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# MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXV. NO. 19.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1902.

PRICE 3 CTS.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES



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They have great striking power at ordinary hunting ranges.  
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**The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.,**  
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## Game and Fish Oddities.

We invite our readers to send contributions for this column.

### Good For Genial John.

We learn that we did not do our good friend, John Hoyt, justice last week. Not nearly enough honor was bestowed upon him for shooting his 16 point buck. Even in the deer region of Maine his prize created a great sensation and the conductor telephoned ahead of the train so that at each station where the cars stopped, crowds of people were standing, eager to see a remarkable animal, superior to any deer that has been shot in Maine for a long period. A few grey-headed men here and there claimed that they had seen a 16 point buck, but no one of the present generation had seen one, and among the veteran guides as well as others the animal was looked upon as a great prize and a great curiosity. Congratulations of the highest kind are in order for genial John, the celebrated Nimrod.—New Milford (Conn.) Gazette.

### 1500 SKUNKS IN SIX YEARS.

A Dog That Earns His Master \$500 a Year.

Many Times Bitten by Coons But Suffers No Bother.

A dog that earns \$500 a year is owned by "Joe" Dignard, a famous skunk hunter of Sabasis, who has a record of 1500 skunks caught in six years.

For six years he has had an average sale of 250 skunk pelts to New York and Boston middlemen and likely many of the handsome marten neckpieces were at one time trotting about over Webster pastures, a black and white streak ahead of "Joe's" dog.

"Joe" has a method of his own regarding the hunting of the wily pole-cat. He starts out at nightfall with team, gun and dog. When he reaches a promising field he unlashes the dog. A way scampers the beastie, hot on the scent of the skunk. When he finally comes up with the little animal he bays a message to his master. "Joe" hurries up, and, with club or gun, ends the struggle and bags his game.

Twenty-eight skunks in one night is the highest record he has ever made although the dog has started thirty-one in a night.

One day the dog treed a 'coon in a giant old pine tree. "Joe" took an hour and a half to climb the tree and descend, there being not a limb or a knot for fifty feet. But he got his 'coon.

When he handles his 'coons little it matters with "Joe" if he has gloves on or not. Often the sharp teeth of the enraged 'coon meet in his thumb or his finger tip. Then he crowds his whole hand into the mouth of the creature and the sharp little teeth are forced apart.

"Joe" says he never suffered any bother from 'coon bites, maddened and ferocious though the animals were.—Exchange.

### Rabbits and Partridges.

Mr. William True of Phillips brought into Phillips village one fall and sold, 48 rabbits and 12 partridges that he had shot in three half days' hunting. The ruling price for rabbits was ten cents each and partridges usually sold for fifteen cents apiece. It is not remembered whether Mr. J. H. Byron, when he was in the old brick store, bought rabbits or not, but he handled a great many partridges every fall, some seasons buying from the local hunters as many as a thousand of these birds.

### New Way to Get Muskrats.

A new way of hunting muskrats has lately been devised, which promises to work wonders in the capture of these animals. Muskrats make their homes in houses which they have built of sticks and mud. These houses are so constructed that the roofs are above the ice in winter and spring, while the walls go down to the mud at the bottom. These mud walls keep ice from forming on the inside of the house. A hole is left so the rat can go in and come out at all seasons.

It has been many times noticed that muskrats are very averse to lime and will leave their homes if any is left near by.

In order to be successful in getting the rats, take some old beer bottles, then break up some lime and put into them, together with some water.

Now put on the caps or stoppers and sink the bottles in the muskrat's dens. The wet lime will soon begin to swell and when the pressure gets too great, the bottles will burst and the explosion will set the water all in motion. The muskrats that are abroad in the pond will at once seek their homes, but seeing the detested lime water there will hustle to get into the open air.

This is the time for the hunter to be ready with his gun to shoot them as fast as they come up.

One man by this new method can get more muskrat skins in a season than ten men and 1500 traps can possibly do in the old way. An advantage too is procured, in that the lime which the rats breathe in, causes their bodies to swell so that their skins can be taken off much quicker than can be done when their carcasses are so lank as they will be when caught in traps.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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**"LEADER" FACTORY LOADED SHELLS**  
Good shells help a long way toward good shooting. The best shots can't make good scores with poor shells. The shooting records of the past two years show which are the best shells. During that time all the World's Championships and practically every important tournament were won with Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells. Such a record is not a matter of chance. It's a demonstration of the reliability, uniformity of loading, evenness of pattern and general superiority of Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells. The next time you buy shells, insist upon having this brand.  
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Through PARLOR CAR service during the Tourist season.  
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Buy your Ticket to Bingham Maine,  
Via Oakland and the  
**..SOMERSET RAILWAY..**  
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**Hunting or Fishing.**  
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**These Magnificent Specimens**  
of Indian handicraft, art and skill have been personally gathered by us, and the collection is one of the most complete and finest ever shown. This work will before many years be classed with the best, and the opportunity now presented to secure this splendid Indian workmanship may never be had again. The prices will be found most reasonable and the articles are all of the highest and most select class.  
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## WARDEN PHILLIPS TALKS.

He Says Big Game Is Increasing In the Dead River Region.

And This Warden Really Ought to Know.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

STRATTON, Dec. 8, 1902.

I was more than pleased to read Doctor Barber's article of Nov. 25 in the MAINE WOODS, and get his opinions as to the increase of moose and deer in the Dead River region. While I know myself they are on the increase, some dispute it when luck is against them, for there is more or less luck that goes with a hunting trip. I have known Doctor Barber from the first time he came into Maine and have had the pleasure of

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meeting him on all of his trips. He is a sportsman from start to finish and knows what he is talking about. Now I know there never were so many deer carried out as this year and it has been different than in years past. They have been mostly bucks. The time has come when the true sportsman does not feel proud of a doe deer to take home and the guides in this section are not satisfied to have him do so. This for two reasons—first, he feels it his duty to give him a shot at a buck; second, if he shoots a doe, it most always means three deer less next year, instead of one. Think of this and don't shoot does until the very last resort. Although the hunting is most over for this year, we mean to protect our fish and game through the winter so that all can have their usual sport next year.  
ROBERT PHILLIPS.

## ELDRIDGE AND PERRY, ONE.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

KINGFIELD, Dec. 16, 1902.

Mr. Irvin Eldridge of Falmouth, Mass., visited Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Perry last week and while here, Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Perry went deer hunting over in the Lexington woods. They camped while there at Dolbier and Perry's camp. As is natural, they took out a fine deer when they came home.

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Where you can get a MOOSE, DEER or BEAR, with plenty of bird shooting.

\*\*\*\*\*

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Supt. S. R. R. R. Gen. Mgr P. & R. R. R.  
G. M. VOSE, Kingfield, Me.,  
Supt. F. & M. Ry.

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| Opera,                                   | 185   |
| One "Lincoln & Vander Pyl," little used, | 160   |
| Hardman Upright, used,                   | 125   |

Write at once for full particulars in regard to these BARGAINS. We guarantee every piano and will ship to you on approval. If not as represented, they may be returned at our expense. We refer to publishers of this paper.

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## RANGELEY SPORTING NOTES.

### Taxidermist Heywood Tells the Wrong and the Right

#### Way to Prepare Maine Game For Shipment.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

RANGELEY, Dec. 16, 1902.

Before this goes to press the deer will have breathed a sigh of relief and listened in vain for the accustomed tramp, or snapping twig along their trail. The rifles will be cleaned and put away, and the camps closed for the winter. A general summing up will be made and the guides will have sent in their reports to the commissioners.

Game will still be in transit for a few days and specimens to be mounted, such as game heads, will be floating about to some extent all winter. It is to be regretted that deer are so often—when in transit—an object of disgust rather than beauty. This is the fault of those who do the butchering and handle them both before and after they are frozen. The most common way of arranging them is to hang them up by the hind legs and let them stiffen or freeze, but in this way if there comes a storm, it beats into the hair which is, of course, pointing the wrong way to shed water and the effect is to pack it full of snow and ice and make them look rough and ugly, to say nothing of their having been stretched to an enormous length.

The worst cases are those that have the white parts drenched with blood, the tail gone, ears knocked askew, and a neck a yard long, having been hung up by the head. All these and many others are frequently seen in transit, but probably the best appearing is that that has been thoroughly washed with water or snow, the limbs placed in a natural position and the coat smoothed and left to cool or freeze on its side, laying on the ground or some convenient floor.

Melvin Tibbetts has got a good buck's head. He followed him two days. On the first day he got near enough to see its antlers above a growth of small fir trees and fired for the head. A scattering of short hairs on the snow was his only reward for that day's hunt, but on the next day he got a better shot and killed the buck. There is a deep furrow plowed through the hair on the face, the effect of the first shot.

Milton Nile has carried out and brought in three hunting parties this fall and has brought in with them fifteen deer, ten bucks and five does.

Eugene Soule and E. I. Herrick are building log camps at Gull pond for Wadsworth. He already has two fine ones but is having two more built.

Shipments of game from Rangeley station since last report are as follows: C. L. Harnden to Phillips, one buck and one doe; Mrs. Frank Stewart to Waterville, one doe.

Joe Tibbetts killed a big buck on the last day of hunting. Both antlers were loose and came detached while he was dressing the animal.

A party of six was at the camp on Kennebago stream, near the bridge, all of last week. They were: F. W. Miller, Ed Lowell, Jim Wilcox, Dr. Sandy Nile, Chas. Harnden and another from Rumford, who accompanied Doctor Nile.

They had a very good time in camp. In fact it seems they enjoyed the camp so very well that they did not hunt very hard. One of the party who won the championship a year ago at the same camp by killing a 10-point buck, informs us that he only went out to hunt three times. The party brought out six deer with them but none of them were very large.

A party composed of E. B. Herrick, Rolla Richardson, Nate Barrett and Frank Stewart spent several days at Herrick's camp near the falls on Kennebago stream. They also enjoyed the camp pretty well and brought out four deer with them.

Probably the crack party of hunters that have lately distinguished themselves were Gerry Proctor, Harry Quimby, George Thrasher and Harry Dennison, who were at Beaver Bog camps the last of the week. They brought out four deer, one each. Proctor's deer was a very large doe.

It's unfortunate that we cannot supply the hungry public with the details of these various camping expeditions, but it is absolutely impossible. They are in most cases non-committal. They are often seen together talking and laughing, at the same time keeping a lookout that no one is near enough to hear what is said. At times they only laugh when they meet as men do when one has just been advanced in some secret order. Somebody, we are sure, made the mistake in the dimly lighted camp, of frying venison in Lenox soap instead of butter.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

Walter Ashton and John Whittier of Boston have been at Ashton camp, Haines Landing, hunting. Eben Harnden of Phillips was their guide. They carried home four deer, two bucks and two does.



Miss C. T. Crosby, "Fly Rod," of Phillips, Me.

About 500 deer were shipped out of the Rangeley region the past hunting season, and many more than this number by local hunters.

Big game has been more plenty in Rangeley and vicinity than ever before.

Quite a number of deer were taken out in the days of grace after the 15th.

The still-hunting the last week of open season was excellent.

A large proportion of the deer that have been taken here during the past season have been bucks. A sportsman from the city feels much better taking home an animal with antlers than one with a plain "unvarnished" head.

The following is a list of deer carried over the Phillips & Rangeley and Sandy River railroad during the past few days of the open season:

| Name and Destination.            | Buck. | Doe. |
|----------------------------------|-------|------|
| W. H. Martin, Boston,            | 1     |      |
| E. S. Packard, "                 | 1     |      |
| E. F. Hayden, Portland,          | 1     |      |
| Geo. Manter, West Farmington,    | 1     |      |
| W. E. Dowson, Boston,            | 2     |      |
| Mrs. W. M. Maple, Shawmut,       | 1     |      |
| Mrs. Chas. Gerney, "             | 1     |      |
| W. S. Warren, Monmouth,          | 1     |      |
| John Henalngs, Woodford's,       | 1     |      |
| S. F. Libby, Bliddeford,         |       | 1    |
| John Nial, Jay,                  | 1     |      |
| Benjamin Lambert, Boston,        | 1     |      |
| Eugene Cox, Jay,                 | 1     |      |
| C. K. Crossman, Philadelphia,    | 1     |      |
| Alfred Adams, Atlantic City,     | 2     |      |
| J. F. Clark, Farmington,         | 1     |      |
| N. J. Kennedy, Amsterdam, N. Y., | 2     |      |
| A. O. Loright, Quakertown, Pa.,  | 2     |      |
| James G. Smith, Farmington,      | 1     |      |

### WHELTON HAD FEVER BADLY.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

DEAD RIVER, Dec. 16, 1902.

Mr. and Mrs. David G. Whelton of Salem, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. John J. Boyle of Portland, Me., recently returned from a hunting trip from Dead river, bringing with them one large buck and a doe.

Mr. Whelton, who by the way is a prosperous merchant of Salem, Mass., and considered by the Salem sportsmen to be a dead shot, had some of the worst cases of buck fever that the writer ever witnessed. The party stopped at the Hurricane Falls House and received the best of care from the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Durrell.

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## COTTAGE LOTS ..... ON Rangeley Lake.

Rangeley Cottage Company.

J. W. Brackett, Agent, Phillips, Maine.

One bright morning the party started for a trip up Mt. Bigelow. There was not a ripple on the waters of the beautiful Dead river as the party started on their journey. Presently Mr. Whelton—who by the way was in the lead—stopped, as though he was riveted to the ground and began to make motions with his hands as if he was trying to talk the deaf and dumb language to some one. As no one in the party was familiar with his signs he suddenly exclaimed, "for the love of God, Mrs. Whelton, give me my rifle."

Mrs. Whelton rushed forward and gave him her rifle, supposing of course that something had happened.

He laid his rifle with six shells in it down on the ground carefully and took Mrs. Whelton's rifle in his hand, looked it over and exclaimed, "That was the handsomest sight I ever saw." Upon inquiring we found out that there was a large buck standing looking at him make the signs and when he began to scream the buck walked away.

Mr. Whelton then began to try and kick himself and said he forgot that he had a rifle. Mrs. Whelton the following day shot a 10-point buck.

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From the time the ice leaves, about April 15, until June 1. SALMON run from 2 to 30 pounds, and Red Spot Trout from 1 to 6 pounds.

Brown's Cabin is centrally located for all the best Fishing Grounds. Boats and guides furnished. Terms reasonable. For further particulars, Address L. B. NASON, Box 5, No Windham, Maine.

### PROTECTION OF GAME.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 15, 1902.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I see in MAINE WOODS of Dec. 5, you would like the people's idea on the game question, especially the license law that is being talked about so much. Now I believe in a license for both resident and nonresident, but the question is, will the people in general think it all right? I think the best way to come at it is to put a license on nonresidents of say \$5 for deer and \$10 or \$15 for moose. There ought to be a close time on moose for at least three years.

There has got to be more warden service if the game is protected as it ought to be. I do not think any true sportsman would find fault with a small fee.

The people of the state can readily see the immense benefit the state derives from gunning and fishing. It leaves an-

quainted with quite a lot of guides. They were fine men, good hearted and good fellows all around but I am sorry to say there were some exceptions. Some called themselves men, when for a few dollars would let a sportsman shoot all the game he could see. Of course what we all want is a law that will benefit the good old Pine Tree state.

H. D. COOPER.

### WINNIE RARELY FAILS.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

EAST SUMNER, Dec. 16, 1902.

On Wednesday the 3d inst., Winnie Heald and Fred Caswell left East Sumner on the 11 a. m. train for a hunting trip to Carrabassett, arriving there about 6.30 p. m. The next day they started out and before night shot and secured four deer, one of which was a large buck. They got their game on the next morning's train and started back. The actual time they were out was about four hours.

Who can or has beaten this record? They saw several other deer and might



R. T. Ode of Providence, R. I., and his 600-pound moose with spread of antlers 38 inches

nally about three millions or more of dollars in the state of Maine, which will cease if the game and fish are not protected.

I suppose the people of this state look at it this way: They pay a very small tax to help protect the game; that is, they pay their part of the \$25,000 which is appropriated by the state.

Now looking at it from the right standpoint, the better inducement we can offer in hunting and fishing, the bigger crowd we can draw and in order to do so we must have more money.

I do not suppose the state will want to give any more and the only way I can see is, license to hunt the game. You see in all other states where there is game they have to pay to hunt it.

I think the examination of guides ought to be more strict than it is now, anyone with a dollar can get a license. I do not think this is right. It ought to be impressed on the guides' mind in the strongest way that they are the chief point in the law on protecting game and fish. They should make the men they guide to the mark as it would be so much better in the long run.

Every time they allow a party to shoot more than his quota of game, it hurts their business just that much. Some fellows who call themselves sportsmen are no more or less than pot hunters or game hogs and they never ought to be allowed in the woods at all.

I have been in the big woods hunting for about ten years every fall and have been in a number of places and got ac-

have done even better than this had it been lawful.

Winnie rarely fails to secure his game and has in years past usually got his legal amount of deer. He employs no guides and frequently goes out alone.

S. ROBINSON.

If you want to know where to get good

## FISHING.....

or desire circulars, descriptive matter or information regarding Hotels or Camps in MAINE'S FISHING or HUNTING REGIONS, address

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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TAX THE NONRESIDENTS.

So Says Mr. A. S. Gill of Chesterville,

Who Once Received 17 Cents From Nonresident Sportsmen.

[Special correspondence to Maine Woods.]

CHESTERVILLE, Dec. 10, 1902.

As the hunters' license is the topic of discussion just now, I should like to ask a few questions. Why is it that the resident hunter should be subject to a license? We who have been running a free show for all the hunters in the United States for the past twenty years, why should we pay for the privilege of going out hunting a few spare moments? Why shouldn't the hunters that come from other states help pay for the good things that they have been receiving from our hands for so long a time? I say let every foreign hunter pay a license of ten dollars until he has paid for some of the pleasures we have been giving him.

Every year for a long time there has been a hand stuck out to the Maine legislature asking for money to protect our game and we poor devils, who dig a scanty existence from the rock ribbed and icebound hills of old Maine, have had it to pay. Now to be obliged to pay for privileges that we have been giving others, for an indefinite length of time, is tyranny.

Of course the bland, smooth talking fellow who explains all things will now say, just see the money that they bring into the state! That is all right, but who gets it—a few railroads, hotel keepers, wardens and guides who represent a very small part of the population of this state. I have lived in Maine forty-three years and have been benefited by nonresident hunters just seventeen cents. When I was a boy I received five cents for a pickerel which I sold a summer visitor and the other twelve was for nailing a shoe on the horse of a sportsman who was going up country deer hunting. The last named man kicked at the price. Of course it is a fact that we need money to protect our game but let us get it from the right source. Let those who dance help pay the fiddler.

A. S. GILL.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Marlin Fire Arms Co.  
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Fly fishing at Redington pond, J. F. Hough.  
Bagley Farm.  
Rowe Pond Camps, Witham & Maxfield.  
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Rowland, taxidermist.  
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If you want to know where to get good fishing, address MAINE WOODS Information bureau.  
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Christmas giving, Bradford, Conant & Co., 199-203 Lisbon St., Lewiston.  
Taxidermy, D. E. Heywood, Rangeley.  
Ninth annual Sportsmen's show, J. A. H. Dressel.

Print and Prosper . . . .

Yes! certainly an old saying, a very old one, but like many another, it would not have lived to grow old if it were not actual fact.

My business is printing the sort of things that will make yours "prosper" and of course, if I am kept "hard at it" making your business "prosper" mine is not exactly suffering as it were? It's simply a case of two axes being "ground" on the same stone.

I print anything from a handsome illustrated catalogue down to a cheap little card or label, and I never undertake a small job without trying to make it so Extra Good that when a larger one is wanted it will not escape me.

The next time you want anything that a printer should be able to build for you I'd be glad to show you a lot of my "doings" and to surprise you with their moderate cost.

J. W. BRACKETT,  
Maine Woods, Phillips, Me.

To all clear-eyed, steady-muscled men and women who enjoy shooting, either in the field or at the targets, and also to those unfortunates who don't know what they are missing, we extend our best wishes for a most joyous Christmas Time.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER COMPANY,  
New York, Chicago,  
Denver, San Francisco.

NONRESIDENT ON LICENSE.

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 13, 1902.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Three weeks ago I left Boston for Michigan on a business trip. I found the business, but had not been many days on my journey when I realized what an interesting friend I had left behind, for I assure you I sadly miss the weekly visits of the MAINE WOODS, which always keeps me well informed of the doings of sportsmen in the old state of Maine.

name. Yet while the game may be different, I notice a striking similarity between the two states in one respect.

The newspaper reports convince me that the same fool hunter roams the woods of Michigan that we often hear of in Maine. The man who shoots at things that move has a bad record here this season. The list for Michigan and border states shows fourteen men killed and eleven seriously injured by careless hunters.

Some of the so-called accidents are amusing. One man riding near town, on a white horse, had the animal shot under him by a hunter who thought it



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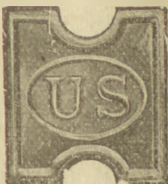
Sure on Game.  
Certain at the Trap.

These books sent free on application: Handy Book for Sportsmen; Hints on Cartridges and Semi-Smokeless Powder; Rifleman's Record and Score Book; Rifleman's Encyclopedia, (144 pages), price ten cents.



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Cincinnati, Ohio.



IS THE BRAND

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Which has attained Popularity

BECAUSE OF SUPERIORITY.



Manufactured by

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

deer and moose shipped and unless camp owners were careful to know and report all game killed, the revenue would fall far short of the amount expected.

I think the time not far distant when every well regulated camp will have the constant attention of a warden. If there were wardens enough to give close attention to all lumber and sporting camps during the open season that they could know all game legally killed and properly shipped, this would lessen the labor at stations and I think prevent much that is wrong at present.

I doubt if the majority of Maine residents realize the importance of the attractions of their state. Hotel and railroad men and camp owners are interested financially, but how many people stop to consider what the state of Maine offers in the way of recreation.

Where can one go to find the variety of seashore, mountains, lakes and woods to compare with those of Maine? The state with the largest export trade of any in the union, not only large in the export of game, but thousands of pleasure seekers enjoy and export to their homes more real health giving enjoyment than can be found in all the cities of the country. This is shown by the thousands who each year journey from

A FOX CASE IN COURT.

A very curious case was recently brought before Judge Cahill at Sackville, N. B. His Honor's judgment was deferred.

Mr. Isaac Phinney of Center Village, an experienced hunter and trapper, set up some traps or snares for foxes. Two of his neighbors with dog and guns went out fox hunting in this vicinity and after a little, the dog started a fox, which in due time was driven into one of the snares and on the arrival of the men they found Mr. Reynard securely caught in a snare. The hound was busily engaged with his victim, who could not assist himself in the least, but was compelled to receive cruel treatment at the discrimination of the dog. The hunter soon liberated the shy animal from the dog, but took his pelt to their profit to the sum of \$3.75. Mr. Phinney claiming the same as his property entered prosecution against the hunters. The verdict of this case will be watched with great interest as there are many views on the same.



THE STRATTON FAWN.

But Michigan, too, is well up in sporting matters and when I read from day to day the reports which come from the northern part of the state, I simply feel a desire to drop the burden of business, shoulder my rifle and join the boys in the woods. But as usual I enjoyed my October outing in Maine and suppose I must be content to live over in memory the good time, trusting that future trips to Maine may be as enjoyable.

Michigan has plenty of deer, but no moose to speak of, so I think Maine a few laps ahead as a hunting ground. Judging from the specimens of deer I have seen at various stations, I am inclined to think the Maine deer are larger and in much better condition than those of Michigan.

I have seen some that a Maine sportsman would not care to tag with his

TAXIDERMISTS.

Taxidermist wanted. Good position to right man. BALDWIN, 19 William Street, Newark, N. J.

Taxidermist—Taxidermy in all its branches. First-class work guaranteed at reasonable prices. W. C. Kaempfer, 259-265 Elm st., Chicago

Taxidermist. Superior work in taxidermy. Homer E. Dill, Gardiner, Me. Taxidermist for State Museum. Telephone con. Cor. solicited.

TAXIDERMIST. Trout Mezzo the only artistic method of mounting fish by which the natural color is preserved. Work of every description done in the highest style of the art. J. WALDO NASH, Haines Landing, Me.

ROWLAND, TAXIDERMIST.

A specialty in mounting Moose, Elk, Caribou and Deer Heads. Call and examine work. No. 182 Sixth Avenue, Near 13th St., NEW YORK.

Taxidermy.....

Game heads, mammals, birds and rugs. All work warranted moth proof and not to crack. Deer heads purchased. Must see head before setting price. Correspondence solicited.

D. E. HEYWOOD,  
Rangeley, - - Maine.

Michigan contemplates passing a law similar to that of Maine. If this be done the fool hunter in Michigan will not escape so easily as he does in Maine.

An open season on game is all right, but I do not believe your state needs an open season, giving an opportunity for deliberate murder, and allowing the same to pass in the garb of an accident. Why not enforce this law? This class of sportsmen have no place in the woods and no business with a rifle. If they must shoot, let them be surrounded by solid masonry and mirrors where their bullets can do no harm and they can have a real monkey for a target.

I have been much interested in the frequent articles in your paper relating to the proposed hunters' license for non-residents. I think all true sportsmen who visit Maine fully realize the importance of this tax. The state of Maine is a large and grand hunting ground and the game interests cannot have too much care and protection.

It seems to me that every man who goes there for his fall shootig would gladly pay a reasonable tax to protect his interests. I would put the black bear in the list of protected animals. He is a gamy fellow and a good substitute for the departing caribou.

Mr. Carleton, I think, has some good ideas on this subject and his efforts should have ample support from the lawmakers of the state.

There may be danger of placing the fee too high. I would suggest a tax of \$10 from each person who goes into the woods with a rifle.

To tax game killed or taken out, I do not believe would bring satisfactory results. There certainly would be, less



Fawn caught by some playful peckers near Stratton and given to Edgar C. Hinds of that town, who made it a pet. It became very tame and would follow him everywhere. One day became it frisky, leaped into the air and when it returned to the ground its neck was broken.

distant points to enjoy the healthful attractions they always find in Maine.

For one, I say go ahead, pass strict laws regulating the game interests. Protection has made Maine a great hunting and fishing ground; more protection will make it better still, but while you are enacting laws to reach the nonresident do not give him the chance to look back across the line and laugh at laws which are not enforced, and people who do not enforce them.

ROXBURY.

ANDOVER GAME NOTES.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

ANDOVER, Dec. 15, 1902.

Frederic French went in pursuit of game a few days ago and brought home a fine deer.

Six wagons passed here a few days ago, each with deer aboard. They were parties from Woodstock and Rumford.

Two men passed here one morning last week with three deer. We sincerely hope that some game was spared for another year.



MAINE WOODS.

Phillips, Maine. \$1.00 a Year.

Subscription price when not paid within three months, \$1.50 a year.

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

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

Maine Woods Information Bureau gives information on Summer Resorts and Fishing and Shooting. Boston office, 147 Summer St., with Boston Home Journal. J. W. BRACKETT, Publisher.

The Edition of Maine Woods This Week is 10,000.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1902.

WE wish the readers of MAINE Woods a Merry Christmas.

DECEMBER 15 closed the season for deer shooting in Maine. Now our friends will begin to think about fishing and we presume some of them will get out their fishing tackle on Christmas day, "just to see if it's ready."

"BILL" SEWALL of Island Falls, President Roosevelt's favorite guide, is going to visit the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House early next year. "Bill" Sewall is one of the most picturesque characters in Maine and is a typical woodsman. He first accompanied President Roosevelt on his hunting expeditions when the latter was a mere lad of 16. The acquaintanceship thus formed has developed into a lifelong friendship. When the president lived on his western ranch several years ago, he sent to Maine for "Bill" Sewall, and his former hunting companion at once responded. He was one of the foremen on the ranch.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

We all know how the church regards it and what good Christians generally think about it. But to the average person, aside from its relevancy to Christianity, what is Christmas? Childhood counts on its little fingers in advance the months, weeks, days to Christmas. Curiosity as to what he or she will receive from those who love them or what will be found in the stocking are matters of delightful anticipation. It is simple, natural, genuine. It has no disguises but is frank and un concealed. Nor are these emotions confined wholly to childhood. Even grown people are not altogether free from similar mental operations. The exchange of gifts of affection at Christmas time, the gathering together of separated relatives and friends around the Christmas tree or in front of the blazing log is practically universal. We lay aside our worries and meet on a common basis of "peace on earth, good will to men."

Few, if any, go through life without some trouble and heartache. Care plants a deep furrow here, affliction another there, illness leaves a trace, business perplexities give their imprint, and to all of us life is something more than a reveller's dream. If poor, the dreadful daily grind for subsistence wears us out. If rich, the burdens may be different but they manage to come. Love pipes its sweet song in the willing ears of youth but too often riper years are full of sepulchres of dead images of happier days. The rosebuds of yesterday are withered leaves today.

Does Christmas remind us of all these burdens, mistakes, cares and tribulations? No. It means that we forget them all for the time and draw closer together, bringing to each other our sheaves laden with the sweet fruits of love, charity and good will. It means that the cold selfishness of every day existence should melt in the glowing warmth of generous impulses.

Mandeville says that at the North Pole in one half of the year words freeze and in the other half, thaw out and are audible. So on this day of universal festival our frozen lives thaw out and we return to the bubbling fountains of youth. We are boys and girls again. We go back to the old chimney corner and the faces that are gone are there once more.

The coals glow and the logs blaze up bright in the fireplace, and we hang up our stockings and climb the creaking stairs to bed while outside "the wind whistles as it will." Grandfather's cheery laugh, grandma's patient smile, the endearments of father and mother, the unrestrained mirth of boys and girls, all these things come out of the flickering shadows and make us braver, better men and women. A. W. GLEASON.

THOMAS TWO, EMBERT ONE.

Mr. Thomas Hennigar of Portland and brother, Mr. Embert Hennigar of Kingfield, visited their brother, George, at Eustis last week. While there George would not be satisfied until he had taken Thomas and Embert out into the famous Eustis hunting grounds. Thursday morning they started out. Before night Thomas came in bringing the report that two noble bucks were the result of his day's hunting, while Embert brought in one, which he took to his home in Kingfield. Thomas returned to Portland Saturday, taking his two bucks along and feeling well pleased with his trip.

GOVERNOR JOHN NEPTUNE.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

Early in the twenties Governor John Neptune, who was lieutenant governor of the Penobscot tribe, organized a party to cross the St. Lawrence and hunt in the Hudson Bay Co.'s territory. The party consisted of six—four middle-aged men and two young men, Joe Lolah and Lewie Tomah. My father had the story from the old governor before I was born, and years later I had it from Lewie Tomah when hunting with him.

They started from Old Town in three canoes by way of the West Branch of the Penobscot, Baker Lake Carry, Big Black and Trois Saumons rivers to the St. Lawrence. They took no supplies except their guns, axes, blankets and a few steel traps. The guns were flintlock and for fire they had to depend on flint and steel, as matches were then unknown.

They crossed the St. Lawrence at a place where it was about thirty miles wide and after proceeding some ways inland they separated into three parties of two each and began their hunt. Fur was quite plentiful and for over six months they hunted, living largely on beaver meat without salt. When the streams opened, they came together for their return journey. Lewie Tomah told me that for his part of the fur he had a caribou hide as full of the skins of beaver, otter and sable as he could tie it up.

Watching for a calm night they started to cross the St. Lawrence at just dark and about daylight landed on the south side and carried their canoes back into the woods intending to lie hidden till night before resuming their journey. Some hours after, canoes passed near them but they had no idea that they were discovered till suddenly they were surrounded by a large number of the Hudson Bay company's employees. Being so largely outnumbered they surrendered without a fight. They were then told that their crossing in the fall was known and that a watch was kept at one of the Hudson Bay company's posts for their return, that they had been seen before they landed and that canoes had been sent to the different posts and collected the force which had surrounded them. The Hudson Bay men took all their furs, then each man was stripped, tied up and received a terrible whipping. Then after a council they let them have their canoes and guns, a very little food was given them and they were told to get out of the country as soon as they could.

Lewie said they were all very sore but the Governor said he was not going home empty-handed and so at dark they recrossed the St. Lawrence and made a spring hunt. On their way back the Hudson Bay men again attempted to take their furs but, acting under the Governor's orders, each man backed against a tree with his gun cocked and the Hudson Bay men after a parley concluded that it would not pay to fight for so little fur as they had and drew off and left them.

They made their way back to Old Town after an absence of over nine months.

This is as far as I can learn the first and only attempt of any of our Indians to hunt on the north side of the St. Lawrence. Old Governor John Francis of the Passamaquoddy tribe used to tell of one of his hunts on the head waters of the St. John and St. Lawrence and of selling his furs in Quebec for doubloons, but I think he referred to the country south of the St. Lawrence.

M. HARDY.

Brewer, Me.



"From the Birch Bowers" at Shaw Pond. The picture represents part of a bag for a short day's shoot for two guns. The whole bag was ten woodcock and four partridges. There are seven woodcock and two partridges in the picture.

WOMEN IN THE WOODS.

(Special correspondence to the Maine Woods)

RIVERTON, ME., Dec. 15, 1902.

I would like to know if any of the readers of the MAINE WOODS ever heard that there was at one time a bounty on moose in the state of Maine. I do not pretend to say that such is a fact but an old hunter and trapper, who is seventy-eight years of age and who lives near my home, told me a few days ago that when he was a boy his grandfather told him that there was once a bounty on these animals, it being put on because the moose did great damage to the farmers by killing their cattle. Moose at that time, he said, were not supposed to be good to eat any more than a horse.

I had not heard of anything of the kind before but the old gentleman is strictly honest in his convictions and believes the above to be a fact. He came from Brownville five years ago. His name is Charles Heath. He has trapped a great many wolves in his day



Photograph of deer taken by flashlight at Seven Ponds in August, 1902. She stood ten feet from the camera with her nose in the water, feeding. Something in the woods attracted her attention and she assumed the position shown in the picture. It was hoped she would face the photographer, but it was deemed best not to attract her attention by making a noise, for fear of scaring her away.

and tells interesting stories about this wily and treacherous animal.

Perhaps I can say something to the ladies who read the Women in the Woods column about how to dress when going into the woods on a hunting or outing trip.

It would be indeed hard to decide what color would be preferable. A lady from New York asked me this past season what color would be most suitable for a skirt to wear while hunting, remarking that some colors were more liable to be shot at by careless hunters than others.

I made the reply that if sportsmen were going to shoot at cracking brush and deer's tails, it would make no difference about the color of one's dress, even if it were made of Uncle Sam's red, white and blue.

I will now say that it is excitement and nervousness alone that causes so many shooting accidents. I know a

first-class guide living in Monson, who once during the past hunting season

FIRED AT A PIECE OF BIRCH BARK

that was quivering on the tree. He begged his friend who was with him never to tell, but it leaked out some way.

I cannot see why for the life of me that so many hunters should think that the tail or "flag" of a deer is so good a mark to fire at.

I may be tender hearted but I do not like to think of a deer after being shot at in this way, bounding off into the forest

TO DIE A LINGERING DEATH,

for the chances are, that if one shoots at the animal when only that appendage is seen, even though he be hit, he will not be stopped.

I want a good mark to fire at, then I will shoot until I get my allowance, or what the law allows and no more.

Well I guess I have digressed a little from what I started in to tell my lady friends about.

There were a great many ladies who came into the Maine woods this year who wore bright blue suits made of basket cloth with the skirts coming to the ankles. I cannot believe they travel

in the woods as much as I do for if they did they would need a new suit each week.

I wear the canvas boots for they never wet through and are easy and comfortable to the feet after they have been worn a few times. My skirt is made of black basket cloth coming to the tops of my boots. The coat is made similar to the coat of a man so as to give freedom to my arms and shoulders. There are no goods on the market at present, that are so light for the amount of warmth there is in them, as the basket cloth goods. Black is a very safe color, too. Then I most always wear a red sweater or shirt waist.

In wearing black, one will

ALWAYS SEE MORE BEARS

than when dressed in any other color. Last spring I was taking some pictures up on Birch stream. I went up the stream in my canoe and had paddled to shore at a place where I had wished to get a picture. I hauled my canoe up on the bank and while getting my camera in place, with the black cloth thrown over my head, being at the time on my knees, I heard a heavy crashing in the brush behind me.

I raised the cloth from my head and turned around, when not but a few rods away was an

ENORMOUS BIG BLACK BEAR

walking towards me on his hind feet. How I did wish for my rifle, but all I had for a weapon was one of the canoe paddles. I shouted and shook the cloth which evidently frightened him for he at once got down on "all fours" and ran into the forest.

I saw no more of the bear but continued the taking of the pictures as long as I wished, then pushed my canoe into the water and paddled homeward.

I have received many charming letters from different persons congratulating me for writing so interesting an article as that which appeared in Women in the Woods column of MAINE WOODS of Nov. 28 issue.

Respectfully,  
MRS. J. S. FREESE.

A Maine Guide.

EIGHT AND PERHAPS TEN.

(Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.)

ANDOVER, Dec. 15, 1902.

As your reporter was under the shingles on Dec. 5 and the snow fast falling, a train of five teams of hunters passed by down the Ellis river with their wagons loaded down with deer, each wagon containing from one to four. This party had been up the lake way and were returning down river to their homes.

Notwithstanding the snow impeded their traveling very much, being in places to the hub of their wheels, yet they all seemed to be full of life and satisfaction. Their aggregate number must have been eight or ten.

Mrs. J. S. Freese, Registered Guide.

Shooting, canoeing and camera parties taken. Address,  
Riverton, - Maine.

HOTELS AND CAMPS



A BEAVER TALE.

What of "Black Edward"? Just one word's enough.

His heart's as tender as his tales are "buff."

YOU see it's this way. A visit to the Rangeley Lake region without a little run up to Beaver pond is as rank a failure as half a pair of scissors, or the hole of a doughnut without the dough gone. Yes, "Going up to Ed's" is like smoking opium. "Ed's" or "warts"—it grows upon you; and the man who once sets his happy foot on the shores of old "Beaver" is as certain to return as—well as a purchased "quarter."

Now as to the fishing, a word or two. Guides talk, notwithstanding, I have never yet found 5 and 10-pound trout plenty enough to be monotonous—ever have, but the reasonable man with a fair idea of the proper dissemination of "feathers"—I he chance also to be a true sportsman, could ask nothing better.

Within easy reach of Ed's doors lie (even nature "lies" up there—I wonder why?) 5 or 6 lakes, in which the fly fishing is simply "great," and I say this after having fished every damn spot in that region many times.

Take "Ell Pond" for instance, around the "bend among the pads," or "Little Island" with a gentle ripple about sundown. Such incessant "rise" and such a run of fish marks that charming little pond as the acme of fly fishing possibilities.

What is there for the "Man behind the gun," up there? Simply this. In the open season he can easily get all the deer the law allows him, and will also find "Ruffed Grouse" (i. e. "Partridge") in abundance.

With Moose, Bear and Caribou the case is that of those 5 and 10-pound trout, they do not actually "hang around the door yards."

How do you get to Beaver Pond?—thru. The total of 27 miles from Rangeley Village is now covered by buckboard to Kennebeco Lake, thence by steamer down that beautiful sheet of water, a very pleasant break in the journey, thence by buckboard again, direct to Ed's Camps on Beaver Pond. The roads already good are constantly being bettered, and ladies and children can now with perfect comfort make a journey that once meant miles of rough and toilsome tramping.

At the Camps the accommodations leave nothing to be desired by those who realize that this is the "Back woods" and not "Broad way." The cabins are clean, roomy, and thoroughly comfortable, beds and table excellent (and most of the food at least eatable) while the proprietor—i. e., the "Old Man," is a happy combination of kindness and pleasing fiction.

The first step for those who would like to see for themselves how much actual truth there is in all of the above, is to address

ED GRANT & SON, Beaver Pond, Maine, and then "wait 'til something drops."

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS I. MAULE, 402 SANSON STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

SPORTSMEN

Hunting for DEER will be well satisfied to come to Pleasant Island Camps this season. Address, BILLY SOULE, Haines Landing, - Maine.

Those who are to enjoy the unequalled Fly Fishing at Redington Pond, in the season of 1903 will be interested to know that I shall make many improvements, including bath rooms. The place will be more attractive on account of the removal of the mills and other buildings. Log cabins are to be erected in the near future. J. F. HOFFERT, Redington, Me.

BAGLEY FARM, BAGLEY'S MILLS, Lumberton, Montgomery County, Virginia. South Hill Station, Southern Railway. Deer hunting, fishing, driving and rowing. QUAIL in abundance. Wild turkeys, foxes, rabbits, woodcock, etc. Miles of original forest. Bears Element Lithia Water, has proven highly beneficial to convalescents. High, beautiful country, salubrious climate, spicy, breezing air from the pine hills. Livery, guides and dogs furnished. Best fare, fresh from the farm. Families accommodated. Apply directly, or R. M. BAGLEY, Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rowe Pond Camps

Should be remembered when looking for the best TROUT and SALMON FISHING in Maine. Good Cabins, Boats and Fare. Accommodations for ladies all right. Write for descriptive circulars to

WILLIAM MAXFIELD, Proprietors, Bingham, - Maine

When you have your Fishing Tackle All in Readiness come to

The White House and The Birches, Grand Lake Stream, Maine

For trolling on the lake and fly-fishing on the stream—for landlocked salmon, trout and togue, the best in the state. Telephone connections. Write for particulars and terms.

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### TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

SUNDERLAND, VT., Dec. 16, 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS AND TRAPPERS:

As I have been requested by several trappers from Maine to write something for Traps and Trappers' column in MAINE WOODS about trapping, I will endeavor to comply with their request. It is quite a knack to successfully trap the wild animals, especially the fox.

There is a wrong way and a right way, a wrong scent to use and a right one.

Now a scent made of duck's oil, bumblebees' honey and asafetida that I have read about in Trappers' Guide is worthless stuff, and should never be used.

The old-fashioned way of setting traps for foxes in an old ground hog's den, then covering the trap with leaves, moss or grass is played out, and no up to date trapper would think of setting a trap that way nowadays, because better and surer ways and methods are in vogue at the present time.

In regard to fox scents, I will say that so far as my experience goes, this animal does not go and kill a duck and try out the oil before he eats it, neither does he put asafetida and honey on his meat before eating it.

He goes into the fields and forests and feeds on that food that nature provides for him, and I always make my fox scent from seven or eight different kinds of animals mixed with several kinds of roots and plants that foxes are crazy to get and are in the habit of eating.

It is the strongest scent that a trapper can prepare and will last the longest. It is something the animal is very anxious to get and will take many chances to obtain it. I have had five and six foxes follow my trail to traps a half mile and found as many in my traps the next day.

When I was a boy I have seen my grandfather set a trap for a fox in the end of an old log, cover it up lightly with punk and catch his fox every time; but you cannot do it nowadays for foxes are shyer and one has to beat them at their own game.

I never fail to get my fox when I set for him, but I never set my trap as the old time trapper did. I have caught forty-three foxes this fall, thirty-one coons, eighteen mink, fifty-eight skunks and three lynx. I am still trapping and hope to catch some more fur yet.

I am a guide as well as a trapper, so I can give you several articles on hunting and trapping, which I will do if this one is worthy of printing.

JESSE BENTLEY.

### Fur Notes.

E. S. Ward of Athens is probably one of the most successful fox trappers in the state. He has caught forty-four foxes to date, besides several coons, skunks and mink, selling the same for nearly \$200. He does not trap until fur is strictly prime and the result is perfect skins which command good prices.

Bertha Cook of Mayfield, a young lady of 18, blessed with a fair face as well as energy and action, has trapped eight foxes all alone this season, setting the traps and tending them. There are few men that have done better.

Alvra Eaton of South Solon caught twenty-one foxes, six coons, nine skunks and sixteen muskrats in thirty-five days. Two of the above were cross grey of the silver cross variety, which are very rare indeed.

Mr. N. C. Burbank of New Portland purchased the lot, paying about \$100, and hopes that many readers of the MAINE WOODS will have a chance to look at them.

Holley & Fletcher of Solon have caught fifty-three foxes since the season opened.

Orlando Page of Parkman caught seventy-three foxes with the help of two other trappers in one month.

Maurice Small of Brighton trapped thirty-two foxes in thirty-five days; all with the water set method.

J. M. Matthews of Madison caught eleven red foxes and one silver grey fox in less than one month, with only a few traps out.

James Adams of Wellington caught a nice otter the 25th of November. Otter are getting very scarce in Maine.

N. C. Burbank has returned from a trip up the line of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, bringing with him a very large collection of furs, consisting of fox, coon, mink, sable and fisher.

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. David E. Allyn, editor of Fur and Wool of Bushnell, Ill., in his late affliction, his wife having died Friday morning, Nov. 28. She was conscious until the last and her last words were spoken to her husband and were, "Dave I am going to sleep now." Mr. Allyn is well known in the trapping world as Lone Dave.

Mr. Herman Sargent of Madrid comes of a family of trappers, his father, the late William Sargent, as well as his uncles John and Joseph Sargent, having all trapped the north Maine woods and streams clear to the Canada line. They trapped many bears in their long experience. Herman has caught up to date, 17 foxes, 8 fisher, 10 mink and a bear.

### BUFFALO AND DEER SKULLS.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

HANOVER, MAINE, Dec. 16, 1902.

Mr. Gardiner Roberts who runs a house furnishing mill in this happy little village, showed the writer some very unique souvenirs in buffalo and deer skulls and horns, which he picked up in Montana a few years ago. They show age and exposure to the various elements of that atmosphere.

He also showed some single horns that were artistically wrought and burnished that are truly beautiful and will be much more sought and appreciated in later years when that wild prairie bison shall become extinct.

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P. S. "Never Fail Fox Method" for \$2.50. Five thousand mink and two thousand foxes have been caught by these methods already this season. They are "Never Fail."

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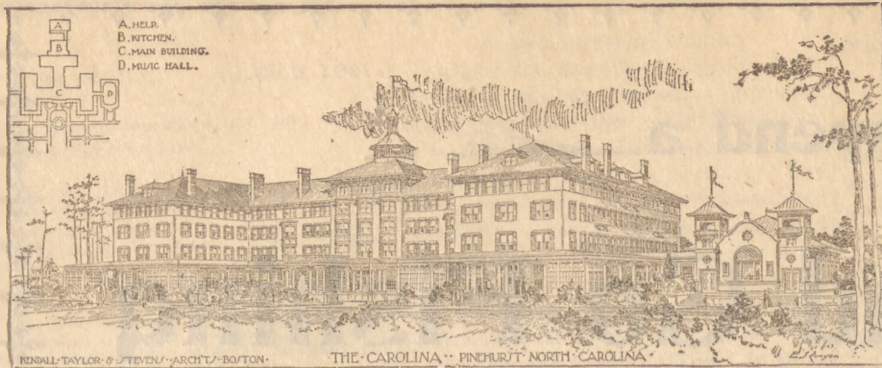
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### ANTLERS THAT ARE PECULIAR.

[Special correspondence to the MAINE WOODS.]

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Dec. 15, 1902.

The past hunting season here has been fully as successful as the past fishing season and game of all kinds was more plentiful than ever before.

Deer are as numerous about here as in any section of the state and one thing that we can boast of is the largest deer in Maine. Any sportsman who wishes a fine head for mounting can get it in our woods if he will try.

Of the hunters who have visited this section the past fall, a very few have returned home without at least one deer and nearly everyone took home two each.

The Aborn party of three took home four deer besides having some venison to eat in camp.

E. S. Mansfield took home one doe. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball secured two deer each. L. E. Lunt one buck and A. D. Newcomb and F. C. Johnson each one fine buck.

The Murchie party of three took home six deer. The Eaton party got two deer each. D. F. Dillon got two deer, one of which was a buck with a very peculiar set of horns. There were 15 points on one side and 13 on the other. The left horn had two main branches and each branch was covered with points.

After Mr. Dillon's arrival home with his game his friend, Mr. G. K. Simonds invested in a Savage rifle and a ticket for the hunting ground. In two days' hunting he secured two fine bucks, one of which had a very fine set of horns with broad blades and heavy points. Both these hunters had J. T. Merrill for guide and in both these cases they did not travel more than three miles from the village to secure their legal number of deer.

A party of four Ohio sportsmen took home eight deer and the Crocker party of four took home eight. The register at the White House and The Birches record the following:

Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Grant, Master Howe Grant, Ashley St. Clair, W. F. Tracy, W. F. Saunders, E. Mace, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Eaton, Miss Anna L. Eaton, Henry L. Murchie, Frank C. Murchie, Percy L. Lord, Calais; Geo. E. Howard, Dover; James Mitchell, West Newton; Anson Crawford, Hartford; A. D. Newcomb, F. C.

Johnson, E. F. Shea John Turner, E. C. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kimball, Edw. S. Mansfield, John McDonald, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. E. Turner, Miss Lillian Turner, East Boston; L. E. Lunt, Melrose; D. Frank Dillon, Gifford K. Simonds, Fitchburg; B. Aborn, A. C. Aborn, A. H. Underhill, Jersey City; Allyhe McFarland, Forest City; John Yarwood, Portsmouth.

The moose are coming our way in large numbers. Only a few years ago moose tracks were never seen, but since the opening of moose hunting in New Brunswick, they have come across the border so now our moose hunting is good. There were about twenty moose



Bear shot at Elm Ridge Camp on Kennebec Stream, Rangel y Lakes, Maine, by Natt Carr of Rangeley. The other men are Carl Cragin and Cony Hoyt of Phillips.

shot in this vicinity this fall. The largest taken was shot by T. L. Merrill near Baskahogon lake and tipped the scales at 868 pounds and had a spread of 58 inches.

One shot by W. Gollen weighed 475 pounds.

The partridges have been very plentiful. Dr. F. M. Eaton shot thirty during his stay here and the Crocker party bagged over forty birds.

The last party to go home with their "spoils of the hunt" was L. E. Lunt of Melrose, Mass., who had a fine buck of 240 pounds. All his friends and neighbors have been treated to venison since his arrival home and no doubt some of them will be added to the hunting party next fall.

### POSSESSED OF WITCHES

Was the Black Fox of French Mountain.

Finally Shot by Wily Hunter and Brought Good Money.

North Franklin has ever been a great resort for foxes and many hunters from different localities, even from Philadelphia, New York and Boston have come here bringing with them trained fox hounds, whose bayings were familiar

hunters from New York City were stopping in Phillips, enjoying the excellent fox hunting. They were boarding at the hotel at the upper village and one evening a farmer called to notify them that on that day he had seen a black fox on the side of French mountain. He informed them further that the animal had been seen many times in the past two years but that no hunter had been able to get a shot at him.

This was good news to the New Yorkers who would be highly pleased to have a black fox skin to take home with their other trophies.

The next morning they were up bright and early and headed for French mountain. As they arrived at its base the dogs struck a trail and started off, giving tongue so vociferously that the hunters knew it was a fresh track. They went up the hill a short distance and got into position for a shot. They waited perhaps an hour when they heard the baying of the hounds and could tell by the sound that they were coming around the hill in their direction.

Making ready, they had not long to wait for soon a black animal appeared in sight, closely followed by the hounds. Instead of coming within shooting distance he veered off, running like mad in the direction of the Mile Square. The hounds kept on his trail all that day but no black fox was taken.

They hunted the French Mountain district every day for a week but with no better results. It leaked out somehow that some local hunters had tried their best for two years past in a quiet way to get this valuable prize but had never succeeded in even getting a shot. So the matter was talked over between the local men and the New Yorkers and this was the conclusion they arrived at. That fox is either bewitched or it is nothing but an apparition.

A young man who was working at Andrew J. Parker's had a hound and hearing about the black fox and the week of hunting put in by the New Yorkers determined he would go over and make a trial of getting a shot at the rare animal. He harnessed the horse into the old pung and went over. The dog soon struck the trail and being a very fast runner soon ran the fox around the hill within easy shot of where the hunter stood. He fired and brought to earth the black fox that so many had tried hard to get. He put the fox without skinning into the pung in such a manner that the tail hung out over the hind end of the vehicle, then drove into the upper village and down past the hotel so that the two hunters might see what he had done. It might here be said that the New York men had given out word that if they could not bring in the brush of the black fox it would be fully for anyone else to try.

They saw him and rushed to the door and motioned him to stop, which he did, and they offered him \$5 for the fox, saying they wanted it to take to New York. He did not sell it then, but the next day they went up to Parker's where he was and after some bantering, they paid him \$75 for the skin.

Probably this is the only black fox ever taken in this section, except the one caught in a trap a few years ago by Mr. J. W. Carlton. This one died in the trap after dragging it a long distance, but was not found until the skin was ruined.

### STRAY SHOTS HERE AND YON.

Frank Morrison of Farmington shot a deer in Temple last week.

Oliver Hutchins of Kingfield got a nice deer that lucky Thursday.

Ralph Butts of Kingfield shot a good big deer the next Saturday after Hutchins got his on Thursday.

Two Young brothers of Kingfield brought in two nice deer Thursday.

A. L. Jackman of Strong shot an eight point buck at Carrabassett one day last week.

Deer like to lurk in the Taylor Hill, Strong, swamp. A Mr. Gray of Strong got one there a few days before the law was on.

Mt. Vernon deer are big and fat. Four were shot there last week in one day. One of the number, a big buck, weighed 216 pounds.

Rabbit hunters in Mt. Vernon are now putting in their work, since close time for big game came on.

Florion Foye of East Sumner has shot from his shop door, three fine mink this fall.

Hallie Tucker of East Sumner has secured two fine buck deer in the Dead River region the past season.

Sportsmen all around have been very successful during the past open time on big game.

Mr. M. W. Smith of North Industry shot a large coon recently.

Deer are wild and shy it is said, in North Industry, but Charles E. Oliver and Morrill Luce have each shot one the past season. The one Mr. Luce shot dressed 190 pounds.

### LETTER FROM C. W. GUILD.

SO. WALPOLE, MASS., Dec. 15, 1902.

To the Editor of the Maine Woods:

Your welcome paper received today. I am always glad to see the MAINE WOODS. I read every word each week. This is the first sign of winter we have had. There are about three inches of snow here and quite cold. For the past month the weather has been fine. It has been very favorable for the poor. There is but little coal here and the price ranges from \$10 to \$16 per ton; wood, \$10 to \$12 per cord and hard to get at that.

I am on the electric cars here from Norwood to Mansfield. We carry passengers the length of the line, 16 miles, for 15 cents, about the distance it is from your place to Farmington. I have a nine hour run. I carry from 300 to 600 passengers per day; it is a busy life, I tell you. Still there is something about it one likes. I ride 110 miles per day, with no Sundays. They run the same seven days in the week.

I see by your paper there has been lots of big game shot there. I could not spare the time this fall for a trip there. I am in hopes to be able some time to spend three months of the year in Maine.

David Porter from Strong stayed one night with me recently. It seems good to see someone from there. I hope this will find all the people well and happy.

C. W. GUILD.

### EAST WILTON MEN GET DEER.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

KINGFIELD, DEC. 16, 1902.

Messrs. A. D. Parsons and Frank E. Norris of East Wilton returned last week from a hunting trip in the lower Dead River region.

They made their head quarters at the Ledge House, kept by the Harlows.

These hunters took out four deer,—Mr. Parsons' two being bucks, and Mr. Norris' two, a buck and a doe.

Do not wonder, dear MAINE WOODS readers, if these two sportsmen did have a grin on, as they were congratulated on their success at the Kingfield House in Kingfield on their way out.

They report game very plenty and the Dead River country a good place to go after it.

## CHRISTMAS GIVING

to be satisfactory to all must be done intelligently both in selecting the article as well as who to present it to.

### Here Are a Few:

Waste Paper Baskets in fancy willow, rattan and Indian work, 50c, 60c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

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C. S. FREEL, Bruce Lake, Ind.

THE HYSTERIA OF THE BASSES.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

Among all the many qualities which count as marked factors in making characteristic certain peculiarities of our well beloved small mouthed black bass, none appears stronger than the power to make real, impressions that are counterfeit.

Unlike a similar condition of irritability of nerve centres in the human family, that gives rise to exaggeration of symptoms, in the bass their magnified erratic behavior lends a charm; for, meeting with this, are we called upon to exert our best efforts in order to be come the victor in the contest.

Rash indeed would be the fisherman who might rely upon his delicate manipulation of rod, leader and flies alone and neglected to take with him a varied assortment of lures if anxious for a good day's catch.

Once, do I well remember a charming little lake hidden among the high hills of one of our New England states. Having heard that good fishing was obtainable, and the place not being far removed from a large city, I gladly accepted an invitation from a friend who placed at my disposal a comfortable, small cabin which he had built in the forest near this charming bit of water. Refreshed by a good night's rest, I awoke early. The appetite that woodland alone can give made breakfast most enjoyable. The glorious morn of a superb summer day gave its greeting. Such a day, when the perfect blue of sky had not even a speck of cloud to break or mar its wealth of color. The lake was soon reached. There was not a ripple on the surface of the water, but the air at that hour was most delicious.

At the beachhouse I met a quaint character whom I called "Captain" for short. He had charge of matters in general and apparently included me as being harmless and needing protection. For years had he lived by the lake side in a rather pretty house, adorned within

by many colored prints from illustrated papers and a few large reproductions of marked and intense coloring, representing hunting and fishing scenes.

While he seemed more than willing to do all he could for me, knowing my friend well, he discouraged me utterly by remarking, he was farnal sorry but 'twant no day for fly fishing; guessed he knew more about it than any one else in that region for he had lived there long enough and 'twant nothin' but foolish to use flies when there want no wind and such a pesky lot of sun. In my heart I agreed with him fully, but I told him I would make a trial at least. I asked where the best places were, and he gave me exact directions concerning them. He selected a good boat and found a lad whom he said "could handle them oars as well as any man in the hull county".

I directed the boy to try along the shore directly opposite the so called best places, as I wanted to be rowed about and, perhaps, later there might be both wind and clouds. This end of the lake was crossed for a short distance by a low railroad bridge. Near this bridge I made a cast, only thinking it would be well to wet the leader. Judge of my surprise and pleasure when I had a strong strike, and before I was able to land this fairly large and fine fighting fish, I secured a second one. I kept moving over the same ground and had most excellent sport, taking in all some thirty fish, and virtually on the same cast of flies excepting later in the day one fly was torn away but replaced with another of the same tying. Fortune was so kind to me that I did not even try the good spots.

When I returned to the boat-house, the "Captain" was the most astonished man I think I ever saw, for in the morn-

changed again and again. Short casts, long casts made. No result; no signs of a fish, yet every indication that good luck must surely come. All the flies refused absolutely. Other baits tried, such as helgamites, grasshoppers and black beetles. One or two yellow perch were landed. From one of these, part of the skin and a red fin were cut as a bait. No sooner did this strike the water than it was struck greedily and biting began in earnest. With this bait alone was the creel soon filled. What reason can be given? Why should artificial flies and the other usually good baits remain untouched?

Another example. Early in August on a beautiful lake of Maine, more than success had come to me, no matter where I fished, if not too far off shore. The fish were rising freely so I used small flies. I had exciting and interesting sport. Although these fish were of medium size, I often had the three flies taken and always two. They were brave and smart fighters and demanded much skill in the handling. I gently unhooked most of them, restoring them to their home again, simply reserving a few for the camp.

The next day I tried again. Supposing this thing would be a continuous performance, providing the weather was as it should be, I had not supplied myself with any kind of tempting morsels for my green armored valiants. Not a sign, yet I constantly whipped well and tried about all the varieties my fly book could furnish. Only a brave little infant attempted a rash act and he was so small that when I struck, not knowing his weight, there was force enough to lift him into the boat. I quickly and gently released him and I fancy he was

I dare not here touch upon the keen and intense charm of casting the fly for these emerald armored knights of the restless, flashing, foaming, swirling wealth of waters, for by so doing would I either tire my reader by the length of description, or so awaken the interest that uneasiness and irritability would dominate him until the vision of dreamland should become an actuality. Besides, my attempt is intended alone to show how many and strange and almost human the various nervous moods of these fish may seem. How each and every theory is crushed to atoms in the face of the actual experience. How can reasons be found or given, save the thought that we must humanize, in a way, this fish and give to him attributes that hold sway in a mild fashion, the same as men and women of our own world are dominated. Judged by our own kind, how often are our actions said to be without reason. Many times are things said and done that from the standpoint of the observer simply seem devoid of any inductive faculty at all.

Frequently a person is said to be peculiar, erratic or even insane by the critics. The cause not being either understood or known creates unjust conclusions by those who simply are on-lookers.

Of one fact we are assured, these fish naturally take more water with theirs and the purer symptoms of the hysteria are diluted. To my mind, I am glad we cannot solve the mysterious mentality of the piscatorial domain, for a clear solution once reached, then disenchantment would alone follow, while the charm that now is ours would depart forever.

In all probability I knew more about fishing for black bass when as a lad I had secured a few, than I ever shall again.

Another phase of this fish is a strong and never failing ore. While his main object in life seems to be the pursuit of anything and everything he either wishes to eat or to fight, yet does he guard his young in a manner that can only be highly praised. When in care of his large family of tiny, newborn offspring, he is endowed with a certain gentleness toward them. He guards them well. He will fight and drive away any invader of his home circle. No gaudy tempter or delicious dainty has for him, at this time, any attraction. Mark the care he from the beginning takes in fashioning out of the sand a semblance of a nest. When the young have grown large enough to shift for themselves, he allows them to seek their own fortunes.

One bait I have never known him to take and that is one of his own kind. Cannibal as he is, he respects his tribe, but he shows no favor, nor does he ask it from any of his neighbors. He, for a surety, is a shining example of all that home ties should mean.

To me, the small mouthed black bass is a most remarkable fish. I have dwelt upon this one of his many characteristics simply because in its exhibition does he battle absolutely any deduction

that can hold. We have our own theories and I might say here that I have found sportsmen, as a rule, are stubborn when the issue is one that would overthrow or even clash with their own pet interpretation. So long as we remain puzzled, just so long will we strive to use our best efforts.

The camp fires that gave cheering warmth and lighted in fantastic play of flashing colors the cabin's rough walls, did but shine into kindly eyes of the lovers of woodland. These dear old faces are seen no more, and long, long ago have the whitened ashes ceased to mark even the spot where once was known their spell, now, perhaps, hidden in the gentle mantle of soft green mosses. Other fires will be kindled, new faces will take the place of those forgotten. The forests themselves will in time obliterate the old warriors will in the strength and growth of what once was called bush growth.

One thought out of it all will remain, perchance this one alone—that the more youthful minds, seeking as did their elders the peace and health that nature alone can give, will find these same subjects, never settled, to have as deep and as fascinating a hold upon them as they ever exerted upon those who had made their last cast and who might have wished and hoped that to future generations would come alone the joys that had once been theirs.

The breath of a summer's perfect morning, Stirrs into whispers the voices of trees; Green are the leaflets, branches adorning, Kissed are fair flowers by buzzing bright bees.

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J. R. Booth, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

ing he had watched us until we had become hidden, and knowing that we had not returned to his favorite localities, as they were in full view, wondered what could have happened. When he saw my catch and knowing I had no bait, no lures of any kind save my flies, he gave me one look, slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Almighty God, how did you ever learn such a trick?"

To sum up then, this record:—Intense sunlight; no ripple on the water; fishing where fish had never been taken; each and every point in question against the taking of a bass with the fly, and yet a good string as the reward of making such an attempt despite all such difficulties. Why? Can any one tell?

Again, an ideal day for bass fishing and for fly casting, wind, sun, time and water, all that could be desired. Cast after cast made until the wrist grew weary. The places chosen were those where many fish had been captured. Not a single fin to be seen. Flies

more frightened than hurt. My arm and wrist began to feel the strain and finding I had one or two hooks with a small spoon that always revolved well, I tried troling for a change. To my astonishment, I caught good fish rapidly and there were plenty of them. The old question, however, forced itself again, Why did these bass act in this manner? Was there a good reason? There might have been, but if so, I was not able to discover it.

In Dr. J. A. Henshall's most delightful book, on the "Black Bass," he clearly describes the method of casting the minnow. This I have found a most pleasant manner of fishing, although I never showed any skill worth the mention when trying it. I did, however, secure a good creel. Soon afterwards, at this same place, when apparently all signs were favorable, I utterly failed and then trying flies or other lures, had better satisfaction.

We all know that in certain waters the helgamite seems to entice the bass far better than anything else. When I had taken with me a good lot of these ugly, clinging, strange insects, they persisted in clinging on the stones and were of no avail, while a grasshopper or a beetle was jumped at.

One never likes to be on a lake or a pond an entire morning or the best part of a day and return to camp with no fish at all. Then, when by casting I had no fortune, by tying on a goodly number of flies and sinking them a little distance, and by keeping the boat in slow motion, have seen this weird combination of feathers and color tempt large fish into striking.

The grandest and best fishing for the small mouthed black bass is found in swiftly racing rivers. One should be able to wade the stream, for in the pools lie fighters worthy of the name. The sport is most exciting and the fish seem endowed with all their power of subtle cunning. The task is one that requires a clear head, a strong arm and consummate skill. The fish in these rushing waters are apt to be less erratic in taking such flies as may suit their fancy. At times I have been forced to use a natural bait in order to stir them into a better activity. Once getting them started and some killed, the flies were used again, and this time with an entire satisfying of one's fondest hopes.

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CANOE CONTEST.

Open to any Registered Guide.

On Monday, March 9, 1903, the MAINE WOODS will give away a first class Canoe absolutely free of charge. The Canoe will be disposed of through a voting contest and will be given to the Registered Maine Guide who receives the largest number of votes. Any registered guide in Maine may compete and the one having the largest number of votes at the close of the contest will be the winner.

Rules of the Contest.

It is essential to the contest that the names of not less than two contestants appear and remain actively engaged until the close. In the event of the withdrawal of all active candidates but one, there can be no contest and the prize will be withdrawn.

A coupon will be printed in each and every issue of the MAINE WOODS until and including Friday, March 6, 1903, which will contain the last coupon. The contest will close at this paper's business office at 6 o'clock p. m. the following Monday, March 9, when the vote will be counted by a committee representing the leading contestants.

1. For every yearly new subscriber to this paper at \$1 two hundred votes will be given. A new subscriber may pay as many years in advance as he wishes and receive votes at the rate of 200 for each \$1 per year paid; but all these payments must be made in advance at one time.

2. For every \$1 paid by present subscribers, either in arrears of accounts or in advance on present subscriptions, one hundred votes will be given.

3. Changes in subscriptions from one member to another of the same family, etc., made for the obvious purpose of securing the increased number of votes given to new subscribers, cannot be permitted.

4. Each issue of the MAINE WOODS will contain one coupon, which, when filled out and delivered at the MAINE WOODS office, will count as one vote. There will be no single votes for sale; votes can only be obtained as above set forth, or by clipping from the paper the votes that appear below.

Votes will be counted each Thursday during the contest and the figures of such counting printed in the following issue of the paper. All communications should be addressed to Voting Contest, this office.

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The Canoe is to be one of the regular patterns put out by any canoe manufacturer in the state. The winner in the contest may go to the catalog or to the factory of any of these manufacturers and take his pick of the regular makes.

The standing of the various contestants will be published in the MAINE WOODS every week till the close.

J. C. HARLOW, Dead River,.....600



## THE BANGOR LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]  
BANGOR, Dec. 17, 1902.

As all bank cashiers are not honest, so too, are some sportsmen not true. Were this not so the services of police officers and game wardens would not be necessary. But it is so and in consequence it becomes necessary that we have in our cities and towns competent police and detective departments and that the state, wherein there is to be found game birds and animals, must maintain a corps of efficient wardens to see to the protection of this game.

To the uninitiated there is always something romantic about the duties of the police department; they do so many things that are mysterious, know so much that man thinks is the knowledge of none but himself and yet he finds on some, to him, evil day, that the wearers of the shield and star are only too well acquainted with the secret of his heart. Of the game warden it cannot be said that his work is one whit less romantic or mysterious than that of the police detective. He knows vastly more of the secrets of the sportsmen, guides, dealers in furs and hides, yes and the taxidermists, too, in the state than the police do of the business men and pedestrians they see upon their beats.

In the business of the game warden, as in that of the police, there are many wrong conceptions on the part of the general public, possibly more, for the general run of people do not see so much of the wardens as they do of the police. It is only the sportsman who has a very accurate idea of the wardens and then it is and this is the truth, the sportsman who habitually violates the law.

That this must be so is obvious, for it is necessary for him to have this knowledge in order to be successful in his marauding. On the other hand the honest sportsman; the man who goes into the woods for pleasure and recreation and who has no desire to kill more game than the law will allow him or to catch fish against the statutes made and provided, has no need to be informed as to the movements and habits and ways of working which the wardens follow. He is breaking no law, consequently has no reason to fear the visit of the warden to his camp, on the contrary rather welcomes him, for the advent of a warden means some kindly information about the country roundabout, information as to good hunting or fishing resorts; in short it means much that will prove of value and interest during the trip and other camping out trips to come.

And it means further that after the supper has been eaten and the pipes lighted there will be some stories of life in the woods that will be worth the hearing for the warden's life is one of constant experience. But a word about

## THE WARDENS AND THEIR WORK.

The popular idea of the Maine game wardens,—for they are the best and bravest and the standard for the world—is a raw boned, rough, uncouth sort of a person, wearing corduroy clothes, sombrero hat, with revolver and knife belted about his waist and wicked looking Winchester or Marlin in his hand. Such is the idea among those who do not know him. How different he actually is! A man of intelligence, whose knowledge of woodcraft is the best, who can, if it should become necessary give half the guides in the state information about their own territory, for it is necessary that he should have a complete knowledge of the entire state. Were this not so the wardens' sphere of operation would be limited, indeed. In dress he is like any sportsman one would meet in the woods, no different, except that he is not half so conspicuous as some of them are.

Neither does he make a great showing of his armament. Some of the wardens never carry anything more than a hunters axe or hatchet and an ordinary pocket revolver of 32 or 38 caliber. The only reason that they carry any shooting iron at all is in case they find a dog running deer that they can have something to put him out of the way with. Those that do carry rifles do so because they cannot shoot a revolver with accuracy.

Warden George Houston never carries a fire arm of any kind with him on his trips, unless he be out for the purpose of killing some game for himself, but in season, he never fails to take along a fishing rod and line. Warden Perkins of Bradley is another who seldom has a rifle or revolver with him in the woods, yet they are among the most successful men of Commissioner Carleton's staff.

A few years ago these two men made a trip into the woods after Pete LaFontaine, the poacher and came mighty close to getting him. The only reason they failed was that Pete got a tip of their approach and snowshoed it across the Canadian border as fast as he could move. On that trip neither of them carried any weapon except an axe and a pocket knife. Yet they are not in the least doubtful that had they found Pete they would have brought him out with them and their friends, who know and have seen them tested are equally confident of the result.

It was Houston and Templeton who got Fontaine last winter. On that trip Houston had no weapon, though Templeton carried his and was the one who shot the poacher.

Among those who know Pete there has always been a question as to whether or not he could have been taken into custody without having been wounded. As it was, the wounding, if all reports are true, resulted in the failure of the expedition, for Fontaine had to be taken

across the border for medical treatment and when he recovered could not be brought back here for trial, though he keeps making dashes across the country for the purpose of poaching.

But while woods wardens do much that is valuable for the protection of game and without their services it would be impossible to prevent the complete extermination of the game of Maine. There is another class of wardens who do equally as much work and upon whom the successful enforcement of the laws devolve fully as much as anyone else. These are the wardens at the points along the lines of railroads where inspections are made to see that no game is being shipped from the state unaccompanied by the owner. The principal point of inspection is, of course at Bangor, for that is the converging point for the Bangor & Aroostook, the Maine Central, Eastern division and the Washington County railroads—the railroads that pierce the heart of the great Maine preserves and over which the great majority of all the deer and moose killed in Maine and of all the sportsmen who come to the state pass in going to and from the woods.

Since the opening of the hunting season of 1898 Walter I. Neal has been on duty in Bangor in charge of this work. The first year he had with him Norman Smith, now of the police force of Bangor, the next four years he had Charles C. Nichols of Foxcroft, now superintendent of the Squaw Brook hatchery at Moosehead lake, and the past two seasons has been assisted by E. M. Blanding of Bangor.

Many a sportsman has the idea, when he reads the notice that he must identify his game at Bangor, that he has to go out and pick out particular deer or moose which belongs to him and placing his hand upon it say: 'I do solemnly declare that this is mine and that I am taking it home.'

But he doesn't. Such a mode of procedure would take too much valuable time. Long ago the wardens devised a better scheme than that and which is fully as effective.

Each express messenger on a train coming into Bangor from the game region and having game on board prepares a list, giving the name of every man and woman to whom game is consigned. It also contains a complete list of each person's game, whether it is a doe deer, a buck or saddles or quarters or only a head; where it was shipped from and where going; if shipped under a special license this is stated. When the train reaches Bangor this list is turned over to the warden and he has as complete a list of the game as is possible and, at the same time, can identify it and ascertain if the owner is with his game just as certainly.

With this list in his hand the warden assembles the crowd of sportsmen about him. They call out their names, giving station from and point of destination, along with amount and kind of game which they have. If any man fail to appear and, after diligent hunt, he is not found, his game is seized and sold, the proceeds being converted to the use of the state.

Among some sportsmen there seems to be a deep rooted idea that it is easy to get contraband stuff by the game wardens. They pack birds and venison, moose meat and hides inside grips and bags and all sorts of things and ship them along expecting them to reach their destination. Seldom it is that this really occurs, for all baggage, freight and express is carefully examined by the wardens and if anything wrong is found the whole thing is seized. Few people have any conception of the amount of stuff that the wardens take in the course of a season. They find birds packed in the center of boxes of butter, venison in boxes of eggs and what appeared to be a great box of spruce gum has been found to contain many pounds of choice moose steak.

An empty whiskey jug, carefully crated, was regarded with suspicion by the wardens one night. It was from the Washington County railroad, and he had an idea that some birds were being sent by him still he could not understand how birds could be concealed in the jug, yet the care used in crating it struck him as odd and finally he opened it sufficiently to permit of removing the stopper. One sniff was enough. He knew he had struck something. Uncrating the jug he found that it had been carefully broken around the bottom, filled with partridge, the bottom placed in position and the whole thing crated and shipped on to Boston.

A bushel of clams on the top of a barrel does not always indicate that the barrel is filled with the shell fish, for it frequently occurs that beneath the clams will be a hundred black duck or partridge. The same is true of a barrel of lobsters, for the poachers of Washington county are as clever and ingenious as are those of any part of the world and they are constantly thinking up new schemes for fooling the wardens. Occasionally they succeed, but the success is short lived, for the wardens, Neal and Ross, keep a close watch on the stuff shipped out of that county and they soon tumble to a new game.

In connection with this it might be said that one of the greatest difficulties with which the wardens have to contend, in the unearthing of this class of game law violations, is the unwillingness of some shipping agents to give out information. This is not always the case, but it frequently happens. The express agents, as a rule, will if they have reasons to be suspicious of a package pass along the tip to the men whose duty it is to stop the stuff.

## GAME ON THE INCREASE.

Mr. Henry J. Lane of Bingham, Somerset county, says that there were more deer and more moose in that section the past season than a year ago. It seems that big game is increasing in Somerset as well as in other parts of the state.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS

## SEBEC, ME.

**Sebeco Lake House.** Situated at the foot of Sebec lake. Open all the year. Good accommodations for summer and winter sportsmen and wives. Best of salmon fishing. Moose, deer and small game abundant. For terms, address,  
H. W. ATWOOD, Mgr., Hampden, Me.

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Via RANGELEY OR BEMIS.

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Here is situated a hotel of rare attractiveness in beautiful location for summer boarders and at the same time in close proximity to the best places for fishing on Rangeley lake. Hunters in the season also find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock near the hotel. The cuisine here is such as to hold patrons year after year. The rooms are what people from the cities like, large, well lighted and pleasant. We serve vegetables, berries, fish and game at appropriate times in the year and the table is always supplied with excellent fresh milk and cream. Pure water runs to the house from a spring above. This is a particularly good place for safe and pleasant boating and the drives and walks are unsurpassed. Croquet and lawn tennis grounds adjoin the house. Write for a free circular to  
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## EUSTIS, MAINE.

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Best of fly fishing at all times. Fine deer, bear, fox and partridge hunting during season. Separate log cabins. Camps are ten miles from Eustis. Lake 2850 feet above tide water. **ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE CAMPS CO.**  
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## MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

**Moosehead Inn.** Moose, deer and small game. **COLEMAN & HALL,** Greenville June, Me.

## AUGUSTA, ME.

**The Augusta House** during the coming legislature will be headquarters for senators, representatives and committees. Every room is heated by steam and the entire house offers every comfort of the home. Address  
H. E. CAPEL, Prop'r, Augusta, Me.

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**The Flagstaff.** Plenty of game within easy reach. **S. C. DURRELL,** Flagstaff, Me.

## IN DEAD RIVER REGION.

**Hotel Blanchard.** Hunting, Fishing. **J. S. DURRELL,** Proprietor, Stratton, Me.

## UMHAGOG LAKE.

**Lakeside House.** Now under new management. The most beautiful, beautiful and restful spot on the Rangeley lakes. Write for booklet. **E. H. DAVIS,** Prop'r, Lakeside, N. H.

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**Bald Mountain Camps** are right in the region where deer, bears, partridges and small game are plenty. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone at the camps. Two mails daily. You'll get a reply right back, if you write for free circular to **AMOS ELLIS,** Prop'r, Haines Landing, Me.

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**Clear Water Camps.** Grouse and woodcock shooting. **E. G. GAY,** Route 1, Farmington, Me.

## JACKMAN, ME., P. O.

**Gerard's Camps** on Little Spencer waters of Big Spencer Ponds. The place to come if you want to get a deer or moose.  
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## BELGRADE LAKES, ME.

**The Belgrade.** The best sportsman's hotel in New England. The best black bass fishing in the world. **CHAS. A. HILL,** M'gr.

## DEAD RIVER, ME.

**Big or West Carry Pond.** For terms on and after Oct. 1, 1902, address **Herman H. Harlow,** Dead River, Me. Prettiest lake and finest camps in Maine for gunning and fishing parties. Apply early and avoid the rush.

## ON PHILLIPS &amp; RANGELEY RAILROAD.

**Redington Camps and Cottages.** Good accommodations. Bear, deer, partridge and woodcock shooting. Address for further particulars, **J. F. HUGH,** Proprietor, P. O., Rangeley, Maine.

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**The Stoddard House** is delightfully located for those wishing to spend the vacation among the hills and near good fishing and hunting. Write for particulars. **W. H. McDONALD,** Prop'r, Pres. of Maine Hotel Proprietors' Association, Farmington, Maine.

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**Comfort Cottage.** Carriage meets all trains. Brook fishing. **C. A. MAHONEY,** Prop'r.

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**Oquossoc House.** Open all the year. For summer visitors and transients.  
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**Bangor Exchange Hotel.** Under new management. Entirely remodelled. Address  
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**Oak Point, Portage Lake.** Moose, deer and partridge. Plenty of sport for the hunter. Address,  
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**Pickford's Camps.** Open fires, No hay fever. Log cabins. **H. E. PICKFORD,** Rangeley, Me.

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**Mooselookmeguntic House.** Offers excellent accommodations to sportsmen. It is in close proximity to the best fishing district of the Rangeley Lakes. No hay fever. Address from November until May **THRO. L. PAGE,** Proprietor Senate Cafe, Washington, D. C. After May 1, Haines, Landing, Me.

## VIA RANGELEY.

**Kennebago Lake House,** on the shore of Kennebago Lake. The place for deer and partridges. Excellent accommodations. Address,  
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**Cedar Lake.** See place in Maine to get your deer or moose. Address,  
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**Tim Pond Camps.** Situated in the Dead River Region, 2000 feet above the sea level. Trout rise to the fly every day in the season. Write for further particulars to  
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**Blakeslee Lake Camps.** Finest hunting preserve in the state. Address,  
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**Outlet House and Camps.** Best hunting in Moosehead region. Modern improvements. Address, **CHAS. E. WILSON,** Moosehead, Me.

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**Camp Fairview.** Best of hunting. Both large and small. **C. A. WREN,** Prop'r, Patten, Me.

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**Bird Shooting,** where game is plenty. Swan, Geese, Ducks of all kinds. For particulars address,  
**L. R. WHITE,** Corolla, N. C.

## VIA RANGELEY.

**York's Camps.** York's Camps on the shore of Loon Lake, five miles from Rangeley. Office camp, dining camp and ten family camps, each with open fire. Each party has a camp by themselves. Plenty of game, and hunting the very best. If you want to get a deer come to York's Camps. Climate excellent. 2000 feet above sea level.

For further particulars address

**J. LEWIS YORK,** Prop'r,

Rangeley, Me.

Successor to R. S. York.

## ROSES AND THORNS.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

Laughing and crying, jubilation and despondency, pleasure and pain—and what are these but another name for roses and thorns the sum total of life. Sunshine and darkness and day and night seem not more indissolubly wedded nor more certain to follow each other.

For a time it may seem that the roses and thorns of life are not equally distributed to persons and places, some getting more than a just share of the roses of joy, and others, alas! ever enmeshed in and cruelly wounded by the thorns of sorrow.

From the dawn of earliest reason to the limits of time this is in continual evidence, seek to change it as we will; but at no time in life is it more fully realized than when going down the slope of lengthening years we grow tired and sit down beside the pathway of life to take a retrospective look.

We note that the days of childhood passed rapidly by when many of the seeming thorns of life blossomed forth into the luxuriant bloom and fragrance of roses—that the formative days of the schoolroom in the pulpy adolescent years of life when dominant selfishness was not a factor—when innocent mirth and roystering laughter were not tainted by the wormwood and gall of anxiety and servitude, roses were abundant and thorns did not afflict; and when we cut loose from school books and plunged into the activities of life, every stride to be a step in advance and upward, we fully determined to carve out a future in which no thorns would be allowed to flourish.

We see the daring youth with his good right arm bared for the conflict, and all untoward conditions must capitulate or surrender. His face is wreathed in smiles and Momus will be his constant companion, pleasures and success will multiply as rapidly and adhere as closely as does the huge ball of snow grow in volume and solidity as it rolls down the mountain side on a thawing day in springtime.

And so he goes forth firmly in the belief, even though he does not say so in words, as is attributed to the Count de Monte Cristo, that "the world is mine!" and that it shall be all sweet scented roses. Alas! He has not yet encountered the fens of selfishness nor their luxuriant growth of cruel thorns which lacerate and wound.

He hurries along the pathway, his face upturned toward the summit of life, but soon the sinuous way leads into uneven paths and byways filled with obstacles, when it dawns upon him that his fancy painted fiction has no reality in the battles of life, and already he realizes that the few roses have a superabundance of thorns. With the vigor and optimism of youth he redoubles his efforts and presses onward—obstacles he will surmount and thorns he will trample upon and crush beneath his feet!

But there comes a lull—the machinery is overtaxed—life's struggles have become a heavy burden, Nature cries out in protest and demands relief—the thorns effectually block the way.

Thanks to the kindly interest of friends, to the seductive word paintings of camp owners, the gilt-edged literature of transportation companies, and over and above all to the ocular demonstrations and fascinations of camp life in the wilderness brought more effectively to his door by sportsmen's exhibitions—he learns of the extent of the forest,

## LAKES, STREAMS AND MOUNTAINS

of Maine and what they possess; of the philanthropy of the people and the cordial greetings that await his coming, the superabundance of roses and the absence of thorns; the great pleasure, benefit and success that are there in store for him and he is easily persuaded to visit the land of roses so rosily painted.

Packing his largest trunk with bundles of reassurance and expectation, supplied with a modern camera to take pictures of fish stories and of the unselfishness of the people and with plenty of good greenbacks in his pocket as an effective remedy for a change of climate and to use in emergencies, he lies himself to the Pine Tree state.

Soon after his arrival he seeks a companion to help him kill the mosquitoes, to build smudge fires, to share his larder, to divide his pleasures, to enjoy his camp-fire and to sleep under the same blanket with him. For these and similar arduous duties he finds plenty of men who are willing to undertake the task for the trifling stipend ranging from \$2 to \$3 per day.

On inquiry he finds that these same men command and receive a wage varying from \$18 to \$30 per month swinging an ax in the woods and other similar employment. It dawns upon him that camping out must be exceedingly severe labor to justify such additional compensation or possibly it is because they make such liberal contributions to the fund for the propagation and protection of the fish and game of the state which provides so much employment for them at such very remunerative wages—and so the rose. But as he is something of a philosopher, he refuses to probe the question farther, lest perchance he discovers a thorn!

A tote team is hired to transport the party and supplies to camp and here again the price exacted suggests a repetition of the experience of hiring his guide and again the rose is not in evidence and it becomes necessary to dilute the point of another thorn, and still other and other thorns.

The next day after arrival in camp, he essays the gentle art with the gaudy fly, but before setting out, his companion, commonly known as guide, assures him that it now being midsummer even expert fishermen may not expect the wary trout to rise to the most seductive fly, and that novice that he is, if he wishes trout for the frying pan, he must depend upon the festive minnow as the only taking lure to reach them in deep water. Here, at least, is a blooming rose, thinks he, when the minnow pail and live minnows are put aboard the boat. For some time various

## FLIES ARE INDUSTRIOUSLY TRIED

without success when a small minnow is attached to the leader fly and allowed to sink to the depths. For some time peace and quietness reign, broken only by the arrival and departure of other boats and fishermen with their guides who industriously but unsuccessfully continue to whip the water with their favorite casts of flies.

It is said that "everything comes to him who waits," and something came and took the minnow while he waited—a very lively and determined something—and then and there there were antics in the water and music in the air.

Whiz izz zzz-z went the reel, and darting hither and thither went the maddened trout, and a battle royal was on for sure! The line was deftly and quickly reeled in and the slender split bamboo rod bending in graceful ellipse with the strain gave him no slack line and consequently no opportunity for escape.

Other fishermen came rapidly to the scene to witness the spirited contest and to await the result. In due time he was in the landing net, a royal beauty and the record trout of the season for size and weight. Bravos and congratulations were voiced by the enthusiastic but unsuccessful fly fishermen, when one of their number inquired, "What fly did he take?"

Being told that it was no useless fabrication of man but a live minnow, his guide sneeringly said, "A fly is good enough for us."

To the inquiry how many they took on the fly, he turned away and went in an opposite direction, but did not answer.

And so in the hour of his triumph his rose of success must be defiled by the thorn of insult and the sneer of malevolence and envy,—by a stupid ingrate who was probably getting double the pay from the very class he so brutally insulted that he could get at any other calling in his state.

Summing up the trip he finds that the trout caught cost him more than \$5.00 per pound, and even at that, the greater number were returned to the water unharmed.

At a later time, he made a winter trip and secured a handsome buck that cost him upwards of \$125—more than \$100 of which was expended in the state. The carcass of such a buck could be bought in the market or from many of the people throughout the hunting regions at a price ranging from \$5 to \$10, which leaves something of a margin of profit for the benefit of the people of the state.

"Abundance of moose!" "Abundance of caribou!" "Moose and caribou on the increase!" so vociferously and persistently proclaimed from the rooftops of the state, so to speak, for so many years were the incentives to call our sportsman friend of the rose and thorn, and many others, to the state for several years where they expended large sums of money, but owing to the probable extermination of the caribou and the very limited number of moose, most of them returned without the coveted trophy. And now with the millions of dollars poured into the state by visiting sportsmen, he is told that there are those within its borders who contend that they do not already pay dearly enough for what they get, and that there is clamor for the enactment of a law that will exact a license fee from them to protect an industry that now pays more than an hundred fold profit to the state for the money expended for its development and protection. Is it not natural for him to conclude that the promised land of roses grows an abundant crop of repulsive thorns?—and that the tree of selfishness grows rapidly enough without official stimulus and fertilization?

GEO. MCALERN.

Worcester, Mass.





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