

MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 20.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1905.

PRICE 3 CENTS

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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Fish and Game Oddities.

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Deer Was Disagreeable.

A Monmouth man, who is fond of big game, while riding along in close season a few seasons ago, saw a buck deer in a field. He climbed a fence and undertook to get in good range of the deer. The deer began shaking his head and started toward the hunter. The result was that there was no shooting that day. The man climbed the fence promptly and started off.

Frog Eats Frog.

A party of fishermen were camping near a brook when, as evening approached, they heard a peculiar squeaking noise near their camp door. On investigating they found a large frog in the act of swallowing a smaller one. The smaller frog was about halfway down the other's throat and was being eaten alive.

White Sparrow

A large flock of sparrows attracted much attention in Lawrence Bros' mill yard in Gardiner some time ago. One of their number was perfectly white, not having a dark feather and appeared perfectly capable of looking out for himself.

Deer Didn't Pay Toll.

A big buck deer skipped his toll on the Mount Desert bridge some time ago and the keeper thought of presenting a bill to the state for the passage across.

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WE PAY FREIGHT
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Known by Sportsmen as the region where SPOTTED TROUT are the largest and LANDLOCKED SALMON the gamiest to be found in the Nimrod Geography.

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Railroad at Farmington, Maine, and running up the Sandy River valley to the Great Sporting Regions of Rangeley, Kennebec and Dead River. Bear in mind that this narrow gauge system, the Sandy River Railroad and connections is the only railroad carrying passengers direct and all the way to Rangeley and to the threshold of the

VAST DEAD RIVER and KENNEBAGO REGIONS.

Volumes could be written of the varied and natural attractions of each of these regions. If you want to know more of either, write

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PHILLIPS, - - MAINE.

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"RANGELEY"




THIRD. — It stands for the name of the Parlor car shown in the above cut,

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"RANGELEY."

This is not a toy, but an elegant, comfortable and luxurious part of the narrow gauge train connecting with the Maine Central

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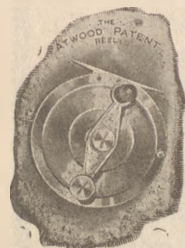
If you are going into the woods or mountains after big game you will need a rifle that you can trust your life to and that won't fail you. The simplicity and strength of *Marlin* high power rifles and the certainty with which they work makes them the choice of big game hunters of wide experience. Take a *Marlin* repeating rifle with you and be sure of your safety and sure of your game.

The .32-40 and .38-55 *Marlin* high-power smokeless cartridges are the greatest game killers ever made. They make a big hole and go mighty deep. Black powder loads are used where less power is required.

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FOLLOWED BY A PANTHER.

HUNTING AROUND FRANKLIN COUNTY YEARS AGO.

J. G. Rich, the Veteran Hunter and Trapper Has a Thrilling Adventure With a Panther.

(BY BORDER.)

PHILLIPS, Dec. 10, 1905.

There is probably no man living today, who had such an extensive knowledge of stream, lakes and mountains as the venerable hunter trapper and guide, J. G. Rich.

Mr. Rich came to Maine in 1830 taking his young wife with him from Boston on horseback. He found his way to the lakes by the way of the Androscoggin river, and located on the shore of Richardson lake.

Mr. Rich soon ascertained that the country was filled with fur bearing animals and proceeded at once to build a log house where he lived for twenty years and raised several children there.

Mr. Rich had many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes, one of which I will relate as he told it to me.

"I was," said he, "trapping one fall on the Magalloway river and I think I was the first white man that ever went to its source.

It was the last of October and it was my third day up the stream. There had fallen nearly six inches of snow the night before. I was eating my dinner of moose meat. I cast my eyes to the right and observed fresh tracks in the snow. On examining them I pronounced them bear's tracks and as he was heading up stream I thought I would try and get a shot at him. I followed about an hour and thought queer.

He would come up to a pine tree and tear great pieces of bark from the tree an inch deep. I began to look sharp. Presently I came to where the animal had caught a rabbit and eaten it, and continued his course up the stream. Cautiously I followed his tracks up the stream. I had not gone far when I came to the end of his tracks. Had he doubled, I should have met him. What could it mean?

A large pine stood about twenty feet from the last tracks and on this tree about eight feet from the ground, I noticed fresh marks as though the bark had been disturbed. On going to the tree there were the same deep imprints of claws as on the other tree.

A peculiar sensation came over me. I had not been following a bear but a panther or Indian Devil that more than likely was looking down on me from some of the great trees that surrounded me.

I confess I was nearly wild, twenty miles from any human being, and this was my first experience of the kind.

Instantly my flintlock was ready and finger on the trigger, instantly I knew what kind of a foe I had to deal with, and if I ever got out alive I must have steady nerves and level head so with my eyes in the tops of trees, I slowly began to retrace my steps. When I

had got back on my trail a few rods I stopped and thought what was the course to pursue.

On consulting my watch I found it was nearly two o'clock; to reach my first camp would be impossible, consequently I had got to stay in the woods with the terror of all men. I resolved to get as far as possible from that place and ascertain whether he would take notice enough of me to follow my tracks. I travelled half an hour as fast as I could and stopped to ascertain if possible whether he was going to take any notice of me.

I stepped behind a large tree and waited. I thought that my safety depended on keeping a good fire during the night and that it would not do to be caught in the great woods after dark or even let the fire get low, thus I sootiquized.

I looked by the side of the tree and not more than 20 rods away, he was coming on my trail. Instantly I un-

the wood broken up to make a good fire. I then took an armful of broken limbs and carried to the first cut and soon had the foundation for two fires. By this time I had got enough wood chopped and piled together.

The shadows began to settle down on the great woods and a feeling of loneliness came over me, such as I never have experienced since.

Before it became dark I gathered some birch bark to light my fires, for I knew it would not be safe for me to go two rods from the fire after dark.

When everything was ready and the darkness was gathering around me fast, I touched the lighted match to it and sent a bright light for rods around.

It was then six o'clock and as dark as it would be for the night, within the circle of my light. After filling my tin pail with snow, which was soon boiling, the contents of my pack were never better enjoyed than on that memorable night.

My fires were about 12 feet apart and I knew then my business that night would be to keep the fires burning and stand sentinel between those fires.

It was some time past midnight and I was almost exhausted from the previous day's tramp and the excitement of the night. I took my gun and retired under a sheltering rock, for the first time for the night to rest but with no intention of sleeping. It was the first time I had been in this cosy spot for the night. The fire was within six feet of me and the rock perfectly sheltered me from all peering eyes or danger.

It was as warm as summer in my little den and I could not resist the spell that came over me and I dreamed of being beside my cosy little log camp on the shore of the Richardson lake and as I entered the door my wife fell into my arms and with such a scared look said, "O thank God you've come back safe, I dreamed last night you was followed by a panther." Then I awoke. I had not been sleeping many minutes when the logs on the fire rolled together and made a noise. I sprang to my feet. At that instant a sharp piercing scream went through me unlike that I never heard before. I sprang from my nest to the open air. That blood curdling screech again filled the air for miles around. The scream of the panther.

There was no more sleep for me that night. I used the ax till daylight and eating a cold lunch I prepared to shoulder my pack and considered my best course to pursue the way I came



Bear killed by F. C. Merrill, Conway, N. H., Nov. 6, 1905. Live weight 391 pounds, length of skin 10 feet, 3 inches, length on back 8 feet, 2 inches, size of skin after it was stretched to dry 8 feet, 6 inches—nose to tail, width of skin across the body 5 feet 6 inches, the body weight of the skin before it was stretched 58 1-2 pounds.

buckled my pack and ax. They slid to the ground and I stepped out in full view and braced up, although my heart was beating like a trip hammer. At the sight of me he crunched to the ground and I could not see more than half of his bigness, but situated as I was, he looked bigger to me than a bull moose ever did afterwards. The great cat remained in this position but a moment; turning his head he made one spring and was out of sight.

On looking about me my eyes rested on a dry pine tree about 2 feet in diameter, instantly I went to it, setting my gun and pack against a tree within reach. I was not long in chopping it down and as it fell it struck a large rock and broke it several times. I chopped off two cuts from the butt and rolled them together as a foundation for a fire. I then went to the middle of the tree and found enough of

in, or, take a straight course through the woods to the Richardson. On looking around after daylight I found that the panther had been circling me all night and that he had come within a dozen rods in a great many places.

Setting my compass I decided to take a bee line for the Richardson lake and take the chances. I had not gone fifty rods from camp before I came upon his fresh tracks. I had hoped that I had got away without his knowledge.

I had not got two miles on my way before I was aware that he was following me. As I proceeded I felt less nervous and gained courage. I stopped often and let him come up within rifle shot, but dared not risk a shot because I dared not trust my gun. I would step behind large trees and let him come within ten rods and I would step out in sight; he always stopped. Suffice it to say we were both afraid of each other.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

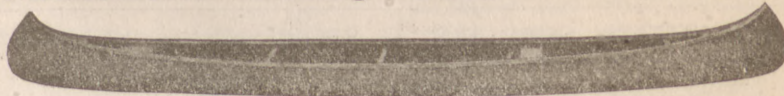
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Unequalled in Strength. Beautiful in Finish.

Send for Circular of Special Indian Model.

B. N. MORRIS, - - Veazie, Maine.

After he had followed me till past noon I stopped and when he was the nearest he had been for the day I stepped out and fired my gun and jumped towards him and screamed with all my might. He turned and ran as fast as he could the other way and I saw him no more.

In two hours more I had the satisfaction of coming out within a mile of my cabin on the shore. Strange and wonderful to relate my dream was repeated to me precisely as I dreamed it curled up under the rock on the big Magalloway.

Sporting Notes In and Around the County.

(Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.)

WELD, Dec. 15, 1905.

Each year between 35 and 60 deer are shot in the basin and this year is expected to come up to the record. At the date of this letter the number accounted for is said to be well towards 50 and of course there are several, shot near the close of the season, that cannot be accounted for at this time. It certainly remains a fact, however, that for good deer hunting the town of Weld is hard to beat.

Last Wednesday Truman Masterman got a big doe and Messrs. Nathan Foster and Verne Hardy got one deer each on the same day.

WEBB, Dec. 15, 1905.

Among the lucky hunters of this town this fall have been Mr. Angie Carleton, who has secured one fine buck and Mr. Aquila Schofield, who has also made good with a fine deer.

Mr. Joshua Simmons shot a good sized deer recently.

Wednesday of last week Mr. George Lamey got a fine deer in this town.

Friday, the last day of the open season the hunters of this place were in the woods in force, but at this writing we can't state the success of our Nimrods.

DIXFIELD, Dec. 15, 1905.

Messrs. Fred W. Smith and A. N. Stoyell hunted deer Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, but were unsuccessful. Although these gentlemen did not "make good," yet they had lots of fun and say they are going to try their luck again next year.

Hon. H. O. Stanley was seen one day recently by a reporter for MAINE WOODS. Mr. Stanley was seated in his office enjoying a smoke when the reporter called, but immediately made the newspaper man welcome. A very pleasant half hour was spent in talking over fish and game matters, as well as looking over some of the fine fishing tackle which Mr. Stanley manufactures.

Before leaving, he presented the reporter a "Rangeley Spinner" of the

THE ROD THAT LEADS.

F. E. Thomas, Manufacturer, Bangor, Maine.

Write for Catalogue.

SNOW SHOES FOR SPORTSMEN.

Always first-class. No cheap work. \$3.50 a pair.

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BRECH LOADING

Single, \$3.50

Double, 6.75

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Fishing Tackle, Sportsmen's Supplies cheap. Send stamp for catalog

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New store on Rangeley Lake House grounds. Call and see my line of Rangeley Wood and Split Bamboo Rods.

E. T. HOAR,

Rangeley, Maine.

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EXPERT REELS

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to rattle or get out of order.

TROUT REELS, No. 270 and 280. FEATHER-LIGHT REELS cost little. "Harrimac" Landing Nets. All dealers sell these. Send for catalog.

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180 Exchange St., - Bangor, Me.

Stanley manufacture. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship and should certainly be a killer.

Deer hunting in the town of Dixfield has been unusually good this fall, it is said.

Greenville Can Boast of Good Game Record.

(Special correspondence to Maine Woods.)

GREEVILLE, Dec. 16, 1905.

The closing of the game season shows a record that is far in advance of last year. Up to the night of Dec. 15 there have been shipped from this station, 1062 deer, 33 moose and 11 bear. As there is always a large number in the woods that can not be taken to the station until the stage is running on the lake the total number shipped from here will not be far from 1100.

Last year the game shipment for the entire season was 771 deer and 11 deer. The largest shipment for one day was 70 deer and 4 moose.

A recent trip through the woods showed that the deer are getting together and while not exactly yarding are near the swamps where they will be found during the winter. In spite of the large number killed there are enough left for next season.

On Dec. 15th the writer saw a rabbit that had neglected to change his white winter coat but was as brown as he would be in July. Does this indicate a mild winter?

The youngest bird shooter in the state of Maine is William Palmer aged 3, who shot a bird not long ago.

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To users of "Infallible," "E. C." and "Schultz,"

The Laflin & Rand Powder Company

desires to express its best wishes for a joyous Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.

CARIBOU IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

SEVEN HEADS THAT WERE SECURED BY PHILADELPHIA PARTY.

The Country, How It Looks and What It Furnishes in the Way of Outdoor Sport.

(BY A. H. ROSENGARTEN.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17, 1905.

Having arranged with Daniel Burton of Terra Nova, Newfoundland, to secure guides and boats for our party of three, we sailed from New York at S. S. "Sylvia," Red Cross line, on Oct. 10. After a six days' team, including a day's stop at Halifax, we arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, where we bonded our rifles and secured licenses, \$50 apiece, which entitles holder to three caribou heads, if he can get them. The railroad trip from St. John's to Terra Nova on the Reid Newfoundland narrow gauge railroad is made very comfortable with dining car and sleeper and the following day we embarked in small boats on the Terra Nova river. A two days' row put us at the foot of a plateau, which Burton, our head guide,

caribou swam across the river, about 100 yards above us while we were stopping for lunch. We flushed several ptarmigan grouse, which at this time of year become almost white; from there a pack of four miles back from the river brought us into camp on a little knoll covered with spruce, which,



by the way, is a very inferior size, owing to the extreme wetness of the soil.

We found the hunting to be great sport, although the walking is very soft often going into the ankle and it was a great relief to hit a rocky ridge and perhaps traveling it for half a mile before crossing another bog of two or three miles in width. The day's tramp varied from 12 to 18 miles, more often the former and during it one often obtained beautiful views of the country, which is studded with small lakes, many of them unnamed and winding rivers, which in spring we were told afford very fine trout, salmon and landlocked salmon fishing. The caribou were rather scarce as October was so mild this year in Newfoundland. They had not come down from the northern part in great numbers.

The stalking is great fun and I think beats moose shooting, as you see your game with the aid of field glasses two or three miles away and steal up within 400 or 500 yards, keeping well lured. The last part of the stalk is often done on the hands and knees, if the game is in the open, taking advantage of the rolling ground or clumps of small second growth. The stags are much less wary than their companions the doe, as the latter ones generally give the alarm



had decided to hunt. On the way up we saw many fresh signs and one doe

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Inventor of the famous Mezzo style of mounting fish.

The Angler's Secret

By Charles Bradford.

Author of "The Determined Angler," "The Wild Fowlers." Illustrated. Net, \$1.00 postage paid.

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. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.;

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

and away goes the company, the stag bringing up the rear.

We found the average shot to be at a distance of 150 yards and finally after a 12 days' stay we secured seven heads, four of them being large and three fair sized, but of course the larger was the one that got away and the writer will try to remember to shoot lower next time and not so quickly.

We came home by train, across Newfoundland to Port au Basque and the scenery along the Humber river was well worth alone the trouble of the trip.

Our guides we found to be very satisfactory and seemed quite as keen about the sport as we were.

We are glad to note that Mrs. Ring, wife of Fish and Game commissioner E. E. Ring, is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. Latest reports state that she is doing nicely.

Mr. W. A. Gillian of Kendallville, Ind., writes MAINE WOODS that he was in Canada on a hunting trip the past fall and will be in Maine next year.

Will Holt of Rumford Falls secured a fine deer at his camp in Andover Wednesday of last week.



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THE BILLINGS & SPENCER COMPANY,

Hartford, Conn.

December in Maine.

(BY JESSIE SWIFT MARTIN.)

Wintry blasts rattling at the window frame, gave signs, before day dawn, that foul weather had come. Icy particles chattered against the pane, the householder shivered as he stirred the fire and waited for the light to break. Just a white expanse, softly swelling snowy breasts where had been tufts of frost bitten grass; straight, level roadways untouched and unsoiled in their purity. Fences loaded with fluffy burden, disappeared beneath drifting heaps of shining white. The blue forested hills across the little river were veiled with softly shifting clouds of frozen rain. The waters lay hushed beneath a coverlet of white frosted ice. The trees drop beneath robes of pure white, like brides of winter. The icy hail clashes against the window as if the spirits of the air were tossing bushels of hymeneal rice at the frosty brides.

All the world lies apparently hushed and wondering beneath the silently deepening blanket under which every thing is being tucked warm and snug.

Anon, a rushing blast shakes down the tree robes and buffets the window with soft clouds of frost particles.

Life stirs abroad. The first team crawls by. The horse moves laboriously, his shoulders whitening beneath the falling flakes faster than the ripple of his valiant muscles shakes them off. His sides heave and his nostrils steam. The jingling bells are muffled by the soft cotton of winter. The sleigh sinks to its body in the lightly piled snow heaps. The trail shows soft gray shadows falling behind the upturned camps of snow and a series of deep caverns where the hoofs sank. Before the team is hidden by the swirling clouds the sharp clefts in the virgin earth cover are softened in outline as the whirling particles finally alight.

Early in the forenoon, merry bells sing more cheerily and a neighbor's team, loaded with young people, draws rein before the door. "Lonesome over to our house," sings out the ruddy young giant holding the champing horses. "We came over to help you pop some corn and pull 'lasses candy' as the householder's pretty daughter flings wide the hospitable door. The merry troop riot through the great kitchen and soon snapping corn is dancing over the coals and the pungent odor of boiling molasses is smelled.

A red ear is found in the bag of pop corn, no one knows who put it there, but the ruddy giant fetched the bag from the granary. He it was found the ear and in a dim corner of the great kitchen he shows the pretty daughter what occurs on such occasions. Then the pans of candy were set out to cool.

But see, the wind is changing. A softer breath comes into its harsh blowings. The snow descends more heavily and lies quiescent. No more hail batters the glass. Instead, the

starry frost flowers cling to the pane and slowly meet and slide its length.

An occasional drip is heard from the eaves. The drooping trees bend lower as their load becomes more and more heavy under the warmer breath of the wind. The snow flakes grow smaller as they steadily fall and ere 'tis realized a fine melting rain is following.

Steadily the frosting on the fences sinks and washes away. The trees cast off their white robes and from every tip and branch end hang quivering moonstones of misty rain. The hills are blotted entirely out by the curling veil of white mist and fog and on the river black patches are growing, where the rain is forming little pools on the ice under the snow.

The day advances, at the noon hour almost is a first watery gleam of sun shine seen. But as the rain deepens again the gutters take hollow shape under the melting snow. Little rivulets of rain water trickle down the sled trail and at every step the sodden snow squelches beneath the foot and wet holes are left to mark the path where the solitary pedestrian has passed. The sled trails are finally lost in a miniature torrent rushing down the horsepath. The drifts sink slowly and their smooth expanse is pitted by the pelting rain. The virgin white of the fields and lawns is speckled and marred by broken branches and black foulness brought by the liquid drops.

It is growing dusk. The shadows gather and the slanting lines of driving rain are blotted out but the trees stand black and sulky in the wet twilight. The river, having burst its ice bounds snows a sudden current dashed into flashes of white as churning whirlpool and rushing ice stir up sullen foam.

The street lights gleam clearly on the shining walk and the glittering branches at last shutting out this white and gray day, the householder's daughter pulls chairs closer to the ruddy blaze within.

As other more boisterous pleasures are exhausted, the young giant and the pretty daughter sit before the open blaze and from a shelf is taken a little book. The ruddy giant listens as the pretty maid reads. Suddenly she stops and blushes. A glance over her shoulder shows that she has halted at the familiar lines.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

"There's no need of speaking, is there, dear?" he whispers softly. "Only that there's the satisfaction for me in hearing you say—what will you

Cured

Bilious Headache

Mrs. M. E. Jones, West Lubec, Me. writes:—

July 11, 1904.

The "L. F." Atwood's Bitters has been used in my family for a number of years, with marked success.

I can confidently recommend them for biliousness and headache.

The True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, 75 cents. The best headache remedy.

say to me?" and he slips a toil hardened finger under a rosy chin.

She whispers and he seems satisfied. He must have discovered a second red ear—both of hers are verging on that tint and he exacts the forfeit.

At last the horses are driven once more to the farmhouse door and the younger members of the party are called in from hide and coop in the dusky old barn and the long, dry, pungent woodshed.

The two who read the little book together, speak little, but eyes have conversed together.

The youngsters noisily cry good-bye and the sled moves off, the horse slashing in the little brooks along the roadway and the runners sinking nearly to bare ground. The steady drip, drip, drip of the warm rain promises a sleepy song for the long night watchers, but should the cold once again creep down from the north, a glorious dawn into a world of ice armoured nature.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sandy River Railroad Co.

The Fraser Hollow Spar & Boat Co.

of Greenport, N. Y.

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E. B. Woodward, New York.

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WANTS. FOR SALE, ETC.

Price 1 cent a word each insertion. Stamps or cash with order.

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SEND YOUR GUNS—That need adjusting or repairing to H. Mortimer's Gun Exchange and Repair Shop, 24, 457 Washington St., Boston.

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FOR SALE.

STANLEY AUTOMOBILE—1903 with 1904 improvements in A1 shape. Price, \$375. A. E. Rowell, 226 Summer St., Auburn, Maine.

DOUBLE GUN, Winchester Repeater 22, Bangor, S. & W. Revolver. Want foxhound. F. H. Ricker, Lisbon, Maine.

TRAINED FERRETS—Ferret Harness, Muzzles, Perforated Sack, Rabbit Net, Ferret and Pheasant books. Wallace & Son, Lucas, Ohio.

LIVE Quail—Western birds only. Positively no worthless, southern migratory birds offered. Also pheasants, etc. E. B. Woodward, 302 Greenwich St., New York.

PHEASANTS FOR SALE—Quantity of English ring-neck pheasants for game preserves. For prices and other particulars address M. C. Rice, Shawnee, Monroe County, Pa.

FOR SALE—Colt new pocket revolver .32 caliber, Smith & Wesson long, blue finish, 3 1/2-inch barrel, weight 16 ounces; new, been shot once; \$10, with case. B. W. Readshaw, M. D., 123 Bird Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Cottages and lots on Belgrade lakes. Nice chance for summer boarding, also lumber for building. Apply to J. Littlefield, Mercer, Me.

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

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FOR SALE—One pen of Full Blooded Pekin Ducks for breeding purposes, consisting of 8 ducks and 3 drakes. These are the finest birds to be seen in this part of the state and will be sold cheap for cash or desirable exchange. Address at once. Walter E. McLain, New Vineyard, Me.

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J. W. BRACKETT COMPANY, Publishers.
J. W. BRACKETT, Editor and Manager.
CLARENCE E. CALDEN Associate M'gr.

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.

This Edition of Maine Woods 12,000.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1905.

Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine.

L. T. CARLETON, Chairman, Augusta,
J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips,
E. E. RING, Secretary, Augusta.

SUPERINTENDENT OF HATCHERIES.
W. E. BERRY, Winthrop.

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Lake Auburn, J. F. Stanley, Supt., East Auburn;
Caribou, Grant Hinds, Supt., Caribou; Sebago Lake Hatchery, C. L. Floyd, Supt., Raymond;
Rangeley Lakes Hatchery, Arthur Briggs, Supt., Oquossoc; Carleton Brook Feeding Station, W. A. Whiting, Supt., Winthrop; Monmouth Hatchery, A. W. Wilkins, Supt., Monmouth; Moosehead Lake Hatchery, F. E. Hitchings, Supt., Greenville Junction; Enfield Hatchery, A. J. Darling, Supt., Enfield.

Cash In Advance.

MAINE WOODS will be on a cash in advance basis on January 1, 1906. All papers not paid for in advance before that date will be discontinued and the amounts due collected.

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
Phillips, Maine.

THE regular readers of MAINE WOODS will note that the issue of the present week is considerably crowded with advertising. This condition naturally made it necessary to omit some of the special articles that were ready to put in type for this issue. Some of our special advertising will drop out next week and a number of excellent articles will be printed, to which we invite the attention of our readers. We have laid out a campaign that bids fair to make MAINE WOODS more interesting during the next year than it ever has been before. We have adopted the cash in advance system and this has resulted in a material increase in circulation. The ordinary reader is glad to be assured that when the time for which he has paid has expired, the paper will be discontinued and so the expense to him will be over unless he decides that he wants to renew his subscription.

A MAN who claims to have been a woodsman, guide, trapper and sporting camp proprietor, has allowed to be published in one of the leading daily papers of the state, a bitter arraignment of the whole fish and game protective system in the state of Maine. He even goes so far as to say that there are only two worthy wardens in Maine. The two wardens that he named as being worthy are Tim Pollard of Foxcroft and Frank Perkins of Bradley. These two men are indeed excellent wardens, but there are others that are equally as worthy of praise. We doubt not that there are quite a number that the gentleman who allowed himself to be interviewed, never knew at all, men that are doing excellent work. One thing that makes it appear to the initiated that the man who was alleged to have been interviewed was not so experienced in woods matters as he might have been, is the fact that he referred to sportsmen as "sports." In our experience of more than 20 years in the woods and among the camp owners and guides in the state of Maine, we have hardly ever heard sportsmen referred to in this obnoxious way by the men who know them personally and have business dealings with them. This is enough in our opinion to condemn the man who allowed himself to be interviewed.

Jesse R. Doyen of Phillips closed the hunting season by shooting a 220-pound eight-point buck.

Ray Harnden, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Eben Harnden, who are at Lake Point cottage, Rangeley lakes this winter, went out rabbit hunting the other day with his rifle and returned with a big buck that weighed 175 pounds with a 21-inch spread of horns.

To Cure a Cold In One Day

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

MAINE FOR THE BIG GAME.

DEER SO PLENTIFUL SOME SECTIONS ARE A GAME PRESERVE.

Moose Bears and Beaver Are So Plentiful That They Are Pretty Sure To Be Seen by Those Who Really Try.

(H. B. BROWN.)

FARMINGTON, Dec. 19, 1905.

Another hunting season has come to a close and the state of Maine has again splendidly maintained its world-wide reputation for being the best game preserve in the United States.

Time was when the seeker after sport with gun or rifle journeyed to the great plains of the west or the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains as being the localities which furnished the acme of good shooting. Game of many kinds was abundant and as was natural the hunters flocked into the famed sections in great numbers.

However, through a variety of causes one section after another was depleted of its wild birds and beasts, until today in most parts of the west the days of an abundance of game are but a memory.

Here in Maine where from the earliest times of which a record now exists, the forests were thickly populated with game birds and animals, the result of the indiscriminate and reckless slaughter at all seasons of the year in other states was noted and there were some who could look ahead and see that if the game was to be preserved some protection should be afforded to it.

Although the idea at its inception was not generally popular and for many years the ensuing legislation was but a dead letter upon the statute books, yet the seed was sown and in more recent times has grown to bear fruit most satisfactory not only to the people of the state itself, but also to the thousands of visitors who annually enter its limits in their search for sport, health and recreation.

Of course the laws are not perfect by any means but in a broad sense they have accomplished wonderfully well the result toward which they were aimed and it can safely be said without fear of successful contradiction that the state today harbors more big game than any other state or territory in the Union.

Deer in particular have multiplied and increased so that not only are the wild lands well stocked with them but from the more secluded sections they have spread over the remainder of the state until the while section could be likened to a vast deer preserve.

At the same time other animals have also been gaining in numbers, particularly moose, bears and beaver.

To be sure there are hunters who come to the woods and never see a moose or a bear on the whole trip and there are yet others who have great difficulty even in getting a deer in line with their eyes, but this doesn't prove by any means that the game is not there.

Big game hunting requires more or less skill in its successful pursuit and more or less luck in its happy culmination. Probably in the long run skill will be the winner every time, yet it often appears that luck is more to be credited and a more valuable possession to the Nimrod who desires to secure a trophy than all kinds of skill and years of experience.

A tyro made his first trip to the woods last month. He knew absolutely nothing about game hunting and unfortunately had neglected to perfect himself in the use of a rifle. The first morning out from camp he spied a moose, a good bull, broadside to him, unaware of the man's presence and only about forty yards away. He had plenty of time for his first shot but although he fired several times at his moose, he only punctured the landscape a few times, gave the moose a good scare and has only the story left of his exploit. That is some luck.

During last season when, owing to the fallen leaves it was very noisy in the woods, William J. Hutchinson of Englewood, N. J., and his guide started one day for deer. Now Billy is a good shot with his Haezel rifle, but no one who knows him could accuse him of being a very enthusiastic or tenacious hunter. The guide was a thorough woodsman, good shot and so-called good hunter. They separated agreeing to meet later in the day at a certain point. Upon reaching the rendezvous the guide could only report that he had had a very good walk. Billy wanted assistance in dressing a deer which had come bouncing up to him through the woods, stopping within easy range and in plain sight. One shot had done the business. It was a 10-point buck and in good condition the kind of deer known in the vernacular as "an old crumper." That was some luck, too.

Many more instances could be quoted showing the large part which good fortune often plays in securing game and all those who frequent the woods can recall similar occasions when the successful bag was more largely the result of common, every day horse luck, than the practice of any fine skill or adroit manoeuvre on the part of the hunter.

Then again the wild inhabitants of the woods in their endless struggle of the fittest to survive, become very wary and he who would seek them with a brass band accompaniment will probably be a long while before his efforts are rewarded to his satisfaction and this is a good thing. What if one could go out from camp any day and shoot a bull moose, a big buck or bear and could do the same tomorrow. What if

The DuPont Company

extends heartiest good
wishes to its friends
for a most joyful
HOLIDAY SEASON.

you were sure of a big trout every time your fly struck the water. The sport would pall, it would not be attractive, in fact it wouldn't be sport at all and only a very few would care to pursue it. As it is, the very uncertainty of what the day will bring forth adds to the pleasures of the outing and gives a zest to fresh endeavors.

There is game enough for all and it is only rarely that the pursuit of it in the woods of Maine results in failure. An old woodsman used to say that only three rules were necessary to make any one a good hunter. They were to hunt against the wind, make no noise and keep your eyes open. Years of experience are summed up in that sentence and any additional advice would be but an enlargement on one or another of those rules. Keep the wind in your face, walk quietly or if you can't walk quietly walk as quietly as you can, keep on the alert, and if you are on good terms with Dame Fortune and do your hunting in the woods of Maine, success will surely be yours.

Trade Notes.

Averages Reported.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Nov. 28, Fred Gilbert, first general average, 169 out of 180, shooting DuPont. H. H. Stevens, second general average, 163 out of 180, shooting DuPont.

Morgantown, W. Va. Nov. 29, Fred Gilbert, first general average, 166 out of 180, shooting DuPont. H. H. Stevens, second general average, 161 out of 180, shooting DuPont. J. R. Miller, of Morgantown, W. Va. first amateur and third general average, 160 out of 180 shooting DuPont. J. M. Coburn of Morgantown, W. Va. second amateur average, 138 out of 180, shooting Infalible. E. F. Jacobs of Morgantown, W. Va. third amateur average, 137 out of 180, shooting Infalible.

Marseilles, Ill., Nov. 28 and 29, Lee Brakley of Chicago, Ill., first amateur and first general average, 318 out of 350, shooting DuPont. F. C. Riehl second general average, 315 out of 350 shooting New E. C. (Improved). H. W. Kahler of Davenport, Ia., second amateur and third general average, 313 out of 350, shooting DuPont. A. H. Goring of Walcott, Ia. tied for third amateur average, 297 out of 350, shooting Infalible.

Joliet, Ill. Nov. 30, F. C. Riehl, first general average, 164 out of 175, shooting New E. C. (Improved) B. Dunnell of Long Lake, Ill., first amateur and second general average, 161 out of 175, shooting DuPont. H. Dunnell of Long Lake, Ill., second amateur and third general average, 154 out of 175, shooting DuPont.

Molunkus Lake, Maine.

An ideal place for a summer vacation, southeastern part of Aroostook county. Best of hunting and fishing. Postal brings illustrated booklet.

L. P. Swett Proprietor.

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Plenty of Deer and Moose for every hunter.

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NEWHOUSE BEAR TRAPS



No. 50 for small bear, weight 11 1-4 lbs., spread of jaws, 9 inches.
No. 150 with offset jaws weight 11 1-4 lbs., spread of jaws 9 inches.
No. 5 common black bear weight 19 lbs., spread of jaws 11 3-4 inches.
No. 15 for large bear weight 19 lbs. spread of jaws, 11 3-4 inches.

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On Student's Island, Six miles from Bemis reached by steamer.

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H. E. & H. H. HARLOW, Dead River, Maine.



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One wishing to take a fishing trip can find no better place. During July, August and September special attention is given to families wishing to spend the summer months in the woods. Anyone can find no more desirable place than York's camps. Everything is first-class. During September and October one will find the best of fishing and hunting. Best of references furnished. For further information and booklet address, J. LEWIS YORK, Proprietor York's Camps, Rangeley, Maine.

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Offers to Sportsmen and Vacationists the rarest opportunity for Fishing, Camping, Recreation, Hunting, Canoeing, Rest. The Best Canoe Trips in the World. The Most Up to date Camps. Thoroughly Reliable Guides. Upwards of 1000 Lakes and Streams. America's Big Game Region. First Class Hotels.

"In The Maine Woods." 9th annual edition, ready for distribution March 1, will contain complete information.

Copy mailed anywhere for 10 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address Guide Book 6,

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With lines extending between Portland and the boundary lines between Maine and New Brunswick and between Portland, via Fabyans, through the celebrated Crawford Notch, piercing the heart of the White Mountains en route to Montreal and Quebec, forming the short line to the west. Also reaching all Maine Coast Resorts and famous Poland Spring and Bar Harbor. Direct all-rail line to MOOSEHEAD LAKE, SEBAGO LAKE, THE RANGELEY AND BELGRADE LAKES, the waters of Piscataquis, Penobscot, Washington and Aroostook Counties and New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Write to General Passenger Agent for full particulars and send a 2c stamp for a beautifully illustrated Guide Book, with map. Mention MAINE WOODS.

North New England, and Particularly Maine HAS A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FISH AND GAME.

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The Boston & Maine Railroad, And its connections reaches every section of Eastern and Northern New England "FISHING AND HUNTING" is a descriptive pamphlet covering the fishing and hunting territory and contains a map of the sporting region of Northern Maine and also maps of New England. It will be mailed together with Condensed Fish and Game Laws of Northern New England and Canada, upon receipt of 2c stamp. Address Passenger Dept., B. & M. R. R., Boston.

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THE "INDIAN DEVIL" NOT HERE.

"DEY MAKE NOISE LIKE BABY CRY- IN" SAID THE INDIAN.

The Cry That Made the Dog Go Under the Sled and the Horse Stop and Look Back.

(BY W. T. ASHBY.)

The true catamount or Indian devil makes it home in the great forests north of the St. Lawrence river in Canada. Many years ago there used to be a few in Maine but as they are a timid animal the rumble and scream of the locomotive, the sound of the woodsman's axe and the crack of the sportsman's rifle have frightened them away and it is well that it is so, for they are a terrible beast to contend with.

This animal must not be confounded with the puma or common panther. It is nearly twice as large and of a different color.

A full grown Indian devil will weigh 300 pounds and measure about 15 feet from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail. They are able to leap from one tree top to another and this is generally, the way they travel across the forest. They are a destructive beast for they seldom eat the prey they kill unless very hungry. They will leap from a tree top onto a deer, tear out its throat and suck its blood and then mount to the tree tops and look for another. It has been known to kill the giant moose and destroy a full grown bear.

An old Indian once told me that in olden times these great cats killed more of his people than all the diseases known to the red man. It is said they will leap from a tree top and catch a man and run away with him in their mouth like a cat with a mouse.

As they belong to the cat family they are hard to kill and unless hit in a vital spot it takes more than one bullet to kill them.

As fierce and dangerous as they are I was once within two feet of a live angry catamount and am alive to tell the story. Several years ago when I was 16 years old my parents, who were then very poor, set me into the woods when I should have been at school.

Another boy about my own age went to the same camp that was situated on the Madawaska stream. His name was Ruben True. We worked for a jobber getting clapboards cut and from dawn till dark pulled a crosscut saw through the big pines.

Our camp was near a little lake and on the margin of this two Indian trappers had built a little camp, it was made of birch bark and sewed together as neat as a birch canoe. We boys often went to this camp evenings and soon became acquainted with the Indians.

One night they told us that early in October, they had gone to take Temoscutta in Canada to hunt but an Indian devil came and scared them away. They told us many stories of these savage animals and how they would follow an Indian for miles and would desert all other prey to catch them.

"Dey make noise like baby cryin'" said patch nose Pete who was telling the story.

When we went home that night we ran all the way fearing a catamount might be in the trees.

The next morning at breakfast I repeated the Indian's tale. "Give us a rest boy", said Lou Blake, the teamster, "I don't believe there ever was such a thing. It don't take much to scare an Indian anyway."

"Easy thar youngster," said old Dan Drew. "When I was a boy an lived on the Tobique, one came one night an kil ed our only hoss an eleven sheep an there want a one of us dare go out doors."

"Give him a nat," said Blake as he arose from the table. "If one ever gets you, Dan, tell him a whopper and he'll bring you back in the mornin'."

That day after Rube and I had finished sawing a big pine we stopped a moment to rest, when from down in a swale there came a faint sound like a baby crying. We both heard it and looked at each other.

"Do you hear that noise Rube?" I asked, "or do I imagine I hear it."

"By Gee, I hear it plain enough," said Rube. "Let's get over where that chopper is."

We told the chopper what we had heard and we all listened again but could hear nothing. That night in camp the men teased us unmercifully.

The next morning, however when Lou Blake was going to the landing he found a dead deer in the road. Its throat had been torn out and its back was lacerated with the marks of claws.

Before Blake had got back from the landing or any one in camp knew anything about the deer, the boss came to us and wanted us to take the old horse and sled and go to a marsh some five miles away and get a jag of hay. We hated to go and told him frankly we were afraid there might be a panther around. He laughed at our fears, said he did not believe there was one within a thousand miles and told us to take his dog and a rifle and go along. Said he, "When a panther comes the Indians will let us know."

A few minutes later we were on the road and made a quick trip to the marsh. It was December but there was very little snow. We soon built a load and bound it solid with ropes at each end and a pole lengthwise across the top; then we started the horse toward the camp and walked behind, carrying the rifle and playing with the dog.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

A TRIAL BY JURY!

At the Portland (Oregon) Exposition, 1905, The Peters Cartridge Company made an exhibit of its goods, including Empty and Loaded Paper Shells, Metallic Cartridges for Rifle, Revolver and Pistol, Gun Wads, etc. The Jurymen who judged the exhibit were experts and acknowledged to be thoroughly competent to pass upon the merits of ammunition and firearms. They granted to The Peters Cartridge Company a

GOLD MEDAL---HIGHEST AWARD!

This decision was reached after a canvas of past records made with Peters Ammunition; a minute examination and an exhaustive test of the goods themselves. Coming thus near the close of a year marked by grand achievements, the Portland award furnishes new and convincing proof of the superior shooting qualities and unsurpassed finish of

PETERS SHELLS AND CARTRIDGES.

We had gone about three miles when we both stopped stock still and nearly fell in the road. From behind us in the forest came sharp and clear the wail of a child. The dog bristled up, gave an angry growl and tried to get under the sled; the old horse stopped, looked back and listened and then snorted. We were dumb with terror for a minute. We knew we stood a slim chance to kill the great beast with either the old muzzle-loading rifle or the ax. We quickly decided what to do. Rube squeezed in behind the ropes that held the front of the load and seized the reins of the now thoroughly frightened horse, while I wedged myself in behind the ropes on the hind end with the rifle in my hands.

The cries grew nearer and louder and the horse was going up the raising ground at a canter. I expected every second to see the catamount coming up the road. Presently I heard a scream almost overhead. I looked up and saw the great cat leaping from treetop to treetop. I do not think I was frightened. I was hypnotized. The dog—he would weigh some 60 pounds—now commenced to howl and was again trying to get under the hind part of the sled with his nose at my feet. I yelled to Rube to keep the horse in the road and not upset. Suddenly the panther leaped from the branches into the road about 100 yards behind us and with a yell that made the woods echo. He came 20 feet at a leap. I tried to shut my eyes but couldn't.

The dog had his nose under the sled directly between my feet. On came the devil and when he got close he laid down his ears, opened his great mouth and seized the dog by the back of the neck. For an instant he sat and growled and then ran up a tree with poor old Jack in his mouth. Ten minutes later we drove into the camp yard when the boss saw two frightened, white-faced boys and the old horse white with foam. He gave us each a hand and said, "Thank Heaven, boys, you're safe."

There was great excitement at the camp. The Indians had come bag and baggage. They had seen and heard the catamount and had sought shelter behind the strong walls of the camps. Blake had come and brought the carcass of the deer and the men had been called in from work. Old Dan Drew, the best shot in Aroostook, stood leaning on his long rifle and squirting tobacco juice. A crew with guns and axes were getting ready to come and meet us. We soon told our story. All listened except the Indians, who stood off by themselves talking in their own language.

"I'll tell ye what, b'ys," said old Dan, "that varmint's got to be killed or we must drive them Injins or some or the crew will go arter the dorg."

The Indians now stopped talking and went to work. They got two old peavy stocks and sharpened the small end as

sharp as a bayonet. Then they got some of the men's discarded clothes and began to make some images to resemble two men. They took two meal bags and made heads and faces; old hats and mitts were put on their heads and hands and the sharpened peavy stocks were thrust up through them. Their plan was to carry them down to their back camp and set them up, in hopes the devil would mistake them for men and jump on one of them. But they would not go alone.

After we had eaten dinner the boss told Dan to take his rifle and go with the Indians. He also told Rube and me that we might have a half holiday to pay for the scare we got. Of course we went along, too.

Setting the traps was a very simple affair. We took a quarter of the dead deer and the two dummies and went to the Indian camp. Two little hollow firs were cut down about 20 feet apart and in the cavity the large ends of the peavy stocks were inserted. A fire was built between them and the deer meat laid on. We then returned. The odor of the burning meat could be smelled for miles.

That night we had to tell our story a dozen times before we went to bed. I was awakened in the morning by a great racket. The Indians were outside jabbering and shouting and old Dan was swearing. Presently the camp door burst open and in they came dragging the big cat. He had leaped on one of the dummies and the sharpened stake had gone through his body. In his death struggles he had nearly scratched the seasoned peavy stock in two with his hind feet.

He was jet black and one of the largest of his kind. I have one of his claw nails yet to remind me of the adventures. It was taken out at the root and is as long and large as a pitchfork tine.

Lucky Salem Hunters.

SALEM, Dec. 18, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

Following is a list of the lucky deer hunters in Salem for the season of 1905:

| | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| Fred M. Harris, | 1 buck |
| Ira D. Adley, | 1 buck |
| Walter Towns, | 1 buck |
| Bert Hayford, | 2 bucks, 1 doe |
| Ray Ellsworth, | 1 doe |
| Arthur Jones, | 1 buck |
| E. M. Lovejoy, | 1 buck |
| M. Baker, | 1 buck |
| Arthur Staples, | 1 doe |
| Harry Thomas, | 1 buck |
| Mr. Jackson, New York, | 1 buck |
| Mrs. Lena Batchelder, | 1 buck |
| Harold Harris, | 1 buck |
| John Harris, | 1 buck |
| Walter B. Davenport, | 1 buck |
| Charles Lewis, | 1 doe |

F. N. Beal, superintendent of the Sandy River railroad, will ship to the Boston Sportsmen's show a sample of beaver work that is 19 inches through.

PFLUEGER'S CELEBRATED Fishing Tackle

has stood the test for nearly a quarter of a century. We make the largest line in the world—it includes all sorts of baits, spoons, flies, snell hooks, lines, leaders, reels and a number of patented specialties that anglers need. If you wish the most killing artificial bait, spoon, fly or spinner, insist on having Pflueger's Luminous. If unable to secure our goods from your dealer let us know and we will send you some interesting information. THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO., AKRON OHIO, U. S. A.

ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE.

TRAMP ABOUT 75 MILES BUT GET THEIR DEER.

Deer Have a Pitched Battle and One Found Dead. Worcester Sportsman Last But Not Least.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

EUSTIS, Dec. 20, 1905.

These camps have closed a very successful hunting season, every licensed hunter getting his full quota of buck deer. Alice Ripley Pratt of R. dlands, Calif., got the largest, weighing 270 pounds. She tramped about 75 miles to get him, but felt fully paid. He had a fine head with 9 point antlers.

R. W. Blanchard of Stratton and Dion Blackwell were going up the Snow mountain trail. The deer tracks were very thick and as they came round a turn in the trail there laid a fine 6-point dead. They were somewhat puzzled as there were not any other hunters near, but on examination it was found he was killed by another deer, a much larger one. The deer was all warm. It had a good many scars but the one that killed him was just front of the hind leg near the spine. They had fought over a large space and tore the bushes up and broke them over. They have done lots of fighting in this section recently.

Mr. Arthur H. Burton of Worcester, Mass., was the last hunter to visit the camps and got two deer, both fine

bucks. He was guided by George Henegar of Eustis, who also got two bucks and was only in camp one week and the hunting was very hard.

Sportsmen's Show Excursions.

The management of the New England Forest Fish and Game association who are to conduct the Boston Sportsmen's show this year have made arrangements with the Maine Central and Boston & Maine railroads to run excursions from points on the Maine Central railroad in Maine to Boston on Dec. 28, and return Jan. 2. There will also be a second excursion which will go on January 2, and tickets will be good to return Jan. 8. All tickets will include admission to the show. We were informed in regard to the price of tickets from Farmington only which is \$6.50 round trip. The narrow gauge railroads in Franklin county above Farmington have arranged to connect with the excursion that leaves on Dec. 28 and will sell tickets from all points on their line to Farmington and return for one fare. Dec. 29 will be Maine day at the show.

The Importers Tea and Coffee Co. of 57 Washington St. Boston, whose advertisement appears in another column, is well known to the Boston representative of the Woods. We can recommend them as a reliable concern, who fill orders promptly and exactly as represented.

Mr and Mrs. H. A. Haskell of Wakefield, Mass, who were very popular at Munyon Springs, Rangeley, this summer, left recently for Los Angeles, Cal, where they will spend the winter.

Hunters Get Their Usual Number.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]
GREAT POND, Dec. 18, 1905.

Greetings of the season to the Editor and readers of MAINE WOODS.

Has not the Maine woods been beautiful during the fall and now with the sunlight on the snow laden branches it looks like a forest of crystal. The drear November days so often quoted gave place this year to brighter ones and now one can hardly realize one month of winter nearly gone.

The summer vacationists have been numerous here this summer. All seem delighted with the beauty of scenery, the fine camps with every convenience and now the telephone.

When I read the poem "Unleashed," by E. H. Goodnough, I wondered if he did not liken Alligator to the "Woodland of the best" and if his "nerves were not tense" on the homeward journey when the auto gave out.

"The hunter from the city" reminded me of a student of technology from Boston here this summer who was trying a new shotgun. After a long, hard tramp he came in looking somewhat worse for wear—an aching shoulder, bloody eye and one partridge, which he paid for all, as he shared it with a lady from the same city.

The hunters have got their usual number of deer, although it has been quite noisy for good hunting. Guy Chick besides his number of deer, got a large moose. Howard Lord, Clyde and Robert Laughton took their deer to Boston, getting a good price for them.

Hunting and Fishing Season Closed.

Now that the hunting season is closed a few facts in regard to the success of the past season will be timely:

Fishing was never so good in the history of Maine. The great salmon lakes gave up more big fish and more pounds than ever before, probably more than have ever been caught before in two seasons.

Trout fishing showed sure signs of improvement in many of the trout waters.

The partridge season was better than the average although partridges were not so plentiful as it had been expected they would be before the opening of the season, Sept. 15.

Woodcock shooting attracted rather more attention in the state this year than formerly and the fact was made more prominent than ever before that there are many places in Maine where this sport might be enjoyed to an almost unlimited extent if we only had the people who want that kind of shooting.

Deer were probably never so plentiful as this year. Great numbers of big bucks have been carried out of the state, the record having been exceeded by certainly not more than one year previous. The Bangor & Aroostook railroad, which keeps a record of each day's shipments finds that this year's records are exceeded by not more than one previous year but according to all indications the shooting that has been done by citizens of Maine, will probably make the number of deer killed fully equal to the record.

The moose season has been excellent and there are indications that visiting sportsmen are being attracted more each year on account of the bear shooting that is furnished in Maine. Suggestions have come from several quarters that provisions should be made to pay the farmers liberally for damage done them by bears and then the bears should be protected during certain months in summer when their pelts are valuable.

Game Shipments.

For the week ending Dec. 16, 1905 the game shipments from Carrabassett have been as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| J. R. Tobin, No. Jay, | 1 doe |
| J. B. Carvill, Kingfield, | 1 buck |
| Phillip Berlonger, Lewiston, | 1 buck |
| L. L. Durrell, Kingfield, | 2 does |
| H. H. Harlow, Dead River, | 1 deer head |
| G. T. Forest, Kingfield, | 1 doe |
| Z. O. Elliott, Acadia, Ohio, | 1 doe |
| T. W. Jones, Kennebunk, | 1 buck |
| Walter Morrell, | 1 doe |
| L. M. Langley, Norway, | 1 head, 1 buck |
| S. B. Langley, Flagstaff, | 1 doe |
| Edward Deranhe, Chisholms, | 1 doe |
| F. B. Cobb, Biddeford, | 1 buck |
| S. Syerway, Shawmut, | 2 bucks |
| H. M. Pierce, Farmington, | 2 bucks |
| W. E. Jones, Boston, | 2 bucks |
| C. E. Dyer, Strong, | 1 buck |
| R. E. Watson, Worcester, | 2 bucks |

Canoe Contest.

MAINE WOODS will before long start a canoe contest for guides. It is our purpose to begin during the winter or spring and run it through the season, perhaps until Dec. 15 or 17, that all the guides in the state may have an opportunity to do their best to win this desirable prize. The canoe will be furnished by some of MAINE WOODS advertisers.

MORPHINE
How the Habit may be Cured
Free Trial

After 20 years of success in curing DRUG HABITS of all kinds I have decided to PRESCRIBE (FREE OF CHARGE) and send a TRIAL TREATMENT of my remedy to any drug user. It is the only method that will forever eradicate every vestige of the effects of the drug used.

Name.....
Address.....
Drug Used.....
Daily Quantity.....
In writing state in full the general condition of your health. Address in strictest confidence.
Dr. P. M. Waterman, 14 Lexington Ave. N. Y.



Maine Farms For Sale

On the Hills. Along the lakes and by the Sea. 10 to 2,000 acres with comfortable buildings, \$500 and up. Catalogue of 200 bargains FREE.
E. A. STROUT, 88 Broad St., Boston.

PINE TOP LODGE & KENNELS, VIRGINIA. Thousands of acres well stocked with Quail, Turkey and Deer. Dogs, guides, teams and home comforts provided.

PINE TOP CAMP IN FLORIDA. Quail, Deer and Fish in incredible numbers; also Bear. Tarpon fishing.
C. & L. P. BLOW, Chub, Sussex Co., Virginia.

Products of the Orient.

We give greater values than any other importing house in the United States.

Importers Tea & Coffee Co.,
57 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Importers and Wholesale Grocers.
Manufacturers of
Cocoa, Baking Powder,
Spices, Extracts, Etc.

Note—Under our system of doing business the smallest dealers are able to compete with the largest merchant.

We supply our customers with any amount desired; all orders regardless of size receive prompt and careful attention.
TEAS, all kinds, 10c to 25c per pound.
COFFEES, from 8c to 18c per pound.
Send for price list.

WATCHES.

\$4.15 buys an 18 size, 7 jewel, Gilt Waltham, stem wind and set movement, fitted in a screw back and bezel Silverene case.

\$9.65 buys an 18 size, 17 jewel, Gilt Waltham, stem wind and set, Patent regulator, fitted in a "Royal," 14k Gold filled, 20-year screw back and bezel case. Fully warranted.

\$7.50 buys a 16 size, 7 jewel Waltham, stem wind and set movement, fitted in a "Royal," 14k, 20-year, screw back and bezel case. Fully warranted.

\$10.75 buys a 6 size, 15 jewel, stem wind and set Ladies' watch, fitted in a plain polished or engraved, "Royal," 20-year hunting case. Gold filled, fully warranted.

\$27.00 buys an "O" size, 19 Ruby Jewels, Riverside Maximus, Waltham, stem wind and set, Ladies' watch, fitted in a 20-year plain or engraved, "Royal" Gold filled hunting case.

All the above watches are delivered by registered mail. Your money back if not satisfied upon examination of the goods. I carry only the staple makes of movements and cases and on these can save you good money. Send for illustrated price list.

As to my reliability would refer you to Bradstreet's Commercial Agency; First National Bank, Houlton, Maine; or Mountain Grange, No. 331, Blaine, Maine.

Yours for business,

G. W. Young, Blaine, Me.

TIME-TABLES

Portland & Rumford Falls Railway

Time-Table, in Effect Oct. 9, 1905.

| | |
|---|------------|
| Trains leave Oquossoc for Rumford Falls, Lewiston, Portland and Boston, | 6.50 a. m. |
| Trains due to arrive at Oquossoc from Boston, Portland, Lewiston and Rumford Falls, | 6.25 p. m. |
| Trains run daily except Sunday. | |
| R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Man., Portland, Me. | |
| E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt. Rumford Falls, Me. | |

Maine Central Railroad.

From the Rangeleys to the Sporting Points in Maine and New Brunswick.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Lv Rangeley..... | 11 00 a. m. |
| Phillips..... | 1 30 p. m. |
| Farmington..... | 2 25 |
| Ar Portland..... | 5 45 |
| Boston..... | 9 05 |
| Belgrade..... | 7 40 |
| Bingham..... | 11 10 a. m. |
| Hartland..... | 9 30 |
| Bangor..... | 8 25 |
| Ellsworth..... | 7 18 |
| Machias..... | 9 40 |
| Eastport..... | 11 48 |
| Calais..... | 11 43 |
| Princeton..... | 12 40 NOON |
| Greenville..... | 10 55 a. m. |
| Kineo..... | 1 00 p. m. |
| Jackman..... | 1 55 |
| Katahdin Iron Works..... | 9 55 a. m. |
| Norcross..... | 5 58 |
| Millinocket..... | 6 15 |
| Sherman..... | 7 08 |
| Patten..... | 11 40 |
| Ashland..... | 1 35 p. m. |
| Caribou..... | 2 40 |
| Vanburen..... | 3 35 |
| Winn..... | 5 30 a. m. |
| Vanceboro..... | 7 30 |
| St. John..... | 12 05 NOON |
| Fredericton..... | 11 45 a. m. |

Send for guide book and folder giving other details.

GEO. F. EVANS, V. P. and Gen. Mgr.,
F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. A.,
Portland, Maine.

The 1906 Time-Table of the

Rangeley Lakes

Steamboat Co.

Will appear early in May.

First-Class Livery.

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

P. RICHARDSON & CO.,

Rangeley, Maine

TIME TABLES

Sandy River Railroad.

Time-Table in Effect, Oct. 9, 1905.

| North | Tr'n 1 Tr'n 3 Tr'n 5 | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------|-------|
| | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
| Farmington,lv | 11.00 | 12.10 | 4.40 |
| South Strong,..... | | | |
| Strong,ar | P. M. | 12.05 | 12.30 |
| Phillips,.....ar | | 12.30 | 1.00 |
| South | | | |
| 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,ar | | 7.50 | 9.10 |
| South Strong,..... | | | |
| Farmington,.....ar | 8.20 | 10.00 | 2.20 |

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

Franklin & Megantic Railway.

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

Time-Table in Effect, Dec. 18, 1905.

| SOUTH. | | | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
|---------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Bigelow, lv | | | 11 00 | 2 00 | |
| Carrabassett, ar | | | 11 20 | 2 25 | |
| Kingfield, {ar | A. M. | A. M. | 11 40 | 3 00 | |
| lv | 7 00 | 7 05 | 12 50 | | |
| *N. Freeman, lv | 7 00 | 7 45 | 12 55 | | |
| *Mt. Abram Jct., lv | 7 20 | 7 35 | | | |
| *Summit, lv | 7 33 | 8 45 | 1 10 | | |
| *W. Freeman, lv | 7 35 | 8 45 | 1 12 | | |
| Strong, ar | 7 45 | 9 10 | 1 25 | | |
| NORTH. | | | | | |
| Strong, lv | 8 20 | 10 00 | 5 12 | | |
| *W. Freeman, lv | 8 30 | | 5 17 | | |
| *Summit, lv | 8 40 | 10 30 | 5 27 | | |
| Salem, ar | 8 45 | 10 35 | 5 35 | | |
| *Mt. Abram Jct., lv | 8 55 | 10 40 | | | |
| *No. Freeman, lv | 9 05 | 11 30 | 5 43 | | |
| Kingfield, {ar | | | 5 50 | | |
| lv | 9 20 | 12 00 | 5 55 | | |
| Carrabassett, ar | 9 50 | 12 35 | | | |
| Bigelow, ar | 10 20 | 1 05 | | | |

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

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

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

GEO. M. VOSE, Superintendent.

Phillips & Rangeley and Eustis

Railroads.

SETH M. CARTER, Receiver.

Time-Table, in Effect Oct. 9, 1905.

The only all-rail line to Rangeley. The shortest, quickest and easiest route to all points in the Dead River region.

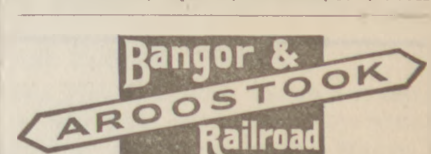
| NORTH. | | No. 5. | SOUTH. | | No. 6. |
|---------------------|-------|--------|---------------------|--|--------|
| | | A. M. | | | A. M. |
| Boston, E. D. lv | 9 00 | | Rangeley, lv | | 11 00 |
| W. D. lv | 8 30 | | Dead River, lv | | 11 15 |
| | P. M. | | Eustis Junction, lv | | 11 18 |
| Portland, lv | 12 55 | | Redington, lv | | 11 40 |
| Farmington, lv | 4 40 | | | | |
| Phillips, ar | 5 30 | | Sanders, ar | | P. M. |
| Phillips, lv | 5 40 | | Reed's, ar | | *12 15 |
| Madrid, ar | 5 57 | | Madrid, ar | | 12 23 |
| Reed's, ar | *6 05 | | Phillips, ar | | 12 40 |
| Sanders, ar | *6 17 | | Phillips, lv | | 1 30 |
| Redington, ar | 6 45 | | Farmington, lv | | 2 25 |
| Eustis Junction, ar | *7 05 | | Portland, lv | | 5 45 |
| Dead River, ar | *7 08 | | Boston, lv | | 9 05 |
| Rangeley, ar | 7 05 | | | | |

The American Express Company transacts business at all points on line of Phillips & Rangeley railroad.

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor.

The above table shows the time that trains may be expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but is not guaranteed. Subject to change and correction without notice.

F. A. LAWTON, Supt. D. F. FIELD, G. P. & T. A.



Arrangement of Trains.

IN EFFECT MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1905.

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars between Caribou and Bangor on train leaving Caribou at 6.00 a. m. and Bangor at 3.15 p. m. Sleeping Car on train leaving Caribou at 4.10 p. m. and Bangor 3.55 a. m.

TRAINS LEAVE BANGOR.

3.55 a. m.—For and arriving at Millinocket, 6.40 a. m., Houlton, 8.50 a. m., Presque Isle, 10.32 a. m., Fort Fairfield, 10.55 a. m., Caribou, 11.00 a. m. Van Buren 12.40 p. m.

7.00 a. m.—For and arriving at So. Lagrange, 8.10 a. m., Brownville, 9.01 a. m., Katahdin Iron Works 9.50 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Patten 11.50 a. m., Ashland 2.11 p. m., Fort Kent 4.15 p. m., Houlton 8.15 p. m., Presque Isle 2.46 p. m., Caribou 3.15 p. m., Van Buren 5.30 p. m., Fort Fairfield 8.05 p. m., Limstone 4.10 p. m., Dover 9.17 a. m., Guilford 9.41 a. m., Monson 10.17 a. m., Greenville 10.55 a. m., Kineo 1.00 p. m.

3.15 p. m.—For and arriving at So. Lagrange 4.12 p. m., Brownville 4.49 p. m., Millinocket 6.03 p. m., Sherman 6.54 p. m., Patten 7.25 p. m., Houlton 8.15 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.25 p. m., Presque Isle 9.57 p. m., Caribou 10.25 p. m., Fort Fairfield 10.15 p. m.

4.50 p. m.—For and arriving at Lagrange 6.10 p. m., Milo 6.35 p. m., Brownville 6.45 p. m., Dover and Foxcroft, 7.03 p. m., Guilford 7.26 p. m., Greenville 8.40 p. m., Quebec 1.15 p. m., Montreal 8.55 a. m.

ARRIVALS.

9.25 a. m. Leaving Montreal 7.25 p. m. Quebec 2.45 p. m. Greenville 5.35 a. m. Guilford 6.44 a. m. Dover 7.02 a. m. Brownville 7.20 a. m. Milo 7.30 a. m. So. Lagrange 8.10 a. m.

1.00 p. m. Leave Caribou 6.00 a. m. Presque Isle 6.27 a. m. Fort Fairfield 6.00 a. m. Houlton 8.05 a. m. Ashland 6.50 a. m. Patten 8.50 a. m. Millinocket 10.16 a. m. Brownville 11.25 a. m. Milo 11.34 a. m.

7.25 p. m.—Leaving Kineo 1.20 p. m. Greenville 3.40 p. m. Monson 3.55 p. m. Guilford 4.50 p. m. Dover 5.08 p. m. Limestone 5.50 a. m. Van Buren 9.30 a. m. Caribou 11.45 a. m. Presque Isle 12.15 p. m. Fort Fairfield 17.40 a. m. Houlton 2.00 p. m. Fort Kent 10.45 a. m. Ashland 12.45 p. m. Patten 2.50 p. m. Sherman 3.27 p. m. Millinocket 4.20 p. m. Brownville 5.33 p. m. Milo 5.43 p. m. Lagrange 6.10 p. m.

11.45 p. m. Leaving Van Buren 2.40 p. m. Caribou 4.10 p. m. Fort Fairfield 4.15 p. m. Presque Isle 4.38 p. m. Houlton 6.20 p. m. Millinocket 8.43 p. m.

Trains leave So. Lagrange for Stockton, Searsport and intermediate stations at 8.15 a. m. and 6.20 p. m., arriving at Stockton at 10.15 a. m. and 8.20 p. m. and Searsport at 10.25 a. m. and 8.30 p. m. Returning, leave Searsport at 5.50 a. m. and 1.50 p. m. and Stockton at 6.05 a. m. and 2.05 p. m., arriving at So. Lagrange at 8.05 a. m. and 4.05 p. m.

C. C. BROWN, General Pass. and Ticket Agent.
W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.
Bangor, Me., Nov. 25, 1905.

FOX HUNTERS who have been disappointed of late years in not finding their game, should visit Phillips, Maine. There are plenty of foxes in this vicinity, and they are not trapped or hunted as much as they formerly were. For full information address, Maine Woods Information Bureau, Phillips, Me.



"It's magnificent but it's not war."

What is it?

Merely a few trophies of the hunt in the

TROUT AND DEER ARE PLENTIFUL HERE.



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The undersigned have leased the Camps at Dead River pond and arranged to build a new buckboard road direct to the camps 1 1/2 miles from Dead River station on the Phillips & Rangeley railroad. This pond is full of trout and deer are seen every day from camp, still we stocked with trout this year and will do so each season. Address, J. G. COBURN, Lewiston, Me., Or, DR. J. R. KITTRIDGE, Farmington, Me.

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Round Mountain Lake Camps. Excellent trout fishing all the year round. Reached by a good road. Log camps, up to date, nice and clean. Rates always reasonable. Telephone connections. We answer correspondence promptly.
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New York Office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

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Hotel Strong, one of the finest hotels in the state of Maine reopened under the experienced management of Mrs. Lillian Porter. This well-known hostelry contains handsome, well equipped newly furnished commodious apartments, electric lights, furnace heat, toilet and bath (open plumbing throughout) in fact every up to date convenience familiar to guests of the best hotels. It is the aim of the management to make its excellent table a special feature of this establishment, where an endless variety of well cooked dishes is ever in evidence. Carriages will meet guests at the depot. The comfort and convenience of the guests is the study of the management.

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In the Dead River Region.

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Big Game, Big Fish

Plenty of both as well as lots of small game and small fish.
Fly-fishing for salmon and trout throughout the summer.

Birch Point Lodge, on Upper Shin Pond, via Patten, Penobscot County, Maine.

For particulars address,
DR. W. C. KENDALL, U. S. Bureau Fisheries, Washington, D. C.,
Or,
W. S. MCKENNEY, Patten, Me.

LOST IN THE NORTH WOODS.

Hard Tramp Home, But All Is Well That Ends Well.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1905.

(BY JOSEPH A. MARTINKA.)

It was on a sultry day in July. Bob and the writer started on a trip to what they called the Oxbow, which was supposed to be a four mile tramp, and as Bob said he could find it without a guide, as there was none to be had; and he being an old timer in the woods, he thought four miles was a cinch said he could make it inside of two hours easy.

Well we started early in the morning with our packs and tent, and enough food to supply us for one day, as we were only going to bring our tent and blankets and a few more odds and ends to the Oxbow for future use, and make our way back to camp before nightfall.

We got along first rate for the first mile and a half till we crossed the creek, at a dam, and walked about a quarter of a mile on the other side, when we got stuck, two trails leading off the one in the form of a Y. Bob

bit and see if he could see Carlin landing. So he crossed over and was away about half an hour when he returned, saying he could see nothing of the landing, but thought if we kept walking down stream we would eventually strike the Oxbow as he thought we were not very far from it.

Starting off again we walked along the shore taking all bends and turns so as to keep the river in sight and not run off again, till we came to a place where the river made a very wide turn, almost at right angles. We then knew it must be the commencing of the bow and so it proved to be; we walked another one quarter of a mile and saw an old flat boat a guide left there a few weeks before, and right near was a clearing where we put up our tent temporarily as we had no time to fix it up permanent as we wanted to make our way back to camp and Bob thought he would have plenty of time if we found the right trail. So he went around investigating where the trail was to the outlet of Moose lake where we came from. He found some fresh blazes and said he thought he could make it if we kept on the right trail. Well, we started off on our tramp

birches so it would not drift away as we were going to use it next time we were going to the Oxbow.

Shouldering our empty packs we started on the tramp again. The rain having ceased we had pretty good walking being a good clear trail and walking quickly we soon made those three miles look like 30 cents but coming to a lake on which there were some boats to cross in we found all the boats on the other side so we had to hoof it around the lake an extra mile and a half then another quarter mile brought us to our lake.

Here we were, our camp being on the other side and no boats, we would have to walk to the outlet to get our own boat which would be three miles of very rough walking. Bob said he would try to get a loan of a boat from some people who had a camp nearby, which he did and we then proceeded to make our last tack. We had about a mile row to camp which we did in record time.

When we got there we found everybody excited. Bob's wife went over to the guide's house to send a couple of guides to look for us but Bob sent a note to them saying that we were home

BLACK BROOK CAMPS,

JIM HARLOW, Proprietor,
Dead River, - - - Maine.

Trout fishing guaranteed every day. Send for booklet before deciding where to go.

I am building a nice log camp on Long pond. It is a few miles from Rangeley and in a very desirable location. The purpose is, to let this camp to parties who want to do their own housekeeping, for which it is in the best possible location. Address,
GEORGE SNOWMAN, Rangeley, Me.

Fly Fishing Every Day.

I guarantee first-class fly-fishing every day in the season, including July and August. There is no living thing in

TIM POND

but trout and the pond is literally full of them.

JULIAN K. VILES, Prop'r.,
Tim Pond Camps, Eustis, Maine.

said, "I think we will take this one leading away from the creek as it seems to be cut up more than the other, and therefore is most used." I was for taking the other one, as I spoke to a few guides the day before, and they told me to keep as near the creek as we could, then we would surely not run astray.

Well he thought he knew better and to convince me he took a drawing out of his pocket, showing the trail leading off in the woods a bit, then turning back to the creek again. He then came to a conclusion that he would take the trail he had preference too, so I had to give in as he was boss.

We walked on this trail about one hour without seeing a sign of the creek again and after a while we saw no more blazes but we still kept on saying we were on an old lumber road and did not need any blazes to guide us, but as we got along, the lumber road also ceased, and we were up against a bog about a mile across. I told Bob to turn back but he shut me up by saying he was going right on; and started to cross the bog up to our knees in water, and when we did get on the other side we run up against the roughest country I ever had the pleasure to travel in going up one ridge and down another, so steep we had to take our packs off and haul them up hand over hand and they were getting so infernal heavy mine seemed to weigh about four times as much as it did when I put it on that morning.

As we tramped a few more miles I thought our stomachs needed looking after so I said, "Bob don't you think it about time to bait up? There we've been walking six hours or more and did not eat anything but a few raspberries we plucked as we went along."

"You're right Will, I think we will feed up, my stomach imagines my throat is cut." So we gathered some brush for a fire and when we got it a going we made some tea, and ate a couple of sandwiches. We were resting and talking over our situation when suddenly a spike horn buck stole within 200 yards of us and investigated where the aroma was coming from or who had the audacity to invade his domains. He stood there fully one minute and finally seeing we were enemies he gave a snort and scooted off again.

"Well," said Bob, "Will, I think we walked a bit and believe we will have to sleep away from camp tonight."

I asked Bob if he had any idea where we were but he answered saying, "Will, I'll tell you the honest truth. I am lost, and there is no getting out of it now. I have lost my bearings and have forgotten my compass, so all we can do is to trudge along, till we get to some familiar country as I know it quite well up north a bit further, or as soon as we get to some stream. It might take us a few hours or it might take us a week but we must stick it out now, I would not mind it as much if we had enough to eat. All we have is enough for one more meal and we must make that last as long as possible."

It was 2 o'clock when we started again and I should say we walked about three miles when we discovered a river. It was like Balboa discovering the Pacific ocean. We were standing on a ridge about one-eighth of a mile away Bob saying, "Will, I think we are saved. This is the Moose river if I am not mistaken." We walked to the shores, my companion telling me to wait on that side while he would wade to the other side and walk up river a



"A Hold Up In Maine."

The accompanying photo indicates a tragedy which occurred in the Maine woods in October 1905.

The black gentleman shown was a native of the beech ridges that grow around Shaw ponds in the Dead River region. A subsequent picture would reveal that the threat depicted in the one illustrated was fully carried out. He was robbed of his "union suit"

again, keeping all the new blazes in view, thinking they would surely lead us where we wanted to go, but we walked about a mile when we came to a brook and then we saw no blazes at all. Bob thought if we kept on the right of the brook we would run on the trail again. We walked beside the brook a way when we struck one of those confounded lumber roads again. I took a dislike to them that morning so did not like to travel on them again. We trudged along for a mile or so when Bob said, "Will, I think we are in a fix again, I'm for turning back and see if we can find our tent again, so we sleep in it to-night and it will be dark in a short time and we must hustle to get there."

We started back and found the tent just in the nick of time as it was getting so dark we hardly could see the trail we took going out. Making a fire we ate what lunch we had leaving a bite for morning, and drying our clothes a bit we retired early so we could get up fresh and early next morning, as Bob proposed to go back by way of Moose river and Carlin landing; said he would take no more chances.

Next morning Bob woke me saying it was time to make a start on our journey again, with no breakfast but a half a sandwich and a cup of water. Starting in a pouring rain we walked as far as the river. We bailed out the flat boat as good as we could. I cast off and then I proceeded to paddle up stream. I knew I had about 12 miles of river to make so settled down to my work for good, the rain making it so uncomfortable as possible, but I don't think I ever enjoyed a trip as much as I did that morning.

Being early morning when we started we saw deer coming down for their morning drink and as soon as they saw us they would make a few leaps to get out of our sight. Two or three crane were disturbed from making their morning ablutions. Muskrats swimming to and fro diving out of sight as soon as we came too near to them and so on all the morning. And writing about beauty, one panorama after another was spread before us, one more beautiful than the other. I think there is nothing more beautiful in God's universe than the mountains and woods.

I paddled about half way without uttering one word, fearing I might disturb the stillness of the forest.

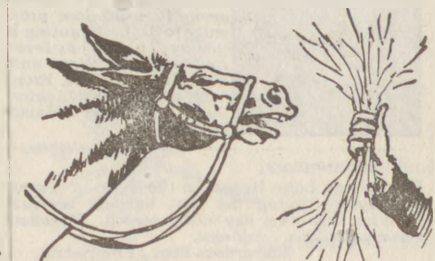
When we were about three quarters way up we came to some rapids so we had to get out of our scow and haul her across, Bob saying he knew where he was now as he had been there many times before, trout fishing. He relieved me by taking the paddle and soon were on our way again and it was not long ere we saw the landing we were so anxious to find. It was 2 o'clock when we tied our boat to a couple of young

which will be made into a rug. He also lost his head. This head will be mounted to simulate life, a ferocious, snarling life, more aggressive probably than the owner ever knew in his palmiest days. It will occupy one corner of a triangular pond, the other two angles being taken, each by a fine buck's head. All three were near neighbors when at home.

The completed trophy represents the result of a two week's hunting trip in Maine.
SHAW PONDS.

All O. K. and to tell his wife to come to camp which she did in a hurry wanting to know where we were and what we were doing and dozens of other things but Bob said there is plenty of time to tell you all after we have satisfied our inner man as we have had nothing to eat since last night.
After washing up and changing our togs, dinner was ready. We settled down to satisfy our appetites, Bob at the same time telling his better half how it all happened.

A West Phillips paragrapher saw a pretty deer a little way from the house where this is written on the morning of the 18th.



PERSUADE AN OBSTINATE CASE rather than lash it into action if you want to see good progress made. This is as true when it is a faulty human system as when it is a balky mule.

Alcoholic stimulants and alcoholic medicines whip the digestive functions into quick action but do not prevent the weakening reaction which follows so closely.

In cases of impaired appetite and digestion—mal-nutrition and wasting away, a safe and reliable tonic is needed and is the only thing that can be relied upon.

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M A P S.

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About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair. — Mrs. W. J. Brown, Menominee Falls, Wis.

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MR. STANLEY ON SALMON.

LEADING AUTHORITY WRITES MAINE WOODS ON LEADING SUBJECT.

Former Fish and Game Commissioner Tells Some Facts That Will Be of Use to Future Generations.

(BY HON. H. O. STANLEY.)

DIXFIELD, Nov. 22, 1905.

I partly promised you some time ago I would write you an article on the land salmon of Maine, but I have almost been sorry I did so as my health has not been good and I do not feel as if I can do the subject justice.

In 1872 when I first came on the commission there were only four lakes in Maine that contained these fish, viz., Sebago in Cumberland county; Green lake in Washington county; Sebec lake in Piscataquis county and Grand lake in Penobscot county.

Before the dams were built on the outlets of these lakes salmon, shad and alewives had free access to the waters and there found good breeding grounds. After the dams were built no salmon could return to these lakes where they were born. No salmon from the sea go to these lakes now, except possibly "now and then" a stray one gets into Grand lake via St. Croix river but they are very few, if any. It is supposed by many that the landlocked salmon sprang from the sea salmon. But was there ever a salmon bred and born in the sea? If not, then why should we say, the fresh water variety sprang from the sea fish? Were they not, "both varieties," once fresh water fish? If the parents of these fresh water salmon came from the sea, why do not the numerous lakes and ponds to which the sea salmon once had free access contain the landlocked as well as the four lakes I have mentioned and which they do not?

Would it not be more reasonable to say that the landlocked salmon first started a colony of these salmon by straying down to the ocean where they found their natural food, returning in fall to spawn in the different rivers along the coast, finally establishing colonies with inclinations to go to sea? I don't want your readers to think that in asking these questions that I advocate and support them. "I don't." I merely put them as queries. Do they not look reasonable? As to the facts in the matter I can but simply say, "I don't" know. I have only stated a few reasons why I think it may be so.

The landlocked salmon in Maine is one of the gamiest fish we have. Fine for the table, beautiful in shape and markings when in good condition. They will take the fly and other lures just as well "if not better" than the large trout. They are very much easier to raise than the brook trout and will grow in much warmer water. They do not run up the small brooks and stay as long as the trout. Therefore not so liable to be caught by the small boy. When they do return to the lake, which is usually the first half of the second year, when "if the lake" contains their proper food, "which is the fresh water smelt," they will thrive and grow wonderfully—gaining in size three or four times their weight in one year.

I know of one being taken from Pea body pond which flows into Sebago lake that weighed 12 pounds. I did not see the fish but have good authority of its truth. Judge Virgin was at this pond with a friend fishing. His friend hooked and landed the fish. He wrote and asked me if I had any record that would show when salmon were first put in this lake. I looked the matter up and found the first lot was put in there just six years before. There are other instances fully equal to this.

It is a queer thing that some lakes will grow large fish, 10 to 20 pounds, while another—near by and apparently with the same conditions—they will not attain a size of over four or five pounds. I suppose there must be a reason for it but it is beyond my comprehension.

Of the first four lakes mentioned, Sebago contains the largest fish although there are scores of new lakes that have been stocked with these fish within the last 25 years, while I was on the board, that are very nearly its equal. I have seen quite a number of salmon taken at our weir on Songo river in the fall when we were taking them for breeding purposes, that tipped the scales at over 20 pounds. Green lake contained the next in size—being from 4 to 10 pounds. Next comes Sebec from 2 to 7 pounds. Then Grand lake, from 1 1/2 to 5 pounds with now and then one some larger, but not often. But what they lack in weight they fully make up in numbers. Having some of the finest fly fishing in Maine, for these fish I am sorry that I cannot give you a more extensive and interesting article on the landlocked salmon of Maine. There are many things that might be said in its favor. It is the coming fish for the future. Were it not for the introduction of these fish into the Rangeleys and other waters the fishing would be poor. There are scores of places where these fish will thrive. All of the lakes in Kennebec county from Cobbossee to Belgrade are adapted to them and in the near future, in my opinion, they will have the finest fishing in the world.

H. O. STANLEY.

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Mooselook meguette House offers excellent accommodations for sportsmen. It is in close proximity to the best hunting in this section. No hay fever. Address from Nov. until May, Theo. L. Page, Prop., Senate Cafe, Washington, D. C. After May 1, Haines Landing, Me.

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Kennebago Lake House on the shore of Kennebago Lake. One of the best hunting sections. Good hunting every day in the season. Excellent accommodations. Address,
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J. Lewis York, Proprietor, Rangeley, Maine.

Kennebec County.

BELGRADE LAKES, ME.
The Belgrade. Best sportsman's hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine. Chas. A. Hill & Son, Mgr's.

Oxford County.

Via RUMFORD FALLS.
Upper Dam House. Good hunting. Send for circular. John Chadwick & Co., Upper Dam, Me.

Penobscot County.

BANGOR, MAINE.
Bangor House, distributing point for Moosehead Lake. Aroostook and Washington counties. Address, H. A. Chapman & Son, Proprietors.

ONAWA, ME.
Camp Onawa. Do not write us for accommodations during July, August or first half of September, as all are taken. If you wish to come during the fall for moose, deer, bear, birds or small game, write us at once. Young & Buxton, Onawa, Me.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Somerset County.

JACKMAN, ME., P. O.
Spencer Lake Camps. Fall hunting at Spencer Lake Camps. No better place in Maine for deer, moose and partridges. Two deer guaranteed to each sportsman. 44 deer taken out last season. My territory extends from Attean Lake to Spencer Lake. Write
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Via BINGHAM.
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Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.
Quarantine Lodge and Sunset Camps, Washington Co., Maine. For the fisherman. A dead sure place for a satisfactory catch. The vacationist. An ideal spot for an outing. The hunter is in the center of the Washington county game belt. Second to none in Maine. Open fireplaces. Running water, good beds, clean wholesome food. Reasonable service. Steam Launches, Teams, Canoes and Rowboats. Send for 1906 circular. Look us up at Sportsmen's Shows. W. G. Rose, 108 Water St., Boston, Mass.; Grand Lake Stream, Washington County, Me. April to November.

Gets a Cold Bath and Also Gets the Fish.

(BY TROUBLESOME)

WOODFORDS, Dec. 18, 1905.
I stood knee-deep in the water at a point where a small stream emptied in and in a brief time caught 15 fine trout, not one measured less than eight inches in length.

At one point I found the ruins of an old sawmill, which had been abandoned several years. The dam was still standing and water poured over its top in a pretty sheet till it was broken in a foaming, boiling mass, ten or twelve feet below. I caught quite a number of good trout while standing on the bank but I found the best places were far out from the shore and close up under the dam.

The dam was built in the old-fashioned style, with the ends of some of the logs projecting out three or four feet beyond the falling water. If I could stand on one of the logs, I should be where I could reach the best fishing places. I resolved to attempt it. I climbed up and down and out till I reached the log I wanted. It was about a foot in diameter, projected about three feet from the dam and was covered with a green, shiny substance from the constant sprinkling of the waters.

Of course it was a difficult place to stand so I sat astride and began fishing. Ah! such fishing! I have never seen anything to equal it. I pulled out large trout and carefully tossed them ashore where I had left my basket. I became excited with the sport and indeed I should think the man who would not have been excited must be a very stoical fellow.

Who could sit still under such circumstances? Not I, and I determined to stand up. I gained my feet with some difficulty and carefully braced myself against another log. I put on a fresh bait and dropped my hook in a foamspit which I had not yet tried. In an instant it was taken and I knew by the pull that it was a very large fish so I pulled. But my feet slipped, my side struck on the edge of the shiny log, and with legs and arms flying, I fell, back downward through ten feet of space and soon disappeared beneath the foaming water. Fortunately the water was not more than three feet deep and I was soon standing but puffing and sputtering like a boy who goes in bathing and finds the water cold. But I did not let go my rod and the fish did not let go the hook and when I reached the shore I found I had the largest trout I had ever caught. I had no means of getting the weight.

I threw off some of my clothing and lay down in a sunny spot till the rest were quite dry and then went back to camp, carrying my large basket full of trout. I had not counted upon the ducking but no harm came from it and I look back to it now as one of the pleasantest events of the trip.

Oh, ye pale and sickly brothers, who every year spend time and money without stint at the fashionable resort by the seaside, if you would become strong and elastic in your tread, if you would have your muscles like iron, your cheeks rosy, your veins filled with blood and your whole body made strong with lusty life, spend a few days in springtime and in autumn by the side of rippling streams and under the shadows of the grand old forest in pleasant, healthful recreation.

WOMEN IN CAMP.

EVEN IF A HEN PARTY THEY COULD PADDLE THEIR OWN CANOE

And Leave Camp Hogan With Much Regret After the Pleasant Outing Which Is Here Narrated.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

"Was there aught that I did not share in vigil or toil or ease—
One joy or woe that I did not know, dear hearts across the seas?
I have written the tale of our life for a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise and ye know what the jest is worth."

A year or two ago a party consisting of Mrs. H., her daughter and a friend of the daughter wished to go up to Hogan's pond for a day's outing and in a moment of temporary aberration the writer consented to take them.

We started one bright morning and drove a mile and a half to the little village of Welchville where we left the team and got the key to a boat, said boat to be found somewhere on Hogan brook, exact location indefinite. A half mile tramp through a pasture brought us to the brook and, by good luck, to the boat and soon we were afloat.

Hogan brook is a rather swift, narrow stream, having 15 turns to the half mile (actual count, this is no fish story.) It was running like a mill race that day as the dams on the river below had their gates open and the five of us in a keel boat made it pretty tough pulling for one pair of oars, but after a time we reached the pond. And here we run ashore and slid into the water a second boat which had been cached under a big birch. Into this were transferred two of the party, who proclaimed themselves able to paddle their own canoe in still water.

We spent a very pleasant day exploring Hogan and its twin pond, Whitney, and also visited Camp Hogan, the once famous rendezvous of a band of some 20 boys and girls of a decade ago, a band now scattered far and wide never to meet again. Camp Hogan is situated high on the northeast shore of the pond and commands a view of Whitney through the "cut," which at high water joins the two ponds. We found the main camp in fair condition, though stripped of everything save the stove, bunks and deacon seats. The lean-to annex known to the boys of the old band as the "snore shed," was bunkless, doorless and well-nigh roofless; everything spoke of disuse and worse still, misuse.

To the two visiting girls, however, the place appealed strongly and they were crazy to camp there. Their desire to do so increased hourly, nay, increased with each minute and by the time they got home they were monomaniacs on the subject.

Inside of 36 hours we were at Camp Hogan, oag and baggage! We were a "hen party" with the exception of the inevitable small boy, (aged 6 in this case); Mrs. H., the girls, Marian and "Splinter" and the writer. All but the latter being novices at camping, the preparations for the trip were strenuous, to say the least and the rations packed would have fed a battalion. We also carried materials for a table (the old one having disappeared bodily along with our camp bedding, pork barrel, monogram plate, dish pan, etc.,) and four great gunny sacks of hay for bunk filling, nails of all sizes, string, hammer, cooking utensils, all the fishing tackle we could lay hands on, a lantern, a rifle and a hatchet, which latter might just as well have stayed at home as it wouldn't cut anything tougher than a cold boiled potatoes and the writer was forced to prepare fuel by placing one end of a dry stick on a stump and jumping on it or else smashing it over a log.

It was 2 p. m. when we and our belongings were dumped on the northeast shore near the big birch and we again launched the light boat. This boat was a dandy for some things, but freighting was not one of those things and our trips from dunnage depot to camp were many and exciting. The boat was built on canoe lines and necessitated parting one's hair in the middle to trim shit, it would carry but two passengers besides the cargo and the one not rowing sat on top of the cargo and thought over her sins. But after 'steen trips everything was transferred without mishap and we pitched in to restore Camp Hogan to its old time comfort. Carriage robes served as curtains, the bunks were filled with hay and sweet fern, the table (albeit a wobbly one) was constructed, water brought from the spring, wood chopped (i. e., jumped to pieces) the perishable edibles placed in jars attached to strings and floats and submerged in the pond, fruit and vegetables placed in sacks and suspended from a pole between two trees and things made shipshape generally.

By six o'clock we sat down to a table load of good things served in true camp style on tin plates. Our chaperon, Mrs. H. had consented to come only on the condition that the writer's big brother Ed should be with us nights to protect us from "locohomoboomuses" which might devour us. And said brother Ed being a timid little six footer, brought as body-guard one "Ruben" and a chum by the name of Ned. About eight o'clock the first evening a war whoop announced their arrival in the big boat which we had left for their use.

"Rome howled" that night and it was long past midnight before peace and sleep settled down on Camp Hogan—and neither stayed long for "Splinter" being new to bunks and susceptible to the hard, sharp corners which the hay failed to entirely efface, suffered and made her sufferings known not only to the occupants of the main camp, but to the tenants of the lean-to who raised their voices in remonstrance, bewailed their interrupted slumbers and lamented that their own couches were not more downy.

At five o'clock we arose, I won't say

awoke for thanks to "Splinter" we had been awake all night, gave the boys a hasty lunch and went fishing for perch, leaving the chaperon to boil the dishwater. After we had caught enough perch for dinner we put the boys ashore and paddled back to camp.

Space does not permit a complete account of all that happened during that camping trip, a camera would more aptly portray many scenes than mere printer's ink. Pages could not half describe Marian's attempts to row and enumerate the "crabs" she caught in the lily pads and eelgrass, nor can pen color the picture of "Splinter" seated in the stern of the light boat, four feet of whose keel at the bow consequently rose from the water, attempting to navigate "a la canoe," and wildly paddling herself around in circles.

One night in answer to a rifle shot from the foot of the pond "Splinter" and the writer hastened man (or rather "girl") to the boats and go for the "body guard." There is a precipitous sand bank in front of the camp, there used to be log steps down it, but they have departed. The writer was exactly at that stage of donning a sweater where one can not see nor have free use of one's arms when she reached the bank, a small landslide caused the abrupt assumption of a sitting posture and a forcible though smothered ejaculation. "Splinter," just behind, heard the ejaculation, was unable on account of darkness to see the cause, and jumped at the conclusion that her companion was attacked by some wild animal. She not only jumped at the conclusion, but also for the camp, thereby dislodging a yard or so more sand which was precipitated on the shoulders and down the neck of the prostrate one. Pandemonium ensued.

Exhausted by preparing fire wood pine cones were collected for fuel. One morning at five o'clock the fire committee built a roaring fire and crawled back into the bunk for another nap, at 5.05 the occupants of the lean-to arose to go fishing; at 5.05 1-2 the occupants of the upper bunk were shrouded in smoke; chaperon decided that the camp must be a fire; smoke increased rapidly and excitement ran high; but investigation revealed one of the body-guards astride the ridgepole holding an old felt hat tightly over the stovepipe. The offender was forced to retire hastily amid a fusillade of stove wood, tin cans, corn cobs, etc.

But all things have their end and one bright afternoon we sadly stripped the old camp, boated our goods to the lower shore, pulled up the little boat and taking one last look at the placid little lake, turned our faces homeward.

A. H. F.

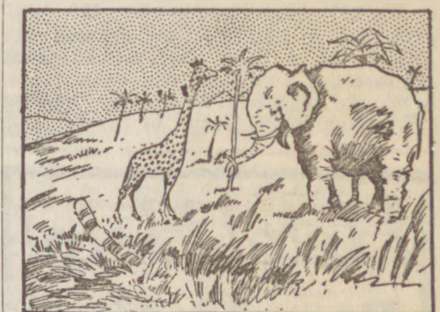
An Animal Story For Little Folks

THE GIRAFFE AND THE ELEPHANT

One day the giraffe and the elephant met on a plain by the side of the river Nile. It was a warm day, and they were both rather out of sorts and inclined to be discontented.

"I agree with you," said the giraffe hotly. "We were made to be perfect sights. Why, in the name of goodness, we were not made better looking! I can't for the life of me see. Look at my 'rubber' neck. It's so long and ugly that I feel uneasy whenever I go out in society. Why, I can't find a place in all Egypt where I can get a collar to fit me, and, even if I could, I could not get money enough together to pay for having it washed. Everywhere I go all the rude animals yell out 'Rubber!' I declare, I don't see why I couldn't have been made right and not with a neck like a stepladder or a flagpole."

"True, true," said the elephant sadly. "And just look what a sight I am. It's bad enough to be covered with a hide like leather, all wrinkled and ugly, without having to have a tail put on my front as well as my rear. What



"I GUESS WE WERE NOT MADE SO BADLY." a bore it is to have to carry one's trunk around, even when not at the seashore, but in one's own home.

"I don't see," cried the elephant, switching his proboscis angrily, "why they ever made us such frights!"

But just then it was dinner time, and both were hungry.

Mr. Giraffe reached gracefully up with his long neck and took a mouthful of sweet palm fards.

"Couldn't have done that without your long neck," said Mr. Elephant.

Then he reached down and got a good wisp of rich grass and put it into his little mouth. "Couldn't have done that without your trunk," said the giraffe.

"True," said the elephant. "I guess we weren't made so badly, after all."—Atlanta Constitution.