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From Scribner's Monthly for February.

Trout-fishing in the Rangeley Lakes.

BY E. SEYMOUR.

There can be no better text for a paper upon the big trout of the Rangeley Lakes than the representation of one drawn upon birch bark, an accurate engraving of which is given on the next page. The fish here reproduced, be it understood, is a genuine specimen of the speckled brook trout, or, to put it scientifically, of the *Salmo fontinalis*, and weighed eight and a half pounds when taken from the water by its captor, R. G. Allerton, of New York City. It had all the recognized peculiarities of brook trout, the square tail, small head, mouth black inside (instead of white, as is the case with lake trout), and finally the bright vermilion spots which distinguish brook trout from all other species. This particular fish was captured June 5, 1869, in Lake Moosehuncmaguntic. It was taken on a trolling line after a contest lasting forty-nine minutes. When landed it was entirely unharmed, and several days after when killed it was laid upon a piece of birch bark, and it outline traced, and then filled in by an amateur artist. The engraving has been made from this original drawing, which is reduced nearly five-sixths, or, in other words, the figure here given is a little over one-sixth life size. Its length this trout measured 25 inches, and at the thickest part its girth was 17 inches. There is nothing like accuracy in a "fish story," and as this trout is by no means the largest which has been captured in the Rangeley Lakes, and is one of thousands of this species ranging from half a pound to ten pounds which have been taken in these waters, it only remains to add that the legend this drawing bears—*his juvet*—refers entirely to the fish whose obituary is here written, and not at all to the statements about its fellow-dwellers of the Rangeley Lakes, some information about which it is the purpose of this paper to present.

Moosehuncmaguntic, Molehuncmaguntic, Welokenabacook, Capsuptue, and Rangeley, the names carried by the individual members of a group of lakes which are yet destined to be as familiar in the literature of the American sportsman as the salmon rivers of Canada or the trout streams of the Adirondacks. These lakes lie in the western part of Maine, near the New Hampshire boundary line. The White Mountains are some thirty miles distant, a little to the west of south, and Moosehunc Lake is about sixty or seventy miles to the northeast. It may be absolutely incredulous to the fish stories which are told of these lakes,—it is hard for one who has not seen a speckled trout weighing ten, eight, or even six pounds, to have faith in the existence of a fish of this size and species,—or it may be despair of defining his destination when the sportsman reads the unpronounceable names which these lakes bear; but what ever the cause, the number of visitors to this region has thus far been comparatively small. Thereupon, to be sure, described it in a general way years ago, and so did Theodore Winthrop, but their accounts made it appear like a terra incognita, full of difficulties when it was once reached. Now, however, the railroad excursion fiend has fixed his fangs upon the district. Excursion tickets from Boston to the Rangeley lakes and return by various routes are sold by the different railroads; photographers have been through the Lakes taking views of the various camps and of picturesque localities in general; at least one guide-book has been issued, and since the last barrier to the exclusiveness of the district has thus been broken down, there can be no breach of trust in giving to the readers of *Scribner's Monthly* an accurate account of one of the most picturesque and attractive regions east of the Rocky Mountains.

Maine is so profusely dotted over with lakes as to suggest the thought that the State has not yet been well drained or that a slight tilting of the continent might depress the general level of this region so as to submerge it in the Atlantic. But the fact is that the lakes which have just been named are between fourteen and fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and are embosomed in mountains, some of which reach a height of two, three, and even four thousand feet. Approaching from the south-east by way of Farmington and Phillips, you first strike Rangeley Lake at its extreme eastern end, and here the entire group is generally spoken of as the Rangeley Lakes. Coming from the other direction, by way of Andover, Welokenabacook is first reached, and in this region one hears the group spoken of as the Richardson Lakes, although this name is properly applicable only to Welokenabacook and Molehuncmaguntic. But the tourist and the fisherman will appreciate the advantage of explicit directions regarding the precise routes which it is desirable to follow in reaching the Lakes.

Portland is the point where one must decide whether he shall approach the Lakes from their southern or from their north-eastern extremity. If he wishes to go by way of Umbagog, he must take the Grand Trunk Railroad to Bethel. Taking supper at the Bethel House, the traveler goes to Upton by stage the same evening, accomplishing the distance—26 miles—by eleven o'clock. The next morning the little steamer "Diamond" will take you through Lake Umbagog to the "Inlet," a distance of twelve miles.

Leaving the "Diamond" at this point, a row-boat conveys you to the "Rapids," a mile and a half further. Here is a "carry" of four and a half miles, over which the luggage is hauled by a team, while the fisherman foots it, and you are at the Middle Camp Dam, which is about the middle of the western shore of Welokenabacook, whence access is easy to Molehuncmaguntic and Moosehuncmaguntic.

Or a shorter, and in other respects a preferable route, is to stop at Bryant's Pond, whence stages run three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—to Andover, eighteen miles distant. There at the Greig House you will find in "Charley" Cushman, a guide, philosopher and friend, who will not only give all necessary information as to the accommodations for fishermen upon the lower lakes, but in an emergency, as I can bear most cheerful witness, will see you safely to your destination, and make it certain that you are well provided for.

To reach the "Arm" a twelve-mile ride on a buckboard over a difficult road must be undergone, and thence by a small steamer the Middle or Upper Dam may be reached. Communication by regular, sure or easy as by way of Farmington or Phillips, and as this is the direct route to the camp of the Oquossoc Angling Association, which is by far the best managed organization of its kind in this region, the tourist or sportsman will generally give it the preference. Leaving Portland a little after one o'clock, you arrive at Farmington about six. There "Uncle John" Picketts takes charge of all your "traps," and stows them with conscientious care in the boot of his capacious Concord coach. A supper at the Forest House fortifies you for an eighteen mile ride to Phillips, and this is materially shortened by Uncle John's famous "bear story" and other characteristic narratives. Stopping overnight at the Barden House, or at the Elmwood House, kept by Mr. Prescott, you take an early start the next morning, and after a stage ride of twenty miles reach Kimball's Hotel, at the head of Rangeley Lake, by noon. Taking dinner here, and after it the "Molly-chunk-c-munk," one of the little steamers which have recently invaded the sanctity of these lakes, you are in an hour and a half landed at the foot of Rangeley. Here there has just been erected a hotel known as the Mountain View House, which is open to all comers, and near it is the private camp of Theodore L. Page, Lake Point Cottage.

In comparison with the unpronounceable Indian names which the contiguous lakes bear, that of Rangeley appears singularly commonplace and civilized, but formerly it was quite as well known as its neighbors. Originally it was known as Oquossoc Lake, but about fifty years ago a wealthy English squire, Rangeley by name, having wearied of the civilized tameness of his Virginia estate, decided to settle in this northern wilderness. He cleared a broad tract at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, built a dam across the stream, erected extensive saw and grist mills, and expended large sums of money in other improvements. His supplies of all kinds were transported from Phillips or Farmington, a distance of thirty to fifty miles, and he was compelled to haul his lumber a hundred miles to find a market. For twenty years Squire Rangeley lived here, pushing his business enterprise with great energy and more or less success, and enjoying the field sports, of which he was passionately fond. Moose, caribou, deer, bears and wolves were his constant neighbors; ducks, geese, partridge and smaller game were so abundant that shooting them could hardly be called sport; and brook trout weighing six, seven, eight or nine pounds could be taken by the score from the stream which ran past his front door. When Squire Rangeley, for reasons which tradition does not record, gave up the enterprise which he had pushed for a time with so much energy, his mills and buildings were all abandoned, and the clearings which he had made were rapidly seeded down by the hand of nature; pines, spruces, juniper and fir springing up everywhere in place of the ancient monarchs of the primeval forest which he had cleared away at the cost of so much labor. Ten years ago, the frame and roof of the massive old mill were still standing, but in 1866 these were pulled down and the solid pine timbers of the structure were incorporated in the new dam which was then built for the purpose of floating logs through the outlet in the early spring. On the old homestead, which occupied a commanding site on a beautiful knoll, only the decayed foundation timbers remain. Enough of the "Potash" building still stands to give a passable shelter to the benighted angler. With these exceptions, Squire Rangeley's "improvements" have all disappeared. The township which he once owned, however, still bears his name. Nearly all of the lake lies within its limits. The town of Rangeley—or the "city," as the natives call it—is half a mile back from the extreme eastern end of the lake. Most of the male inhabitants of the village devote themselves to "guiding" throughout the entire fishing season, and spruce gum in its native state is one of his chief exports. Apart from these "industries" there is little that is noteworthy about the town, and the sportsman misses nothing which he has cause to regret in the fact that his route does not take him to the "city."

Until two years ago the trip through Rangeley Lake to its outlet was made either in Captain Crosby's sail-boat or in row-boats. Rangeley Lake, by the way, is 1,511 feet above tide water. Its breadth is three miles and its length nine miles, and few more picturesque scenes can be imagined than a fleet of six or seven row-boats, each with a small United States flag floating from its bow, rapidly moving down the lake, carrying one or two sportsmen on the way to the headquarters of the famous Oquossoc Angling Association.

Leaving the steamer "Molly-chunk-c-munk,"—the name of which has thus gallantly been metamorphosed and Anglized from the Indian appellation of Lake Mole-chunk-c-munk,—members of the angling association named or visitors to their camp cross a two-mile carry from the foot of Rangeley Lake to the junction of Kennebag Stream with Rangeley Stream, where is Camp Kennebag. A wagon takes the baggage, while the sportsmen themselves walk across through an excellent wood road, which, however, is marshy enough in spots to make very careful stepping or very thick boots indispensable. Indian Rock—a locality famous even in the aboriginal annals of Maine, as its name indicates—is on the left bank of the stream, directly facing Camp Kennebag. Tradition relates that this spot was a favorite haunt of the Indian long before the white man ventured so far into the forest, and that as late as 1855 they made visits here from Canada each season.

The lakes of the Rangeley group are so located with respect to one another that it is extremely difficult for the visitor to get a clear idea of their relative positions. Nothing does this so effectively as an ascent of Bald Mountain, which is one of the most prominent objects in this whole landscape, since it rises seventeen hundred feet above the level of the lake. The ascent may be made with comparative ease by any one at all accustomed to mountain climbing, and there are several paths to the summit. Bald Mountain is in reality a peninsula. Its base is washed by Rangeley Lake, Rangeley Stream, Capsuptue Lake and Moosehuncmaguntic. A narrow strip of land on the south connects it with the mainland. Once on the summit, looking eastward, you see the Rangeley, its graceful form deeply outlined, and every indentation plainly marked. Old Saddleback, rock-ribbed and bare, and rising four thousand feet, faces you. Still further east are the twin Bigelows, Mount Abraham, and the East and West Kennebag Mountains. That thread of silver in the immediate foreground is the wide and rapid Rangeley outlet, which falls twenty-five feet in the two miles intervening between the point where it leaves the lake and its junction with the calmer and deeper waters of the Kennebag. At this point can be clearly distinguished the grounds and buildings of Camp Kennebag, with the stars and stripes waving from the tall flag-staff. Something more than words is necessary to do full justice to the exquisitely varied panorama of lake and mountain, the beauty of which could be hardly more than indicated by the catalogue of names necessary to identify them. Few finer views can be found in the English lakes, among the Trossachs, or even in Switzerland, than this from the summit of Bald Mountain.

Before describing Camp Kennebag in detail, it may be as well to give in brief a sketch of the history of the Oquossoc Angling Association, of which organization this camp is the headquarters. So long as thirty years ago, a sportsman now and then worked his way through the wilderness to these lakes, but it is only within the last fifteen years that the Rangeley, Kennebag and Capsuptue Lakes, with the upper end of Moosehuncmaguntic, have become at all well known to anglers. The Richardson Lakes—Welokenabacook and Molehuncmaguntic, with Umbagog, forming the lower lakes in the great chain whence the Androscoggin River derives its mighty power—have for the last thirty or forty years been frequented by a score or more of Boston and New York gentlemen. These sportsmen were invariably found at "Rich's"—Middle Dam, Mosquito Brook, or the "Upper Dam." Hundreds of spotted beauties, weighing from two to eight pounds, were captured by these anglers year after year, but they wisely kept their own counsel, and it is an item occasionally found its way into the New York or Boston papers chronicling the arrival of a six or eight pound speckled trout, those who claimed to be best informed dismissed the paragraph with a sneer at the ignorance of editors who did not know the difference between brook trout and "lakers." In 1860, Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, now one of the efficient commissioners of fisheries for the State of Maine, organized an expedition to penetrate to the lakes from the upper end. Twenty years before, Mr. Stanley's father had made the survey of much of the lake country, and discovering the extraordinary size of the trout, had frequently repeated his visits. The son now and then accompanied his father on these trips, and with such opportunity for its practice, it is not strange that Mr. Stanley should have achieved the distinction of being the champion fly-fisher of the world. His record of brook trout weighing from three to nine pounds, all taken with the fly, reaches many hundred. The party which Mr. Stanley

headed on the occasion alluded to made his way to the lake, via Dixfield, Carthage, Weld, Phillips, and Madrid, striking first the upper end of Rangeley. One of its members, Mr. George Shepard Page, of New York City, was so delighted with his experience upon this trip that in 1863 he made a second journey by the same route. He returned from this trip, bringing with him eight brook trout weighing respectively 8-8-8, 8-1-4, 7-1-4, 6-1-2, 6-1-2, 5, 5—total, 51-7-8 lbs., or an average of nearly 6-1-2 lbs. each. William Cullen Bryant, Henry J. Raymond and George Wilkes were presented with the three largest, and made acknowledgments duly in the "Evening Post," the "New York Times," and the "Spirit of the Times." Then there broke out an excitement among anglers altogether without precedent. Scores of letters were sent to the papers which had presumed to call these brook trout,—some of them interrogative, others denunciatory, others theoretical, and others flatly contradictory. The Adirondacks had never yielded a brook trout which weighed more than 5 lbs., and that, therefore, must be the standard of brook trout the world over. But Mr. Page had foreseen the violent scepticism which was sure to manifest itself, and had sent a seven-pounder to Professor Agassiz, who speedily replied that these monster trout were genuine specimens of the speckled or brook trout family, and that they were only found in large numbers in the lakes and streams at the head waters of the Androscoggin River, in North-western Maine. In 1864, several New York gentlemen visited Rangeley, among the number Messrs. Lewis B. Reed, R. G. Allerton, and L. T. Lazell. Upon their return they fully corroborated the report made by Mr. Page the year previous, and brought back with them several trout which weighed from three to eight pounds. In 1867, Mr. Page again visited Rangeley in company with Mr. Stanley, and ten days' fishing by these two gentlemen and Mr. Fields, of Gorham, N. H., showed this extraordinary result: Number of trout 59, total weight 290, average nearly 5 lbs.

In 1868, the number of anglers visiting the lakes had so rapidly increased that it was decided to organize an association for the purpose of leasing ground, erecting buildings, and purchasing boats.—Messrs. Bowles, of Springfield, Mass., Lazell and Reed, of Brooklyn, N. Y., George Shepard Page, of R. G. Allerton, of this city, Hon. W. P. Frye, of Lewiston, Me., W. S. Badger, of Augusta, Me., and T. L. Page, of New Orleans, who were all in adjacent camps at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, formally organized the Oquossoc Angling Association by the election of Mr. G. S. Page as president and Mr. L. B. Reed, secretary. In the year following (1869), the association purchased the buildings, improvements and boats belonging to C. T. Richardson (now superintendent of the association) at the junction of the Rangeley and Kennebag, and immediately began the erection of Camp Kennebag. Meantime the membership rapidly increased, and in 1870 the association was formally incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine. The membership of the association is limited to seventy-five. There are now, however, a few vacancies.—Shares are \$200 each, and the capital stock is \$10,700, which is invested in camp buildings, furniture, boats, etc. The annual dues are \$25. Camp charges are \$2 per day for board, \$1 for board of guide, and 50 cents per day for use of boats. The best guides receive \$2 per day, making the total cost per day while in camp \$5.50, unless two persons choose to fish from the same boat, when, of course, the expense of guide, board for guide and hire of boat may be shared. The fishing season extends from about May 25 to October 1, when the law prohibits the capture of trout save for scientific purposes by written permission of the fish commissioner. During the first month and the last three weeks of the fishing season, guests are only admitted upon the invitation of members, since the camp accommodations are then likely to be overtaxed, but between June 20 and September 10 the camp is open to all visitors upon the same terms as to members. Ladies and children are also admitted between the dates named. A roomy building with separate apartments is specially reserved for them, and as two or three female servants are constantly employed in the camp, they are sure to be quite as comfortable as in ordinary country hotels.

Without drawing any invidious comparisons, it may be stated in general, that there are few organizations of the kind in the country the morale of which has been so carefully guarded as has that of the Oquossoc Angling Association. The present board of trustees consists of George Shepard Page, president; J. W. Kimball of Bath, Maine, vice-president; L. B. Reed, New York, secretary; J. A. Williams, Jersey City, Treasurer; L. T. Lazell, Brooklyn, Dr. F. N. Otis, New York, Hon. W. P. Frye, Lewiston, Maine, and A. P. Whitehead, Newark, N. J.—The names of these gentlemen are an emphatic guarantee of the prudence with which the affairs of the association are managed, and also that everything looking toward the dissipation which is likely to exist in camps where sportsmen congregate, is rigidly prohibited. It would be difficult, and indeed impossible, to name a similar locality where the guides are so steady and so thoroughly respect-

able. Perhaps the Maine Liquor Law has had something to do with this result, for most of the guides have, at one time or another acted as river-drivers; and it is not so very many years ago that in the lumbering-camps and on the "drive" a common proportion of supplies was a "barrel of rum to a barrel of beans." The Maine Liquor Law has certainly put an end to this regime, and with it have disappeared to a very great extent, the drunkenness, profanity and kindred vices which at one time degraded the brave men who season after season risked their lives by exposing themselves to the dangers of river driving.

There are some peculiar features in the arrangement of the camp buildings which will be of interest to those who are not familiar with such institutions. The main camp is a substantial board structure 100 feet long by 30 feet wide. At its extreme westerly end is a well-equipped kitchen, and adjoining it is a dining-room. This room takes the full width of the main building (30 feet), is about 60 feet in length, and from the floor to the gable is 30 feet in the clear, giving it a most spacious appearance and securing thorough ventilation. There are no partitions in this apartment, but twenty-five or thirty beds are ranged along its sides, and at its extreme easterly end is a large open fire-place, around which the weary anglers gather after their day's sport, and entertain each other with the rehearsal of their experiences and exploits. As one huge log after another blazes up—for the nights are seldom so warm that a fire is oppressive—story after story passes around. It rarely happens that some one of the circle has not captured a six or eight pound trout during the day, and the one who has been so fortunate is of course the hero of the hour. With what kind of fly the fish was captured, how long it took to land him, the narrow escape which the lucky angler had from losing his prize just as the guide was netting him, are points which must be rehearsed over and over again. Could one-tenth of the fish stories which have thus been rehearsed around this famous old fire place in Camp Kennebag be put on record, they would make a book which would throw far into the shade any volume of piscatorial experience that has ever yet seen light. Before eleven o'clock the weary anglers are all in their beds, and the camp sinks into a silence that is undisturbed save by some obstreperous snorer, at least until daylight the next morning, when some fisherman who has had poor luck the previous day, starts out with a desperate determination to retrieve his fortunes by testing the virtues of early fishing.

A tour around the upper end of Lake Moosehuncmaguntic discovers a number of snugly constructed buildings, some owned by private individuals and others by members of the Angling Association, who spend several weeks consecutively at the lakes during the fishing season.—Prominent among the latter are those of Hon. W. P. Frye at the narrows, and that of R. G. Allerton at Bugle Cove, just at the foot of Bald Mountain. Allerton lodge is a thoroughly built house, fully equipped with all the comforts of civilization. It is located upon a rocky bluff twenty feet or more above the level of the lake, and commands a magnificent view.—Singe Bugle Cove is one of the best fishing grounds on the lake, its proprietor, who is one of the most enthusiastic and persevering of anglers, never fails to make up such a score during his visits in June as to excite the emulation of all other visitors during the rest of the season. Exactly what Mr. Allerton has accomplished during his eight successive annual visits to the lake may be summarized as follows: 1869—247 trout, weighing 234-1-2; 1870—124, 172-1-2 lbs.; 1871—218, 185 lbs.; 1872—130, 285-3-4 lbs.; 1873—119, 205-1-2 lbs.; 1874—175, 281 lbs.; 1875—157, 177-1-2 lbs.; 1876—186, 182-1-4 lbs. Total 1,336 trout weighing 1,623-3-4 pounds; averaging about 1 lb., 3-1-2 oz. each. Among the number were 240, weighing two pounds and upwards, whose combined weight was 891-3-4 lbs.; averaging about 3 lbs., 11-1-2 oz. each.

But it need not be imagined that it is only the practiced anglers who are successful in the Rangeley Lakes. There is in Camp Kennebag a record-book in which each visitor is expected to set down his score when he finishes his stay. This exhibits some catches nearly as remarkable as that which has been set down above. In 1869, eleven members of the association in six days' fishing, besides a large number of smaller fish, captured thirty trout weighing as follows: three of 4 lbs. each; one 4-1-4 lbs.; two 4-3-4 lbs. each; three 5 lbs. each; two 4-1-5 lbs. each; four 5-1-2 lbs. each; two 6-3-4 lbs. each; two 6-1-4 lbs. each; two 7-1-4 lbs. each; one 7-2 lbs.; three 8 lbs. each; one 8-1-2 lbs.; one 9 lbs. Total, 181-3-4 lbs., average over 6 lbs. each. Then the ladies find the locality a wonderful one for great "catches"—of trout. Mrs. Theodore Page has taken several weighing between 6 and 9 lbs. each, and even the young folks are fortunate. Masters Harry and Allie Page, respectively 5-1-2 and 3-1-2 years, it appears from this record, during one visit, caught 57 trout weighing 37 pounds. Ten averaged 1 lb. each, and one weighed 2 lbs. Let these large catches should provoke remonstrance against such wholesale slaughter of this beautiful fish, it should be stated that it

is the almost invariable rule to return to the water all unharmed trout weighing less than half a pound. These hooked so badly that they cannot live are kept for consumption at the camp. The larger fish, as soon as caught are deposited in the car which each boat always has with it. Upon the return to camp at night, the living trout are carefully transferred to a larger car—which in this case is the name given to an ordinary dry-goods box, with slats on the bottom and sides, admitting the free passage through of water—and at the end of his stay, each angler, if he desires to take a box of trout home, selects the largest and releases all the others, which speedily find their way to the deep waters of the lake again. Thus the destruction of fish is by no means so extensive as it would at first appear that it might be.

In general, the early spring fishing and the late fall fishing are decidedly the best and most enjoyable. The pestiferous black flies do not appear until June 10th, but their attentions can be warded off by a liberal application to all exposed parts of the neck, face and hands of a mixture of tar and sweet oil in equal parts. Oil of pennyroyal in sufficient quantity to make its odor plainly perceptible is thought by many to render this preparation more effective. By September, with exemplary regularity, the black flies disappear, and with them goes the only hindrance to complete enjoyment of out-door life.

As regards methods of fishing, it need only be said that the high-toned angler will not tempt his intended victim with anything but a fly at any season. The best fly fishing is to be had in the streams in the spring and in the lake in the fall. Those who go to the lakes in the spring and early summer determined to catch the biggest fish at all hazards, must seek them with live minnows for bait, still-fishing or by trolling in deep water. In either case, the law rules out all gang hooks. The "single baited hook" only is permitted, and any one infringing upon this wise restriction exposes himself to severe penalties. A larger hook, with a heavier leader than is used in ordinary brook trout fishing, is called for in these waters; but upon such points, and with reference to the varieties of flies which are most available, advice may be had at any of the fishing-tackle stores. In general, however, give preference in making your selections to the more subdued colors, and do not permit yourself to be stocked up with an immense variety.—Five or six kinds, well selected, will be more than enough to give the fish ample range for choice.

As I have already stated, these big trout are caught either in the lake or in the streams which feed it, according to the season; and each kind of fishing has its peculiar incidents and surprises.—Both Kennebag and Rangeley streams are too deep and swift to be waded in the orthodox style, although at certain seasons they are so shallow in places as to make their navigation even by boats of lightest draft an undertaking of no little difficulty. Rangeley Stream, between the famous dam at the outlet of Rangeley Lake and Indian Rock, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, abounds in pools which the big trout love to frequent.—These particular waters have been so steadily and thoroughly fished, that the association, with a degree of self sacrifice which speaks well for the true sportsman-like spirit in its members, lately secured the passage of a law by the Maine Legislature, prohibiting any fishing there for a term of five years. When that time has elapsed, it will be worth while taking a trip to Maine to cast a fly under "the dam" or in the "cuddy." It is not unusual for the more enterprising fishermen to work their way up Kennebag Stream four, five, or even six miles. This trip involves hard labor by the guide in pulling or in pulling the boat over the frequent shallows, and great caution is necessary to guard against such a mishap as may be occasioned by an unexpected push of the guide's pole, or the sudden striking of the boat's bow upon the pebbly bottom sends the surprised fisherman heels over head, into the bottom of his boat, while his leader and dries are sure to become hooked in the loftiest overhanging branch within reach. Still, the discomfits of these excursions up the Kennebag or Capsuptue streams are sure to be rewarded with some rare sport.

tions, recitations, select readings, &c. were very appropriate, and performed in a masterly manner by the pupils. The Georgia minstrel troupe, called in

