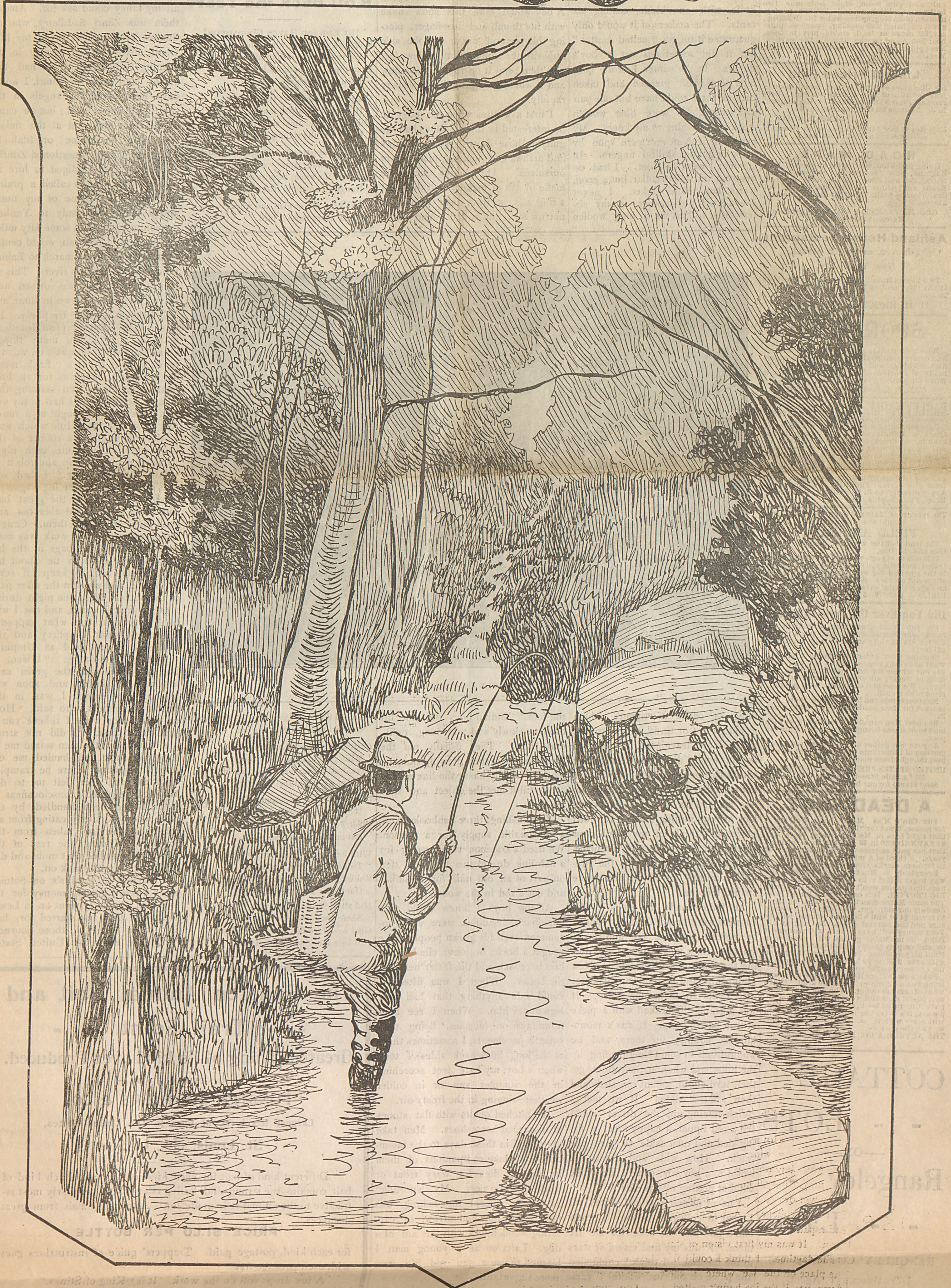


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When I Was a Boy.

[By A. W. GLEASON.]

NEW YORK, Dec., 12, 1903.

A baldheaded old man now, I often sit down and try to think what my emotions would have been when a boy, could I have looked in shop windows at the many things boys have nowadays. I oftener still wonder how I would have felt could I have owned some of those things.

A boy does not consider himself much of a boy, or well provided for, who does not own a knife with three or four blades. I used to feel very important if I owned a "Barlow" knife with one blade, costing six cents. The makers of it would only guarantee it to cut "melted butter," but it did sometimes cut a boy's fingers. In the winter I wore cowhide boots, well greased and taken care of, for I could have but one pair in a season. I wore blue woolen stockings reaching to my knees. My mother knit them with yarn spun by her own gentle, skillful fingers. In summer I went barefoot. I had no overcoat and velvet collar, but a good, warm, homemade jacket. I never saw a scarf, but mother, or my sisters, used to knit me a long woolen

The Indian boys, among whom I lived for some years at Cattaraugus, amused themselves many winter hours with snow snakes. A snake was made of a long, narrow piece of ash or hickory, very straight. It was flat with the lower edges rounded. One end had a small groove in it for the forefinger to fit into and the forward end was made very smooth and polished with a kind of wax obtained from the honeycomb of wild bees. It varied in length according to the length of the boy. Some well grown young Indians used snow snakes six or seven feet long and the larger ones were about two inches wide at the head, which was the widest part. A boy would take this snow snake with his thumb and forefinger, placing his second finger on the side opposite the thumb, run a few feet and then send it on top of the snow and it would go a long distance very rapidly.

I first saw kites when too large to be interested in them. Boys had no guns in those days. We had bows and arrows and usually made them ourselves. The better ones were made of ash or hickory and the best string was cut from deer skin in a narrow strip and rolled round under

made whistles of the young chestnuts in summer, and horns of the large stems from pumpkin vines. Boys in those days and with those environments led lives that perhaps seem tame to the average boy of today. But they went out into the great world with tender memories of the rabbit track in the new fallen snow, the sweet songs of birds, the shining brooks and grand old woods. If we could go back to the starting point, with open vision ahead of us of what we have since experienced, would we be willing to exchange lots with any other boys? I doubt it.

Roll Back the Years

[By EDWARD HAVEN GOODNOUGH]
Roll back the years, when, free from care,
We roamed the rolling hills,
Drank joy from nature's inmost heart,
Then romance gave us skill.

Gazed in the shadowy future, vast
It seemed to boyish minds,
Music we found amid the wilds,
E'en from the sighing winds.

Patrolled the streams when mother earth,
With greening grass was clad,
Breathed the sweet incense of the fields,
Naught then could make us sad.
Studied the life of glen and wood,
Knew every mother bird,



W. C. HOLT AND OUTFIT.

thing we called a "tippet" which would go two or three times around my neck and leave good long ends to flop in every direction, terminating with a ball or tassel, and which was not considered the proper caper unless as red as fire. I sometimes look at boys putting on their fur lined gloves and think of my mother or elder sister sitting by the fireplace, their sweet faces radiant in the firelight, knitting my blue and white striped mittens.

My father made my sleds. The runners were bits of board rounded at one end with an axe and made smooth with a jackknife. Once during three winters I resided in New Hampshire and he paid a carpenter fifty cents to make me a sled. It was a grand affair, shod with a piece of iron barrel hoop. It was a mountainous country up there, and we would hitch to some sleigh going up the hills, and when at the top let go, then turn about, mount our sleds and then what a slide! If we met a sleigh coming up, the driver would see a red tippet, a happy face, a flying sled and turn aside to give one track. How wide and grand the world to a boy who could slide a mile without getting off his sled.

I never owned a pair of skates till I went to college. A boy I knew had a pair and he once let me try them. It was my first vision of stars in the daytime. I think I could find the place on the ice where I came down, yet, if the ice hadn't melted.

the foot. Indian boys did not lift the bow slowly and take long, deliberate aim. They usually put the arrow in place, then drew up quickly, glanced rapidly along the line of the arrow till it met the object and then let go.

As to fishing, three fishhooks were a reasonable supply for a season. We used a common twine string for a fish line, dug worms for bait, tied on part of an old nail for a sinker and cut a rod in the woods.

All the boys I knew could ride horseback. Saddles were very uncommon even for grown people. We caught a horse, or pony, climbed on him bareback and the faster he went, the better. When I was fifteen I could ride anything that had four legs under him. When I see boys nowadays on bicycles, flying over smooth pavements, I sometimes think of the long horseback rides I took when a boy, my bare feet scorching in the summer sun or in colder weather stinging in the frosty air.

We pitched quoits with flat stones or discarded horseshoes. Men take their boys in these days to the mountains and make companions of them in casting flies for wary trout or while shooting deer. My "sporting" as a boy, except for fishing, was mostly with bow and arrow, or capturing woodchucks with the aid of a dog. Later on as a young man I learned to use a gun and life grew more important.

Our toys were homemade. We

Watched the dear younglings as they grew,
Learned their unspoken word.

Broadened, as flew the mellow days,
Made glad in mind and heart,
Developed brawn 'gainst coming life,
When we would feel its smart.

Long years have past, and, mid the world,
Where tumult reigns supreme,
We live again those happy days,
But only as we dream.

With longing thoughts we fly again,
To meadow, field, and wood,
Knowing that there, and only there,
Our hearts are understood.

Mid all the intervening years,
Some pleasures felt, more pain,
Glad would we flee to boyhood days,
Where sunshine followed rain.

Trip on the Plains.

[By J. S. DANFORTH.]

DIXIE, IDAHO, Dec., 12 1903.

Some time ago I outfitted to cross the sage bush country of Lost river. There were plenty of men and cayuses to be bought or hired, but it was not easy to pick the right sort of men. I could judge and pick the cayuses and buy them, which I did, but to pick the men for the trip I proposed to take, was a far different thing. After interviews with several not hunters, I decided to take Julius Reser and Tornado Judd for head men. The rest I soon placed, and to my pleasure I found some of them all my fancy could ask for. Among them was Zimri Saddlety, who at Sunken Treasure bar saved my life. I had mixed with a grizzly in an evening twilight where we had lost an ox and only for Zimri, I would have been among the angels in the sporting realm beyond; but he came to the front and said at the finish, "Are you in Maine or Idaho?" After that I never questioned Zimri.

At Butte I was obliged to hire an ox team with what is called a prairie schooner to take some of my outfit and a New York lady to Yankee canyon, a distance of some fifty miles where all my pack train would center to start on the great march to Eakins ranch on the Salmon river. This ox team (24 oxen) was owned and driven by a man known in Butte and Salt Lake as Cougar Umphrey. He was in many ways a typical frontiersman and original in many things. One thing which he dwelt on was the revelations of dreams. Each morning he would amuse us for an hour relating his dream and showing that it must come true. I had in my outfit a mule which I bought at a ranch just below the Sink Hole which was, as the man told me, a robber of the worst sort. This mule each night would come into camp and rob it of what pleased its fancy. I had several bags of oats in the big wagon so I could feed while in the great barrens; this mule found this out and each night tried for them. Cougar Umphrey when his work was done would sleep on the bags in the big wagon. He used to tie about his head a grain sack to keep off fever as he said, and slept in the after part of the outfit. This, one night during a great affair in camp, and one I will long remember, was what happened between Cougar Umphrey and the mule. It is best told as Umphrey told it in the morning: "I went to bed as usual with the grain sack around my head, and soon was asleep. I dreamed I was in the hands of robbers who said, 'Hold up your hands while I relieve you of that bag of dust.' I did not struggle, but one of the men seized me by the grain sack and hauled me out upon the ground where he trampled upon me and then left me to die. When I regained consciousness I found I had been handled by the mule who was quietly eating from another bag he had taken from the wagon." During the rest of the trip Zimri watched that mule and did not have his grain sack on.

I reached Jo Eakins's on Salmon river where I got my money for the trip and the party went on to Lewiston where they had started for, having made one of those journeys which are few in the United States.

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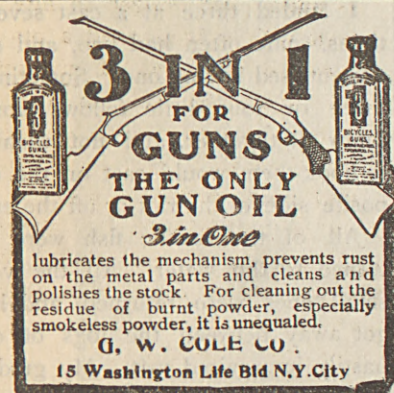
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A Bear Adventure.

[By D. E. HEYWOOD.]

RANGELEY, Dec. 8, 1903.

Down in Umbagog lake there is an island of four or five acres in extent that bears the name of "Bear island." Just why it got that name I was never quite able to learn, but from the following incident, which is still vividly carved on my memory, I think the name is appropriate.

It was a long time ago—about twenty-three years—and I was a regular country boy. I wore overalls and one suspender and a calico shirt, a straw hat and no shoes or stockings.

We lived far from neighbors and there being little for a boy to do on Sunday I was accustomed to going out with my gun on that day. It was the month of September and at that time ducks were very plenty. I had a long single barreled muzzle-loader, and carried a powderhorn and shot pouch over my shoulder.

One afternoon I crossed over to this island with the intention of laying in wait for some black ducks that I thought would come into a lagoon at the farther end of the island for their supper. I had landed and was picking my way along the water's edge, when I heard a heavy splashing farther on behind a ridge of rocks. By moving toward the island I was able to get a view from higher ground, and there in the lagoon was a large black bear very intent on catching bullfrogs. I never before knew they would eat such things and am not sure this one did, but he would creep up to a big one and by cautiously working his paw under it would throw it out into the grass, then rush out and kill it and apparently eat it. I watched him at a distance of 150 yards for some time, then began to plan a way of killing him. It did not occur to me to be frightened, because I believed I could kill anything with this gun.

Between me and the bear there was a large boulder and I decided best to get to this and if possible within short range before shooting.

Getting the boulder between me and the bear I hurried to it, and then straightened up to see what the bear was doing. As I did so I was greatly startled to see the bear rise up in like

manner on the opposite side, apparently for the purpose of spying on me. I had not supposed myself seen of him and this turn of affairs startled me greatly. My first impulse was that of a born hunter. I leveled the gun on his brown muzzle not ten feet from the gun and pulled the trigger. The result was disgusting. The cap cracked as loud as a pistol, the bear started upward two feet higher and I was in the act of lowering the gun when it exploded with terrific energy, striking me with such force that I fell to the ground. The charge struck the rock, glanced, and tore across the bear's face almost, if not completely, destroying the sight of both his eyes.

The first I knew of the result of the shot was at seeing him come tearing around the rock after me, before I was fairly on my feet. Without losing a moment I darted like a rabbit around the rock with the bear in pursuit. We made several turns before I had time to breathe, much more to recover my gun, and then the bear seemed to lose his bearings and stopped to smell and listen. I stopped also but I knew he could hear my breathing and heart beating. The worst of it was, he was behind the rock and I knew not which way to look for him. I had not long to wait before he came around in the opposite direction, and hearing me start came after me at full speed.

This sort of thing was kept up for several minutes, when I happened to

were ever on the alert, and so accurately did he anticipate my every move that I had no courage to attempt a dash for the boat or woods.

At last in desperation I pulled the stopper from the powderhorn and poured a quantity of its contents into the gun. Then while watching both ways around the rock I stooped and gathered a wisp of damp leaves and plugged the muzzle with them. At this stage of the performance my enemy broke in upon me and I went scurrying again around the rock. The next chance I had I got out the ramrod and drove the wadding home with one thrust, leaving the ramrod in the barrel. I had thrown off the shot pouch or lost it in my scramble, so I decided to use the most convenient thing at hand as a missile. While I was getting the cap box open the rattle of them attracted his attention and he made an unexpected charge, tearing my clothing and coming very near capturing me. I spilled most of the caps but managed to keep possession of some of them and I soon had one on the nipple of the gun.

I now knew that the game was to come to a speedy end. My breath was all but gone and the violent exertion and fearful onslaught from unknown quarters had so taxed my nerves that I was shaking like a leaf. To add to my discomfort he had adopted the method of creeping noiselessly upon me till he heard me start, then as likely as not he would



PEEK-A-BOO.

stop near the gun, which I again got possession of. I soon found it more of a nuisance than a comfort, for in avoiding his rushes I had no time to reload and it was an incumbrance. Once as he came at me I tripped and fell and in his fury he rushed over me and disappeared around the rock.

I still think he could see some at first, but his face was soon so swollen and covered with blood that at last I am sure he was totally blind. But his nose and especially his ears

wheel about and go around the other way. It was only a matter of a few minutes when he would succeed in outwitting me. I could only guess at the amount of powder in the gun, but felt sure there was an abundance.

I decided on the kind of shot I would take if he gave me the opportunity. Several times he drove me, and I held my fire. At last I saw my chance. I came upon him tail towards me. Tiptoeing to him I placed the muzzle within a few inches

of his rump, and holding the gun out of line with myself I discharged it. The explosion would have done credit to a Fourth of July celebration. The gun flew from my hands and went past me like a javelin, and without pausing to ascertain the effect on the bear, I turned and made a dash for the boat. I expected every moment to feel his claws on my back, but I flew as only one can fly for his life; nor did I slacken my speed till I reached the boat. Here I paused and looked back. In the tall grass a few yards from the rock I could see his head as he struggled feebly with a shattered spine.

I sat down by the boat utterly ex-

hausted. The sudden relax of energy so unstrung my nerves that I burst into a paroxysm of weeping from which I was finally aroused by the sound of an approaching boat. Looking up I recognized one of our own boats plowing its way toward me with great speed manned by three of the farm hands. They had witnessed a portion of the adventure through a spyglass and were coming to my aid.

We went back to the rock together where we found the bear dead from his wound. The ramrod had traversed the entire length of its body and was projecting half its length from between its fore legs.



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Deer and Trout.

[By W. W. BLAIR.]

BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1903.

At fourteen years of age I found myself under arrangements with a Mr. Harriman to spend a few days fishing and hunting at a pond near Upton, Maine. As nearly as I can gather from memory, my enthusiasm fairly represented that of many a young fellow under similar circumstances.

Our outfit consisted of a toboggan, ballard rifle, one hundred cartridges, a light ax, blanket, fishing lines and hooks, a good supply of provisions, such as bread, hardtack, onions, potatoes, pork, eggs, butter, sugar, salt, coffee, tea, condensed milk, and other small indispensable articles, sufficient, in connection with the game we anticipated bagging, to prevent starving for at least a week, and also to supply the necessities of life during the trip to my good dog, and remembering that in the best performance of all these little preparatory duties lay the highest enjoyment of our pleasures.

The morning we were to leave home dawned beautiful, and our souls were overjoyed with anticipation as we snowshoed through ravines and over mountains. We were, however, very tired on arriving at camp, finding heavy traveling in places, but a good fire and a warm supper of fried partridge with a cup of hot tea brought us into our best state.

The camp site was beautiful, almost beyond any place I have ever seen, but perhaps I am in the situation of Mr. —, whose opinion of his wife's beauty, when questioned of its accuracy, was justified by the declaration that the person must have his eyes to look through. The whole state of Maine is so full of charms that nothing seems wanting to impress the heart with the goodness of that Parent who seeks by all means to bring us near to Himself.

After adjusting our camp, picking boughs for a bed, cutting a large dry stub which stood near, also a beech for firewood, we decided that it was time to enjoy some of tired Nature's great restorer, quiet sleep. Wrapping ourselves in the blanket and making good use of the dog for a pillow, we were soon wandering over the mountains of our sins into the valleys of peace and quietness, until near the dawn of day, when we were possessed of a feeling that the thermometer was hovering around zero, and we knew that the possession was not merely by our reason or by virtue of any superior knowledge, but by communication from outside. After replenishing the fire, cooking and eating a hearty breakfast, we decided to explore the adjacent hills for game.

A short distance from camp we struck a trail of two large bucks, made some days previous and well filled with snow of a recent storm. The trail led us into a yard of eight or ten does. As they had no paths to run in, they scattered in all directions, clearing the snow at every bound, for a short distance, only. Mr. Harriman selected his game and by a well placed shot, the ball piercing the head directly under the ear, the deer lay motionless where but a moment before she stood full of excitement and solicitous of expression.

I must confess never having shot or seen shot, one of the beautiful animals without feeling remorse, yet, with few exceptions, I have earned them, if long tramps, consistent effort to outgeneral them, count for anything.

We dressed our game and carried it into camp.

The weather moderated sufficiently during the day and night to permit fishing with some degree of comfort. While breakfast was being excellently cooked by Mr. Harriman, I overhauled the lines and hooks and had them ready for business as soon as

From knowledge of previous visits to the pond, we walked directly to the air hole near the outlet. I will not recount here the incidents of the day by giving the dimensions of all the big fish lost, with all the minuteness and strict adherence to truth, but suffice it to say that we landed all our craving appetite could dispatch for several meals. My only regret of the day was the absence of a camera to make a picture of those speckled beauties scattered about the snow.

During our social evening chat I proposed that we start early the next morning for a bog some three or four miles east of the pond for caribou. Daybreak found us some distance from camp on the way. By eight o'clock we were approaching the bog. It was an ideal place for such game in summer and autumn, but not in

handsome buck near camp. Partridges were plentiful and would allow us to approach very near. We shot only what we wanted to eat at camp.

The fourth day was spent in exploring a large area of country. Several deer were seen but left unmolested.

The fifth day was uneventful, except for bagging two fine specimens of spruce partridge.

The sixth day was spent fishing and about camp preparing the game and fish for transportation home. Not guarding carefully our worms, they had frozen. We cut an old stub and secured several handsome white fellows that made excellent bait. As on the previous fishing day, the water was perfectly alive with the big fellows, allowing an opportunity to save only such sizes as

Unnamed Lake.

[By R. BARNES, JR.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1903.

On several hunting and fishing trips in years past I have heard from a well known guide of the Dead River region about a lake not far from Heald mountain seldom visited by man. This guide had run across it once while traveling across country on a lumber inspection trip and had tried to fish it. His story of the wildness of the region and his luck with rod on this small, well hidden lake, filled me with a desire to see it and try the fishing myself.

My informer unable to go himself, explained to his son, Percy (who has guided me for several years) how to get to a certain point on Heald mountain where we could obtain a view of this small lake and so lay the

not still hunting, but simply making the best time we could. One small buck jumped up not fifty feet away and stood looking at us until I spoke to him and even after he started he stopped several times before finally moving out of sight. We reached the lake by eleven o'clock and in an hour had a raft of logs bound together and leaving my gun we navigated our clumsy craft by means of a long push-pole. The weather was very cold, almost freezing and very windy and we could do little with the raft so let it drift until we came to a shallow place (about four feet of water) and there stuck our pole into the bottom hard enough to hold. The fishing, however, had already begun, in fact I had looked at my watch after making a few casts and it was just twelve o'clock. I say after making a few casts because it didn't take me long to see there was going to be "something doing" and I wanted to see how long it took me to do it. The fish actually come for my three flies (a Parmachenee Belle, Silver Doctor and Montreal) like chickens for feed.

I landed three at a cast several times, quite often had two, and seldom missed having one. Sometimes three or four little fellows would jump all together, and not wishing to hook them would cast on the opposite side of the raft or off the end.

All of the female fish were returned to the water. All the very small ones were returned, and lots got away between the logs of our hastily improvised raft. My guide's hands had become so numbed with cold (for they were wet all the time and the wind was blowing very hard) that it was difficult to save three fish or sometimes even two when they all came in together, and so, many were lost.

Twice I swung my leader back to him with a trout on the drop fly and as he would be taking it off, the tail fly still in the water would be seized by a trout and he would hook and land it by hand.

We were quite intent at work when a flock of wild ducks (butterballs) passed very close to us and settled on the water not far away and not far from two deer feeding along the shore, and, up to the present time at least, not aware of our presence. We had had fishing enough and it being one o'clock, we let the craft drift ashore and quietly landed. Percy lifted the sack and turned the speckled beauties out on the moss to count them while I crept along shore to try for a shot at the ducks. I succeeded in getting two.

The sack contained just sixty trout and they were beauties, being very highly colored and in good condition, too. This seemed to me to be remarkable luck, the following facts considered: Fished only an hour, in the middle of the day, with a high wind and from a raft. All the female fish and all the small ones returned to the water and some of the large ones lost through the raft.

We had our lunch and then went out after the ducks, which we found without trouble; landed and made our way homeward.

It's a day like this scattered through the years that accounts for certain well thumbed pages in life's journal. We all go back to think them over, and best of all, look forward to them, too.

Trapping foxes and skunks is a pretty profitable side line for some of the farmers. One of them brought in a load of pelts the other day for \$140 for what he had captured in five weeks, which wasn't bad pay for his time.

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THANKSGIVING DINNER.
NOV. 30, 1893.



MENU

- SOUP -
OX-TAIL - TOMATO - CONSOMME

- FISH -
FRIED DACE DRAWN BUTTER

- ENTREES -
CARIBOU STEW A LA NASH - LOIN OF VENISON WITH CIDER JELLY - LARDED GROUSE
JUGGED HARE A LA JAMES O'GRAY - DEER'S LIVER AND BACON - DEER'S FRIES BREADED
PORK AND BEANS - DEVILLED HAM

- BOILED -
SUGAR CURED HAM MARTINI SAUCE
CARIBOU AND DEER TONGUES

- ROASTS -
SADDLE OF VENISON - RIB OF CARIBOU
PARTRIDGE STUFFED - DEER'S HEART.

- VEGETABLES -
POTATOES A LA NATUREL - LYONNAISE - FRIED
- BOILED ONIONS - CORN -
HUNGY-GUNGY A LA HASTINGS.

- RELISHES -
MIXED PICKLES - PICALILLY - WORCESTERSHIRE -
SAUCE - SHREWSBURY KETCHUP

- DESSERT -
HOT-BISCUIT WITH CREAMERY BUTTER - CORN FRITTERS WITH
MAPLE SYRUP - FLAP JACKS AND HOLASSES - DOUGHNUTS
GINGER BREAD - APRICOT SAUCE - STEWED PRUNES
FROZEN APPLE SAUCE - JOHNNY CAKE - PUMPKIN-
MINCE - APPLE AND PRUNE PIE - RAISINS AND NUTS

- TEA - **- COFFEE -**

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- MARTINI AND MANHATTAN COCKTAILS -
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HARRY S. SEELEY
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JACK BOYLE
W. E. LATTY
HERBERT L. HEAL







winter. Circling the bog, we discovered a few old tracks leading onto the mountain. Following one of these, we soon became aware that we were near game. Mr. Harriman, with rifle ready to shoot, advanced cautiously, but the wind favored the game, and before he could get a shot the big fellows were startled and soon out of range. We walked hurriedly after them for miles, bemoaning the fate that had deprived us of that much relished dish, caribou steak. Finding the course was leading us directly from camp, our thoughts for the first time turned to ourselves in suddenly realizing that we were hungry, and particularly so, when our watches said 2.30 p. m.

A cup of warm tea, fried trout, fried bread and pork, prepared us for the return trip. We crossed a

we wanted, returning the others, which, as soon as returned to the water, were eager after the bait again.

Spending one night in the woods, on our return trip, we reached home about 3 p. m., immensely pleased with the outing.

The rumor is once more actively in circulation that the Ricker Bros., long famous through their success as hotel proprietors at Poland Springs and later at Rockland, are to build a similar hotel in the Rangeley region. The summit of Bald mountain is the site which rumor suggests.

A busy colony of beaver has been at work this season within a few miles of the bustling city of Rumford Falls. Our toys were homemade. We

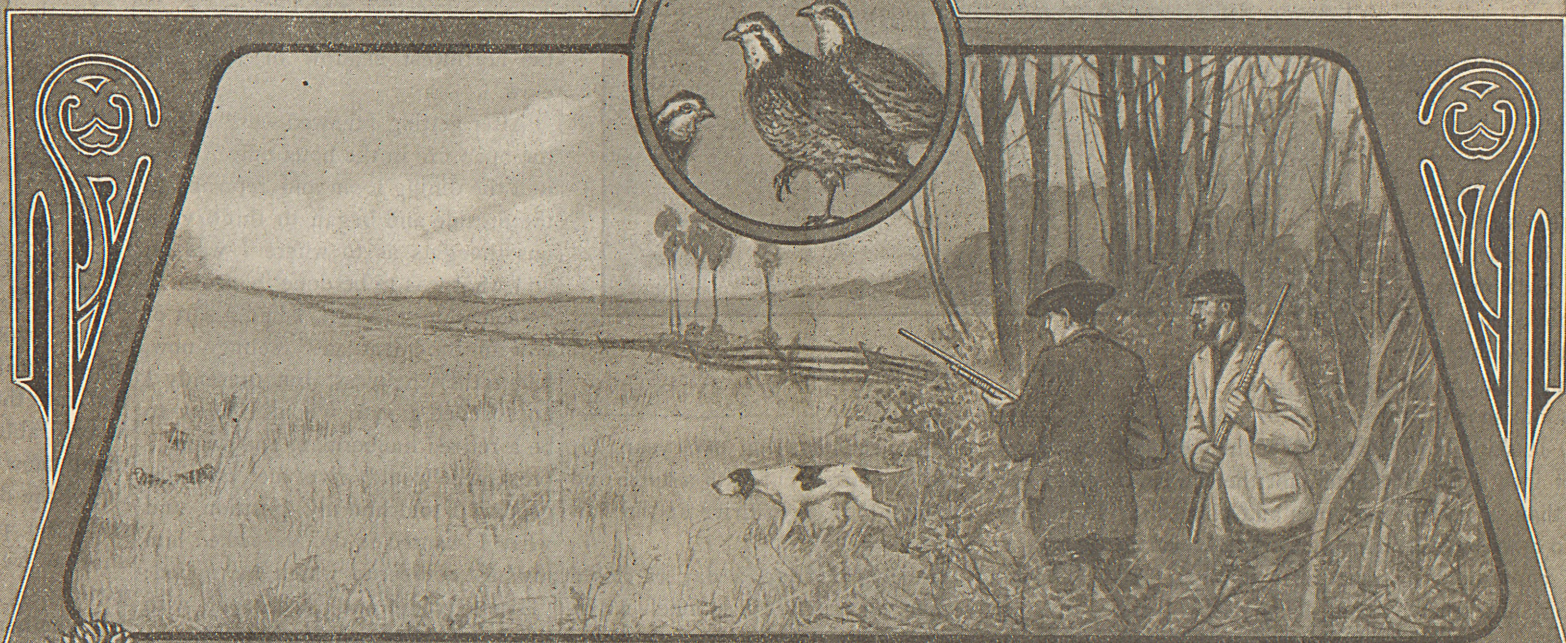
course necessary to reach it without much unnecessary traveling.

We left headquarters (King and Bartlett) at noon and reached Pierce's camps on Big Spencer lake two hours later. Next morning with rod and shotgun and oat sack and some rope we started on our trip. We left the lake down by the dam and lay our course for Heald mountain. Part of the way was fair going on an old lumber road, though we were bothered in places by the blackberry briars. The rest was "just through the woods."

We reached the desired point on the mountain, saw the lake and it was ours, or at least some of the fish were, later on.

We saw signs of bear, several fresh moose tracks and counted five deer on our way to the lake. We must have started others for we were

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Deer Hunting.

[By GEO. R. DANA.]

LOWELL, MASS., Dec. 12, 1903.

For many years I have had in mind that some day would find me in the Maine woods in pursuit of deer, but many "open seasons" have come and gone while I have been applying myself to more necessary, even if less enjoyable, business than deer hunting.

As October, 1903, wore along I felt the I-want-to-get-at-'em feeling gradually getting hold of me, and on the 22nd I said right out loud, I think I'll go down in Maine a few days, and Saturday morning, the 24th, found me boarding the 8.30 train for down east, accompanied by no friend except my 30-30 Winchester and a supply of "fodder" for same.

At Portland I visited an office and filled out a blank telling all about my personal appearance, how old, how long, how heavy, color of skin, eyes and hair. I hardly knew what to write after the question, "color of hair," so I wrote "light" which covered quantity, which is small, and color, which is gray in particular. This preamble having been finished, I laid down my good money of amount called for by the Maine law and was handed out my hunting license, which allowed me to shoot two deer and one moose. It said, however, that I would get into a lot of trouble if I shot other than a gentleman moose and that no moose under two years of age was considered a gentleman. Just a word now about shape and texture of that license—a cheap red paper front, backed by mosquito netting and of most awkward shape, not capable of being folded twice alike, and taken all together I don't know how a meaner thing for the purpose could be designed.

Leaving Portland my next change

was Farmington, Maine, the terminus of the Farmington branch of the Maine Central railroad and the end of the broad gauge system. Here I "took a seat and set down" in a little car of the Sandy River railroad—narrow gauge—and we were soon clattering along toward Strong, where another change was made to the narrow gauge train of the Franklin & Megantic railroad and we were

would have made about 9 o'clock in the evening, but I preferred to get a little closer to nature than a noisy train admits of, therefore on the following morning, after having eaten my breakfast, the flesh of a cow moose shot a few days before within a mile of the village, dressed and sold by a game warden—while the fellow who shot her was keeping under cover to escape a fine of \$500,



SWIMMING FOR SHORE.

off again; it then being dark, unfortunately for the white cow which was run down and killed near West Freeman and which accident delayed us some thirty minutes, but 6.30 found me at Kingfield, a thriving little village situated on the banks of Carrabassett river, at the gateway of the entrance to the great mountain system of Franklin county. I stopped for the night at the Kingfield House, although I might have continued on the train for some sixteen miles to Bigelow and staged six miles to Stratton, my destination, which I

or imprisonment for two years, or both, I started out with a horse and carriage for a day's drive up the Carrabasset valley.

It being Sunday, a day of closed season, on which it is as much a violation of the Maine laws to shoot deer or moose as on a day in June, I assure you I felt just a little unsettled lest something get in my way and threatened to get out of my way if I did not shoot; nothing tempted me however, and after a most enjoyable drive of forty miles through Jerusalem plantation, No. 3. Stratton

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(in town of Eustis), Coplin and Lang plantations, having "back tracked" nine miles, I hung up my hat about 6 o'clock at Hotel Blanchard, at Stratton, a lively little village under the northwest shadow of Mt. Bigelow.

After getting "thawed out" before the open fire in the hotel office, I visited the dining room and returned to the fireside and began to think various thoughts as to where I was at, and what was to be done in order to do something; in fact, I had a sort of how-am-I-to-get-at-'em feeling now, felt rather helpless, but presently I approached a man whom I knew to be a retired lumberman, and whom I presumed would give me "straight goods;" I told him my position and what I wanted to do, and asked him my best course, to which he replied: "Hire a guide and strike out with him, and I guess you can find a deer." I then asked him to recommend a guide, which he did, in the person of Philando Hall, better known in that section, and by many sportsmen as "Phud" Hall. We sent a boy out to hunt up "Phud" Hall, and in a few minutes I was introduced to my guide-to-be; we agreed

to agree in about five minutes, and I retired and did not dream of business affairs at home that night I assure you.

In the morning (Monday) while eating my breakfast at 5.30 (gee-whiz! I hadn't eaten at 5.30 a. m. for thirty years) someone said snow, and as I looked out of the window 'twixt darkness and snowflakes, I could not see the barn.

Six o'clock (a. m. bear in mind) breakfast eaten, Phud on deck, two inches of damp snow and we're off for the woods. Up the carriage road one-half mile and out across the field and into the woods, on we go as still as two rabbits save the crunch of the damp snow under our feet; in speaking of the damp snow, Phud dropped the letter p in damp, but I liked the snow as I could see if any deer had gone along that "mornin," could also tell whether or no I was just behind some other "old sport" out "huntin" too; so on we went, no track of man and not enough of deer to cause any goose flesh on me; still we hiked along logging roads, through open woods, across streams, over and under the bushes, across bogs and

[Continued on page 7.]

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Grant's Partridge.

[By FRANCIS I. MAULE.]

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 8, 1903.

A lot of us were standing behind the camps up at Beaver Pond one afternoon, when a partridge flew across the clearing just as Ed strolled up and joined us. As he saw the bird vanish in the woods, he said:

"I never see a partridge that I don't think of a mighty curious experience I had with one 'bout twenty years ago over there on the side of Boil mountain." My brother, same one as you've often heard me speak of, an awful, good fellow but just the least mite shy of work, was a corporal in the 3rd Maine volunteers and when he came home after the war he brought his gun with him. It was a Springfield rifle and he had it bored out to shoot shot and used it quite a lot and he sometimes made round bullets for it that were about as big as pigeon eggs. When he went to sea as captain of a schooner trading between Halifax and New York, he sent that gun and the bullet mold for it up to me and I used to shoot it considerable and took a great fancy to it.

"One afternoon I went over to Boil mountain to hunt an ax one of the boys had lost over there and took along the old gun that had one of those big balls in it to shoot a big hawk that roosted in a big birch. Well, as I was crossing the trail up jumps a fine, big cock partridge, wheels around to the left and sails off. I throws up the gun mighty quick and let drive at him, but he kept straight on through the bushes and I never saw him again and soon forgot all about him.

"About a month after that I went out to Portland and met my brother, who had called there for some freight, and after talking about various matters, he said: 'Ed, didn't you shoot that old gun of mine at a cock partridge about 2 o'clock on Tuesday, October 18th?' I thought a minute and then remembered the day perfectly and said yes, I did. What of it?

"Well Ed," says he, 'I was just outside of Portland harbor that day when I sees about 4 o'clock what looked like a bird away off in the distance come straight for the *Ananias Junior*, that's my schooner, you know. I was at the wheel when he came up and passed close by and a more miserable lookin' bird I never see. The feathers was all wore off his neck and breast and the bones all but burstin' through the skin, his wings was wore and blunted like a turkey wing to sweep the hearth with and his tail all gone but just two pointed feathers and the sweat in big drops was a drippin' steady from the "pint" of his beak. He did look awful to be sure and I couldn't imagine what ailed him till I took another look and then I see. Right behind him in a straight line and jest about a foot away was a bullet that I easily recognized as mine, though it was all wore down as flat as a penny and its edges like saw teeth with buckin' "agin" the sharp east wind for two hours. The bird was doing all the flying it could and the bullet workin' powerful hard to cut down that lead of twelve inches, but neither of 'em could gain a bit, it really was the most exciting race I ever see.

"Well," says I, "how did it end?" "End! how did it end? What would I not give to know! One minute after they past me the bird flew into a thick fog and that poor old bullet chased in after it and I never saw either of 'em again.

Here there was a dead silence for at least a minute when Grant says: "Boys, don't never use round bullets, they're too blamed lazy for any wing shootin'!" and then meetin' broke up.

Deer Hunting.

[Continued from page 6.]

into the black growth, nothing but tracks, and while those looked pretty well to me, Phud allowed they made mighty thin soup and could not be cut right for steak.

Eleven o'clock finds us at a lumber camp occupied by eleven men, so the cook told us, and here we had hot tea with our lunch, by kindness of the cook.

Dinner eaten, Phud and I part; he tells me where to go and goes where he has a mind to, nothing doing worth hollering about, although I

spectively) my eye caught an object which, on the second look, made goose flesh under my shirt for the first time. Stepping back for my rifle I said to Phud, "I think I can see a deer." He followed me to the north door, and after a good squint he remarked, "Well, I be—, if that don't look like a deer." Meantime I dropped down where I could get a little clearer view through the brush and I saw a deer for sure. I thought of what Phud had said to me when we started out Monday morning, "know what you are going to shoot at before you shoot." (I knew part of the game years ago however), but I now knew just what I was up against



TWO BEARS SHOT AT WELD.

saw a fox crossing Nash stream on the rocks, but did not dare to shoot (at) him lest I hit Mr. Blanchard's barn near by and perhaps puncture some of his stock, and when Phud came over to the hotel in the evening he informed me he had seen a "flag" during the afternoon.

Again I "hike to the straw," not to dream of home cares however, and 6.30 next morning (Tuesday) finds Phud and I lighting out for another day's hunt; this time he points south, southeast, which took us over the "pipe line" (village water supply) to the foot of Mt. Bigelow; up we go and over we go, down through gulches and over ridges, nothing but tracks, but lots of those, telling us we were where they were, but they were there first; now we get onto good footing along what Phud called a "wagon road", (I didn't see any wagons on it though) and he allowed there was an old camp up in the woods somewhere which this wagon road led to. We kept to the road travelling with the wind behind our left ear and knew they could not scent to our left, hence as tracks were plenty we had a sharp eye on the left and a long look now and then on the right; now we pass an old deserted lumber yard which has grown up to raspberry and other bushes, and tracks are all mixed up; we see no flags however, and presently the walls of an old log camp are seen, and we propose to break our bread there. We enter the roofless walls of the camp by the south door, set the rifles in a bunk at south end, Phud takes off his pack, knocks the snow balls off his heels, looks about for wood to make a fire, while I step to the north door and cast my eye out to the brook which was to furnish us with water, and as I was taking in things beyond the brook, way out in the swamp from fifty to two hundred yards, (probably more and less re-

and I put up my little 20 inch 30-30 Winchester carbine and made my first request of it, and when we got to the other end of the route we found as handsome a young buck as Phud ever saw, so he told me. Surely he was slick goods. As Phud took the deer by one horn and started to draw him to camp I was much exercised lest he pull the horn off, and thus cautioned him, to which he very quietly remarked, "I won't pull it off." Deer in camp, we built a fire, made tea, ate our dinner, operated on the "stomic" of the buck and hung him up in the camp, closed the doors and set out again, and I guess I felt fairly well. I accomplished nothing more during the afternoon and did not consider it necessary that I should.

At the hotel that night I was jollied on all sides about the good eye of my guide, etc., but as I had the bull by the horns I did not mind the switching of his tail. I was also told that I could not knock a deer's horn off with a hammer, and I paused to think how tender Phud must have thought I was.

Wednesday morning at 5.30 I was munching my breakfast, and at a little past six Phud called "forward march" and out in the cold gray dawn we marched. We took a course very much the same as the day before except that my guide (I don't call him Phud here because he abused me) thought to test my staying qualities and perhaps capture a buck that made very large tracks and wore a "rocking chair" on his head, took me up the side of the "East Nubble." Why, it is a fact, it was so steep for a mile (or less) that when I was standing erect I was lying down on the side of that nubble. When descending, my guide was in front, or rather down under me, and stopping with his arm around a wind-fall as a support, he looked up and

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remarked that he guessed we did not go quite high enough, but seeing that I did not concur he quickly began the descent, not quickly enough however to escape the toe of my boot, which connected with his frame about eighteen inches above his knee joints, south. Having escaped from the East Nubble without loss of a limb nor gain of a buck with thirteen to twenty-one points, we, well not exactly we, but Phud, pointed sort of southeast for our dining hall of day before and we took dinner at the old stand again and renewed our acquaintance with buck No. 1.

Now we break camp and face up to the northeast wind and presently we come to an opening on our right some two hundred yards deep, I in

few crimson spots on the snow and now we shake hands over another handsome young buck as he lies some twenty yards from where he and 30-30 connected. Phud remarked that such a long shot in warm weather would be fruitless as the game would spoil before one could walk to it.

Now I was all done hunting deer, and as no gentleman moose of lawful age had been sighted during my three days' hunt and no sign of him seen, my thoughts returned homeward.

During the evening Phud came over to the hotel. We engaged a buckboard at the hotel stable to go in and bring my two deer out the next morning and land them at Bigelow station for the 11 o'clock train.

I returned to my room, picked up my playthings and retired, now to



THEY GOT THEIR GAME.

the lead some ten feet; Phud stops, I glance around, Phud beckons. "Do you see that fellow down there?" says he, pointing to the extreme lower edge of the opening. Again a 30-30 is sent over the line, up goes the white flag, a rather distressed movement and the deer is out of sight. Marking the spot as best we could we started down and after a bit we found the tracks. They indicate confusion of their maker, we note a

dream of the return home with my two bucks.

Things were run off according to schedule Thursday morning, and that night I was in Kingfield, which town I left at 7 a. m. Friday, arriving in Lowell at 4 p. m. My deer arrived a little later the same day, and are now in cold storage "ripening" for future use.

If anyone knows of a "green horn" who has gotten more out of a week's outing than I did, ask them to write to me.

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Last Night In Camp.

[By DR. GEORGE MCALEER.]

WORCESTER, Dec. 8, 1903.

The deciduous trees had been dispoiled of their summer garniture; the migratory songsters and sea fowl had gone to their winter home in the sunny south; the year was already old.

The distant wilderness had echoed and reechoed the report of the death dealing rifle; the naked branches reached out as if in mute appeal for mercy; the outstretched arms of the conifers were bent to earth with their weight of purest snow, as if in holy benediction.

The last day of the open season was spent; the moon and stars journeyed in silence through space; the revelry of the camp alone broke the stillness. Sallies of wit, the relation of adventure that ended in success, snatches of song, cheers of appreciation and roystering laughter, told of buoyant manhood, the geniality of companions, their ability and resourcefulness.

The two weeks of camp life in the wilderness in the deep snows of mid-winter had flown all too quickly—the open season was at hand—this was the last night in camp. Mirth and melody, fun and frolic, jest and jollity now had the floor and reigned supreme until

"In the wee sma' hours ayant the twal" adjournment was made to restful, blissful beds fashioned of the tender boughs of fragrant spruce and fir, when conscious was exchanged for unconscious cerebration in the land of dreams.

Soon after the mantle "that covers all human thoughts" had enveloped the camp and hushed the exuberance of the jolly sportsman in deepest forgetfulness, the dream maker waved his magic wand and the erstwhile log camp of the sportsmen was suddenly transformed into a frontier

schoolhouse with its coarse board benches and rude furnishings. And laughable as it may seem, of all men in the world, Pa Stanley wielded the rod of the schoolmaster! Ed Grant, Bob Phillips, Joe St. Ober, Andrew Douglass, Herb Heal, Leon Orcutt, Luther Gerrish, John Haynes and other well known faces were seen amongst the pupils.

The schoolmaster's side lights had grown so long that he had them tied with a green ribbon in the form of a bow upon his breast, a sunburst crysanthemum decorated the lapel of his coat, his clothing represented the highest attainments of the tailor's art, his features intellectual and refined, and his deportment as dignified and winsome as if top dressed at both ends of the season with cartloads of tactful urbanity.

The teacher evidently was wisely selected.

School was called to order, the younger members were soon lost in juvenile problems, and the older ones were called for recitation, or for a conference upon matters pertaining to the various avocations upon which they were about to enter for their life work. Of the latter Ed Grant and Bob Phillips were the first upon the gridiron.

"Well, Mr. Grant, my young man," said the master in his most mellifluous, heart winning way, "now that you are about to get through going to school, I suppose you have your mind made up as to what you are going to do to earn a living? And you, Mr. Phillips, also? I hope you will achieve distinguished success in whatever you undertake and prove an honor to our state. What business do you intend to pursue, young men?"

"Don't know for sure yet," said Grant. "Bob and I were thinking of going into the guiding business, but Paw says the business isn't as

good as it used to be, and he thinks I had better join a log chopping crew. Bob says he don't see any great prospect now in the guiding business either. But Bob can speak his piece for himself."

"Well, you have given her a pretty good push, Ed," said unctuous Bob, "and I guess I'll let her drift awhile before I try to paddle against the stream. But, Ed, you can do well enough guiding, I know. Between times when there's no guiding to do you can use up what spare time you have making up yarns for the next party, or the next year's crop of green fishermen, and for a change you might tame a few trout and teach them to walk. Some of the newcomers will buy them from you to take home to show their friends the kind of trout we now have in Maine since the commissioners took a hand and spend \$25,000 a year on their schoolhouses and kindergartens."

"Oh, talk is cheap, Bob, but talk, however sweet, don't butter parsnips. I've got stories enough on hand now to last ten years, and I never heard of anyone wanting to buy dry land trout."

"Well, get them licensed as guides," said philosophic Bob, ever ready as usual to pour emollient balm upon the raw spot and smooth out the wrinkles. "They can pass the examination easily enough and it will only cost a dollar to put them into the same class with the old and experienced guides."

"The MAINE WOODS! The Christmas MAINE WOODS! All about camp life in the woods, and how to straddle a fence and not fall off on either side!" rang out the tuneful, trade compelling voice of Jim Brackett as he guided his panting reindeer into the school yard and convulsed the school with roars of laughter, in which the good natured

school master was forced to join.

Order was finally restored and studies resumed, when up went the hand that everyone recognized as being the one that John Haynes wore suspended from his right shoulder.

"Well, John, what is it?" said the man of eradition and equanimity.

"Please, sir, Leon Orcutt says Andrew Douglass can walk a moose to a standstill for his customer to photograph and play tag with. I don't know but Leon may be guying me, or stretching it a little, but if he isn't I'd like to know what brand of an automobile Mr. Douglass uses over in the Dead River region to chase moose to a standstill with."

Luther Gerrish moved uneasily about upon his seat and two or three knowing nods signified his interest in the inquiry.

"Will Mr. Douglass be kind enough to explain?" said the master.

"Well," said Andrew Douglass, "I've done the trick on shank's horses more than a few times and I can do it again. I was born some time ago, before the dollar-in-the-slot guide was invented and turned out in job lots to beat out his betters and hoodwink the sportsmen, and I have"

Rap-a-tap-tap—rap-a-tap-tap upon the door of the camp—quiet instantly reigns—and all eyes are turned to gaze upon the newcomer. The door was opened and its size was taxed to its utmost to permit him to enter.

Falstaff never seemed more corpulent or better contented with himself. Strange to say his entire costume from head to foot was decorated with Uncle Sam's promises to pay—in gold notes, silver certificates, national bank currency—money, money, money; top, bottom, sides and middle—money, money, all!

As soon as the pupils could withdraw their eyes from the latest ar-

rival and his extraordinary and unique costume and look at him squarely in the face, it was discovered that he was no other than Leroy Carleton, although his usual imperious and stern features were now wreathed in 6x9 smiles.

He begged pardon for his seeming intrusion and abruptness, but when he assured them that he now had money enough to hire them all and an army of others at big pay for game wardens, the schoolhouse fairly shook with cheers. He further announced that he now had money enough that cost nothing to buy up half of Maine, that he was going to so foster and protect big game that it would soon overflow the state, and that a shipment would be made to the less favored ones upon the planet of Mars by the first through limited transport.

The utmost determination of the teacher was called into requisition to stem the torrent of enthusiasm and excitement which followed. Having secured a modicum of order, the teacher continued:

"Young men, it is fortunate for us to have with us tonight such an extraordinary man. You know the name Leroy comes from the French Le Roi—the king, but as we do not have kings in ———"

"Come boys! Dreamin' time has run out! Get up! broke in the cook. "Breakfast is about ready and we must hit the tote road for an early start to reach the settlement before night."

And thus ended the last night in camp, as does everything else in this world, in realities and—dreams.

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.