

MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 24.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1904.

PRICE 3 CTS.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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Fish and Game Oddities.

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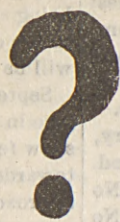
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Publisher MAINE WOODS.

Phillips, Maine.

WHITE DEER.

The Superstition About Killing Them In Adirondacks.

(Albany Argus.)

Deer have been killed in the Adirondacks which had patches of white on them and some that were nearly white, but it is said to be a matter of record that only one other all white or albino deer, besides the one killed last week by Wesley Jordan, has been killed in the great north woods since the lives and deaths of the deer have become a part of the annals of the state.

The Indians would not kill a white deer and there are many whites who regard it as an ill-omen to kill a white deer, as Mr. Jordan of Saranac can testify. He has received letters from all parts of the country warning him to prepare for trouble, but he takes no stock in the superstition and is having the deer mounted by a Saranac lake taxidermist. The belief that the slayer of one of these animals would meet with some great misfortune has been so general, however, that from time immemorial such white deer as have been seen from year to year have flitted from thicket to thicket unmolested by the arrow of the Indian or the shot of the white man.

A few deer nearly white were killed in the Adirondacks years ago, but this is only the second, according to some of the oldest and best known guides, that is a perfect albino. Rodney West, the Essex county woodsman, says that if a complete albino deer is killed the rest of the deer usually leave that neighborhood and that is why an Indian will not kill a white deer.

"Six white deer," said West the other day, "and only one of them a buck, have been seen in America since 1897 and I have had at least one good chance to get \$1000 by killing one, but I don't want money bad enough just yet to do that. Where a white deer chooses to haunt the others love to resort. I have seen this many times."

The only other white deer known to have been killed in the Adirondacks appeared in Keene valley in the autumn of 1898 and became very tame. It was a beautiful creature; having a neck and tail of pure white, while the upper part of the body and back was nearly white. The deer had white eyes, though usually the eyes of the albino are pink.

The hunters decided not to molest this albino and when the heavy snow came an attempt was made to capture it alive. The dogs got after it, however, and chased it until exhausted, it passed near a traveler, who caught it and cut its throat. The man was not aware of the agreement among the hunters to preserve the doe and deeply regretted his act.

A white deer was seen four years ago near Cranberry lake, St. Lawrence county. It was accompanied by a fawn of the usual color, but neither was molested by the woodsman. One winter several deer were seen near Indian river by Tippecanoe Knapp, a guide. The leaders were a big white buck and a white doe. A party of hunters attempted to capture the white deer alone, but the herd got away.

Trade Notes.

In the New Year's medal shoot at Taylor Jan. 14, Capt. Clif F. Gilstrap of the Taylor Gun club made in open competition ninety-five blue rock and ten live birds in a possible score of 105, quitting without a miss. Fifteen contestants were in the match, one of whom was Frank Faurote of Dallas, who scored second. Capt. Gilstrap shot "Infallible."

Articles and Pictures.

MAINE WOODS readers are requested to contribute items and articles about their experiences in the woods for publication in MAINE WOODS and those who have photographs to go with the stories should send them.

J. W. BRACKETT.

Phillips, Jan. 11, 1903.

WINCHESTER



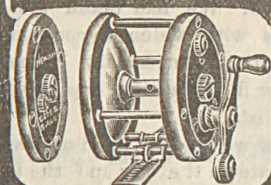
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Sam Farmer's Letter.

ARKANSAS CITY, Jan. 11, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

As I promised in my last communication to tell how I caught a big trout with my bare hand, I trust you will pardon me if I tell the particulars in connection with the mysterious event and of the six persons who were eye witnesses to the truth of my story, although no names will be given. Suffice it to say that one gentleman of the six was well known all through that section of country, and how many more are now living I am not able to say, as this matter transpired in the early sixties, about 1863.

At that time but little was known of the chances for hunters and sportsmen in the Rangeleys and Dead River country to the outside world, and the only access from Farmington to any part of the north country was by stage and private team, and from Phillips there was but one approach to Rangeley, via Madrid and Beech hill through the woods, with here and there a log hut or shack, for twelve miles, and in winter with six feet of snow on a level the roads were simply perilous. At that time there were nothing but private houses for entertainment until 1862, when we opened our house on the place now known as the Hinkley farm, three-quarters of a mile south of the Rangeley Lake House. Our house was small with only a dozen rooms, but made quite comfortable with a hot air furnace with registers connected that warmed the whole house.

One evening in March, 1863, a team drove up to the door with six as sociable fellows as one ever need wish to see. The party were all strangers to us except one gentleman, a particular friend whom we had entertained many times. He introduced them and made us all well acquainted at a single flash. No time was lost in caring for the team and the luggage, of which there was no small amount.

Four of the party were from Portland and Westbrook, Maine. A part were butchers, the others merchants in the city. It was then in the early days of prohibition in Maine and when that baggage was stored away in the house it was plain to see the boys were out for a good time and all were out of sight of prohibition. Their whole outfit was complete with everything that could be desired on such an occasion, consisting of many kinds of canned goods, together with a whole lot of the most delicious beefsteaks, to say nothing of cigars, lemons and all kinds of liquors in jugs, bottles, etc.

The party on their way had picked up a cranky but jolly young fellow, an acquaintance of our friend and taken him in as a guest of the party. Of course some of those fine steaks must be cooked for supper, and when a drink all around was taken, a good meal was enjoyed by all and then the cigars were passed around. Later on a game of cards was suggested, in which the whole party took a hand. The game was a lively one with now and then a let up for refreshments. As time passed it became evident that the party intended to get their fresh guest in condition to be put to bed. But it didn't work, as he took his regular doses and stayed with them.

Ere long the party were all ready for a nap and insisted that their guest should take one more drink. He poured out a tumblerful and took it down. Of course they all felt sure that he would be quiet the rest of the night, so they hurried him up to bed; but instead of going to bed he planked himself down in one corner of the room, where he could only fall forward, and in that position he entertained the whole party by ballooning and screaming till daylight.

The next day was spent at the house resting up, getting ready and planning a fishing trip, all of which were left to their host. We decided to go to Dodge pond where good fishing could be had

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near the roadside, the snow being deep and roads bad everywhere. We were in the capacity of a guide and commenced to make arrangements and give orders. The oldest man in the party was called Stubb and he was a stubber, being very thick set, low and short neck and had a great appetite for liquids. Surely he could consume as much as any two or three others and when asleep would snore so loud no one could sleep in the house. All were up early and off for the fishing grounds.

On arriving at the little cove near the outlet of the pond, preparations were made for the day's sport. There was but little snow on the ice and while we were caring for the team the party cut holes a few rods apart in a circle around an acre or more of surface, in the centre of which the refreshments were stacked, and then made a rule that when anyone caught a fish it was his privilege to refresh himself at the expense of the club. While this was going on, as a guide we were preparing a place for dinner which was found in a clump of fir, spruce and cedar trees on the very edge of the lake. By the time we had the brush cleared off and a good fire built the trout were seen hopping and jumping all around the circle and when Mr. Stubb failed to catch he would slip a fish from another's hole and take to his own, and run to the centre for a drink which was often repeated. We had taken along broiling wires with which to cook the steaks, and with all necessary canned goods a dinner fit for a king was served with great relish.

After dinner we took a hand at fishing. It was late in the day and the ice was literally strewn with fish when it was decided to wind up the lines, my line being the last one to come out of the water with not a nibble at the bait being felt. At the same instant the water and ice chips were seen boiling in the hole. At the same instant our two hands went into the hole and succeeded in getting our fingers into the gills of a trout that weighed 41 pounds and landed it on the ice in the presence of the six men. The ice was about 15 inches thick and the trout was so long it could not turn around and every motion sent it up instead of down.

We returned home and all seemed well pleased with the day's sport. Another night was spent the same as before only the fog horn blown by Stubb was on a higher key with higher and longer strains. The next morning the tapster, who was detailed to mix cocktails for the crowd, was busy at work and had a few mixtures on hand. Stubb, who seemed unconcerned, grabbed a glass and downed it unbeknown to the mixer and in that way took five drinks

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Sportsmen's Show Number.

MAINE WOODS of February 19, will be our Sportsmen's Show number, 10,000 copies for distribution at the Sports men's show in New York, February 19-March 5.

It will be as full of what sportsmen like as I know how to make it.
Advertising space, \$2.00 an inch.
Last day for receiving copy, February 10.

Special advertising for our Sportsmen's Show number has been ordered by:

Henry E. Pickford, Pickford's Camps, Rangeley Lake.
F. W. Drew, The Maples, Weld.
Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker, Capt. F. C. Barker, Prop., Bemis, Me.
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J. W. BRACKETT.

Phillips, Maine, Jan. 11, 1903.

without being detected, all the time being sober as a deacon. It was then we concluded he did not hold enough to lay him out.

As this was their last day and smaller trout were known to be plenty in Sandy River ponds it was decided to spend the day there, and all seemed determined to make it the best day of the trip and more liquids must be disposed of, so calls were made on the way at several places and everybody was invited to take a drink which was most generally acceptable. On arrival at Uncle Joe Haley's, who then lived near one of the best ponds, we made a halt and commenced operations. The trout bit finely but soon Stubb was seen making his way to the Haley house and a short time after a terrible roar of the fog horn was distinctly heard on the pond 40 rods away. Word soon came that Stubb had gone to sleep and could not be awakened.
SAM FARMER.



A BELFAST PICTURE.

Belfast has always been noted for its enthusiastic sportsmen with the rod and gun. The brooks in the near by country town furnish good trout fishing in the spring. The ponds are well stocked with pickerel, perch, bass, trout and salmon. The bells on the setters tingle from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1, ough, ough, ough—ough, ough, is music to our ears the rest of the winter.

Early in the fall of 1903 four lovers of the rabbit hunt started out to slay the nimble Bre'r rabbit. There was Fred, the Frenchman, with his 9 months-old Pat, also Ross, his companion in crime, and Wilhelm, the famous woodcock shot who is to try his luck at rabbiting. With him is Ben and a whole "circus" who has made himself famous in years gone by.

Well, where did they go? Why to John Jacob Astor Knowlton's swamp! Oh, how the bunnies did run. The "circus" broke loose and made things lively for a while. But while the big show was going on Pat got in his good work. I tell you Beagles are not in it more than are 22 rifles. The Prince with the circus took a sneak to Toddy pond where he thought he would have a show all to himself. But when they came home to compare their spoils and plunder it was found Pat had nine good sized rabbits to the "circus" three. How's that for a youngster?

They have met quite frequently since the last contest, but the accompanying out shows three hours' work with Pat, the pup, at Cold Brook Farm, twelve rabbits and one owl. At Christmas time Pat had 109 rabbits to his credit.

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The Christmas Calendar.

By D. E. HEYWOOD.

Last year after the close of the Christmas days it occurred to me to get up a forecast of the year 1903 from such entries as I had in a small diary. Owing to the brief mention made of the weather I was unable to make a very correct calendar, but the three days ruling May, June and July were mentioned as being "very pleasant. Eaves dripped." From these three remarkable days I built up a prophecy that we would have a big drought. So true did this and some other general signs turn out, that it gave me courage to compose a more correct calendar for 1904.

Christmas day, which rules January, was squally; the forenoon hardly cold enough to freeze. Towards night it became colder. Sun obscure most of day. This is not a pleasant forecast for January. If we have had the warmest end of the month and if it is to become gradually colder towards the end, cordwood will be cheap at \$5 per cord instead of \$4.50 as some are asking now.

The next day, which rules February, was "cloudy, bleak, northwest wind. Zero in morning, 10 below at night. No storm." A tough old February. No storms, but as January was quite squally we will probable have enough snow to make all the roads good. The lumbermen will have scant snow for some of their two-sled roads, but in all there will be little trouble from lack of snow. It is evident that the month will be severely cold with much wind, but with no thaw and the dry cold weather will reduce wells and waterways to the lowest ebb.

March. My thermometer recorded 22 below in the morning, zero all day and 10 below at night. Some have disputed the veracity of the instrument, but I think it was correct. If so, as there was no wind at all, we shall have a very fine March for those who have spring teaming to do. The sun was obscure all day which indicates that spring will not be very much advanced at the end of March.

For April we have to face a temperature of "20 below zero in the morning. Wind in the afternoon. No storm. Some sun." The sun came out quite pleasantly in the afternoon and at no time during the day was there any storm, consequently we may look for a late spring but not a very disagreeable month. The temperature must, of course, be reckoned comparatively with the season.

May is the month that we all are anxious to see the ice go out so we can go fishing. But it will start in very cold with very little sunshine but will soon become very pleasant. Towards the end of the month there will be light storms, but not nearly enough to give us the spring freshet that we will be so much in need of.

This is the month that the ice goes out of the Rangeley lakes and we may as well place our bets right now on a date not earlier than May 18.

June, which means much to the farmers, will be about what is wanted. It is recorded as "warmer. Three inches of feathery snow. Cleared at evening. No wind." This seems to promise mild weather with some light rainfall. It may be that the rain will be prolonged to a series of damp disagreeable days, such as interfere with outdoor labor, but we can stand quite a lot of wet, after such a long dry winter and spring.

I am somewhat disappointed, though, not to be able to promise at least one brisk and heavy rainfall.

July. "Zero all day. Hazy with little sun. Light snowfall at times." There seems to be nothing unusual about this. The temperature does not indicate anything alarming, and the "light snowfall at times" no doubt means that hay will at times be caught out in showers in the usual way and the "hazy with little sun" may mean not very excellent weather for hay making. But we are used to bad hay weather and if there is a good crop which June and July seem to promise all may yet be well.

August seems to have in store a lot of windy weather at the end of the month. It will be much warmer than July, with light storms at first. It will be pleasant for the summer boarder and fisherman, only there is danger that the summer being so cool many of them will remain in the cities and the summer business will be damaged.

September. "Twenty-eight below zero in the morning and a fine frosty snow fell all day, becoming more dense towards night." This looks like the approach of winter. Perhaps it only means that the latter part of the month will be stormy, but we would rather have seen some sunshine on Jan. 2 to assure us that there will be some pleasant autumnal days during September.

Perhaps October and November have treasures in store for us. Let us see.

Jan. 3. "Twenty-five below at 7 o'clock. Quite a lot of wind and very cold all day." This is not quite what we wanted. In short there could not be a much worse day than this one that is claimed to rule next October. We certainly ought to have one pleasant day during this Christmas, but each day seems to be worse than the former one.

How about November? The month is not famous for its loveliness, but this Jan. 4 predicts something startling. "Twenty-two below zero in the morning, 10 below all day. Heavy northwest wind; terribly cold." I am sorry I undertook to work out this calendar for the year of 1904. But I do not feel as though I am responsible for the result. The only chance I can see of many of us surviving till 1905 is in the possibility that the whole thing is a fake. This would be little short of sacrilege in the opinion of about three-quarters of the old timers, so we must lay in an extra supply of wood and coal and prepare to meet it as brave as possible.

January 5th ushered in another cold morning, the thermometer ranging from 10 to 15 degrees. The wind was quite brisk in the morning but the latter part of the day it was still and it remained very cold throughout the day. If all signs do not fail we can look forward to a "cool" December in 1904.

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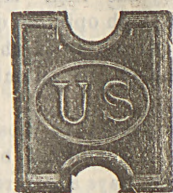
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At Wood Lake, Neb., Oct. 14th, **1000** Straight without a miss, same conditions.
At King's Mills, O., Nov. 19th, **1019** shotgun shell heads without a miss, distance 25 ft.
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LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.



G. A. HOWARD, CHATHAM, N. H., AND HIS BEAR.

George A. Howard of Chatham, N. H., with his bull dog had an exciting experience with a large bear in that town recently. He went out into a back orchard hunting for them, taking his dog along. The dog struck a fresh trail and followed it to a brook. The bear evidently knowing he was followed, went into the brook and followed it half a mile before he left it. Mr. Howard followed along the trail and found the dog at the brook with the trail of Bruin lost. He followed up the brook and soon the dog struck the trail hot and came up with the bear. From that time on, between the dog, bear and Mr. Howard there was something doing all the time. The bear kept in the thickest and most impenetrable part of the woods, with the dog biting his heels and haunches whenever he started to run, and for two miles it was "run bear, run dog." Bruin, in his rage, would turn on the dog and the dog would turn tail and run, but when the bear started ahead again, the plucky little bull dog was at his heels with a vengeance. The dog retarded the bear's flight so that Mr. Howard was able to keep up with the procession by keeping out in the large timber, until a clear spot enabled him to get a shot which brought the bear to the ground. The bear sprang into the air, the dog landed on the bear's haunches and set his teeth into his back, and from then until the bear was killed the woods were full of howls and yells. Howard soon got another shot, but did not stop the bear. Then Howard shot again, putting a ball through the bear's head, as the animal was coming at him. This, Howard said, did not seem to even make the bear wink, but another one behind the ear finished him. He was a very large one and old, his teeth being nearly gone and his claws worn off a good deal. When Howard skinned the bear he found marks on his back where the dog had set his teeth. Dogs that will tackle a bear are scarce and valuable. He had the marks of the bear's claws on his side where the bear struck him, but the dog was too nimble, and escaped the full force of the blow, else he would have gone to the dog's paradise instant. Howard said the bear's rage was something fierce and his howling and snarling were nerve disturbing to say the least, and that had he given either him or the dog a full blow with his paw they would have been put out of action for good.

Carry Ponds Camps.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
LEXINGTON, Jan. 16, 1904.
A. J. Lane and wife have returned from the Carry Ponds where they have been with their son, Henry J. Lane, the past season. They report a pleasant time.
Trout were served every day from the first day of May to the last day of September.
Over forty deer were carried off by sportsmen. Mr. Lane saw six moose at one time, cows and calves.
Birch is being hauled to the birch mill quite fast. Ten or twelve horses are employed. John Nutting has taken 50 cords to cut and haul.
Elmer Tufts of Kingfield was in town last week on business concerning his birch interest.
Mrs. Tom Albee and Miss Evie Nutting have gone up Sandy Stream valley to cook for Mr. George Pinkham, who has a crew cutting pulp for the Madison Fibre company.
Miss Leola Lane and Miss Emily Clark have gone to Waterville to work in private families.
Maurice Lane has gone to Waterville to attend school. Mr. Lane is a fine scholar and will attend college in the near future.
Frank Churchill is hauling pulp wood for the Gould brothers.
LIVE YANKEE.

Middledam.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.
MIDDLEDAM, Jan. 19, 1904.
Ed Coburn is hauling lumber across the lakes from Rangeley and will do considerable building in the spring. He will put in a new piazza along the front of his main building, 12 feet wide. The roofs will be reshingled and some new cottages built.
He will rebuild his steamboat, replanking it and putting in a new engine of high grade.
Coburn is not logging this winter but instead is giving the camp and hotel business his undivided attention.
Philbrick Gile caught a wild-cat near Rangeley last week. This makes two that have been taken around here this season. They were never before known to exist in this section though one was killed at Spring lake on Dead river a year ago.

Hearing Before Commissioners.

The hearing before the fish and game commissioners at the office of Hon. Geo. M. Currier of Farmington on Monday was largely attended by the citizens of Wilton.
The hearing was on a petition of E. E. Hardy, and 43 others, to close Pease pond for pickerel fishing on Saturdays of February, March and April. The law opening this pond for fishing on those days was passed by the last legislature after a petition for and against Monday E. E. Hardy and several farmers living in the vicinity of the pond, were present and claimed the opening of this pond and not opening all ponds in Franklin county was discriminating legislation. Opposed to them were several from Wilton and East Wilton backed by a petition of several hundred asking that the law be left as it is at present.
Several from Farmington were in the outcome of the hearing. The commissioners reserved their decision.

STODDARD HOUSE ARRIVALS.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
FARMINGTON, ME., Jan. 19, 1904.
Among the prominent arrivals at the Stoddard House the past week were:
B. W. Downes, W. C. Rollinson, H. E. Merrill, W. S. Ames, C. W. Thomas, F. A. Crawford, W. H. Littlefield, W. J. Shaw, J. F. Marston, L. G. Blunt, John D. Loomis, J. H. Blanchard, Seth F. Clark, W. B. Darton, C. H. Mann, W. B. Adie, Portland; Geo. Edgecomb, Will H. Miller, E. C. Hyde, P. C. Rice, J. H. Brown, H. C. Riverton, A. C. Gilmore, E. G. Farnum, A. F. Atwood, Sumner O. Reynolds, P. H. Garvin, H. M. Loren, H. M. Bryant, C. M. Huxford, E. E. Shannon, Boston; I. W. Irish, Bangor; I. W. Greene, wife and son, Coplin; Geo. D. Clark, New Vineyard; C. R. Hall and wife, Maurice Corey, Frank Allen; Wilton; W. S. Farnsworth, Manchester, N. H.; E. O. Russell, Rockland; C. M. Thompson, Jay; M. E. Wotten, A. P. Marble, D. W. McCutcheon, New York; Dr. C. W. Bell, Arthur Tucker, Strong; S. P. Felker, Clinton; E. P. Webster, C. K. Barker, Lewiston; Daniel Whitehouse, Augusta; W. G. Pennell, Skowhegan; F. E. Davis and wife, Eustis; F. F. Noyes, Wilton.

Fall Bargain 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 on description blanks. Over 130 sales to men from 19 to 45 since Mar. 16, 1903. Is our guarantee to you that our methods are right.
O. P. WHITTIER, Franklin County Agent, Farmington, Maine.
E. A. STROUT, 9 Union Mutual Building, Portland, Maine.

Camping in Colorado.

ATLANTA, IOWA, Jan. 18, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

During the summer of 1901 three boy friends and myself enjoyed a delightful hunting trip in Routt county, Colorado, a paradise for sportsmen.
After school was out we began making arrangements for our trip, buying all useful and necessary camping paraphernalia. On July 3rd, we pulled out of the city with eager anticipations and our hearts thrilled as we drew into the first mountain defiles, leaving all view of the crowded city behind.
The first few weeks were most enjoyable ones indeed. We were then over the Berthoud Pass and down into Colorado's largest natural park, Middle park. Camping out in this region is enjoyable to the full extent, the air is balmy and invigorating, especially to the sportsman, for game can be found in great abundance if in the right part of the country.
Leaving Middle park we crossed the Ghorre range down on the other side, passed Yampa Hot Sulphur springs, where we all partook of a good, square meal at the hotel and also baths, which we needed badly, at the springs. This country is not as thickly timbered as the Ghorre range and Middle Park country. We enjoyed the good fishing in the Grand. Pushing on we arrived at Steamboat Springs, 80 miles from the railroad. Here we hired out in the hay fields for a week, more for the farm grub than anything else.
Growing eager for hunting and fishing we repacked our wagon and set out for the Trappers Lake region and the Flat Top mountains, 25 miles from Yampa. At Yampa pack saddles were secured and we hit the trail for tall timber but our knowledge of the diamond hitch was quite limited. After repacking about every three miles we arrived at Lost Lake, nine miles from Trappers Lake, where a comfortable camp was made.
Deer and grouse season being now open we put forth our efforts and energy to gain the name of "deerslayer" and to our delight a deer was killed on the 18th, the only deer we secured on the whole trip.
At Trappers lake the water fairly teems with trout, which with grouse made high living for us.
There are quite a few mountain sheep left in this country yet. One day my partner and I saw 30 in one bunch but the restraining hand of the law is their salvation in this state.
Vacation being close to an end, we broke camp and hit the back trail, arriving home the last of August, having traveled 300 miles and enjoyed a trip similar to those taken by thousands of Coloradans every year. Surveyors have already put in stakes for the new Salt Lake railroad right through the heart of the wildest part, which has doomed the big game. A. A. LOCKE.

TAXIDERMISTS.

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J. WALDO NASH, Norway, Maine.



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J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.

Mosses.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

FARMINGTON, Jan. 18, 1904.

Among some of the most beautiful objects which greet the eye are the mosses. They abound everywhere in the woods and grow on everything, trees, ground and stones. They need but little nourishment to sustain them. Moisture and air are their meat and drink, of which there is an abundant supply at hand. Some mosses are of more interest than others. The fern or feather mosses are, among the more beautiful mosses which claim our notice. They grow on the ground, covering it in places like a carpet and look like diminutive ferns. They make fine specimens pressed and their color keeps well.
Drummondia clavellata is a moss which grows on the beech tree. It generally grows in patches, some small and some quite large. The capsules are light yellow and very small. They contain spores, small, green in color, which answer the purpose of seed.
The Sphagnum inhabit swampy and wet places, are greenish white in color and are very numerous in such places. The feet sink into them six inches or more when walking over them. They fruit in the summer, months but the fruit is hard to get, having never been able to secure but few plants that had good fruit.
Bartramia pomiformis is the apple moss, so named from the small but round fruit capsules which resemble small apples in shape.
The Fontinalis or water moss is very beautiful and grows in brooks. It is of a bright green and sometimes over three feet in length. The stem is three cornered in shape and the plants are attached to the stones which lie in the water and it is the largest of the genus. Fontinalis gigantea is the Latin name it is known by, meaning the giant water moss.
The Hypnum are very beautiful mosses, among which Hypnum cristatensis is a most beautiful species. It grows in tufts, feather like and very soft.
The white moss, Leucobryum glaucum is quite old in appearance. It looks like a small pin cushion sitting on the top of the ground, being raised up an inch or more above the surrounding surface and of a silvery white color.
H. W. JEWELL.

Sebago Lake Fishing.

SEBAGO LAKE, Jan. 19, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Sebago lake fishing opens April 1st or any time after when ice admits the use of boats. The finest salmon in the inland waters of any land are therein and quite a lot of them also and for the benefit of those who read this will say that there are many lakes in Maine where more in number may be caught but no lake where as large ones can be. Of course, one coming to Sebago for only one or two days must see it is a matter of luck but for a week or two anyone should be able to get all the salmon any true sportsman should wish and is very sure to get some of the finest they ever caught. They have been taken up to 18 1/2 pounds and many are in the lake that will weigh as high as 25 or 30 pounds each and they have been in the state weirs of that weight. To sum it all up Sebago is the place for the man who is willing to put in a little time and money for some fine fish and no place for fish hogs.
GUIDE No. 2.
Box 5, North Windham, Me.

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J. W. BRACKETT.

This Edition of Maine Woods
5,450.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1904.

Peel the Logs.

THE talk against the proposed log cabin for the Maine exhibit at the St. Louis exhibition has pretty nearly subsided and we are glad to note that a large part of the newspapers of the state have given the idea their support.

The commissioners have an excellent idea. They are carrying on the work with enthusiasm and skill and we do not doubt that their work will be successful.

We hope however that they will not make the mistake of using unpeeled logs. The bark would perhaps make the structure look more rustic than it otherwise would, but the bark would last but a short time; worms would get in and eat the bark and thus injure the structure.

Very few cabins are now built of unpeeled logs, experience having proved that it doesn't pay. They should be peeled and then treated to oil and shellac to preserve the color and save the wood.

Brunswick Fur Club.

The winter fox hunt of the Brunswick Fur club came to an end with a bang at noon Thursday, Jan. 14. The hunt was scheduled to close Friday night, Jan. 15, but when the hunters returned Thursday noon after a rather disappointing day's sport, several expressed their determination to seek their homes. The inclination finally became unanimous and the hunt ended in a general stampede. That night Hotel Barre at Barre, Vt., which had entertained the hunters, was deserted and the voices of the 30 or more hounds were no longer heard in the kennels.

This is the first time in the 15 years of the history of the famous club that the hunt has failed to hold interest until the scheduled time for closing and the killing meet closes with but two foxes to the credit of the club. Both pelts went to Waltham, the lucky hunters being W. B. Stone and L. O. Dennison, both of that city.

Thursday morning's hunt was discouraging. In the opinion of veteran hunters the day was an ideal one for a rattling good hunt and for killing. The Wednesday night rain had softened the snow and under the smile of a clear sun in the early morning there appeared just the proper amount of moisture for perfect scenting. But before noon the hunters were convinced the day was one of the worst in a lot of months.

The only run of the day took place to the south of the town of Barre near the Cole place. In the party were the Waltham delegation, R. D. Perry of Phillipston, L. W. Campbell of Woonsocket, R. L. P. A. Dowd of Worcester and Bradford S. Turpin of Roxbury.

With a dozen hounds a fox was soon started west of the Cole place and was kept afoot for three hours. The hunt centred within a small area, which was fairly bristling with gun barrels along the roads and behind the walls, but Reynard sedulously kept out of range until he came within speaking acquaintance of L. O. Dennison.

Mr. Dennison missed and Reynard went on. Then came a mysterious disappearance as cleverly wrought as ever by a magician or illusionist upon the stage. The fox came lacing straight toward Mr. Dowd, cutting it out across an open pasture. The Worcester man saw him and judging he was going out of range ran up the road a distance for a shot.

None of the hunters ever saw the fox again or got trace of him. He vanished as completely as though the ground had swallowed him alive. The hounds came up and threw up their noses. The track seemed to end as though Reynard had taken wings. The hunters passed a full hour in an effort to solve the mystery, but neither hunters nor hounds could find trace of the game. And none had a sufficient theory for the disappearance.

Mr. Perkins of Framingham and his party went west of the town and cast off their hounds far out on the Petersham road. The whole territory about Cradle rock and from there to Sherman hill was trailed, but there was no hunt. As if by common consent all the hunters sought the rendezvous at noon and the early afternoon trains carried them out of town.

Letters From Our Readers.

Why He Takes It.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Enclosed find check for \$1 to pay my subscription to June 1904.

I take the MAINE WOODS because it keeps me in touch with the sporting public. You have a good paper, spicy in anecdotes and complete in all the current topics of the hour.

I wish you prosperity, which means a growing circulation with increased advertising.

GEORGE CLINTON BATCHELLER.

Keeps Up the Fever.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Enclosed you will please find my check for \$1, subscription for MAINE WOODS for year 1904.

I like your little paper. It helps to keep up the hunting fever, the exhilaration of the chase and in a measure drowns the stuffy air and daily routine of the office.

You have my best wishes for a happy and prosperous new year.

CHARLES M. TAYLOR.

Advised to Read.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Jan. 5, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

The Methodist minister who saw the Indian devil or panther in the vicinity of Machias which was of a mottled gray color, as recorded in the Dec. 25th number of MAINE WOODS, had better read up a little on zoology or natural history and learn something of the color belonging to the panther, then take another guess.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Strong Men.

WEST BUXTON, Jan. 15, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I happened to be hunting and trapping on Swift river, N. H., one winter and got somewhat acquainted with several lumbermen, as there was more or less work going on there in those days.

In one of the crews there was a man by the name of Allen, who was quite a booster of being strong and of having the strongest uncle in Maine, as he came from that state.

One evening in one of the stores there was quite a gathering of men and among the party was a man they called "Anse." He was a cross eyed, comical looking man as well as being comical. He listened a while with his broad grin on while Allen bragged of his uncle's strong performances. All at once, Anse said he had somewhat of a strong uncle himself. Some of the listeners asked him how strong his uncle was. Said he, "There was once a large boulder in the road that must be removed. Some of the road men suggested one thing and some another, but my uncle reaching for the largest bar, said he would remove it alone. Well say! He lifted until the bar bent up double and he gripped it so hard with his hands that the juice from the bar ran down over his knuckles." That brought down the house. WM. P. TOWNSEND.

About Hunters' License.

WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 14, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

There has been an endless amount of correspondence and comment relative to the successful working of the new game law which has been in force just one season. Much of this has no doubt been written by persons who jumped at conclusions, instead of digging for facts. As I spent my vacations in Maine for years prior to this season, I was interested to know how the matter stands.

The vital question is "Has the license law paid?" There are certain sources of information that are reasonably trustworthy and to these I have gone for facts.

The express company makes returns of game shipments. These returns are printed daily in the Commercial. From them I get some of my figures; the others I get from the Commissioner's own reports and by comparison. I feel sure that your readers will be interested so I send you the result of my investigation.

First, Commissioner Carlton has constantly reiterated that there has not been a great falling off in nonresident sportsmen and that the game law was a great success. Let us compare facts and figures.

By the Express company's returns for 1902 they carried out game for 1802 hunters, actual count, and no duplication. In 1903 they make returns for only 1084 hunters. This shows a shortage of 718 hunters. Judging that they would average the same amount of expenditure that I usually made, or \$125 each, we find that while the state received some twenty-six or seven thousand dollars the people of the state lost

\$89,750. But this is not large enough. The commissioner reports that 1672 licenses were sold and if only 1084 sportsmen brought out game there were 588 who got no game. This is more than one-third of all, Figuring at one-third for those who got nothing, in 1902 we find there were 2703 hunters from out of the state in that year. The difference between this number and 1672 in 1903 shows a shortage of 1031 nonresident sportsmen. Again computing the loss of the people of the state and computing at only \$100 per man, a very conservative estimate, we find that \$103,100 were lost while the commission collected \$26,000 or \$27,000.

Now referring to the commissioner's report I find some startling discrepancies. He states that he has information from the guides to the effect that they guided 9616 nonresident hunters this year. He also states that but 1672 licenses were sold, and emphasizes the fact that the game protection and warden service was much better than heretofore.

If that is so, why were 7944 nonresident sportsmen allowed to hunt without licenses and only 1672 made to purchase them? Either there was the grossest negligence on part of commissioners and wardens, or somebody has lied. Mr. Carleton must have a high opinion of the intelligence and perception of the Governor and his council to submit such figures.

I have contended for years that most of the game slaughter is committed by residents and only a few days ago I received a letter, indirectly, which was written by a Maine guide who makes the boast that during this season alone he had killed over 50 deer, thus confirming my belief.

If a gun tax of only a dollar each were levied upon residents, the state would receive an income of \$10,611 if we allow that each of the nonresidents killed two and that each resident hunter secured two. This last computation is made on Mr. Carleton's own statement. In such case there would be some justice in the law. By allowing that many hunters secured only one deer the income would be much greater.

Is it a wonder then that nonresident sportsmen object to being taxed when the residents are not? Is it a wonder that nonresidents find fault when 588 out of 1672 come out of the woods without game? Is it a wonder that sportsmen should be indignant to think that guides lead them about day by day without giving them a chance to secure game, and these same guides will come forward the very next season and boast of having killed over fifty?

If your legislators want to straighten out the difficulties that now confront them, I believe they can do it by simply adding to the present law a gun tax on all residents who hunt, and a tax on fishermen for whom the state has already done so much. This would show a disposition to be fair and just and nonresident hunters would not feel as they now do.

E. C. A. BECKER.

Maine Farmer and the Partridge.

NEWPORT, Jan. 19, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

The vigorous and wholesale denunciation of our game bird, by a portion of the people and press of this state; together with the extraordinary assertion in our leading agricultural journal, that either our game, or our farming interests must give way, "as there is no common ground on which both can stand," seems to me to arise from a total misapprehension of the conditions and facts in the case.

I have been a close observer of the habits and characteristics of this bird for more than 60 years and it is my settled conviction that its love for the fruit buds of the apple tree is wholly an acquired taste, and that the abandoned farms scattered over so many of our counties are accountable for it. The only partridges I ever saw picking buds from an apple tree were on one of those farms on the old, discontinued stage road from Monson to Moosehead lake. Coming into this clearing, containing a large orchard; just at sunset while hunting timber, I saw three ruffed grouse budding in one of the large apple trees.

I shall not soon forget the abundant signs of caribou, deer and bear that I found under those old trees. This was in the early seventies. A little more than 30 years prior to this my father moved onto a new place; virgin forest, with the exception of a five-acre chopping, felled the previous year. The fol-

lowing spring he sowed wheat and laid it down to clover. In late October the partridges just swarmed in that luxuriant growth and they kept it up each fall for some years. Almost within sight of our clearing was the finest orchard of native fruit that I have ever seen, set out by the first settler, and during the 30 years that I lived on that place, hundreds of apple trees were set out within a radius of one mile from it and, although the woods were full of partridges I not only never saw one budding in an apple tree, but never heard of such a thing and the instance which I have noted, which occurred shortly after moving, was the first intimation I had that they ever indulged in such a habit; and that it is sufficiently prevalent or widespread, to endanger our orchards, I believe to be utterly preposterous; besides the partridges are too scarce and wild in the fruit belt of this state to work great havoc among the buds, even if they were all inclined that way.

It is probable that a few orchardists in outlying districts have raised a great hue and cry, while the thousands whose trees have been unmolested have naturally kept perfectly quiet.

There is a large and flourishing grange in this town and my people are members of it, but it is safe to say that none of them will work or vote to have the restrictions on the killing of ruffed grouse removed. Why! The condemning of this noble bird, the pride and glory of our forests to destruction, would seem like a relapse into barbarism! The tenacity with which he clings to the place of his birth, in spite of men, boys, guns and dogs; the skill with which the female conceals her nest and the arts they both employ to delude and elude their numberless foes; have endeared them to my heart and God forbid that they should ever be doomed to extermination.

In regard to the eating of apple sprouts by deer, that, as Kipling says, is another story which the limits of this

article forbid my entering into. If however, the patience of the long suffering editor is not entirely exhausted, I will treat of it in the future.

PENOBSCOT.

Deer Bold Around Stratton.

STRATTON, Jan. 18, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

"Speaking of game," says a well known hunter of Stratton, "I never saw deer so plenty in my time as they have been the past season."

This man, whom the writer knows personally to be a truthful man, a good citizen and a bold hunter and whom we will call Fred, was out in the woods near Stratton village looking for some wood to make into ax handles when he became aware that he was being followed and soon he found out to his sorrow that the game laws of Maine were almost too good. A monster buck with head and tail up was making a charge for Fred. Fred, who would not have run from all of the heroes of the Dead River regions, was on the run for a large pine tree and he was none too soon, because the buck was close behind. Then began a game of dodge between Fred and the buck. After several moments of this and although the

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day was cold, the perspiration was soon started as also was Fred's temper, for he had discovered that this was the same buck that he had followed with his trusted rifle all through the open season and had always returned without his game, and now only a few days after close time to have the tables turned on him was more than he could stand.

Of course all of this happened in a very short time and now as Fred's cup of bitterness was full to the brim he watched his chance and as the buck charged at him he dodged and struck at him with his ax, breaking a point from the antlers of Mr. Buck, throwing him out of balance and startling him so that he struck for the top of Bigelow mountain as fast as his legs would carry him.

Fred, being nearly out of breath, picked up the dislocated point and returned home, where he is now calmly waiting for the next open season when he thinks he will eat venison from that same Mr. Buck.

ROXEY.

Uncle Ephraim Excited.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 14, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I always have the MAINE WOODS in mind when I hear a good story. This is not a game story exactly but it has to do with a "coon" nevertheless, so I write it as follows, and I am reasonably certain that it is a new one to you.

A fair was being held in a rural town in the far south. Among other attractions was the inevitable balloon ascension, from which the aeronaut was supposed to descend on a parachute and land within the grounds. The elements had other plans for him however, and he came down in the midst of niggers at work in a cottonfield instead.

They looked heavenward and beheld a man (in flesh tints) with an umbrella over his head, calmly descending from the clouds, apparently. The coons thought they had been "sent for" and in less than no time the field was emptied of coons excepting one poor old nig, who from old age, infirmity and extreme fright, was unable to make his escape.

The aeronaut landed gracefully right in front of the old coon. "Ephrum" was now fairly in convulsions of terror, but he felt that if he was honored by a visitor from celestial realms, he must not be found wanting in manners, so he pulled off his cap, stood at "salute" and in a voice which had all but left him, said to the heavenly stranger: "H—H—How—Howdy, Marse Jesus! H—How's yoh Pawh?"

A. H. E.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

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Miss ETHEL A. HARLOW, Dead River, Me.

TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

Trappers.

Trappers are found in every part of the country and in each case they are a peculiar people. A boy may catch a few muskrat or a farmer may catch a bear and yet be no different than others, but the professional trapper is sure to have odd traits about him.

The business is a lonely one when properly conducted. There is no reason why two trappers should be together, unless it is for each other's company, since one can always fix the traps and put them in order when working alone as well as when accompanied by someone. A companion tends to attract one's attention from the signs of animals and makes noise, and in various ways does more harm than good. Two and even a dozen men may properly be camped together and all of them trapping but during the day while visiting the traps, each goes away by himself and for the day does not expect to see anyone. It will be seen that it is a lonely life and tends to breed secrecy and a quiet disposition.

There is one feature of the work that seems to me must have a moral effect, the sights of misery that the trapper is constantly seeing along his line. His only purpose is to capture, kill and destroy. He may not want rabbits, squirrels or birds, yet the traps are constantly catching them. Occasionally he comes across a particularly pathetic scene which can but make a lasting impression upon him. The most notable cases to me are in the last fight the animals make. It seems to me this would make a striking subject for an artist. The trapper comes to a trap in which an animal has been caught and is still alive. Everything about, as far as the chain will reach, is worn by the thousands of trips the animal has made too and fro in its effort to escape. It has gnawed and tugged at the chain enough, it would seem, to exhaust the vitality of a dozen such animals, but when the trapper arrives it at once intrenches itself and seeming to forget that it is in any way at a disadvantage, snarls and fights furiously as long as there remains a spark of life in it. It always seems a pity to brutally club an animal to death that has such splendid courage. Perhaps if I had witnessed some of its own acts of ferocity on its helpless victims, I might feel differently toward them.

The trapper is constantly reading the story that he finds in the footprints in the mud, along the bank of the river and elsewhere. He looks inside of hollow logs and on the ground beside them. He examines the bark of trees and peers into holes in the ground. He examines droppings wherever found and can always tell what species of animal left them. If he finds only a few hairs caught in a sliver of wood, he can always tell to what species of animal they belong. In these and many other ways he is a student of nature and comes to know the mysteries of the woods as well as though he could speak and understand the language of the animals. The fox that plays about his trap without being caught leaves footprints in the snow that tell the whole story of what aroused its suspicion, whether it had ever seen a trap before and what must be done in the future to outwit it.

Trappers are famous for the careful guard they keep over their secrets. The secrets and baits that they use, the manner in which they set, what they catch, where they have the best luck and where they intend to trap, in the future are all bound up in themselves and it is not much use to probe for information of this kind. In many cases this secrecy is wholly unwarranted and unnecessary, but they may go on the theory that "what one don't know won't hurt them."

FOX TRAPPING. Sure and honest method. Full instructions. Write for low prices. EDGAR R. PAGE, Orland, Me.

NEWHOUSE TRAPS, the standard for over 50 years. Oneida Community, Limited, Oneida, N. Y.

TRAPPERS. Don't fail to secure my 44 year's experience in trapping. How to take the fox, \$5.00; otter, \$2.00; mink, \$2.00; muskrat, \$2.00; coon, \$2.00; all combined \$7.00. Send right along and you won't be any disappointed. Wm. P. TOWNSEND West Buxton, Me.

WANTED. Live wild animals of any kind, particularly very young animals, and females about to have young. Also, one or two bear cubs born this season, (1904), the younger the better. Also, young birds of prey. State your prices when writing; don't ask me what I pay. Ernest Harold Baynes, Stoneham, Mass.

Fox Trapping Method
For trapping foxes and mink on frozen ground and in the snow. Price \$1.00 published in a neat little book. Can be used successfully when water methods are frozen up. No fake. TRAPPER BILL, Sunderland, Vt.

Bentley's Fox and Mink Scent
is the leading scent of the world. No skunk stink, trout oil, skunk oil or other fake trash, but a genuine scent composed of the bitch fox, mink, muskrat and other powerful ingredients during the rutting season, which I collect every season. Price 50c a bottle for fox or mink. You see plenty of scents advertised but they are worthless as a rule, but there is no fake about my scents. They are genuine. Remember the price, 50c a bottle postpaid. GORDON BENTLEY, Sunderland, Vt.

An amusing story is told by a sportsman who was taking a canoe trip in the eastern part of the state. At times they met other canoeing parties. His guide always seemed to know all the other guides and called them familiarly by their given names. But in the short interviews they were strangely formal, confining their remarks to things of general interest, such as the weather, the condition of the river or the merits of different canoes or rifles.

One day after a short interview of this kind with a party they chanced to meet, the sportsman said to his guide, "Why didn't you ask them where they had been?"

"I knew where they had been."

"How did you know?"

"I knew by the looks of their outfit."

"Why didn't you ask them about the game there?"

"What good would that do? They wouldn't tell me if I had."

"Why, yes they would to! Why not?"

"Because they would have lied."

"How do you know they would lie?"

"I know what I would do if anyone asked me such questions."

Trappers have a whole code of unwritten laws that they are bound to respect. They may differ in detail in different localities, but in general they are the same.

Each trapper has his own "territory." It may become his by inheritance or custom. It takes nerve to trespass on the territory of one who has inherited it. A stranger from some other part of the country, sometimes starts in trapping without recognizing anyone's rights, supposing he has a right to trap wherever he chooses. In such a case he is watched with suspicion, but regarded with more pity than blame for his ignorance. But the one who deliberately moves onto the grounds that he knows are justly claimed by another, is regarded by the whole fraternity as a thief, who would steal another animal, trap and all if he found it, or plunder his camp.

Trappers usually get together and make a treaty, if there is any chance of friction in regard to territory; and a treaty once made by them is seldom if ever broken.

It often happens that they travel across each other's grounds, and pass each other's traps. They always feel free to occupy each other's camps, when circumstances make it necessary, but must always leave it in as good condition as when found, with wood enough for one night. They will never molest another boat or canoe, nor disturb a trap unless it has something in it. If it has a rabbit or squirrel, or some similar worthless animal, they may leave it alone, as by removing it the owner might think a valuable animal had been stolen. Should a trap have a valuable animal they may kill it and reset the trap, leaving the animal hanging above it where it will be found by the owner. I think on the whole most trappers leave the traps of others entirely alone.

A well known trapper whom I once knew learned not to molest another trap, in this way. He was setting up a sable line through the woods and crossed the line of another's. Just where the crossing was he found a log trap. It had not been set that year, so he fixed it up and set it. The next time he passed that way the owner of the same line had been along and set up his traps. The trap at the crossing was still set and on a chip was inscribed the following, "G— hell. Set your own traps and leave mine alone."

The fur bearing animals belong to the state as much as the game animals and a trapper has a legal right to it wherever he finds it. But the rule is made with no regard to law, other than such as has been mentioned above.

One may be curious to know what sort of penalty would follow if one was found to be robbing another's traps. Personally I cannot even guess. Trappers have often said if they caught one in the act of robbing their traps they would shoot him; but I have never known one to be shot and I have never known one to be caught robbing a trap. I have heard the story of one who was having lots of trouble with a rival, who gathered in all the other traps and built a fire and heated them all red hot; then after they had gradually cooled, he reset them in their former place. I cannot, however, vouch for the truth of this story. D. E. HAYWOOD.

Mink For Raising.

SKOWHEGAN, Jan. 20, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I noticed in the last MAINE WOODS Col. E. C. Farrington in speaking of his experience in buying mink skins said that those he got that were raised in captivity were not as good. Now he may be right to some extent but that has not been my experience.

Two years I caught a pair of mink the first of October. I undertook to keep them but was not so well acquainted with what to feed as I am now so they both died about the middle of January. I shipped the skins and got \$4.50 each for them and they were not very large.

The mink that I have now are looking fine. They are glossy and well furred and I can't see but what they look just as well or better than wild ones. W. H. NORTON.

10th ANNUAL SHOW.

Madison Square Garden, New York City, Feb. 19-March 6.

From present indications, the tenth annual Sportsmen's show at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19 to March 6, promises to be the most successful of any yet held. As a spectacle it will be impressive, the entire arrangement and the scenic effects combining strongly to this end. Action will be lent to the scenic effects at the eastern end of the amphitheatre by a revolving wheel of an old water mill and the mountain streams which will tumble in cascades through artificial gorges to empty into the artificial lake, which this year will be larger and more attractively constructed than at any previous Sportsmen's show. The lake will be one hundred ninety feet in length by seventy feet in width and will be designed and provided principally for the demonstration of high power automobile launches, varying in length from twenty-five feet to thirty feet. In fact the marine exhibit of the show this year will be one of its strongest features, the power boat industry being represented to a greater extent than it has ever been at a similar exhibit in this country.

So great has been the demand for space by exhibitors of this class that it has been necessary to locate the space originally designed for the fly casting tournaments elsewhere. Originally space was set aside on the southern or 20th street side of the Garden, immediately facing the lake, and on the cross section at the Fourth Avenue end, while the entire stretch of 190 feet on the 27th street side was assigned to the sport of fly casting. So great has been the demand for space, however, that the entire lake frontage has now been given up to marine exhibits and the fly casters will be provided with a tank of ample width and length, suspended over the northern promenade of the amphitheatre and on a level with the balcony promenade. That this feature of the show should have developed to such proportions was unanticipated by the management, but is most satisfactory evidence of the value of the Madison Square exhibit to the builder of marine engines and power launches; thus far space has been assigned to the following representative concerns in this line: Western Gas Engine Co., Mishawaka, Ind., (Mr. J. W. Newbury, N. Y.); Pierce Engine Co., Racine, Wis.; C. H. Blomstrom Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.; Lozier Motor Co., Plattsburg, N. Y., and New York City; Panhard & Levasor, Smith & Mabley, Hollander & Tangeman, Gas Engine & Power Co., and Charles L. Seabury & Co., The Wm. H. Brodie Co., The Fairbanks Co., all of New York City; Electric Launch Co. of Bayonne City, N. J.; Eagle Bicycle Mfg. Co., Torrington, Conn.; U. S. Long Distance Auto Co., Jersey City, N. J.; Lackawanna Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.; Charles A. Strelinger Co., Detroit, Mich.; Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Messrs. Reeves & White, Port Richmond, N. Y.

Since diagrams of the floor plans were sent out last fall there has scarcely been a week during which applications have not reached the management from individual guides, guides' associations or hotel keepers' organizations asking for fuller particulars of the show and for space in which to make representative exhibits of their particular sections. The big game and hunting features of the show, therefore, will this year be more prominent than ever before. To the allied exhibits of the Canadian guides, both of Quebec and Ontario and the great Hudson Bay company, more than eighty running feet of floor space has been assigned and one of the handiest displays of Canada's resources for the tourist, the hunter and the fisherman will be produced.

Wyoming, Montana and the Rockies in the west will send typical exhibits and one of the interesting competitive features of the show will be contests between the guides of these two sections in saddling, off-saddling and packing horses, just as is done in Canada and the Rocky mountains when breaking or pitching camp by hunting parties in those sections.

Maine and the Adirondacks will of course be very prominently represented and contests between the guides of these sections in portage and canoe races, which formed so exciting a part of the program last year and the preceding year, will be features this year.

From Virginia will come "Uncle Pete" and "Uncle Jerry" in charge of A. B. Moncure, all picturesque characters of one of the oldest and largest sporting sections of the United States. This outfit will come, with a new and interesting family and promises to be a centre of attraction for all visitors.

Long Island, whose fame as a duck shooting and sportmen's preserve district has extended far and wide, will make an extensive and striking display in space facing the Madison Avenue entrance. This exhibit will be original and will in scenic effect and arrangement be under the direction of Capt. Will Graham, who is perhaps the best known bayman along the south shore.

The loan exhibit this year, embracing trophies of big game hunting and fishing trips, will be an interesting one and will include trophies from some of the most prominent sportsmen in the country.

Facing the elevated promenade in the exhibit sections, along both sides of the Garden, every conceivable article of camp equipment and sportsmen's supply will be shown. In this respect, the show will prove fully as great an educational function as any of its predecessors.

One feature of the 1904 show which was noticeably absent in 1903, a fact which was regretted by a majority of visitors to the Garden, will be the exhibit of live game animals and game birds. The splendid collection of Mr. Homer Davenport, the well known cartoonist of the New York American, will be brought entire from Mr. Davenport's country place in New Jersey. It embraces nearly every known species of the pheasant family, and is considered the most complete collection of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. In two artificial lakes, constructed for the purpose at the Fourth Avenue end of the Garden, which form part of the scenic effect, will be shown some thirty species of American water fowl, so that this branch of the exhibit will, with little question, fulfill the expectations of all who visit the show.

A program of water sports is now being arranged, and will embrace canoe tilting, canoe racing and several novelties never before seen at a sportsmen's exhibition. One of these will be the game of push ball which has aroused so much enthusiasm at the prominent New York riding academies during the past two or three years; the only difference between the game as played at the academies and that being arranged for the Sportsmen's show is that the former is played with horses, and the latter will be contested in canoes. An immense leather ball, some seven feet in height is set upon the water and the efforts of the canoeists to drive it to opposing goals has many of the features which have made football so popular. The upsets and collisions in this game are inevitable and the side that strongest opposes all these mishaps, with skill and cleverness in maneuvering being equal, generally wins the game.

The doors of the Garden will be opened each day of the show at ten o'clock in the morning, and remain open for admission until eleven o'clock at night. For the first time, the Sportsmen's Exhibition company will this year inaugurate the opening of the show with a banquet, much on the lines of that exceedingly popular function that heralds the annual equine exhibit at the Garden, the Horse Show dinner. Invitations will be limited to one representative from each daily newspaper, and each sportsmen's magazine and weekly journal, and to one representative from each exhibitor at the show. In addition, there will be some twenty-five guests of the management and officers of the company. These will include men of national and international reputation as sportsmen, and after-dinner speakers. As it would be inadvisable to hold this dinner on the opening night, owing to the fatigue attendant upon preparing for the show, the date therefore has been fixed for Sunday afternoon Feb. 21, at one o'clock. It will be permissible for additional seats to be secured by each invited guest desiring to bring one or more friends to the dinner, provided the application is made within reasonable time, prior to the date of the dinner and that such application is accompanied by a remittance of five dollars, (\$5.00), for each plate desired. Aside from such additional guests to be thus provided for, it is anticipated that 150 sportsmen, exhibitors, and newspaper men will be at the table. The banquet will take place in the restaurant which will be properly decorated for the occasion and as it will be an informal affair, a pleasant afternoon is anticipated for all who will participate.

Other gatherings of exhibitors and guides of a similar character have been arranged to take place during the progress of the show, so that the exhibit this year promises to be somewhat in the nature of a social as well as an educational feature.

Two Papers, \$1.50.

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.

Annual Meeting of Debsconeag Fish and Game Club.

(Bangor Commercial.)

C. C. Garland, managing director of the Debsconeag Fish and Game club, was in Boston, Wednesday night, to attend the annual meeting and dinner of the organization which was held at Young's hotel and at which officers were elected and other business transacted.

In talking to a Boston Herald reporter on the game situation in Maine, Mr. Garland said:

"The state of Maine, with its extensive forest areas and its broad coast line, is by right the playground of the whole country. We should not build a Chinese wall of restrictions about it, but open it wide to the free entrance and passage of all. The new game law restrictions of the state have practically cut in two the profits to the Maine people from one branch of the outing business, namely, the hunting season, just closed.

"The outing business holds, with the lumber business, the most important place in the industries of Maine, both of which profit the state annually \$13,000,000. It is, therefore, of importance to the Maine people also that its industries, as well as its game should be protected. About the usual number of moose were killed last autumn, but by Maine people, and not by men from outside the state.

"The decrease in the shipment of game, as estimated by the railroads, amounted to 718. In 1902 the number was 1,802 and in 1903, 1,084. This is conclusive proof that the nonresident hunters stayed away. Advocates of the new license law say that only those people were disaffected who had no money, but the camps can show that the wealthy men as well have kept outside the state from principle.

"Last autumn was the first opportunity to test the results of the Maine legislature's action, and the next session does not convene until after another hunting season. Meanwhile, the hunter from out of the state must pay for his moose and deer, or for the privilege of hunting them, \$15. On payment of this fee he is entitled to take from the state two deer and one bull moose 2 years old, the limit which has heretofore held free."

Mr. Garland claims that the state derives so much benefit from people who come here that the residents can well afford to protect the game themselves.

"The license brings into the treasury of the state about \$30,000, but by driving people away it makes a loss of several millions to the Maine citizens at large. The commission should have ample means to protect the game, but the funds should be appropriated from the state treasury."

NEEDS MORE MONEY.

Mr. Garland is in full sympathy with the work of the commission and thinks that it should have more money at its disposal, but as the state at large is the beneficiary, the legislature seems to have concluded that the funds should be obtained from the license or fee system.

"But in the meantime," he says, "it is the duty of the sportsmen to give the law and the commissioners their hearty support, in order that the strong and weak points may be brought out, and the weaker eliminated at the next session of the legislature. If the agitation concerning the present law is continued, it will tend to overthrow the best work of the fish and game commission, and finally result in abolishing the commission and all fish and game laws. To prevent this the sportsmen must stand together and work with the commission."

"The agricultural interests of the state receive the greatest benefits from this outing industry, and should be the strongest supporters of the fish and game protection and propagation."

Why Not?

If I really do believe that I thoroughly understand my business, and that the only way it can grow is by having a lot of people know about it, then it's "up to me" to see that what I "am at" is widely known.

With an up to date outfit and machinery, types, etc., long experience, some little taste, perhaps, and at least a few shreds of honesty—I undertake to print anything demanded of me, to do it extra well and to make a fair charge for it.

"And further this deponent saith not."

J. W. BRACKETT Phillips, Maine.

Road Assessments.

STATE OF MAINE.

FRANKLIN, ss. Court of County Commissioners—December Term, A. D. 1903.

On the first day of the present term, being the 29th day of December, A. D. 1903, we, the subscribers, County Commissioners for said County of Franklin, having by one or more of our Board, in the month of September, A. D. 1903, made an annual inspection of all the County roads in the unincorporated townships and tracts of land in said County of Franklin, and having thereupon made an estimate of the amount needed to put them in repair so as to be safe and convenient for public travel, have assessed upon the following unincorporated townships and tracts of land in said County of Franklin, exclusive of water, and land reserved for public use, for the repair of the County roads therein during the year A. D. 1904, the following sums, to wit:

On that part of No. 2, R. 1, W. B. K. P., formerly known as Greenville Plantation, the sum of three hundred nine dollars and eighteen cents, as follows, to wit:

Owners	Des.	Lot	No. of Acres	Val.	Tax.
John Clark		35	2	\$10	\$0.21
J. L. Collins		19	81	125	2.62
Lyman Dunham		34	128	100	2.10
Geo. Oakes E. Part		28	105	138	2.89
C. M. Smith		27	31	143	3.00
" S. E. Part		28	26	104	2.18
" N. E. Part		24	7	30	.63
" N. Part		25	50	200	4.20
J. Lowell Cen.		24	68	110	2.31
" " " "		25	22	40	.84
" " " "		26	73	110	2.31
" S. E. " "		30	13	20	.42
" " " "		27	1	5	.10
D. Haley Part Lot		22	120		
" " " "		21	11		
" " " "		24	3 1/2		
" S. " " "		25	13		
" S. W. " "		26	23	390	6.30
F. A. Hight		20	114		
" E. " "		21	125	350	7.35
H. Bemis		23	66	100	2.10
D. E. & H. E. Hinkley		31	160		
" " " "		33	100	260	5.46
J. Oakes N. Part		13	70	150	3.15
C. Soule N. E. " "		28	38	125	2.62
Gilbert Oakes E. " "		28	2	25	.52
Sam'l Hoar W. " "		27	9	50	1.05
Nathan Ellis Soule and Hinds		137 1/2	150	3.15	
" " " "		30	175	500	10.50
Oakes " "		28	58 1/2	200	4.20
Eliza A. L. Lowell Cottage Lot		"	50	1.05	
David Pingree and Anna Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody	undivided of the following lots and sections:				
Section No. 1			575 28 acres		
" " 2			2045 75		
" " 3			639 68		
" " 4			640 88		
" " 5			642 94		
" " 6			742 52		
" " 7			320 00		
" " 8			320 00		
" " 9			320 00		
" " 10			367 00		
Lot 5, R. 1			242 00		
" " 3			214 55		
" " 4			126 60		
" " 5			14 98		
" " 6			124 97		
" " 7			152 92		
" " 8			159 56		
" " 9			160 20		
" " 10			160 20		
of 7953 53 is 5302 35			\$7550		
T. U. Coe undivided of the following lots and sections:			575 28 acres		
Section No. 1			2045 75		
" " 2			639 68		
" " 3			640 88		
" " 4			642 94		
" " 5			742 52		
" " 6			320 00		
" " 7			320 00		
" " 8			320 00		
" " 9			320 00		
" " 10			367 00		
of 7953 53 is 2651 18			\$3775		

To be expended as follows, viz: \$50.00 on road leading from main road to A. M. Dunham's house, \$25.19 on the main road to line of the town of Rangeley, and on the road leading to Rangeley, P. E. to the westerly side of the bridge; and Jerry Lowell of Greenville Plantation is appointed agent to superintend the expenditure thereof.

On that part of No. 2, R. 1, W. B. K. P., formerly known as Sandy River Plantation, the sum of Three hundred fifty-four dollars and seventy-three cents as follows, to wit:

Owners	No. Acres	Val.	Tax.
Jesse Ross, Heirs	350	350	\$ 7.00
J. W. Ellis	200	200	4.00
J. C. Holman	100	100	2.00
W. Stearns	200	200	4.00
A. W. True	100	100	2.00
Charles Hinkley	200	400	8.00
Isaac Smith	100	100	2.00
Jerry Lowe	100	125	2.50
Furbish, Butler & Oakes	122	600	12.00
William Haley, David Durrell, land and Cottage	113	300	6.00
Alonzo Huntington	50	100	2.00
Orrin Hinkley	100	100	2.00
Day L. L. Perry	25	25	.50
Orrin Hinkley	100	100	2.00
Seymour Berry	100	100	2.00
Mial Lamb	100	100	2.00
Fred J. Lufkin	65	65	1.30
O. H. Moore	100	200	4.00
Toothaker heirs	100	125	2.50
Seymour Berry	100	100	2.00
John Oakes	70	75	1.50
James Morrison	23	23	.46
Geo. Winslow, cottage and lot	100	200	4.00
E. M. Bonney	100	125	2.50
E. H. Sheppard	100	125	2.50
Leonard Pratt	100	200	4.00
C. E. Parker	100	175	3.50
H. A. Haskell	100	175	3.50
Joshua Wells	100	150	3.00
O. W. Russell	100	150	3.00
Unknown	100	150	3.00
Burnside	100	150	3.00
H. E. Parker	100	125	2.50
Sidney Haley	100	150	3.00

T. U. Coe, undivided of the following lots and sections:

S. 1, Sect. 7	No. of Acres	Val.	Tax.
" " 8	321 12	321 12	6.42
" " 9	328 92	328 92	6.58
" " 10	373 00	373 00	7.46
" " 11	276 40	276 40	5.53
" " 12	452 56	452 56	9.05
" " 13	690 38	690 38	13.81
" " 14	201 04	201 04	4.02
" " 15	308 00	308 00	6.16
" " 16	315 43	315 43	6.31
" " 17	440 40	440 40	8.81
" " 18	561 51	561 51	11.23
" " 19	612 38	612 38	12.25
" " 20	625 30	625 30	12.51
" " 21	495 46	495 46	9.91
" " 22	495 46	495 46	9.91
" " 23	494 00	494 00	9.88
" " 24	384 78	384 78	7.69
Lot 2, S. of road	90 00	90 00	1.80
" " 3	110 00	110 00	2.20
" " 4	117 00	117 00	2.34
" " 5	105 00	105 00	2.10
" " 6, R. 1	96 76	96 76	1.94

" 7, R. 1	No. of Acres	Val.	Tax.
" " 8, R. 1	56 00	56 00	1.12
" " 9, R. 1	68 00	68 00	1.36
" " 10, R. 1	200 00	200 00	4.00
" " 11, R. 1	260 44	260 44	5.21
" " 12, R. 1	160 96	160 96	3.22
" " 13, R. 1	98 76	98 76	1.97
" " 14, R. 1	101 00	101 00	2.02
" " 15, R. 1	78 00	78 00	1.56
" " 16, R. 1	238 50	238 50	4.77
" " 17, R. 1	76 35	76 35	1.53
" " 18, R. 1	63 00	63 00	1.26

of 9428 91 is 3142 97. \$4,000. \$80.00

David Pingree, Anna Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody, undivided of the following lots and sections:

S. 1, Sect. 7	No. of Acres	Val.	Tax.
" " 8	312 12	312 12	6.24
" " 9	321 64	321 64	6.43
" " 10	328 92	328 92	6.58
" " 11	373 00	373 00	7.46
" " 12	276 40	276 40	5.53
" " 13	452 56	452 56	9.05
" " 14	690 38	690 38	13.81
" " 15	201 04	201 04	4.02
" " 16	308 00	308 00	6.16
" " 17	315 43	315 43	6.31
" " 18	440 40	440 40	8.81
" " 19	561 51	561 51	11.23
" " 20	612 38	612 38	12.25
" " 21	495 46	495 46	9.91
" " 22	495 46	495 46	9.91
" " 23	494 00	494 00	9.88
" " 24	384 78	384 78	7.69

of 9428 91 is 6235 94. \$8,000. \$160.00

To be expended on the roads therein and Charles D. Hinkley of said plantation is appointed agent to superintend the expenditure thereof.

On No. 3, R. 1, W. B. K. P., Rangeley Plantation, the sum of three hundred sixty-eight dollars and thirty cents, as follows, to wit:

Owners	Description	Lot	No. of Acres	Val.	Tax.
Chas. Reord, home place		22 1/2	600	4.20	
Jas. W. Haines, home place and lot		113	800	5.60	
Lyman E. Moore, home place and lot		295	800	5.60	
Wm. Moore, home place and lot		99	400	2.80	
Wm. Moore, Toothaker place		30	50	.85	
Wm. Moore, A. K. Wyman place		100	150	1.05	
Wm. Moore, J. J. Niles lot		40	75	.62	
Fred Soule, Abram Ross lot		100	150	1.05	
Harry Bemis, S. E. part, J. N. E. " K		100	250	1.75	
E. M. Gile, home place		63	125	.87	
Helen Dickson, D. E. part, C. part, 14, " F		45	275	1.92	
Geo. B. Dennison, part J. H. M. Davenport, " J. H. P. Dill, " J. John Everett, " H. Fred Reynolds, parts 12 and 13		194	300	2.10	
Henry Robash, home place		1	100	.70	
Ethel G. Harrison, Jessie Ridenour, cottage and lot		123	1500	10.50	
Nate Ellis, part H. Joel Wilbur, part H. D. E. Lamb, home place		65	500	3.50	
Maule & Bangs, T. M. Coe, Francis Shaw, Rangeley Cottage Co., the Chas. Reord land		224	800	5.60	
David Pingree, Anna Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody		14239	26,670	186.69	

To be expended as follows, to wit: \$10.00 on the road leading from main road to Henry Robash's former residence, in said plantation, and \$358.30 on the road commencing at west side of bridge at head of the lake in Greenville Plantation and leading through said plantation and Rangeley Plantation to the residence of E. J. McLaughlin, and Geo. W. Haines of said Rangeley Plantation, appointed agent to superintend the expenditure thereof.

On the west half of Dallas Plantation, being No. 2, R. 2, W. B. K. P., the sum of Two hundred and eighty-five dollars and thirty-five cents as follows, to wit:

Elias Brackett,	5	4	100	250	4.10
"	3	4	100	160	1.60
E. R. Bachler,	4	3	55	175	2.80
Rodrick Brackett,	3	5-6	97	425	6.80
J. J. & J. N.	"	2 2-3-5-6	117 1/2	500	8.00
"	3	2-3	100	150	2.40
"	5	5	100	100	1.00
"	1	5	43 1/2	750	12.00
Alfred Brackett,	2	4	43	300	4.80
G. W. Bachelder,	6	9	100	125	2.00
Mrs. A. E. Blodgett,	"	8	"	"	"
O. R. Haley,	4	5	50	75	1.20
Frank Haley,	2	1-2	115	325	5.20
A. E. Blodgett,	4	5-6	30	75	1.20
David Hoar,	5	9-10	55	90	1.44
Eve Hinkley,	4	7	100	200	3.20
"	4	5	55	75	1.20
"	6	1	60	60	.96
Alonzo	1	4	63	75	1.20
"	2	7	11	85	1.36
Lyman Kempton,	2	6	6 1/2	50	1.00
J. H. Lowell,	1	4	76	500	8.00
"	2	2-3	105 1/2	125	2.00
"	3	1	75	75	1.20
Nelson Hinds,	4	6	73	100	1.60
"	6	6	100	150	2.40
C. F. Lamb,	4	6-7	5	275	4.40
"	5	7	100	50	.80
Dexter	3	1	25	35	.56
H. W. Loomis,	1	4	100	100	1.60
C. E. Niles,	5	8-9	156	400	6.40
Cedric Niles,	4	7-8	65 1/2	175	2.80
Leland F. Niles,	5	8	50	50	.80
L. D. Niles,	6	5	44	150	2.40
"	3	5	16	175	2.80
Nile and Collins,	4	3	50	150	2.40
W. H. Oakes,	2	4	6	30	.48
"	3	4	6	30	.48
"	4	4	80	75	1.20
W. F. " "	4	6	75	75	1.20
"	5	6	100	175	2.80
Eliza	1	7	15	60	.80
"	3	2	50	150	2.40
Oakes & Quimby,	1	5	3 1/2	75	1.20
"	2	7	17 1/2	25	.40
K. W. Oakes,	2	7	5	15	.24
Bert Philbrick,	4	1	40	165	2.64
"	5	1	40	75	1.20
Samuel Raymond,	4	4	50	200	3.20
Ernest Ross,	3	5-6	50	325	5.20
Fred	3	5	16	175	2.80
Abram	4	10-11	100	150	2.40

"I GO A-FISHING."

Reflections Upon Art Described In "The Compleat Angler."

Fishing, like the inevitable, may be said to have all seasons for its own. He who is profoundly devoted to the sport and has the means and leisure to follow his hobby can always find the place where he may ride it. It may be on terra firma or on the unsteady bottom of a boat, it may be far north in midsummer or in the remote south in winter, by purling stream or out on the deep sea—somewhere, somehow he can find the spot to beguile members of the finny tribe with bare or baited hook to their fate.

For that fish were made for fishing is the cardinal principle of your true fisherman. No matter how many pounds of fish food are annually consumed by the swarming millions of all lands, no matter how many books, essays, articles and poems the sport has led to the production of, the end and aim of all fishing to the man devoted to the "gentle art" is to secure sport.

And this is set forth by the writers on the subject from Izaak Walton to Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, who initiated Milady Graygown into the mysteries of the art on many a stream and pool.

"I go a-fishing" has served as the text of many a minister since Peter uttered the words, and it has been chosen as the title of a volume of discursive essays on fishing and kindred topics by William Cowper Prime, who still enjoys reminiscences of the art, and is not debarred by his nearly fourscore years of newspaper and book writing activity from participation in the sport by trout stream or lake side.

It was Izaak Walton who said in "The Compleat Angler": "You will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it. . . . Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself. . . . Sir Henry Wotton was a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say: 'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; a rest for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passion, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those who professed and practised it.' . . . Angling may be said to be so much like mathematics that it can never be fully learnt. . . . As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler. . . . We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'

Of modern fishermen none has a wider reputation than Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States, who finds his greatest recreation in the "divine sport of angling." Recently he has begun to set forth to the world his ideas on the subject. In a recent article in "The Independent" he wrote, under the title of "A Word to Fishermen," a protest against the classification of those who fish for pleasure with those who catch fish as a matter of business.

"Occasionally," he said, "weak attempts have been made to classify the rest of the fraternity under the name of anglers, or some title of that kind, but such efforts have always failed. Even Izaak Walton could not change the current of human thought by calling his immortal book, 'The Compleat Angler.' So it seems, however much those who fish may differ in social standing, in disposition and character, in motive and ambition, and even in mode of operation, all must abide, to the end of the chapter, in the contemplation of the outside world, within the brotherhood called 'Fishermen.' Happily, however, this grouping of incongruous elements under a common name does not prevent those of us who properly appreciate the importance of upholding the respectability of decent fishing from coming to an agreement concerning certain causes of congratulation and certain rules of conduct.

We who claim to represent the highest fishing aspirations are sometimes inclined to complain on days when the fish refuse to bite. There can be no worse exhibition than this of an entire misconception of a wise arrangement for our benefit. We should always remember that we have about us on every side thousands of those who claim membership in the fishing fraternity because, in a way, they love to fish, when the fish bite—and only then. These are contented only when capture is constant, and their only conception of the pleasures of fishing rests upon uninterrupted slaughter.

ter. If we reflect for a moment upon the consequences of turning an army of fishermen like these loose upon fish that would bite every day and every hour, we shall see how nicely the vicissitudes of fishing have been adjusted, and how precisely and usefully the fatal attack of discouraging bad luck selects its victims.

"If on days when we catch few or no fish we feel symptoms of disappointment, these should immediately give way to satisfaction when we remember how many spurious and discouraged fishermen are spending their time in hammocks or under trees, or on golf fields instead of with fishing outfits, solely on account of just such unfavorable days. We have no assurance that if fish could be easily taken at all times the fishing waters within our reach would not be depopulated, a horrible thing to contemplate. Let it not be said that such considerations as these savor of uncharitableness and selfishness on our part. We are only recognizing the doctrine of the survival of the fittest as applied to fishermen, and claiming that these "fittest" should have the best chance.

"What has been said naturally leads to the suggestion that consistency requires those of us who are right minded fishermen reasonably to limit ourselves as to the number of fish we should take on favorable days. On no account should edible fish be caught in such quantities as to be wasted. By restraining ourselves in this matter we discourage in our own natures the growth of greed, we prevent wicked waste, we make it easier for us to bear the fall between what we may determine upon as decent good luck and bad luck, or no luck, and we make ourselves at all points better men and better fishermen.

"But in any event let us take with us when we go out good tackle, good bait and plenty of patience. If the wind is in the south or west so much the better, but let's go, wherever the wind may be. If we catch fish we shall add zest to our recreation. If we catch none, we shall still have the outing and the recreation—more healthful and more enjoyable than can be gained in any other way."

To Mr. Cleveland's words may be added those of the "father of fishing lore" in the introduction to "The Compleat Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation": "I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read the following discourse; and that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing."

Trap Raising.

Speaking of trap raising, I never raised but three traps in my whole forty-four years' trapping. It was like this: My "pard," George Sprague, and I at that time were trapping on the Great Sheepscot lake down in Palermo, Me., for mink and otter. We were camped on a point running out into the lake. I had one line of traps set on a small stream that ran to the head of the lake, up which I could go in a small boat I had brought, some four miles.

I had been up and down this line three or four times, when one day I noticed three old-fashioned handmade fox traps set down about six inches under water, and baited with a piece of hog's lights, I should say. I looked them over with interest without going ashore, and noticed some tracks on shore, made by a young man wearing a No. 7 shoe or boot I should judge.

I kept a good distance from the three traps, above and below, with my sets, knowing what boys were likely to do when they saw strange traps set. The second time round I found one of my new Blake & Lamb No. 2 traps gone with a mink or rat in it, by the signs around. There was the same track that was around the three old traps, a short distance below.

"Now then, boy," I says meself, "you have done it sure, this time." I went up stream to my traps as usual, and when I came back I hunted up my stolen trap, finding it in back of the main stream, set in a small pool of shallow water, baited with the same bait as that over the three old traps, and the same tracks were around it. I paddled round to the old traps, picked them up and went to camp. I found Sprague there. Said he: "Where did you get those old traps?" I told him the story and he thought there would be one heart-broken boy, wearing a No. 7 boot in Palermo that night.

That trap was not the only one I have had stolen, but I have always had good luck in ferreting out my stolen traps, with the game in them sometimes. I left those three traps with parties there to hand to any one who had lost three old traps mentioned, also to tell them that I got my No. 2 all right. It is like this, boys: It is no mark of a trapper of any calibre to touch, trouble or disturb another's traps. I have trapped years where you were safe to put your traps anywhere you pleased. That is the way to live. WM. P. TOWNSEND.

The License and Other Laws.

[Shooting and Fishing.]

As one who looks to Maine's fish and game as a source of future business and prosperity, the present conditions should not be lightly considered. The non-resident license law, in its relation to the actual condition of game, is at present the question of the greatest importance.

There has never been a radical change in game laws that has not met with violent opposition from the very people whose interests were most directly involved. About thirty years ago there were people living about the Rangeley lakes who carried on a lucrative business in winter by catching trout through the ice by means of set hooks. It was done in a wholesale manner, and tons of great trout were sent to market outside of the state. Yet when the law prohibiting this sort of thing was enforced, it was generally regarded as a rank tyranny, and it has been often said, and I think truthfully, that the pickerel that appeared in Umbagog lake twenty-five years ago were put in by some party for revenge for having been prosecuted for illegitimate fishing.

The animosity toward the guides' license law is lost sight of in the sentiment toward the non-resident license. There is a large element of people who seem to think that hunting is a sort of condition of war—and guerilla warfare at that—and that they should be entirely without restrictions of any kind in carrying it on. On the other hand there is a host of fair-minded men, and many of them sportsmen, who can see that there is need of restraint, and are willing to comply with all the requirements necessary to keep Maine the greatest fish and game state in the Union.

We have recently had an opportunity of learning much about a man who has probably been the greatest poacher that ever lived in Maine—Peter Fontaine. During the fall our informer occupied a camp very near Fontaine's, and had a good chance to learn his history. Fontaine is not an old man, but he has kept a written account of 471 moose that he has killed, most of them in Maine. Three years ago he shot four big bulls in one day.

It is evident from the above that more funds are needed for warden service, and the non-resident license is furnishing this money. It may be at the sacrifice of some business of the state, and perhaps many who have hitherto been good customers will find other hunting grounds and return no more. But there is another point that is worth considering. It is evident that there are not very many big old bull moose left in the favorite places. The result of the law two falls has proved this to be a cold fact. The guides have found cows and small bulls in abundance, but few big ones. Away in the sections where only the hide hunter and lumbermen kill, the bulls are as plenty as the cows, since one is worth as much to them as the other.

It seems that it would do no particular harm in the long run to prohibit the killing of moose at all times for a term of years; but it is desirable that these changes shall take place with as little jar as possible.

Maine's sporting business has ever been rapidly growing. It would be strange if there was not a limit to the amount that it can carry. The supply of fish and game would regulate it, but there would necessarily be a period of reaction when camp owners would suffer severely. The Legislature will probably anticipate this, and take measures to forestall any such calamity as would result from the destruction of fish and game until sportsmen voluntarily refused to patronize the state.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME - TABLE.

SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

North.			
	Tr'n1	Tr'n3	Tr'n5
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Farmington,lv	11 00	12 10	4 40
So. Strong,			
Strong,lv	P. M.	P. M.	
	12 05	12 42	5 10
Phillips,ar	12 30	1 00	5 30

South.			
	Tr'n2	Tr'n4	Tr'n6
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Phillips,lv	7 30	8 30	1 30
Strong,lv			
So. Strong,	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,	11 20	2 25	
Kingfield, (ar)	11 45	3 00	
Kingfield, lv	A. M.	P. M.	
	7 00	7 05	12 50
*N. Freeman, lv	7 05	12 55	
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv			
Salem,	7 20	7 45	1 10
*Summit, lv	7 22	8 35	1 12
*W. Freeman, lv	7 35	1 25	
Strong, ar	7 45	9 05	1 35
NORTH.			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv	8 15	10 00	5 12
*W. Freeman, lv	8 25	5 17	
*Summit, lv	8 35	10 30	5 27
Salem,	8 40	10 35	5 35
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	8 45	10 40	
*No. Freeman, lv	8 50		
Kingfield, (ar)	9 00	11 30	5 55
Kingfield, lv	P. M.		
Carrabasset,	9 15	12 00	
Bigelow, ar	10 15	1 05	

*Flag stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor. Mixed trains.

Close connection is made at Strong with trains to and from Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston.

Stage connection at Bigelow for Stratton and Eustis, at Carrabasset for Flagstaff and Dead River.

GEO. M. VOSE, SUPERINTENDENT.

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.	A. M.	P. M.
Phillips, Lv	5 00		
*Madrid,	5 20		
*Madrid Junction,	5 42		
*Reed's Mill,	5 50		
*Sanders Mill,	6 00		
Redington Mills,	6 10		
Eustis Jct.,	6 20		
Dead River,	6 30		
Rangeley, ar	6 40		
WEST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Rangeley, Lv	9 00		
Dead River,	9 20		
Eustis Junction,	9 30		
Redington Mills,	9 40		
*Sanders Mill,	9 50		
*Reed's Mill,	10 05		
*Madrid Junction,	10 25		
*Madrid,	10 45		
Phillips, ar	11 30		

*Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

FLETCHER POPE, Gen. Man. J. C. WILLIAMS, Supt., 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	7 30		
Rumford Falls, lv	9 10	2 40	
Livermore Falls,	A. M.	9 00	
Mechanic Falls,	6 55	10 41	4 07
Lewiston, ar	7 40	11 25	4 50
Portland, Union Sta., ar	8 35	12 20	5 45
GOING NORTH.			
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Boston, (W. Div.) lv	12 45	4 10	
Boston, (E. Div.) lv	12 55	4 00	9 05
Portland, Union Sta., lv	8 30	12 55	5 15
Lewiston, lv	9 20	1 55	6 05
Mechanic Falls, ar	10 05	2 41	6 45
Livermore Falls, ar	11 40	4 15	
Rumford Falls,	11 55	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.

Rangeley Lakes Steamboat Co.

Connections in the season with trains on Phillips & Rangeley and Portland & Rumford Falls Railroads.

H. H. FIELD, Gen. Mg'r.,

Phillips, Maine.

First-Class Livery.

We have everything in the livery line that is needed. The stable has been enlarged and newly equipped throughout. Experienced drivers will take parties when desired.

P. Richardson & Co

Rangeley, Maine.

CAMP

PRINTING.

I print circulars, writing paper, envelopes, registers, tags, bill heads, laundry lists and all other things needed by hotels and camps.

I have several hundred half-tone cuts representing fish, game and outing scenes that can be used in circulars at a moments notice. I never turn away a job to want of a suitable cut. I furnish it if requested to do so and I write a great many circulars every year.

If you want prices and other detail write to me about it.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Maine Woods, - - Phillips, Me.

If you want to know

where to get good

HUNTING

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

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,

Phillips, - - Maine



HOOD RUBBERS

TRADE MARK HOOD RUBBER COMPANY BOSTON

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

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five cent pack ages enough for ordinary occasions. All drug stores sell them.

Farms and Game.

(Turf, Farm and Home.)

It is particularly unfortunate at this time when the cause of agriculture in our state is taking such an upward and progressive step and is being so well accepted by thousands who formerly were in no way interested in its success, that there should be any false issues raised concerning what true agriculture expects or requires from the state at large. This thought has been uppermost in our mind of late as we have seen efforts made in several quarters to raise the cry that agriculture was being dethroned by the sporting interests of our state. If this statement was true it would be the bounden duty of every lover of the cause to raise his voice and pen in its defence. When we hear good, sober-minded citizens who are not given to running after strange gods repeating the rot that has been uttered by those less responsible that this "state is going to be turned into a mere game preserve on the ruins of its agriculture for the enjoyment of a few sportsmen," we are amazed beyond expression for if those same sober-minded citizens would but stop and think for a moment they would see that the men who are foremost in defending the fish and game laws are the men who have the good will and the prosperity of Maine agriculture most at heart.

Just stop for a moment, gentlemen, and consider what a foolish proposition you are attempting to sustain. Do you suppose for a moment that the Hon. A. W. Gilman, your commissioner of agriculture, or Frank S. Adams, the tried and true president of the Maine Dairy association, would for a moment support any measure that would in any way degrade or retard the cause of agriculture? But these men are not alone. There are thousands of good, honest, square, hard working farmers all over the state, who with them believe that the present fish and game laws are highly salutary, and in every way for the best interests of the state at large. They should also remember that the men who oppose the present law are the ones who make the noise, while those who favor it are perfectly satisfied to remain quiet, feeling sure that when this matter is thoroughly ventilated all will see as they now do that the present law is for the best interests of the greatest number. Again, while the opposers of the law have great complaints to make, not one of them has had the good grace to come forward and suggest an improvement, or a modification that would make the law rest easier on a greater number of people than it does at the present time. The responsibility is not upon them, so it is perfectly easy to kick and holler, but supposing for a moment the entire responsibility for the protection of the vast game interests of our state were thrown upon the shoulders of the few malcontents, what would they do with it? We have asked this question many times and never yet have had a plausible solution given. Would they annul the law? If so they would then throw open the vast forests of our state to the plunder of the country at large, where as now they are protected and guarded for the free use of Maine citizens, and out of the state sportsmen pay the bills. Does any sane man pretend for a moment that the change would be an improvement?

Now, gentlemen, let us look at this matter with eyes wide open and without any bias or personal prejudice. Does the small amount of damage done by the protected game in a few localities, which the state is ever ready to pay for, begin for a moment to come within 10 per cent of the great markets furnished by the summer visitors who are brought here very largely by our rich and vast game preserves? Will anyone who has the manhood to sign his name to the statement assert for a moment that there is any comparison between these two items? If any such there be we certainly would much like their autograph over a statement of the fact, which will controvert this assertion.

It is a fact that too many of even the best farmers of our state pay too much attention to raising large crops and too little attention to finding the best market for them. Here is a case where the annual visitors to our state furnish the market right at our doors. Statistics prove this beyond a doubt, just as they prove beyond question that instead of our state and her industries, especially our agriculture, being dwarfed by the operations of the fish and game laws they are, on the other hand being expanded, and very rapidly too, as has already been shown in these columns. Furthermore the men who are foremost in all fish and game legislation are progressive, broad minded business men who are earnestly and heartily in favor of agricultural interests and can almost to a man be depended upon to assist us in getting agricultural appropriations.

They have in the past and there is no reason why they should not do it in the future, why drive them from our support by unwarranted and unjust assertions as to their loyalty to the best interests of our state?

The fact is we need each other, and neither one is complete alone. As has already been asserted, the fish and game interests are of vast importance to agriculture and agriculture should be of much interest to our fish and game preserves, the value of which the great mass of citizens have but a very imperfect knowledge. The two interests should go hand in hand, and both are needed for the most complete development of our state. Both are headed by high-minded, intelligent gentlemen, who should have and we believe do have, the respect of the great majority of our citizens. Do not take from them one iota of this support, for the more of it they have the better service they will perform for the great interests they have in charge for every citizen of the commonwealth.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Why the Tortoise Won

Did you ever hear the true story of the race between the hare and the tortoise? Old Brother Terrapin told it to me one day as I lay on my back in the grass by the pond.

"Never heard the real truth of that victory of mine, did you?" he squeaked as he crawled up to me.

"No, never," said I. "How was it?"

"Well, he laughed, 'you see, they always supposed that I won that race by keeping on plodding along at my usual gait while old man Rabbit frisked around and fooled and wasted his time 'showing off' before the spectators.

"But it was nothing of that sort. Let me tell you at the start that all the plodding in the world without a little thought and common sense will never win anything.

"You see, I had a little bone to pick with that 'yaller' dog of Bill Sikes' 'cause one day when I was asleep he turned me over on my back, and I didn't get my footing for two days and was nearly starved, to say nothing of the worry brought on the old lady and the children. So when Mr. Rabbit and



HE GAVE A YELL OF TERROR.

I started on that race that you've read of I knew at the start that I had no chance to win without some little game. Just then along comes Bill Sikes' 'yaller' dog.

"'Mornin'," says he. 'Nice day for the race.'

"'Yes,' says I, and if you want to see the start sit right down where you are, and you'll see a great show.'

"So down he sat on his yaller tail and opened his yaller jaws and let his red tongue hang out. 'One, two, three, go!' says the starter, and just then I saw my chance and grabbed Mr. Dog's tail between my jaws. He gave one yell of terror and surprise and set off through the woods toward the goal at lightning speed, pulling me through the air after him. My, but we did fly! And when we got near the goal I let go and walked the rest. Mr. Dog was so scared he ran on home. Served him right for turning me over. But I won the race. I tell you, brains count," saying which, he ambled off into the woods.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sportsman's

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The Hunt of the Seminoles.

[Written for MAINE WOODS.]

The scene of my story lies in the fair land of Florida in the days of Osceola, chief of the Seminole tribe.

There was to be a grand hunt, after which the feast of the great spirit was to be held. Everything around the Seminole camp was in a state of disorder and excitement due to the approach of the annual hunt. Osceola, the beloved chieftain, was to lead the hunt in person. Therefore bows were fitted with new deerhide strings, tomahawks were sharpened, new arrows made, to be in readiness for their grand event.

Apart from the rest of his tribe in his wigwam sat Osceola, the chief, surveying the preparations with evident pleasure, although his stern features betrayed no sign that such was the case. After surveying the scene for some time he slowly arose and came from his wigwam and with a dignified air motioned all his warriors to approach within hearing. Quickly dropping all work the braves crowded around to hear the message of Osceola.

"Many moons have passed since the last hunt of the great spirit," he began; "and the hearts of the young men leap with joy as the time approaches. Tomorrow we start for the hunting grounds of our forefathers. But beware! the fierce Mohawk lurks by the wayside. We go to hunt the buffalo and the deer but remember the Mohawk has not yet buried the tomahawk with the tribe of Osceola, nor has he smoked the pipe of peace, the calumet. Again I say beware!"

So saying he strode back to his wigwam and the preparations were resumed.

Early at break of day, accompanied by his braves, Osceola turned his horse's head towards the rising sun, the tribal hunting ground of the Seminoles. After riding in silence for a time, suddenly a rumbling sound reached their ears and in the distance could be seen a cloud of dust, the approach of a herd of buffalo.

At a given signal the Seminoles began to separate so as to surround them, Osceola and half his tribe going to the east while White Bear, a sub chief, with the others went westward. On came the herd at a frightful speed. Hark! what is that other sound that rends the air? It is the fierce war cry of the Mohawks who are pursuing the frightened herd.

The war whoop was at once recognized by the followers of Osceola, who at once turned to his braves and in a loud voice exclaimed:

"Is it the will of the great spirit that the fierce Mohawk shall hunt on the hunting grounds of our forefathers? No it shall not be. Osceola and his braves shall fight till they conquer. There shall be no such word as defeat. Onward and defend our hunting grounds."

The herd of buffaloes had turned toward the south, leaving the enemies face to face. Simultaneously from five hundred throats rang out the war cry of the Seminoles. The battle raged fiercer and fiercer till with one mighty charge the Mohawks were put to flight. Then the Seminole cry of triumph rang out upon the air. And as the enemy disappeared from sight over the distant hills, Osceola again called his men around him and thus spoke:

"It has pleased the great spirit to give the tribe of Osceola the victory over his deadly enemy, the fierce Mohawk. But the great spirit will be angry if we again hunt on ground polluted by our enemies. Let us turn our faces toward the setting sun and seek other hunting grounds where if the fierce Mohawk pursue we shall call a council of war and following the lead of the great spirit drive them from their lands or compel them to bury the tomahawk with the tribe of Osceola."

This story was told me long years ago by an aged Seminole Indian who has long since passed to the happy hunting grounds of the great spirit, where there are no war cries or mortal enemies and where the tomahawk is forever buried.

GEO. E. FROST.

Kingfield, Jan. 11, 1904.

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