be an annual closed season on gray squirrels, during which closed season it shall be unlawful to shoot at, kill, or have them in possession except alive, from the first day of November of each year until the 31st day of August of the following year, both days inclusive.

Provided, however, that there shall be a perpetual closed season on gray squirrels within all public or private parks and within the limits of the compact or built-up portion of any city or village.

Whoever shall shoot or kill or have in possession any gray squirrel in violation of any of the provisions of this section shall pay a fine of not more than five dollars and costs for each offense.

NEW HOTEL AT NORTH ANSON

The new hotel at North Anson was for many years the home of the late Samuel Bunker, and later was bought by the Carrabassett company and had been made into a hotel, but was not completed. Since the conflagration this property has been acquired by N. W. Murphy and under the supervision of E. F. Maxim of Madison, Mr. Murphy's hotel is gradually nearing completion and when finished will be one of the finest in Somerset county. The outside is very attractive with big roomy piazzas on three sides and being located on Bunker Hill, affords a fine view. The interior of the hotel is finished in cypress and hard pine and has Gothic ceilings. The parlor has a handsome fireplace, the tile having been designed in Boston and made especially for this hotel.

POPULAR WITH THE YOUNGER SET.

Carroll Marble, who has been here from Augusta for a visit, has been cordially greeted by his many friends. Mr. Marble is an Alpha Delta Sigma member and most popular with the younger set.—Portland Press. Carroll Marble is the son of Mr. W. S. Marble of the Rangeley Lake House.

LIBRARIAN PRINCE MAKING COLLECTION.

In the last bulletin of the State Library H. C. Prince, the librarian, made a request that pictures of the different libraries of the State be sent to him. It is his desire that these pictures be placed in the State Library, in order that visitors may see what the cities and towns are providing in the way of library buildings. So far, Mr. Prince has received but one picture, and that is of the beautiful library at Portland. This picture, however, is enough to start the collection and Mr. Prince hopes within the next few weeks to receive pictures from all parts of the state.

SPECIMEN OF BLUE GOOSE NEVER BEFORE FOUND HERE.

A young blue goose was shot at Isle au Haut by J. F. Conley of York Island, recently. This is the first record of the blue goose ever having been found in Maine. The blue goose breeds in Hudson bay territory and winters on the west coast of California. This specimen is a young bird, and it is supposed that it wandered to Maine with geese of another variety. It is a fine specimen, and the fact that it has never been found here before makes it of considerable interest.

WELL! WELL! WELL!

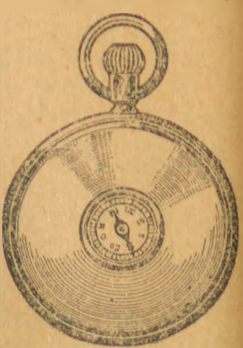
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Makes a nice Christmas present for Father or Son.

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CAPTURES FOX THAT ATTRACTED ATTENTION.

Sullivan Williams of Skowhegan has captured a fox that is attracting a great deal of attention. It is slate color and he has been told by trappers that the fox when older will be a silver gray or a black one. He caught the fox in Athens in one of the traps that he had set for a red one.

COW MOOSE SEIZED

The first cow moose seizure reported in Bangor during the present game season was that by Warden Macomber of Hancock county, who shipped the carcass to Chief Warden Perkins, Saturday. The moose was found dead on the Trenton road, near Ellsworth, but the identity of the person who shot it is not known. Warden Macomber was notified by the people who found it, and he shipped the carcass here at once. Warden Perkins will dispose of it to Bangor marketmen.

Fifty-six deer and one moose arrived in Bangor from 4 p. m. Friday to 2 p. m. Saturday, making the total receipts to date, 1,861 deer, 46 moose and 13 bears.

Chief Warden Ray Neal left Saturday afternoon for a week-end visit to his home in Waldo.

A. H. Cole of Hampden returned, Saturday morning, from Stacyville, where he obtained a fine 170 pound buck. The antlers were handsome, each of the ten prongs being well formed. Mr. Cole reports that the woods were noisy around Stacyville Friday, but that the snow of Friday evening will doubtless help a lot in hunting conditions. It was the first snow of the hunting season, and will surely be appreciated by Maine sportsmen. Tracking deer or moose just after a slight snowfall is not difficult.

Close time on moose in the state of Maine begins at 12 o'clock, Saturday night, and will last until Nov. 1, 1914. The shortening of the open season has worked for the benefit of the moose, as fewer were shot this year than ever before.

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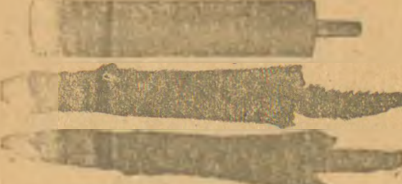
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A DEER HUNT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It was on the ninth of November, 1912, that Ellis T. and I met at Grand Prairie, B. C., for the purpose of going on a deer hunt. We had planned this little outing two months before. I might say here that Ellis was only a boy of seventeen, but big and muscular for his age. He had not as yet had the pleasure and experience of shooting a deer, although he had taken part in two or three deer hunts. We had arranged to make our camp just over the summit of the high mountains, south of the prairie. We intended to take a horse along to carry our duffle up the mountain-side and then picket him out as there was an abundance of grass in the vicinity of the spring where we were to pitch our tent. This little plan of ours had to be abandoned, however, as we got word that there was a foot of snow on the top of the mountain, and to make matters worse, snow commenced falling that very afternoon and continued falling all that night, and in the morning everything was covered to the depth of four or five inches with a beautiful mantle of white. The only thing for us to do now was to get some one to go with us to bring back our horse as we couldn't possibly picket him out in the deep snow. But we could find no one that had the time or inclination to do so. At last a young lady friend of ours, Miss McT., consented to accompany us on horse back to the top of the mountain if someone would go along to ride back with her. We repeated this suggestion to Mr. W., an old bachelor friend of ours, who always liked to believe that he was still young, and consequently had a soft spot in his heart for the fair sex. He gladly fell in with our wishes, and was only too pleased to accompany

It was about ten a. m. when we got started on our little journey up the mountain. Our camping ground was only two miles up from the base of the mountain, but it took us nearly two hours to make it as the going was very hard, the snow being so soft. The horses were continually slipping, owing to their feet bailing up with the snow. In one instance Miss McT.'s horse fell flat on his side, but did not unseat the rider, who coolly stepped off and allowed him to regain his feet. When we finally reached our camping ground our muscles were aching with the strenuous exertion, and even the horses were dripping with perspiration. We lost no time in jettisoning the duffle off the horse's back, starting a fire and getting water up from the spring. Miss McT. took

upon herself the task of making a pot of hot coffee to drink with our lunch. While the coffee was brewing, we set to work and pitched our tent. Say, boys, we were hungry. And the way the chicken, bread and butter, pie and cake disappeared was simply marvelous. At two o'clock, we took a few hurried snapshots but the light was not good and then our escorts started on their return trip.

Left to ourselves, we set to work cutting spruce boughs for our bed and getting in a good supply of firewood. We went to bed early that night and after a good sleep were up bright and early, had breakfast and were away by daylight. The snow was about a foot deep, with no crust, which made still hunting comparatively easy. We had been out about two hours when we came upon the fresh track of a big buck. We took it up and had not followed it more than a quarter of a mile when I heard Ellis, who was a few paces behind me say "Stop." Just then I heard him shoot. He had seen the buck lying under a tree about seventy yards away and had fired at him while he was getting up. With one bound the buck was out of sight, but on reaching the spot where his bed was, we found that he had left a well-marked trail of blood. I congratulated Ellis on his prowess as a hunter. I was greatly pleased with the cool manner in which he had done the trick. We were soon in hot pursuit expecting to come upon our quarry at any moment, but we were greatly mistaken on that score as we soon found out. We would have left the task of trailing him until the next day but snow began to fall quite heavily and of course that settled the question. After we had followed his track for over two hours, we came to a little creek where we quenched our thirst and ate our lunch. After crossing the creek, the buck traveled up a hill which was covered with fallen timber. The tracks through the fallen timber showed strong indications of weakness. Another couple of hundred yards brought us to the spot where he had made a sharp turn to the right. About fifty yards from the turn we saw him lying down, with his head well up, looking at us. Ellis promptly dispatched him with a bullet in the neck. We bled and dressed him and then sat down and discussed the possibility of ever getting him to camp. We finally decided to leave him where he was until the morning, and in the meantime to ascertain how far we were from camp, and the shortest and easiest way to it. We followed our track back to where we first saw the buck, then we struck through the bush in the direction in which we thought our camp must be. We had only tramped about a mile, when climbing a hill to get a better lay of the land, we discovered that we were within half a mile of our camp. While we were on this ridge, I saw a doe standing about seventy-five yards away looking at us. I promptly downed her with a bullet in the neck. As she dropped, another one appeared almost in the same place. I served this one in the same manner as I did the first. We tied our ropes to their heads and toted them down to camp. After eating a hearty supper of bacon, beans, liver and onions and tea and toast we went to bed and were soon lulled to sleep by the sighing swish of the wind through the pines. We awoke quite refreshed the next morning from our bed of spruce boughs, and ready for another hard day's work. We got an early start as we knew that we had a hard task before us if we were to bring that big buck out. We hunted all the way in to our dead buck but saw no fresh signs of deer. To cut a long story short, after three hours of tugging and pulling, bumping into trees and falling over rocks we got within half a mile of camp when we crossed a very fresh deer track. Leaving the buck on the trail Ellis followed the track while I made a detour to the left in case the deer would circle that way. About fifteen minutes after we separated I heard Ellis fire four shots in quick succession. After waiting for a few minutes, and seeing no deer appear,

I struck out in the direction from whence the shots had come. I met Ellis coming back with the news that he had shot another big buck. We congratulated ourselves on our good luck. We had only seen four deer and had bagged them all. After dressing the buck Ellis had shot we marked out a trail on which to bring him out the next day. This last buck had been struck by the four bullets that Ellis had fired at him, but only two would have proved fatal. This was exceptionally good marksmanship, nevertheless, as they were all running shots, down a steep hill, thickly timbered.

The next morning we arranged to hunt for four or five hours before bringing in the buck that we had bagged the night before. We were only out about an hour when we jumped two big does. They flagged us and were gone before we had time to shoot. Just then a big buck, with sixteen points, made his appearance from behind a ridge about a hundred yards away. I drew a bead on him and down he dropped. He gave a few kicks and then lay quite still with his head down. I ran up to within twenty yards of him to give him his quietus, but changed my mind as I thought that he was dead already. I then hurried on over the next ridge where the two does had disappeared, but met Ellis coming back to see what I had shot. We retraced our steps to where I had left the buck. On arriving at the place where I had left the deer, I was nonplussed to find that he had actually disappeared. His tracks showed how he had dragged his hind quarters in the snow down the hill for some distance, then his hind feet for a spell, and finally we could see where he had regained strength enough to use his feet. As we trailed him we found that he was getting stronger as he travelled along. We followed him for four hours and never even got a glimpse of him. Finally we gave him up in disgust and wended our way back to camp, picking up the other buck on our way out. We found that we must have "creased" the buck, thereby paralyzing him for a few minutes.

We had arranged with a packer to bring us up a couple of horses the next day besides our duffle, we concluded to get up early the next morning and take two of them down to the foot of the mountain by hand. We did so and met the packer with the two horses on his way up. We returned with him to our camp and finally reached the Grand Prairie hotel in time for a good, hearty dinner. Needless to say we were well pleased with our outing and we hope to try our luck there again this season.—R. C. B. in Rod & Gun.

WITH THE HUNTERS' SKILL OF PRINCETON WOMAN.

The total amount of deer arriving in Bangor in 1912 was about 3,200. In order for the present shipments to equal those of last year, an average of over 100 deer a day have to be received in Bangor in the next week of hunting days that are left in the season. While this is possible, the indications at present are that this average will not be maintained. The moose hunting season is over, and those who have been attracted to the woods in the hope of getting a deer as well as a moose will not be drawn to the forests.

Mrs. S. Q. Tenney, wife of the well-known Princeton guide, "Skiff" Tenney, is one of the best women shots in the state of Maine, as she again demonstrated, Saturday, by bringing down a fine buck. Her 15-year-old son is also a crack shot, and has taken his quota of game this season.

F. O. Youngs of Bangor has returned from a hunting trip to Somerset Junction at Marr's camp, bringing down a fine buck with him. He said that there are about six inches of snow there, and the hunters look for better hunting conditions.

H. J. Glaster and C. H. Leard of Bangor returned Wednesday from Molunkus, where Mr. Glaster shot the biggest moose that has been brought into Bangor this season from any place in Maine. The

moose weighed 800 pounds or more, and was a magnificent specimen. Mr. Glaster also secured two fine deer, a buck and a doe. Mr. Leard got two deer. J. B. Wing, a third member of the party, remained in the woods for a longer visit.

The Theta Chi boys of the University of Maine have been presented with a big doe by Joe McCusker, who shot it in the vicinity of Smith's pond, in company with William Carrigan and Bert Welch. This was Joe's first adventure in the wilds of Maine, and he is much pleased at his good luck.

Proprietor J. W. Cratty of the Penobscot Exchange, has bought an albino deer from C. H. Grover of Harrington, which Mr. Grover shot. The deer weighs 193 pounds, and has five points on each horn. Mr. Cratty is to have the deer mounted, and it will probably grace the office of the Penobscot Exchange, which has already one of the finest collection of deer heads in the country.

CHAIRMAN NELSON SOUNDS A WARNING.

Lyman H. Nelson, chairman of the Maine Highway Commission, was one of the leading speakers at the Dairymen's meeting at Lewiston. In his address Mr. Nelson sounded a warning likely to be brought home to many states within a short time: "Bad roads" declared Mr. Nelson, means the distribution of your products within a less radius and at greater expense than will be the case under better roads. No one will challenge the statement that the cost of transportation is an important factor in the cost of living, and that road conditions are a large part of the cost of transportation.

In fact this subject has become almost a mania with some, and I venture to predict that if the enthusiasm in this direction is not soon tempered with prudence, this country and every municipality in it will be overloaded and sunk, not in the mire of bad roads but in the mire of good roads' debt. There are thousands of people in this country to-day who are advocating schemes for government amounts without any real regard as to how those bonds will ever be paid, and without a carefully worked out financial system. No less a man than James J. Hill in a recent address delivered before the Bankers' Association, while he did not mention the good roads movement in particular, did foresee the dangers ahead in the constantly growing increase of municipal indebtedness. Many states and counties throughout the union are borrowing money right and left for sinking the bonds or for maintaining the highways after they are built. They are going headlong into this matter without regard and care as to the form of construction, and without regard to the great general principle that bonded indebtedness should be for permanent results.

CARIBOU AROUND GEORGETOWN

Georgetown in Sagadahoc county is trying to break into the big game business, but the press agent didn't get going quite soon enough to divert much of the stream of gunners to that section this year. Here's hoping his well meant efforts will have some good effect for the next gunning season. In a recent issue of the Bath Times the Georgetown press agent had the following: There have been many large and exciting stories of a caribou which is said to be roaming the woods of our little island. Milton Pinkham and Ralph Davis were the last to see it.

GEORGE S. HOBBS MARRIED

Bride Janet Webb. Daughter of Late Judge Webb.

George S. Hobbs, second vice president and comptroller of the Maine Central railroad, and Miss Janet Webb, daughter of the late Judge Nathan Webb of Portland, were married November 26, at the First Parish church by Rev. John Carroll Parkins. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Latham True, and the groom by his brother, Will-

iam J. Hobbs, of Malden, Mass., vice president of the Boston & Maine railroad. Mr. Hobbs is also general manager of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes railroad and in his various business trips to this section has made friends who extend congratulations.

IN FOUR STATES 13 HAVE BEEN KILLED, 72 INJURED.

The killing of 5180 deer in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts this fall, cost the lives of 13 persons and more or less serious injuries to 72 others. The deer season closed in Massachusetts a week ago and will end in Vermont to-morrow, but hunters in Maine and New Hampshire have two weeks left in which to track their quarry.

Maine, as usual, leads the northern New England states in the number of deer hunting fatalities. Of the 11 persons killed in that state, four were mistaken for deer and shot by other hunters, six were killed by the accidental discharge of their own weapons and a little girl was accidentally shot by an older brother who was cleaning a rifle. More than 60 persons were wounded in gunning accidents.

The New Hampshire and Vermont hunting seasons were accompanied by one fatality each. Four persons were wounded in New Hampshire and two in Vermont.

No one was killed during Massachusetts' open week on deer, but four persons were slightly wounded, one of them being shot as he was bringing a deer out of the woods on his shoulders.

Deer seem to have been more plentiful in Massachusetts than in other parts of New England. Although the season was of only a week duration 1580 animals were killed. There were only three counties in the state in which deer were shot, Suffolk county and Dukes and Nantucket counties, comprising Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket islands.

Since the Maine season opened on Oct. 1, more than 1900 deer and 45 moose have been killed. In New Hampshire where each county has its own open hunting season, about 10% deer have been shot. The same conditions prevailed in Vermont where 1600 deer have been killed.

KILLING OF HUNTERS CAUSED BY WHISKEY.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Killing of hunters in the forest has been charged to use of whiskey in the Adirondacks, where every border village sells the article.

But—how about Grand Old State of Maine and Vermont as a side runner. Can we call the many killed in those states due to whiskey? There is none there, says the law.

S. E. Stanton.

FAMOUS BACKWOODS FAIRY TALES



Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camps.

New reading matter, interesting. The first edition was exhausted much sooner than we expected and the popular demand was so great for a second edition that we published an enlarged and improved edition to be sold by mail (postpaid) at the low price named. Twelve cents, postpaid. Stamps accepted.

J. W. BRACKETT CO.
Phillips, Maine.

MAPS OF MAINE RESORTS AND ROADS

Maine Woods has frequent inquiries for maps of the fishing resorts of the state, etc. We can furnish the following maps:

Franklin County	\$.50
Somerset County50
Oxford County50
Penobscot County50
Androscoggin County50
Washington County50
Outing map of Maine, 20x35 in.	1.00
Geological map of Maine35
R. R. map of Maine35
Androscoggin County35
Camden County35
Carleton County50
Kennebec County35
Lamoine and Sagadahoc Counties35
Penobscot County50
Waldo County35
York County35

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
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JOB PRINTING

Maine Woods conducts a first-class Job Department. It is well equipped with modern type and machinery, and is in charge of experienced men.

No matter what you need in the way of Job Printing, you send it to

MAINE WOODS,
Phillips, Maine

Where To Go In Maine

Come to OTTER POND CAMPS for
MOOSE BEAR
HUNTING
DEER BIRDS
GEORGE H. MCKENNEY, The Forks, Maine

Lake Parlin House and Camps



Are delightfully situated on shore of Lake Parlin on direct line from Quebec to Rangeley Lakes, popular thorough-fare for automobiles, being a distance of 122 miles each way. Lake Parlin and the 12 out ponds in the radius of four miles furnish the best of fly fishing the whole season. The house and camps are new and have all modern conveniences, such as baths, gas lights, open rock fireplaces, etc. The cuisine is unexcelled. Canoeing, boating, bathing, tennis, mountain climbing, automobilism, etc.

Write for booklet.

H. P. MCKENNEY, Proprietor,

Jackman, Maine



DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

Every true sportsman very well knows that half the pleasure of the hunting trip comes from the planning and dreaming of bringing home the game. Why not go this fall where you can make those dreams come true? Go where all kinds of game, both large and small can be found. This can be done at

CHASE POND CAMPS, GUY CHADBOURNE, Prop.

Bingham, - - - Maine
Write for booklet.

FISHING AT John Carville's Camps at Spring Lake

Salmon, square tailed and lake trout. My camps are most charmingly situated on the shores of Spring Lake, well furnished, excellent beds, purest of spring water and the table is first-class, elevation 1,800 feet above sea level, grand scenery and pure mountain air. Hay fever and malaria unknown. Spring Lake furnishes excellent lake trout and salmon fishing and in the neighboring streams and ponds are abundance of brook trout. Buckboard roads only 2-12 miles. An ideal family summer resort. Telephone communications with Allagash and doctor. References furnished. Terms reasonable. Address for full particulars, JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Me.

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE.
The Belgrade. Best Sportsmen's Hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine. Chas. N. Hill & Son, Managers.

SADDLEBACK LAKE CAMPS. In the Rangeley Region. Booklet. Hemon S. Blackwell, Dallas, Maine

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

JIM POND CAMPS
IN DEAD RIVER REGION.
Good fishing. Three miles buckboard road. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for booklet.
M. M. GREEN & BROS.,
Jim Pond Camps, Eustis, Me.

WEST END HOTEL H. M. CASTNER, Prop'r. Portland, Maine

Thoroughly first class. The hotel for Maine vacationists, tourists and sports men. All farm, dairy products, pork and poultry from our own farm, enabling us to serve only fresh vegetables, meats, butter, cream, eggs, etc.
American plan. Send for circular.

FISHING Write S. C. HARDEN, Rangeley, Maine

MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC HOUSE AND LOG CAMPS.
Heart of the Rangeleys. Best fishing region. Special June and September rates. Booklet. MRS. F. B. HURNS.

VIA RUMFORD FALLS.
Best Salmon and Trout Fishing in Maine. Fly fishing begins about June 1. Send for circular. House always open. John Chadwick & Co., Upper Dam, Maine.

DEAD RIVER REGION
The Sargent. Up-to-date in every particular. Maine's ideal family vacation resort. Good fishing and hunting section. Cuisine unsurpassed. E. F. Look, Prop'r, Eustis, Maine.

OUANANICHE LODGE.
Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country. Norway Pines House and Camps, Dobs Lake. Most attractive situation in Maine. Good auto road to lodge. Plenty storage capacity for machines. From there one can take steamer to any part of the lake territory. The best hunting, fishing and vacation section of beautiful Washington Co. Address for particulars W. G. ROSE, Manager, Princeton, Me., Dec. 1st to April 1st.

RANGELEY LAKES.
Camp Benson, The Bunches, The Barker. Write for free circular. Capt. F. O. Barker, Rangeley, Maine.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN MAINE WOODS. LOW ADVERTISING RATES.

A JAPANESE TEA GIVEN

(Special to Maine Woods)
Rangeley, Me., December 2—About a month ago, some of the people of Rangeley met to establish a literary club for the winter months. The society was named the Literary Workers and it has spent many profitable hours of study. The topic for discussion for the past month has been Japan. As a suitable conclusion for the month's subject, Mrs. Eugene Soule, chairman of the programme committee for the month, entertained the members of the society Monday evening at her home. The form of entertainment was a Japanese tea. The rooms were appropriately decorated with cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums and Japanese lanterns. The dainty refreshments of tea, fancy cakes and marshmallow whip were served in Japanese style, to the guests, who were seated upon the floor. The ladies were dressed in gay Japanese kimonos to carry out the Japanese idea as far as possible. Those present were Rev. Herman Childs, president, Mrs. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kempton, Mr. and Mrs. Olin Rowe, Mrs. Lafayette Kempton, Mrs. Ernest Robbins, Mrs. Emma McCard, Miss Beatrice Jones, Miss Mabel Pease, Miss Hannah Pease, Miss Grace Graves and Miss Elisabeth Gifford.
The topic under discussion for the winter will be South America and Mexico.

VACATION DAYS IN MAINE WOODS.

When the summer days have passed and gone
And the fall of the year has come again,
The hunter thinks of vacation days
That he spent in the woods of Maine.
And the trails leading up the mountain,
That he had not been for most a year,
And the blow downs and the logging camps
Near where often jumped the deer.
Where he'd enjoyed life in the open
Before the camp fire aglow,
And the tracks of the moose and raccoon
That he followed for hours through the snow.
The many happy nights he spent in camp
From memory will never go;
The awful appetite he had for baked beans
When taken from the bean hole smoking hot.
Of those happy days he often dreams, will never be forgot.
The many happy days he hiked through the black growth,
And stopped in the cold and chilly rain,
To make hot tea from the waters of the brook
How he longs for those days again.

One day he bid goodbye to his sweetheart,
Gathered his hunting togs and gun,
Took an early train for the woods of Maine,
To hunt, have recreation and fun.
He got off the train at Schoodic,
On the Bangor & Aroostook line;
Spent four weeks at Lakeside Camps,
Where food and hunting were fine.
We were there when he stopped at the station,
He got off with his baggage and a chum,
Declaring that every hour of his vacation,
While in the Maine woods he'd carry a gun.

He ate a hearty supper that evening,
Then filled his pipe and had a smoke,
He went to bed at eight, to sleep he had not long to wait,
It was 10 o'clock next morning when he woke,
And when he heard of the good breakfast he had lost,
He looked like a bunch of roses struck by frost.
But he got in good humor in a little while
Ate his breakfast and dinner at the same time,
And after all he wore a happy smile.
When supper time came, at the table he was found,
Declaring he was ready to eat again.
He went to bed that night at nine;
Got up at four next morning feeling fine.

The day was cold and clear and in an hour he had a deer,
And was back to eat again at dinner time.
Few enjoyed vacation in the woods better than he.
Every day with chum and gun,
Over the trails he'd tramp along,
Enjoying the beautiful scenery.
It would take twenty verses of a poem
To tell of his experiences, joys and troubles when alone.
Suffice it to say that while he was away,
He wrote every day to his sweetheart heart at home.
After weeks of hunting in the woods of Maine,
Enjoying every minute as through the woods he'd roam,
He left on a morning train, with a quota of game for his home,
With his mind made up to return again.
To the sportsmen's paradise, the State of Maine.
John J. Simmons.
Flushing, New York.

MEETING PLACES FIXED FOR BIG TRAP SHOOTING EVENTS OF 1914.

Grand American Goes to Dayton Again.

Trap shooting's premier event in the United States—the Grand American Handicap—will go next year to Dayton, Ohio, where the same event was handled in record style this year with the co-operation of the N. C. R. Gun Club. The Southwestern Handicap goes to Oklahoma City, Okla., the Southern Handicap to Roanoke, Va., the Eastern Handicap to Bradford, Pa., and the Western Handicap to Green Bay, Mich. These meeting places were designated at the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trap Shooting, held at New York City last week. There was considerable "rooting" by gun clubs of various cities interested in securing the star gatherings of trap shooters. The delegation from the Bradford Gun Club made an especially enthusiastic and successful plea for the Eastern Handicap.
Some radical changes looking to improvements in trap shooting conditions will be announced by the committees within a few days.
Officers and committeemen to serve during 1914 were elected as follows:
President, F. G. Drew, New Haven, Conn.; vice-president, F. B. Clark, New York City; treasurer, Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.; secretary, E. Reed Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.; Committee to Allot Handicaps at

G. A. H.—J. E. Cain, Dayton, Ohio; C. D. Coburn, Mechanicsburg, Ohio; J. A. Blunt, Greensboro, Ala.; A. C. Connor, Springfield, Ill.; F. A. Godcharles, Milton, Pa. Tournament committee—T. E. Doremus, chairman, Wilmington, Del.; F. B. Clark, New York City; H. F. Keller, New York City; J. T. Skelly, Wilmington, Del.; W. B. Stadfeld, San Francisco, Cal.; H. McMurchey, Fulton, N. Y. Trophy Committee—F. B. Clark, Chairman; T. E. Doremus, A. W. Higgins, New York City. Gun Club Organization—F. B. Clark, Chairman; T. H. Keller, A. F. Hebard, New York City

HOON BREAKS 195 AT ST. THOMAS.

The annual Grand International Shoot at St. Thomas, Ontario, December 1, —5, brought together the usual big crowd of expert amateur and professional shooters. Many splendid scores were recorded, but the best individual score of the shoot was made by W. S. Hoon of Jewell, Iowa, with a Marlin Trap gun breaking 195 targets out of a possible 200 on December 3, including a run of over 100 straight. Mr. Hoon also made second high score over all for the three days' shooting with 477 x 500-95 2-5 per cent.
Mr. Hoon is one of the best known and best liked shooters of the middle west—a quiet, steady, consistent shooter who can always be depended upon to make a good showing. He has many important winnings to his credit, including the Preliminary Handicap at the Grand American Handicap in 1912, won with the score of 94 x 100; also tied for high score in the Amateur Championship, 194 x 200. At the 1912 Western Independent Handicap, amateurs only, 150 of the best shots in the country, Mr. Hoon was high over all with 487 x 500 (97.4%), with a run of 152 targets straight.
His most notable performance this year was at the big Iowa State Shoot May 27—29, where Mr. Hoon won High Amateur, and High Over All other shooters, breaking 443 x 450 targets; won State Championship with 99 x 100, won Smith Cup Event, 25 x 25 (tie), and 25 straight in shoot-off; made three long runs; 195 straight, 134 straight, 113 straight.

Mr. Hoon made all of these splendid scores with his "Old Reliable" Marlin Trap Gun which he shoots exclusively and prizes very highly.
Full details of Marlin Trap Guns and all other Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns are given in the Marlin catalog, mailed for 3 stamps postage by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

THE RAMSAY FUR FARM

To the Editor of Maine Woods:
Greenville, Me., Dec. 5—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Ramsay of Truro, N. S., who have been spending several days with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wood at their home on Indian Hill, left this morning for Prince Edward Island, where Mr. Ramsay is conducting what is known as the Ramsay Fur Farm. This fur farm is the only one of its kind on the Island—that land of so many fur farms—the sole object being the breeding, selling and dealing in black and other skunks, and their pelts and products.
The company, of which Mr. Ramsay is the head, has been recently reorganized and recapitalized for the purpose of the expansion of this business, which in the only one year of its existence has been found so very profitable.
Mr. Ramsay has just completed a tour of the western and southwestern states, where he has been fortunate enough to secure 200 skunks for his farm. These animals are "A" and "AA" grade for star black. This variety is the finest known, the pelts of which at the London fur sales last March brought from \$9 to \$17.
Mr. Ramsay has been engaged for several years past in buying and selling raw fur for the London market, during which time he has made a special study of the Ameri-

can skunk, and from the fact that he is such a hardy animal, very prolific and hibernates in winter, thus eliminating the cost and care and feed, that the fur which is commonly known as Alaska Sable is so extensively used, we are predicting for Mr. Ramsay and the stock holders of this company, returns, second only to the Black Fox industry of the same place, which last year in most ranches, paid dividends to their stock holders of from 200 to 900 per cent.—Howard Wood Chief warden P. iscataguis Co.
Mr. Wood also informed us that he has a brother who is engaged in the black fox ranching business in that place.

LARGEST SALMON IN COUNTRY FROM MAINE.

Glen Ridge, N. J., Dec. 8—For having caught the largest landlocked salmon in the United States during the year the Rev. Edwin A. White, rector of Christ Episcopal church of Bloomfield and Glen Ridge has received from Forest and Stream a large silver loving cup.
The fish was caught at Belgrade Lakes, Me., last May, but it was not announced until last week that the clergymen was the winner of the trophy.
The salmon caught by Mr. White weighed 14 pounds and four ounces. Its length was 31 1-4 inches, girth 19 inches. The clergyman used a five and one-half ounce bamboo rod, No. 6 silk line, single gut leader and single gut hook. Mr. White also received the third prize for a ten pound salmon. This fish was 29 1-2 inches in length with a 17 1-2 inch girth. A fly rod weighing five ounces was used.
The salmon were two of the largest ever caught in Maine waters.
Mr. White had the salmon mounted, and it now adorns his library with the loving cup, which has the rector's name engraved thereon.—Exchange.
The account of the above capture of the salmon by Mr. White was published in the Maine Woods in its issue of May 8, 1913, and which read as follows:
(Special to Maine Woods.)
Belgrade Lakes, May 5—Rev. E. A. White of Bloomfield, New Jersey, last Saturday, May 3, caught a salmon in Great Lake, weighing 14 pounds, length 31 1-2 inches, girth 19 inches, depth 8 inches, caught with 3-0 hook, single gut leader. Mr. White was 25 minutes landing the fish. Ralph Stewart was the guide.

MAINE MEN IN WASHINGTON

Peter C. Keegan of Van Buren, George A. Murchie of Calais and Oscar F. Fellows of Bangor have been in Washington in the interests of the commission having jurisdiction over the boundary waters of the St. John River between the United States and Canada. Mr. Keegan and Mr. Murchie who are members of the commission and Mr. Fellows as its attorney, were there for the special purpose of urging the continuance of the appropriation for carrying on needed work and investigations, and to obtain data for their report which is soon to be submitted.
Boundary disputes between the two countries have been of long standing. The commission deems the protection and conservation of the St. John to be of the most vital importance and a corps of engineers are now at work on plans and estimates for reservoiring and conserving the river.
The Maine members of the commission are hopeful for a continuance of the necessary appropriation to carry on the protective work, which is already well under way.

DEER SHIPMENTS.

About Half As Many Received As Year Ago.

The shipments of deer in Portland this year has been rather smaller than usual there having been but 338 deer received here for local sportsmen. There were twice that number one year ago. One reason for this is believed to be the advance in license fees from \$15 to \$25 which has had a tendency to turn the sportsmen away from Maine.
Another cause is said to be due to the heavy fall rains and the consequent shyness of the deer that have remained near the swamps for protection during the hunting season. The law on deer will go into effect again Sunday, Dec. 14, when close time will be declared on the shooting of game.