

# MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 31.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1904.

PRICE 3 CTS

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

## U. M. C. METALLIC CARTRIDGES

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## Strange Monster a Fisherman Saw in Florida Waters.

A sight that is getting more and more rare now is that of a manatee, or sea cow—the wonderful mammal that lives exclusively in the water like a fish, and that has furnished the foundation of many a mermaid story by thrusting its head and shoulders out of the ocean near shore just in time to let a startled crew see it.

I shall never forget the scare I got at the first sight of a manatee," said John Mansfield, the angler. "It was last year, in the Indian river in Florida. My boat was anchored near a bank of grasses, and I was lolling in the stern, looking idly downward into the water and thinking of anything except a sea monster, when suddenly a vast form made me pull my head back instinctively.

"The thing was so dark that it looked almost black. It was shaped like a huge, thick carrot, only, instead of the thin tail of a carrot, it had a broad, flat tail exactly like that of a lobster.

"It came along smoothly and silently, gliding along the bottom, and at first I could not see any head at all. It looked weird, and I could not imagine what it was.

"Suddenly, it bent that big lobster tail backward, doubled it beneath itself, and instantly its progress stopped as if it had put on brakes.

"The next moment the thing was apparently standing straight up on end. Then I saw two bony things like arms shoot out from the upper part of its body, and the thing began to bob back and forth like a very clumsy person trying to make funny little bows.

"Then I realized that what I was looking at was a manatee, or sea cow, and that it was in the act of feeding.

"A big bunch of river grass grew just where it had stopped, and it was taking it down in great mouthfuls.

"I now saw that it had a head, sure enough, although it was a most absurdly small head, looking like a little cork in a big fat bottle. But the most remarkable thing about the head was the mouth.

"The lower jaw was all right. It was like that of a seal. But the upper jaw was split vertically, so that it opened like the upper lip of a rabbit. It was a true hare lip, only it was about forty times as big as the worst hare lip that ever was on dry land.

"With the queer upper lip the manatee seized the big wisps of river grass, and

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handled them as an elephant would handle hay with his trunk. Then the lower jaw would shoot out and yank it into the cavernous mouth. It was a great sight—the funny mouth, the tiny head, the huge body, twice as big around as that of a man and about as long; the rough hide, the tiny flippers, and the lobster tail—a veritable cross between a cow and a seal, and a fish and a waterbug"—Washington Post.

## Trade Notes.

The following interesting letter has been received by the E. I. DuPont company:

POTSDAM, N. Y., FEB. 24, 1904

DuPont Powder company.

Dear Sirs—I have in my possession some DuPont powder that was bought about fifty years ago by my uncle and grandfather; they owned two rifles and did lots of shooting, so they bought a considerable quantity of powder and stored it in a large stone heap on my father's farm at a safe distance from the buildings. Uncle took a fever and died; grandfather never shot much more and died not long after; my father was no gunner, so the powder or a portion of it was left until about 15 years ago. I went and dug it out. There was a large flat stone over the box and about two dozen pound cans, round cans I think with an Indian picture on each one. They were badly rusted; I picked the rusted cans from around the caked powder, broke it up and sifted out the dust, leaving the powder looking quite natural but for some red grains that showed the rust. I saved four pounds. I never tried it till last fall I loaded 38-73 shells with it and some with DuPont bought recently. The old powder shot fully as strong as the new.

Yours truly,  
W. A. CLARK.

## S'pose the Fish Don't Bite.

S'pose the fish don't bite at fast;  
What be you goin' to dew?  
Chuck down your pole, throw out your bait  
An' say your fishin's through?

Uv course you hain't; you're goin' to fish  
An' fish an' fish, an' wait  
Until you've ketcht your basket full  
An' used up all your bait.

S'pose success don't come at fast  
What be you goin' to dew?  
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself  
An' go to feeling blue?

Of course you hain't; you're goin' to fish  
An' bait an' bait again;  
Bimeby success will bite your hook  
An' you will pull him in. —Ex.

## SEND US HUNTING STORIES

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

## Fish and Game Oddities.

### Crow Saved His Cabbage.

A farmer of an acquaintance has a good word to say for the crow. He was unable to raise cabbage successfully on account of cabbage worms. One day he noticed a crow in his cabbage and he drove him away, but he came back. Finally he decided that the crow was eating the cabbage worms then he let him stay with the result that he stayed around the farm and protected the cabbage plant so that the crop was successful that year. The crow stayed around until he was tamed and he protected the cabbage plants as long as he lived.

This is the answer a Livermore crank made the minister, when he called and asked how he caught his cold:—

"Oh! I's fishin' in the brook that runs thro' my pasture just about sundown the other day. My wife, she came down to drive the cows home and left the bars down, so I just caught cold in the draft! Ca-chew-ew!",

### Fish Out of Water.

Many fish cut a much better figure out of water than we do in it, though we are accustomed to think of them as inhabitants of the water only. For instance, there is the "stare-about," a kind of goby that at ebb tide walks calmly up on the sand banks erect on two huge fore fins. With his gigantic goggle eyes he keeps a sharp lookout for crabs and such things as are left behind by the receding water. Then we all know that eels can wriggle, snake like, miles across the meadows to other ponds and rivers.

In Holland carp are kept all winter hung up in a net and sprinkled only occasionally with water. The Indian "shake-head" is quite happy even when his native pond dries up, and lies torpid till the next rainy season. The flying gunnard will keep ahead of any ocean liner going at full speed, and fly for many minutes in quick successive flights of 800 yards or so at a time.

### My First Fox Hunt.

As D. E. Heywood wants hunting stories I will send one. It was while going the rounds of my traps that I heard a dog running a fox and I thought I would try my luck at fox hunting. After finishing the rounds of my traps, I struck out and I walked and waited about an hour, but seeing no fox I started for home.

When nearly out of the woods I had to go along a wood road and out through a gate into the main road. When I came to the gate I was tired and thought I would sit down and leaned my gun against the fence. I had not sat there more than five minutes before I heard the dog driving the fox my way, but I did not pay any attention to it although afterwards I wished I had for the fox came out of the woods into the road right in front of me. I was so surprised that I made no effort to get my gun until he had gone out of sight. P. E. COLLINS.


### Should Love the Hedgehog.

Won't it jar the Maine lumbermen and farmers who have complained so eloquently of the depredations of the hedgehog that they have worked the state for a bounty on them, to read this paragraph from the New England Farmer?

"The wise and wideawake farmers in the vicinity of Geneva, N. Y., have organized the Farmers' Animal Protective association. Their purpose is to check the slaughter of toads, moles, birds and hedgehogs, all of which are good friends of the farmers, because they destroy the bugs and worms that prey upon farm crops. To carry out their work they will put up bulletins or signboards on fences and barns in their territory, asking children and adults not to kill moles, birds, toads and hedgehogs and giving the reasons for permitting these creatures to flourish. Every year sees the foes of the pests reduced in numbers, and the result is that every year sees the pests increasing at an alarming rate. The time has come to protect the foes of the pests.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES



## WINCHESTER

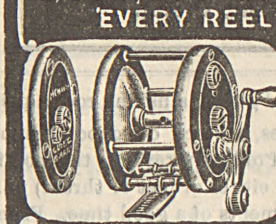
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Supt. S. R. R. R. Gen. M'gr P. & R. R. R.

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

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MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.



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are the original solid top and side ejectors. This feature forms a solid shield of metal between the shooter's head and the cartridge at all times, throws the empties away from him instead of into his face, prevents smoke and gases from entering his eyes and lungs, and keeps the line of sight unobstructed. The MARLIN action works easily and smoothly, making very little noise. Our new automatic recoil-operating locking device makes the Marlin the safest breech-loading gun ever built. 120-page catalogue, 300 illustrations, cover in nine colors, mailed for three stamps.

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Rangeley, - - Maine.

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early spring this place is the scene of great excitement as the log drivers guide the rushing logs, almost human in their perversity, through the great dam and over the falls. From here a tote road follows the course of Little Spencer stream for eight miles and comes out on Spencer lake. You must go afoot here but you will be surprised at the endurance of your own little shank's mare, for the journey is not tiring and so varied and beautiful is the scenery that you forget even the slight fatigue which may be yours.

Spencer lake, a sheet of water about eight miles long, makes you feel as if you were really at the head of navigation, so wild, so remote is it. Here you will find a remarkably neat camp, kept by an energetic little Frenchman, known all through the region as "Tommy Gero." Tommy smiles at you nervously and kindly and brings you luxuries in the shape of a pitcher of ice water and a wash basin apiece and follows these courtesies by a supper of fried trout and delectable griddle cakes, cooked by himself. It is said that you can spend three weeks at Tommy's, seeing some new lake or stream each day.

From Spencer lake you tramp over a ridge to King and Bartlett lake, where you find one of the most genial hosts in the region in Mr. Harry Pierce, and one of the best tables presided over by Mrs. Pierce.

This camp is quite the largest in the Dead River country and is near Big Spencer stream, one of the finest bits of scenery and the best fishing ground in the region. But of that, another time.

MARY W. NICHOLS.

## North Pond Camps.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

NORTH POND, March 9, 1904.

As the coldest winter on record is drawing to a close and the warm days of March are being substituted for our 20 to 30 degrees below, we each and all feel delighted and should gladly welcome spring with her beauty and loveliness.

The rain of last week settled the snow on North pond so at present we are having some fine sledding. The lumber for the new cabins has already been hauled from the mill to the building spots and as soon as the snow disappears so as to begin work a crew of men will begin constructions so as to have them up for the early fishing. North Pond Camps will then accommodate from 16 to 18 people, each camp or log cabin with a stone fireplace and three rooms, two bedrooms and a sitting room. The camps will be 20x32 feet and an 8-foot veranda facing the lake. The camps set back about three rods from water's edge and one of the handsomest beaches, 40 feet wide, lines the shore.

A log cabin already built will be used for the dining room and a large two-story cottage for office and smoking room. Each camp will be up to date in every way and new boats have already been purchased.

The location of North Pond Camps will be a great advantage to sportsmen desiring a change of scenery and fishing. In 20 minutes' start from camp you will find yourself on Great lake or the Belgrade lake where for early trout fishing you can surpass it nowhere. Forty minutes' row and paddle and you will come to East pond, where as yet not a hotel or camp can be found. The bass fishing here is excellent as the natives and a few local people are the only sportsmen on the lake.

East Pond lies east of North Pond Camps, while Great Pond or The Belgrade Lake lies south then with North Pond and Little Pond for home fishing one can always change the monotony and the fishing to please one's taste.

Each sleeping room contain a double white iron bed, springs and mattress, chairs, rocking chairs and bureau. While one will not wish to stay inside much, nothing is more comfortable after a hard days fishing than a good light airy room and an easy bed.

Geo. T. Dexter of New York with party have already stated their intentions of an early fishing trip to camps and anyone desiring information, write to North Pond Camps, So. Smithfield, Maine.

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1000 Targets shot at, 962 (96 2-10 per cent) broken.

The story. Mr. Fred Gilbert made these scores at

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Dallas, Tex., 1-27-04,	100	94
Texarkana, Tex., 1-29-04,	100	97
Shreveport, La., 2-1-04,	100	92
Shreveport, La., 2 2 04,	100	94
Camden, Ark., 2-3-04,	125	122
Pine Bluff, Ark., 2-4-04,	100	96
Pine Bluff, Ark., 2-6-04,	125	122

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CARLTON CANOE COMPANY, - Box 139, - Old Town, Maine.

## MAINE IN WINTER.

## The Onlooker Describes a Winter Scene In North Franklin.

PHILLIPS, Me., March 9, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods.

Do the busy men of the city ever find time to picture to themselves the changed conditions which winter makes in the regions where they have hunted and fished the preceding season? To think clearly and then lucidly tell one's thoughts may be, is a test of good writing; but who can thus clearly describe what at first seems simple on account of its being commonplace? Who can adequately describe a snow storm in our

of Sluice hill, are now sleeping peacefully beneath—"A silence pure and white."

The day had been clear and cold; the sun swung low in the southern sky across which, far down, was a gray bar—"the angel of the sea." The wind came down gently from Kennebago, passed over Redington and pushed on down the southeastern face of Saddleback, and that cloud-bar in the south upborne by it spread northward and filled the sky. The air grew darkened for the sun went out. With nightfall it began to snow, first tiny flakes but soon followed by larger ones. Everything was wrapped in absolute silence. Next morning what a change; the country cottages seen



SPRING LAKE CAMPS, FLAGSTAFF, MAINE.

far inland Maine woods? Surely, not the present paragrapher.

The past winter in the northern part of Franklin county has been one that will be long called to mind; not for the unusual amount of snow which has fallen as for the almost continuous cold weather. This Arctic weather started in early last December with the thermometer on the fifteenth at -24 in Phillips and -30 at Rangeley. While the snow storms as a rule have been light, they have been many, and followed by severe winds. Perhaps the largest amount of snow at any one time fell on the night of last December 9.

Long lines of patient oxen and strings of stalwart horses attached to sleds with triangles, scrapers, etc., have toiled day after day "keeping on top of the drifts." In places these trodden drifts have changed the incline on the hills, in some cases making them less steep by filling the hollows at the foot of the descent; in others—so to speak—pushing the hill forward in an easterly direction. A notable illustration of this is to be seen as one goes out of Phillips village on the Rangeley road at the top of the first hill where the giant rock maple on the left hand crowns the elevation. Here the sleighs and loaded teams pass ten feet above the summer roadbed, and the top of the four-foot high board fence on the road side is far below.

The two-foot gauge system of railroads have fought some battles with the Snow King the past winter; never dismayed, never beaten, always victorious. Naturally the brunt of the battle has fallen upon the Phillips & Rangeley system, for the reader will recall the fact that in addition to the six miles of road from "Madrid Station"—so called—to No. 6 which is in operation for the second season, another road some 18 miles in length has been built Eustis-ward into the vast lumber woods on the northerly side of Redington. The summer visitor can scarcely realize to what extent this Rangeley system is pumping the life blood of business into the veins of Phillips interests. Perhaps, were the summer visitors to ride over this road just now, he would realize vividly what snow battles had been fought and won across Totman's farm; and how the wild gorges with their huge boulders, seen as one rides up toward the summit

from the distance looked like huge piles of snow; the beaten track in the highway was obliterated.

The pine trees, which had more than their share of such a burden, looked tired and held out their arms as if wanting someone to relieve them of their load. This wish was soon granted.

The lingering sun came up in the southeastern sky and had barely time to look at the spruces on a high hillside, against which they leaned, when a wind came out of the west to meet the sun and then there arose an uproar. The wind roared through the trees, it took away the tired pine's load and sent it in miniature cyclones across the fields!

Where the hunter of last season ducked under a fallen spruce or went out of his course around a large blow down the conditions are much changed. Over the blow downs and completely hiding them from view, is drifted the winter snow, making these places dangerous pit falls for whoever attempts it. The deer keep snug in their yards and runways. Woe to the inexperienced deer which leaves these in such bitter cold weather as we have had the past winter; he would be found perhaps frozen stiff as one was not long since and not far from a yard thought to contain "thirty or forty deer."

In this region the festive woodchuck is not yet abroad; and the voice of the turtle is not yet "heard in our land."

It racked the scanty hemlocks and rubbed the arms of the beech across a sore spot on them long endured.

It twisted down the smoke pipe of the lumberman's camp, while he, on his way to work held his axe tightly under his left arm and pulled his knit cap over his ears. Thus driving and whirling in frantic flights it made a days work of legal measure. But at night when the sun went down the wind went off out to sea or elsewhere.

So there was a great calm which fell on the country like a mute benediction while the stars came out and looked down upon the scene. Next morning people said "the roads are drifted" and the breaking-out teams were abroad.

THE ONLOOKER.

## WHERE TO GO FISHING.

Ask Maine Woods Information Bureau for circulars and particulars, Phillips.

## The Glories of the Wilderness.

NEWARK, N. J., March 8, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

The little station of Carrabassett, Maine, on the Franklin & Megantic railway, is the portal of what is known as the Dead River region, a region capable of giving more enjoyment to the square mile than any similar section of country known to the writer. If you are the kind of woman who wants to display the modiste's creations on hotel piazzas; if you are the kind of man whose chief delight is found in the bathroom or billiard room, don't go to Dead River, but if you love the beautiful panorama of clear lakes, great mountains and soft flowing rivers; if you want your lungs filled with the spicy breath of pine and fir; if you want an appetite such as you had when you were 12 years old and a night's rest like a baby's, you will find all these here.

At Carrabassett you are met by a comfortable, covered carriage which takes you over twelve miles of good country road, bordered for the most part by walls of evergreen, slim, white-trunked birch trees and swamp maples now gorgeously scarlet from the autumn frost. Through openings in this leafy wall you catch glimpses of long stretches of mountains all about the horizon, with Mt. Bigelow, always majestic, towering over the rest. The end of this ride brings you to the little country village of Flagstaff, where you can get comfortable accommodations for the night at the hotel of Charles E. Savage.

Next morning you are off for the real

take a good guide, a fishing rod, a pair of stout shoes, a stock of good humor and a pint of old whiskey (for the possible wettings either of feet or throat) you have the elements of a good time. From Spring lake an easy trail of a mile, through the woods, brings you to Dead river. A short canoe ride up this river brings you to the Long falls, a mile of tumbling cascade and quick water or lands you at the trail to Black Brook Camps, a sporting ranch some two miles away from the river. Here you can have excellent hunting. One short canoe trip on Black Brook pond gave glimpses of six deer and a moose in the late morning. From Fish pond, a lonely, quiet spot four miles from Black Brook, a party of three anglers took 145 trout on an August day. Your guide will build you a crackling little fire and fry your fish a delicious brown which would tickle the daintiest palate. Compared with such a luncheon, the Waldorf-Astoria is not "in it" at all. From Black Brook Camps, a good three-mile tramp through the woods brings you to the East and West Carry ponds, excellent for hunting and fishing and of wonderful natural beauty. Now, you are ready to go back to Spring lake to rest a day or two and to join the jovial evening gatherings in the guides' camp around an open fire. The tinkle of the banjo, the rollicking, ragtime song of the college boys and the clog dance of the dignified doctor are a thousand times funnier and merrier than the greatest vaudeville show on earth.

To fill in the time while you are rest-



GLIMPSE OF SPRING LAKE, FLAGSTAFF, MAINE.

wilderness. You may go to Tim pond or Jim pond, Fish pond or Deer pond or you may strike out for Spring lake over a rough buckboard road of two and a half miles, or through an easy mountain trail which shortens the distance. The writer would recommend Spring lake for several reasons. First, because of its natural beauty and its abundance of salmon and trout which may be caught daily, even in July and August, the poorest months of the year; second, because of the cordiality of the proprietor and the excellence of the table and third, because it is a good center from which to take little side trips.

These little side trips are the cream of your summer outing. They may take one day or a week just as you choose and your pocketbook permits. If you

ing, you may hire a team for a day and at a comparatively small cost drive some 20 miles through Eustis and Stratton and intervening country, surrounded at every turn by undulating lines of mountains and the winding Dead river. You lunch in a grove of tall, straight trunked pines beside a rill of clear water and are off again to view the country from Eustis Ridge.

But the best trip of all is that which takes you to Big Spencer lake and to King and Bartlett lake. With a light canoe you slip down Dead river about six miles (probably coming near enough to game to take a snapshot) until you reach the Grand falls. This is a boiling foamy sheet of water 70 feet high, rushing through high, rocky gorge and falling into rainbow mist below. In the



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"INFALLIBLE."

The only dense powder made in America.

Mr. John Fanning scored 114 out of a possible 120 targets at Trenton, N. J., February 6th, winning high average for the day.

Of course, Mr. Fanning shot

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NEW MODEL, 9 MM. OR 35 I-2 CALIBER.

Can be readily loaded with or without magazine clip or as a single loader.

Extra finish, raised matted rib, half octagon barrel, length 26 and 28 inches, sling swivels, hair trigger, checked pistol grip, all bright parts matted, weight 7½ pounds, (extra charge for any but regular finish,) \$50.00. Cartridges per hundred, \$5.50. Point blank range, 300 yards, velocity 2,000 feet per second, 44 grains smokeless powder bullet weighing 280 grains.

**A. H. FUNKE, 325 Broadway, New York.**

Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., San Francisco, Cal., Pacific Coast Agents.

### Letters to Maine Woods.

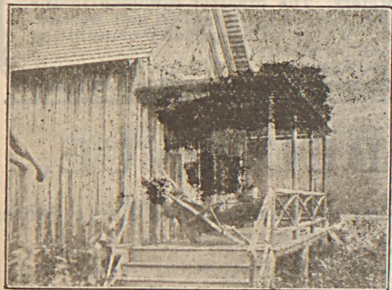
#### NOISE FREEZES UP.

#### Maine Weather No Comparison to Montana.

OVANDO, MONT., March 6, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I was pleased to see the account of 60 cold nights in Maine as it gives me courage to relate an experience I had in



At Spring Lake Camps, Flagstaff, Me.

the Northwest Territory in the winter of 1885 and spring of 1886.

The fall of '85 I went to the head of the Stekin river to trap marten and foxes. I made my winter quarters at the foot of a lake that was about ten miles long and I had a night camp at the head of the lake. I had my line of traps all the way around the lake. I was always two days in making the rounds of my line of traps. I had two fine dogs that always went everywhere with me.

Everything went lovely until about Christmas when on going out of doors one morning I found I was deaf. I could not hear anything. My two dogs were playing and I could see their mouths open and shut so I knew they were barking, but I could not hear a sound while I was out doors. Of course I was scared to think that I was deaf, but as soon as I went into the house and made a fire I could hear myself walk and hear the dishes rattle when I hit them together so I got all over my worry, but it did not last long for as soon as I went out after breakfast to start on my round to the traps I could not hear a sound. It was something awful to be out in the woods and not a sound to be heard and it was the same all day and that night. As soon as I got home and had a good fire going I could hear as well as ever and I could not account for the deafness as soon as I got out doors. After supper I went

out to cut wood for the night and the two dogs went with me. Everything was the same I could hear nothing, not even my ax or the tree fall. After the tree fell I happened to look at the dogs and they were fighting. I could see them snap at one another and knew they were barking and growling. As I did not allow them to fight if I could help it I yelled and swore at them or thought I did, but they paid no attention to me so I got after them with a whip and made them quit. This went on until some time in March.

About the first of February I got so cold one day I thought I would build a fire and get warm so I made a nice bunch of shavings and then struck a match to light them but I could not get them to burn. I held them in the blaze of the match but they would not light so I gave it up and threw the match on the snow where it still burned as I supposed, but I know now the blaze of the match was frozen or the shavings would have lighted as they were good and dry.

Some time in March the sun came out for the first time since I got deaf. It happened that that was one of the days that I stayed at the home camp. Now there was not a man 100 miles of me that I knew of so you can imagine my surprise when about noon I heard an awful racket outside—dogs fighting, trees falling, men swearing and axes going. Well I grabbed my gun and rushed out to see what was going on and what do you suppose had happened? Nothing only the sun had thawed out all the noise I had made since I went deaf and



At Spring Lake Camps, Flagstaff, Me.

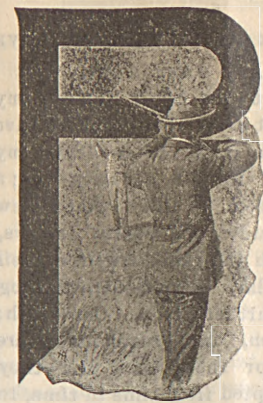
it was all going off at once. Now when the guides of Maine find weather that is so cold that all the noise they make freezes up before it makes a sound they can talk about the cold winter. Next.

M. P. DUNHAM.

#### FIRST TRIP DEER HUNTING. Can't Put License Up High Enough to Scare Him.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

SALMON FALLS, N. H. March 8, 1904. Dear Sir: after reading Mr. John P. Walla ce's of Revere, Mass. account of his



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The RECORDS at FLYING TARGETS made by Mr. LeRoy Leach with PETERS .22 Short Cartridges:

At Wood Lake, Neb., Aug. 2d, **990** 13-4 inch wooden blocks out of 1000 shot at, thrown at a distance of 20 feet.

At Wood Lake, Neb., Oct. 14th, **1000** Straight without a miss, same conditions.

At King's Mills, O., Nov. 19th, **1019** shotgun shell heads with-

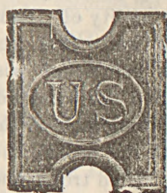
At Cincinnati, O., Cincinnati Gun Club, Nov. 20, **1601** blue rock targets with-

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party's trip which was very interesting to me and must be to all of your readers, so I thought I would write up my first trip with a party of two from Dover, N. H. which joins my town, Mr. Eugene Smart and Nat C. Wentworth, they are old timers at the business. In fact Mr. Smart was born in Penobscot County and has traveled in his younger days pretty much over the central part of the state and in Aroostook County.

We left our homes on the night of Nov. 22, made connections with the eastern division of the Boston and

the middle of November. We left there on Dec. 4, for home with three large bucks the other two with six points each weighing 173 and 163, one small buck 68, two does one 95 the other 105. The day before we left we were one short to make up our compliment. It commenced to snow and that made it nice for us; our guide posted us and he started in to stir up the game. In about an hour we heard him shoot I worked back toward him and there in the tote road not five minutes ahead of me was where five had just crossed. One buck must have been a big fellow by the size of his foot prints, two large does, another about a year old and a fawn. In a few minutes Mr. Smart came along and told me he had got one. So we had to quit.

Now across countries we are not very far from Mr. Wallace and party, so I guessed for a joke they made so much noise that they drove them, (all the big ones) over our way. Our guide and brother went northeast from our camp Thanksgiving day looking for moose. They saw lots of old tracks but the crust made it impossible to run across any way.

Now Mr. Editor I am 54 years of age and this is my first trip but I am going to have a mortgage put on my existence so I can go about 25 seasons more, and they can't put the license up high enough to scare me out. Now I think it is all foolish to make such a stir about it. Here is what I did, kept one for my own use, sent the largest buck to Boston and sold it. Got nearly enough to pay my expenses, in fact the whole thing did not cost us \$25 apiece, and we had all the good things in plenty that

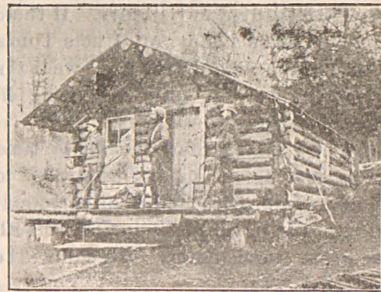


At Spring Lake Camps, Flagstaff, Me.

Maine at North Berwick, Maine, and continued on to Portland, waited until the St. Johns train arrived, boarded that and whirled along towards our destination.

On our way it commenced to snow and when we landed at Enfield 36 miles beyond Bangor about four inches had fallen. It had let up when we arrived at 5.30 a. m. one half hour late; then we were treated to our first sleigh ride, to Montague then across the Penobscot and the Piscataquis to Howland point both thriving little towns, pulp mills running day and night being the principal industries. Mr. Smart's youngest brother keeps a general store and runs the post office for Uncle Sam.

There we changed teams and started for Maxfield, our destination being the Hardy brook. When we arrived at our camp which was a small farm house we met Mr. Anson F. Smart, another brother who was our guide. While we were unpacking, Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Smart from Howland who had come over with us for the day, started out to get some partridges for dinner. They had been gone about fifteen minutes when I happened to look out of the window and there in the field 150 yards from the house stood the noblest looking buck that I ever saw. I have seen lots in my travels, wild and tame. Our guide and brother from Dover went out and in less than 20 minutes shot him and brought him into the camp. He had five points and after being kept for eleven days, entrails all out, he tipped the scales at 180 pounds, after that we struck good luck considering the very cold weather and the thick crust from the heavy snow storm that fell about



At Spring Lake Camps, Flagstaff, Me.

goes with a trip like that. You see we live in a license state and something has to be taken along for la grippe. Hoping that your fine paper will continue to thrive and prosper.

CHARLES E. LORD.

#### My One Day's Fishing In Twenty Years.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. March 8, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods: Just a little story, which I hope will prove of interest to your readers: Some ten years ago, while living in San Francisco, I was invited to spend my vaca-

tion in Mendocino. One of my outings was a trip up Big river to the boom, some fifteen miles from Mendocino.

We started out about 8 a. m., and on our way up the river my friend asked me if I ever did any fishing. I said, "Yes, when I was a boy in Scotland," "Well," he said, "I'll fix you up, and you can have some fishing right here." "I don't see how," I replied, "we have no pole, no line, no hooks, no bait, no nothing." "Oh, that's easy," he said, "just watch me."

Shortly after this conversation, we landed, and he disappeared in the woods, returning very shortly with a pole made to order on the spot. Then he tackled an old colored fellow who had just landed a salmon and asked him for some of the roe and some twine. With these and a couple of old rusty hooks which had been in my friend's bat for years, I had my outfit. Upon our arrival at the boom, I commenced to fish—but never a bite.

I was almost giving up in despair, when, "what was that," I said to myself. "I am sure it was a nibble." Yes, sure enough it was, and the nibble soon became a bite. A few moments later, I had landed a two pound trout. "Great joy." My drooping spirits were revived, partially by the catch of the two pounder.

From that time, I could not land them fast enough, and in a short while I had 98 beauties. It was almost dark by this time, and as we had a fifteen mile pull back to Mendocino, I was compelled to stop fishing; although I was anxious to get two more to make even hundred. Putting the trout into a sack, we started home, and upon our arrival at Mendocino, it seemed as if the whole village had turned out to meet us. Our relations had become alarmed and were on the point of starting up the river to look for us; the cause of this alarm being our promise to be home early in the afternoon. The natives had never seen such a mess of trout, and for some time it was a hard matter to convince them that I a "greenhorn" from San Francisco, had actually caught 98 trout in one afternoon; however, they were convinced, and I was hailed the champion fisherman of Mendocino. All friends had trout for breakfast in the morning. Such is the story of my one day's fishing in twenty years. JAS. HAIR.

#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For sale at cost, patent ax, etc., for sportsmen. Want department.

#### WANTS, FOR SALE, ETC.

FOR SALE. A few English setter brood bitches and pups. FRANK FORESTER KENNEL, Warwick, N. Y.

Norwegian bearhounds, Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. Stamp for illustrated catalogue. ROKWOOD KENNELS, Lexington, Ky.

#### Wanted.

Position as manager of sporting camp or summer hotel by experienced man and wife. Box 501, Hardwick, Vt.

#### For Sale at Cost.

A new patent axe, ice chisel, draw hammer, and hatchet all in one. Every hunter or fisherman wants one of them. Any length of handle can be used and changed in one minute. It is a Sportsman's favorite. Box 33, No. Prescott, Mass.

#### Wanted.

Position to take charge of a first-class hotel or charge of office. Have had experience and can give first-class references. Address MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Me.

#### Wanted.

To purchase two copies of Hubbard's Guide to Northern Maine. Anyone having copies to sell please write, stating price, to SUMNER R. HOOPER, Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

#### Wanted.

A full blood male Cocker Spaniel dog; must be well broken to hunt partridges and bring in dead birds. Must also be of clean habits around the house and not over 3 years old. Write, stating price, to GRANT FULLER, Stratton, Me.

#### Wanted.

To lease a furnished hotel in the sporting regions or position as manager of hotel or sporting camps. Would accept position as clerk or steward. Have had years of experience in all branches of hotel work and can give best of references. C. E. PENDLETON.

Box 25, Foxcroft, Me.

#### Wanted.

To purchase a small parcel of land in the deep woods, near lake shore, on which to put a shack for hunting and camping purposes. Price must be reasonable. Address MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.

#### Wanted.

A man and his wife to take charge of a sporting camp. Wife must be a good cook; husband capable of caring for clubhouse and management of help and will be required to hire all help necessary to run the same. Full particulars can be obtained by applying by letter, with references, to BOX 98, Medford, Mass.

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#### TAXIDERMISTS.

TAXIDERMIST. Send us your big game heads and we will guarantee our work to be satisfactory. Work of all kinds done true to nature. J. WALDO NASH, Norway, Maine.



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Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

MAINE WOODS solicits communications and fish and game photographs from its readers. When ordering the address of your paper changed, please give the old as well as new address.

If you want it stopped, pay to date and say so.

Maine Woods Information Bureau gives information on Summer Resorts and Fishing and Shooting. Boston Office, 147 Summer St., with Boston Home Journal.

J. W. BRACKETT.

This Edition of Maine Woods  
5,350.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1904.

HERE is a unique editorial kick. It comes from the pen of the editor of the Norway Advertiser: "We are to run short of angle worms—common earth worms, sometimes called mud worms. We stored a quart and a half in a box of dirt in the cellar at Round pond, but somehow they have escaped evaporated or have been used up and now we are trying to find some. Have any of our readers got any angle worms? If so we wish they would write us; we want a few, a gill or half pint will do. Who has them, where can they be got at this season of the year? Address, F. W. Sanborn, Norway, Me."

## Sportsmen's Show Notes.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,  
NEW YORK, March 4, 1904.

Mr. Joseph E. Cushman of Sherman, Me., who is visiting the show, took the place of one of the contestants in three of the contests one day last week, coming out winner in the Canoe Tilting and Gunneling contest. This was Mr. Cushman's first attempt at either of the feats and much credit is due him for the skillful manner in which he handled his canoe.

A sportsman walked up to the Maine exhibit one day during the show and said to one of the Maine guides: "I suppose you consider yourself a first-class guide." "Waal, yes sir, I do," replied the guide. "I suppose you know everything about the woods," said the sportsman. "I ought to," answered the guide, "I married a Savage" (savage.)

Two of Dr. Cecil French's quail got loose one morning and their absence was not discovered until several hunting dogs at the show began to point, causing all the guides to grab their guns. The quail were finally recaptured and put back into their cages.

The little cub bear in the Maine exhibit had an exciting sail on the lake one afternoon. They placed him on the stern of the Eagle launch and he immediately began to climb the flagstaff. After a quiet whirl around the lake, he jumped overboard and enjoyed a swim before the guides were able to pull him in.

Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston, the well-known sportsman, visited the show on his return home from Florida where he had been enjoying the fishing.

"Uncle Ned" Abercrombie, the well known veteran guide of the Rangeleys, was the companion of F. C. Barker, during the show. "Uncle Ned" was constantly being interviewed by a relay of newspaper reporters, who are ever anxious to hear him relate some of his interesting tales of life in the woods. "Uncle Ned" is ill and unhappy on this trip for he left his faithful dog, "Peck," in Rangeley.

A man of means, who did not care to have his name used, called at the exhibit of Dr. French one afternoon to see if he could purchase the Doctor's stock of prairie chickens, which he wishes to present to the city for Central park. He said:

"I believe that they would find Central park congenial and would breed and increase there. The fact that the park is surrounded with high buildings would keep them in and if the conditions were favorable they would form a very interesting addition to the park. My idea would be to turn them loose and see how they took to the place. If I can purchase a supply and make arrangements with the park authorities, I shall try the experiment."

Unfortunately all the chickens at the show have been sold to a French estate, where they will be used to stock a hunting preserve as game fowls. Dr. French, however, promised to make an effort to procure more.

Several quail and some other kinds of birds, which have been on exhibition, died of fright. Fir boughs were provided for their protection but the birds were unable to stand the constant glare of the lights and the crowds that continually gathered around to inspect them.

## MR. CARLETON AT TURNER.

### Makes Interesting Speech on Fish and Game Interests.

Hon. L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game commission, recently made the following speech before the Turner grange:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

First of all I wish to thank you for your kind invitation to address you on this occasion, and for the cordiality of your greeting.

I am not in the position of the gentleman from New York, who wrote a friend of mine, who is engaged in the manufacture of pulp and paper from spruce logs, asking for information upon all the various processes of manufacturing pulp and paper from wood, as he wanted to deliver a lecture upon it, but knew nothing about it, as he had never seen a pulp mill.

I am glad I do not have to take what ever knowledge I may have about farming especially, or the fish and game laws secondhand.

I had the great good fortune to be born and reared on a farm; lived and worked on a farm; "worked out" as a hired man for many years and have lived among farmers all my life, and I flatter myself that I know something—something about the agricultural interests of the state.

And I want to say right here once and for all that I have ever regarded these interests as all important, indeed fundamental, to our moral and material development and advancement.

I am and always have been, and I trust I always will be, in thorough accord with our agricultural interests.

A great advance has been made in my day in the methods of farming and the conditions surrounding farm life.

Years ago when I was a boy on the farm, I was expected as the "hired man" to get out of bed in the morning not later than 5 o'clock; we had no ten-hour day; if we got the "chores done up," the milking, etc., done by 9 o'clock in the evening we thought we were lucky; we did not leave off or begin work at the stroke of a bell or the tick of a clock.

The butter and the cheese were made on the farm; there were no creameries, butter or cheese factories; no mowing machines or horse pitchforks; the old hand rake was used to rake most of the hay and the old drag rake and the Delano horse rake was the nearest approach to a modern horse rake there was in the county; such an institution as the grange had not been heard of; the state of Maine was thought of principally as only a good place to be born in—to "hail from" and go from to build up other states, and Horace Greeley's famous saying, "Go West, young man," rang in the ears of every ambitious young man in the state of Maine.

Governor Chamberlain, in his inaugural address in 1867, said: "We have been too long content with the doubtful compliment that 'Maine is a good state to go from.'"

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE. In those days "the little red schoolhouse" was a mile or more away, to which we went on foot in summer and winter and thought nothing of it—most of us, however, could not go to school at all in the summer. We were glad to have an opportunity to go a few weeks in winter by walking a mile or more. Now I believe carriages call at the doors for the scholars. The post office was six miles away and our "rural free delivery" was the barefooted boy in summer and the "steer team" in winter, and it was but a delightful errand to go on foot on a Saturday night for the weekly paper—the New York Tribune, generally; this and the old Maine Farmers' almanac constituted our library. If there happened to be a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the neighborhood it went the rounds and was the only "traveling library" known to those days.

And so I might take the whole time of this lecture in calling attention to the many improved conditions surrounding farm life in Maine as compared with the years immediately preceding the great Civil war.

Now, no one rejoices more than I do that the conditions have changed and are constantly changing, in many respects for the better. We cannot, however, forget the old days and the old scenes: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood" is the constant refrain, especially to those whose youthful scenes are associated with farm life.

This, however, is not what you expect me to talk about. I trust you will pardon the digression.

FARMING AND THE FISH AND GAME LAWS.

Now law, and laws, are generally considered a dry subject and I fear you will find it so today. A friend of mine was asked "if his wife was entertaining this winter." He replied absent mindedly, "Not very," and I fear I may not be very interesting with so dry a subject—

and I bespeak your patience and forbearance.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT WE HAVE FISH AND GAME LAWS.

Now did it ever occur to you, my friends, how it came about that we have fish and game laws. It is within my memory when we did not have any; a good many seem to think that a few city sports, dudes and sporty fellows, got up our fish and game laws for their own particular enjoyment; nothing could be further from the truth; thoughtful men, our greatest men are responsible for these laws, and they have been adapted from time to time, to meet circumstances and conditions as they have arisen.

WHEN MOOSE, DEER AND BIRDS WERE CREATED.

"In the beginning" we are told that "God created the heavens and the earth, the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and pronounced them good and said, let them bring forth of their kind."

Now I am not going to find fault with any of the creations of the Almighty, or to question the wisdom of these creations, or to enter into any philosophical disquisition as to the utility of them. It is enough for me to know that the All-wise Creator in His beneficent wisdom marvelously supplied the waters of this state with a great abundance of the finest, gamiest fish in all the world, the sea salmon, the square tailed trout and the landlocked salmon, and placed in our forests large numbers of moose and deer and birds, and for some purpose. Men may differ as to what use we should make of these God given gifts.

NO LAWS TO PROTECT FISH AND GAME.

Now as late as the sixties there was no law to protect them in any way and anybody and everybody took and killed them at their own sweet will and pleasure. It was common practice to net and spear fish on the spawning beds or any other place, and I can remember when the moose hunts in the deep, crusty snows of March was a general practice, and thousands were annually taken in this way. What was the result? The game in the forests and the fish in our waters became practically exterminated.

MR. DARLING'S LETTER—HOW THE MOOSE AND DEER BECAME PRACTICALLY EXTERMINATED.

As bearing upon this point, I wish to quote from a letter from A. J. Darling of Enfield, an old hunter and farmer, as follows:

"In 1850 we had two deer in all eastern Maine to one now. There was no complaint about deer eating up the farmers' crops; when men talk about wolves driving the deer from the state they make a mistake. In the fifties we began to make a market for deer in Boston, New York and at home. We crust hunted, and, worst of all, hounded them into the water; every lake, river and mill pond was guarded and men went into the woods with hounds to drive them in. Hounds were worth more than a farmer's cow for a term of years; we even manned the coast and drove them onto the islands and then cleaned them out. When the lakes froze over we drove them on the glare ice and killed them there.

"While this deer slaughter was going on we killed nearly every moose that came east of the Penobscot and Mattawamkeag rivers; after this slaughter I did not see one deer track for eight years and the state sent me to see if there was any left for seed. I traveled the Penobscot, Aroostook and St. John sections, the best moose grounds in northern Maine, and found only three moose. Do you wonder that the large game was almost wholly destroyed in the state?"

LAWS WERE NECESSARY.

It was found, therefore, that if there was to be any game and birds in the forests and fish in the rivers, lakes, ponds and streams, there must be laws to protect. Our population was decreasing, or standing still; our young men, our best young men were leaving us in large numbers, going to other states, to the great western states generally.

Our people at the close of the war awoke to the significance of this situation, and a determined effort was made to develop Maine's great natural resources and to stay the tide of emigration from our borders.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN'S NOTE OF WARNING.

Our leading men realized that some-

Mrs. J. S. Freese Registered Guide. Shooting, canoeing and camera parties taken. Address, Riverton, - Maine.

Lady Registered Guide. Shooting, fishing, canoeing, camping, mountain climbing, driving and bicycling parties taken. Good references. MRS. FORREST DURRELL, Dead River, Me

thing must be done, and one of the greatest men Maine has ever produced, Governor Lot M. Merrill, in his address to the legislature in 1860, said:

"It is, without doubt, true that the progress of the state in the last ten years, increase in population being the test, has not been as rapid as in similar periods for the first 80 years of the separation from the 'mother state.' During the former period, its advance in population was equal to that on the country at large, and far beyond the other New England states. Emigrants from these latter states were drawn hither by our unequalled water power, the quality and deepness of the soil and timber lands.

"This period in our history characterized for progress in population, advance in agriculture, the lumber trade and fisheries; the latter period, by comparative decrease in population. The ratio of decimal increase in population was, from 1820 to 1830, 33 per cent; from 1830 to 1840, 26 per cent; from 1840 to 1850, 16 per cent, and from 1850 to 1860 about the same as the latter period."

THE CIVIL WAR PREVENTS ANYTHING BEING DONE.

But, unfortunately, the great Civil war held everything in abeyance; but in 1867 Governor Chamberlain, fresh from his wonderful triumphs on the battle field, took up this subject again, (Continued on page 5.)

WHERE TO GO FISHING. Ask Maine Woods Information Bureau for circulars and particulars. Phillips.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS.

### For Sale.

Beautiful island with log camps containing many up to date improvements, large broad piazza, etc. Camps built on a knoll about 75 feet from lake shore. Ice house with season's supply of ice. Lake abounds in salmon, bass and pickerel, while large and small game is abundant. Address for further particulars G. GOLDSMITH, Norway, Maine.

## Spring Lake, In the Dead River Region.

Best of Early Fishing for Salmon, Square Tail Trout and Lake Trout that weigh from 2 to 9 pounds. One day's ride from Boston. Only 2 1/2 miles of buckboard road. Lake 3 1/2 miles long, 1 1/2 miles wide, surrounded by mountains covered with green woods. Cabins are very pleasantly situated on the shore of this lake. Spring beds, new blankets and clean linen make our beds all that could be desired. New boats and canoes. Best of stream fishing near. We have canoe trips that take you by some of the grandest scenery in Maine, with good fishing all the way. Telephone connections at home camps with main line and doctor's office. Purest of spring water. Hay fever unknown. Excellent food. This is an ideal place to spend the summer with your family. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited. JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Maine.

## Plan Now

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J. W. BRACKETT, Publisher, MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

For six new subscribers, for MAINE WOODS at \$1.00 each, I will send a copy of this book free.

J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Me.

## SPORTSMEN'S DIRECTORY.

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

SPORTSMEN'S BEST PACKS, \$15.00. Best nowshoes, \$10.00. Burnt Leather a specialty. H. H. Hosmer, Norway, Me.

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SMOKELESS GUN POWDER. Important discovery in gun powder manufacture, by which anyone can make his own gun powder. It costs but 10 to 15 cents a pound. It's twice as strong as black powder. It also makes a splendid blasting powder. Shop rights. For sale by Frank X. Schuster, Raper, Mich.

## CAMP AND HOTEL PRINTING.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1904 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. I know what you need for cuts.

J. W. BRACKETT.  
MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

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: DID YOU EVER  
GO FISHING  
AT  
BILLY SOULE'S?  
Haines Landing, - Maine.

Ashland House Restaurant  
4th Ave. and 24th Street,  
New York City,

Two blocks from Garden, is one of the best in the City, and Madison Square enjoys a world-wide reputation.

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## FLY FISHING

Every Day in the season at

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

HARRY M. PIERCE,  
Spencer, Maine.

Farmington, Maine, until May 15.



## TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

**FOX TRAPPING.** Sure and honest method. Fully warranted. Stamp for reasonable terms. R. F. D. No. 2. EDGAR R. PAGE, Bucksport, 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. F. TOWNSEND West Buxton, Me.

**Bently'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 BENTLY, Sunderland, Vt.

**BURBANK'S TROUT OIL SCENT** for mink, is the most perfect, the most scientific, the most up to date scent in this or any other country. The first and only scent ever placed on the market with the formula printed upon every bottle, and guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sample 25c postpaid. Burbank's Fox Decoy is a first-class scent. Price 25c and 50 cents per bottle postpaid. If you want traps or trappers supplies. Write N. C. BURBANK, New Portland, Maine.

## TRAPPERS.

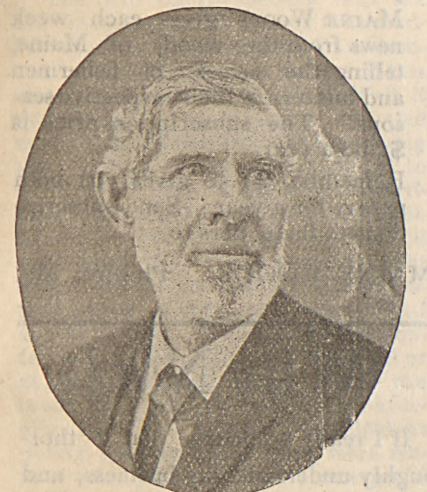


Kinne's Fox and Mink Scent will catch them. Forty years' experience at trapping. Try a bottle and you will receive returns. That tells the death knell to those who deceive. If you want steel traps, shot guns, rifles or anything in the trapping or hunting outfit, write me. L. P. KINNE, Lebanon, N. H.

**Ship Your Furs to RALPH E. DEAN,** Lawrenceville, St. Law. Co., N. Y.

Highest prices, most liberal sort, prompt returns.

Try a small shipment that is better than guarantees.



**S. NEWHOUSE,** Inventor of the Celebrated Newhouse Traps. Made for 50 years by Oneida Community. Why do professional trappers insist on having the Newhouse Trap? Because they want to be sure of their game. A perfect trap for every animal. Every trap guaranteed. Write us. ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Oneida, New York

## TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

### Traps Freezing.

The greatest annoyance that the winter trapper has to contend with is that of traps freezing and failing to spring when the animals step on the pan or trenches. This trouble begins as soon as the cold weather sets in and lasts all winter. During the midwinter it is not so bad as in the fall months because the trapper is expecting cold weather and sets the traps accordingly.

It is a common occurrence in November to have a heavy rain end in sleet and freeze up. After this the trapper knows that at least five traps out of every six that is set on land will fail to act until he has broken it out and got it in working order. It makes little difference if the trap is set in a good waterproof shelter. The rain will soak into the way into the joints of the trap and it will stick. This is especially true in the small traps and the closer they are made the more liable are they to fail in this manner.

This will be a matter of more importance in the future than it has been in the past, since we expect to have at least two weeks chopped off the beginning of the trapping season.

The first traps to suffer from freezing are the mink and fox traps. Mink traps are usually set on wet ground and these are all put completely out of action by one cold night. The frost lifts them up several inches or freezes them solid. The fox traps set in water, even when the spring is quite warm, accumulates ice around the turf which rests on the trenches and this is pretty sure to become so large that it will catch between the trap's jaws. Most water holes are not springs at all and hence will freeze over solid as soon as the weather is cold enough.

There are more places where otter traps can be maintained in good condition than of most any other kind because otter travel freely under the ice

and the trap is wholly submerged. There is often a good spring hole where an otter trap will set in good condition for the entire winter.

In most cases there is no remedy for this freezing and so the average trapper is obliged to get on with about one-third the number of traps that he would use in warmer weather.

Most trappers like to bury the traps level with the ground, leaving a slight depression over the pan rather than an elevation. This must not be done if there is danger of dampness and cold weather.

The covering for traps is a matter that depends much upon what the surroundings are and it must also be of some material that will not soak water like a sponge.

The large traps from No. 3 upwards if set on a bed of boughs and carefully covered with other and finer boughs will usually resist the tendency to stick and will spring. Sometimes a very thin sheet of birch bark may be spread over them. This may not keep the water from the joints of the trap but it will answer for a covering and prevent the snow from getting inside the jaws and under the pan.

There is a specie of fern that grows most everywhere in the woods which makes a very effectual covering for traps both large and small. Unlike a leaf it does not dry and curl up and it holds its bright green appearance until well into the winter. Many traps do not require very much covering and this fern being green does not soak water and makes a very good covering. The ground all about the trap may be covered with these ferns and yet appear natural.

In the case of traps set for lynx, mink, fisher and sable, of course there should be a good snowshed built over them which will keep out the snow that is blowing and drifting. Towards spring the snow often gets deep and the trap if set on or near the ground will be down in a hole several feet below the surface. This should be guarded against early in the season by setting the traps higher up. A good way is to build a place by chopping into a big stub three feet from the ground and setting therein, having first built a good roof over the hole. This is an ideal set for all times if one is fortunate enough to find plenty of big hollow trees that are adapted to the purpose. A log of wood should be placed with an end on the ground while the other rests against the stub just at the lower edge of the hole where the trap sets, to afford a bridge upon which animals can reach the bait.

It often becomes necessary to set traps on top of a deep snow as is often done for foxes. In this case the less signs that are made the better. In the case of foxes there must be no signs whatever. It is quite well known that when snow is in anyway disturbed from where it has fallen naturally, it will soon freeze and become crisp. It takes about 20 minutes for it to become frozen. The hunter in following an animal's track in the snow often examines it to learn if it is becoming fresh. It makes no difference how dry and cold the snow may be, the track soon becomes crisp. It is evident that a trap set and brushed over with snow will after a few minutes fail to spring properly. Some have advocated spreading a sheet of white paper or birch bark over the trap before brushing it over with snow; but as this is liable to leave a scent, and as it often takes considerable snow to conceal the paper or bark from view, it is not very successful. The best way is to get a piece of crisp snow where the wind has blown it into a smooth drift and with a shingle or sharp knife scrape it on both sides till it is very thin. This can be laid gently over the trap and with care made to fit so smoothly that the spot will have a very natural appearance. It will break easily when stepped upon and the space inside the jaws and under the pan will be vacant and there will be a good uninterrupted spring of the trap.

I always believed in covering all traps. There are many cases where it may do no good but it certainly does no harm unless there is enough covering used to interfere with the action of the trap. Traps should always be set lengthwise or in such a way that the animal will enter it by stepping over the joint of the jaws and not by coming over the side of them.

As I have before said there is no excuse for missing an animal if the trap springs properly and this trouble with snow and ice is the worst obstacle that a trapper has to contend with.

D. E. HEYWOOD.



**Gamelands of Maine** BY GEO. N. VAN DYKE. The forests, lakes, ponds and streams, the camps and lodges, guides, game and game laws of the great wilderness. Illustrated, 160 pages. Price 25c. With MAINE WOODS one year, \$1.10.

## MR. CARLETON AT TURNER.

(Continued from page 4)

and in his inaugural address to the legislature, said:

"Nothing is more obvious than that Maine has not developed her resources fast and far enough to afford a field for the vigorous and enterprising spirit of her sons, and hence they go forth. . . . It is a serious matter to have five thousand a year in excess of the number we receive abroad, and of the most valuable portion of our population, emigrate from the state; yet a study of the last census will show that this was the balance against us for each of the previous ten years, and doubtless the proportion is even greater since the war—and yet Maine is a state of magnificent resources. . . . Her millions of acres of forest primeval . . . the measureless power of her inland waters covering one-tenth of her wide domain, make Maine a field where great things should be, and yet will be wrought."

These stirring, patriotic words aroused our people and caused thoughtful and patriotic men to look around them and to devise ways and means to meet the situation.

**FIFTY THOUSAND YOUNG MEN HAD LEFT THE STATE IN TEN YEARS.**

The legislature of that year began a work that has increased in volume and value to the state every year since; that has to a considerable extent wrought some of those "great things" which Governor Chamberlain prophesied, in his annual message to the legislature, could be wrought in the state and which has kept many thousands of our young men from leaving us.

What was it? We find it in the Resolves passed by the legislature of that year, "Resolve relative to the restoration of Sea Fish to the Rivers and Inland waters of Maine," approved by Governor Chamberlain, Jan. 28, 1867.

**FISH COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED.** Two commissioners were appointed—Nathan W. Foster and Charles G. Atkins; this commission was continued by Resolve of the legislature for the year 1868.

They filed long written reports for these years, setting forth the deplorable condition of our waters denuded of fish formerly so abundant.

**CODE OF LAWS ENACTED.**

Time will not permit of any extended quotations from their reports, suffice it to say that they found the waters of the state in the condition I have described, and they advised in both of their reports that "vigorous work should be commenced in restoring fish to our waters; every year the reform is delayed" says the report, "the public suffers a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars;" and the work was commenced by the legislature of the next year, 1869. Mr. Atkins was appointed by Governor Chamberlain, commissioner of fisheries, and a code of fish and game laws of 84 sections, chapter 70 of the Public Laws of that year, was enacted.

**FISH WAYS FIRST CONSTRUCTED.**

In his first and second reports he says, "his attention has been directed principally to the construction of fish ways . . ." and he commenced the artificial breeding of salmon. This latter, according to his report, was continued in 1871, which was the last year of his service as fish commissioner for the state of Maine. His valuable and intelligent services had attracted the attention of the United States' authorities and he was engaged by them, and has been employed by the United States government ever since at Orland, Me., raising Penobscot river salmon and stocking that river.

**PENOBSCOT RIVER SALMON SERVED EVERYWHERE.**

Go wherever you will in this country you will find wherever salmon is served it is labelled "Penobscot river salmon."

Mr. Atkins did a great and valuable work for the state and was succeeded by Hon. E. M. Stilwell of Bangor and Hon. H. O. Stanley of Dixfield. Mr. Stilwell died in office after twenty years of continuous service. Mr. Stanley is still a member of the commission.

**WHAT THE GOVERNORS OF THE STATE HAVE SAID.**

It would be exceedingly interesting would time permit, to read in this connection what the governors of our state have said about this subject of fish and game in their inaugural addresses to the legislature. From Governor Chamberlain in 1867 to Governor Hill in 1903, they have all of them with but three exceptions, called attention to the importance of the subject to the state and recommended that it be carefully fostered; the three exceptions were Governors Garcelon, Davis and Plaisted, their addresses, however, were very brief, as each came to the governorship under circumstances which precluded them from giving any extended addresses; w

and Governors Chamberlain, Connor, Perham, Dingley, Robie, Bodwell, Burleigh, Cleaves, Powers, Hill, all commending the subject to the legislature, as worthy and one that should receive encouragement; and during their time this industry grew from practically nothing, to many millions of dollars of revenue to our people annually.

**REPORTS OF THE COMMISSIONERS.**

If you take the reports of the commissioners during these years from 1868 to 1903, you will find them to be exceedingly interesting and instructive. They trace from year to year the increase of public interest in this work and its great increase in its practical value to the state, and I have thought of having printed in pamphlet form a synopsis of their reports and what our Governors have said about our fish and game interests, for general distribution as an educational document. Synopsis is printed and attached to this address, see last page.

I have shown you the conditions as they existed in 1867, practically no fish, practically no game; you know how it is to-day, without my telling you. You know that under our fish and game laws fish have marvelously multiplied in our waters, and game and birds in our forests, and vacationist visitors have increased wonderfully from year to year.

**LAKES THAT HAD LAND-LOCKED SALMON.**

In 1875, but four lakes or ponds in Maine had any land-locked salmon in them, i. e., Sebago, Sebec, Green and Grand lakes; today there are more than a thousand that have them and with better fishing than there was in these four lakes at that time we had no summer visitors, fishermen or hunters, and our young men were leaving us at the rate of five thousand a year, so Governor Chamberlain said in 1867.

Then we had no game as I have shown, and the state sent into the woods experienced woodsmen and hunters to ascertain if there was sufficient left for seed.

**NUMBER OF DEER KILLED AND BY FARMERS.**

Last year and the year before more than twenty thousand deer were killed each year and farmers, and farmers' sons in our agricultural towns where hunters from outside the state never go, killed 2861 deer according to the returns of the town clerks on file in our office.

**STATISTICS OF FISH AND GAME INDUSTRY.**

In 1902, this fish and game industry had grown to very great proportions. There was so much dispute about it, so much doubt expressed in certain directions as to its volume, that the commissioners decided to take a census of it.

For the information of the legislature and the people of the state, reliable canvassers were employed, who made a house to house canvass and their reports on file in this office, open to inspection, show that 133,835 different people came into the inland territory of the state on some kind of a vacation—these exclusive of those who went to the seaside resorts—either to fish, to spend a summer vacation, or to hunt. Now you can judge how much on an average a person will spend who comes to Maine on a vacation, from the time he strikes the state line until he crosses that line on his return home. Is \$100 too much? If not then over fifteen millions of dollars were left in Maine by them in the year 1902; 5362 came to our country and paid out for board \$208,852. In the whole state 1401 male help and 2564 female help were employed at good wages in consequence of these visitors to the state and were paid in wages \$267,934, that year.

**WHAT SENATOR FRYE SAID.**

Senator Frye said: "In all the times of business depressions and distress, financial panics and consequent unemployment of labor, so seriously affecting the country, the state of Maine has suffered much less than any other state in the American union, mostly, if not entirely, due to the large amount of money left here by the fishermen, the summer tourist and the fall hunter, the seeker after change, rest and recreation."

**THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.**

The important question, my friends, is not how to decrease our fish, game and birds, but how to keep up the supply, for the ever increasing number who wish to come and pay liberally for the privilege of capturing them.

**AN ANNUAL CROP.**

Our annual crop of spring, summer and fall tourists is very large, and as I have shown very profitable to our people. We have competition in this as in everything else. New Hampshire and Canada are doing all in their power to divert this great volume of tourist travel to their territory. An agricult-

ural paper whose editor now cries out about every week for the repeal of the game laws, printed in his paper before he, for personal reasons, attacked the commission, the following:

**WHAT AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER SAID.**

"Never in its history has the state of Maine held so many visitors from towns and cities outside as at the present time. The railroads are carrying more than ever and the steamship lines are refusing to sell tickets to certain places where already they are overrun. It is claimed that we have at least 20 per cent. more visitors than during any season in our history. If these do not go to the mountains, they flock to the hotels, and farm houses all through the state located near the lakes and ponds. The returns are now being realized for the expenditures of stocking and re-stocking these lakes and streams.

"If the railroads are reaping a harvest and the hotel men are happy, surely the farmer, who fed them all, has reason for rejoicing.

"From the moment these visitors step on the soil of Maine until they depart, they are all the while spending money and when the dollars are in circulations everybody gets a share. Three time a day the cry for food goes up, and through the invigorating influence of pure air, water and exercises, it grows no less as the days pass. Here is the direct benefit the farmers are realizing from this generous advertising which has been given the state by railroads and hotel men. In some country towns, the home market is the best in the state, and everywhere it is more active because of their great influx from the cities."

**LETTER FROM HON. GEO. M. HOUGHTON.**

Let me read you a letter from Geo. M. Houghton, the general manager of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, that operates principally in the greatest agricultural county in this state—Aroostook. A county that made the largest gain in population during the last decade of any county in the state and has more game than any three counties.

Mr. Houghton says: "I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that one-half of the passenger train mileage, a good part of each year, in the state of Maine, is made possible only by the patronage of visiting sportsmen and pleasure seekers. In other words, out of the state patrons are supporting many of the trains which are of such benefit to the citizens, notably the freight shippers of the state. This one feature alone, fully analyzed, will convince any reasonable man, whatever his occupation, that any and all good means for protection, propagation and heralding the natural attractions of the state is of value to him, and I cannot conceive of anything which would hurt our state more than the curtailing of our most excellent passenger service.

"While very largely supported by visitors to the state, it is a most wonderful factor in serving our manufacturers and our farmers. It conveniently takes out into the larger markets those who canvass for sales of our lumber and produce; it conveniently brings in the thousands of buyers. Maine is a rugged state. In the broad, its grocery, clothing, etc., consumption must be paid for from the forests, the soil or the granite in its hills. It is in competition at all times with the West, the Northwest and with Canada, in an effort to hold and enlarge its markets. The transportation problem is the vital one, and the maintenance of an efficient prompt and comfortable passenger train service is the greatest factor in the whole problem. He who seeks to lessen the efforts to continue the attractions of our lakes, streams and forests, must, if he investigates, discover that he is working against himself and his own interests.

"To double, if possible, the attractions and to doubly herald them can only result in immensely increased benefit to every farmer, every laborer, every manufacturer within our state. The growing tendency to protect our forests, to guard against fire, to prevent Watson destruction of things animate and inanimate; the general education that is in progress, gradual but sure, which is bringing all classes within and those from without our borders into a realization of what Maine's natural attractions are doing for Maine, must be worth several times its cost to every one who lives here."

**NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.**

We are now confronted, by those who profess to be alarmed, because of the presence of our game and birds. They insist they are a menace, a positive injury to the agricultural interests of the state; and they insist that the game laws should be repealed. The paper above referred to printed this last week in bold faced type, "The Farmers Demand the Repeal of the game laws."

(To be Continued.)



## SPORTSMEN'S SHOW CLOSED.

## Some Notes and Comments on the Closing Days.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1904.

The sixteenth annual Sportsmen's show, which for the past two weeks has been held in Madison Square Garden, has closed with all the glory that any affair which has been successful could expect or desire.

Not since the association was organized some years ago to hold an annual exhibit in the interests of outdoor life have there been so many persons pass through the gates into the big garden, and if the results of this year's attendance are not felt at the sporting resorts during the coming summer and fall it

tion of Mr. Granville Gray immediately proceeded to unload the car and to transform the bare looking boards placed here and there with "Snow-bound" into a very realistic imitation of the Maine woods.

The background of the exhibit was thickly spread with fir and hemlock boughs while five noble looking moose heads graced the walls; also some fine specimens of deer heads, mounted fish, birds, etc., all from the stores of the S. L. Crosby company of Bangor. Miniature boulders rose from banks of moss and among birch trees while ruffled grouse and small birds were perched among the leaves and mosses of the trees and rocks making the entire background look quite like a small spot in the Maine forest.

The various sections of Maine were

guide, E. L. Abercrombie, who is better known as "Uncle Ned." Uncle Ned was in attendance this year without his pet dog, and in consequence became ill at the beginning of the exposition and was obliged to return to The Rangeleys.

MAINE WOODS the shooting and fishing newspaper of north Maine occupied a space in which copies of the paper were given to all who were interested in shooting, fishing or outing in any form. Here, also all who came along were invited to register, giving their name and address, when they would receive a sample copy of the paper at some future date. MAINE WOODS was in charge of Miss Blanche E. Kenniston, of this paper.

In this space were also represented the Phillip & Rangeley railroad, which gave out some neat foldess and maps of the Rangeley and Dead River regions. Amos Ellis, proprietor of Bald Mountain Camps, of Bald Mountain, Maine, and also Redington, Maine were giving out some especially attractive folders on their camps.

Although the Maine exhibit was some time in materializing when it was completed it did justice to the state and to the men in charge in as much as it was possible to do.

Of course, the Maine guides took the lion's share of attention from visitors and Mrs. B. C. J. Eastman, the original woman guide, got the most that was showered on the camp. Mrs. Eastman, while a New York woman, was brought up in the Maine woods and, as she says, there is not a foot of ground in the good hunting section that she doesn't know thoroughly. A few years ago she knew of many girl artists and students who were anxious to explore the Maine wilderness but did not care to trust themselves with the ordinary guides. She saw her opportunity and seized it with profit. She has already booked many parties for the coming summer and the other guides are a little bit afraid that she will get more business than they will. However, they are not disgruntled and say that any woman who has the nerve that Mrs. Eastman possesses deserves all the business and success she can get. She is an expert guide, angler and can shoot a rifle as well as the best of 'em.

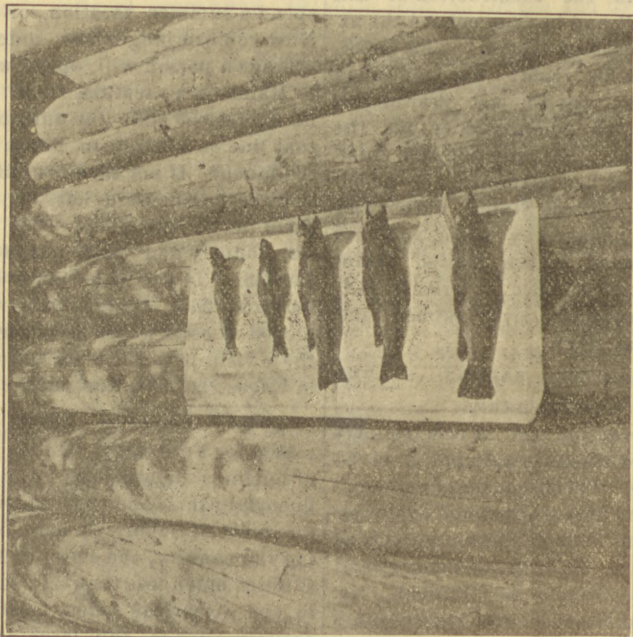
The cub bear, who came from Maine and who celebrated his first night in camp by removing a mouthful of chin whiskers and flesh from one of the guides, has been sold to a man living in Connecticut and will be presented to a zoological park in that state. When he left the garden at the close of the show Mooselookmeguntic was well pleased with the change of abode, but his parting with the friends from Maine was sad in the extreme.

O. WARREN BROWN.

## Thousands of Ducks Starving.

[From the Bangor News.]

In the vicinity of Martin Point bridge, near Portland, just at the present time, within plain sight of every one who passes are some 1,500 or 2,000 ducks of all kinds driven in by stress of weather and slowly starving to death for lack of food. The long cold



FISH TAKEN AT ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE.

ed by Dion Blackwell of Round Mountain Lake and Warren Wing, Grant Fuller and Silas Longley, guides.

The Rumford Falls Railway gave to the sportsman a neat little folder which showed the principal resorts in the Rangeley Lakes region with the advantages to be found at each respective house. This reading matter was in charge of Capt. F. C. Barker. The Barker, The Birches and Bemis were also shown in their many attractive features by a neat little booklet which Capt. Barker, proprietor of these camps, placed in the hands of every sportsman.

Capt. Barker was accompanied to the show by the faithful attendant and

## LOVERS

of Fishing and Hunting and all other out door sports will find THE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN the handsomest, most interesting and up to date illustrated monthly magazine published. Copy of latest number sent to any address on receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for cash offer and premium list for new subscribers. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Address

THE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN.

## From a Maine Trapper.

FRYEBURG, MARCH 5, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I notice in most every edition of MAINE WOODS remarks on scents and decoys to trap the different fur bearing animals. I am as interested in the matter as any one, you may rest assured. First, I notice in regard to fox decoys, several parties seem to think that the matrix of a female fox is the ideal method. As I have said before, I have trapped for 44 years, but never tried the matrix plan, but know of several persons who did try it and pronounced it of no use.

I have the best of success in trapping the fox. I find him as easy to trap as any other animal. I suppose in trapping and studying the nature of the animal that it has become a second nature to me to settle accounts with that wily Reynard easily. I have trapped the fox every way imaginable, but have settled down to business on an easy and most favorable method, which I suppose all trappers do. In regard to the musk scent bags from the female muskrat, I beg to ask can you find any musk bags on the female muskrat? There is no muskrat in this part of Maine which produces any musk except the male rat, and he has none only from April until midsummer.

WM. P. TOWNSEND.

## STODDARD HOUSE ARRIVALS.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

FARMINGTON, March 8, 1904.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Stoddard House the past week were:

G. A. Stanford, Boston; T. E. Spaulding, Berlin, N. H.; J. B. Marshall, Boston; W. S. Bigelow, Springfield; G. W. Hight, W. J. Whitney, J. L. Winship, B. Y. Findman, Boston; A. P. Whittier, W. W. Morong, Portland; H. V. Storrett, Warren; E. M. Jonett, Boston; H. A. Lewston, Portland; B. D. Knight, Boston; C. D. Bagley, Portland; A. E. Longley, W. E. Lawless, J. F. Johnson, Boston; E. A. Maxwell, Portland; J. F. Rogers, Boston; J. W. Stone, Portland; A. S. Potter, Lewiston; E. F. Milton, Boston; W. S. Rowe, Grand Rapids, Mich.; F. H. Towne, Waterville, B. R. Took, Jr., Boston; E. A. Whittier, Lewiston; W. S. Rowe, Portland; J. S. Forrest, Boston; F. P. Pease, Boston; F. E. Vacler, N. Y. City; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Haseltine, F. A. Spooner, Boston; E. W. Lane, Waltham; H. H. Follon, Auburn; J. W. Foster, W. C. Miller, C. F. Symond, Boston.

## Sportsman's

## Information....

Free information concerning MAINE'S HUNTING and FISHING REGIONS; descriptive circulars of hotels, camps and summer resorts of all kinds, time-tables, list of guides, etc., can be obtained free by addressing

Maine Woods Information Bureau

Phillips, Maine.

## PRACTICAL DOG

## EDUCATION

By "Recapper."

(THOMAS C. ABBOTT.)

## JUST PUBLISHED.

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

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

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

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"And further this deponent saith not."

J W BRACKETT Phillips, Maine

## The Angler's Secret.

BY CHARLES BRADFORD.

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The Angler's Secret is, as the author tells us, to replenish the soul and not the creel. It is a secret that cannot be revealed to an unsympathetic mind, and only the lover of nature can fully understand that communing with field, stream and sky which results in the perfect contentment of the angler who has learned the secret.

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## THE WICKED FLEA

Doth flee from dog or cat when the Infallible Flea Exterminator is applied. 50 cents, post paid. Prepared and sold by Eugene Glass, editor The Dog Fancier, a monthly illustrated dog paper, 50 cents a year, published at Battle Creek, Mich. Send or sample co of The Do Fancie. Stamps accepted

will not be the fault of Harry Palmer; he has been the press agent, or, in other words, the promoter of publicity, during the show and it was due a good deal to his efforts that the exhibition was advertised in such a manner that it attracted the attention of persons outside of New York state. In fact, so gratifying to the management was the attendance this year that there is already talk of extending the time of the show next year to three weeks.

The 1905 Sportsmen's show will open on Feb. 21 and will continue for 22 days. Possibly the show will be held for four weeks within the next few years.

Next year's Sportsmen's show will consist, as it did this year, mostly of an exhibition of motor boats and launches. Dealers in sporting goods have come to the conclusion that a naphtha launch is a necessary adjunct to the life of a fresh water fisherman who leaves his home in New York and goes to Maine for a few day's outing on the shores of the big lakes. It is also argued by the dealers that self propelling boats will do away with the expense of hiring an extra guide to furnish motive power to the craft while the fisherman is angling for trout and salmon. How true the arguments of the dealers are, of course, will not be known until the boats have had a practical trial by the fishermen.

An idea of what has been done in the Garden during the recent show in the line of motor boats may be gleaned from the fact that a little launch on the lake in the centre of the garden carried more than 7,500 passengers at 10 cents a head during the 16 days of the exhibit. The launch was named "Buster Brown," whose picture appears each week in the comic section of a Sunday newspaper, as well as being the nom de plume of a reporter who works on one of the city papers. The launch was an electric motor, can run 45 miles without recharging and costs only 40 cents a day to recharge.

The closing days of the show were marked by visits from persons of several nationalities as well as professions. A good many of them were actresses who are appearing in productions now in the city and they went the limit in the number of questions they asked the guides and folks from the woods.

The Esquimaux from Labrador, answering to the suphonious names of Pomiak, Shukk, Eautsiak and Chuckniak, also attended. They were chaparroned by Capt. J. C. Smith, who brought them to New York and they proved such an attraction to the visitors at the Garden that everything else was neglected. Capt. Bill, as everyone expected, was as much at home with the Esquimaux's language as with the Gaelic and he carried on an animated conversation with the visitors which amused them very much. They visited every booth in the show, tasted all the delicacies offered them and collected armfuls of souvenirs. The dog and sledge used in the Ziegler expedition and a stuffed polar bear made them feel very much at home.

## THE MAINE EXHIBIT.

The car containing the Maine exhibit was delayed on the road for nearly a week, arriving in New York Thursday of the first week of the show. The guides and exhibitors under the direc-



# HIS TRUE STORY.

"It is the only story I know," said the sad-eyed man. "It is, in fact, my own story, or the story of an incident in my early life. I almost hesitate to tell it, because it is absolutely true, and everything that I have heard you gentlemen relate so far is—well, I like to be charitable, and besides, you have not asked me for my opinion. I came to Chicago nearly 40 years ago, young and full of ambition and hope, but not overburdened with money. Many you will say have done that before me. I agree and I even, in your strange vernacular, 'go you one better' and predict that many others will do so in time yet to come.

"I found a boarding house over on the West side, where charges were moderate and whose table was fairly good, and I went to work in the mercantile house of which I am now the highly respected head and in a short time considered myself fairly settled down.

"It was nearly a year before anything occurred to disturb the peace of the almost uneventful life I led. Then one morning I was awakened by a most peculiar sound that seemed to proceed either from the room below me or from the house next door. I say the sound was peculiar, but it would be more accurately described as unusual. It was this: 'Dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum.' Then a pause and 'dum - dum - dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum.'

"I should have imagined that you would know without asking. Perhaps I didn't give it the right sound. It was—no? All right, I won't. It was the scales. Called by some the harmonic scales, though it's hard to tell why. It was played on the piano and it lasted—for I looked at the watch underneath my pillow—from six o'clock until 6:30 in the morning, mind you. I can tell you I was pretty mad.

"You will hardly believe that the next morning at six o'clock that mad-dening thing began again. 'Dum-dum-dum'—if you don't want me to tell this story you have only to say so. Well, it was the same I sung before. It lasted until 6:30, as before. The morning after that I had it again and, not to weary you with unnecessary repetition, I had it every morning. I used to lie there in bed and grind my teeth and say things that I had never thought myself capable of saying. It fairly distracted me. I suffered agonies. But I had to take it. You will perhaps wonder why I did not pound on the wall or at least complain vigorously to the landlady. Well, as to that I was naturally rather a modest and diffident young man and then there were reasons why just then I felt an especial delicacy about complaining and did not desire to give my landlady the impression that I was dissatisfied. I was rather anxious to conciliate her than otherwise. I say so much without deeming it necessary to enter upon particulars. No, I just took it. I had to.

"Now I come to the strange part of the story. Naturally, with my attractive personality, I had no lack of friends and my society was to some extent sought after. I was at the house of one of these friends one evening and was asked to sing. I had a fine barytone voice—you may have noticed it just now—well, it was still better then and it used to give my friends great pleasure to hear it.

"It appears, however, that on this occasion my hostess, who usually accompanied me, had sprained her wrist, and it seemed that the company was likely to be disappointed, when somebody said: 'Here's Miss Kelcey! She can play it for him if he's bound to sing it.'

"Miss Kelcey I had met, but had hardly noticed on my arrival. I now looked at her more closely, and decided that she was extremely pretty—nay, lovely. She blushingly disclaimed the skill that she was good enough to say a song of mine required, but I reassured her, and at last she consented, and I sung. It was 'A Life on the Ocean Wave, a Home on the Rolling Deep,' and I never sung better. She did not accompany me as smoothly as she might, striking several false notes, but I made my voice cover those little deficiencies.

"To make a long story short, I was favorably impressed with her, and I think she was with me. I requested the honor of seeing her home, and she blushingly consented. Well, why shouldn't she blush twice in one evening, if she felt inclined to?

"Her home, she said, was within walking distance, and we walked. To tell the truth, I had no clear idea where we were going. I was too blissfully happy—too engrossed, too intoxicated. With the divine essence of immortal love, of course. I knew nothing until I found we had stopped, and, looking up, I found it was at the door of my boarding house.

"I live here," she said. "You do?" I exclaimed. 'Why, so do I. Was there ever a more fortunate and happy coincidence!' We stopped and talked over the coincidence—at some length, until at last she said (sweet girl): 'Well, we really must go in now. I have to get up at six o'clock to-morrow morning to practice my



Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, and escaped the surgeon's knife, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The universal indications of the approach of woman's great enemy, inflammation and disease of the ovaries, are a dull throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. On examination it may be found that the region of pain will show some swelling. This is the first stage of inflammation of the ovaries.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Another woman saved from a surgical operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read what she says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot thank you enough for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. If it had not been for your medicine, I think I would have died.

"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat. Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had inflammation of the ovaries, and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that.

"I received a little book of yours, and after reading it, I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and also recommend the same to anyone suffering as I was."—Mrs. MINNIE OTTOSON, Otho, Iowa.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

scales."

"You have guessed the conclusion, but you have guessed wrong. I did not tell her what I thought of her inconsiderate behavior—of her infernal strumming; of her absurd delusion that she could ever attain any musical skill. No, gentlemen, I believe I even stammered out some fool compliment. And the next morning I awoke and listened to her with a pleasure that was nothing short of exalted. A strange story, is it not, gentlemen?

"Of course I didn't marry her. I was no such fool as that."—Chicago Daily News.

## 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.

## To Cure a Cold In One Day

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

## A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50 cts.

**Laxative Bromo Quinine**  
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

**E. W. Grove** on every box. 25c



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TRADE MARK

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

## TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED.

Whiting Nursery Co., Boston, Mass

Finest new fruit specialties ever offered. Experience not necessary. Success assured. Write at once for full information.



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 package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

## TRANSPORTATION.

### TIME - TABLE.

## SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

North.		Tr'n 1	Tr'n 3	Tr'n 5
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Farmington,.....lv		11 00	12 10	4 4
So. Strong,.....				
Strong,.....	lv	P. M.	P. M.	
		12 05	12 4	5 10
Phillips,.....ar		12 30	1 00	5 30

South.		Tr'n 2	Tr'n 4	Tr'n 6
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Phillips,.....lv		7 30	8 30	1 30
Strong,.....				
So. Strong,.....	lv	7 50	9 10	1 48
Farmington,.....ar		8 20	10 00	2 17

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

## FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RY.

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

### TIME-TABLE.

In Effect Oct. 12, 1903.

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

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

EAST.		P. M.
Phillips, Lv		2 00
*Madrid, .....		2 20
*Madrid Junction, .....		2 4
*Reed's Mill, .....		2 50
*Sanders' Mill, .....		3 00
Redington Mills, .....		3 30
Eastis Jct., .....		4 00
Dead River, .....		4 10
Rangeley, ar		4 30
WEST.		P. M.
Range, Lv		..00
Dead Riv		..25
Eastis Junction, .....		10 00
Redington Mills, .....		10 30
*Sanders' Mill, .....		10 45
*Reed's Mill, .....		10 55
*Madrid Junction, .....		11 10
*Madrid, .....		11 30
Phillips, ar		11 30

\*Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor. FLETCHER POPE, Gen. Man. J. C. WILLIAMS, Sup., G. P. & T. A.

## Portland & Rumford Falls Ry.

DIRECT LINE TO RANGELEY LAKES.

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

### GOING SOUTH.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Ogunosoc, lv		6 50	
South Rangeley, .....		6 56	
Macy Junction, .....		6 59	
Bemis, lv		7 22	
Rumford Falls, ar		9 00	
Rumford Falls, lv		9 10	
Livermore Falls, .....	A. M.	9 00	2 40
Mechanic Falls, .....		6 55	10 41
Lewiston, ar		7 40	11 25

Portland, Union Sta., ar		8 35	12 20
Boston, (W. Div.) ar		12 45	4 10
Boston, (E. Div.) ar		12 35	4 00

### GOING NORTH.

	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Boston, (E. Div.) lv		9 00	12 30
Boston, (W. Div.) lv		8 30	1 15
Portland, Union Sta., lv		8 30	5 15
Lewiston, lv		9 20	1 55
Mechanic Falls, ar		10 06	2 41
Livermore Falls, ar		11 40	4 15
Rumford Falls, .....		11 35	4 15
Bemis, ar			5 58
Macy Junction, .....			6 17
*South Rangeley, .....			6 18
Ogunosoc, 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. Mgr'r.

Phillips, Maine.

## First-Class Liverv.

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 for 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 details 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



## Canadian Camp Fire Club.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1904.

I attended the dinner of the Canadian Camp Fire club given at the Hotel St. Dennis last evening. This club, as I have previously explained to the readers of MAINE WOODS, is comprised of sportsmen and sportswomen, too, who at one time or another have "camped out" in any part of the British American possessions. The object of the club is purely social and the promotion of sport. Dinners are given twice a year.

As the readers of MAINE WOODS are, in the main, sportsmen an account of the dinner will doubtless be found interesting. Perhaps it may induce those who have tried camping in Maine to form a similar association.

I have attended public dinners of all sorts for many years but I do not remember to have ever enjoyed post prandial exercises as I did last evening. Men were there who had pursued the musk ox far into the frozen north; others who had trailed the caribou over the wastes and barrens of Newfoundland or who had had wild and exciting adventures with wolves, grizzlies and mountain lions in the fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies. Men of world-wide fame as hunters and explorers told their narratives of the trackless wilds amid breathless interest.

"Buffalo" Jones, a grizzled veteran of 70 or so, and now the chief game warden of the Yellowstone park told of the days when he had hunted buffalo for a living, selling their hides at 50 cents apiece. Mr. Jones finally experienced a change of heart and reserved from the general slaughter a small herd of these noble animals and tended and cared for them until their number increased to six hundred. They are now in the Yellowstone park.

"I have had great trouble with mountain lions in the park," said he. "They are killing off the elk, antelope and smaller game at an alarming rate. I calculate that fully 15,000 head of elk and antelope are killed by these beasts yearly. Once I trailed a lion to his den and found the carcasses of 16 bull elk lying about. They were kept there in cold storage, so to speak, as the lion would make a fresh kill almost every night and would only feed upon the carcasses about his den when he happened to miss his kill."

Mr. Jones said that he had trained a pack of hounds to hunt lions and that he was killing them off with great rapidity.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong of Montreal told of a canoe trip he had made down the Missisaga river, a stream that empties into Lake Huron, last fall. He started down stream from a point on the Canadian Pacific railroad. He was the first white man who had ever attempted the trip. The distance was about 300 miles. It fairly made my mouth water to hear Mr. Armstrong recount his adventures on the trip.

He met moose, caribou and red deer in large numbers. Grouse and partridge were abundant. And such fishing. Trout, black bass, pike and muskellonge. He told of a new variety of pike, some of them weighing 20 pounds, whose flesh is of reddish tint and gamy as salmon.

Mr. A. R. Stone told of his adventures along the MacKenzie river in quest of mountain sheep. Mr. Stone made one of the longest and fastest snowshoe trips ever recorded.

Another sportsman told of exciting adventures with wolves within the Arctic circle. The great brutes would howl about his camp at night until he was obliged to fight for his dear life. He wanted no more wolves in his.

A most interesting account of the hunting and fishing in Newfoundland was given by a Canadian sportsman. He told of huge wolves that hunted the caribou and of the countless herds of the latter that roamed over the country. He declared that some of the wolves stood five feet high at the shoulder.

A delightful original poem was read by Irving Batcheller, author of Eben Holden. It was about a guide and a tenderfoot stalking a deer. The tenderfoot, at the critical moment, had "buck fever."

Dan Beard, the famous animal artist, acted as toastmaster. A great wit and raconteur is that same Dan. He had hunted bear and elk and mountain lions. He ran into a huge silver tip once berrying. That is, the bear was, that the bear didn't bury him he attributed to his great good luck.

What a famous actor was lost in Ernest Thompson Seton, the author of Wild Animals I Have Known. Mr. Seton is said to have hunted more and shot less than any man in the country today. He loves the wild creatures and attributes to them tendencies and reasoning faculties akin to human. After a number of stories of wild animals told in inimitable fashion Mr. Seton told of a

feud between two celebrated Indian chiefs. How each trailed the other and how finally, cunning overcame cunning, and as Mr. Seton gave the victorious warwhoop after he had plunged the scalp knife into the breast of his enemy, it fairly made his audience tremble with excitement.

I have heard the howling of wolves in western Ontario. I heard Mr. Seton imitate the howl last evening. It was perfection and was weird and uncanny in such a place.

There is a certain free masonry among sportsmen that is refreshing to meet in the sordid atmosphere of our every day city life. Somehow I will trust a sportsman on shorter acquaintance than any other class of men. They are good, whole-souled fellows, every one of them. That's been my experience, at any rate. W. M. FULLER.

## Camp Printing.

I make a specialty of camp and hotel printing. I am prepared to show samples of circulars and other work that I print for camp owners who do business in Maine and in New Hampshire. I get half-tone cuts for my customers when they want me to. I have had a great many cuts made. I usually get good cuts. I own hundreds of fish and game cuts that can be used by my customers in connection with their printing, free of charge. Write me for full particulars. J. W. BRACKETT, Publisher MAINE WOODS. Phillips, Maine.

## An Animal Story For Little Folks

## The Ambitious Cow

"There is water in this milk," said Mrs. Slipperslopper sharply to the milkman.

"Perhaps the girl put it in," he suggested.

"Nonsense. You put it in yourself."

"Never, madam; never."

"Then your farm hands did."

"No, ma'am. They don't handle the milk."

"Then it leaked in the cans."

"Impossible, I assure you. They are water tight."

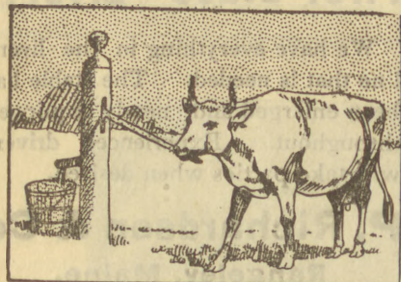
"Well, there's just this about it: If this watering the milk does not stop I shall have to get milk from some one else."

"Very well, ma'am," said the milkman, bowing, but he made up his mind to find out who watered the milk.

That evening when he had milked the cows and set the milk to cool by the pump in the barnyard he took his seat behind the corner and watched.

Pretty soon he saw Miss Daisy, the brindle cow, coming out slowly and carefully from behind the barn.

"Ah," said Daisy to herself. "He said that Spot gave more milk than I, did he? The horrid man. I'll never let that



FAKING THE PUMP HANDLE IN HER TEETH.

black and white cow give more than I. To think that I have been here so long, and now she claims to give fifteen quarts, and they say I can only give twelve. But I shall fix that all right. Let me see. Which can did he put my milk in? 'Spot', 'Clover', 'Brownie'—ah, here it is—'Daisy'. Now let him say that Spot gave more than I."

Then Farmer Jones saw a sight that made him strain his eyes, for Daisy went to the can containing her own milk, pushed it under the pump spout and, taking the pump handle in her teeth, began to work it up and down, filling the can to the top. Then she turned and, swinging her tail in triumph, walked back to the barn.

"Waal, I swow!" said Farmer Jones, too astonished for many words. Next day there was no water in the milk left at Mrs. Slipperslopper's, and there was no Daisy in the barn, for she was going sadly to the town at the end of a rope, whose other end was held by the butcher's boy.

"Ah!" she sighed. "If I had not been so ambitious, so jealous, so deceitful!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



## Bradford's Angler

An acknowledged companion to the Walton Classic. "The most pleasant volume I have ever seen of its kind."—Grover Cleveland. "Fully deserves this endorsement."—N. Y. Herald. Illustrated. Cloth, by mail \$1.50. J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS

### Aroostook County.

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

Via OXBOW, MAINE.  
Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. Allegash trips a specialty. Address, ARBO & LIBBY, Oxbow, Me.

P. O. PORTAGE LAKE, ME.  
Portage Lake Camps. For first-class trout and salmon fishing, address C. J. ORCUTT.

### Franklin County.

RANGELEY LAKES  
Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.  
CAPT. F. C. BARKER, Prop'r, Bemis.

Via MOUNTAIN VIEW, MAINE.



Mountain View House is one of the most modern, up to date summer homes in the state of Maine. Its beautiful location at the foot of Rangeley Lake on a picturesque cove, gives it many attractions, while the best of fishing is within close proximity. The boating and canoeing is the best on the lake; the drives are unsurpassed for beautiful scenery and the woods around are filled with delightful paths and trails. Croquet and tennis grounds adjoin the house. The cuisine is of the best; fruit, vegetables, fish and game in their season with plenty of milk and cream. Pure spring water is furnished the house from a spring above. Rooms large, well lighted and pleasant. Hunters find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock in the woods near by. Send for 1904 booklet to L. E. BOWLEY, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.  
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## Writer Had a Vivid Imagination.

The following is from the Kennebec Journal and shows the absurdity of some of the stories that spare winters on big city dailies send to their papers:

It has not been a hard winter for the big game in the northern Maine woods. There is less snow on the ground there than the average of the past few winters, although there has been more in the lower sections of the state. Neither has there yet been any crust to hamper the movements of the deer and moose, and it is a crust rather than depth of snow that makes serious trouble for them. Of course, the winter is not yet at an end but thus far the reports all indicate that the game is wintering well. In view of this fact, Commissioner Carleton was somewhat amused at the following absurd yarn which some enterprising correspondent sent from Bangor to a New York paper that likes a breezy story regardless of the fact:

"There is more than six feet of snow on the level of Coxahexis lake, and in edges of the great spruce forests which come down to the shores, the drifts are from ten to 15 feet in depth. Records kept at John Largay's camps show that 37 inches of snow fell in January, which is nearly a foot more than the average for all winter. Most of the downfall came in very cold weather and in the form of dry and mealy snow, so that no teaming along the roads could tread it down or make it lie in shape for loads to pass along. Since February came in a foot of snow has fallen. In Largay's further camp, which is six miles back from Churchill lake, are 40 men living on salt pork and Indian meal, and 18 horses with nothing to eat except frozen twigs from the trees. Owing to the depth of the snow, no supplies can reach this camp for a week or more, and though the men can come out on snowshoes, it is feared the horses will starve before hay and oats can be brought down from Northeast Carry. The men who have come out say that the deer and moose are unable to move about in the woods on account of the deep snow, and that most of them will perish from hunger before spring. James Burke, a prospector, who was cruising in the woods for new chopping, came upon a moose yard near Caucomagormac lake, where he found six dead moose and five very lean ones that were too feeble to break through into the deep snow when he came upon them. One big bull, that was reduced to skin and bones, allowed him to come up and feel his ribs and showed no signs of fear. When Burke held out a fragment of Indian bread the moose ate it ravenously, and was so greedy for more that he tried to follow the prospector when he quit the yard. Wildcats had visited the yard and fed on the frozen bodies of the moose. From the number of tracks Burke thinks there must have been at least a dozen wildcats close by, waiting to prey upon the survivors so soon as they became weakened from starvation. In addition to the wildcats, he saw signs where foxes had been at work among the bones. Though he had heard reports that wolves had returned to Maine from Canada during the cold weather, he saw no indications of these animals, though he remained about the lake for a week."

It made a good story, but as a matter of fact those who are in a position to know say that this winter is an especially propitious one for the big game. The snow has not been deep and the game has been able to not only keep alive but are in a fat and healthy condition. W. T. Pollard, one of Maine's best known and most voracious game wardens, was in Bangor a few days ago. His tales of the conditions in the woods above Moosehead lake differ materially from those of the above quoted letter. "Why Tim Pollard told me the other day," said a friend of the warden's, "that there wasn't over two and a half feet of snow in the woods. He had just come from the region this paper speaks of, too. I guess the man that wrote that story was never in the Maine woods and he certainly must have been hard up for news. Pollard said that the woods were so comparatively free from snow and the conditions so good for the big game that the moose hadn't even yarded."

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