

# MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 25. PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1906. PRICE 3 CENTS

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

*A special U.M.C. LOAD for every bird*



We once knew a sportsman who thought he had to hand load his shells or buy other "makes" to get the game loads he preferred. This was a great mistake.

U. M. C. GAME LOADS

are assigned for all kinds of game. Any standard combination of powder and shot may be had at your dealers. You simply have to ask for a good U. M. C. load for duck, quail, etc.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City. Bridgeport, Conn.

There are a great many very attractive fishing and summer resorts in Maine, but there is only one

## RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE.

This is the distributing point for the great Rangeley Lakes region. It is reached by one day's ride from Boston. Strictly first-class service is found here. Many of our patrons say that there is nothing wanting. We have trout and salmon fishing, golf, tennis, boating, beautiful drives and walks. Write for illustrated booklet to the

RANGELEY LAKES HOTEL COMPANY, Rangeley, Maine.  
John B. Marble, President. Henry M. Burrows, Treasurer.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE WISH to announce to the public that we have leased a large territory at the foot of Kennebago lake and have built there a set of camps which we will open to our patrons and friends the coming season. This new establishment in connection with our camps at Beaver Pond will give our guests the manifold advantages of a very large tract in which to hunt and fish. Our guests will be able to get both lake and stream fishing and fish of excellent size both salmon and trout may be had. We have our own steamboat on Kennebago lake, also buckboards making two or more trips daily from Rangeley Lake House to connect with our steamers. Daily mail service is assured, also both telephone and telegraph connections. All telegrams will be immediately forwarded from Rangeley. We wish to say that either of our establishments are ideal places for women and children. The altitude is high, 2000 feet, thus making hay fever and like diseases unknown. Our terms are \$2.00 per day per person; \$1.25 for guides' board. We furnish reliable guides on application. Parties can leave Boston at 9 o'clock a. m., on either the Eastern or Western division of the Boston & Maine railroad for Portland, Maine Central to Farmington and the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley railroads to Rangeley, or from Portland via Maine Central to Rumford Junction, Portland & Rumford Falls railroad to South Rangeley and the Rangeley Lakes steamboats to Rangeley. From Rangeley our buckboards convey parties direct to our camps. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Write us early for any particulars; we are sure we can satisfy you. We make special rates by the month. Let us hear from you that we may reserve some of our best accommodations for you. Address

Ed Grant & Sons., Kennebago or Beaver Pond, Me.

WALTER D. HINDS,  
Maine's Leading Taxidermist, Portland, Me.  
Under Lafayette Hotel.  
642 Congress Street.


MY TAXIDERMIST on carved panels costs no more than other kinds. Write for prices.  
W. H. Hatch, Cornish, Me.



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Bangor, - - - - - Maine.  
Sporting Moccasins all kinds.  
Send for Catalogue.

MOCCASINS. All kinds. First-class workmanship. Catalogue free.  
M. L. Getchell & Co., Monmouth, Me.

SHIP YOUR FURS TO  
McMillan Fur & Wool Co.  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS




You Miss a Treat  
If you don't read

## In The Glow of the Camp Fire

A 160 page book, containing 12 stories by an enthusiastic sportsman, founded upon actual incidents in his lifelong intimacy with the woods. Full illustrated, handsomely bound in green cloth decorated with gold lettering. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.

Price \$1.00 prepaid. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

MAINE WOODS, - - - - - Phillips, Maine.



## INFORMATION FREE.

We often get enquiries from parties who want a bunch of circulars of camps and hotels in Maine and of Railroad and Steamboat lines. We send these free of charge for the benefit of advertisers in Maine Woods and our readers.

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,  
Phillips, - - - - - Maine.

### Fish and Game Oddities.

Trout Glad to Get Warm.

Just after the coldest of the cold days of early spring fishing a fisherman was in Phillips on his return from the lakes. He said that during the coldest days he was fishing on the lake and hooked a 2-pound trout. The fish made no resistance to being pulled in, even when in the bottom of the boat he did not flop around, but simply nestled up against the fishermen's feet and seemed glad to get in out of the water.

The Eyes Fell Over.

A young man from the southern part of the state was hunting up Moosehead way and became lost in the woods and had to remain out all night. A fire was built and this preserved him from many of the cool creepy sensations that persisted in chasing themselves up and



down his backbone. Suddenly there appeared a pair of eyes shining out in the darkness. Every shot but one had been fired before. With this one he sent his greetings to the owner of the eyes, expecting to secure a good deer out of the venture. At the report of the rifle the eyes fell over and he rushed to see what he had shot. It was a rabbit.

Will Bite If They Want To.

It was raining hard one afternoon. The fishermen at Moselookmeguntic House were enjoying their afternoon smoke around the open fire in the office. Several good stories had been told, the fishing cussed and discussed. One man said: "Well, one thing is sure, the four fish I hooked today will not want to bite again at present."

"That will not make any difference," said another angler, "and I'll prove it, too. One day Mr. — was fishing with a fly up in the eddy when a big trout rose, took his flies and broke his leader. That very afternoon off Sandy point, two miles away, that same fish was caught, for there was the very leader and flies in his mouth. So I think a fish will bite, if he wants to, even if hooked a short time before."

Eel Frightened Fisherman.

A correspondent writes: No doubt you have all heard the children's adage about eels catching alligators. There is one less, or rather came near being one less alligator catcher. A few days since one of our young men was at the river fishing when suddenly he got a big strike and proceeded to haul in, but the rod, which was not a weak one, seemed inclined to break. The fisherman ran back up the ledge and partly landed his game, but seeing that it was a monstrous eel he was afraid and stopped, but the eel did not stop. He straightened the hook and was gone. The eel was reported to be at least five feet in length.

Fright Turns Dog Gray.

Scared into a state of frenzy by being whirled around in the fender of a swiftly-moving trolley car, Shot, the handsome Irish setter of Frank M. Hammel of 199 South Broad street, is turning gray.

Shot was crossing the street a few days ago when a trolley car bore down on him. Terrorized the dog was unable to move. He stood trembling with a piteous appeal in his eyes, directly in the path of the clanging trolley. In a moment the fender struck the dog, whose mournful howl was choked off as he was sent flying through the air.

The dog scampered home and hid in the cellar for two days. When he issued forth again in the light his pretty red coat was streaked with gray and since then the gray has been spreading all over his body. Mr. Hammel recently declined \$250 for shot.

WHERE TO GO HUNTING.

Ask MAINE WOODS Information Bureau for circulars and particulars, Phillips, Maine.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

## WINCHESTER

### "NUBLACK"

BLACK POWDER SHELLS

The "Nublack" is a grand good shell; good in construction, good because it is primed with a quick and sure primer, and good because carefully and accurately loaded with the best brands of powder and shot. It is a favorite among hunters and other users of black powder shells on account of its uniform shooting, evenness of pattern and strength to withstand reloading. A trial will prove its excellence.

ALL DEALERS SELL THEM



"In The Maine Woods,"  
Sportsmen's Guide Book,  
Published by the  
Bangor &  
Aroostook R. R.

9th Annual Edition ready March 1st. Send 10 cents in stamps for one of the first copies. Address Guide Book 6.  
C. C. BROWN, G. P. & T. A., Bangor, Maine.




The Vacation Season is not complete without a trip to the Rangeley Lakes

Reached direct and with close connections by steamer for all points on the Lakes by

### The Rumford Falls Line

Through Pullman parlor cars between Portland and Oquossoc during the Tourist season.

Booklet and time-table mailed upon application to R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Man., Portland.



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

### What is it?

Merely a few trophies of the hunt in the

### Rangeley and Dead River Regions

—OF—  
Maine.

A daily scene at Strong station, on the line of the narrow gauge railroad system, during the

hunting season. Do you want to know more about the region. Address

F. N. BEAL, Phillips, Me., Supt. S. R. R. R.  
G. M. VOSE, Kingfield, Me., Supt F. & M. Ry.

## In The Great North Woods



Filled with shady nooks, cool lakes, charming retreats, sparkling brooks with fish and game; the bracing air charged with the delightful odors of the balsam and the fir; pure, cold water everywhere, free from contamination;

### THE MAINE WOODS REGION

offers facilities for summer residences for the millionaire, the clerk, the banker or the tired worker, the professor or the student, that can scarcely be duplicated anywhere else in the world.

## The Fishing Season Opens in Maine in April for Trout and Salmon

and the Big Game Season opens October 1st, for Deer, and October 15th, for Moose in Maine and September 15th for Moose, Caribou and Deer in New Brunswick.

If the Winter Fag or the Spring Ennui is on you, ask the

### MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD,

Passenger Department, RAILWAY SQUARE, PORTLAND, ME.,

Where to go to be rid of it.

GEO. F. EVANS, Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.  
F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Closed Some Ponds to Fishing.

The commissioners on inland fisheries and game have ordered that Jimmy, Buker, Sandy, Long or Shorey and Little Purgatory ponds situated in the towns of Litchfield and Monmouth, in Kennebec county, be closed to all ice fishing. The commissioners also ordered that Jimmy pond be closed to all fishing, summer and winter, until April 1, 1907.

Two Papers, \$1.50.

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

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.



## A Special Word to Subscribers.

When you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew at once to avoid missing an issue of MAINE WOODS.  
Those who find this paragraph marked are notified that their subscription has expired.

## N. Y. SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

## MAINE WOODS BIG EDITION TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE THERE.

Invitation to Advertise In It and Write an Item For It. The Edition Will Be a Good One.

MAINE WOODS will issue an edition of ten thousand copies for the New York Sportsmen's Show to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 20 to Mar. 6. It will be full of good things for sportsmen.

Write an item for it.

Can we have your advertisement?

Price \$2.00 an inch. Last date for receiving copy Feb. 5.

J. W. BRACKETT, Co.  
Phillips, Maine.

Jan. 8, 1906.

We have sold advertising space for New York Sportsmen's show edition to the following:

Sandy River Railroad Co.  
The Three Barrel Gun Co., Moundsville, W. Va., J. C. Williams, Treas.

## Weasel Furs.

A western house of fur dealers in sending out circulars, offering to pay \$1 for every white pelt of weasels, which may be brought in. So far as can be remembered this is the first time that the dealers have placed any valuation upon the skins of these animals. Though weasels are never plentiful in any place, there are more of them lurking about the outbuildings on farms and among stone walls and woods than seem to exist. This is owing to the fact that most weasels are in hiding during the day, coming out and seeking their prey after dark. Another reason for their apparent scarcity lies in the fact that the animals are small and very alert in avoiding their enemies.

In one of his delightful essays John Burroughs says that according to all observed facts, weasels should be the most plentiful mammals on this continent, as they are very prolific, able to care for themselves, and without any mortal enemy in the animal kingdom. Current tales assert that now and then a hawk will pounce upon a weasel and take it aloft in the air, though these same stories declare that all weasels caught in this fashion at once revenge themselves upon their captor by opening an artery under the bird's wing, causing it to bleed so much that it is forced to drop the vindictive foe.

Now and then one may see a weasel slinking through a country henpen, causing the poultry to utter notes of alarm, though it is not believed the animals attack the poultry very often, if at all. Another haunt of weasels is in the pigpens, where they lie in wait for rats. On two occasions we have seen a weasel attack a rat and come off victorious in each case, though the rats were much heavier than their antagonists.

As weasels are brown in summer and do not assume their white garments, except for a few months in midwinter, it must be something of a task to secure white weasel pelts, so though the price were doubled, the chances for one's making money at hunting weasels would not be so good as that of chopping kilnwood at 50 cents a cord. It cannot be denied, however, that the white fur of a sleek weasel is very beautiful and soft and silky. If one could secure enough of them, he might make a garment more beautiful than the coronation robe of any king. Still, under existing conditions, it is very doubtful if any Maine man is able to secure a weasel overcoat this winter. Most of the weasels we have seen were very able to care for their own coats, and protect them against ordinary mishaps.

## ANOTHER PRIZE SHOOT.

## BUT FRANK PHILLIPS STILL RETAINS THE BADGE.

The Detailed Score, Shot on the Phillips Range Monday. Shooting Conditions Were Very Good.

It will be remembered that Jesse Doyen challenged, in last week's MAINE WOODS, Frank Phillips to shoot in defense of the MAINE WOODS badge on the Phillips range Monday morning.

Mr. Phillips was very prompt in picking up the gauntlet that Mr. Doyen threw down and it thus happened that the shoot was held, as per challenge, Mr. Phillips retaining the badge at the end, however, he scoring 149 points, which was the best score made by any of the riflemen.

The shooting conditions were very poor Monday, owing to the dense fog that prevailed nearly all day, especially in the morning. The fog was so dense in the forenoon that no shooting could be done as it was impossible to see the target.

Following is the score made by the shooters:

J. R. Doyen,	133
Frank Phillips,	149
Frank Harnden,	114
George A. Staples,	88
George Hennings,	78
W. Henry True,	138
George D. Bangs,	85
Rinaldo Brann,	83
Albert Carlton,	108
Dr. L. J. Holt,	134
Floyd Parker,	97
Otto Badger,	108

## THE BIDDIES CACKLED

## AT CHICKEN SHOOT GIVEN BY JESSE DOYEN, SATURDAY.

As a Result of Good Shooting Many Chickens Changed Hands, So That Mr. Doyen's Good Sized Flock Was Reduced In Numbers.

Last Saturday was a great day on the Phillips rifle range, the crack of rifles, the cackle of chickens and the rapid fire "talk" of the contestants at Jesse Doyen's chicken shoot making up a concord of sweet (?) sounds such as are seldom heard in this quiet burg.

Mr. Doyen raised a particularly good crop of chickens this fall and as rifle shooting is all the vogue, decided to offer them to the crack riflemen of Phillips as prizes for good shooting—for a consideration.

The fee for shooting was ten cents for each shot, not less than five to shoot at one time. The chickens were present on the grounds and as the rifles flashed and cracked they kept up a continuous conversation among themselves that might be interpreted as complimentary or otherwise of the shots being made.

At the conclusion of the shoot it was found that, among others, the following gentlemen had won chickens: Messrs. Geo. Sedgely, C. E. Calden, Frank Harnden, Dr. Holt, Geo. Staples, Geo. Bangs, Henry True, Geo. Hennings, Donald Goldsmith.

The sharpshooters about town are now planning to capture a large number of the eggs, laid possibly by some of the victims of the late shoot, which



SOME OF THE THINGS OF THE PAST.

## Notice to Shooters.

It is proposed to organize a Rifle club in Phillips and those interested are invited to gather at the Club house near J. H. Byron's residence at 10.30 next Saturday, Jan. 27. The people who have been engaged in the shooting of late have all signified their desire to join this new club as well as others. It is hoped that the membership will be large.

Mr. F. N. Beal is taking a good deal of interest in the matter and informs MAINE WOODS that there is no question but that the club will start with a membership of thirty-five. He and others interested extend a general invitation to all to join the club. The largest membership possible is wanted.

## Good Target Shooting.

Jesse R. Doyen of Phillips is gaining fast in target shooting.

He recently shot two strings of ten with Frank Phillips, one of the best shots in Franklin county, and beat him both times. The last time he shot at a 70 gait.

## 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.

Mr. Doyen offers as prizes for a shoot on the Phillips range Saturday and of which particulars may be obtained in another place in the MAINE WOODS.

## SHOOTING FOR HENS EGGS.

Novel Plan to Be Introduced By an Enthusiastic Rifleman.

Mr. Jesse R. Doyen of Phillips, who is very much interested in target shooting and who is making a strenuous effort to win the MAINE WOODS badge, has been casting about for some way to entertain his friends. He has finally adopted the plan of an "egg shoot." He proposes next Saturday, Jan. 27, to offer eggs as prizes. There will be no charge for shooting and the eggs will be furnished free of charge.

Every person in a string who makes the best shot will get an egg. Mr. Doyen asks that all who enter into this competition will please furnish their own targets as he gets nothing out of it to pay for targets.

## Challenge to Shoot.

I hereby challenge Frank Phillips of Phillips to shoot for the MAINE WOODS badge on the Phillips range Friday, Jan. 27 at 7.30 o'clock a. m. J. R. DOYEN.

## SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

A. S. ARNBURG, - Rangeley, Maine.  
Builder of Rangeley Boats. Write for prices.

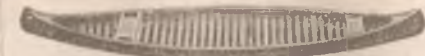
H. M. BARRETT, Weld, Maine.

Builder of Fine Cedar Boats

Write for price list and descriptive Catalog.  
C. B. THATCHER, 104 Exchange St., Bangor.  
Manufacturer of Canvas Canoes and Row Boats.  
Rangeley models a specialty.

## Morris Canvas Canoes

Unequalled in Strength. Beautiful in Finish.



Send for Circular of Special Indian Model.  
B. N. MORRIS, - - Veazie, Maine.

## Why Ben Dislikes Venison.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

It seems passing strange that an old hunter should dislike venison, but that is the case with Ben Gile. I discovered this fact while I was camping with him and noticed that he was fond of almost every other kind of meat both wild and domestic, but he positively will not touch deer meat unless in the face of actual starvation.

It struck me that there must be some reason or other than because it did not taste good, so I went about to discover the fact. I soon became satisfied by his conduct that it was a sort of prejudice or superstition, but farther than that I could learn nothing from him. But here is what I did learn from other sources.

It was nearing the hunting season and Ben had been unable to decide on whether he would hunt as usual or not. His days and nights had been much troubled of late by visions and dreams of rapture that fled before his pursuit like fawns before the hunter on dry leaves in October. He could stalk a buck in the mossy woods and shoot it, often before it arose to its feet, and he could set traps into which the most wary fox would deliberately plant its foot, and he easily shot the heads from walking partridges with his rifle. But despite all this he was up against something that was a little beyond his art. He could not capture it with traps or guns. It was more like fishing for a wary trout, and Ben never was much of a fisherman and does not like the art.

The object of Ben's longings was something that called for skill to which he was a stranger, in short Ben was in love!

The critical moment had arrived. It was early in the morning and three times Ben had unloaded his rifle and taken off his hunting clothes and got half dressed in his "Sunday best" only to go back again to the hunting regalia. At last he became desperate and seizing his rifle and pack he called his dog and started across lots for the woods.

In the last clearing he came in sight of a small farm house. He stopped and put his hand to his heart and moved as if to go around in the edge of the woods out of sight of the house, but after a short pause he shouldered his rifle and went straight to the buildings, which he entered by the front door.

Ben had evidently been here many times before. He laid his rifle on the piano; his dog jumped on the sofa and pawing the pillows into convenient position for its purpose, turned around three times and laid down.

Ben's hobnailed shoes rattled noisily on the dining room floor as he went through into the kitchen where he could hear some milk pans rattling. The desire of his heart stood by the sink in a mother Hubbard dress (they were fashionable there) washing milk pans.

Ben hung his hat on an imaginary hook and walking to the sink leaned against the pump.

"Good morning Molly," (I think that was her name) he said.

"Why, good morning Ben," she answered, "Is this you? I thought it was father."

"Yes, I thought I would call just for a minute before deciding to go farther. Well, Molly," he said, "I haven't very much to say to you this morning—there is a great deal that I would like to say but I have been handicapped all my life with a pitiful lack of eloquence, and I can never express myself in terms that will properly convey my meaning."

Molly had let the pan fall from her hand and having brushed back her hair stood staring at Ben in speechless wonder.

"If you were a man," went on Ben, "and I wanted to make you understand how badly I disliked you I could probab-

## SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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.  
E. Ellsworth Beach, Grand Lake Stream, Me.

BREECH LOADING GUNS  
Fishing Tackle, Sportsmen's Supplies cheap. Send stamp for catalog  
Powell & Clement Co., 410 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

## FISHING RODS

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

E. T. HOAR,

Rangeley, - - Maine.

## SPORTING GOODS.

We can supply any make of gun, rifle or revolver new at lowest possible prices. Ammunition and all sporting goods cheap for cash. We have a lot of second hand and shopworn arms we can sell very cheap. Automatic Guns, rifles and revolvers second hand in first-class condition for sale. Send for bargain list and specify wants. We will take your old gun or rifle in exchange at a fair valuation.

SAWYER & CO., Gray, Maine.

ly do it, to a turn in about a minute, but this is different. Oh, so different! but ever since we made mud pies down by the spring, long, long ago, I have been waiting for this moment. I remember the pebbles in the brook, the big frog that we played was a watchdog, and the bloodsucker that I pulled from your little foot. From that time you have been constantly in my mind day by day and hour by hour, and now I have come to ask you if you will—"

"O you darn fool!" she exclaimed looking about for something around the stove.

Ben did not wait to see if she found it. He jumped for the spot where he thought he had hung his hat but found it upon the floor instead, and having upset two chairs and turned the table quarter around in his scramble to get it he retreated from the house by the same route by which he had entered. He nearly fell over his dog as he went through the door, for the poor brute knew something awful had happened to his master.

Ben ran till he reached the woods, then breathed a sigh of relief and murmured, "That settles it. It's all over now." Then for a mile he walked like a man in a trance. His dog stayed far behind as in fear, as dogs do when their master is drunk.

A large buck appeared crossing the road ahead of Ben. He stopped and raised his rifle, then lowered it and the buck passed on out of sight. A moment later and a doe appeared in the same place. Ben put up his rifle and fired at her; she made one high bound and was out of sight. He pumped in another cartridge and waited to see if there was not another doe coming but no more appeared. He followed the trail a few rods and came upon the doe, dead. "There you miserable thing," he murmured, "I'll dress you and hang you up but I'll never eat a mouthful of you. I'll sell you to the first man that is fool enough to save you and law or no law I'll kill as many more of you as I can till I feel better."

So Ben ate no does for a long time, and as he saved all his ammunition for them he had no other meat to eat. Now he is satisfied and kills nothing but bucks, but from long abstinence from deer meat he has lost his taste for it and now either gives it to his friends or feeds it to visitors.

Poor Ben!

D. E. HEYWOOD.

## ARTICLES FOR MAINE WOODS.

Good Stories and Write Ups For Next Week's Issue.

MAINE WOODS has been receiving a lot of good hard work of late and we are getting many interesting articles.

Everybody will want to see the following articles that will appear in the issue of next week.

About Big Game, by Geo. C. Jones, a registered guide of Carratunk, Maine.

About Maine Fish and Game Laws, by A. J. Darling of Enfield, Maine.

How to Get a Fire by Shooting Into the Trunk of a Tree, by a Manchester, New Hampshire Sportsman.

A Fish and Game Oddity, by J. L. Hersey of Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

## THE RAYMOND SYNDICATE, BOSTON,

OFFER THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

CLOTHING of every description,

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases,

Football Goods.

Mail Orders receive careful attention.

FISHING TACKLE in America,

AND AT THE

LOWEST PRICES.

352-354-356 Washington Street,  
31-33-35 Hawley Street.



SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

L A F L I N & R A N D  
BRANDS IN 1905.

High amateur average for the entire season of 1905 was won by Mr. J. W. Akard, Fairplay, Mo., who used

“NEW SCHULTZE”

and broke 94 per cent of all targets shot at in tournaments.

Lafin & Rand brands—“Infallible,” “New E. C. (Improved)” and “New Schultze” also won three out of the First Four High averages for the season of 1905.

MEGANTIC CLUB BANQUET

HELD SATURDAY EVENING AND WAS  
BEST IN CLUB'S HISTORY.

Many Notable Guests Present Including  
Gov. George H. Utter of Rhode Island.  
The Banquet Hall Was a Scene of  
Beauty, Representing the Forest.  
Biograph Pictures Were Shown and  
Several Speeches Were Made. The  
Menu Was Very Elaborate.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 22, 1906.

The annual banquet, the 19th, of the Megantic Fish and Game club was held at the Copley Square Hotel Saturday evening and was one of the most successful and eventful in the history of the club, which has long been noted for its sociability, its hospitality, its sportsmanship and the like. Its banquet has been one of the events of the winter season in Boston for years and though there was little to remind one that it was winter in Massachusetts Saturday night, the event was no exception to the established rule.

There were several notable guests, including Gov. Geo. H. Utter of Rhode Island and “Providence plantation,” Hon. Leroy T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine inland Fish and Game commission; Hon. W. L. Quimby, known as the “Demosthenes of Vermont;” Bliss Perry of the Atlantic Monthly and John T. Long.

The spacious dining room, in which the banquet took place, had been transformed into a piece of wildwoods by the liberal use of firs, cedars and trophies of the chase and on all sides was presented a fine panoramic view of Big Island pond, the special gem of the Megantic preserve, partly in northern Maine and partly in Canada. The entrance to the room resembled the entrance to a big log hut with pelts and snowshoes on the outer walls, though there was no sign of snow out of doors, and a bear's head was over the door. The tables were decorated with evergreens and shaded lights and the head table, at which the guests of the evening sat, was decorated with evergreens.

A fine orchestra played many popular songs, while those present sang, besides giving a fine musical program. The orators got busy early in the game, as soon as they had paid attention to the elaborate menu, and the fun lasted until the last one had said his last word, which was far from early in the evening. Between the courses there were moving pictures that stirred the blood to enthusiasm—a moose hunt in the Maine woods, done to the life, in which prominent members of the club figured; a border drama entitled, “The Horse Thief,” which was freely commented on as the various “acts” progressed, and there was “Fun in a Pullman Car,” which called forth some hilarious remarks from the younger members.

On the various round tables were little decoy ducks and fishes, which suggested fish and game stories that would cause the late Baron Munchausen to blush and call for a “hook.”

The birch-bark menu should not be overlooked. It was a gem of its kind and a souvenir worth preserving.

After the good things on the menu had been enjoyed came “Fair Harvard,” and the speeches, whose “gems of thought” bounded out and balanced an evening of fun which lasted until near midnight.

Dr. George H. Payne, president of the club, got a cheer and a lot of personal remarks when he arose to bid the tumult cease, while he extended a greeting to the guests and called for a

rising toast to “the mightiest hunter in the land—President Roosevelt.”

He told of the efforts Quebec was making to establish fish and game laws, and of the 100,000 young trout which had been placed in Spider river by the Canadian authorities and the measures which were being taken to introduce the ouananiche. He then introduced Mr. Quimby as the toastmaster.

Mr. Quimby got the usual Megantic reception and after the “Injuns” had quieted down and their yells were lost in the mountain fastnesses around Big Island pond he reminded them that “many are called but few are chosen.” He then commented on the guests and pointed out that it had been necessary to separate the railroad magnates from the politicians for the evening at least. He wasn't quite sure how Rhode Island was getting along without a governor, but what was Rhode Island's loss was the Megantic club's gain.

Gov. Utter got a Megantic cheer which evidently touched a funny bone in his system, for he told a few “good ones.” He eulogized the men who love to go into the woods and hunt and those who went to the rivers and lakes to fish, for in these men was something of that good fellowship and naturalness which all lovers of nature feel—that companionship which exists, but cannot be analyzed or explained. They were usually whole-souled and bigger than the men who stuck to the city and the desk continually. They were part “Injun” and had the patience which nature gives those who worship at her shrine.

A few years ago the Argentine Republic asked the United States for the loan of a man, an expert on fish culture and the United States sent as its best man John W. Titcomb, who told last evening how he had introduced into some of the rivers of the South American republic salmon, trout and white fish that had been brought in the egg from the United States fish hatcheries to England first and thence to Buenos Ayres, then overland in artificial ice, across a desert to lakes and mountain streams near the Andes and near Patagonia. His experiences were all most interesting and were well related.

Dr. Long told something of the habits of wild animals and Bliss Perry and Mr. Carleton also entertained the club with remarks.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective association will tender a reception next Thursday evening to the North American Fish and Game Protective association of Canada and the fish and game commissioners of the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts at the Hotel Brunswick. A very interesting and elaborate program has been arranged and the speakers will include Judge Robert Grant, Hon. Charles S. Hamlin, Hon. W. A. Morse, Speaker John N. Cole of the Massachusetts house of representatives, Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, Commissioner George A. Field of the Massachusetts commission, Chairman Leroy T. Carleton of the Maine commission, Henry G. Thomas of Vermont and Commissioner Shurtleff of New Hampshire. Secretary H. H. Kimball of the Massachusetts society, whose office is at 216 Washington street, has charge of the arrangements.

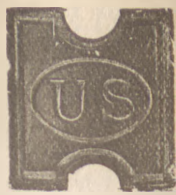
H. L. GOODWIN.

Pickeral Fishing

The winter pastime of pickeral fishing is beginning to interest Maine sportsmen. In some localities the fish are scarce but a few good catches are reported. George A. Norwood and party of Saco, who went up country fishing recently, brought back some 16 pounds of pickeral. There were five pickeral that weighed 61.4 pounds. The longest fish measured 23 inches.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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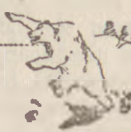
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The Eureka Sight  
Finder. (Patented.)



A gun attachment which assures a quick and accurate sight. It can be adjusted to any gun stock by the Sportsman himself in five minutes. Price \$1.00. Send for descriptive illustrated circular with testimonial.

THE EUREKA SIGHT FINDER CO., Incorporated, 3417 Mt. Pleasant St., Washington, D. C.

BIG LOT OF FURS.

A. B. DOLBIER, FARMINGTON, HAS  
\$15,000 COLLECTION.

A Black Fox Skin Is the Gem, But There  
Are Many Others That Include Bear,  
Fox, Fisher, Sable and Otter. Furs  
Are Not Very High This Winter, Ow-  
ing to Warm Weather.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

FARMINGTON, Jan. 24, 1906.

Down on Main street, just below the Exchange Hotel, is the large and commodious home of Mr. A. B. Dolbier, probably the largest and most extensive fur buyer in this section of the state. Mr. Dolbier has been in this line of business for years and it is safe to say that his judgment on a piece of fur regarding primeness or quality can be relied on fully.

In former years Mr. Dolbier traveled about this section of the country a great deal and his name is known all over this part of New England among trappers and hunters.

It was the pleasure recently of a MAINE WOODS reporter to look over Mr. Dolbier's collection of furs, which probably has a value of not far from

of “rats,” sometimes called muskrats. The fur odor in the stable was very strong, but the horses and colts present in the box stalls seemed to mind it not at all.

Part of the exhibit was bear skins, some 30 in number, hanging from the floor beams above. One of the largest, recently secured in Temple, measured over eight feet and the foot of this enormous bear measured seven inches on the ball. Bear skins in prime condition are worth from \$10 to \$18 and have been quite plenty this past fall and winter.

Of that animal with the violent odor, the skunk, Mr. Dolbier has an intimate acquaintance as far as skins go, for he has about 600 of the little pelts, which bring from 25c to \$1.75 each for prime skins.

Of lynx and wildcat Mr. Dolbier has a few skins each, for which he paid for lynx, \$8 and wildcat, 75c. The fur of the Canadian lynx, an animal found in large numbers in the forests of Maine and Canada, bids fair to become one of the most popular moderate priced furs of any season. The fur of the lynx is probably the most beautiful of the fluffy furs on the market.

Fox skins may be said to be plenty in this collection, for from 1200 to 1300



AN ORLAND, MAINE, TRAPPER AND HIS CATCH.

\$15,000. The lot includes many rare and beautiful skins, bought mostly in New Hampshire and Canada.

Mr. Dolbier keeps many of his furs in his large brick stable and here it was the reporter first called. What a furry place the interior certainly was! Here a monster bear skin, there a row of foxes and a little to one side hundreds

TAXIDERMISTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.,  
Leading Taxidermists of  
America.

Bangor, - - Maine.

Chas. L. Harnden, Agent, Rangeley.  
Send for Price List.

NASH OF MAINE.

Licensed Taxidermist,

NORWAY, - - - MAINE.

Branch at Haines Landing May to October 20. Gold Medal on both Fish and Game at World's Fair, St. Louis.

Inventor of the famous Mezzo style of mounting fish

adorn the walls of the stable and are packed away in bags and trunks. For those skins from \$2 to \$3.50 was paid for the prime and from 25c to \$2 for the unprime.

An exchange says of this animal: “The Maine forests furnish a large part of the fur worn by fashionable New Yorkers. The ordinary red fox, that sly fellow who comes sneaking around the barnyard in search of a stray fowl, furnishes a fur which is made up into very popular wraps. The fur is not used much in its natural color because residents of Maine, who know what a fox is, consider it cheap.”

Muskrats or “rats” as the professional fur buyers always terms them are quite common, prime winter skins bringing from 15c to 22c and fall skins from 12c to 16c. Of these skins Mr. Dolbier has fully 2000 specimens.

Coon skins are valuable for many purposes and while not classed among expensive furs, may be said to have a steady value. An even hundred coon skins are in the Dolbier collection, cost the owner from 50c to \$1.60 for the prime and 10c to 75c for the unprime.

That sly and onostentatious animal, the weasel, also has a fur value, the 300 or more skins in the collection

costing from 25c to \$1 each. The skins of these little animals are largely used to line ladies wraps and garments.

“A score of fisher, said Mr. Dolbier, “those handsome, dark ones costing from \$5 to \$8 and the pale ones from \$3 to \$6. “These,” and the speaker picked up a couple of skins, “are about as fine looking fisher, as one often sees.” “The gem of my collection is here,” said Mr. Dolbier, holding up a beautiful black fox skin. “It is a very rare skin, that cost \$200. It will probably be shipped to the London fur sales, later on.”

“My ladies' furs” are helped out by the beautiful and rich looking mink skins. Prime mink skins have been selling for from \$4 to \$9 each, but today only bring from \$3 to \$7 each, owing to the drop in prices. Six hundred is the number of mink skins in Mr. Dolbier's possession.

Half a hundred sable skins constitute that part of the collection, worth from \$2 to \$4.50. The skins of these little animals are extensively used for ladies' furs. Otter are used for fine trimmings and good skins bring from \$16 to \$30 each. Mr. Dolbier has ten skins.

The fur market is dull this winter, owing to the warm weather but dealers hope that prices may take a slight advance later.

Another cause of low prices is the Russian troubles, for the Russians are a great fur buying people, but owing to heavy taxation, etc., have been light buyers.

COMPARATIVE OFFERINGS—LONDON JANUARY  
SALES, BEGINNING JAN. 22, 1906.

1905.		1905.
71,600	Raccoon,	90,810
1,967,000	Muskrat,	1,940,600
343,700	Skunk,	326,000
12,300	Cat, Civet,	662
221,000	Opossum,	60,300
61,500	Mink,	65,000
14,400	Marten,	24,400
15,500	Fox, Red,	7,400
686	Fox, Cross,	350
163	Fox, Silver,	90
7,400	Fox, Gray,	18,000
530	Fox, Kitt,	121
3,800	Fox, White,	4,000
98	Fox, Blue,	
2,200	Otter,	6,300
2,500	Cat, Wild,	3,800
15,900	Cat, House,	
12,000	Lynx,	8,600
3,200	Badger,	
7,400	Beaver,	5,000
2,700	Bear,	3,200
14,700	Wolf,	10,800
155	Wolverine,	
16,100	Ermine,	
50	Baum Marten,	
450	Stone Marten,	

The above comparative offerings to be sold at the coming London auction sales, show that quantities of leading descriptions are quite large, especially of opossum, skunk, mink, red fox and wolf.

That there is still good money in trapping in Maine is evidence by the prices which a Kennebunk man got for some fox and mink skins in the Boston market last week. The trapper in question is Wissis Hill, who sold five fox skins and several mink skins for \$210. He received \$7 to \$10 each for the mink skins which are of a very fine quality this winter and on account of the scarcity in the fur markets are commanding fine prices.

Cash In Advance.

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

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,

WANTS, FOR SALE, ETC.  
Price 1 cent a word each insertion.  
Stamps or cash with order.

WANTS.

SEND YOUR GUNS—That need adjusting or repairing to H. Mortimer's Gun Exchange and Repair Shop, 2d, 457 Washington St., Boston.

WANTED.—Position as working manager on gentleman's country home and farm by a strictly temperate and practical New York state farmer. Wife good butter maker, poultry raiser and cook. Would prefer a New England state. Can give best of references from past employers. Address, E. S. H. Box 113, Unionville, N. Y.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—Shotgun single barrel in very good condition. Also one 32 revolver, in good condition. For prices, write H. A. Moore, Wyoming Ill.

TRAPPEES' BOOK telling how to make and use over 25 different fox and mink baits and scents. Price, 10 cents. Jesse Bentley, Trapper, Arlington, Vt.

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

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., Trenton and Beacon Sts., Boston.

CAMP FOR SALE.—A public fishing and hunting camp in a desirable location—a money-maker for sale. J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.

RANGELEY LAKE COTTAGE LOTS. Very desirable Rangeley Cottage Co. Enquire of H. M. Lucows, Rangeley Lake House, Rangeley, or J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.



MAINE WOODS,  
PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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

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 5,550.  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1906.

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.

STATE FISH HATCHERIES AND NAMES OF  
SUPERINTENDENTS.

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.,  
Quosoc; Carleton Brook Feeding Station, J. W. A.  
Whiting, Supt., Winthrop; Monmouth Hatchery,  
A. W. Wilkins, Supt., Monmouth; Moosehead  
Lake Hatchery, F. E. Hitchings, Supt., Green-  
ville Junction; Enfield Hatchery, A. J. Darling,  
Supt., Enfield.

Maine Woods New Plan.

We have been giving notice for several weeks past that on January 1, MAINE WOODS subscription list would be put on a strictly cash in advance basis. This move on the part of the management has been commended by everybody from whom we have heard, in connection with the new plan. Our subscribers say it is a great relief to them to feel that they can pay what they owe us and be sure that at the end of the time for which they paid, there will be no attempt to thrust the paper upon them and compel them to continue their subscription against their will.

Our agents say that it is a great advantage to them to be able to say to people from whom they solicit subscriptions that positively when the time paid for has expired they will get no more papers unless they pay in advance. We are thoroughly convinced that the cash in advance plan is the only one that is fair to publishers and readers. MAINE WOODS will be put on that basis this winter and later the same plan will be inaugurated in connection with our local paper, MAINE WOODSMAN—but that is another story.

We have been sending notices to those of our subscribers who are in arrears for subscription or who will be in arrears very soon and their response has been very generous indeed. In fact the circulation of MAINE WOODS has steadily increased in spite of the fact that this innovation was being put on foot. This is very gratifying and it establishes the fact beyond question that the new move is a wise one. There are, however, a few of our readers who evidently have not yet learned exactly what this new plan is. There are people who have always paid quite promptly, any time within a month or two after their subscriptions expired and it has of course always been satisfactory. It would be satisfactory now, but the truth is we are unable to continue the paper a month or even a week after the time paid for expires.

We have, however, decided that in order to have a little more time in which to explain the cash in advance plan thoroughly, we will extend the time for one month, putting it in operation Feb. 2, 1906. We feel that this extension of time is no more than just to our old friends who have been with us a long time and whom, we are sure, intend to remain, but who have not yet understood that they will never receive a copy of MAINE WOODS from this office as a subscriber unless they have first paid for it.

We hope that all who see this notice and who want MAINE WOODS will send in their money promptly. The amount is small and will not be greatly missed. Do not delay! Delays are dangerous and delays frequently breed misunderstandings where there is no need of it.  
Yours very truly,  
J. W. BRACKETT Co.

Phillips, Maine, Dec. 23, 1905.

Camp and Hotel Printing.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1906 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. We know what you need for cuts. J. W. BRACKETT Co.,

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

THROUGH A RABBIT'S EYES.

Daring Experiment to Be Performed on  
Washington Man's Eyes.

According to the Washington Post, a new and untried surgical operation is about to be tried on a man's eyes in that city.

In a word it is to be attempted to graft portions of the eyes of a rabbit on those of a man.

It seems that the patient, was blinded several years ago by lye thrown into his face by a highwayman, with the that not only was he deprived of his sight but the eyelids being partly eaten away grew to the wounded pupils in healing. This not only prevented the movement of the parts but caused much pain. To relieve the condition the lids were separated at the points of juncture and provided with linings in the shape of conjunctive membranes taken from the eyes of a rabbit. The membranes were sewed under the lids with a delicate needle, and the operation seems to have been successful, for it is reported that the patient is able to move his eyes and work the lids and that he is now about ready for the operation that is to be undertaken to restore his vision. A rabbit will also have to yield its sight and its life for this most delicate and critical operation. A selected animal, which has received treatment, will be put under the influence of an anesthetic at the same time as the man and portions of the corner removed from the eyes of the one and grafted to the eyes of the other. It is expected that the portions introduced will grow to blend with the organs of the patient and that the nerves of the eye will grasp and hold to the new covering, accommodate themselves to the new conditions and resume their functions. And it is the hope of the physicians that as the result of all this vision will be gradually restored when the eyes heal.

But let us suppose that something almost miraculous is going to occur and that the man is going to see again. He would henceforth in a sense look at the world through rabbit's eyes. How would it seem, and what would be the effect on the man? The rabbit is keen-sight and vigilant; indeed, according to a tradition of childhood it sleeps with one eye open, in order that it may not be caught napping by any of its numerous enemies of the wilderness. The human animal is not the only one that is fond of rabbit stew, but there is Brer Fox, and Brer Owl, and Brer Weasel, all snooping around for a meal and with a special liking for rabbit meat. Would the habit of vigilance be likely to be transplanted with the cornea and conjunctiva, and would the man find himself uneasy and unable to sleep o' nights? The rabbit is accounted as one of the most timid and harmless of animals, though it has pleased the Washington Post to exploit the whimsical theory that these qualities are but in seeming and that at heart the rabbit is one of the most ferocious, bloodthirsty of creatures. Would the innate qualities, whether of innocence and timidity or craft and ferocity, be also transplanted? According to the negro folklore as interpreted by Uncle Remus, in days of yore Brer Rabbit was one of the most knowing of creatures, given to practical joking, and able to outwit even Brer Fox. Supposing some foundation to exist for this idea of the intellectual superiority of the rabbit, and remembering that the eye is the window of the brain, would the possession of a rabbit's eyes give the possessor a new outlook on the world? These are of course merely humorous speculations. If the man can be made to see at all, his new eyes will not make a whit of difference in his nature, and if he can be made to see, it will be one of the crowning triumphs of the surgeon's art.

FACTS ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND.

Good Place to Spend Vacation In Says  
Our Correspondent.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]  
BOSTON, Jan. 19, 1906.

The sporting public is rapidly becoming aware of the value of Newfoundland as a place to follow their special line of amusement and it will not be long before it will be as well patronized as some of the sections in the states. It is proving itself to be a veritable paradise for the followers of the gun and rod trails and there is little danger of the sport falling off for many years to come.

It is especially favored in one respect, i. e., the distance deters many from going there, so it is in danger of being overrun with hunters and fishermen who can afford only a trip for their fun.

Still the distance is not so great, neither is the expense of a trip so large that it deters many others from going. The cost of a trip is what one desires to make it, above a certain amount. There is the railway fare, which is the greatest in that line of any of the eastern fares. The cost of guides is no larger, or as large as it is in some sections and a good man can be obtained at from \$2 to \$3 a day. The guides will furnish everything you desire, even to gun and ammunition. It is better, however, for a man to take his own gun at least.

DUPONT SMOKELESS

In the Lead as Usual.

The Official Records show that High Average for the year 1905, The Real World's Championship, was won by Mr. Fred Gilbert, who broke 95.6 per cent of the 17,065 targets he shot at.

Mr. Gilbert, of course, used

DUPONT SMOKELESS.

Now as to the game. In the hunting line the caribou is the most to be desired and a man is reasonably certain to get one if he takes the right time and place. The right time is all through the open season and the place is about all over the island, so you can draw your own conclusions. The license for shooting is \$50 and a man is limited to three heads. The season opens Aug. 1 and lasts till Feb. 1, with a 20-day intermission beginning Oct. 1, as the rutting season begins then and lasts 20 days. From then on till Feb. 1 the season is open, but the greater portion of the shooting is over by Nov. 15, as the animals begin to shed their antlers then and there is not much satisfaction in shooting one without antlers. Many go there for the single purpose of securing a head with antlers so as to have it to talk of for years, all things dating from that date thereafter.

If you go to Newfoundland to hunt caribou, be prepared for hard work as the trips are long and the paths are not flag walks. The country is a hard, barren one and while one does not have to struggle through woods and morass to any great extent, it is hard work to travel. The only feature that lightens the hardship of the long walks is the frequency of the game.

There are some who get rid of the longer walks, however, by stationing themselves at some spot in the trail where they think the animals will pass in the migrating season and shoot them as they go by. In the fall the animals go from the northern end of the island to the southern, it all depending on the season; the more open the later the migration takes place. They are to be found in couples or perhaps a herd of 50 may pass and sometimes the herds number 200 or 500, though the latter are scarce. They take their time in traveling, feeding as they go along and may stay in one place a week if the feeding is good. Then again, they may take a rapid transit trip. Conditions govern their migrations who ly.

The great drawback in lying in wait for them to pass is the uncertainty of their passing. They are never sure of passing a given spot, however promising the prospect may be. They may sheer off and go in an entirely different direction just at the time you look for them. To many this form of shooting is looked upon as a mild form of slaughter. They would rather take their chances in taking a few days' tramp and hunt the game up in its lair. They get far more satisfaction in this and say that the game has a run for its money by that method.

A man can start from Boston say with \$100 in his pocket and have a fair week's sport. As a natural effect the further you go on the railway the greater the expense will be. Guide work is about the same all over the island. The food furnished is mostly canned. The guides as mentioned before furnish all this as well as other necessities. And right here let the suggestion be made that all odious proclivities should be lost sight of in taking a hunting trip to Newfoundland. Do not go as a Britisher I knew of did a season or two ago, who carried a cane with him all the time he was there and forced his guide to carry his gun along with his other load. The guide rebelled at last and the bloomin' Britisher had to lug along his gun.

There are comparatively few deer on the island, but black bear are to be found in some sections. Lynx abound, while the otter, fox and hare can be found almost all over the land. Grouse shooting is good.

When it comes to fishing that is an altogether different proposition. There is no license to pay as the waters are teeming with good, gamy fish almost crying to be yanked out to furnish some good man his dinner. There is the coast fishing where the sea salmon, weighing from 6 to 30 pounds, to be hauled in and the sea trout varying from 1 to 6 pounds will furnish fun for the Waltonian. Inland are to be found the trout and the salmon which will weigh as high as 6 pounds and will fight like 60. The inland fishing is fly fishing wholly and it keeps a man humping when he strikes the good places which are not a long ways between.

The guide work is necessary in this line as they are needed for boat work in carries and to do the other work necessary for such a trip. There are not as many canoes on the island as there are in other hunting sections. The boats most used, along the coasts especially, are the dories while the regular river boats are utilized on the inland waters. Some canoes are to be found further inland, however, but it does not matter much to the enthusiast whether he is in one of the tilting, tipy canoes, or in a boat with a bottom that is not afraid of tipping tother side up at every move he makes. The cost of a week's fishing trip can be made for \$50, or as much higher as one desires.  
HERBERT W. BAKER.

HOTELS AND CAMPS

We go Hunting at

BILLY SOULE'S

Pleasant Island Camps,

Cupsuptic Lake, Maine.

P. O. Address, Haines Landing, Me.

Pickford's Camps

The only public Log Camps on  
Rangeley Lake, Maine.  
One mile from Rangeley Village. Inducements to families for the season.  
HENRY E. PICKFORD.

SPRING LAKE,

In the Dead River Region.

Best of Early fishing for Salmon, Square Tailed Trout and Lake Trout that weigh from 2 to 9 pounds.

One day's ride from Boston. Only 21-2 miles of backboard road. Lake 31-2 miles long, 11-2 miles wide, surrounded by mountains covered with green woods. Cabins are very pleasantly situated on the shore of this lake. Spring beds, new blankets and clean linen make our beds all that could be desired. New boats and canoes. Best of stream fishing near. We have canoe trips that take you by some of the grandest scenery in Maine, with good fishing all the way. Telephone connections at home camps with main line and doctor's office. Purest of spring water. Hay fever unknown. Excellent food. This is an ideal place to spend the summer with your family. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited.  
JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Maine.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

TROUT BROOK CAMPS.

I am located in a new country and only a few yards from Mackamp Station. Cottages made of peeled logs and are clean and comfortable. Good spring water. Trout and salmon fishing commences here about May 10. Good, safe rowboats. Plenty of trails and good paths to the top of the mountain. For further particulars address, Robert Walker, Mackamp, via Askwith, Me.

IN THE

Woods of Maine.

King and Bartlett Camps, 2,000 feet above sea level, unexcelled trout and salmon fishing, individual cabins, open wood fires excellent cuisine, natural lithia spring water, magnificent scenery. Renew your health in the balsam-laden air of Maine's ideal resort.  
Address,

HARRY M. PIERCE,

King and Bartlett Camps,

Eustis, - - - Maine.

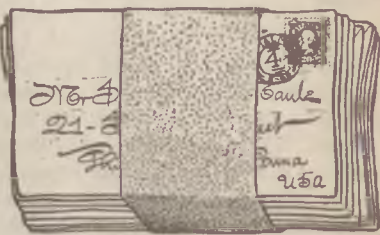
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KINEO, Moosehead Lake, MAINE,

Nature's Ideal Summer Wilderness, Lake and Mountain Resort for Climate, Scenery and Location. Send for Booklets.

C. A. JUDKINS,

MANAGER.



“ONLY LETTERS”

About 60 in all, from a brother on the other side, to one on this,” from Northern, Central and Southern Europe, Russia, Italy, Egypt, etc., as those lands were seen through eyes unconventionally focused. By FRANCIS I. MAULE.  
“Only Letters” is not a “work of genius,” most distinctly not, and is not easily confusable with books under suspicion as such, but society is by no means a unit in pronouncing it “hopelessly dull.” “Absent treatment” will be furnished by mail to cases of aroused curiosity that send a \$1.00 bill and 5 2-cent stamps to the author at 406 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING

IN THE GAME SEASON,

BY JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE.

The best treatise on this subject that has ever been published. A

neat and attractive booklet. Sent to any address for 20c. Address

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MAINE WOODS INFORMATION,

BUREAU,

Phillips, - - - Maine.

Cash In Advance.

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J. W. BRACKETT Co.

Modern Rifle  
Shooting.

FROM THE AMERICAN

STANDPOINT,

BY DR. W. G. HUDSON,

is a standard work that is very much in demand.

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MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, - - - Maine.



The Witherlick.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]  
RANGELEY, Jan. 20, 1906.

It was my good fortune not long ago to be the guest of L. T. Foss, D. D. S., and John L. Swinerton of Boston at Camp Witherlick on Cupsuptic lake. The Doctor built this camp on Birch island several years ago and has lived here the greater part of his time since. He finds Cupsuptic air very beneficial and he follows closely the rules of health, sleeping in an apartment with windows open at night and living on the best of everything.

The Witherlick is a model of ingenuity and economy in camp building. All the rooms are low and provided with ample means for ventilation. Around the outer walls on nearly all sides are dead air closets, some filled with wood, others with coal, canned goods and other provisions. The occupants will be warm and comfortable in the coldest weather.

Mr. Foss came last spring on June 4 and stayed all summer. But on returning to Boston for the winter's work he decided after a short stay at the city that the best place for him was at The Witherlick, so on Oct. 3 he returned with Swinerton to put in the winter.

I did not intend to make more than a friendly call on the Doctor and his companion when I went over from Billy Soule's, but I found him such a genial host that I could not easily get away—in fact I soon lost all desire to go further that night. Besides I wanted to hear the story of The Witherlick. That evening the Doctor told me of how the place came to be named The Witherlick.

He said he built it all himself and that he was so busy that he did not think very much about a name, trusting that something would happen or turn up that would suggest a name. Nothing, however, occurred until he had the main camp completed and was living in it, when one morning in midsummer about daylight he looked down on his dock and saw on one corner what appeared to be a big leather sack half as large as a bale of hay. That corner of the dock was perceptibly lower in the water because of the weight of this object and he thought it very strange. However, the Doctor thought that some passing boat had left this thing, whatever it was, and he scanned it curiously. While he was watching, some part of it moved. He got a field glass and examined it and discovered it to be a living creature, brown in color and in many ways resembling a euge frog.

The Doctor had no intention of entertaining such guests as that, so raising the window a few inches he set his jackknife under the sash and taking down a 30-40 Winchester laid it across the sill aimed a bullet at the middle of the thing's body. When the shot passed through it it went into the water with a tremendous splash and disappeared. The Doctor spent most of the forenoon grappling for it but could not find it.

The very next morning he saw the same thing there again about 4 o'clock. He tried the same trick of shooting it but when he was thrusting the rifle barrel out of the window the thing made a loud croak and plunged into the lake. The third morning it was again there and this time the Doctor was more cautious and succeeded in putting another bullet through it, but as before the thing got away.

After that he got no more shots at it though he saw it several times. The thing became so wary that as soon as he moved in the camp or came to a window it would dive into the lake.

Finally it got so bad that the mere

“What a difference in the suffering at time of childbirth

when Dr. R. V. Pierce's medicines are used,” writes Mrs. Edmon Jacobs, of Bangersville, Johnson Co., Ind. “I had not heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines three years ago when I was confined, so had to suffer almost death. Before baby was born I could not be on my feet without two persons holding me.



“The advice of a neighbor.”

The baby was a boy, weighing 9½ pounds, and for some weeks after his birth I suffered severe pain. Last fall, following the advice of a neighbor, my husband bought me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I took during the winter, and in March, I gave birth to a baby boy, weighing 10½ lbs. I was only in labor two hours and was on my feet with out help within thirty minutes before baby was born. He is now three months old and weighs 19 lbs. I know it was Dr. Pierce's medicine that saved me from suffering. I advise all women to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, also his Pleasant Pellets, if necessary.”

Following the advice of a neighbor, “What a weight of confirmatory evidence there is in those six words. The neighbor had tried the “Favorite Prescription” and recommended it. Mrs. Jacobs has also tried it and proved its wonderful properties and now she recommends it. Beside such testimony as this its maker's words are unimportant. Mrs. Jacobs' experience is a fact. Her neighbor's experience is a fact. The written experiences of 500,000 other women are facts. There is no theory about it. There can be no question about it. In every neighborhood in his broad land there are women who have been cured by the “Favorite Prescription.” It has cured more cases of female complaint than all other medicines for women combined. It is the only medicine of its kind invented by a skilled specialist in medicine—a regularly graduated physician of more than forty years' actual experience.

creaking of the bed springs as he turned over in bed at daylight in the morning would frighten it and he would hear it plunge into the water. So the Doctor gave up trying to capture it alone and sent an urgent letter to J. W. Brackett editor of MAINE WOODS to come in and identify the thing for him, saying he had discovered a rare new specie of some kind. Editor Brackett with his usual enthusiasm for discovering new things lost no time in arriving at the scene fully equipped for a scientific investigation, but although both he and the Doctor watched both late and early the thing did not put in its appearance. The next morning Mr. Brackett questioned the Doctor very closely even to the smallest detail in regard to the appearance of the thing. He also examined the shore all around the island for any signs which might have been left to lead to its identity but all he saw was a few snakes. However he was thoroughly satisfied from what he saw and from the Doctor's description that the thing was a witherlick. So it came about in this way that the camp is named The Witherlick.

J. W. Akard Challenges Col. Gaston Bordevery.

Mr. J. W. Akard, the well known rifle and shot gun expert of Fair Play, Mo., is now in the East. Naturally out of curiosity one of the first places of interest for him to visit was the rifle demonstration given in one of the theatres here by Col. Gaston Bordevery, the Frenchman who claims to be the world's champion. Mr. Akard was so greatly disappointed with the completeness of this act that he immediately decided to challenge him to a \$1,000 match to be shot for under certain conditions at a certain specified place. With this point in view Mr. Akard has given out the following to the sporting press:

I recently witnessed the so-called wonderful feats of Col. Gaston Bordevery, the Frenchman now shooting in this city. In my opinion his tricks are not so remarkable as he claims, and as I consider that American marksmen occupy the first place, and think that there are several shooters in America who can equal and surpass him in every style of shooting, I will make Col. Bordevery the following proposition: I will make a match of \$1,000 to shoot at 500 wooden balls two inches in diameter, tossed in the air; fifty pairs of doubles, same size as above; 100 marbles half inch in diameter; also at a stationary target, any size bull's eye, ten to fifty yards range, with a .22 rifle.

If these conditions are not acceptable I will shoot him an all around match with rifle, shotgun and pistol. These matches must be shot out of doors where there is no chance for trickery. They can be shot in the vicinity of New York any morning so they will not interfere with his engagements. Col. Bordevery may select two men as judges and I will do the same. These four can choose a fifth man as referee, whose decision will be final. Judges and referee shall be chosen from the well-known rifle shots from New York and vicinity.

DEER AND BEARS SHIPPED.

The Hunting In Territory Covered by the Franklin County Railroads.

We give herewith the total number of deer and bears shipped over the Sandy River, Franklin & Megantic and Phillips & Rangeley railroads during the big game open season of 1905, as furnished MAINE WOODS by the managements of the railroads:

Game Shipments	Deer	Bear
Bigelow,	129	2
Carrabassett,	177	
Kingfield,	12	1
Salem,	2	
Total	320	3
Phillips,	22	
Strong,	0	
Total	22	
Rangeley,	54	
Total F. & M.,	320	3
Total S. R.,	22	
Total P. & R.,	54	
Total narrow gauge,	396	3

Saw a Skunk.

A certain lady, who lives near Farmington, had occasion not long since to descend into the cellar after a print of butter. The moment she set foot on the basement floor she was confronted by an enormous skunk that had gotten downstairs in some manner.

The lady in question took one look, uttered a shriek and fled up the stairs at top speed, the skunk in the meantime sitting calmly by watching her.

The question then came before the house as to the proper way to rid the place of Mr. Skunk. It was finally done, however, in a unique way. A board was run through the cellar window and his skunkship taking this as a hint evidently, walked out into the open without leaving behind the slightest odor characteristic of this family of animals.

Trapping the Trapper.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]  
RANGELEY, Jan. 22, 1906.

I did not use to always carry a rifle when tending traps because it was just so much extra weight and I did not care to shoot partridges or deer, so an ax was about all I carried outside of my pack.

It was the early part of November and no snow had fallen; when I one day turned aside from the trail to see if my bear trap was all right. I had only one bear trap setting, the others all being for small animals. I found the bait gone from the log enclosure and the trap covered over with slabs of wood which would prevent its springing if stepped upon. This was so plainly the work of some mischievous person that I was somewhat annoyed, especially by the fact that the bait was taken. I replenished the bait and put the trap in order and went on. The more I thought the matter over the more sure I was that there was a rival trapper somewhere on my route and that he had taken the bait for his own use and I became quite angry. He may have had as good a right to set traps there as I, but he certainly had no right to steal my baits or molest my traps.

The matter disturbed me so much that I managed to visit the trap again in three days. As before, I found the bait gone and at first the trap seemed to be gone also, but as I stepped about looking for tracks of whatever had been there, my heel hit against something metallic and looking down I discovered the trap carefully concealed several feet from where it belonged. I had by mere chance escaped being caught in it. The scheme was so infernal and cowardly and I was filled with such rage that had the villain appeared at that moment I think I would have shot him. However, I thought it time for me to retaliate in some way, so after rebaiting the log enclosure as before, I carried the trap several yards and set it just over a log where anything coming by the usual route would be sure to step in it. I concealed it so cunningly that even a suspicious man would not detect its presence. This done I went on my way.

That night I did not feel very much like sleeping. The thoughts of catching a fellow being and the probability of his leg being broken were not pleasant reflections. My restlessness drove me to the camp door several times during the night to listen for a distant shout or a signal rifle shot, but the distance between me and the trap was so great that there was small chance of my hearing either.

I arose the following morning from an almost sleepless night with the resolution of visiting the trap at once and perhaps putting it back in its proper place, though it was a struggle for me to decide what was my duty in the matter. But I took a pack load of venison which I wanted to get to the home camp and leaving my rifle, which I was beginning to fear I might make bad use of, I started for the home camp to visit the trap on the way.

As I neared the trap my heart beat heavily and I experienced a feeling of nervous weakness. The small discomforts were quickly forgotten when a little farther on I heard the rattle of the trap. Something was caught and by the jingling of the trap and chain I knew it was not a man. The trap was dragged a few rods into the woods from where it had been setting but I had no trouble in following the trail and soon came in sight of a black bear caught by the toes of a hind foot.

I had left my rifle at camp and I had been charging my failures to some other trapper—but why on earth this bear had not acted as others did I could not understand. I could not believe but that the bear was a wanderer and that after all the trap had been tampered with by human agencies. Later on I had reason to change my mind.

There was yet plenty of time for me to return to camp for my rifle but the foot was torn so badly that I feared the three remaining toes would give way and that I would lose him before I could get back. It was not a large bear though apparently quite old. Moreover, it was not the kind of bear that glances at you from the corners of its eyes and turns sullenly away, but it stood upright and stared squarely at me with its ears erect and its tongue occasionally lolling out. It had apparently been working very hard.

I thought hard of some means of dispatching it. I had heard old hunters tell of killing bears with a club so I thought I would try it on this one. I cut a stout young birch, with which I thought I could lay him out if I could get a fair blow at his head, and approached him. The bear seemed to take a lively interest in my manoeuvres and backed away the length of the chain. The chain being some three feet long gave him about six feet to go and come on. I did not so much mind the going, but the coming part I was fearful of since my club was only about six feet long. I spent some time with-

Makes Pure Blood

Dear Sirs:—

In regard to the “L. F.” Bitters, I think they are all that is needed as a Blood Purifier.

Yours truly,

W. P. BASSETT,  
Box 79.  
Limestone, Me.  
February 28, 1904.

The True “L. F.” Atwood's Bitters cure all diseases caused by impure blood and sluggish liver and bowels. 35 cents at all good stores.

PFLUEGER'S  
CELEBRATED  
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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

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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.

out getting near enough to reach him safely, then gave up the attempt.

In my earlier days I was a good baseball pitcher. There was a river not far away, the bed of which was strewn with small round stones. I decided to try stoning him to death. I thought that a hard hit on the head from a stone would daze him till I could rush in and finish him with the club, so emptying my pack I went to the river and selected a load of smooth, round stones of the right size and weight to hurl accurately, and returned to the attack.

I selected from my collection one that was nearly perfect in size and shape, and walking as near as I thought prudent, took my position and made several points to throw the stone. As I did so the bear crouched somewhat, as if to spring, offering his head as a good mark and I hurled the stone with all my might. To my surprise his paws came up like a flash, catching the stone with scarcely a sound. Then I saw him straighten up and roll it from one paw to the other while his tongue lolled from the side of his mouth. The next moment he spat upon the palm of his right paw and gripping the stone firmly between both paws was preparing to return it. At this moment his eyes kindled with the first sign of anger I had noticed and not knowing what sort of marksman he would prove to be I made a dash for cover. I was none too quick. The stone whizzed past me like a cannon ball, striking a tree with such force as to bring down a shower of buds and dead spills. That ended that mode of attack.

My next plan was to lance him with my knife tied to the end of a long pole. I found a pole about 20 feet long and to the small end I bound the handle of my sheath knife. The operation consumed considerable time and when I returned I found that the bear had also been busy. He had a pole longer than mine which he used with so much skill that I was unable to get within reach of him. I was thoroughly disgusted with my attempts to get him without a rifle, so abandoning all other plans I hurried back to camp.

When I returned I carried my rifle loaded and cocked, my finger resting on the trigger. I had removed my shoes and I approached the spot where I had left the bear with the silence and watchfulness of a panther. I came in sight of the spot without having heard or seen anything of the bear and was beginning to believe that he had escaped or dragged the trap further away, when I heard a rush directly behind me. Facing quickly about I saw the bushes quiver and caught the glimpse of a black rump disappearing behind a knoll. I went on to where the trap was and found it grim and defiant, still clutching three big hairy toes. The bear had torn loose during my absence.

I examined the spot where I had seen him run away. The rascal had secreted himself behind a log 15 feet from the trail and was laying for me, but upon seeing me armed with the rifle and so vigilantly on my guard, had considered the attempt too hazardous and had remained still till I got passed to a safe distance, then he made a dash for the tall timbers and escaped.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

Uncle 'Lige on Guns.

The city gunner carefully leaned his gun against the side of the village dispensary of liquid joy, and passed inside. One by one the group of loungers, who had hailed the stranger's advent with an interest born of few events and an innate curiosity, examined the weapon with care.

“Don't give much for them new fangled britch-loaders,” said Uncle 'Lige, the village oracle, deluging an unsuspecting butterfly with a well-directed stream of tobacco juice. No one volunteered a remark, although all looked at Uncle inquiringly.

“City boarder lent me his'n onct,” he went on, “and I took her out in the bresh lots fer rabbits. I set aroun' awhile, and purty soon I seen one come a bob-bobbin' over the stump towards me. I hain't missed a rabbit in nigh

onto ten years, s' when I drawn on 'er I figured on rabbit for supper. But, ding me, when the smoke cleared off, thar that pesky critter war, jus' in the same place, only goin' tother way. W-a-a-l, I guv 'er tother bar'l, but didn't do no better, an' this time sh' was runnin' toward me. Crammed in couple o' more shells, an kept on shootin', cause I cal'clated in time I'd have enough in to ballast 'er some, anyway. I was kinder scared, 'cause I thought it might be a hant or some thing, but my mad was up, an' I kep' on shootin'. Finally 'leventh shot I think it were, an' she keeled over.”

“Over-het? Walking typhoid?” “Heart failure?” chorused the crowd expectantly.

“Naw,” said Uncle 'Lige, spitting thoughtfully. “Y' see th' durn gun shot s' clus that each lud kinder reversed th' critter—an' dun it so quick sh' never nu it.”

“What finally killed her?” asked the hunter, who had been a listener to the latter part of the story.

“Wa-al, y' see,” Uncle 'Lige went on slowly, “I fired them last two barrels pretty clus together, an' reckon she sorter had a headon kollision with herself an' died with konkussion of the brain.”

A few minutes later the crowd were grouped before the bar at the stranger's expense, and nothing but the mellow gurgle of mountain whiskey was heard.—(With apologies to A. E. S.)—National Sportsman.

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2 Cent Stamps to

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Phillips, - - Maine,

For a little bunch of Backwoods Fairy

Tales, by

ED GRANT

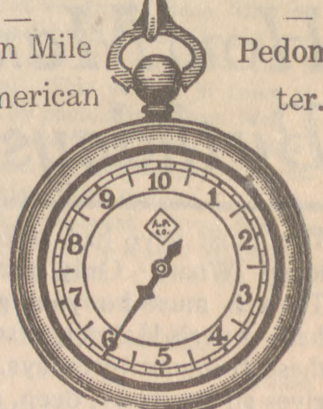
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FRANCIS I. MAULE.

There're not so—very slow.

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Everybody should have one of these handy little Pedometers to tell the distance they walk after game or for pleasure.

Pay \$1.00 on your subscription and send in with it one new subscription to MAINE WOODS and we will send you one ten mile Pedometer.

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MAINE WOODS, - Phillips, Maine.



RABBIT HUNTING IS GOOD.

WHAT LOCAL NIMRODS ARE DOING THIS WINTER.

Shoot Quick and Straight if You Wish to Bag Your Rabbit, is the Motto of the Farmington Rabbit Club. A Few Hits on This Fine Winter Sport.

[Special correspondence to Maine Woods.]

FARMINGTON, Jan. 25, 1906.

The present winter, one of the mildest on record for several years, has been almost ideal for rabbit hunting. In hunting "bunnies" a light feathery snow is a valuable adjunct to the sport, although not essential. Another part of the rabbit hunter's equipment that is absolutely necessary to the best success is a well trained dog, the best being foxhounds, trained especially for this sport. Then, with a double barreled gun and a good supply of shells, loaded with number six shot, the hunter is ready for the woods.

The piece of wood lot that you select should be covered thickly with second growth spruce or fur, for the thicker the growth the more skill required in bagging the game.

When you and your dog have arrived at what you think the proper place to begin the hunt, let the hound go and he will soon have a fresh trail located. When you hear him give voice, prepare to shoot, for the chances are he will soon drive some game in your direction. It is a fact well known to rabbit hunters that the animal, when pursued by the dog, makes good time, so if you wish to succeed in the hunt, shoot accurately and quick.

Here in Farmington we have several well-known sportsmen, who are fond of rabbit hunting and so famous have some of them become that the hunters are sometimes termed the "Farmington Rabbit club."

One of the best known shots in this organization is E. E. Richards, Esq. one of Farmington's prominent attorneys. Mr. Richards prefers the section in the vicinity of Clear Water pond for the sport and when he goes out with his trusty 12-gauge over his shoulder and pockets full of shells, it is indeed well for Brer rabbit to hie himself to the innermost recesses of Clear Water swamp, unless he courts destruction. When rabbit hunting, Mr. Richards assumes a calm, judicial air and does not shoot until he thinks there is no chance to reverse the decision.

Another somewhat noted rabbit hunter of this burg is Mr. S. O. Tarbox, Jr., of the well-known drug firm of Hardy & Tarbox. Mr. Tarbox prefers to hunt in the swamps about town, as they are easily reached. He is a sure shot and if he starts out to get the ingredients of a rabbit stew, he always fills the prescription before he returns.

Another Farmington man who loves this sport of sports is Mr. J. M. Matthieu of the well-known barber shop on the corner of Main street and Broadway. Mr. Matthieu prefers to hunt about the shores of Varnum pond and when—as it may happen once in a great many times, Brer rabbit gets away untouched by the leaden hail—he may truly consider that he has had a close shave. But this does not often happen, for Mr. Matthieu shoots with the same degree of accuracy that he uses in wielding the highly tempered steel on a customer's face.

Down on Broadway is the jewelry store of Capt. George McL. Presson. Now Capt. Presson is somewhat fond of rabbit hunting, but is not nearly as enthusiastic about it as is his brother, A. H. Presson. "Allie," as his friends all call him, is something of an expert on guns and ammunition and when he

can settle down on some one gun and load long enough to go a-hunting, he goes. This usually happens about three times per annum, but when the hunter returns to camp from these trips he usually has from three to six rabbits that he has intercepted as they were going in quick train fashion, 240 beats to the minute.

Judge A. L. Fenderson, a prominent member of the legal fraternity of this county, is particularly fond of rabbit hunting and when not engaged in the business appertaining to his office, strikes off for the field of action with dog at heel. Judge Fenderson is a fairly lucky nimrod and if he returns without the game it is because the bunnies got out of his jurisdiction before he took cognizance of their presence.

When Sheriff Dana O. Coolidge goes out in the near by swamps with gun in hand after the materials for a rabbit stew it is safe to assume that something will soon be doing. Sheriff Coolidge depends wholly on the dog to do the follow up work, however, for since the time that our genial sheriff and Hon. Joseph Holman pursued and killed the big buck deer at Eustis this last fall he has not done much sprinting. However, as Mr. Coolidge is a dead shot the leaden warrants that he serves on these happy occasions are nearly always fruitful of results.

Monday was a gala day for the bold hunters of the club, for nearly all turned out in force with guns and dogs. Those who went were Messrs. Frank Lawry, Fred Adams, E. E. Flood, Harry Pierce, Ludgie Matthieu. The "happy hunting grounds," which lay in the vicinity of Industry and New Sharon, was the place selected. After a long and strenuous day in the woods and swamps the hunters returned, but alas! rabbits in the game bags were scattering.

GOT 300-POUND BEAR.

F. O. Ellsmore of No. 18, the Lucky Hunter.

Frank O. Ellsmore of No. 18, was in Machias Friday. Frank is said to have slain more bears in his lifetime than any other man in the country, except Samuel Day of Wesley, who was well along in his second hundred when we last saw him several years ago. Frank added another notch on his tally stick the other day when he found a 300-pound Bruin in his den at Rocky lake. One shot in the head set him in great animation, but after he got two rods away three more bullets were sent beneath his hide, the last one giving him his "quietus." Mr. Ellsmore doesn't claim that it needs a state bounty as an inducement to hunters to shoot bears. E. H. Smith, who purchased the hide and meat, gave \$30 cash, and that amount wasn't the sum total of his income on that day, either, for he shot a large bob cat which he found sleeping on a brush pile and brought the hide to Machias and sold it for a small sum.

Camp and Hotel Printing.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1906 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. We know what you need for cuts. J. W. BRACKETT CO., MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

Game Laws of Maine.

Caribou—No person shall, within 6 years from Oct. 15, 1905, in any manner hunt, chase, catch, kill or have in possession any caribou or parts thereof.

Deer—No person shall hunt, take, catch, kill or have in possession any deer or part thereof, between Dec. 15 and Oct. 1; no person shall between Oct. 1 and Dec. 15, kill or have in possession more than 2 deer or parts thereof; a person lawfully killing a deer in open season shall have a reasonable time in which to transport same to his home, and may have same in possession at his home during the close season.

Special county laws on deer. Close season on islands in town of Isle au Haut until Oct. 1, 1907. Open season in Androscoggin county during October.

Moose—No person shall at any time hunt, catch, kill or destroy or have in possession any cow or calf moose, and the term calf moose shall be construed to mean that these animals are calves until they are at least one year old and have at least two prongs or tines not less than three inches long to each of their horns. No person shall, between

Dec. 1 and Oct. 15, hunt, take, catch, kill or have in possession any bull moose or part thereof, and no person shall, between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1, take, catch, kill, or have in possession more than one bull moose or part thereof.

No person shall at any time hunt, catch, take, kill or destroy with dogs, jack lights, artificial lights, snares or traps, any moose, deer, or caribou.

Rabbits—It shall be unlawful to hunt or have in possession, rabbits or wild hare, between April 1 and Sept. 1.

Squirrels, chipmunks—I n Knox county, no open season.

Mink, sable, muskrat, fisher, close season, between May 1 and Oct. 15.

Beaver—Whoever at any time kills or destroys any beaver, except upon written permission of the commissioners, shall be fined.

Limit—No person shall in any one day kill or have in possession more than 15 of each variety of the above named birds, except sandpipers, the number of which shall not exceed 70 in any one day; nor shall any person at any time kill or have in possession any of the above named birds, except for his own consumption in the state; nor shall any person at any time sell or offer for sale any of the above named birds; nor shall any person or corporation transport from place to place any of the birds mentioned, in close time, nor in open season unless open to view, tagged and labelled with owner's name and residence and accompanied by him, unless tagged in accordance with the following section:

Transportation of game—Any resident of Maine who has lawfully killed a moose or deer or one pair of game birds may send same to his home or to any hospital in the state without accompanying same, by purchasing from the duly constituted agent a tag, paying for a moose \$5, deer \$2 and 50 cents a pair for game birds.

Licenses—Persons not bona fide residents of the state and actually domiciled therein shall not hunt or kill any bull moose, deer, ducks, grouse, woodcock, or other birds or wild animals at any time without first having obtained a license. Such license shall be issued upon application and payment of \$15 to hunt bull moose, deer, ducks, grouse, woodcock and other birds and wild animals during their respective open seasons in October, November and December. But to hunt ducks, grouse, woodcock and other birds and wild animals during their respective open seasons prior to Oct. 1, a license fee of \$5 shall be paid annually. A person having paid the fee of \$5 may procure a license to hunt bull moose and deer by paying \$10 additional. Such license shall entitle the purchaser to take to his home, properly tagged with the tag detached from his license, and open to view, 10 grouse, 10 ducks and 10 woodcock that he has lawfully killed. The holder of a nonresident hunter's license shall be entitled to offer for transportation within or without the state the carcass of one bull moose or part thereof that he has lawfully killed on the moose coupon attached to such license also the carcass of one deer, or part thereof, on each of the deer coupons.

No nonresident can lawfully hunt game at any time without a license. Go with out

ALL SICK WOMEN

SHOULD READ MRS. FOX'S LETTER

In All Parts of the United States Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Effected Similar Cures.

Many wonderful cures of female ills are continually coming to light which have been brought about by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and



through the advice of Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., which is given to sick women absolutely free of charge

The present Mrs. Pinkham has for twenty-five years made a study of the ills of her sex; she has consulted with and advised thousands of suffering women, who to-day owe not only their health but even life to her helpful advice.

Mrs. Fannie D. Fox, of 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham "I suffered for a long time with female trouble, and finally was told by my physician that I had a tumor. I did not want to submit to an operation, so wrote you for advice. I received your letter and did as you told me, and to-day I am completely cured. My doctor says the tumor has disappeared, and I am once more a well woman. I believe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine in the world."

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She asks nothing in return for her advice. It is absolutely free, and to thousands of women has proved to be more precious than gold.

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 40 a m
Phillips.....	1 30 p m
Farmington.....	2 25
Ar. Portland.....	5 45
Boston.....	9 05
Belgrade.....	7 40
Princeton.....	11 10 a m
Hartland.....	9 30
Bangor.....	5 25
Ellsworth.....	7 16
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 45 a m
Norcross.....	5 58
Millinocket.....	6 15
Sherman.....	7 08
Patten.....	11 40
Ashland.....	1 35 p m
Caribou.....	2 40
Vanburen.....	5 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.

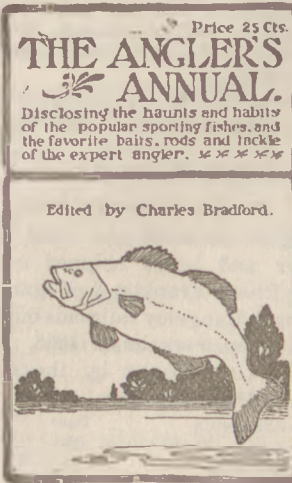
Will appear early in May.

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



MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

SPORT INDEED

— BY —

THOMAS MARTINDALE.

A graphic description of camp life in Maine, finely illustrated by photographs by the author.

A book every woods lover should have. Price \$1.50, postage paid. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

MAINE WOODS, - Phillips, Maine.

A Modest Suggestive Novelty



SEND 60 CENTS (stamps taken) for a beautiful Trout Fly Watch Charm to be sent to you address prepaid. A perfect trout fly enclosed between glass crystals arranged by guaranteed gold plate band. 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.

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	5.10
Phillips,.....ar	12.35	1.00	5.30

South	Tr'n 2	Tr'n 4	Tr'n 6
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Phillips,.....lv	7.30	8.30	1.30
Strong,.....ar	7.50	9.10	1.50
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, lv		11 20	2 25	
		11 40	3 00	
Kingfield, (lv	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
	7 00	7 05	12 50	
*N. Freeman, lv	7 0		12 55	
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv		7 35		
Salem	7 20	7 45	1 10	
*Summit, lv	7 38	8 45	1 12	
*W. Freeman, lv	7 35		1 25	
Strong, ar	7 45	9 10	1 35	
NORTH.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv	8 20	10 00	5 12	
*W. Freeman, lv	8 30		5 17	
*Summit, lv	8 40	10 30	5 27	
Salem,	8 45	10 35	5 35	
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	8 50	10 40		
*No. Freeman, lv	8 55		5 43	
Kingfield, (lv	9 05	11 30	5 50	
		P. M.		
Carrabassett, lv	9 20	12 00	5 55	
Bigelow, ar	9 50	12 35		
	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
Boston, 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, lv		12 03
Phillips, lv	5 40		Reed's, lv		12 15
Madrid, lv	5 57		Madrid, lv		12 23
Reed's, lv	6 05		Phillips, ar		12 40
Sanders, lv	6 17		Phillips, lv		1 30
Redington, lv	6 45		Farmington, lv		2 25
Eustis Junction, lv	7 05		Portland, lv		5 45
Dead River, lv	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 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 12.55 p. m., Presque Isle 2.45 p. m., Caribou 3.15 p. m., Van Buren 5.30 p. m., Fort Fairfield 3.05 p. m., Limestone 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 6.08 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 1.15 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.

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 9.50 a. m., Van Buren 3.30 a. m., Caribou 11.45 a. m., Presque Isle 12.15 p. m., Fort Fairfield 1.40 a. m., Houlton 2.60 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 4.0 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 6.50 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 in appointing 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.

How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks falling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out until now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVID C. KINNE, Plainfield, Conn.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.



# EXCITING BEAR HUNT.

## THROUGH TEMPLE, WELD AND CAR- THAGE CHASE RAGED 12 DAYS.

Pearl Jenkins and Frank Gray, Temple, Were the Persevering Hunters. At the Last Ditch, Old Bruin, Weighing 400 Pounds, Turned at Bay.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]  
TEMPLE, Jan. 23, 1906.

Last Wednesday the 17th, came the climax to a strenuous chase, when Pearl Jenkins and Frank Gray of Temple killed a monster black bear in Carthage basin. The bear was a Temple bear and was started near Spruce mountain 12 days before.

Gray and Jenkins tramped every day from dawn until dusk, building a fire and sleeping at night in the lee of some cliff or thicket. Young Jenkins was the first to get a shot at him, breaking a foreshoulder. This occurred near Weld village. For two days more Bruin, now on three legs, kept just ahead of his relentless pursuers. Finally he was overtaken and at bay made a wicked charge. A storm of lead greeted him—a ball in the neck caused but a shake of the head, however, but when with near a score of small calibre bullets in his body he had nearly reached Gray, a well placed shot just back of the ear by Jenkins ended the career of Bruin.

The bear would weigh 400 pounds and had jet black fur of great length. Mr. Dolbier of Farmington bought him entire, paying \$40.

When Mr. Jenkins, senior, had been without news of the boys for eight days he started out to look them up. He got some news of them in Weld but not until later was his bearship killed and the father notified. He went after the trio next day and brought them home.

The bear drew crowds of spectators en route and at Temple and until finally sold.

The hunters crossed Mt. Spruce, Blue, Tumbledown, Saddleback, Sugarloaf, Cherry hill and others during their long and tedious chase, some of these mountains more than once. The total length of time they were pursuing Bruin was fourteen days, during which time they were traveling nearly all the time with only scanty rations. Much of their food they got at farmhouses along the trail.

While in Weld they were joined by Mr. Eugene Twaddle of that town.

## THE CRICKETS BURIAL.

The "Stroller" Watches Some Interesting Insect Obsequies.

The funeral rites of a cricket—just an ordinary, black, homely cricket—is what the Stroller saw. Within the grounds of Evergreen Cemetery they were performed. A long line of these grim, dark insects were solemnly escorting to its last resting place one of their own. At the head of the procession were two crickets bearing the remains of one of their comrades. Such they must have felt and understood him to be, and as such they must have mourned for him; or why this impressive burial service?

The procession moved slowly along deviating not a hair's breadth from a perfectly straight line. When the Stroller saw them they were on the

earth close by the curbing at the north entrance to the cemetery. That these crickets knew they were in a burying ground, he does not presume to state. They followed the line of the curbing for some distance; then, in a place where the curbing arched and the earth was loose, they attempted to crawl under, to effect an entrance to this underground tomb. Several times they tried this, and as many times they failed. At each failure the procession would again take up its line of march till it came to another opening between the earth and the curbing. Like heroes baffled, but not defeated, they persevered until they found a hole large enough for them to enter with the remains. Without breaking ranks, the entire procession filed into this door, this opening into the sepulchre. What took place at the burial cannot be said, but it lasted for some moments.

At the close of the last rites and ceremonies, the crickets came out through the same opening by which



THIS IS THE WAY THEY DO IT AT DEAD RIVER.

they had entered, but not in order or direct line. They dispersed as does a mass of individuals after a similar function, slowly, respectfully, but no attempt at regularity was made. The cold, black coats of these crickets seemed like mourning garments. No funeral pall could have made them look more solemn. The ceremony was to the Stroller a problem in psychics. Where, he kept asking himself, can the line be drawn between instinct and reason? Surely these little creatures possessed an indefinite something analogous to love and respect.—Exchange.

Mr. E. W. Blodgett of Phillips tells the WOODS that he has recently purchased a yearling colt of Mr. Geo. Coburn of Weld that is a very promising youngster. The colt is by the Sanborn horse out of the Coburn mare, is a dark brown almost black and is altogether, a very promising animal.

## A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

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

Teaching a Sparrow to Sing  
A series of interesting experiments in which English sparrows have been taught to sing, sweetly is recorded by Dr. Contradi. The aim of the experimenter has been to determine what are the conditions under which birds learn and cling to their traditional notes. For this purpose he has taken very young birds of non-musical species and kept them entirely with songsters, to determine whether they would thus acquire the musical notes.  
In July, 1893 he put four fledging English sparrows into a nest of a pair of singing canaries. Three of them died but the fourth survived. This one had already acquired a sparrow chirp; but hearing thenceforth only the notes of the canary he went no further with the language which was his birthright. Instead he came gradually, when among the canaries to give different notes from sparrow talk. Even when he was silent, if the canaries were singing he could be seen moving his throat, as if he were trying to form the sounds, much as a person often inaudibly follows a song which another is singing. At last these sounds began to be audi-

ries, and put him where he heard only sparrow chatter. Gradually he ceased to sing and began to return to the neglected sparrow tongue; but when he was again hung with the canaries he regained all he had lost in less than a month.—American Journal of Psychology.

## Billy's Luck.

Billy went a-hunting,  
A-hunting for a bear;  
But the only thing he shot  
Was a baby hare,  
Billy went a-fishing,  
A-fishing for a whale;  
But the only thing he caught  
Was a wiggle-tail.  
Billy went a-riding,  
But the horse did kick!  
Billy lost his balance  
And in the mud did stick.  
Straightway home ran Billy  
With a broken head;  
And his mamma spanked him  
And put him right to bed!

## Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**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.

**Sportsmen**—Save your fine trophies. We can teach you by mail to mount BIRDS, ANIMALS, HEADS, ETC. Spend your spare time learning Taxidermy. Very fascinating and profitable. We guarantee success. Write today for free catalog and Taxidermy Magazine.  
The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 57 Farnum Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

## Sewing Machines.

\$18 buys a Vindex "B" Ball Bearing Sewing machine with automatic lift and drop head, 5 drawers and full set of attachments fully warranted for 5 years. Remember that \$18 delivers it to your nearest railroad station. Send for illustrated price list of Sewing Machines, Fire and Burglar proof safes, Watches, etc. I defy competition on these goods.  
Yours for business,  
G. W. YOUNG, - - - - - Blaine, Maine.

## 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.

## 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.

## PRINTING TALK

We are constantly making estimates for printing of various kinds. The result is that we get our share of the big jobs as well as the small, and we have grown to feel that nothing is too large for us to print. We like to get up small business cards. Big catalogues are also in our line, in fact big or little, anything that can be printed by anybody anywhere, can be done right here. There are many reasons why the people who read this should have us do their work.  
J. W. BRACKETT CO.,  
Phillips, - - - - - Maine.

# M A P S.

MAINE WOODS has frequent enquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state, etc., and we can furnish the following Maine maps:

Rangeley and Megantic districts, 25c  
Rangeley and Megantic districts, very large, 50c  
Moosehead and Aroostook districts, 50c  
Millinocket and Munsungan lakes, \$1.00  
Maine, Northern, for sportsmen and lumbermen. 25c  
Franklin County, 50c  
Oxford County, 50c  
Somerset County, 50c  
Aroostook County, 50c  
Piscataquis County, 50c  
Washington County, 50c  
Outline map of Maine, 30x36 in. \$1.00  
Geological map of Maine, 35c  
R. R. map of Maine, 25c  
U. S. map, size 18x29, 50c  
Androscoggin County, 35c  
Cumberland County, 35c  
Hancock County, 50c  
Kennebec County, 35c  
Knox County, 35c  
Lincoln and Sagadahoc Counties, 35c  
Penobscot County, 50c  
Waldo County, 35c  
York County, 35c

## LOTTED TIMBERLANDS.

Aroostook County, section plans Nos. 3, 4 and 5, from Grand Lake to Fort Kent, 50c  
Hancock County, section plan No. 2, 50c  
Penobscot County, section plans Nos. 3 and 4, \$1.00  
Piscataquis County, section plans Nos. 1, 3 and 6, \$1.25  
Somerset County, section plan No. 6, and Franklin Co. map, \$1.00  
Washington County, section plans Nos. 2 and 3, \$1.00  
Oxford County section, see Oxford county map, 50c  
Postage paid upon receipt of price.

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

## Camp Fires in the Wilderness



The fun and beauties of camping in the wild forest of Maine, graphically told in a book by E. W. Burt of Lynn, Mass., illustrated.

Price \$1.00, postpaid. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

MAINE WOODS, - Phillips, Maine.

## Lake and Forest

As I Have Known Them,

By Capt. F. C. Barker.

"A book of woodcraft, camp life, logging, river driving, guiding and a general description of life by water and in the woods. This volume is finely illustrated by photographs from life. It contains much quaint humor as well as a vast amount of entertaining information and many good stories.

Price \$1.10 postpaid. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

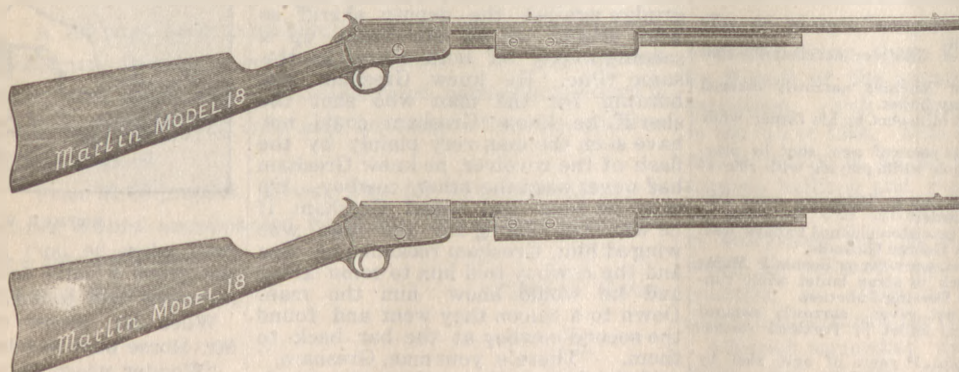
MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, - - - - - Maine.

"If you 'can't go' we'll bring the wilderness to you—if you can we'll tell you how, when and where.

## FIELD AND STREAM.

A lot of good things in the issue now on sale on all news stands—15c.  
Don't miss Horace Kenhart's series of articles on CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT now appearing in this magazine. This is only one of the many invaluable features which have contributed to the success of Field and Stream—America's biggest and best magazine for sportsmen.  
To all who send \$1.50 for a year's subscription and mention this paper we will send postpaid a copy of Theodore Roosevelt's book, "Hunting the Grizzly and Other Sketches," or if preferred, a pair of our famous duck shooting companion pictures in color, fit to adorn any sportsman's home or den.  
FIELD AND STREAM, 20 NASSAU ST., N. Y. C.



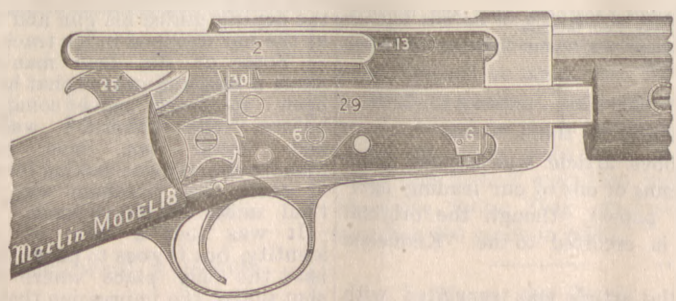
A NEW MARLIN.

It Is Called the "Baby Repeating Rifle."  
Description of It Given.

The Marlin Firearms Co. of New Haven, Conn., have just gotten out a new .22 caliber repeating rifle that they call their "Baby Repeater."

Judging from the description and pictures the rifle must be very desirable for a person in the market for a weapon of this caliber. We take pleasure in showing cuts of the two models, as well as the action exposed for inspection.

These Marlin Baby Repeaters are all chambered to take both the .22 short and the .22 long rifle cartridges, but the rifles as sent out will handle only the .22 short cartridges through the magazine and carrier. If the purchaser wishes to use the .22 long rifle cart-



ridge he can send to his dealer or to the factory and get an extra carrier for the .22 long rifle cartridge only, which will interchange with the carrier for shorts, in his rifle. These carriers may be interchanged at will, without tools and in a moment's time. While the rifle with short carrier will not work any other length through the action and the rifle with long-rifle carrier will not repeat with the short cartridges, all of these rifles can be used, single shot, with the

various short, long and long rifle cartridges, black and smokeless, including the hunting cartridges with mushroom bullet. The Model No. 18 will shoot these cartridges as accurately as any rifle made with equal length of barrel. Extra carriers complete, each \$2.00. Barrels can be furnished 20 inches long only. Capacity of magazine—14 .22 short cartridges, with one in the chamber, gives 15 shots without reloading. Frames are blued.



THE MULE EGG.

“COOM BACK MY CHILD! YOUR FADER CALLS!”

Jakey and His Wonderful Experience  
“Sitting” on the “Mule Egg.” How the Farmer Sold the Jew the Pump-kin For \$2.00.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

Some years ago, when open air vaudeville attracted the gilded youth—and others—it was my pleasure to listen to a story that so convulsed me, I could not for a long time shake off the disposition to laugh aloud (even when in solitude,) if any thought of it was even suggested. A brief summary of the tale is necessary to appreciate fully what is to follow:

Some years ago a member of an aggressive race, whose early life had been spent on the Asian borders betook himself to our hospitable shores, and, being imbued with the natural instincts of a nomad, chose for his occupation the selling of sundry wares carried upon his person. One of his early journeyings led him to wander in the remote sections of the Pine Tree state, and up to the period where this story begins he had never beheld a specimen of the now far-famed hybrid, the mule. The apparition appeared to him on a lonely road and a farmer appearing (he being a witty specimen of the true genus homo) information was vouchsafed our wanderer that filled him with enthusiasm to possess one of these new found beasts of burden.

A convenient pumpkin field where the golden “eggs” appeared suggested the farmer’s fairy tale to this effect: “Those are mule eggs and by sitting patiently upon one for 30 days, a baby mule will reward your efforts.” Jakey, being possessed of necessary capital, purchased an egg for \$2.00 and acted the part of incubator for the prescribed period. Becoming suspicious at the last moment (and being filled with rage at the deception practiced upon him, madly flung his egg (the pumpkin) down a near by hill. In its wild tumblings a rabbit was routed from his form, and Jakey seeing the long ears mistook it for his baby mule that had suddenly “hatched.” In his excitement, he cried, “Coom back, my child! your Fader calls!”

The following portrays in verse the result of a patience that deserved larger reward.

A Jewish peddler, Jakey was his name,  
For many moons had traversed Eastern wilds;  
He sought for fortune and he hoped for fame,  
Yet he had neither chick, nor dog, nor child.

But bold ambition seized his fevered brow,  
And discontent held him in mercur grip.  
Times ne’er ver better as dey was just now,  
I must put on my stiffest upper lip.

Vid peoples dot do in ze backwoods live,  
I must dalk like a man from de big world!  
And tell dem dot my vares I cannot give  
At dwendy off, and keep my banner furled!

No? I must charge dem list, and add expense  
Of veat and tear upon my constitution,  
For any man, of even half my sense,  
Would reach, on thought like this, the same solution!

So Jakey started on his winter’s tour,  
His pack well filled with fakes of new inventions.

A fortune I will make, tho’ now I’m poor!  
Dese goods dey cannot fail, to talk, addendion!

Now, Jakey tramped o’er many a hill and dale:

He lied a little and some truth did tell:  
The days sped on, and, adding sale to sale,  
His purse expanded, and he said, “Tis vell!”

In happy mood one day he sauntered down  
A quiet road; with fields on every side;  
But soon was startled by a vision brown,  
That seemed much like a horse, but is not, so he cried,

With great surprise and earnestness: as well!  
“Dere” is a horse vidout his full-sized feet.  
His tale is schma’ler, and his ears dey schwell,  
(The farmer, just beyond, he then did meet.)

Vot is it dot looks like a horse, yet ain’t him, hay?  
The farmer then replied, “We calla ‘em mules!”  
Mules! Vot is him? How comes him here?  
Now, say! You tinks dot all de Jew mens is big fools!

“A golden egg now lies in yonder field,”  
The farmer said! and you a mule can own,  
(No more the skin upon your back be peeled,  
No more your shoulders with the pack need groan!)

If thirty days you sit upon that egg,  
A baby mule appears; to bring you bliss;  
When tired of sitting, use your arms and legs,  
(But patience you must have to yield you this.)

How much de price of mule eggs, did you say?  
“Bout \$2.00, I guess its proper valuation!  
Quit guessing! Wrap it up! I’ll go away  
And quick prepare for my long contemplation!

With egg in hand and pack upon his back,  
The Jew tramped on and reached the nearest town;  
While there, supplies of beer and much hard tack  
Put in, to keep him, while he long sat down.

The days were long, yet patience had the Jew;  
The nights were longer still, yet oft he slept;  
“I cannot now afford to lose my two,”  
(For if he had, he surely would have wept.)

The time had passed, and, with a nervous face,  
Jakey looked down between his curving legs;  
No sign of cracking could he even trace  
On that mysterious, solemn, golden egg.

With rage he grasped the vile deceitful thing,  
With fearful force hurled it down the hill  
He watched the progress of his fateful fling,  
And sighed for that lost, two times, dollar bill.

The pumpkin, such it was, bumped round about,  
Until it tumbled in a hollow tree,  
When, from the farther side in awful rout,  
A rabbit rushed like mad, from foe to flee.

But Jakey saw with unconcealed delight  
His baby mule just bounding o’er the wall,  
Then cried, and cried again with all his might,  
“Coom back, my child! Coom back! Your Fader calls!”

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Aroostook County.

Via Oxbow, Me.  
Atkins’s Camps. Famous for Moose, deer and big fish. Write for special small maps and circular to W. M. Atkins, Oxbow, Me.

Via Oxbow, Me.  
Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. The best of hunting. Good accommodations. Allegash trips a specialty. Address, Arbo & Libby, Oxbow, Me.

Franklin County.

RANGELEY LAKES.  
Camp Berry, The Birchess, The Barker. Write for free circular. Capt. F. C. Barker, Prop’r, Bemis.

RANGELEY LAKES, ME.



Mountain View House is one of the most modern, up to date summer homes in the state of Maine. Its beautiful location at the foot of Rangeley lake on a picturesque cove, gives it many attractions, while the best of hunting is within close proximity. The boating and canoeing are the best on the lake; the drives are unsurpassed for beautiful scenery and the woods around are filled with delightful paths and trails. Croquet and tennis grounds adjoin the house. The cuisine is of the best; fruit, vegetables, fish and game in their season with plenty of milk and cream. Pure spring water is furnished the house from a spring above. Rooms large, well lighted and pleasant. Hunters find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock in the woods near by. Send for 1905 booklet to L. E. Bowley, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.  
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 reasonable. Telephone connections. We answer correspondence promptly. Dion O. Blackwell, Mgr., Eustis, Me. New York Office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

RANGELEY, MAINE.  
Oquossoc House. Headquarters for commercial men and sportsmen. Natt Ellis, Rangeley, Me.

RANGELEY LAKES.  
Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good hunting and fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone at camps. Two mails daily. Write for free circular to Amos Ellis, Prop’r, Bald Mountain, Me.

Via FARMINGTON.  
Clear Water Camps. First-class hunting. E. G. Gay, Route 1, Farmington, Me.

STRATTON, ME.  
Hotel Blanchard. Headquarters for sportsmen when fishing or hunting. Clean beds and cuisine unexcelled. Largest and best livery in the Dead River region connected with house. For terms, etc., address, E. H. Grose, Prop’r., Stratton, Me.

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

PHILLIPS, ME.  
Phillips Hotel. Carriage meets all trains. Good hunting. C. A. Mahoney, Prop’r.

AT FARMINGTON.  
The Stoddard House is delightfully located for those wishing to spend the vacation among the hills and near good hunting and fishing. Write for particulars. W. H. McDonald, Prop’r., Farmington, Me.

Via FARMINGTON.  
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. There are 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.



HAINES LANDING, ME.  
Mooselookmeguntic House offers excellent accommodations to 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.

Via RANGELEY.  
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, Richardson Bros., Proprietors, Kennebago, Me.

DEAD RIVER REGION.  
The New Shaw House, Eustis, Maine, a brand new hotel with hardwood floors, hot and cold water, water closets, bath, etc., almost in the woods. The fishing on the Dead river in the vicinity of this hotel is first-class. The Shaw House table is said to be good; come and visit us. Further particulars by addressing, A. B. Sargent, Proprietor, Eustis, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.  
Tim Pond Camps. Situated in the Dead River Region, 2,000 feet above the sea level. In the heart of Maine’s best hunting ground. Write for further particulars to Julian K. Viles, Eustis, Me.

Via RANGELEY.  
York’s Camps, Loon Lake. Ten Ponds. Best Deer and Birds shooting in this section. A postal brings illustrated booklet. 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, Mgrs.

Oxford County.

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

Penobscot County.

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.

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

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 Thomas Gerard, Prop’r., Jackman, Me.

Via BINGHAM.

Carry Pond Camps. Do you love the woods? If so spend your vacation at Henry Lane’s camps where the best trout fishing and hunting can be found in Maine at its distance from carriage road. Not only good fishing and hunting but a fine place to bring your families through the summer months.

Henry J. Lane, Carry Pond, Me.

FLAGSTAFF, ME.

The Flagstaff. Fishermen, tourists and hunters find this an ideal place to spend their vacation. Salmon and square tailed trout are found in near by lakes, while pickerel fishing in Flagstaff pond is unsurpassed. Moose, deer and black bears are found here. Small game in abundance. Duck shooting unexcelled. A delightful fifty mile canoe trip to Big Spencer lake.

Frank Savage Jr., Flagstaff, Me.

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RANGELEY LAKES.

Lakeside House, on Umbagog, a most picturesque retreat, charming scenery, beautiful drives, excellent boating, good hunting. Send for booklet. E. H. Davis, Proprietor, Lakeside, N. H.

Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.

Ouananiche Lodge and Sunset Camps, Washington Co., Maine. For the fisherman. A dead sure place for a satisfactory catch. The vacation list. 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.

ON SHOOTING ACCIDENTS.

FISH AND GAME COMMISSION IS NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Several Instances Cited Where the Accident Was Not Caused by Hunting.

Writer Thinks Blame Should Be Placed on Shoulders of Individual Concerned.

The Kennebec Journal publishes the following compilation, by the Fish and Game department of the State of Maine, of the accidents of 1905: God Save the People of the State of Maine.

Joseph Denaco, Brownville, killed by Charles Philpot of Orneville. Coroner’s verdict: “That Joseph Denaco came to his death by a bullet fired from a rifle in the hands of Charles Philpot at Barnard plantation and that the shooting was careless negligence.”

James Green of Perham shot by Leonard Green of same place.

S. P. Hussey of Patten shot by Frank Leavitt of Sherman.

Ernest Smith of Caribou shot by his brother, Lee Smith.

Mr. King of Perham shot by Thomas Dow of Perham.

Levi Gullifer of Monticello shot by Abner Frazier of Monticello.

George Gray of Chapman shot by Joe Leavitt of Chapman.

Mont Dudley shot and killed by Armand Little at Pembroke.

Hiram Grant of Solon accidentally shot himself and died.

Roy Jordan of North Lamoine shot himself.

Linnie N. Morrill of Belgrade shot by Harvey Parker. Leg was amputated.

John Glidden of Burlington accidentally shot.

Horace Butler of South Gorham accidentally shot himself.

Joseph Wellington of Houlton accidentally shot himself.

Lorenzo Weir of Wytopitlock accidentally shot by his companion.

Ralph Todd shot and killed by F. P. Cook of Newport.

Basil Reed of West Tremont shot by Roy Eaton, instantly killed.

George Crocker of Woolwich shot by Fremont Crocker; boys 14 and 16.

Almon Gilley of Caswell plantation shot by Lorenzo Boerck. Instantly killed.

Daniel B. Durkin of The Forks accidentally shot and killed by Herman Popp of Boston.

Ralph Stimson of Gardiner shot by one Marston while rabbit hunting.

Samuel Drost accidentally shot himself near Belfast.

Wellman Reed of Glenwood shot by his wife near Mattawamkeag.

Arthur Minister of Gardiner accidentally shot himself.

Mr. Jack Hatt of Machias narrowly escaped being struck by stray bullet.

Lewis Emmons of Milo shot by his father while cleaning revolver.

Muriel Whitten, 14 years of age, shot by playmate named Stackpole while playing with rifle at Limerick.

Benjamin Kimball shot in Bridgton; stray bullet or attempt to murder.

Charles Black of Lewiston claimed to have been accidentally shot by George Glodenis.

Chester H. Norton, engineer on Boston & Maine railroad, shot in back by stray bullet while running train through Deering Junction.

Waitress, name not given, narrowly escaped being struck by stray bullet in Portland restaurant.

Mrs. George Staples, 71 years of age, shot by small boy.

Paul Edwards, 8 years old, shot and instantly killed by 12-years-old brother.

James Lawrence of Eastport shot while taking gun from boat.

OXFORD, January 13, 1906.

To the Editor of the MAINE WOODS:

The above article was clipped from the columns of one of our leading agricultural papers, though the original article is credited to the “Kennebec Journal.”

That the article was reprinted with the intention of misleading its readers into believing that all of these accidents were caused directly by our game laws is plainly evident from the introduction of the article, even if it were not a well known fact that this agricultural paper mentioned, incited chiefly by personal animus, has for the past few years been doing all it could to retard the work of our Fish and Game Commission and to repeal if possible our game laws.

From the introduction of this article, those people ignorant of the real condition of affairs, might easily suppose that each and every person shot was engaged in hunting or was shot by some one so engaged. Without doubt many of the accidents were caused by hunters. There have to be careless hunters as well as careless motor-men or careless engineers. But when Lewis Emmons of Milo was shot while his father was cleaning a revolver were the Game Commissioners directly responsible? I think not. Were people hunting deer in the streets of Portland when a waitress “narrowly escaped being struck by a stray bullet?” Would the abolition of our game laws prevent people from keeping guns?

No one deplures careless shooting more than the writer; no one would rejoice more to see every careless hunter, who jeopardizes the life of another, brought to justice; no one realizes more the risk entailed by admitting to our forests any one who wishes to come, but when it comes to placing the blame let us place it where it belongs on the shoulders of the individual, whether he be careless hunter, shooting at rustling bushes, or careless father cleaning the revolver kept for protection against tramps, and not place it upon our game laws. Laws without which we should have doubt, yes, triple, the amount of careless hunting.

Not many days ago a number of men were discussing this same question and one remarked that all the fools who shoot before they looked seemed to flock to Maine. At that a man lately returned from a sojourn of several years in the west spoke something as follows:—“Well from the things the papers have to say you might think the Maine woods the only place where men shot before they made sure what they were shooting at but the rankest case of the kind I ever saw happened down in southern Arizona not many months ago.

“I was living then only a few miles from the Mexican border in a little town whose citizens were largely men whose occupations demanded that they live where they could easily step out of Uncle Sam’s country on a moment’s notice. It was a tough little town and guns were used in a manner to make us Easterners stare, no doubt action revolvers for those ‘bad men,’ when they threw up their gun their thumb brought the hammer not quite to cock and as the barrel came down the hammer was released when the bead was on the desired point.”

“To be a sheriff there meant to be either a very brave man or a man that was sick of living. Well one night a Jew who ran a little store on a side street sent word to the sheriff that a suspicious looking fellow was hanging round his place and he did not dare to start for home for fear the fellow would make trouble. The sheriff and his deputy, Gresham, went down to Moses’s place and sure enough found a fellow sitting on the porch. It was nearly dark and they could not see him plainly. The sheriff stepped up on one side. Gresham on the other and the sheriff informed him he was under arrest, but before the words were out his mouth he dropped with a bullet through his heart and the desperado wheeled on Gresham who was in the act of firing; shot the gun from the deputy’s hand, the same bullet going the length of Gresham’s forearm and cutting through the upper arm. Then before a crowd could gather the unknown skipped town or was lost among the dives.”

“Gresham swore he could identify the fellow if he ever saw him, and that he would shoot him on sight.”

All this happened early in the spring, several months went by without Gresham hearing or seeing anything of his assailant.

At Fourth of July there was a three days spree in town and many cowboys came in from the outlying ranches. Among the number were two, one of whom owed the other, five dollars. The creditor tried to collect but failed, and lost his temper. He was a sneaking cuss and never dared do anything himself, but he was thoroughly mad with this other cowboy and also had a grudge against the deputy sheriff so what should he do but hatch up a scheme to pay off both scores at the same time. He knew Gresham was hunting for the man who shot the sheriff, he knew Gresham could not have seen the man very plainly by the flash of the revolver, he knew Gresham had never seen the other cowboy. Up town he went and asked Gresham if he was still looking for the man who winged him, Gresham reckoned he was and the cowboy told him to come along and he would show him the man. Down to a saloon they went and found the second cowboy at the bar back to them. “There’s your man, Gresham,” said the first cowboy and at the words the deputy pulled his gun and the man at the bar dropped in his tracks.

“Some of the dead man’s friends made a fuss and proved that he had not been in town since some months before the sheriff was killed and could not have been the man the deputy was looking for and when I came east Gresham was waiting trial under \$50,000.00 bonds.”

It was just a case of mistaken identity, but it goes to prove that Maine isn’t the only place where men get shot under the impression that they are something other than themselves, and that sometimes men get shot accidentally like when they are not taken for Maine deer.

Let us not lay the accidents at the door of the game laws, but let us rather join hands to make those laws the safe guard they are intended to be. Let each hunter see to it that it is not he who makes the careless shot; each guide of us that it is not our party that does it; and each editor that it is not his paper that spreads misleading statements.

BRUCE STEWART.

A Birds’ Christmas Tree.

A TRUE STORY.

One or two years ago a bird loving family added to the holiday pleasure of the household, and also to that of its bird neighbors, by having a birds’ Christmas tree. They lived in the suburbs of a northern city, and a large lawn with trees and shrubbery contributed to its success. The tree was placed on the roof of a veranda and fastened to the narrow strip dividing a large double window, so that it was easily seen from the room.

Small berry baskets containing sunflower and hemp seeds were fastened on the limbs, also festoons of pumpkin seed strings and suet were tied to the branches. Loosely woven cord bags, resembling the traditional stocking, were hung on the tree. These were filled with cracked nuts. Suet and bones were hung on all the trees around the house. The birds enjoyed the royal feast. They came in large numbers, especially in the morning and late afternoon. The gay company was composed of chickadees, woodpeckers, brown creepers, golden-crowned kinglets, blue jays, tree sparrows and others.

The children in the neighborhood enjoyed the novelty of the birds’ Christmas tree, and the grown-up people also watched with pleasing interest the feast of the birds.—Bird Lore.

To Camp Owners.

Many owners of camps who have MAINE WOODS regularly but who have had no camp news in our columns for a long time past, if ever, would do well to send us a little news about their people and their attractions. We would print it and it would pay the camps well. We like to have mail sent to us as early as Monday for the current week, when possible.

J. W. BRACKETT Co.,  
Phillips, Maine.

An Animal Story For  
Little Folks

The Dog Who Had His Day

Mr. Hoss and Beedle Dog were great cronies. One never saw them separated. They both belonged to an old farmer named Screw, who was very appropriately named, so they both thought, as he got all he could out of every one and spared none.

He was especially hard on Mr. Hoss, whom he forced to work all day in the hot sun and beat and kicked him sadly when he lagged.

“It’s a shame,” whined Beedle Dog as he crept into Mr. Hoss’ stall for the night. “He makes you work too hard. He’s a cruel old tike.”

“Well, you see,” said the horse, “he doesn’t understand. He never has to pull a heavy cart, and he doesn’t know how we suffer.”

“Better teach him, then,” said Beedle curtly. “I always believe in giving folks all the information they need.”

“How are you going to do it?” queried the horse, munching a mouthful.

“I’ll tell you. Tomorrow when he lets you out you make tracks down the



RATHER WARM.

road when he isn’t looking. Hide in the grove a mile down the road and leave the rest to me.”

When Mr. Screw came to look for Mr. Horse next day he was gone.

“Wonder where in the name o’ sense he went to now?” he growled.

“I know,” spoke up Beedle. “He’s sick down the road yonder—awful sick; worked too hard. Guess he’ll die.”

“How do you know, you brute?”

“Saw him,” said Beedle. “Better get your wagon and go down and get him, or you’ll have a funeral.”

“How’n I to git it down thar?”

“Pull it, I guess. Walking’s good.”

So off they set, Beedle heading at a rapid pace and poor Mr. Screw pulling hard between the shafts.

“My, it’s hot!” said Screw.

“Rather warm,” said Beedle.

“Heavy as lead,” said Screw.

“Rather weighty,” laughed Beedle.

Soon they came to Mr. Hoss. Mr. Screw was played out.

“Feel better?” said Beedle.

“Yes. I’ll pull home,” the horse replied.

As they went down the road Beedle said:

“Guess he knows now.”—Atlanta Constitution.