

MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 22.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1904.

PRICE 3 CTS.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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Fish and Game Oddities.

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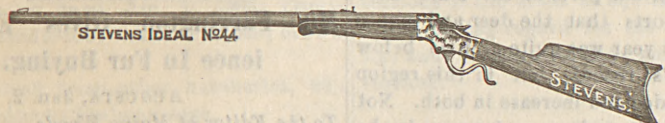
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Likes to Think.

The editor of the Norway Advertiser extends thanks to a young lady who has contributed to his sanctum a hand painted calendar for 1904, bearing two fishing scenes and the following striking verse:

I like to sit and think and fish,
And fish and sit and think,
And think and fish and sit and wish
I had another drink.

Horse Tongue Bait.

PHILLIPS, Me., Jan. 1, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

As Sam Farmer is going to tell us how he caught the trout when living at Rangeley, with his hands, I will tell you how an early resident's horse caught a trout way back in the forties.

One of the first settlers of Rangeley stuck his stakes on the shore of the lake, and cut a hole through the ice to let his horse go to and drink.

One day Mr. Hoar, came home at noon and let his horse go to the lake as usual while he stood on the shore. The hole had been cut some time and thawed out as large as a water pail. The horse was in the habit of sticking out his tongue when drinking. It was a warm day and the horse was thirsty, and rushing up to the hole he plunged in his nose. A six-pound trout saw what he thought a tempting bait, darted up through the hole and seized the horse's tongue with his needle-like teeth, which caused the horse to instantly throw up his head and throw the trout 20 feet from the hole. The horse was greatly surprised and looked on while Mr. Hoar picked up the fish, carried it into the house and had it served for dinner.

BORDER.

The Mink and the Fly.

Trout fishing in northern Michigan I find is liable to furnish a line of incidents worthy of record, queer in detail, grotesque to a degree worth remembering. Not by any means the least of the number coming under my notice during the few days spent on the Big Manistee is the one of the mink and the fly.

Mr. Harry Widdicomb of Grand Rapids caught a full grown female mink on a No. 10 Cahill fly in three feet of fast running water. The fight which followed lasted three-quarters of an hour at the end of which time the mink was drowned and Mr. Widdicomb was somewhat relieved. To relate Mr. Widdicomb's sensations during this struggle would be unfair to this sage of the brook. He best expresses all he felt by relating the experience of a southern Indiana judge, who brought on an engagement with a newspaper man. The judge had figured that the first blow would put that editor's paper out of business, but when the blow had been struck and the editor was still on his feet, he felt that he would rather be on his own front porch reading an account of what a scoundrel he was. The mink, too, got busy.—T. E. BATTEN in Forest and Stream.

Fox Hunters Invited.

The Brunswick Fur club extends a cordial invitation to all fox hunters to attend its Fifteenth Annual Winter meet to be held at Barre, Massachusetts, during the week of Jan. 11, 1904. The club will make its headquarters at Hotel Barre, where the rates will be \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day, the latter price being charged for single rooms.

The annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of other business will be held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 13, at 8 o'clock.

The week will be devoted to a New England fox-hunt, and all who attend are urged to bring their hounds and make the meet a notable one in the annals of winter hunting.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.
Roxbury, Mass.

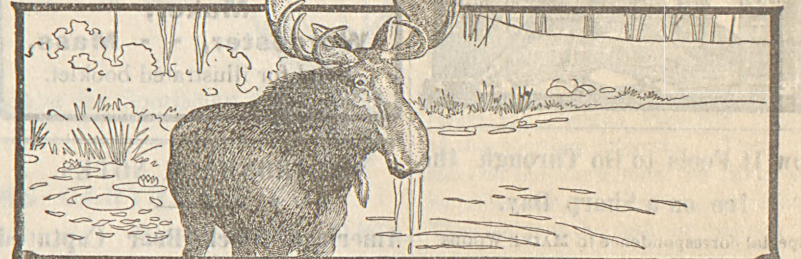
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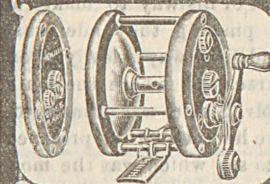
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Supt. F. & M. Ry.

INFORMATION FREE.

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How It Feels to Go Through the Ice on a Sharp Day.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

WEST BUXTON, Jan. 5, 1904.

In the year 1863 when I was a boy 14 years old, Robert Berryman, about my age, my brother Frank and myself were skating on a pond called Bonny Eagle. The pond had been frozen over and had broken up in a thaw so that the first ice was some two inches thick and had drifted down to the east side of the pond so that about one-half of the pond was covered with ice two inches thick.

We were skating on the thick ice with a lot of others, when Berryman and I thought we would skip across the pond, which would be one mile. When we got about half-way across (I being ahead) I saw that the ice looked black and brittle, but I was going so that I did not have any time to think of turning around, so I let her go and went in to it. The first thing I knew I was in up to my ears, the water being some 20 feet deep; there was no touching bottom. Berryman plunged in beside me and went out of sight, so my brother said; he, seeing us go in, turned close to the thin ice. I went on to the thin ice 25 feet before I went through. Don't think for a minute that I didn't do some tall scraping to get to that thick ice. I cut my wrists and hands terribly, slashing through the thin ice. When I got to the thick ice Frank, a little fat stub of a boy, lay down flat and reached out his hand, which was very acceptable. I had no idea of pulling him in, so I just wormed out onto the two inch ice and back out of the way before I looked to see where Berryman was. He was in my broken ice, taking short breaths and using his fins the best he knew how. Frank got him by the hand and I had Frank by the foot, I not daring to go near the edge of the thick ice as I was so heavy with water in my clothes. Anyway, we got him out and started for home two miles away.

The wind blew raw and cold, our clothes were as stiff as a board in five minutes. We were two blue looking chickens when we got home. All that ever saved us was Frank's help and being the best swimmers and long distance divers in this part of the country, but I will admit that it was the tightest squeeze I ever had to pull out of a bad place. I have been overboard several times while hunting, trapping and gunning. I shot myself out of a small boat once while duck hunting and was in the cold water one-half hour. Learn to swim boys, while you are young.

WM. P. TOWNSEND.

Clear Water Trout ponds.

About Beaver.

While it is believed that on the whole the fur bearing animals are on the increase in the hunting grounds of central Washington county, there is one that it is conceded is almost if not entirely exterminated, viz., the beaver. Years ago they were one of the very common animals to be found up country and in many places the evidence of their industry and skill is still to be seen. When the town of Wesley was first settled a colony of beaver was found on a small brook below where the settlement was made. This brook crosses the road leading from Machias to Wesley, a short distance before the town is reached. A dam many feet in length is constructed across the brook, making quite a large pond. From this dam the brook received its name and it has always been known as the Beaver Dam brook. So perfectly was the dam constructed that it has backed up the waters of the stream for many years, and in appearance it has not materially changed. It is to be hoped that the present stringent law, which makes it illegal to kill beaver at any time, may be instrumental in bringing back this valuable animal, but such results can hardly be expected.

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Worcester, - - Mass.
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ADIRONDACK NOTES.

American Black Bear Captured Weighing Nearly 600 Pounds.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

VAIL MILLS, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1904.

E. P. Holtailing, a taxidermist of Gloversville, N. Y., has just finished mounting the largest specimen of the American black bear ever killed in the Adirondacks. The bear weighed nearly 600 pounds and measured nine feet from tip to tip.

John Starin, who is 79 years old, had been hunting with a guide near his lodge and was returning at dusk when he heard the bleating of a sheep. It was an unusual sound in the woods and Mr. Starin went out of his way to make an investigation, pushing the underbrush aside as he made his way slowly from the beaten track to where the sound came from. Mr. Starin was almost on the bear before he knew of its presence. It is difficult to say which was the more surprised. Mr. Starin lifted his rifle while the bear, dropping the sheep which it had evidently stolen from the lodge pasture, started toward Mr. Starin with a fierce rush. Had Mr. Starin for an instant lost his nerve or his head there might have been a far different conclusion to the story. As it was he let the big bear come within a dozen feet of him before he fired and then his aim was so sure that a second shot was unnecessary. By the guides who saw the bear's carcass, Mr. Starin was told that without doubt it was the largest specimen of the American black bear ever killed in the Adirondacks.

AN OLD GUIDE.

It has been said that for every deer killed and secured by hunters there is another deer that has been wounded and has escaped the hunters to die in the woods. I say the small calibre, high power rifles which are so common these days should be barred from use. Hunters lay the blame largely to these guns for the bullets pierce the game through and through but the wound is so small the animal bleeds internally but does not succumb until it has run perhaps many miles and the hunter is tired of following.

Several times of late residents in the vicinity of John D. Rockefeller's estate in Westchester county, N. Y., have asserted they had heard the cries of a panther and that one of these felines must be running at large among the hills on the estate. A recent report from Tarrytown accredits to Abram Clear, a game warden for Mr. Rockefeller, the appended statement: "I was just about to retire when I heard three yelps just like a panther. My mother came rushing into my room and exclaimed, 'Abe, it's the panther.' I barred the front door and seized my shotgun. A couple of minutes later I heard three more yelps and the animal seemed to be coming toward my house. I tell you my hair stood up straight. Several persons have claimed they had seen a strange animal and one man has asserted that he saw a terrible looking creature on Buttermilk mountain. At last accounts Abram Clear intended to lead an armed party in an attempt to locate the den of the panther and kill it."

J. P. FLETCHER.

Fox and Rabbit Shooting.

Harry M. Pierce, proprietor of King & Bartlett's Camps in the Dead River region is in camp, accompanied by Frank Horgan, the Portland druggist. They propose while in camp to shoot a few foxes and rabbits just to keep their hands in. Mr. Pierce is looking after his winter work and Mrs. Pierce is doing the cooking for the party. George Day of Eustis, who was at camp for Mr. Pierce during the early part of the winter, cut his foot very severely and was obliged to return home.

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Rangeley, - - Maine.

Upper Dam House.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

UPPER DAM, Dec. 29, 1903.

Santa Claus visited the Upper Dam House on Friday evening. A tree was loaded with presents in the big dining room and a merry Christmas was enjoyed by young and old.

The Union Water Power company have a crew of about forty men here at work on the channel of the lake. The water has never been so low at this season of the year or in fact at any time since the dam was built.

The Chadwick company are cutting their ice this week and find it about fourteen inches thick.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Grant returned Dec. 22 from a month's visit with relatives in Topsham and Eddington, Me.

Mrs. Lewis Chadwick and daughter, Shirley, and Mrs. Walter Chadwick and daughter, Dorothy, are spending the winter here; also Misses Lizzie Chadwick and Delma Felker and Mrs. Hiram Dolbier. Geo. Page of Lewiston is cooking.

The marriage of Archie Poor of Andover and Miss Susie Goodwin of Stetson, Me., occurred Dec. 19, and their many friends here extend to them heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a happy future.

John Chadwick, Jr., and Eugene C. Wiley of Holden, Me., are here for the winter.

Frank Philbrick, with other teams, are hauling coal from Bemis to Thayer's camps on the Upper Richardson lake.

There has been an average of sixty people at the Upper Dam House the past week.

A cold wave struck here Sunday night and Monday morning. The thermometer stood at 18 degrees below zero.

Chesuncook News.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

CHESUNCOOK, Dec. 27, 1903.

Now that the hunting season is over, the local hunters are making quite a business of trapping and hunting fur bearing animals. Not much trapping is being done here but at Chamberlain lake and Indian pond quite a few from this place are making their headquarters. Among them are Chas. Smith, Thos. Gero, Wm. Howard and Philip Capino.

Beaver are reported as very plentiful at Harold lake and some of them are beauties, so the trappers say.

Benj. Woodard of Dover and Chas. Wilson of Moosehead, both efficient game wardens, stopped here last week on their way out from the northern part of the state, where they have been in the interests of the game commissioners for the past six months. They have been on the boundary line and report there is very little illegal hunting this year as compared with past years. They attribute this to the appointment of extra wardens and the license fee which furnished the money to allow the state to appoint the new wardens. These two men are hustlers and very popular.

George Tomah, while hunting around Chamberlain lake this fall, discovered a very handsome pair of horns of a deer. There were nineteen points and the spread in the widest place was two feet, six inches, and in the narrowest, one foot. This is the handsomest and most evenly formed of any horns seen here this year.

Charles Smith recently saw a pure white deer while on his way from Chamberlain farm to Mud pond. The deer stood just a short distance from Mr. Smith and never offered to move. White deer seem to be seen frequently this year.

Just to show how the moose have been slaughtered during the past three years, Game Warden Woodard informed the MAINE WOODS reporter that near

Bounties Paid.

That porcupine bounty act of Hon. Fred I. Campbell of Cherryfield is becoming a very well developed elephant on the state's hands, one which is eating a big hole in the treasury. State Treasurer Smith said Wednesday that returns aggregating 44,000 bounty porcupines killed had been received and they were still coming. These will cost the pretty sum of \$11,000, let alone all those which will be destroyed next year.

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Box 139,

Old Town, Maine.

Depot lake were nearly one hundred carcasses. He said that scarcely any of them, if any, had been left there this year. If this had been allowed to continue, how long would it have been before the moose were all killed off.

From various parts of the state have come reports that the deer and moose killed this year was quite a little below last year's record, but in this region there is a decided increase in both. Not only has there been an increase in the number killed but in the size of the animals and in the spread of the horns.

Reply to Mr. Carney.

WILLIMANTIC, CONN., Jan. 1, 1904.

TO THE EDITOR OF MAINE WOODS:

Mr. Emerson Carney is certainly in need of an explanation why so many are kicking at Maine's game laws. He says the residents are paying their just proportion of tax, the \$25,000, for the protection of fish and game. "Don't say game Mr. C. You will find the nonresidents are paying all for big game protection, also for farmer's protection from big game damages and protecting game and fish for the benefit of summer visitors whose benefits are many fold compared with the hunters."

Mr. C. says all the states that contain big game in any number do the same thing as Maine. Another mistake; a certain state out west in 1901 sold 71,000 licenses which put \$76,000 in the treasury. There were only 300 nonresidents' licenses sold at \$25 each.

The state of Maine pays the \$25,000 for fish culture alone as I understood it and the warden protection in close season is paid from the nonresident's license.

My idea would be to charge \$5 for deer licenses, one buck and one doe, and \$15 for two deer and one bull moose and \$1 for every nonresident who hunts. Then there would be no kicking from nonresidents.

Now Mr. C. we have here the American Thread company. Of course there are many owners in various proportions. Would Mr. A. who owns thousands, or Mr. B. next to nothing, would they expect to carry away any quantity of its produce without charge? Really they are on the same footing as outsiders.

CHAS. TOWNSEND.

Spring Lake Resorts.

STRATTON, Jan. 4, 1904

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

The annual meeting of the Spring Lake Fish and Game association was held at Flagstaff on January 2, 1904, when the following officers were elected: Grant Fuller, president; John Carville, secretary and treasurer; Grant Fuller, John Carville, Carl Savage, Frank Savage and A. B. Douglass directors.

Arrangements were made by which John Carville will have entire charge of the business for the present year and all correspondence should be addressed to him.

The accounts showed a small profit, the smallness being accounted for by there being so few hunters, and the reason for this is not hard to find.

The prospects for Spring Lake in the near future look better, for the proposed extension of the Franklin and Megantic railroad from Carrabasset to Flagstaff will go within three miles of Spring Lake, and with the natural advantages which this place has as a hunting and

fishing re-ort, it can't help taking the first place in this section, at least.

Although it is early yet to say anything about game, yet there are a lot of deer and partridge "signs" are good.

54 90 Win.

Mr. Farrington Gives Experience In Fur Buying.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 2, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods.

I noticed an article in your paper about raising mink and am interested in the enterprise of Mr. Norton. I want to relate a little experience of mine many years ago, when I was making some part of my business to buy fur. Having been acquainted with mink fur from childhood, I fancied that I was a very good judge of the quality of such fur. At that time a prime skin was worth from \$7 to \$9. While on a tour of buying I ran across a man in Bethel who had a few skins for sale and as I remember it, four or five. I examined them and found the fur thick and fairly glossy, but having a crinkly growth, the fur not as long and in opening it, wavy or crinkly. The owner told me that they were raised by him and that the manner of doing it was to have a cold springy water with hollow logs and other arrangements natural to the mink. I expressed my doubt as to the value of the fur, but finally bought them, paying not a full but very good price. I shipped them with a lot of other skins to Boston and when my return was made, was told that such skins were domestic and worth but 50 cents apiece. Possibly an improvement in raising has been made, but it will do no harm to give my experience in this case.

E. C. FARRINGTON.

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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"INFALLIBLE."

At the tournament held at Raleigh, N. C., October 21, 22 and 23d, High Amateur Average was won by W. P. Wittaker, of Raleigh, with a score of 314 out of a possible 355 targets.

This gentleman also won the Lyon Trophy, emblematic of the State Championship, with a score of 93 out of 100 targets. He used

"INFALLIBLE."

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Commissioners' Report.

Following is the report of the commissioners of inland fish and game as presented, recently, to the governor and council. First come the reports of the superintendents of the various fish hatcheries and then the report of the commissioners on the new hatcheries and on the big game.

Report of D. E. Johnson, superintendent of the Caribou hatchery.

Eggs on hand Jan. 1, 1903: Trout, 4,181; landlocked salmon, 63,000; brown trout, 4,604.

Received from other hatcheries, 26,000 landlocked salmon eggs.

Number of fish hatched: Trout, 2,559; landlocked salmon, 120,608; brown trout, 2,205.

Number of fish planted: Trout, 2,768; landlocked salmon, 93,200; brown trout, 1,532.

Report of C. L. Floyd, superintendent of the Edes Falls hatchery.

Eggs on hand Jan. 1, 1903: Landlocked salmon, 350,000.

Shipped to other hatcheries, landlocked salmon, 90,000.

Number of fish hatched: Landlocked salmon, 215,000.

Number of fish planted: Landlocked salmon, 205,000.

Report of C. C. Nichols, superintendent of the Moosehead Lake hatchery.

Eggs on hand Jan. 1, 1903: Trout, 100,000.

Eggs received from other hatcheries: Trout, 780,000; landlocked salmon, 30,000.

Number of fish hatched: Trout, 821,549; landlocked salmon, 30,000.

Number of fish planted: Trout, 555,000; landlocked salmon, 26,000.

Report of John F. Stanley, superintendent of the East Auburn hatchery.

Eggs on hand, Jan. 1, 1903: Trout, 160,000; landlocked salmon, 538,000; other fish, 6,000.

Eggs shipped to other hatcheries: Trout, 60,000; landlocked salmon, 330,000.

Number of fish hatched: Trout, 65,000; landlocked salmon, 188,000; other fish, 6,000.

Number of fish planted: Trout, 50,000; landlocked salmon, 148,000; other fish, brown trout, 5,000; steel heads, 3,500.

Report of W. E. Berry, superintendent of the Carleton Brook hatchery.

Eggs on hand Jan. 1, 1903, Trout, 8,000.

Received from other hatcheries, 200,000 landlocked salmon eggs.

Number of fish hatched: Trout, 7,700; landlocked salmon, 195,000.

Number of fish planted: Trout, 7,700; landlocked salmon, 160,700.

Report of W. E. Berry, superintendent of the Monmouth hatchery.

Eggs on hand Jan. 1, 1903: Trout, 75,000.

Eggs received from other hatcheries: Trout, 100,000; landlocked salmon, 75,000.

Number of fish hatched: Trout, 165,000; landlocked salmon, 73,398.

Number of fish planted: Trout, 155,000; landlocked salmon, 68,414.

We have been more successful than usual in hatching and raising fish of all kinds this year. Experience counts for much in these matters. The fish attained a larger growth than ever before. The earnest calls for the product of these hatcheries from all sections of the state were more than we could supply. We distributed these fish in all sections of the state as equitably as we could, having regard for the character, size and location of the waters to be stocked.

The legislature of 1903, by chapter 24 of the resolves of that year, provided as follows:

"RESOLVED, That the sum of \$6,000 is hereby appropriated for the purpose of establishing a fish hatchery at one of the chain of Rangeley lakes, or on the tributaries to the same, to be located by the commissioners of inland fisheries and game, to be expended by said commissioners under the direction of the governor and council."

Chapter 27 of the Resolves of 1903 also provides as follows:

"RESOLVED, that the sum of \$6,000.00 is hereby appropriated for the purpose of establishing a fish hatchery and feeding station at Sebago lake to be expended by the commissioners of inland fisheries and game, under the direction of the governor and council."

In accordance with these provisions of law, we have located and built the hatcheries thus provided for.

The one at Rangeley is located on the outlet of Rangeley lake, near the dam, and in close proximity to the lake and but a few rods from the railroad station at Oquossoc.

The one at Sebago lake waters is located in the town of Raymond, on the stream which is the outlet of Panther pond and near Sebago lake.

After the most careful and thorough investigation that we could make, calling to our aid the services and experience of Hon. E. E. Race, superintendent of the United States Fish Culture station at Green lake, we decided that these were the only feasible locations for hatcheries within the limits prescribed in the resolves.

The building of these hatcheries was let to the lowest responsible bidder and they were completed to the entire satisfaction of the commissioners. They are of capacity sufficient to supply fish for stocking purposes to those sections of the state where they are located for many years to come.

The one at Rangeley is located on the land of the Union Water Power company of Lewiston. This company dealt very generously with the state. They not only gave us a lease of sufficient land for the purpose of the hatchery for all time that it is used for a hatchery free of rent charges, but also the right to run the pipe through their dam.

The same is true also of Mr. C. H. Gifford of Haddonfield, New Jersey, who owns the land and water privilege where the hatchery is located at Raymond.

We feel confident that the water supplying these hatcheries is entirely suited to the artificial propagation of fish and will supply a long felt want for a much more extensive stocking of waters in those sections of the state than has been possible heretofore.

We think that with our present hatcheries we will be able to supply the reasonable demands of our people for the restocking of our lakes and ponds with fish for many years to come.

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THE BIG GAME. DEER.

As correct an estimate as probably can be had of deer killed may be had by reference to the shipments through Bangor.

The grand total for the season was 4,678 deer, 217 moose and 26 bears. This probably represents not one-fifth of the deer killed in the whole state.

The record for moose is ahead of any previous year, being 217 for 1903 against 191 in 1902, 179 in 1901 and 139 in 1900.

In the line of deer shipments the record of 4,679 for 1903 is greater by 607 than in 1901 and greater by 1,265 than in 1900—the figures for 1903 having only been equaled in the phenomenal hunting season of 1902 when 618 more deer were transported through Bangor, the record for 1902 having been 5,295.

In the line of record days, 1903 has surpassed all previous records, 202 deer and 14 moose having been shipped on Friday, Nov. 13. The record days in the past have been Nov. 17, 1902, when 197 deer and 9 moose were transported, and Nov. 17, 1901, when the figures were 185 deer and 7 moose. It is interesting to note that of the 202 deer and 14 moose shipped on the record day of this season, 114 deer and 7 moose were taken out of the state by 72 nonresident licensed hunters.

During the season of 1903, as in previous years, the Bangor & Aroostook railroad has a long lead in the line of shipment, but the Vanceboro division of the Maine Central railroad and the Washington County railroad have both made large contributions, while the Penobscot Central railroad has brought not only considerably many deer, but a moose, also.

Among those who frequent the Maine woods in quest of antlered trophies, the fair sex has been quite in evidence, and among the army of hunters who have shipped deer and moose through Bangor during the season of 1903 have been 95 lady sportsmen.

It is undoubtedly true that more and more of our own citizens hunt big game year by year.

We sent postal cards to a large number of the town clerks in purely agricultural towns, asking how many deer were killed in their town. We have received replies from 212 towns showing that 2861 deer were killed in these towns by farmers themselves or by farmers' boys.

The average price of a deer is about \$10 and these, then, would represent a value of \$28,610.

MOOSE.

More moose have been killed this year than in any previous year and ninety-one have been reported as being illegally killed.

This would seem to prove that they have been more abundant inasmuch as

it has been claimed by many that there have been less hunters to hunt them heretofore, due, as it is alleged, to the nonresident hunters' license law enacted by the legislature at its last session.

We have seen nothing in the practical operation of this law to change our opinion held at the time of its enactment, that it would prove of great practical benefit to our big game.

It is not possible to state with any degree of accuracy how many nonresidents came to Maine to hunt in 1902-1901, or in any previous year, except by the official reports of the guides.

NONRESIDENT HUNTING LICENSES.

We have sold sixteen hundred and ninety-seven (1697) licenses to nonresident hunters, 25 of these being issued to nonresidents to hunt ducks in Sadagahoc county and in certain towns in Cumberland county.

It is not our purpose at this time to discuss in detail the merits of this law. It was a radical departure from conditions previously prevailing, and, while it appears to have met all the reasonable expectations of those who were in favor of its passage, and grievously disappointed its enemies, yet we will be better able to judge more accurately of it at the close of another season and forbear making further comments at this time.

REGISTERED GUIDES.

We have registered two thousand and four (2004) guides this year, twenty-three (23) of whom were nonresidents.

The guides report they have guided eighty thousand five hundred and seventy-eight (80,578) days, which at an average of \$3.00 per day and board (fifty cents per day) would amount to two hundred and eighty-two thousand and twenty-three dollars. \$282,023.00.

Many receive much more and it is safe to say that they have earned at least three hundred thousand dollars (\$300,000.00) in wages the past year.

This is an increase of over 2000 days and \$9000 from last year, so that the claim made by some that the nonresident hunters' license law has injured the guides' business does not seem to be well founded.

They report having guided 9,616 nonresidents, 417 more than last year.

OTHER LICENSES.

We have licensed this year 128 sporting camp proprietors, 93 hunters and trappers of fur bearing animals, 44 dealers in deer skins and 50 marketmen to sell deer at retail to their local customers; there are also 48 licensed taxidermists in the state.

SEND US HUNTING STORIES

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

May Answer Grange Resolutions.

The annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game association, which will be held at Bangor Jan. 5th, promises to be fully as lively as anything that the association has experienced in the past. There are quite a number of sportsmen who have something to say, and they will take this opportunity to say it.

It is quite on the cards that the association may feel that the recent utterances of the State Grange need answering. Indeed, in the opinion of some who are well versed in these matters, it is very likely that the association will pick up the gauntlet which the grange has thrown down.

The association is not lacking in good talkers, warm talkers—men who have given the fish and game proposition fully as much study as the grange, and some of these men may take occasion to resent the grange's wholesale criticism of the sporting interests. These men feel that they have done the State good by advertising its sporting attractions. They feel that the rush of sporting and vacation traffic has been productive of much good to the state. They say that if the summer resorts had not been boomed, Maine would not today enjoy such good railroad facilities, and if it were not for this splendid train service, Maine farming and a fine manufacturing would not be where they are.

And men who think that they have done their share in accomplishing this do not take it kindly when they are told by the grange that they have been holding back the prosperity of the state. If some of these men happen to be present at Bangor on the day of the meeting, and should happen to get on their feet, they might happen to say something well worth the hearing. The grangers as well as the sportsmen, will read the reports of that meeting with interest.

The commissioners of inland fisheries and game held their last regular meeting for the year Monday. Their annual report will be submitted to the governor and council Wednesday afternoon. This being the off year, the report will be brief. It will include the financial statement, showing the use to which the legislative appropriation for fish hatcheries and feeding stations has been put, and also the receipts from the hunter's license law in the first year of its operation. The report will also show the distribution of the product of the various hatcheries, giving the total amount of fish fry liberated by the commission.

Deer Killed at Carry Pond, 1903.

Dr. E. L. Styles, New York,	2
John O'Day, Boston,	2
Dr. A. B. Johnson, New Breton	2
Dr. G. W. Hutchins, Waterville,	2
E. P. King, Lake Wood, Me.,	2
F. W. Briggs, Pittsfield, Me.,	2
C. G. Doe, Boston,	2
C. C. Kinsman, Cornville, Me.,	2
J. S. Prew, Providence, R. I.,	1
W. D. Larezelere, Philadelphia,	1
Edwin Glidhill, Skowhegan,	1
Thomas Walker, Oakland, Me.,	2
Chas. M. Edwards, New York,	2
J. W. Shattuck,	1
G. N. Carter, Auburn, Me.,	2
G. W. Carter,	2
Henry Halding, New York,	2
Jas. Bowman, Brooklyn,	2
Richard Mayle, New York,	1
A. B. Haskell, Bangor,	2
J. J. Lambert, New York,	2
A. Malbur,	2
A. C. Malbur,	2
J. N. Witherell, Oakland, Me.,	2
C. W. Goodale, York Harbor, Me.,	2
John Tuttle,	2
W. H. Miller, New York,	2
D. G. McGregor, Bangor,	1
C. F. Horn, Madison, Me.,	1
R. V. Ham, Moscow,	1
H. J. Lane, Bingham,	2
H. E. Ginn,	1
Maurice J. Lane, Lexington, Me.,	1
E. Andrews, Concord,	1
Maurice Preble, Bingham,	1
Lloyd Foss,	1
Total number deer killed for the season being 60.	

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J. W. BRACKETT.

This Edition of Maine Woods
5,140.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1904.

AN article written for Printer's Ink by W. H. Eastman of East Sumner in regard to the "Roll of Honor" established by that publication some time ago, proved to be a prize winner. The article appeared in MAINE WOODS on last November 27.

THE provisions of the general law in regard to fishing through the ice by residents of the state, during February, March and April each year, do not apply to any of the following lakes and ponds in Franklin County and it is unlawful to fish through the ice in the same for any kind of fish,—to wit:

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

Rangeley Shooting.

THE Rangeley guides have been "stuffing" the reporter of the Boston Globe who has been asking them about the results of the hunting season now drawn to a close. Fact is, nobody who wishes for deer or moose goes to Rangeley now, as the big game is in the east. Again, the guides have enjoyed a very good amount of patronage this fall, much better than they said they were going to receive, when the season opened. Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that the license law was not adopted for the purpose of making the guides rich in one season. So long as the big game receives protection, the guides can afford to wait. They receive better pay than most workmen who perform twice the amount of service rendered by them. No honest guide finds fault with the new law. If things had been allowed to run the old way for a few years longer, there would have been nothing left for the guides to do. A half a loaf is better than no cake.—Bangor Daily News.

We showed the above paragraph to a Rangeley guide and he nearly fainted. He wants to go on record as being ready to prove that any man can get shots at any amount of deer anywhere in the Rangeley region, and he says the state does not furnish better deer shooting anywhere than there is at Rangeley. Our Rangeley guide says there is little or no moose hunting in his section and nobody claims it, but he'd like to take the editor of the News out and show him some deer shooting.

Horse Items.

Our readers may be interested to learn that Quintuple, the sire of Fashion (2.15) was bred in Phillips and foaled at Mountain View Farm. The sire of Quintuple was by Allectus that was owned in Phillips for several years. S. W. Parlin, editor of the American Horse Breeder, sold Quintuple when about 3 months old, together with his dam, to W. H. H. Moody then of Boston and proprietor of Highland View Farm, Claremont, N. H., probably the most beautiful establishment of its kind in the world.

Trade Notes.

At Glen Rock, Pa., Dec. 29th, the York county live bird championship was won by C. E. Humer who scored 24 out of 25 from the 30-yard mark. Mr. Humer used Peters Ideal factory loaded shells and Schultze powder. Mr. Humer also won high amateur average for the day at targets, scoring over 90 per cent using Peters Premier shells loaded with Ballistite.

At York, Pa., Dec. 17th, high average was won by Hood Waters of Baltimore. He used Peters Premier shells loaded with L. & R. Infalible.

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

J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Me.

Letters From Our Readers.

LOST IN NO. 6 WOODS.

A Thrilling Adventure With Wolves.

WEST PHILLIPS, Jan. 1, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

My story is a tale of long ago when the westerly portion of Phillips was organized into a town and took the name of Berlin. It contained about 30 families and the majority of them had large families. The town contained one sawmill and no other machinery, consequently the main occupation of the inhabitants was farming. Hundreds of tons of hay was then cut on lands where birch and poplar is being cut the present winter.

The scene of my present narrative occurred March 22nd, 1841. The winter had been unusually severe and the depth of snow was five feet on the level. After a severe thaw the top of the snow had frozen, forming a very hard crust which enabled the inhabitants to go even with their teams on the thick crust and anywhere in the woods without snowshoes.

Lewis Fish and son were bringing home daily large packs of spruce gum. The large number of boys that were in the neighborhood soon caught on and resolved to take up the old gum hunters' trade and earn an honest dollar.

So on this memorable day quite a large party was formed and started from my father's house for a long tramp into the great woods to return the same night. I was but a small boy at that time but I distinctly remember the party as they sallied forth on that glorious clear March morning, wishing I could be one of the party. That night all of the boys came back together but two. Jonathan and Moses Berry were missing, the party had not seen them since noon.

Moses Berry, Jr., was deaf and dumb, which was very much against him as he could not hear the signals that are usually given in the woods, which is to strike the poll of the ax on a large spruce tree. The sound can be heard a mile in the woods. As usual after a cloudless morning clouds began to obscure the sun and at 2 o'clock the sun could not be seen and Moses wandered away. His brother became aware of the fact and went in the direction which he was last seen. But at dark neither of the boys came home and it was soon noised about that the two Berry boys were lost in the woods.

As two of my brothers were of the party out that day the rest of the boys stopped at our house a while in the evening to hear if the missing boys came home.

About 8 o'clock in the evening Uncle Mose Berry, the father of the missing boys, (as he was familiarly called) came galloping down the road on his coal black horse and was very much excited and said his wife was about crazy and wanted to get a party to go and find his boys.

In two hours' time twelve men were found who volunteered to go. Among the number was Lewis Fish. The veteran woodsman was at once chosen leader. Each man carried a tin lantern and the most of them an ax and a tin horn.

There was a moon but it was obscured at the time and did not aid them but little in their trackless search. The party thought that the two brothers were together and that they could make Jonathan hear them, and thus the party started after assuring the boys' mother that they would bring back her boys safe and sound by morning.

It appears that Fish was not of the party the day before but he saw one of the lost boys the day before and learned from him who was in the woods and the direction they were going, consequently he had an idea of the direction they had taken and he led his search party to the place he last saw them. As soon as they had got into the woods Fish, with four men on each side of him, told them to sound their horns often and then listen for an answer.

They had not been in the woods more than two hours when one of the party called to the man next to him that he heard an answer. The men were stationed about ten rods apart, so the word was passed along the line and every man was instantly listening.

Yes, they all heard a far away sound and for a moment all were sure that the lost was found. "But hark," said one, "I heard another answer in another direction." "Answer them, boys!" said Fish, "on your horns and let's move on in their direction for half an hour and stop to listen."

Instead of two there were a dozen sounds. One of the men said the woods were full of lost men. "Boys," said the leader, "men don't make such sounds as that. We are surrounded by wolves

and they are fast closing in around us. Make a fire as soon as you can." These demands were quickly obeyed and the boys occupied a very small space of ground. The wolves came within the light of the fire and growled and howled fearfully and as Fish said in after years, if it had not been for our fire the wolves would have devoured the whole of us, and he said that night that the lost boys would be torn in pieces. That night was a sad one for this company. A part of the men chopped wood and kept a rousing fire; others blew their horns while some threw fire brands into the surrounding darkness, where the wolves were circling around, sending forth their dismal howls, which echoed for miles among the adjacent hills and through the great valleys. "Come boys," said Fish, "you must work and keep up the fire or those devils will be in upon us."

Two daring fellows, Owen Hewey and Eben Orr, took their axes and said that they were going out and make hash of some of them. The boss told them they had better hash up some wood and make a big fire, for nothing else would keep them at a distance.

But the two boys wanted to be brave so they started out, but it was noticed they kept close together. They had not got far beyond the firelight before Orr said, "I've got as far as I want to," and both were glad to stop. A huge wolf faced them and others came up, mingling their fearful growls and snarls, defying them to a battle. Hewey glanced towards the fire and saw a huge wolf creeping between them and the fire. "See," said Hewey, "the devils are cutting off our retreat, run for your life."

Both boys made a dash for the fire and four wolves followed them into the full light, so that all had a fair look at them. Fish said they were the gray Canadian timber wolves, the biggest he ever saw and the most ferocious kind living. Nothing could tempt Orr and Hewey to leave the fire again that night. The wolves circled around the fire about two hours and then began to work off farther.

Soon it was evident that the pack were going towards the settlement, but the town of Berlin had been awake all night. Many were the events that happened that eventful night in that quiet little town.

One man had a flock of sheep on a back farm. He repaired in haste to the barn and had but just succeeded in fastening them in, when the wolves circled the barn and the man to save himself climbed to the haymow and stayed there till daylight.

When it was fully light the party in the woods commenced their search. They had not been out but a short time and had proceeded about one mile, when they heard a faint sound. Going in the direction of the sound for about half a mile they distinctly heard a man's voice and the party answered back with thankful hearts, and in a few moments had the younger boy by the hand while tears run down his cheeks. He said he had tracked his brother the night before, dark came and he heard an awful sound and was afraid. He crawled under an upturned tree, broke a few boughs and laid all night. He said he came near freezing to death but dared not stir those dogs made such a noise. He wanted to know whose dogs they all were. He said that one of them went so near him that he heard him run.

But where was the deaf mute? The leader of the party said, "We can't hear him, he can't hear us. He must be tracked."

There had come a squall of snow during the night, which was favorable. "He has probably gone toward the big lake and is lost. Now boys look sharp, he must be found, dead or alive."

The search party went as directed and had got in the vicinity of the Four ponds, when one of the men espied a man's track in the light snow that was made that morning. A halt was made and Fish asked if anyone could lead all but two out home, while he and another man go on and rescue the lost one. But none out of nine dared to undertake it.

Jonathan said that the track was made by his brother, he knew by the tap on the toe of the shoe, and said, "Do go and get him. Here's a dollar to the man who overtakes him first." Away they dashed like sleuth hounds on a trail—not to secure the meager reward but to restore the poor lost boy to his distracted mother.

Wm. D. Kempton and Geo. W. Hewey were foremost in the chase. They seemed to be natural woodsmen and

outstepped all the others in trailing. As they went into the great valley near the Four ponds, the boy swung to the left and was going for Byron. They had not gone more than one-half mile when Wash Hewey sighted him. He was standing by a tree as if exhausted.

As they came near him—as he could not hear them—the two boys approached within a rod of him and stood watching his movements. They had not long to wait, for as the boy turned his head and saw them, he was as wild as a hawk. They tried to approach him and tried to make signs to him, but he was perfectly insane and appeared afraid of them. "Let us wait," said Kempton, "till his brother comes up and perhaps he will know him."

But the deaf boy was too much for them. He turned and ran like a wild deer through the woods. "Catch the wild devil," said Wash, "or we shall lose him." Away bounded the pursued and the pursuers. It is doubtful what the result would have been had not the boy, in leaping a little brook, broke through and fell, and before he could recover himself, the boys were upon him. The boy struggled fearfully but the two boys held him fast. In a few moments the rest of the party came up and were greatly rejoiced, but the poor mute did not know any of them, not even his own brother.

Now the whole party were tired and hungry, some had not even a biscuit; but Fish had a good supply of tea and his teakettle, which was soon steaming over a good fire and the whole party made a good dinner of bread and pork fried in the blaze of the fire, but not one of the party, not even his brother, could tempt the deaf boy to taste the food or drink any of the tea.

Mr. Fish reminded them that if they got home that night they must be on the move. At 11 o'clock they took up the homeward march, Hewey and Kempton leading their captive, for if Moses could slip them he would run, and he did try to get away from them although he did not know any of them.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the deaf boy showed signs of fatigue and in a short time could not walk. Fish called to halt and ordered a fire to be built. He got out the tin kettle and soon had it on the fire. Jonathan induced his brother to eat a little, and drink some tea which greatly revived him. Mr. Fish detailed two men to go on ahead and reach home as quickly as possible and tell the news to the anxious ones there, for, said Fish, "We are liable to be out after dark with the boy."

It appeared that the boy was nearly famished having taken only his dinner for the day before, and the great mental strain on his mind proved altogether too much for his weak mind. He would not eat or drink anything unless given him by his brother.

They reached home late in the evening. The poor boy did not seem to realize anything until his almost heart broken mother took him in her arms. How those boys passed that fearful night without being torn in pieces has been a wonderment ever since, and how that deaf and dumb boy passed the night has been a question that has never been answered.

But it is pleasant to think that He that watcheth the sparrow's fall sent his guardian angel and protected them in their great danger.

There are many incidents connected with the events of that night, but time and space will not permit at present. The deaf boy was 17 years old at the time of his perilous adventure; his brother 19. I was 11 years of age at the time this narrative occurred.

As I stood by my mother's side as she sat by the great kitchen fire the fearful howl of wolves seemed far back in the great woods and later as they were within one-half mile of our own doors, such blood curdling howls I have never heard since in my life on the

BORDER.

Some Rare Plants of Franklin County.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

FARMINGTON, Jan. 1, 1904.

In the year 1894 I found some specimens of a plant belonging to the composite family and known as *Petasites palmata*, (sweet coltsfoot.) The plant grew by the roadside near Perham Corner. I found it the 10th of May. The leaves at this time of the year had just begun to appear. At the time of the finding of the plant I did not know how rare it was or I should have saved more specimens, but I only saved one which is in my herbarium of dried plants.

Every year since then I have taken a tramp to this place in hope of again finding this plant but I have never been successful. The leaves, which are palmately divided, do not appear for some time after the plant blossoms and are on a separate stalk. The flower stalk is covered by thin, overlapping scales and has no leaves.

In 1901 I found a large station of the leaves and was in hope in the coming spring of 1902 to find some of the plants in bloom but I was only disappointed again. No flowers appeared although I visited the station many times, but later I found the leaves, plenty of them. That the plant does not blossom every year is very evident, perhaps only at intervals of several years. This is the only reason I can give for the way the plant acts.

Another rare plant is one of the violets, *Viola selkirkii*, (Selkirk's violet) or the great spurred violet. This has the largest spur on the flower of all the violets and is very noticeable. The leaves are heart shaped and quite dark green. Although there are several places at Farmington where the plant grows, it is not at all common and one might tramp a long time without finding it.

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TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

Bears.

(Continued from last week.)

Bears are naturally unwary and easy to catch, but it takes but little to educate them and when once they learn about traps they are most difficult to capture.

Such bears as live about settlements, raiding orchards and catching sheep, are sure to be cunning and it requires much skill and judgment to catch them. They are more often shot than trapped. I have seen a bear that was wholly indifferent to traps, become as cunning as a fox by a little carelessness on the part of the trapper in setting the trap.

The trap commonly used is a No 5 Newhouse. This trap is considered by many to be unnecessarily heavy, and as every pound counts when one has to carry it on his back, there are many good traps in use which are made by blacksmiths, and which weigh less than the Newhouse. These traps are made of the best grade of wrought iron, carefully welded in every part and several pounds are often got rid of; besides many trappers have ideas that they need a trap of a little different style or shape than can be bought outright. It is possible to get a good bear trap as light as twelve pounds though I think the No. 5 Newhouse weighs 17 pounds.

A strong man who understands his business can set a good bear trap with his feet and hands, but it is much wiser and safer to use levers or a clamp. One spring can be forced down at a time and a ring or link slipped over it, thus rendering the whole operation safe and easy.

The No. 6 Newhouse is a ponderous thing weighing 47 pounds. The springs are so strong that a man cannot start one of them with his entire weight. I once got one of these and had a blacksmith make an extra trap. Then I removed one of the springs and put it on the trap made by the blacksmith. This provided me with two traps, either of which I was sure was strong enough to hold anything. When I come to use them I found they did not work. I repeatedly found them sprung with nothing in them. Finally I set and sprung one to see how it acted. I found the principle would not work on a large trap as it did on a small one. It was so slow and unwieldy that I could easily have sprung it with my hand and got away without being caught. The only thing to be done was to put both springs on one trap which I did and had no further trouble.

For the same reason all bear traps must be provided with teeth. The first grip of a trap on a bear's foot is not very strong, but in a moment it gathers very close. Unless there are teeth to hold the foot during the first rush, the bear will get away every time after dragging the trap a few rods.

All this is different from what one experiences in catching small animals in small traps. Bear traps are always fastened to a "clog" instead of a tree or big log. This clog is usually a stout junk of wood four or five inches in diameter and about six feet long. The ring in the end of the chain is slipped over one end of the clog and held in place by iron spikes being driven through it, or by the end of the clog being split and wooden wedges driven in to expand and tighten it on the ring. This is laid loosely upon the ground where it will be free to follow the trap whichever way the bear makes his first rush.

Ordinarily in setting the trap an enclosure is built with an opening at one side. The bait is hung up about three feet high inside the enclosure, and the trap set at the extremes. It should be set low, by digging out the earth, and covered to look very natural. Care should be taken that no sticks are placed where they will get in the corners of the jaws. To guide the bear's foot directly onto the trenches a row of pegs may be stuck upright in the ground, just in front of the trap, or a small fir sapling top, bristling with short sharp limbs may be used by laying it crosswise on the ground before the trap.

The above works well if bears are not trap shy but if they have had experience they will laugh at such an arrangement and tear open the cubby and get the bait from the back side. In such cases the trapper must use his own judgment in how and where to set, according to circumstances. Usually in setting for a shy bear the less signs made the better. Great care must be used in setting the trap that no domestic animals or people may be caught in it. A written notice posted where it cannot fail to be seen is sufficient protection for the latter but animals must be kept away by being fenced out. A very good way to catch a shy bear is to set in the trail some distance from the bait. If the bait is a



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large one and the bear has been feeding on it some time there will be a well defined trail leading too and from it, as they always come and go in exactly the same course, stepping in precisely the same footprints for a distance of several rods. But if the bait is small it is not often so easy to tell which way they will come and it may be policy to move it to a more convenient place. It is worth while to know that bears do not step on high places but step over roots and small logs and into depressions.

Oftentimes a trapper sets where there is no bait and has to provide one. This makes the matter easier because the bear is a stranger to the spot and does not notice all the small changes made by setting the trap. In this case a place can often be found where a natural cubby is almost complete and it is better to not make much change in such a place, if by so doing it gives it anything like a suspicious appearance.

A matter of much importance is that of bait. Some may think this of small importance since bears eat everything of an eatable nature. But they have some choice of food at different seasons. In spring they are on the lookout for meat. Meat that has become decomposed and can be smelled a long way is as good as anything till the month of June. Then it is well enough to use a mixed bait. There is the well known rum and molasses bait which is good, also salt codfish, smoked herring, brown sugar and fresh fish. Any of them will attract a bear if he gets scent of it even during the berry season. They are much easier and cleaner to handle in hot weather than meat and are, therefore, more popular. In fall the meat or fish bait again becomes attractive but it is well to add a supply of their favorite berries, or even apples, which they will see when they get near enough and perhaps for the moment cause them to forget about the possibility of a trap being set.

It may seem like a small matter to kill a bear when it is once caught in a trap or otherwise met face to face, but let a hunter shoot at a bear's head when facing him and he never so good shot the chances are more than even that he fails to kill it. Anyone upon seeing a bear's head is impressed with the smallness and narrowness of the eyes and with their position so near the nose. The cause of this is in the fact that the skull is really small like that of a dog's,

while there is a great mass of muscles on either side and on top of the skull. Besides this mass of muscle there are two or three inches of thick hair that stands on end, together tending to make the head appear as large as a ten quart pail, when in reality it is not larger than a quart measure. It is much like shooting at a ruffed grouse when its feathers are bristled up. The shooter should aim directly between the eyes if the head is facing him and if side to between the eye and ear, paying no attention to the part higher up. The skull of a bear is very thin and can be penetrated with a very small bullet. I have killed large bears with a .45 caliber round ball and about seven grains of black powder. I used this reduced charge for shooting grouse and rabbits but when rightly placed it was always sufficiently powerful to penetrate the skull of a good sized bear.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

REAL FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Killed the Squirrel but Spoiled the Gun.

Presumably there was a time when my friend Wash Bozeman was young, but really I cannot imagine it. Thirty years ago I knew him even as I know him now—knew his cob pipe, his battered straw hat and his seamed and wrinkled face. Then, as now, he was neither young nor old. Like the river is he and the good red hills, which are changing always and yet are ever unchanged.

Physically Wash is a wrinkled fisherman. His eyes have a quizzical cast, the corners of his mouth droop downward and the cut of his stubby beard reminds one of gray broomsedge growing on a gullied slope. Weatherbeaten, too, are his features and browned by the sun and furrowed and his clothing is without form and is patched, but he is a poet for all of that and a philosopher and a teller of stories withal. Almost I had dubbed him a benefactor of mankind, for he is not a benefactor who starts no tear but adds gladly to the world's laughter?

Wash is, perhaps, unappreciated. His very name is inapt—it is abbreviated like his trousers—but there are those who say that in one respect, at least, Wash rises superior even to Washington—that the "Father of his Country" couldn't tell a lie, while the fisherman of the river bridge can and readily will.

But the people who say this are ignorant men or else they are slanderers. Wash has acknowledged to me that his stories are true and who than he, I should like to ask, is in a better position to know.

As for myself, I frankly confess that I admire Wash, for there is an evenness about him, a perfect poise, a wholesome and delicious sanity, which is possible only to those who, unafraid, have defied that vaunted convention which men call industry, and who, taking time to lie idle, have looked long and lovingly into old Mother Nature's face. Now, during the bleak days of the winter and of nights for some time after, I have delved among land titles, old records, old

books and such like musty things, but when at last the showers had passed and the June sky was blue and clear, when the wind from the south was heavy with the scent of the locust bloom and the whip-poor-wills were calling just as soon as the evening came, I remembered Wash and the long, low bridge and the yellow river water which goes slipping between the rotten piers and gurgles and laughs as it races away.

Long ago—I believe I shall not tell you just how long ago—I used to sit in the late afternoon there beside the bridge and dabble my bare feet and listen as the strong lunged black women called the pasturing cattle home.

Since those days I have fished the spot with Walsh for company, and have let my pipe go out as I listened to his experiences—to tales of mosquitoes and of doodle bugs, and to the wonderful adventure of the parson's teeth. It was while thinking of these things that I came, on a summer morning, upon the old bridge and into the presence of my friend.

"Morning, Wash!" I called as I caught sight of the shapeless hat and beheld a skinny hand reaching forth to rebait a hook.

At the sound of my voice Wash stood up and saluted me. "Come down squire, come down. I wuz jest a-waitin' fur ye."

I rounded the end of the bridge and came through the dew gemmed grass to the place where he sat.

"How'd you know I was coming?" I asked with interest.

"Know? How'd I know ther sun wuz gwine ter rise?" he rejoined with good humored sarcasm. "Git ther win' in ther south an' ther whip-per-will a call-in' in ther dusk, an' yer jes' come here hatchul like. Yas, hit's jes' ez 'tis fer a nigger ter sleep in ther sun in ther middle uv a cotton row."

While he delivered himself I had been lighting my pipe; now I passed the tobacco pouch and looked about for a cane. Wash and I are primitive, you see and care little for jointed rods and reels and your other elaborate paraphernalia. I did have a reel once, but Wash with his tight line caught three fish while I was reeling in one. Wash is my friend; but friendship cannot long stand any such strain as that, so I threw the reel away and "evened matter" speedily.

Having found the cane I attached my line and cast well out into the eddy. Then I settled myself comfortably and watched the play of the light on the wings of the dragon flies.

Wash regarded me out of the corner of his eye and then cleared his throat. A week before there had been a tornado thirty miles to the west and I wondered if my companion had heard of it.

"Heard about the cyclone, Wash?" I asked.

"Well, yas, squire," he answered slowly. "Ter be frank wi' yer, I has. Ab Shackelford tole me uv hit. Them things, hit strikes me, squire, air pestiverous; sump'n or nuther ought ter be done ag'in 'em. One uv 'em los' me a mess o' squirts jest, an' squirts wuz mighty fat, too, jest at that time. I hain't never furgitten 'erbout it."

"Ruffled your feelings, I suppose?" I inquired warily.

My friend shook his head doubtfully. "I dunno 'bout my feelin's squire," he protested, but hit played the dooce wi' my coat tails an' hit onloaded my ole gun."

I was astonished. "Why, I didn't know that you ever hunted!" I ejaculated.

"Didn't yer?" His tone was dull, almost lifeless. "Waal, squire, thar's a heap that me at' you both don't know—you fer instance, don't know 'at a tar'pin bez stole ther bait off'n yer hook."

I accepted the implied rebuke and rebaited carefully. "Go on about the cyclone," I said.

Wash shut one eye and glanced up at the sun. "Hit were a good many years ago," he went on, "an' thar had been a power o' rain above—that wuz whut fetched ther river up an' kep' me from gwine a-fishin'. I has hunted, squire, but I hain't never said 'at I liked ter hunt—ther air a sight too much walkin' in hit fer one thing an' rather too much fuss fer another. But, ez I tell yer, ther river wuz up an' ther yaller water wuz away out in ther bottoms; not even a mudcat 'ud bit at sich a time ez that. I knocked about ther shack up that all mornin' doin' fus one thin, then another—mos'ly another ef I 'members right—but 'gainst afternoon had come I wuz wantin' ter stir a bit.

"Jest then, when ther sperrit wuz a movin' uv me an' I skyurely knowed whut next ter git at, ther thought struck me 'at I had seed a whole passel o' squirts ther week befo' over in ther woods which adjines ter Widder Price's pastur. Now squirl meat hain't liken ter fish, but hit air putty fair meat, an' I lowed I 'ud go over an' shoot some.

"Hit wuz pow'ful still that afternoon still an' hot, an' all around thar, twixt ther pints o' them hills, ther little clouds wuz a bilin' up; but I'd seen ther like, an' I paid no 'tention to that. Wail I got my ole shotgun down from the rack, muzzle loader she is, an' rusty, an' after I had loaded her I sot out fer ther woods. Then, squire, all of a sudden like, them bilin' clouds jined han's an' ther win' began ter dance an' ther hurrycane riz. Right yander, nex' ther pines, ther thing hit overtuk me. Ez she come up I throwed myself down an' tuk underholt on a little bush, an' 'twas that, I reckon' as saved me.

"'Twarn't more'n a minnit, square, jes a roar an' a rush an' a twist, but hit blowed Jim Cumminses barn right over ther top o' his house, hit blowed the coat off'n my back, an' hit blowed them squirts inter ther nex, county; but hit were not till an hour afterwords, not till I tried ter shoot that gun, that I seed whut a force the thing had put out."

"Why, what else had it done?" I asked.

"Done?" he repeated very gravely. "Why, squire, hope I may die ef hit hadn't twisted both loads clur out'n ther barrels o' my gun!"

I sighed and looked off along the red, winding road, which loses itself among the farther hills.

"You had poor luck, Wash," I presently remarked.

"Yas," he replied, as "he landed a fluttering perch, "hit had rained while hit wuz a-blowin', so I had reg'ler fisherman's luck!"—Outlook.

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LAKE TEMISCAMING.

Trout Pulled Up as Fast as They Could Reel In.

New York Tribune.

We—that is to say, Duncan, Dick and I—were dumped over the side of a puffy little steamer some fifty miles or more from our starting point on Lake Temiscaming.

First, over went the canoe, a large, birch bark affair, and then Duncan, who carefully balanced himself, paddle in hand, ready to receive the tent, blankets, provisions and general "duffle" incident to a five weeks' canoeing trip into the heart of the great Temagami Forest Reserve.

Dick and I followed in due course, and soon we found ourselves casting about among the tall timber for a place to pitch our tent for the night.

If you will follow the course of the Ottawa river two hundred and fifty miles beyond the Canadian capitol you will find near its source Lake Temiscaming, which is really a part of the river itself. North of this lake a series of other lakes and rapids connects it with Hudson bay, some two hundred and fifty miles distant.

Lake Temiscaming is the dividing line between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It occupies a somewhat inconspicuous place on the map, and yet it is ninety-five miles long and from one to ten miles in width.

From contiguous forests on each side come the millions of logs which are floated down the Ottawa river to the great Canadian lumber mills.

Stretching out to the northwest is a vast area of lake and forest in the centre of which, peerless among her many beautiful sisters, lies Temagaming lake. This region is known as the Temagami Forest Reserve.

I ran across Duncan in Mattawa, a little town on the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad, where I purchased my camping outfit, and where I engaged his services as guide.

A mighty hunter and backwoodsman is Duncan, versed in woodlore and all the secrets of the forests. From him I learned how to make drinking cups and various utensils from strips of birch bark; how to find the leaks in the canoe and stop them by the use of pitch and rosin; how to make and set traps for mink and marten; to imitate the call of the moose; to handle a canoe in the rapids and many other secrets peculiar to woodcraft.

My objective point was Lake Temagaming, or Temagmie, as it is known to the trappers, Indians and the few sportsmen who ever visit there. This, too, occupies but a comparatively inconspicuous place on the map, but picture a lake whose shore line is eight hundred miles, in shape like a starfish, containing twelve hundred or more islands of varying sizes, and whose limpid waters, clear as crystal, are fairly alive with game fish of almost every species; around whose shores is a vast, silent forest of giant pine, undescended as yet by woodsman's axe; in whose depths lurk the wolf, lynx, bear, beaver and all the fauna peculiar to the Canadian wilderness. Here is the real home of the moose, and here will be the last refuge of that noble animal before the species becomes finally extinct.

Here, as well, myriads of water fowl rear their young preparatory to their migrations to southern waters in the late fall.

And Dick—dear old Dick, my constant companion—a little fox terrier—whose unflinching nerve and pugnacious disposition kept us all in constant hot water, and yet whose presence largely added to the enjoyment of my trip.

We were camped for the night in a wild region, where a rushing torrent, known as the Montreal river, came tumbling and roaring over the rocks through a canyon in the nearby hills.

"Suppose you and that there pup take a look around while I fix the tent and get some supper for you," observed Duncan. So away went Dick and myself, scrambling over the rocks to where the river plunges into the lake. A growl from Dick caused me to look up, and there, scarcely fifty feet away I saw a bear. It did not seem to be a very large bear, but it looked savage enough, and was evidently astonished that so insignificant a creature should presume to attack it. Dick thought it was a dog, and as Dick's pet aversion happened to be St. Bernards I presume Dick thought

that Bruin was one of that species. I was not frightened—I was probably astonished. At any rate I stood still and watched the performance.

"G-r-r-r," growled Dick as he rushed upon the enemy. The bear raised upon its haunches. Whack, came down a heavy paw on Dick's side. The dog landed about ten feet away in the water. That he was not killed seemed little short of a miracle. As it was he crawled painfully up the bank and looked at me as if to say, "That is the rummiest sort of a dog I ever tackled yet." But for once Dick had the fight completely taken out of him. The bear then took to the underbrush and I hurried back to Duncan.

"You ought to have brought an ax along," he said; "always pays in the woods, you know." Duncan told me he had killed several bears with an ax and I had to take his word for it.

It may be well to mention that the Temagami Forest Reserve comprises some several thousand square miles of virgin forest, which the Canadian government, wiser, apparently, than ours in this regard, is reserving for the use of future generations. These pathless wilds are policed by sturdy backwoods-men, known as fire rangers, whose duty it is to keep a sharp lookout for fires, with a particular eye after the campfires of summer sportsmen. They are also the game wardens of the region. They travel mostly by canoe. A pair of blankets, a small tent, some tea, bacon and flour and a trolling line comprise their outfit. They send in regular weekly or monthly reports, which are preserved in the archives at Ottawa. Often one of them will remain in the forest a month, during which time he will perhaps not see a human being.

Some of these men are half breeds, others lumbermen who have quit the lumber camps for the freedom of the forests. I met one of them—a young fellow of 21 or thereabouts—seated under a tree reading "Xenophon." We had gone some ten miles out of our way, and when he told us this fact and I had commented on finding a man reading Greek in such a place, he laughed as he replied: "*Enteuthen ex launei deka parasangas.*"

This mighty region is one vast network of lakes and rapids. Most of the lakes are ten miles or more in length. They are rarely more than half a mile apart, and where one of these huge bodies of water empties into the other through a defile scarcely 100 yards in width, the result is a leaping, surging deluge of water whose roar may sometimes be heard for several miles.

I have seen the Indians shoot some of these rapids in light canoes. It was as if their canoes were loaded into a great gun at one end and they were shot through the mist and foam to the other. Duncan, who had handled a canoe since boyhood, thought nothing of going through these rapids in his canoe. I never expected to see him alive at the other end each time he tried it.

To reach Temagmie you must climb a precipitous hill some 400 feet in height. With a large canoe and a month's provisions to carry this is no easy task. I was initiated into the mysteries of a "tump line." This is a broad band of leather which is fitted over the forehead and at each end is a leather thong some twelve feet in length, which secures the load as it rests upon the back. I have seen a Hudson Bay Indian carry 500 pounds in this manner.

There are several lakes and as many rapids to traverse before one reaches Temagmie. It was at the end of a hard struggle against a long rapid that we first met "Mike" and the "Professor." These were two young men without a guide, who, with a canoe and camping outfit, were seeking backwoods experience. They were having it in due form. They had on a shirt each and shoes—that was all. They were dragging their canoe from rock to rock, generally waist deep, often up to their necks in water.

"I hope no ladies are about," observed "Mike." Of course "Mike" wasn't his name, but he looked the part so well that "Mike" he remained to the end of the trip. A charming fellow I found him withal. In his home at Summit, N. J., he is highly thought of as a golfer and all around sportsman and good fellow. The professor—but of him later on. The day following found our party on the last portage leading to Temagmie.

Oh, glorious Temagmie! Were this lake of easy access it would indeed be world famed. I have seen most of the lakes of Canada and the States, the great Muskoka lakes and the Rideau and other famous lakes, but compared with this jewel of the Canadian backwoods the others sink into insignificance.

In every direction as far as the eye can see are stretches of sparkling water and vistas of distant islands. Mirage effects lend an enchantment to the scene

beyond words to express. Even the stolid Indians speak with fervor of this wonderful body of water. Its many arms reach out away beyond the horizon in a dozen different directions.

In the deepening twilight the effect is sublime. The atmosphere is iridescent and glows with all the colors of the opal. Here is nature in gala attire seen at her very best.

As the shadows deepen the great Canadian horned owl is heard in the gloomy depths; the weird cry of the loon awakens the echoes as its sound is carried immeasurable distances over the water. The frogs lend their deep bass notes; the howl of wolves, the melancholy croakings of the ravens and mysterious splashing and murmurings all unite in one grand diapason of sound that is kept up until far into the night, when nature relapses into slumber and silence.

In the early morning the birds begin their carollings. I had never really known what bird life was before. The Canadian warblers, thrushes, waxwings, wild canaries and songbirds of dozens of varieties make the air fairly ring with their melodies.

I had credited myself with being somewhat of a naturalist and attempted to tell "Mike" about the birds. Ever since he had attended Yale, he said, he had made ornithology a study.

"Maybe you can tell me the name of the bird with that peculiar flutelike note?" said I, with some aspersions.

"The ovenbird, a species of thrush," said "Mike."

"And this beautiful?"

"The tufted titmouse," he interrupted.

I had to redeem myself, so I lay in wait for the professor. I found him baking bread in one of those portable aluminum ovens before a smouldering log fire.

"Ahem," I began, "baking bread, I see."

"Yes," he drawled, "rather slow in rising."

"You see," I remarked, with a show of wisdom, "the baking powder which contains cream of tartar liberates when heated a certain amount of carbonic acid gas, which"—

"Oh, don't talk shop," he interrupted: "I hate it out here."

"Oh, you do?" I observed, astonished. "What business are you in, may I ask?"

"I am an assistant professor of chemistry at Yale," he responded.

"Come here, Dick," said I, whistling to the dog, as the latter and I wandered into the woods.

Dick was in a savage humor evidently, as well as myself, for he ran afoul of a huge muskrat, almost as big as himself, which he at once attacked. There ensued a battle royal, in which Dick was pulled into the water and nearly drowned, but he held on and finally conquered.

We heard a panther howling in the woods that night, and I was tempted to explain to "Mike" that it was a Felis concolor, family Felidae, and all the rest of it, but I desisted. Duncan called it a catamount.

I wonder if Captain Hugh Garden, whom I met in Temagmie struggling with a great fish, will venture to tell his associates here, as he told me, about the wolves howling so that they kept him awake all night as he was encamped by Hound Chute.

You who have visited near by lakes and waters in quest of fishing should cast your lines just once into the waters of Temagmie. I tried it often, and I do not believe you could use a trolling spoon for more than one minute without hooking a bass, a pike or a pickerel weighing anywhere from 3 to 7 pounds.

Fishing! One gets fairly surfeited with it. Think of lake trout weighing 30 pounds, bass 7 pounds, and never a minute's wait for a bite. I tried copper wire for deep trolling, and pulled up lake trout as fast as ever I could reel in. Paddling along the shore with a trolling spoon one could catch fish enough in the course of a day to supply a city market.

At Deer island, in Temagmie, we met Mr. Roberts, the Hudson Bay Company agent. He and his wife occupy a little cabin, with some dozen or so Indians with their families as their only neighbors. It is a two days' journey to the nearest habitation.

On the shore of the numerous lakes adjacent to Temagmie we discovered a clearing whereon an Indian had built a log cabin. There was an attempt at gardening, and potatoes, corn and other garden truck were in evidence. The lake itself, about as large as the Lower Saranac, had an unbroken shore line of gloomy forest save where the presiding genius of the place had made his abode.

"This is White Bear lake," explained Duncan, "and there is White Bear himself," he added, pointing to an Indian of gigantic stature, standing in solitary

grandeur on an eminence near the cabin. "Let's interview him?" remarked "Mike."

"Quee," I said, as I approached. "Ugh!" was the only response.

"This your lake?" I asked.

"Ugh!"

"Catch plenty fish?"

"Ugh!"

"Say," exclaimed "Mike," would you rather be a green vest with red sleeves or a lump of fried ice?" This startling question evoked the same response as before. We finally left in ignorance of Mr. White Bear's preference on the subject of "Mike's" frivolous interrogation. We watched him as we paddled away, until his grim, solitary figure became indistinct. Perhaps he is standing there yet. For all the movement I detected he may have constituted a part of the surrounding landscape.

At the end of a twenty-mile paddle through Evelyn lake, another of Temagmie's neighbors, we came across a lonesome cabin in the midst of a small clearing. The trees about the place were festooned with the skulls of bears, wolves, beaver, moose and other animals great and small.

Of course, Duncan knew all about it. This, he explained, had been the abode, some ten years before, of an Indian trapper named Windabin. Every time Windabin killed an animal he strung the skull upon a tree. He lived there alone for twenty years and only visited the post, fifty miles away, when he had a load of furs to dispose of. His little patch of clearing became a part of the howling wilderness around when he was finally called to happier hunting grounds.

"Did you ever hear how the Hudson Bay agents used to trade with the Indians?" queried Duncan, becoming reminiscent. "Well, it was this way: The Indians needed guns and powder. Along comes an Indian with a big pile of beaver skins. The agent looks them over and takes an old army musket and stands it on end. The Indian piles the skins one atop of the other until they reach the height of the musket. Then they swap."

"That concern must have paid big dividends," was "Mike's" comment.

As nearly as I could learn the Indians of Temagmie are a remnant of the ojibway tribe, made famous in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." I was reminded of Kwasind, Hiawatha's sturdy friend, by one of them whom I saw carrying a mighty load of supplies.

"Quee" is their salutation of greeting, "Bo joo" of departure. The former, I take it, is a form of "quest" from the early French settlers and the latter undoubtedly comes from "bon jour." With them bacon is "kokosh," probably from "cochon."

Mrs. Roberts showed me an Indian woman of seventy or thereabouts who, she said, had jumped into a canoe and pursued and caught a bull moose, killing him with a jackknife and towing the carcass ashore.

The Indians may kill moose at any time for food, but woe betide the white man who kills one out of season. The rangers will never let up on the trail of a moosekiller until they catch him and bring him to account.

"I had a fellow up here with me two or three years ago," said Duncan, "who used to draw pictures of these moose in a way you wouldn't believe. I used to call them up and he would just sit there and draw them with the moose looking on wondering what it was all about. The chap's name was Frederic Remington. Ever hear of him down in your parts?"

Our plan was, after sighting a moose standing in the water feeding, to paddle along the shore until the great beast would become aware of our presence, then to dash ahead with might and main to prevent his going into the woods and drive him into deep water. This always meant an exciting race. A moose swimming is not dangerous, but let him once touch bottom and he will turn if hard pressed and 1800 pounds of muscular fibre, razorlike hoofs and towering antlers are not to be trifled with.

We saw them everywhere. Dick, seated in the canoe alongside of Duncan, soon got so that he would see them before any of us. Once as we were pursuing a bull moose which we had succeeded in driving into deep water, Dick jumped out of the canoe and landed fairly upon the creature's back. He succeeded in grabbing a mouthful of hair and then slipped off into the water and was left far behind in the race.

It was a red letter day for this particular moose. I reached out and grabbed his tail and was towed some distance before letting go. "Mike" broke his paddle "just swatting him once," as he expressed it.

It was a red letter day for Dick, too. We found him on the shore looking at us with a melancholy expression, his head and paws filled with porcupine

quills. It took nearly three hours of hard work to remove them.

After five weeks, during which I had journeyed by canoe more than 300 miles, with rarely a sign of human habitation and undergoing at times the severest hardships, I returned to civilization in a state of health and spirits that I had never before deemed possible.

Oh, the health of it and the exhilaration on rising from a bed of balsam, taking a matutinal plunge in the clear water and feeling the j'y and exuberance of spirits that may be only found in close communion with nature!

I agree with the professor, who says that the backwoods spoils him for any other enjoyment.

Lady Guide Married.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

DEAR RIVER, Jan. 2, 1904.

Christmas day was the event of the season, and a merry, merry Christmas it was, too, when the marriage of Miss Ethel Agnes Harlow, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harlow, and Mr. Forest C. Durrell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Durrell, took place at the home of the bride at high noon, a sumptuous wedding breakfast being served.

The bride was gowned in white lace over silk and beautifully trimmed, with white gloves and slippers. The groom wore the conventional black. The wedding was private, only the relatives of the contracting parties and a few invited friends being present.

The bride is one of the popular young ladies of this town as well as one of the most popular lady guides of the state. The groom is also well known and is associated with his father at their home, Hurricane Falls Farm, the finest in town.

The ceremony was performed with the ring service by Mr. D. C. Durrell. The bride was given away by her brother, Harry Harlow. Miss Lela Rogers was bridesmaid and J. G. Harlow, another brother of the bride, was best man. The bridesmaid was dressed in blue and white.

Many beautiful presents were given the bridal couple by their friends as tokens of esteem and best wishes. Many presents were also sent the bride from the sportsmen friends of her old home from New York, Boston, Ohio and even as far away as Mississippi.

At 8 o'clock they left for their home, taking with them the best wishes of all, and the hope that they may have a long and happy life.

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JUST PUBLISHED.

This book comprises a series of instructive articles on the Education and Training of the Dog, written by "Recapper," whose name as a writer is well known to sportsmen. In it is set forth in clear, concise language, shorn of all confusing technicalities, the author's methods of education for the dog—methods that are at all times painstaking and humane, and that will secure instant commendation from every lover of that faithful, intelligent animal. The book is handsomely and substantially bound, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the sportsman's library.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$1.

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

Indian Rock Camps.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

HANOVER, Jan. 5, 1904.

Gerry Higgins of Harvard college and his party came to Holt's camp and enjoyed a fine week's sport with the snow-shoe and the shotgun. They shot 14 of the bob tail rabbits and had a fine time in the Maine woods.

One day Guide Holt was out with them in the swamp and hearing the dog coming on a rabbit trail told one of the men to hurry up and get to a certain place and he would get a shot. The hunter wasn't an expert on the shoes and he started down the trail and hadn't gone only about 50 feet before Holt heard him say, "D—n them snow-shoes; they caught every bush in the woods and filled both barrels with snow and Holt you will have to come and help me out of this hole. I can't get them things out of the snow and I have floundered here enough."

So Holt helped him out and he soon was at the stand. The rabbit soon came along ahead of the dog and he pulled at the trigger of his gun but he had forgotten to cock it and his game went by only a few feet away. The trip of his snowshoes had caused a lot of trouble. The evening was spent popping corn and eating apples and music from the machine. The party left Saturday for cottage, saying they had a fine time and would come next year with a larger party.

Mr. Holt has just finished fitting 30 cords of wood for the camp and his hotel and has harvested his two houses of ice for summer use.

Brainless Frog Lives.

Among the many interesting features of the opening meeting of the New York State Science Teachers' association, held at the new High school recently, was the exhibition by Prof. Burt G. Wilder of Cornell of a frog whose cerebrum had been removed four years ago. The frog looked as intelligent with all his mental apparatus intact; his eyes were as black and round and winked as knowingly as if the seat of wisdom and will had never been removed. When an electric needle was applied to his foot, he jerked it as though he knew all the secrets of dynamics, and a fly placed before his nose was as quickly a victim of his tongue as if he had never been touched by a scalpel.

Prof. Wilder said that the most striking loss occasioned by the removal of the cerebrum was that of memory. The frog forgot everything as soon as it happened. If a needle was held before his nose and he jumped into it, the fearful experience would leave no impression on his brain. The same needle would bring the same jump and the same drop of blood the next time. The other peculiarity was the fact that a piece of red rag would not arouse the frog's anger as it does in a normal animal. On the contrary, this cerebrumless frog tried to eat the flannel rag and didn't even puff out his loose throat in righteous anger, but acted toward it as he would toward a fly or a bumble bee, or any other swampy morsel.

Bear Fought, But Was Taken.

Charles Hurlbut of Whitneyville recently killed a bear under circumstances that were unusual to say the least. He is one of those who has profited by the bounty on porcupines, and in taking them from their dens has used a stick with a steel hook attached with which to draw them out. He was hunting between Whitneyville and Jonesboro, on what is known as Cotton-tail Hill and found what he supposed was a porcupine's den and proceeded to use his hook to pull the animal out when to his surprise he found he had not a porcupine but a small bear. The animal showed fight, but was soon dispatched with a Winchester carried by the hunter. The bear was sold to E. H. Smith of Machias.

The locality mentioned is somewhat of a game region. It was there that the cow moose was killed as reported recently in the Machias items. This is not the first bear story connected with the place. Many years ago the late Daniel Geary of this place was working alone in that locality. He had not been long from the old country and had never seen a bear, but found a den which was inhabited by a mother bear and three cubs. He cut a pole and proceeded to poke the bear out, and as she appeared, dispatched her with his axe. He then carried the cubs to his home where they were regarded with great curiosity.

Rabbit Shooting.

Bartlett Norcross of Brookline, Mass., was at Sid Harden's camp at Long pond during Christmas week for the rabbit shooting. They had very fair success but the hound didn't work well all of the time as he was troubled considerably with hiccoughs. This is the only case ever known of a hound having hiccoughs.

Favorite Pastime of Famous Men

GROVER CLEVELAND—JEST FISHIN'. Through other leaders faint and pine, I still am plump and hearty, A sort of Izaak Walton of The Democratic party; For what's the use of prophecies, And what's the use of wishin', When I can get the same results Jest fishin'?

How do I stand in politics For nineteen hundred four? Will I become the candidate For President once more? Say, do you see my baited line Down there where trout are swishin'? That's how I stand in politics—'m fishin'.

For fishing is an antidote For morbid thoughts and brown. It kind of keeps the spirits up— And keeps the spirits down, And what on earth can be the use To outline my position, When all the world can plainly see I'm fishin'?

How do I stand on labor votes, How do I stand out west? How do I stand on open trade, Expansion, and the rest? Young fellow, if to pump me is The secret of your mission, Please go away and let me sleep— I'm fishin'.

—WALLACE IRWIN.

Moose Meat In Camp.

Horace A. Day of Wesley was arraigned before Trial Justice Smith at Machias recently, charged with having in his possession a side of moose meat, the remains of a calf moose. The meat was found in a lumber camp owned by Day at Clifford lake by the game wardens who seized the same and sworn out warrants for the arrest of the offender, who was adjudged guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 or four months in jail. Day appealed and was ordered to furnish sureties in the sum of \$500 for his appearance at the January term of court. W. R. Pattangall appeared for the defense; B. Y. Curran for Warden Ross who instituted the proceedings against the accused.

ANCIENT INDIAN RELIC.

Treaty Made Between the Creek Tribe and Great Britain in Time of George II.

According to Charles Gibson, Indian journalist of Eufaula, the two most sacred relics of the Creek or Muscogee tribe are in the keeping of the To-ka-par-chee clan. One of them is the treaty made between the Indians and Great Britain in the time of George II. When a custodian of the relic is dying he appoints his successor by will. The Indians look upon this relic as next to brass or copper plates that To-ka-par-chees own—these plates are hard to describe, as they are kept in a very sacred vault where none are allowed to enter except the medicine man or some old chief, says the Kansas City Journal. The history of these plates is as follows: One old medicine man who had been noted for being the greatest among the Creeks, before dying, told some of the other medicine men that if they would meet him on the highest mountain peak—naming the mountain—he would bring them something very sacred and it would strengthen their medicine and add to their happiness. The medicine men then appointed a day and waited. When the last stick was thrown away each wended his way to the top of the mountain. They waited long and well. When the sun became low in the west a great snake came from the west and darkened the country around about the mountain. The medicine men were frightened, but stood their ground. Then came claps of thunder and flashes of lightning that almost blinded the old men. Then a dark cloud appeared, and all at once there appeared out of the dark cloud a bundle, which was handed to the old men. The hands holding the bundle were all that could be seen, and resembled the hands of the old medicine man who had died. As soon as the package containing the plates was delivered the cloud moved away and there was a clear sky. The old men took their charge back to their square house and hid it until the time of their annual celebration, or green corn dance, when the plates were introduced into their festivities. That is some thousand years ago, and they are still in possession of the Creeks.

The custodians of these plates are what are called the wild clan. There are a great many of these plates, and the largest ones have characters of some kind on them. They are exhibited only on state occasions, once a year. Each one has a beautiful sound or ring, it is said, when they are used in the dance, making sweet music. After the dance they are taken out, one to each man, and are scoured very bright and placed away until the next year. It is said that in the polishing process the work hands are very cautious, as it is known that the least slip will result in a sure loss of the plate, as it is said the plates are supposed to be part turtle or fish, as they came to the Creek through a cloud or mist, and will dart here and there if let loose in the water, and will get away.

A Bear Hunt on Cheat Mountain.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

STAUNTON, VA., Jan. 1, 1904.

While crossing Cheat mountain several days ago, Mr. William T. Hartman, a well known livery man of this city, and Mr. A. B. Middlekauf, had the good luck to kill a fine, large male bear and one of the largest that has been killed in that section for some time. It was a black bear and weighed 240 pounds. These two gentlemen are well known Nimrods of this section and in every sense of the word thoroughbred sportsmen. They had been out across the West Virginia line, where they had gone for the purpose of getting a horse that had been stolen from Mr. Hartman.

It was on their return and just as they were crossing the top of Cheat mountain, that Mr. Hartman saw this bear near the road lying across a log. This is a wild, uphill section of the country, as were any east of the Rockies. These gentlemen had their Winchester and the first shot from Mr. Hartman's 28 took effect, the ball entering the breast, causing instant death. Mr. Hartman felt much elated over his kill and is now having the hide stuffed. These gentlemen had many trials and tribulations while crossing these mountains and will remember their long and cold drive for many days to come.

Cheat mountain is a spur of the Allegheny and belongs to the Appalachian chain of mountains and about this time of the year is almost impassable. This is the same mountain over which Trotter brothers, in the days of the stage coach, traveled and carried the mail from Staunton to Parkersburg, W. Va.

One winter, while these gentlemen were engaged in carrying the mail over Cheat mountain, the heavy snows and rains had made the road nearly impassable, they not being able to get the mail over the mountain on time. The post office department at Washington repeatedly wrote the contractors, urging them to get the mail out on time. Finally one of these gentlemen, a resident of Staunton, wrote the department at Washington a letter in which he informed them that "if the gable end of hell would blow out and rain fire, brimstone and melted lava for forty days and forty nights, it would not melt the snow and ice enough on Cheat mountain to get your damned mail out on time." This letter was framed and is now on exhibition in the post office department at Washington, and copies thereof are framed and hung about in this city as specimens of virile sulphurous vernacular.

A party of hunters composed of Lieut. Gov. Edward Echols, Gilpin Willson, Hugh Sproul, Arch Sproul of Staunton and Harry Caperton of West Virginia, had quite an enjoyable hunt in New Brunswick last month. They were all made happy last week by witnessing the exhibition of the heads of three animals killed while in New Brunswick by Mr. Willson, which were recently beautifully mounted and sent here to Mr. Willson. There is the head of a caribou, one of a fine large deer and one of a bull moose. Never before has such fine work been seen in this city.

Mr. Willson is very proud of his kill and the exhibit at his drug store in this city is drawing large crowds. The mounting, which is first class, was done in Bangor, Me. JOHN W. LONG.

Next week we shall publish a full account of the annual meeting of the Fish and Game association, which was held at Bangor this week.

Wanted.

A comfortable camp, suitable for a family of seven, in a good fish and game section. Would like to lease with the privilege of buying if satisfied. Address MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine

Fall Bazaar List
200 of the best trades in New England, just out free for a stamp. A few with crops, stock and tools included, on easy terms. If you want to get a quick sale send for our description blanks. Over 130 sales to men from 19 states since Mar. 16, 1903. is our guarantee to you that our methods are right.
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BY CHAS. BRADFORD.
A rollicking story of three jovial sportsmen, treats broadly of wing game of the bogs, lakes and lagoons. "The mantle of Henry Wm. Herbert (Frank Forester) has fallen upon the author of 'The Wild Fowlers' who ever he may be."—Fred Mather Cloth, illustrated, 175 pages, by mail \$1.00 with MAINE WOODS one year, \$1.75.
J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Maine.

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME - TABLE.

SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

North.			
	Tr'n 1 A. M.	Tr'n 3 A. M.	Tr'n 5 P. M.
Farmington,lv	11 00	12 10	4 40
So. Strong,.....			
Strong, { ar	P. M.	P. M.	
Phillips, { lv	12 05	12 42	5 10
Farmington,ar	12 30	1 00	5 30
South.			
	Tr'n 2 A. M.	Tr'n 4 A. M.	Tr'n 6 P. M.
Phillips,lv	7 30	8 30	1 30
Strong, { ar			
So. Strong,..... { lv	7 50	9 10	1 48
Farmington,ar	8 20	10 00	2 17

WESTON LEWIS Pres. F. N. BEAL, Supt

FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RY.

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

TIME-TABLE.

In Effect Oct. 12, 1903.

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

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P. Richardson & Co

Rangeley, Maine.

TRANSPORTATION.

Time-Table.

PHILLIPS & RANGELEY R. R.

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

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

EAST.		P. M.
Phillips, Lv		2.00
*Madrid,		2.20
*Madrid Junction,		2.42
*Reed's Mill,		2.50
*Sanders Mill,		3.00
Redington Mills,		3.30
Eustis Jct.,		4.00
Dead River,		4.10
Rangeley, ar		4.30
WEST.		A. M.
Rangeley, Lv		9.00
Dead R.,		9.20
Redington Mills,		9.30
*Sanders Mill,		10.00
*Reed's Mill,		10.30
*Madrid Junction,		10.55
*Madrid,		11.10
Phillips, ar		1.30

*Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

FLETCHER POPE, Gen. Man. J. C. WILLIAMS, Sup'., G. P. & T. A.

Portland & Rumford Falls Ry.

DIRECT LINE TO RANGELEY LAKES.

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

GOING SOUTH.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Oquossoc, lv		6 50	
South Rangeley,		6 55	
Macy Junction,		6 59	
Bemis, lv		7 22	
Rumford Falls, ar		9 00	
Rumford Falls, lv		9 10	2.40
Livermore Falls,	A. M.	9 20	
Mechanic Falls,	6 55	10 41	4.07
Lewiston, ar	7 40	11 25	4.50
Portland, Union Sta., ar		P. M.	
	8 35	12 20	5.45

Boston, (W. Div.), ar	P. M.	
Boston, (E. Div.), ar	12 45	4 10
	12 55	4 00

GOING NORTH.

	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Boston, (E. Div.), lv		9.00	12.30
Boston, (W. Div.), lv		8.30	1.15
Portland, Union Sta., lv	A. M.	P. M.	
	8.30	12.55	5.15
Lewiston, lv		9.20	1.55
Mechanic Falls, ar		10.06	6.45
Livermore Falls, ar		11.40	4.15
Rumford Falls,		11.35	4.15
Bemis, ar			5.58
Macy Junction,			6.17
*South Rangeley,			6.18
Oquossoc, ar			6.25

All trains run daily except Sunday.

This is the only standard gauge all rail line to the Famous Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Rangeleys.

E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt., Rumford Falls, Me.

R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Mgr., Portland Me.,

BANGOR & AROOSTOOK R. R.

Arrangement of Trains.

IN EFFECT MONDAY, OCT. 12, 1903.

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars between Caribou and Bangor on train leaving Caribou at 6.00 a.m. and Bangor at 3.15 p.m. Sleeping Car on train leaving Caribou 4.15 p.m., and Bangor 3.55 a.m.

3.55 A. M.—For and arriving at Millinocket, 6.43 a.m., Houlton, 8.55 a.m., Presque Isle, 10.37 a.m., Fort Fairfield, 11.00 a.m., Caribou, 11.05 a.m., Van Buren 2.25 p.m.

7.10 A. M.—For and arriving at Brownville, 9.13 a.m., Katahdin Iron Works 10.05 a.m., Millinocket 10.30 a.m., Patten 11.50 a.m., Island Falls 11.50 a.m., Ashland 2.30 p.m., Fort Kent 4.35 p.m., Houlton 12.55 p.m., Presque Isle 2.46 p.m., Caribou 3.15 p.m., Van Buren 4.50 p.m., Fort Fairfield 3.55 p.m., Limestone 4.10 p.m., Dover 9.32 a.m., Guilford 9.18 a.m., Monson 10.37 a.m., Greenville 11.20 a.m.

3.15 P. M.—For and arriving at Brownville 4.48 p.m., Millinocket 6.03 p.m., Sherman 6.54 p.m., Patten 7.20 p.m., Houlton 8.15 p.m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.25 p.m., Presque Isle 9.57 p.m., Caribou 10.25 p.m., Fort Fairfield 10.15 p.m.

4.50 P. M.—For and arriving at Lagrange 6.10 p.m., Milo 6.35 p.m., Brownville 6.45 p.m., Dover and Foxcroft, 7.03 p.m., Guilford 7.26 p.m., Greenville 8.40 p.m., Quebec 1.30 p.m., Montreal 8.35 a.m.

9.30 A. M. Leaving Montreal 7.25 p.m., Quebec 2.40 p.m., Greenville 5.35 a.m., Guilford 6.47 a.m., Dover 7.05 a.m., Brownville 7.25 a.m., Milo 7.35 a.m.

1.05 P. M. Leave Caribou 6.00 a.m., Presque Isle 6.18 a.m., Fort Fairfield 6.05 a.m., Houlton 8.10 a.m., Ashland 6.45 a.m., Patten 8.55 a.m., Millinocket 10.23 a.m., Brownville 11.30 a.m., Milo 11.39 a.m.

7.25 P. M.—Leaving Greenville 3.35 p.m., Monson 3.40 p.m., Guilford 4.47 p.m., Dover 5.06 p.m., Limestone 9.50 a.m., Van Buren 9.55 a.m., Caribou 11.40 a.m., Presque Isle 12.11 p.m., Fort Fairfield 11.35 a.m., Houlton 2.00 p.m., Patten 2.55 p.m., Sherman 3.27 p.m., Millinocket 4.20 p.m., Brownville 5.33 p.m., Milo 5.43 p.m., Lagrange 6.10 p.m.

11.45 P. M. Leaving Caribou 4.15 p.m., Fort Fairfield 3.50 p.m., Presque Isle 4.43 p.m., Houlton 6.23 p.m., Millinocket 8.43 p.m.

GEO. M. HOUGHTON, Traffic Manager

W.M. BROWN, Superintendent, Bangor, Me., Oct 10, 1903.

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where to get good

HUNTING

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

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,

Phillips Maine

J. W. BRACKETT,

Maine Woods, - - Phillips, Me.

Got the Moose.

There is a Massachusetts sportsman by the name of Bartlett, James Bartlett, who had a nice little time with a big Maine moose which he doesn't wish to have repeated right away.

Mr. Bartlett, or as his friends call him, Jimmy, has often been in the Maine woods but up to this fall had never shot a moose. When the time came for him to take his annual hunting trip he decided he would go deep into the Maine woods around Mt. Katahdin and see if he could get a moose.

He hired a guide, of course, and three days after leaving Boston, found himself in a neat little camp on the shores of a pond, near Katahdin. The calling season, when a bull moose will respond to a call made by the hunter in imitation of the cow moose calling to its mate, had just commenced.

For several days calling was tried but without success. The camp finally got without meat and the guide said that he would go out and shoot a few partridges, getting home in time to call the latter part of the afternoon. The guide had been gone but a short time when Mr. Bartlett thought he would take a little paddle. Putting his gun, case and all into the canoe, he started out.

As he was paddling quietly along the upper end of the pond he noticed the birch bark, megaphone like instrument, through which the guide called the moose. Seizing it he thought he would have a try at calling just for fun. After a couple of half-hearted attempts, he finally got the long rolling blast and the apparent call of the cow moose rang out upon the lakes in a manner which would have done credit to the guide.

What was Bartlett's surprise to hear the call answered from the shore. Thinking it might be the guide he again called and again came the answer. As Bartlett was about to answer his supposed joker a big bull moose broke cover in a small cove and started swimming out toward the canoe.

FOUND HE HAD THE SHOTGUN.

Bartlett watched the big animal for a minute, wondering whether he would turn or not and when he was about 60 yards away, he took up his gun and opened the case to shoot the animal. Imagine his surprise when he found that instead of the rifle he had taken a shotgun.

The barrels were loaded to be sure but with small bird shot. On came the moose, however, and Bartlett did not know quite what to do. He decided to make a try for the animal with the shotgun. He waited until the moose was but a few yards away when he emptied both barrels into the side of the big bull, where he supposed the heart to be.

Grabbing the paddle he started for the other end of the pond, but found that the infuriated animal was chasing him, apparently none the worse for the bird shot. Bartlett decided to go ashore but had hardly time to land when the big animal was after him. Hastily looking for a tree to climb he spied a big haystack. Climbing this he was safe while the bull raged around the bottom unable to get at him.

HAY WAS ABLAZE.

Thinking the moose would soon tire of the fun of trying to get at him, the man took out his pipe and began to smoke. He had hardly taken a dozen puffs when he noticed that the stack of dry hay was afire. It certainly looked like a freshly killed man for the moose.

An idea suddenly struck him. Seizing large handfuls of the hay he lit them and began pelting the moose. When the animal was not looking he slid down the further side of the stack and while it cracked merrily away he hid him for home.

Returning a half hour later with the guide they found the stack burnt to the ground and beside it the dead moose with singed hair. The big bull had died, it was discovered, from bleeding internally where the small shot had cut through and made a bad wound.

The head now adorns the Massachusetts man's dining room and he never tires of telling the story of how he killed the moose.—Bangor Commercial.

The Maine Hunting Season.

The open season of big game in Maine is over and the commissioners are greatly pleased with the workings of the nonresident hunters' license law. It did not operate to keep a great number of sportsmen away from the north woods, in spite of contrary predictions and the fault found by those who were unwilling to pay the extra \$15 for their sport. There were 1800 licenses issued to visiting gunners by the game commission and these netted the state \$27,000, to be used for the further protection of game—or \$2000 more than the legislature appropriated for this work. The result cannot be anything but beneficial, if the funds are judiciously expended for proper warden service. The men who went to Maine after big game found much sport and more deer were

killed than during any other open season for years, with the one exception of 1902. It is impossible to give the exact number of deer shot during this season, as no record was kept, but 12,000 is a conservative estimate when it is taken into consideration that 4,897 were shipped through Bangor alone. Fifteen hundred were probably sent through other railroad centers and another 6000 were killed either by hunting parties who used the venison in camp or by residents of Maine who ate the meat in their own homes. Such was the slaughter of the most beautiful animal in the Maine woods. Not quite as many moose were shot during this season as were killed last year, or even the year before that. At Bangor alone 217 were accounted for and the total cannot be much larger, as Bangor is the gateway of the moose country. No license is needed to kill bear, but much skill and patience is necessary and only 26 of the big black fellows appeared in Bangor, hanging in the express cars by their feet. Probably twice as many were killed by farmers and guides who did not ship the fur or the meat.

Nine men were killed by hunters in the Maine woods in 1902, and, as far as can be learned, only one was shot this year. The advocates of the license law claim the credit of this, as they say that only real sportsmen have been in the woods, and that the "fool with the gun" has gone elsewhere. If this is true, every state should adopt a license law at once. But now that the season is over, and the new law has proved its right to be, there are enemies rising against it who are said to be planning to make political gain through it. Maine's large agricultural element is largely represented in the state grange, which is reported to be strongly against big game of any sort. The farmers say that the deer have become so plentiful that much damage has been done the crops by these woodland pirates, and that there is no redress for the damages from the state or the game commissioners. Again, the farmers say that Maine is becoming known only as a vast hunting preserve, and point to the log cabin which is to represent their state at the St. Louis fair as a proof. They say that Maine is an agricultural state and not a wilderness, and there is talk of the grange taking a hand in the state politics to change matters, and also, incidentally, to elect a democratic governor. We shall expect a political revolution when it comes. There are too many interests in Maine which profit by the summer visitor and sportsman to warrant faith in anything like a successful opposition.—Springfield Republican.

We do not believe that the sentiment among state patrons is "strongly against big game of any sort."

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Mosquito Is Found

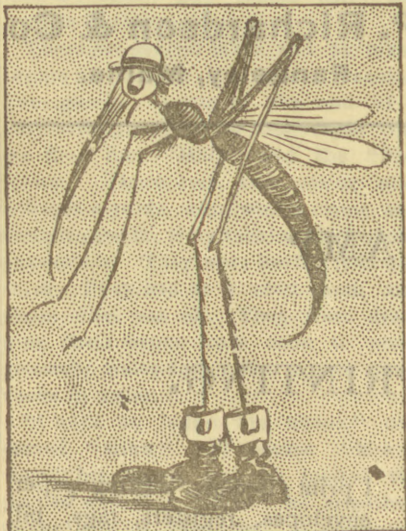
The greatest excitement prevailed in Mosquitotown, for Eugene Mosquito had lost himself. Eugene was a stylish young fellow, who was last seen sitting on a cheese box in his mother's kitchen.

Everybody started out to find poor Eugene, and his mother wrung her hands in anguish as she thought of what terrible things might have happened to her boy.

But, search high and low, no one could find him, and the mosquito's father's hair turned gray when some one declared that Eugene must have been run over by an automobile and stuck to the wheels.

"We will not give up the search!" cried the lightning bug gravely. "Come on, fellows! I'll lead the way."

They were gone a long time, but presently a loud cheer was heard, and



HE WAS A STYLISH YOUNG FELLOW.

they were all soon back at Mr. Mosquito's house, and there was Eugene in their very midst.

"Where did you find him?" asked the mother as she wrapped her arms around the truant.

"The lightning bug found me!" cried Eugene.

"Yes; he crawled into a keyhole, where Eugene had hid from a big spider," added the water bug.

"After I got in I couldn't see to get out," said Eugene.

"Until I came in and lit my trusty lamp," said the lightning bug.

"Hurrah!" cried everybody.

"Hurrah!" cried Eugene.

Then they gave a grand ball, and everybody praised the noble lightning bug, and the next day he married the mosquito's cousin, and it was a grand affair.—Atlanta Constitution.

HOTELS AND CAMPS

Aroostook County.

Via Oxbow, Me.

Atkins's Camps. Famous region for Moose, deer, and big fish. Write for special small maps and circular to

W. M. ATKINS, Oxbow, Me.

Via Oxbow, Maine.

Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. Allegash trip, a specialty. Address,

ARKO & LIBBY, Oxbow, Me.

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C. J. ORCUTT.

Franklin County.

RANGELEY LAKES

Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.

CAPT. E. C. BARKER, Prop'r, Bemis.



Via RANGELEY OR BEMIS.

Mountain View House.

Here is situated a hotel of rare attractiveness in beautiful location for summer boarders and at the same time in close proximity to the best places for fishing on Rangeley lake. Hunters in the season also find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock near the hotel. The cuisine here is such as to hold patrons year after year, the rooms are what people from the cities like, large, well lighted and pleasant. We serve vegetables, berries, fish and game at appropriate times in the year and the table is always supplied with excellent fresh milk and cream. Pure water runs to the house from a spring above. This is a particularly good place for safe and pleasant boating and the drives and walks are unsurpassed. Croquet and lawn tennis grounds adjoin the house. Write for a free circular to

L. E. BOWLEY, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.

Round Mountain Lake Camps. Located in the heart of the Maine woods, 10 miles from Eustis. Fine hunting. Large and small game in abundance. Detached log cabins, new this season. Open fires.

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

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The Maples, situated on Lake Webb. Excellent trout and salmon fishing. House newly furnished. Write for booklet for season of 1904.

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Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone at camps. Two mails daily. Write for free circular to

AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r, Bald Mountain, Me.

Via FARMINGTON.

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

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J. R. KELLEY, Prop'r.

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RANGELEY LAKE.

Moose's Springs. One of the most beautiful spots in Maine. C. M. OTT Mgr., Rangeley, Me.

ON MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC LAKE. Mooselookmeguntic House.

Offers excellent accommodations to sportsmen. It is in close proximity to the best fishing the lake offers. No hay fever. Address from November until May

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Kennebec Lake House on the shore of Kennebec Lake. One of the best fishing sections. Good fishing every day in the season. Excellent accommodations. Address,

RICHARDSON BROS., Proprietors, Kennebec Lake, Maine.

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Tim Pond Camps. Situated in the Dead River Region, 2000 feet above the sea level. In the heart of Maine's best fishing ground.

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CHAS. A. HILL, Mgr.

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E. H. DAVIS, Prop'r, Lakeside, N. H.

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Hermit of Shin Pond.

Mr. Greenleaf Davis, is one of the pioneers of Patten, or Shin pond rather, for it is there that he has lived for the past 44 years.

Mr. Davis was reared in the town of Enfield, where he lived with his parents until quite a young man. When the great California gold fever struck this part of the country, young Davis endowed with that spirit to accumulate wealth rapidly, sought the California gold fields, and gathered about himself a considerable amount of gold. He returned from California with his pockets laden with the yellow metal, happy in the thought that there was as he supposed, a true hearted girl awaiting his coming. But upon his arrival to his once happy boyhood home, he discovered that his father, who was decidedly adverse to his son keeping company with this young lady, had intercepted all the lovers' letters before they had been sent and received, and destroyed them.