

MAINE WOODS

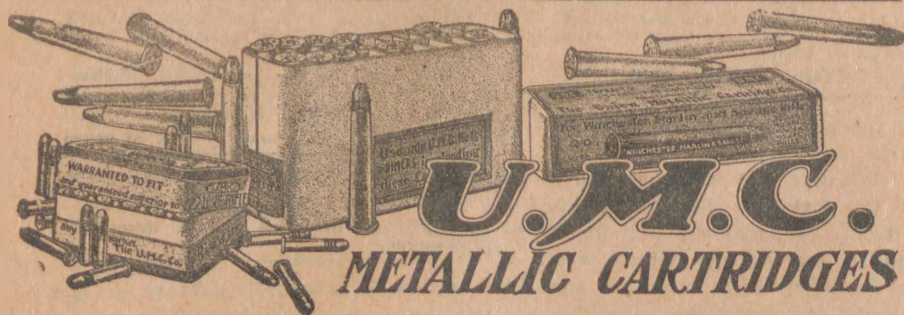
VOL. XXVII. NO. 23.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1905.

PRICE 3 CTS

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A Queer Genius.

BY J. L. H.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

CENTRE TUFTONBORO, N. H.,
Jan. 9, 1905.

In one of my hunting trips up north—near the base of Chocoma—we called at the cabin of an old settler to make a few inquiries about the game around the mountain. A man I met told me to call at the cabin of Uncle Daniel Drake as he could tell all I wished to know.

A little talk with Uncle Daniel gave us to know he was a disciple of old Munchausen and could draw the long bow, and minded one of his hands was gone. We asked him how it happened. Well, you see, I wasn't in the old Fusianary war—you can't mean the old Revolution between England and America—ho ho, come to think on it I mean the 'bellion and I was down south and had just been paid off and had quite a roll of money—I guess there was all of ten dollars. Some fellows seed me when I got the money and they kep foilerin me round and when I went to get on the train to go up north one of them fellers give me a push and I went right over the cars and fourteen miles of the Peneltucky railroad passed over my hand and I was taken and carried to the hospital and staid one month.

Well, Uncle Daniel you must have had a hard time. Well I s'pose you think I never smilt gunpowder 'cause I happen to be staying up here in the wilds of the Granite state hunting after bears, deer and other varmints, but it's all a mistake, but my home is down south where the winters are less vigorous.

When I was at Harper's Ferry the powder mill with ten thousand barrels of gunpowder left over from the old Fusianary war took fire and began to blow up. I was cutting hoop poles for Uncle Siah when I saw the people all running as if the Devil was arter them. I asked one of them what in thunder is to pay. He said the powder mill was on fire. I dropped my ax, on with my coat and clipped ber across lots for the powder mill. I jist dashed in there and went to stamping and put it out before it had burnt more than ten barrels of powder.

Well, Uncle Daniel, you must have been as withy as a cat in your young days. Did you see any large cannon that they had in the Revolutionary war? I guess I did. They had a ripper at Trenton. I was out one afternoon taking a ride on horseback when there came up one of the awfulest thunder storms you ever did see. The thunder made everything rattle. It was so dark in five minutes I could not see an inch beyond my horse's head, but I knowed where that cannon was and I jist rode into the mouth of it for shelter. While I was in there the stage came tearing along. Jiel Conner was a driving one of the most reckless cusses in all Jersey. He told me afterwards he ment to get into Trenton ahead of the storm or

bust. Well he come full rip and missing the road, drove full gallop into the cannon. He killed his two leaders that fetched up again the butt end of it as dead as the Devil on the 4th of July.

"How in nature did you escape, Uncle Daniel?" we asked. I thought he was cornered. Why you see when I hard the old thing coming I jist leaped my horse out through the touch hole.

We don't seem to have much rain up here in New Hampshire. No, nothing like what it was when I was traveling in South America. Then it used to come down in chunks. I had a hog-head sitting up on end near my shanty. There wa'n't a head in either end but in five minutes that thing was full and running over.

"Well, Uncle Daniel, did you ever read Munchausen?" I think I did some 40 years ago. "Do you read your Bible?" Sometimes, when I can't get hold of anything else. "Do you know it says all liars shall have their part in fire and brimstone?" Well, well, the judges will have to be honestest than they are here or I shall be cheated.

Now when you come this way again call and I will tell some of my hunting stories. Good morning and we drove away. His other stories we will tell later on.

Upper Dam House.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

UPPER DAM, Jan. 10, 1905.

Teaming on the lakes is good. Arthur Roberts and Ransom Johnson are hauling lumber from Bemis for Goldsmith's new camp to be built in early spring.

The Chadwick Co. have cut their ice and are now hauling their season's wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Grant returned Dec. 31 from a six weeks' vacation.

John Chadwick left Jan. 3 for his home in Holden, Me., for the winter.

Lewis Chadwick also left Jan. 3 for his home in Kingfield, Me., expecting to return in a few days with Mrs. Chadwick and daughter, Shirley.

Lester Poor is here from Andover to see about cutting ice for Camp Bellevue.

Several teams are hauling supplies for Spaulding's camps and report "The Narrows," Richardson lake, all open water. They have had to swamp a road around the shore.

There is about 18 inches of snow.

The Bear Yielded.

Near Hale's Eddy, Rome, N. Y., a woodchopper named Edgar Boardman, saw a bear come out of the woods recently and start across the ravine toward another piece of woodland half a mile away. Abram Pierce's place was the nearest house and Boardman hastened down there and told Pierce what he had seen. It was not many minutes before Pierce and Boardman, armed with rifles, sallied forth with a couple of dogs to run the bear down.

Guided by the cries of the dogs, the men eventually arrived at the gully where the dogs had overtaken the bear and made such a persistent attack on his flanks that he was forced to stop and defend himself. Before the hunters got a good shot at Bruin he had broken the back of one of his tormentors and was in a fair way to cripple the other one. Well directed shots ended the struggle. The carcass weighed 320 pounds.

Fish and Game Oddities.

Killed Deer With His Fist.

"A few weeks ago, just before I left for Danver, we had venison for dinner which our cook killed with his fist. Game is so plentiful that all one has to do is to stand on his back porch and use a revolver to obtain almost anything in the way of meat that one could wish for."

H. W. Lang, vice president of the Denver-Honduras B a n a n a Company, was telling of the attractions of his Hondurad home

"The manner in which our cook obtained the venison was this" continued Mr. Lan.. "We had been having high water in the Uluu river, which flows through our plantati n and one mornin our cook noticed a he d of half a dozen deer swimming across i.. He jumped in a canoe and killed one with a blow of his fist. However, deer are not the only game which we have a chance to try a shot at

"Leopards, alligators, beautiful tropical birds of every description, snakes of wonderful hues are all numerous. Wild ducks can be secured in plenty—a few hours' shooting brought me 50 the other day and parrots, which make excellent eating, having much the flavor of squabs, are also plentiful.—Denver Post.

Hunting In Olden Times.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

WEST BUXTON, Jan. 9, 1905.

I was introduced to the Swift river regions, a section of the White mountain range some 30 years ago by Augustus and Jacob Palmer. Augustus having died some years ago, Jacob was shot by road agents out west several years since. These two brothers had lived in Northern New Hampshire and were acquainted with those regions, went there first with them deer hunting; we used to hunt with dogs in those days. I saw good signs of sable fisher and other fur bearing animals while there so I made up my mind it would be a good country to trap in.

I trapped there for several falls and winters and while there I made the acquaintance of an old hunter by name of Amasa Russell. He used to tell me of his boyhood days when the mountains were full of wolves and all kinds of game and animals and he related an incident that happened to one of his dogs while chasing a large buck deer.

He said he thought his powerful large dog could handle any deer in the mountains. So one morning in November with four inches of snow on the ground he started out for deer. He had not gone far when he saw where a large deer had gone along; the dog took his track and chased him some three miles to a swampy bog. Russell came up to within thirty yards of the deer standing in the muddy bog. He said he was a magnificent buck with large horns. Russell had his old trusty smooth base gun with him loaded with powder and ball and he said he could have shot the deer all right but wanted to see his large new dog handle him a while.

The deer looked at Russell a while then bounded into the brush out of sight. Russell called to his dog to take him and seeing that the dog did not show up he began to investigate. As he approached the bog hole all he could see was the dog's tail and a part of one of his hind legs sticking out of the mud. Russell said he felt about the cheapest he ever did for not shooting the buck when he had him so easy, but he lost dog and deer both.

Mr Russell being one of the first settlers up in those regions had the pleasure of shooting two of the last moose that were ever seen in those parts. He told me that he had killed more than 500 deer in his day besides other animals. I showed the old man where he could kill some deer which he did, they being the last he ever killed as he was taken sick soon after and died. He was a strong powerful man in his day.

WM. T. TOWNSEND.

SEND US HUNTING STORIES

Our readers are requested to send us hunting stories. There are plenty of things to write us. Tell us where you go and what you see. Address,

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

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C. C. BROWN, G. F. & T. A.,
Bangor, Maine.

Articles and Pictures.

MAINE WOODS readers are requested to contribute items and articles about their experiences in the woods for publication in MAINE WOODS and those who have photographs to go with the stories should send them.

J. W. BRACKETT CO.

Phillips, Maine, Jan. 11, 1903.

To the fisherman, here is no music like the hum of the reel, no sport so rare as that of playing the
**Spotted Trout or
Landlocked Salmon**
TAKEN IN THE
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THE RANGELEY LAKES,
and the many Hotels and camps furnish excellent accommodations to all. Write for illustrated booklet
F. N. BEAL, Phillips, Me., G. M. VOSE, Kingfield, Me.,
Supt. S. R. R. R. Supt. F. & M. Ry.

INFORMATION FREE.

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

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.

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Can get suggestions about half-tone cuts for their printing by communicating with MAINE WOODS.

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The Marlin
12 Gauge
Take-Down Repeater,



is the fastest and most accurate duck gun made. It combines the balance and ease of action of the best double gun with the superior shooting and sighting of a single barrel. The unique Marlin Breechbolt which shuts out rain and water and keeps the shells dry makes it the ideal bad-weather gun. Made for both black and smokeless powders and to take heavy loads easily. A famous gun for hard usage.

There are a lot of good duck stories in the Marlin Experience Book. Free with Catalogue for 3 stamps.

The Marlin Fire Arms Company

33 Willow Street
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Through the Fish and Game Country of Maine.

BY GEORGE R. DANA.

LOWELL, MASS., Jan. 7, 1906-

Well, boys, here we are right in the grasp of a New England winter, the gamy trout well housed under the ice, the deer and moose yarded for the snowy season and the good and true lawmakers at Augusta have told us to let 'em alone; therefore, while we do not acknowledge that we are wasers or hasbeens, yet what was and has been done is all we have to live upon, for a few months at least. However, what I have got to say does not deal with the fish and game of Maine in particular, but of their home there and the beauties of the state of Maine for the vacationist as well as the sportsman.

It was on the morning of June 17, last, that the writer, accompanied by his better half (yes, make it two-thirds) and son, set out in our little Stanley steamer for a vacation trip through Maine, our special objective point being Kingfield, Franklin county. Our route took us to Newburyport, Mass., thence along the coast to Dover, N. H., where we crossed the toll bridge which spans the Piscataqua and we are now rolling over state of Maine dirt. York, Wells, Kennebunk, Biddeford, Saco, Buxton, Gorham, Windham, Gray and Danville junction are passed on the moving picture plan and at 5:30 p. m., we wheeled into Auburn, 158 miles from Lowell. Here I took on a supply of gasoline and we set out for Livermore Falls, taking the road on the west side of the Androscoggin and reaching there after darkness had set in. We decided to stop for the night having made a very respectable run for the day, 193 miles. Here we found most excellent hotel accommodations.

We left Livermore Falls the following forenoon, had lunch at Farmington and reached Kingfield at 3 p. m., having made the run of 236 miles from Lowell in a most enjoyable manner.

The Kingfield House affords us a good home and the location an ideal one from which to do the surrounding country and here we unload our little machine and clear the decks for action. Kingfield is located on the banks of the Carrabassett river, which stream affords excellent trout fishing. There are other but smaller streams near at hand and Tufts and Dutton ponds where trout and salmon are to be had, are only some three miles distant. Here, too, the roads are good and the mountain scenery simply beautiful. After a rest of one day, on the morning of the 19th, we started for a trip through the famous Dead River region section and the perhaps more famous Rangeley lakes country.

Our course took us up the Carrabassett valley, the width of which for miles affords scant room for the carriage road, the rippling stream and the little narrow gauge Franklin & Megantic railroad, while high bluffs rise on either side—we pass Spring Farm, a summer resort of some note, and soon reach Carrabassett station where we turn short to the right, cross the Carrabassett and enter the "new road," which is very rough for a few miles, but we soon get into the famous hunting and fishing section of Lower Dead River and here we find excellent roads and beautiful scenery. We pass the Ledge House and Parson's Farm, both of which are headquarters for famous fishing waters and hunting grounds. Soon Flagstaff is reached, which village is the end of the stage and beginning of the buckboard road for Spring Lake. Next we start for Stratton over good roads and we now pass northerly of Mt. Bigelow and in sight of the grounds, where the writer was very successful in deer hunting the fall before.

We made a short stop at Stratton and proceeded on our way for Rangeley, passing the summer cottages at Greene's Farm and so on over fine roads to Dead River station and arrived at Rangeley about 5 p. m. Here we quartered at the beautiful Rangeley Lake House, where a most delightful evening was spent strolling along the miles of board walk at the water's edge.

On the following day I wished to return to Kingfield via a Phillips, but from

all information I had been able to get the fellow who made the country and the engineers who laid out the roads from Rangeley to Phillips did not have in mind that I might want to drive my auto through there June 10, 1904. Finally I put this question to the stable keeper who had kindly housed my auto for the night, "Did you ever know of an auto going over that road?" (You see I knew my Stanley steamer could negotiate anything that any auto had ever traveled) but I was little comforted by the reply he made which was "Yes, sir, I do know of one auto that has gone over that road for I drew it with four horses."

Then the aforesaid stable keeper proceeded to tell me how the road was from start to finish, 29 miles if I remember, and thinking I could make it we started and although some of the most dangerous hills I have ever met with are to be found here, we made it without a slip and landed at Phillips at 12 noon just in time to avoid a good wetting, for we had no sooner got under cover than one of those old screamers came down from the mountains and things out of doors got mighty wet in just one minute.

We took dinner at a hotel at Phillips—I don't remember name of house—can recommend it as first rate and its location is directly opposite the MAINE WOODS office and of course anybody can find it from this information. I called on and had a most enjoyable chat with our mutual friend, Brother Brackett of MAINE WOODS, and the gentleman who is accomplishing so much good for his state and the sportsmen who visit there. We arrived at Kingfield about 4 p. m., having been entirely around the Bigelow, Abram and in fact the entire mountain system of Franklin and Somerset counties, a distance of about 100 miles.

On June 23 we made a trip from Kingfield to West New Portland, North New Portland, Lexington, over Highland Plantation, at the latter place making an ascent for some five miles on an average grade of 10 per cent, it being good footing, however, it was play for our little "puff cart." Soon we were at Flagstaff once more and off we go for Eustis through a flat country of pine woods and through scenes long to be remembered. Arriving at Eustis, the headquarters for the Tim and Seven ponds section and many other fishing resorts, we found that this little village was almost entirely wiped out by fire some two years since but it is rapidly building up and a large hotel was nearly completed. From Eustis we whirled down to Stratton and this time I find at home the well known guide who helped me get 'em the fall before, Phud Hall. We threshed matters over for a time; Phud presented my son with a fine pair of eight pointers and again we open her up and start for Kingfield down the Carrabassett valley road and arrive at 5 p. m., having made 109 miles in 9 hours' lapse of time.

I made a few hills around Kingfield, such as Minister and Freeman Ridge hills, just for fun and the morning of June 27, we started for home via North Anson where we soon struck the Kennebec river and followed same via Madison, Norridgewock, Skowhegan, Waterville, Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, thence Brunswick to Freeport, where we stopped for the night, having made 143 miles for the day. Next morning, June 28, we came to Portland, Old Orchard, Saco, Biddeford, to Dover, Newburyport and arrived home at 7:30 p. m., having made 271 miles on the return trip covering the last 65 miles in three and one half hours, including two stops.

We had been absent from home 12 days, had used our auto seven days, had traveled 881 miles, had seen more of the beauties of Maine than one could see in any other way in six weeks, did not have so much as a punctured tire for the entire trip and total expense of transportation was less than one-half cent per mile per passenger. Pardon me if I express a little pride in my tour in a "teakettle," for the outfit was purely a Kingfield production—the writer, also the Stanley Brothers inventors and builders of the Stanley steam carriage, are natives of that town.

I have since driven my auto through

Sportsmen's Show Number.

MAINE WOODS will issue a Sportsmen's Show number for the 905 show which will open February 21 and close March 9, 1905. The edition will be 10,000 and we will distribute them free at the show to sportsmen and others who are interested in Maine.

Price for space \$2.00 an inch.

Send an item for it.

Can we have your advertisement?

Last day for receiving copy, Feb. 1.

Special advertisements for this edition have been ordered by the following:

Maine Central Railroad.

Sandy River Railroad.

Franklin & Megantic Railway.

Schmid's Pet Emporium, Washington, D. C.

J. Lewis York, York's Camps.

Newcastle Kennels, Brookline, Mass.

Geo. W. Lovell, Setters and Hounds, Middleborough, Mass.

Ashland House, H. H. Brockaway New York.

W. F. Beal, Boston, Mass.

Old Town Canoe Co.

J. W. BRACKETT Co., Phillips, Me.

the Berkshire hills, this state, passed through Lee, Lexon, Pittsfield, Williamstown and as far west as Troy and Albany, altogether I have traveled 8,400 miles during the season through the most picturesque scenery in New England, but if you want to get into a section affording good, rugged scenery, right close up against nature and where that out-of-the-wayness, you can't find meanness, I don't care a rap for business feeling will take possession of you, simply go down in Maine, open her up, blow your horn and let her go; stop her when you see a team ahead, for the Maine horses are awfully jealous of a "cart without a boss."

BIG GAME ON DECREASE.

Review of The Season In Fish and Game Department.

The annual report of the commissioners of inland fisheries and game has been filed with the governor and council. It is an exceedingly interesting document of 82 pages.

The report shows that there were planted in the public waters of the state during the year over 1,100,000 "fed fish," of fingerlings,—trout and landlocked salmon; that over 300,000 will be wintered in the eight hatcheries and fed another season and passed next fall. The commissioners say they believe it is the best policy to winter as many as possible, feeding them the second season, when they will have attained a growth of from six to eight inches.

The commissioners estimate that it will cost to operate the fish hatcheries for the year 1905, \$21,418 as per list of items submitted. If the usual appropriation of \$25,000 is made it will leave but \$3,582. Add to this the amount received from sale of special tags for transportation of fish, also the proportional part of guide license fees, and there will be about \$4,000 for warden service for fish, which is about equivalent to the pay of four wardens for fish for the entire state, and this, when distributed throughout the state, is very small. They are not able to supply one-fourth of the demands of the people for the protection of fish alone.

BIG GAME DECREASING.

Under the head of big game the commissioners say:

"There has been a marked decrease in the number of deer during the last two years. Many attempted explanations are given, such as the extensive forest fires in 1903, the extreme cold and deep snows of the last two winters, and the scarcity of food. We are of the opinion based upon the fullest information possible to obtain from all sources regarded as at all reliable, that the true explanation is that too many have been killed."

"It is an undeniable fact that deer have been killed almost indiscriminately from June to February, and even during the winter months by various classes. First, by sporting camp proprietors, during the time these camps are open to guests; second, by some lumber camp operators; thirdly, and most largely, perhaps, by so-called fishermen, canoeing parties and campers out in the woods and around the lakes, during the summer months and month of September, who almost invariably are fully supplied with rifles of heavy caliber."

"There is absolutely no excuse for the general practice of carrying rifles into the woods in close time. The purpose is only too plain and if the deer are to be preserved in any considerable quantity,

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

CANVAS CANOES.

We manufacture a high grade Canoe, constructed with canvas cover, cedar ribs and planking, spruce gunwales, white ash or oak stern pieces and thwarts and brass bang plates. The Lightest, Strongest and Best. Send for catalogue.

E. M. WHITE & CO.,

Old Town, Maine.

GUIDE CANOES.

18 foot Canoe \$25.00, 19 foot Canoe \$26.00, F. O. B. Old Town. Model and finish designed expressly for use on hunting and fishing trips. Maple paddles \$1 per pair. Order your canoe and paddles today.

CARLETON CANOE COMPANY,

Box 139. - Old Town, Maine.

ty, this practice must be prohibited by law.

"The time has come when the people of the state of Maine are face to face with this proposition. Will they prevent the practical extinction of deer? If so, drastic measures must be at once instituted and more money must be provided in some way for more warden service. How this money may be procured we point out under the title of licenses."

The report gives an account of the illegal killing of 69 moose, mostly cows, during the year. The number killed legally varies but little from last year and recent years.

Attention is called to the demand of the State grange as voiced by the resolution adopted at their annual meeting—that there would be absolutely no protection for deer or moose in any town or organized plantation under such a law as is demanded in their resolution, which would mean, of course, indiscriminate slaughter of these animals at all seasons of the year.

Attention is called to the law providing for the posting of a notice by any owner or occupant of cultivated or inclosed land, forbidding hunting on these lands, which notice absolutely prohibits anyone hunting thereon at any time, under very severe penalties.

DAMAGE TO CROPS BY DEER.

During the two years this law has been in force, 48 claims have been made for compensation; 25 claims have been allowed and \$507.50 paid in damages. Seven claims have not as yet been adjusted having been made after the crops were harvested—too late for anyone to appraise the damages. The balances were found to be without merit.

The report says "that there is no indication that the caribou are returning or will ever return."

LICENSES.

The report notes that there are several classes of licenses, as follows:

First, the taxidermist license, to pursue that business. The fee is \$5.00 and the license runs for three years.

Second, the guide license, to engage in the business of guiding. Fee, \$1.00 per year.

Third, commission to take birds, their nests and eggs for scientific purposes only. The number cannot exceed 15 at one time. Fee, \$5.00 for three years.

Fourth, hunters and trappers of the fur bearing animals on the wild lands of the state. Fee, \$5.00 yearly.

Fifth, license to keep a sporting house, camp or place of resort for hunting and fishing parties. Fee, \$5.00 yearly.

Sixth, license for dealers in deer skins. Fee, \$5.00 yearly.

Seventh, marketmen who have an established place of business—to retail deer meat. Fee, \$5.00 or \$3.00 yearly, according to the population of the place where located or 50 cents for each deer bought by virtue of license.

Eighth, license for nonresident hunters who hunt teal, ducks, sea and shore birds in a few coast counties. Fee, \$5.00 yearly.

Ninth, nonresident hunters who hunt moose and deer. Fee, \$15.00.

We have ceased to hear any complaints on account of any of the licenses except the last—the nonresident hunter's license—and opposition to this, while quite extreme at one time, has ceased to exist practically. We have no hesitancy in saying that it has been an unqualified success and is now so regarded by nearly everybody. There are some few people who will never become reconciled to anything they have opposed but after a time such opposition ceases to be of any importance.

SHOOTING ACCIDENTS.

"There have been six fatal 'mistaken for a deer' shooting cases during the year, one that did not prove fatal and seven other accidental shootings while hunting."

"No registered guide has in any way been connected with any of these accidents and no resident hunter has met with any accident while in the woods. This certainly speaks well for the guides of Maine."

"It is not the duty of the commissioners to institute prosecution in cases of this kind."

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

H. M. BARRETT, Weld, Me. Builder of FINE CEDAR BOATS.

Write for price list and descriptive Catalogue.

Considerable space is devoted to the partridge, robin and other birds.

REGISTERED GUIDES.

One thousand nine hundred and forty-two were registered during the year. They guided 8,924 nonresidents and 4,583 residents in fishing or hunting.

They guided 87,785 days in all. This, at \$3.50 per day, would amount to \$307,247.50 which they have earned.

One thousand six hundred and ninety-one nonresident hunting licenses were issued; 30 taxidermist commissions; 4 commissions to take birds, their nests and eggs for scientific purposes; 110 hunters' and trappers' licenses; 165 camp proprietors' licenses; 55 licenses to deal in deer skins; 42 licenses to marketmen.

Over 100 agents were appointed to sell hunting licenses.

The commissioners held 35 hearings upon petitions for fishways and rules and regulations upon various ponds and streams.

An itemized list of expenditures is given, which shows an expenditure of \$53,772.23. Twenty-five thousand dollars of this was appropriated by the legislature for the operation of the fish hatcheries. The balance of this amount was obtained from license fees and fines.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

"We have but few to make."

"First: We would suggest that the nonresident hunters' license law be amended as follows: To require a fee of \$5 to hunt ducks, partridges, woodcock or other game birds in open season during September and plover in open season during August and \$15 during October and November to hunt for any kind of game or birds; that those who pay \$5 for a license to hunt birds in August and September may procure a license to hunt in October and November for \$10 and allow the licensee to take to his home ten partridges, ducks or other game birds."

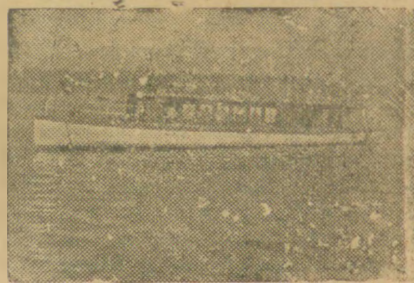
"Second: Strike off the open season on deer the 15 days in December and provide that but one of the two deer a person may kill in open season shall be a doe."

"Third: Restore the search clause as it was before the revision."

"There is no question but the general practice of taking firearms into the woods in close season is productive of great slaughter of game. Whether this can be regulated so as to prevent the great damage being done or whether a gun tax or registration fee earnestly advocated by many interested in game protection would accomplish the desired end."

(Continued on page 7)

RAW FURS bought for cash. I make Show shoes. Call on or write for prices. CHAS. L. HARDEN, Rangeley, Maine.



A BARCAIN

For sale or exchange Steam Launch 49x12 Copper fastened hull, Roberts tubular boiler, Althouse engine, built 1901, in A 1 condition, capacity 35 passengers, under government license, cost \$8,500, suitable for lake or transportation. Will take any reasonable offer of land or cash.

CHARLES TIGHE, 55 Vesey St., New York City.

....FISHING RODS....

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

E. T. HOAR, Rangeley. - - Maine.

THE RANGELEY STUDIO.

Developing, printing, souvenir views etc. Amateur can have their work promptly and to the most approved methods. Orders by mail solicited. I want to call the attention of hotel and camp proprietors to the fact that I am always ready to do viewing and outside work of all kinds. Telephone connections.

F. H. HART, Prop'r., Rangeley, Me. Rangeley Studio.

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A NEW POWDER

Regular, no residue, high velocity and regular patterns, hard grains. Will not pit the gun barrel. It is

"New E. C. Improved"

and takes the place of "E. C. No. 1" and New E. C."

13TH ANNUAL.

Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association

Elects Officers and Listens to Report of Secretary.

The 13th annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game association was held in the judiciary room at the capitol, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 3 and was well attended. The session opened at 2 o'clock and the principal business transacted was the election of officers, the choice resulting as follows:

President, C. A. Judkins of Kineo; 1st vice president, Col. I. K. Stetson of Bangor; 2d vice president, Hon. C. A. Marston of Skowhegan; 3d vice president, F. C. Barker of Bemis; 4th vice president, J. W. Brackett of Phillips; 5th vice president, J. Putnam Stevens of Portland; 6th vice president, A. H. Shaw of Bath; 7th vice president, Wm. H. Newell of Lewiston; secretary and treasurer, Col. E. C. Farrington of Augusta; directors, C. A. Judkins of Kineo, Hon. S. F. Sprague of Monson, Maj. V. M. McFarlane of Greenville, Col. E. C. Farrington of Augusta, Gen. A. B. Farnham of Bangor, Dr. G. G. Weld of Orono and Hon. Harry R. Virgin of Portland; general counsel, Hon. Wm. T. Haines of Waterville.

Addresses were made by several of the members present, among them Prof. Wm. M. Powers of Gardiner, who spoke interestingly on bird life in the state, and especially of the birds along the Maine coast, to which Prof. Powers has devoted much time for study. Among other things he spoke of the good done by the law which prohibits the killing of gulls, and said that more birds were seen last season than for years, and that birds had been seen that heretofore had been strangers on Maine shores. Other speakers were D. M. Parks of Pittsfield; Hon. Joel Wilbur of Phillips; Col. I. K. Stetson of Bangor, J. F. Sprague of Monson and Hon. L. T. Carleton of Winthrop.

Among others present, who are closely identified with the fish and game interests of the state, were Miss Cornelia T. Crosby (Fly Rod) of Phillips; Mrs. Chas. Goodrich of Bridgton and Game Warden Walter I. Neal of Belfast; Geo. W. Ross of Vanceboro; Capt. W. T. Pollard of Foxcroft and Fred H. Clark of Smithfield.

Col. E. C. Farrington, secretary of the association, submitted the following report for the year 1904 and it was accepted:

On Jan. 5, 1904, there were enrolled 441 members. Since that time two members have died, Hon. Joseph A. Locke of Portland, resolutions on whose death were passed at the special meeting held at Kineo in July, and Hon. G. A. Robertson, mayor of Augusta and senator-elect in November. Seven members have been enrolled, making the membership to date 446. After pay-

TAXIDERMISTS.

- M E Z Z O. -

Game and Fish mounted in every known style by

NASH OF MAINE,

All Round Taxidermist, Norway and Haines Landing, Maine.

ing a tribute to the late Capt. J. W. Collins, chairman of the Massachusetts Commission of Fisheries, who made an able and instructive address at the annual outing of the association at Kineo last July, Col. Farrington continued:

As to whether any additional legislation should be asked at this time, observation and experience in the enforcement of the game laws, with a view of better preserving our game, make it manifest that some changes might be made which would improve the present condition of things.

It is fairly well understood that deer are decreasing rather than increasing and if it is considered important that this game should be maintained from year to year without loss, it is suggested that the law be changed so that of the two deer which can be legally killed, not more than one shall be a doe. It has been observed undoubtedly, that there has not been any men shot by moose hunters and the fact that the moose must be a bull moose compels the hunter to take less chances, for fear of killing a cow moose.

The license law, says the report, has been satisfactory and with a few changes will give general satisfaction to the non-resident sportsmen.

Now that the state is not called upon to provide money for the care and protection of our game, it may well afford to provide adequately for the propagation and protection of the fishing interests. The abundant returns the state gets from our fishing interests is too apparent and too well understood to permit any policy except such as will provide for maintaining what we now have and enlarge our present privileges. Were it not for the assistance now received from private enterprise and from the United States government, the present conditions could not long be maintained. As it is, it is a matter of moment whether the state can continue to lead all other states in offering the general public the best fishing in the world without appropriating more money for fish culture.

The constantly increasing number of tourists who come here to stay many months; the increasing facilities for reaching the best fishing grounds; the necessity of constantly restocking waters where trout and salmon now abound; the desirability of stocking waters equally good for rearing trout and salmon is, it is thought, an important matter for the legislature to consider.

Fishing through the ice for trout and salmon, in water which is being stocked by the state, is mainly forbidden, although some lakes and ponds where the state is expending large sums of money to stock such waters are open to fishing through the ice under the general law. In some counties where the value of saving the trout and salmon is well understood, ice fishing is wholly prohibited. In Franklin county, for instance, ice-fishing is entirely prohibited. In Oxford county, it is prohibited where trout and salmon abound and so in many counties, laws have been enacted to preserve such fish and at this time there are a multiplicity of laws and decisions of the commissioners regarding ice fishing. We believe a general law should be passed, which would prohibit fishing through the ice in waters being stocked by the state.

In the matter of brook fishing for trout, there are many laws and decisions of the commissioners affecting the same and to such extent that it is difficult for one to know where one may



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or may not legally fish I think the same should hold that where brooks and streams, which are the breeding grounds for trout flow into lakes and ponds being stocked and protected by the state, brook fishing should be prohibited by general law, within stated limits this to be fixed by the commissioners of inland fisheries.

The secretary deprecates the unnecessary killing of game fish and thinks it would be better to return them to the water.

Replying to the address of the state master of the grange, Mr. Farrington said:

The worthy master of the state grange in his address to that organization refers to his address of last year and the resolution adopted by the grange at that time. He also refers to the action of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game association at its annual meeting at Bangor in January last, when it took exception to his criticisms, as might well be expected. The fact is the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game association do not believe that Mr. Gardner's views are correct, nor at present does it believe such views represent correctly the views of the farmers of Maine. Of course without a more complete expression by the farmers it is folly to claim that anyone knows the consensus of opinion of the farmers upon this subject. It is not conceded for a moment that the claim set up by the worthy master is correct in saying "on the northern borders of the state growth in population has ceased in consequence of arbitrary and unjust laws for the protection of wild animals against the best interests of the citizens of Maine."

Upon this point some facts are available which it seems to me must set at rest any doubt upon that matter.

The most northern part of Maine is covered by that great county of Aroostook. It has at least 175 miles of border, adjacent to the wilds of Maine. The United States census of 1900 shows an increase over 1890 of 11,155 in population, which is 33 per cent of all the increase made in Maine for the ten years. It has been a matter of interest to me to examine the different towns, townships and plantations, with a view of ascertaining how they have been affected by what was called "arbitrary and unjust laws." I find that the only towns that show a loss of population were Linnens, Weston, Orient and Frenchville, the first three towns situated in the extreme southern part of the county and the other, Frenchville, in the very northern portion of the county and we think it will come as a surprise to those towns to know that their loss of population was occasioned by the ravages of deer.

It may be claimed that the plantations and townships near the border line,

where there are but few settlers, are the places affected by the "unjust laws" protecting game. Thirty-one plantations and townships made a gain of 2,113 in population and ten such places, a loss of 322, or a net gain in the plantations and townships of 1,791. I took occasion to refer to the valuation of Aroostook county and find that in 1894, the county had a state valuation of \$16,931,431 and in 1904 the valuation is fixed at \$23,598,602, a gain in 11 years of \$7,667,171. The number of polls increased during the same time, 3,840. Aroostook county, the great northern county, has, it must be admitted, made a brave stand against the ill effects of so "unjust game laws." But how about the other border counties? It may be a surprise to know that every border county made a gain in population and the only counties which did not make a gain are Hancock, which lost only 71, in population and Knox and Lincoln counties. Someone, perhaps, will explain just how those "unjust and arbitrary laws" got in their work in reducing the population of those two counties.

The legislative committee of the grange do not go so far as the worthy master, but do say, "that it should be for the farmer and not the sportsmen to say what kind of game laws the incorporated towns at least should have."

The report then goes on to explain that the sportsmen did not make the game laws; that they were enacted by the legislature, which did not take their "say so."

A prominent granger, a large farmer, this winter went to his young orchard to see how the trees were faring and while standing there a noble buck came out and stood looking at him, with his head and antlers proudly raised, then dashed away into the forests. This farmer, whose name I could give remarked, "That was a sight which would pay me for all damages deer ever did to me." This association does not believe the farmers and farmers' children are opposed to the preservation of game. Nor does it believe that they want the game destroyed in their towns for all time.

The mere knowledge of thousands of deer, moose and other wild animals in two fifths of the area of Maine and the further fact that must come in close contact with them in the lumbering and settling sections, emphasizes the necessity of taking no chances against a condition that threatens the advancement of civilization.

The savage only killed game sufficient for his necessities and this demand for the right to kill all game within or upon one's own land goes beyond the savage instinct. May it not be hoped that the time, rather, may come when mankind will not desire to slaughter any wild bird or animal except such as it becomes necessary to kill as safety and neces-

sity demands. May we not hope to live to see the day when it is regarded necessary to protect any game, that others may indulge in the slaughter of it?

William H. Harding, an expert gunner of Gotts Island, brought down eight black ducks out of 10, which he came across sitting in the salt water at Placentia, with one barrel of his gun Saturday. Mr. Harding has been known to bring down 15 with the discharge of one barrel, but eight at one shot make a record worth mentioning.

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Notice to trappers.
The Ash and House, New York.
DuPont Smokeless
A new powder, the new E. C. (Improved)
Carleton Canoe Co, Old Town.
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WANTED. Several bear cubs in good healthy condition. State weight, age and lowest cash price when answering. Address GEO. B. MACLEAN, 100 Milan St., Houston, Texas.

WANTED. One good foxhound, 1 1/2 years old. Price \$10.00. W. E. DENNY, Franklin, N.

CAMP TO LET. Furnished hunting camp for rent. No better country for big deer in Maine. Camps will accommodate large party. FRANK CHICK, Franklin Co., Madrid, Maine.

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FOR SALE—Rabbit hound for sale. J. A. SIMONDS, Post Mills, Vt.

FOR SALE.—One good fox hound 1 1/2 years old. Address, C. O. BALLARD, Wheatley, Mich.

FOR SALE.—Five male, two female, full blooded bull terrier pups. For prices address, O. W. WILLIAMSON, New Portland, Me.

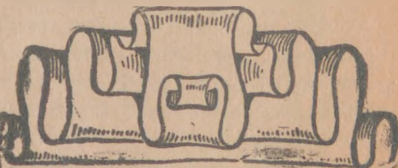
BUFFALO HORNS.—Fine, large pairs, nicely polished and mounted. \$3.50 and \$4.00 per pair. Same in the rough \$1.50 per pair. N. E. CARTER, Dealer in Curio's, Elkhorn, Wis.

FOR SALE.—In the Rangeley Lake region of Maine—a fine camp, fully furnished, ice house (filled), store house and boat house, power launch, boats, canoe, etc. Best location in the section. Will be sold at a bargain. For particulars, etc., address CHAS. T. BEKEZ, New London, Conn.

FOR SALE The most convenient, the best located private camps in the Rangeley Lakes region. Running after hot and cold. Three camps joined. Furnished complete; nothing more comfortable. Will accommodate twelve guests with single bed for each. Accommodations for guides and camp for man and wife to care for grounds and buildings. Ice house filled and other outbuildings necessary. Address HENRY H. ROELOFS, Philadelphia, Pa.

GASOLINE LAUNCH FOR SALE.—A new first class gasoline launch built May last, by Thomas Stone of Swampscott, Mass., was on exhibition at Horticultural Hall at Automobile Show, used only two weeks. 20 ft. long, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, Sagamore Engine 24 horse power, 3 blade propeller, deck's finished in mahogany, brass rails, oak finish, canvas cover, batteries, cradle and tools, price \$367. Net cash \$2,000. Greenville, Me. Can be seen at Camp Waukebec, Sugar Island, Moosehead Lake, Maine, after Aug. 22d or communicate with owner, Geo. H. Rimbach, Prop. Crawford House, Roston, Mass., only reason for selling is, that a larger boat is desired.

HOTEL FOR SALE.—During the past winter and spring we had letters from several hotel men who wanted information in regard to paying hotel property that could be purchased. We couldn't name the right place then; now we can. We know of a hotel that can be bought at a low price considering its capacity for earning money, and the cost of the hotel and stables. It is located better for making good money all the year round than any other hotel in the same county. We are thoroughly conversant with the conditions surrounding this very desirable hotel property and we solicit correspondence in regard to it. Address the J. W. BRACKETT COMPANY, Phillips, Maine. August 9, 1904.



Few lives have been filled with such thrilling experiences as are narrated in

Ed Grant's
Back Woods
Fairy Tales



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AMERICAN PEDOMETERS

100-Mile Pedometer \$1.50 Carried like a Watch Regulates Pedometer \$1 to step of wearer 10-Mile Pedometer \$1

Number on dial represents miles. Hand points out number of miles walked. Case of handsome nickel. If you play golf or hunt, walk for business or pleasure—in search of health or for recreation, the walking is made doubly interesting by carrying a Pedometer. At your dealer or by mail on receipt of price. Fully guaranteed. Write for booklet.

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MAINE WOODS, PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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

Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

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

If you want it stopped, pay to date and say so.
Maine Woods Information Bureau gives information on Summer Resorts and Fishing and Shooting. Boston office, 147 Summer St., with Boston Home Journal.

This Edition of Maine Woods
5,550.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1905.

ONE of our Boston readers writes "Your interesting paper comes to us with the fragrance of the woods about it and we are glad to have it."

A SUBSCRIBER writing from Alton, N. H., says: "I am sending some names of sportsmen whom I think would be interested in your paper. I would not be without it myself if it cost \$5 a year."

Big Deer In Vermont.

Naturalists cannot fail to be surprised at the weight of some of the deer caught in the Vermont woods this season. These scientific gentlemen have been laboring under the impression that about 225 pounds was the maximum weight of any deer ever found in this section of the country.

As a matter of fact many deer have been shot in Vermont that weigh more than 225 pounds. Here in Windham County this season one specimen weighed over 300 pounds, two others at least close to the figure and nearly all the bucks brought in were in the 200 class or over. The Vermont deer are in a class by themselves and in size and proportion are far ahead of the deer found in Maine and the Adirondacks and their meat is of a better quality. Old hunters account for the fact that the deer in Vermont have better feed than those in the more closely wooded sections. They are not limited to browse and hemlock twigs, but find an abundance of nutritious grasses and if reports from Windsor County are correct, they occasionally top off with apples, turnips, corn and beans.—Brattleboro Phoenix.

Are The Caribou Returning?

F. A. Landers who has been in charge of the logs cut by the Palmer Bros. of Patten at Sourdnaunk lake, reports game to be extremely plentiful in the Sourdnaunk region, moose being particularly numerous. This region just north of Katahdin is out of the regular line of travel on the east and west branches and has long been known as one of the best fish and game countries in the state.

On his way to Millinocket. Mr. Landers met a trapper at the camp of Ben Harris on Pockwockamus, who claimed to have recently seen a herd of 32 caribou on Mt. Katahdin. Mr. Landers himself saw two while away and it reports are to be believed they would seem to indicate that caribou are beginning to return to the state. Most of the Maine guides believe that the close time on caribou has been entirely unnecessary. The animal is a migratory one and moves from place to place in search of a plentiful supply of food. The reason, native hunters claim, that there have been no caribou in Maine for the past five or six years, is not that they have been killed off but that, having exhausted their particular variety of food stuff, they simply moved to better feeding grounds.

They argue that when the moss and lichens which the caribou have eaten off in Maine have had time to grow again, the animals will reappear—Millinocket Journal.

Although the season is over, deer stories are still coming to the front. The latest is told by Herman Record of South Paris, who believes he secured his complement of game in as short a time as any Maine hunter this year. One day just before dark he went up to the house of his father, J. H. Record, near which he lives, after milk. While he was in the house his mother looked out of the window and remarked, "There's a deer in the orchard." He looked out and saw two, a buck and a doe. Seizing a rifle he went out and dropped them both almost in their tracks, only a few feet apart and with n 80 rods of the house.

- AFTER BIG GAME.

Tale of a Woods Party In Which
Bruin Has a Part.

Some More of Famous Joe Fountain's Exploits.

By FRED L. HUTCHINS.

EUSTIS, Jan. 3, 1904.

We were sleeping soundly, three of us, on our balsam bed of fir boughs under the scanty bough roof of a small lean-to, which we had thrown up in a hurry on the early hours of the night as we had arrived at this high knoll of thick spruce and fir after considerable darkness had set in. In front of this lean-to glimmered a bed of bright glowing coals, against a background of black charred logs. In the early part of the night these coals had been a roaring campfire.

I was suddenly awakened from my dreams by the presence of something moving about in the lean-to and as I sleepily opened my eyes I saw my handsly moving toward my trusty Winchester which lay close at hand, but I quickly recovered my hand when I saw by the dim light of the glowing coals that which had aroused me was Joe our half-breed guide, who was gently shaking me by the shoulders. I rolled over in the thick blankets and looked at Joe who motioned me to keep perfectly quiet and with a long bony forefinger pointed out into the darkness directly over the pile of packs and luggage which lay near the dying fire.

I looked steadily for a few moments in the direction Joe was pointing and saw there in the complete darkness a pair of bright bluish spots shining like



FLASH LIGHT OF A BEAVER POND DEER.

motionless stars. I whispered to Joe who sat upright in the spreads with an ever present grin on his face and reaching up into the boughs on the roof of the lean-to pulled down a double barreled shotgun and after opening the breech and putting in two cartridges of large buckshot, handed the gun to me and exclaimed in a whisper "Let him have it right where you see his eyes shine, both barrels!"

I took deliberate aim and "let'er go." There was a loud snarl and at the report of the gun my two companions, Jack and Billy, were on their feet with rifles all ready for business. We scrambled out of the shack and Billy fell over a log in front of the lean-to and after picking himself up in a hurry remarked, "What in the deuce is all the trouble anyway?"

Joe jumped into the bushes and with one swift movement drew forth a large gray loupcevier, which was still kicking a little and bleeding profusely from its head which was tolerably well spattered with large sized buck shot and as Joe looked at the cat's head remarked, "I think you mus' hav' feex heem all right theese time; haw! haw! he! he! haw!"

I removed the smoking shells from the old trusty shotgun and Joe threw the body of the cat down on the ground near the coals and then took place an exciting examination of the cat by Jack and Billy who remarked repeatedly that it was the first loupcevier they ever saw and to tell the truth the cat was a monster.

While we were examining the cat and talking excitedly about the shot that I made, etc., etc., Joe turned his attention to the dying fire onto which he piled several armfuls of dry boughs and also some large dryunks of an old pine stump which stood near and soon the darkness was thoroughly lit up around the lean-to and as Joe would throw on pieces of dry wood the fire would throw

SPORTSMEN'S DIRECTORY.

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

ASK FOR free catalogue of Witch-Elk Hunting Boots. They always please. Witchell Sons & Co., Ltd., Detroit, Mich.

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

DuPont Smokeless THE RECORD MAKER.

At St Thomas, Ontario,
Mr Jack Hartly of Woodstock, Ontario, won the
Canadian Championship
Handicap

by killing 20 live birds straight, the only straight score among 22 competitors.

up large bodies of bright streaming sparks, which if looked at steadily for a moment would have the appearance of long waving strings of fire, winding their way among the dark treetops and extinguishing before they reached the highest limbs of the tallest trees.

After we had passed a thorough examination of the lynx I hung it up by the feet on the limb of a tree nearby and we then all turned our attention to Joe who had now commenced to prepare

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Augusta House.

Headquarters for Senators, Representatives and Committees.

The center of legislative activity outside the State House. Rooms are being engaged daily by leading legislators. Now is the time to engage headquarters for the opening week.

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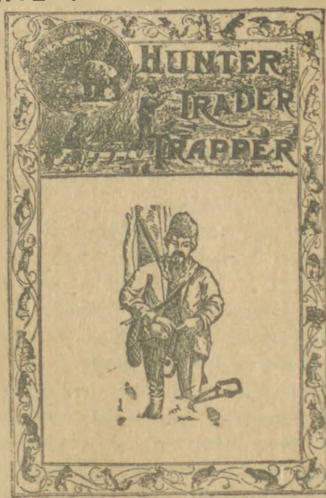
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THE MOUNT KINEO HOUSE, C. A. JUDKINS, Manager, Kineo, Maine.

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The only publication of its kind in the world. A Journal of Information for Hunters, Trappers and Traders. Contains 64 or more pages each month on the following: Building Deadfalls, Setting Steel Traps, Baiting Traps, New Ways to Capture Sly Animals, Night Hunting Dogs, Growing Ginseng, London Raw Fur Sales, Raising Skunk and Other Animals, Letters from Old Hunters and Trappers, etc.
Subscription, \$1 a year; single copy, 10c. Trial subscription, five months, only 25c. Special offer, MAINE WOODS and Hunter-Trader-Trapper both one year, \$1.50
Address, HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Experience

backed by the general law of average proves that the first appearance of an advertisement does not bring business nor even create much curiosity. It costs little to advertise in MAINE WOODS. A trial (one time) insertion for business advertising is a waste of money. If you go in, stay in and it will pay you. "Keeping everlastingly at it" is the only way to success.

In continuity is strength. In disconnection is failure. Few people buy anything the first time they hear about it. There is not a solitary case where intermittent advertising has brought returns compared with that from continuous advertising—that everlasting pounding away at the public day in and day out.

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, - - - Maine.

Modern Rifle

Shooting.

FROM THE AMERICAN

STANDPOINT.

BY IR W. G. HUDSON,

is a standard work that is very much in demand.

Price \$1.00. Postage 10c. For sale by

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

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THE ASHLAND, NEW YORK.

Two blocks from Garden, is one of the best in the city, and Madison Square enjoys a world-wide reputation. Rooms should be engaged in advance for coming Sportsmen's show
H. H. BROCKAWAY, Proprietor.

Sportsman's

Information....

Free information concerning MAINE'S HUNTING and FISHING REGIONS; descriptive circulars of hotels, camps and summer resorts of all kinds, time-tables, list of guides, etc., can be obtained free by addressing

Maine Woods Information Bureau,
Phillips, Maine.

THE STORY OF THE GUN,
Is Told for the First Time in

American Small Arms.

By Edward S. Farrow, Late United States Army.

As the author of "Farrow's Military Encyclopedia" "Camping on the trail," "West Point," etc., Mr. Farrow has long been recognized as an authority upon all things pertaining to military matters. His latest work, "American Small Arms," is a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge about the gun. It gives the complete history of all varieties of Small Arms that have been made in the United States since its settlement by the Colonists, and its descriptive text is profusely illustrated by diagrams and models showing the progress of American Arms up to the present day.

If you are interested in guns, if you own a gun, you ever use a gun, you cannot afford to be without this book. It is the only work of its kind in the world.

Price \$5.00 sold only by subscription.

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, - - - Maine

CAMP FIRES

IN THE

Wilderness

BY E. W. BURT.

A book of valuable information for campers and sportsmen with an account of travels and adventures in wilds of Maine, New Brunswick and Canada.

Price \$1.10 postpaid.

Camp Fires in the Wilderness and MAINE WOODS 1 year for \$2.00. Add 10c.

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, - - - Maine.

Two Papers, \$1.50.

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

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

Mrs. J. S. Freese Registered Guide.

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

(Continued on Page 5)

TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

TRAPPERS.

After trying other trapping methods without success, try mine. I will show you the right way for a small sum.
Wm. P. TOWNSEND, West Buxton, Me.

TRAPPERS,

Who buys my new book on mink trapping, \$1.00 buys my snow set fox method good as gold, and I will give Townsend, Page, or any other trapper one thousand dollars to produce a better method.
JESSE BENTLY, Trapper, Sunderland, Vt.

Hunters and Trappers Attention.

I have not been in the fur business 40 years but I am not to blame for that as I am not that old. But below I think you will find some prices that will interest you. I will pay for prime well handled skins until Jan. 15th as follows: 1 e., for Maine, Canada and Eastern fur:
Mink, large, medium and small, \$5.50
Red Fox, large, medium and small, 3.25
- on, large and medium, 1.50
- on, small, 1.25
Skunk, black, 1.75
Skunk, 1/2 Stripe, 1.10
Skunk, full Stripe, .65
You can see that on the mink and fox there is no chance to skin you on the sort and I will guarantee to give you the best sort on skunk that you ever had. If you are afraid to trust me with your shipments send them by express C. O. D. and I will give you the prices that I quote.

RALPH E. DEAN,

Lawrenceville, St. Law. Co., N. Y.
References, Wm. Hawley, postmaster; Fred Shepard, State Grange Lecturer, Lawrenceville, N. Y., St. Law. Co.

Why do all professional Trappers insist on having the Newhouse Trap?

They want Fur.

Address for free Catalog,

ONEIDA COMMUNITY,
Oneida, N. Y.

Send 25 cents for The Trapper's Guide by S. Newhouse, telling how to catch all fur bearing animals and cure their skins, with complete directions how to live in the woods.

AFTER BIG GAME.

(Continued from Page 4.)

as it tumbled along down over steep precipices and through long cedar swamps on its way to a large river which drained the territory for miles above us up in the "Big Woods."

We plunged our hands and faces into its icy waters and as we were climbing back up over the bank Billy caught his toe under a root and losing his balance fell backwards right into the brook. This caused a good deal of laughter and Jack asked Billy if he had decided to take a bath all over; but Billy didn't seem to want to joke much about it, but rushed past us and broke into the light of the fire, looking, as the saying is, "like a drowned rat." This aroused Joe, who had dozed into a sort of "cat nap," and he liked to shook himself to pieces as he rolled on the ground with laughter as he looked upon Billy who stood there in complete indifference to us and everything else around him.

Joe now got busy again and soon our meal was distributed in several tin plates and beside each plate was set a dipper of coffee which if it had legs could easily have walked away, as it certainly was strong enough. We were soon devouring the contents of our plates and dippers and now and then someone would burst out with laughter as they looked at Billy, who sat close to the fire and had commenced steaming like a boiler as the heat penetrated his clothing.

Soon our repast was finished and as we cleared up the dishes, the stars were still shining overhead and far away in the east over the horizon of a range of mountains could be seen faint rays of yellow and purple light striving to push back the heavy black clouds enveloping the mountain tops. This meant the approach of day and as we rolled up the bedding and strapped it onto our packs Joe brought water from the brook in a large folding rubber bucket and doused the fire thoroughly, which immediately sent up large clouds of pure white steam that hissed loudly as it evaporated suddenly in the cold October morning air.

Soon everything was tied up securely in our packs and we hit the trail again with old Joe in the lead and soon was lost to view in the burnt land of the lean-to, but as we looked back we could see faint streaks of bluish smoke still enrolling the spruce tops, which told the story of an exciting night's camping in that bunch of green woods. We crossed the small babbling brook and we all gave Billy the "haw! haw!" as we thought of the experience he had the night before while taking a free bath. We plodded along under the weight of

our packs and bedding and as I was directly behind Jack I could see a furry foot of the skin of the loupervier hanging out of the top of a pack which Jack was carrying and I laughed to myself as I thought of the excitement it had caused at midnight.

We were climbing along over the charred bodies of numerous fallen trees across the trail which had been laid there by a raging forest fire that had swept the valley of every living thing years before, but as all hunters know these newly burned forests make an unexcelled feeding ground for deer and moose and it was into the northern extremity of this burned valley that we were going for a month's hunting and our destination was a small hunters' camp, which was perched on a high knoll near the head waters of the mighty river that drained the valley.

We were suddenly brought to an abrupt halt by the hand of Joe who motioned us while standing on the trunk of a tree to be still. We stopped perfectly still in our tracks and listened breathlessly with our thumbs on the hammers of our rifles.

"What is it, Joe?" Billy asked.

No answer from Joe, but he motioned with the same extended hand to come nearer. We crept up to him and he whispered "Bear sure as thunder," and grinning silently stepped down from the trunk of the tree and commenced to hold a council of war.

felt inwardly that the battle was already won and we soon would have old Bruin's pelt to put into the pack along in company with the skin of the loupervier.

It was while these thoughts were running through our minds that the stillness was suddenly broken to smithereens with "Bang! bang! bang!!!" The report was fast dying away when again it came, "Bang! bang!!!" from the old 45 90.

We listened breathlessly for a moment or so which seemed like an hour to us and then came the cry from Jack, "Come on boys! I've got him, I guess. Hurry up! He's gone into a cave; come on!!!"

That same old smile broke over Joe's face again as he dashed ahead of us and made for the bluff and he could be seen to finger his sheath knife nervously as we dashed along, tumbling and scrambling over the dead trees and boulders. We soon burst into view of the bluff and could see nothing of the bear or Jack and we were examining the ground closely and excitedly when "Come on! hurry up, he's right in here!" came from Jack on the other side of the bluff.

We dashed around the base of the bluff and saw Jack perched on a boulder about half way up the bank right in front of the yearning mouth of a small cave which extended into the bank. We climbed up to where Jack stood



The Sea Otter.

This animal is taken in the waters around Alaska and is rare. The above skin was purchased by the McMillan Fur & Wool Co. of Minneapolis, Minn., through their Pacific Coast agent, Mr. J. A. Browne who is located at Victoria B. C.

In a general way Sea Otter skins are divided into three classes, namely, brown, plain black and dark silver pointed. The brown being of the least value and the dark silver pointed of the

greatest value. This particular skin is a large one, is almost black and is silver pointed both on the belly and is without a blemish. Experts on the coast declare it to be the finest they have ever seen.

A Sea Otter skins are usually sent to London and there sold to the nobility of Europe who use it for trimmings for the most expensive furs. Occasionally the fur is used in this country by the very rich. In value Sea Otter ranges from \$100 to \$200.

As it was almost perfectly quiet now; up the valley a short distance could be heard a faint sort of ripping noise as though somebody was tearing strips from some old pine stump. Joe remarked that it was a bear digging an old log to pieces for ants and said that he thought if we planned it right we could get a shot or two at old Bruin before he could escape into the strip of green woods which lay in the valley just the other side of him; so he directed Jack to take his (Joe's) big 45 90 and belt of cartridges and circle around until he came to the green woods on the other side of old Bruin and station himself on a high bluff that rose up abruptly like a forest sentinel in the edge of the green woods.

In a moment Jack was out of sight and all was completely silence again as we sat side by side on an old log, save the occasional sound of that ripping sound up the valley. We sat there on that log for perhaps ten minutes examining our rifles and ammunition to make sure that we were in perfect order to wage war, when all of a sudden Joe remarked, "There he is," and looking up the valley at the bluff we saw Jack standing there and motioning with his arms for us to come on.

We bounded to our feet and commenced to move along up the valley again right toward old Bruin and also toward Jack, who we knew was a dead shot with the old 45 90 of Joe's and we

with his rifle smoking and his eyes bulging as though they would drop out of his head.

"He's right in there and he's full of bullets, too and b'gee we will have some fun getting him out of there or I am a liar!" remarked Billy, as he gazed around on the ground and saw large splashes of crimson which had spurted out at every leap poor Bruin made.

We were gathered around the mouth of the cave like a mob of western lynchers waiting impatiently for a murderer who lies moaning within a prison cell. Joe elbowed his way between us how ever with that same old grin on his countenance and commanded us to "cool down for a minute and keep still." We listened breathlessly but couldn't hear a sound.

Joe stood up and commenced to untie one of the packs and soon drew forth a long piece of inch rope which we were to use for hanging deer up by the feet while on our hunting expedition up in the big woods. Joe took the rope in his left hand and with his long dirk knife firmly gripped in his right, bent over and peered into the recess of the cave. Not a sound came forth and Joe remarked with a grin, "He's dead all right," and saying this dropped down onto his hands and knees, put the knife blade between his teeth and crawled out of sight into the cave.

We looked at each other with blank faces and fingered our rifles nervously

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

Peters
AMMUNITION

Eastern Experts and Western Plainsman
like multitudes of sportsmen in every section of the country, will tell you, with a smile of unqualified approval, that

PETERS CARTRIDGES and LOADED SHELLS

afford more real, genuine satisfaction, and give better actual results than those of any other make. Peters Rifle and Pistol Ammunition is loaded with Semi-smokeless powder, which insures unquestionable superiority over black powder goods. Peters Shotgun Ammunition includes SEVEN different shells, each the best of its kind. Peters "Ideals" were used by the winner of the Amateur Championship of the United States in 1903. New York was recently added to the list of State Championships won with Peters Shells this year.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY,
New York: 98 Chamber St., T. H. Keller, Manager. Cincinnati, U. S. A.

and were about to shout to Joe when he appeared again on his hands and knees backing out of the cave with one end of the rope in his hand and the same old grin on his face.

"Now," says Joe, "he's pull heem out," and we all got hold of the rope and pulled like 1400-pound horses and after considerable tugging our efforts were rewarded by the appearance of old Bruin tied by one forefoot as dead as a mackerel. Of course the appearance of the bear caused considerable excitement among us and Joe had to command us to disperse while he proceeded to remove the skin from old Bruin. The pelt was soon removed by the quick movements of Joe's slender dirk and soon the skin was neatly rolled up and placed in the pack as we had anticipated along with the cat skin.

We now clambered down over the steep bank and in another pack laid two large hunks of bear steak. We were soon on the trail again and now that we had got up onto higher land the walking was very much better and we would have pronounced the trailing fine if it hadn't been for the extremely heavy loads on our backs, added to the weight of our rifles and other luggage such as axes, etc. As we were toiling along on a higher horseback of small birches we could hear the faint moan of a distant cataract as it dashed down over some precipice far up the valley.

I looked at my watch and to my surprise found that it was past 1 o'clock and during our exciting adventure that morning we had forgotten our appetites which now came to us with a rush as our nerves had now got quieted down to their normal condition. We unshouldered our burdens and built a small fire against a rock and prepared a lunch, which consisted of bear steak and coffee. After this delicious repast we once more shouldered our packs and as we were well a mile on the trail again it commenced to spit small flakes of snow.

Joe shook his head knowingly and remarked something under his breath, something about a "beeg storm," but we still plodded along without seeing anything more worth shooting and as darkness was again coming down upon us, turned off from the main trail which we were now on and followed along behind Joe on another trail which led up a steep spruce and hemlock ridge. We were now approaching the great cataracts which had become clearer and clearer to our sense of hearing as we went farther up the slope and soon we came upon a sort of tableland and behold in the darkness we could see the black outline and shape of a small, low roofed hunting camp, where we were to pass a month in the pursuit of big game.

"Well, b'gee, what's the trouble with this for a 'Hotel de Waldorf'?" remarked Billy, as Joe opened the door and we stumbled inside and Jack fell over a pile of split wood and came down with a crash on top of a small table.

Of course this caused a loud guffaw from the rest of us and Jack jumping on top of a soap box exclaimed, "Let's give three cheers for the little old hunters' camp and the best guide in the wilderness, Joe Fontaine!" and there rose up from the interior of that cabin the greatest tumult that the beasts of the woods ever heard, now I'll bet my best plug hat and then snatching a flask from a hip pocket Billy gave the toast: "Here's to the cabin so full of fame, And many the bear that was made to go lame By the crash of bullets from some old trapper's gun; And here's to a gang that is here for real fun."

After this followed the cry of "Bravo! bravo! bravo!" and the toast would have gone O. K. if Joe hadn't gave the

box on which Billy was perched a kick and great was the fall thereof and the shack rang with laughter that would raise the dead.

A Good Catch.

SUNDERLAND, VT., Jan. 9, 1905.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I will send you my catch of furs up to date: 60 foxes, 48 mink, 32 coons, 170 skunks, 100 muskrats, 28 weasels, 4 bears, 2 fisher, 1 otter and a few smaller pelts. I think the reason I get more game than the average trapper is because I can successfully trap them in the snow with steel traps, snares and a kind of wooden trap the Indians taught me how to make. JESSE BENTLY.

Bear Story.

A hair lifting bear story comes from one of C. H. Flye's camps near Mat-tawamkeag lake. It seems that years ago three cub bears were found under the roots of an old tree near where one of Mr. Flye's crews were working. The men were preparing to load a large hollow hemlock one day recently and while doing so were speaking of the cubs captured three years before; one of the men remarked, "Maybe there is a bear in this tree," and began poking inside the tree with a long pole when sure enough a bear was aroused from his winter's nap. After being prodded for sometime Bruin started to come out when one of the men struck him on the nose with an axe and drove him back, another cutting a part of one of his paws off. After this Bruin refused to show himself again, so the men poked a chain in where he was and finally succeeded in getting it around one of his legs. The whole crew had assembled by this time and all got hold of the chain and gave a long pull, a strong pull and a pull together. Bruin resisted for a time and then suddenly decided to come out; his appearance was so sudden that the relaxation on the chain gave the men a grand tumble; the bear took advantage of their confusion, and springing among them, made "jumpers" and mittens fly in a lively manner until the men scattered beyond reach; he then took the chain from his foot and escaped to a swamp where a party with guns pursued him but without capture. That evening was spent in repairing sweaters, coats, overalls, etc., that bore marks of Bruin's mighty paw.

SAFE to use
SIMPLE in construction

SHOOTS STRAIGHT
H&R REVOLVER

Write for Catalogue 24
Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
WORCESTER, MASS.

MAINE WOODS

The Fish and Game authority of all North Maine. \$1.00 a year.

Road Assessments.

STATE OF MAINE.

FRANKLIN, ss. Court of County Commissioners—December term, A. D. 1904.

On the first day of the present term, being the 27th day of December, A. D. 1904, we, the subscribers, County Commissioners for said County of Franklin, having by one or more of our Board, in the month of September, A. D. 1904, made an annual inspection of all the county roads in the unincorporated townships and tracts of land in said County of Franklin, and having thereupon made an estimate of the amount needed to put them in repair so as to be safe and convenient for public travel, have assessed upon the following unincorporated townships and tracts of land in said County of Franklin, exclusive of water, and land reserved for public use, for the repair of the county roads therein during the year A. D. 1905, the following sums, to wit:

On that part of No. 2, R. 1, W. B. K. P., formerly known as Greenville Plantation, the sum of three hundred and nine dollars and eighteen cents as follows, to wit:

Owners.	Des.	Lot.	No. of Acres.	Val.	Tax.
John Clark,		35	2	\$ 10	\$0.21
Jas. L. Collins,		19	81	1.5	2.62
Lyman Dunham,		24	128	100	2.10
Geo. Oakes, E. Part,		26	105	138	2.89
C. M. Smith,		27	31	143	3.00
" S. E. "		28	26	104	2.18
" N. E. "		24	7	30	.63
" N. "		25	50	200	4.20
J. Lowell, Cen. "		24	68	110	2.31
" " "		25	32	40	.94
" " "		26	73	110	2.31
" S. E. "		30	13	90	.42
" " "		27	1	5	.10
D. Haley, Part Lot		22	120		
" S. W. "		21	11		
" S. W. "		24	34		
" S. W. "		25	13		
F. A. Hight,		20	114	300	6.30
" E. Part "		21	125	370	7.35
Harry Bemis,		28	66	100	2.10
D. E. and H. E. Hinkley,		31	160	260	5.46
" " "		33	100	150	3.15
J. Oakes, N. E. Part		18	70	125	2.62
Gibb's Oakes, E. "		23	25	2	.05
Sam'l Hoar, W. "		27	2	50	1.05
Nathan Ellis, Soule and Hinds,		30	175	500	10.50
Stanslow Oakes,		28	29	200	4.20
Eliza A. L. Lowell Cottage Lot				50	1.05
David Pingree, Anna Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody					

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" S. E. "		28	26	104	2.18
" N. E. "		24	7	30	.63
" N. "		25	50	200	4.20
J. Lowell, Cen. "		24	68	110	2.31
" " "		25	32	40	.94
" " "		26	73	110	2.31
" S. E. "		30	13	90	.42
" " "		27	1	5	.10
D. Haley, Part Lot		22	120		
" S. W. "		21	11		
" S. W. "		24	34		
" S. W. "		25	13		
F. A. Hight,		20	114	300	6.30
" E. Part "		21	125	370	7.35
Harry Bemis,		28	66	100	2.10
D. E. and H. E. Hinkley,		31	160	260	5.46
" " "		33	100	150	3.15
J. Oakes, N. E. Part		18	70	125	2.62
Gibb's Oakes, E. "		23	25	2	.05
Sam'l Hoar, W. "		27	2	50	1.05
Nathan Ellis, Soule and Hinds,		30	175	500	10.50
Stanslow Oakes,		28	29	200	4.20
Eliza A. L. Lowell Cottage Lot				50	1.05
David Pingree, Anna Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody					

On that part of No. 2, R. 1, W. B. K. P., formerly known as Greenville Plantation, the sum of three hundred and nine dollars and eighteen cents as follows, to wit:

John Clark,	35	2	\$ 10	\$0.21
Jas. L. Collins,	19	81	1.5	2.62
Lyman Dunham,	24	128	100	2.10
Geo. Oakes, E. Part,	26	105	138	2.89
C. M. Smith,	27	31	143	3.00
" S. E. "	28	26	104	2.18
" N. E. "	24	7	30	.63
" N. "	25	50	200	4.20
J. Lowell, Cen. "	24	68	110	2.31
" " "	25	32	40	.94
" " "	26	73	110	2.31
" S. E. "	30	13	90	.42
" " "	27	1	5	.10
D. Haley, Part Lot	22	120		
" S. W. "	21	11		
" S. W. "	24	34		
" S. W. "	25	13		
F. A. Hight,	20			
John Oakes,	122	600	12 00	
William Haley,	112	300	6 00	
David Durrell, land				
and cottage,	113	300	8 00	
Alonzo Huntington,	50	100	2 00	
Orrin Hinkley,	100	100	2 00	
David L. Perry,	25	25	50	
Orrin Hinkley,	100	100	2 00	
Seymour Berry,	100	100	2 00	
	100	100	2 00	

Speaking of Early Birds.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 2, 1905.

On the morning of a certain bright autumn day well back in the nineties I was sunning myself in front of Camp 8 with that peculiar sense of contentment easily traceable to an extra good and very recent breakfast. As I sat musing on the doorstep the little Kennebago steamer rounded the point above me, bore down on the camp and anon, I was hailed by several ardent angler friends who forthwith take to their boats and row up within easy earshot when the following dialogue ensued:

"You'd better come along with us, we're all going up to the—pool to try for a regular old whale we saw there yesterday. Come along and try your luck. He was sloshing around the pool for a couple of hours yesterday but he wouldn't look at any bugs we had and maybe you can fool him with some of yours?"

"No thank you," quoth I, "not this morning. I've got a lot of letters to write and cannot go, but if any of you do get the old gentleman be sure to stop and let me see him before you go up in the steamer." [Exit five boats up stream.]

At early dusk that evening the flotilla came out of the mouth of the stream and I hailed the foremost boat as follows: "Come ashore and see what I've got in this box. Did any of you ever see a young hedgehog?"

A visible commotion in the fleet follows and ten men soon climb the little grassy slope in front of Camp 8 and gather around a carefully covered soap box, keen for a look at that little "quill pig." I carefully remove a long slab of spruce bark and disclose to ten pairs of porcupine expectant eyes a 19-inch trout laid upon a bed of freshly picked ferns. —Profound sensation. —

"Now boys, you can see for yourselves just why I was not exactly keen to join your gang this morning, eh? The fact is I had 'hearn tell' of that old big one myself and had succeeded in deducting him from that pool about 5.15 a. m. this morning. Why did I let you all go up there for nothing? I didn't. How could I be certain that my friend here was the only good fish in that pool? but I could be 'cock sure' that a few hours' practice at casting would not lessen your chances of getting a big one some day somewhere, see?"

And then the whistle blew and the little steamer with its not so very enthusiastic passenger list was soon lost in the rapidly oncoming darkness.

FRANCIS I. MAULE.

BIG GAME ON DECREASE.

(Continued from page 2.)

sired result is a question that ought to be carefully considered. Something should be done to prevent summer and winter shooting now so prevalent. There are several unimportant minor changes that experience has shown us to be necessary, which will be called to the attention of the legislature.

"The extent of the improvements that have been made in firearms and ammunition in recent years adds greatly to the destruction of game and birds.

"The breach loading shot gun and rifle have followed the muzzle loader; the automatic ejector, the single trigger for double barreled guns; the pump gun (with a pump gun a man can fire six shots in as many seconds), the automatic shotgun, which is capable of firing six shots in two seconds; the Winchester and other repeating rifles have all contributed in a very large degree to the destruction of bird and animal life. This, together with the greatly increased number of hunters make thoughtful men consider how it is possible to preserve our game.

MARKET HUNTING.

"Market hunting should be discouraged in all possible ways. There is too much of it in this state. The tendency of all recent legislation in all the states is to prevent this. The Boston market has not in years been so supplied with our moose, deer and birds as this year. This is due to two causes: the dropping out, by the revision committee, of the law giving the right of search for and seizure of game without a warrant, thus enabling the poacher to ship to Boston or elsewhere game and birds without molestation; and, secondly, the growing practice of killing deer and moose and taking them to Boston by the person who has killed them, as they may do under the present law. This practice is getting to be quite common and is said to be profitable. No resident pays a farthing for the protection of game or birds and if he shoots a moose and takes it to the Boston market it would seem to be no more than right that out of the profits he makes he should pay something towards the protection of game."



Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be quickly and permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I run across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—Miss ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee Minneapolis Study Club.

Beauty and strength in women vanish early in life because of monthly pain or some menstrual irregularity. Many suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women preserve roundness of form and freshness of face because it makes their entire female organism healthy. It carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safeguard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women published in this paper constantly.

Mrs. C. Kleinschrodt, Morrison, Ill., says:—



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered ever since I was thirteen years of age with my menses. They were irregular and very painful. I doctored a great deal but received no benefit. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and after taking a few bottles of it, I found great relief. Menstruation is now regular and without pain. I am enjoying better health than I have for sometime."



How is it possible for us to make it plainer that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will positively help all sick women? All women are constituted alike, rich and poor, high and low,—all suffer from the same organic troubles. Surely, no one can wish to remain weak and sickly, discouraged with life and without hope for the future, when proof is so unmistakable that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure monthly suffering—all womb and ovarian troubles, and all the ills peculiar to women.

\$5000 FOREFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

On a recent morning E. E. Fish of Jonesboro shot an animal of the cat species that is said to be one of the largest that has been killed in this vicinity for many months. Mr. Fish was engaged in cutting wood near his camp at Neps Point when his attention was called to a noise quite near him. Returning to the camp he secured his rifle and went in the direction from which the sound had come, when he saw the animal in a large tree crouched upon a branch about 20 feet above the ground. The first shot fired took effect in such a way that both hind legs were broken thus crippling the animal in such a way that it was hampered in its efforts to fight. Another shot entered the head and a third dispatched the animal. Measurement made after the animal was killed showed it to be five feet and four inches in length and it is said that when it was in a standing

position it was as tall as a fawn deer. It is believed that the animal was a large specimen of the loup-cervier.

Headache Goes Promptly. "L. F." Safe to Use.

Dear Sirs:—I have taken your "L. F." Bitters for a good many years, and have always derived benefit from it. It is unequalled for headache and stomach trouble, also disordered liver. Would not be without it in the house. Yours respectfully, MRS. JULIA A. COUSINS, Feb. 21, 1904. East Blue Hill, Me. "L. F." Atwood's Bitters remove the cause of the headache. Don't take dangerous powders that deaden the pain and leave the poison in the system.

ALL KINDS Ever buy two pair of Rubbers in one Winter? You should have bought HOOD'S. ASK FOR Hood's Pilgrim Heel. SOLD EVERYWHERE. HOOD RUBBERS. TRADE MARK. NOT MADE BY A TRUST IF YOU CANNOT GET THESE RUBBERS FROM YOUR DEALER—WRITE US

MONEY FOR YOU. Easy to Run. This outfit will earn any man from \$10 to \$15 each day clear of expense doing work for his neighbors, besides his own. If you need power for farm, factory or workshop, you need one of our Gasoline Engines. Portable or stationary, horizontal and vertical engines, all sizes. AMERICAN GASOLINE ENGINE CO., 232 Kennebec St., Portland, Maine. Catalogue Free.

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME - TABLE.

SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, December 19, 1904.

North.			
	Tr'n 1 A. M.	Tr'n 3 A. M.	Tr'n 5 P. M.
Farmington,.....lv	11 00	12 10	4 40
So. Strong,.....			
Strong,.....ar	12 05	12 42	5 10
Phillips,.....ar	12 30	1 00	5 30
South.			
	Tr'n 2 A. M.	Tr'n 4 A. M.	Tr'n 6 P. M.
Phillips,.....lv	7 30	8 30	1 30
Strong,.....ar	7 50	9 10	1 50
So. Strong,.....			
Farmington,.....ar	8 20	10 00	2 20

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

The Time-table of the Rangeley Lakes Steamboat Company will appear in this space early in May.

H. H. FIELD, Gen. Man., Phillips, Maine.

First-Class Liverv.

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

P. Richardson & Co. Rangeley, Maine.

Printing Talk

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

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

SPORT -

INDEED

BY THOMAS MARTINDALE

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

A book every woods lover should have. Price \$1.50, Postage 14c additional. With MAINE WOODS \$2.50. Address MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING IN THE GAME SEASON.

BY JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

The best treatise on this subject that has ever been published. A neat and attractive booklet. Sent to any address for 20c. Address MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

TRANSPORTATION.

FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RY.

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

TIME-TABLE. In Effect December 19, 1904.

SOUTH.			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Bigelow, lv		11 00	2 00
Carrabassett, ar		11 20	2 25
Kingfield, ar		11 45	3 00
NORTH.			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
*N. Freeman, lv	7 00	7 05	12 50
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv			12 55
Salem, ar	7 20	7 45	1 10
*Summit, lv		7 22	8 35
*W. Freeman, lv		7 35	1 25
Strong, ar		7 45	9 05
SOUTH.			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv	8 15	10 00	3 12
*W. Freeman, lv		8 25	5 17
*Summit, lv		8 35	10 30
Salem, ar		8 40	10 35
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv		8 45	10 40
*No. Freeman, lv		8 50	5 45
Kingfield, ar		9 00	11 30
Bigelow, ar		9 15	12 50
Carrabassett, ar		9 45	12 55
Flag stations, Trains stop on notice to conductor. Mixed trains. Close connection is made at Strong with trains to and from Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston. Stage connection at Bigelow for Stratton and Eustis, at Carrabassett for Flagstaff and Dead River. GEO. M. VOSE, SUPERINTENDENT.			

PORTLAND & RUMFORD FALLS RY. In Effect October 10, 1904.

Trains leave Oquossoc for Rumford Falls, Lewiston, Portland and Boston, 6.50 a. m. Trains due to arrive at Oquossoc from Boston, Portland, Lewiston and Rumford Falls, 6.35 p. m. Through Parlor Cars between Portland and Oquossoc during the Tourist Season. Trains run daily except Sunday. R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Man., Portland, Me. E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt., Rumford, Falls, Me.

BANGOR & AROOSTOOK R. R.

Arrangement of Trains. IN EFFECT MONDAY, OCT. 10, 1904. PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars between Bangor and Bangor on train leaving Bangor at 3.00 a. m. and Bangor at 3.15 p. m. Sleeping Car on train leaving Bangor 4.10 p. m. and Bangor 3.55 a. m.

TRAINS LEAVE BANGOR 3.55 A. M.—For and arriving at Millinocket, 6.40 a. m., Houlton 8.50 a. m., Presque Isle, 10.32 a. m., Fort Fairfield, 11.00 a. m., Caribou, 11.05 a. m., Van Buren 12.40 p. m. 1.00 P. M.—For and arriving at Brownville, 3.01 a. m., Katahdin Iron Works 9.50 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Patten 11.50 a. m., Ashland 2.15 p. m., Fort Kent 4.15 p. m., Houlton 12.55 p. m., Presque Isle 2.45 p. m., Caribou 3.15 p. m., Van Buren 4.40 p. m., Fort Fairfield 3.05 p. m., Limestone 4.10 p. m., Dover, 9.17 a. m., Guilford 9.41 a. m., Monson 10.15 a. m., Greenville 10.55 a. m., Kineo 1.00 p. m. 3.15 P. M.—For and arriving at Brownville 4.48 p. m., Millinocket 6.03 p. m., Sherman 6.54 p. m., Patten 7.25 p. m., Houlton 8.15 p. m., Mars Hill and Bangor 9.25 p. m., Presque Isle 9.57 p. m., Caribou 10.25 p. m., Fort Fairfield 10.15 p. m. 4.50 P. M.—For and arriving at Lagrange 6.10 p. m., Milo 6.35 p. m., Brownville 6.45 p. m., Dover and Foxcroft 7.03 p. m., Guilford 7.26 p. m., Greenville 8.40 p. m., Quebec 1.15 p. m., Montreal 8.35 a. m. ARRIVALS 9.25 A. M. Leaving Montreal 7.25 p. m., Quebec 3.00 p. m., Greenville 5.35 a. m., Guilford 6.44 a. m., Dover 7.02 a. m., Brownville 7.50 a. m., Milo 7.30 a. m. 1.00 P. M. Leave Caribou 6.00 a. m., Presque Isle 6.2 a. m., Fort Fairfield 6.00 a. m., Houlton 8.06 a. m., Ashland 6.50 a. m., Patten 8.00 a. m., Millinocket 10.16 a. m., Brownville 11.25 a. m., Milo 11.34 a. m. 7.25 P. M.—Leaving Kineo 1.20 p. m., Greenville 3.40 p. m., Monson 3.25 p. m., Guilford 4.52 p. m., Dover 5.05 p. m., Limestone 9.50 a. m., Van Buren 9.25 a. m., Caribou 11.40 p. m., Presque Isle 12.11 p. m., Fort Fairfield 11.35 a. m., Houlton 2.00 p. m., Fort Kent 10.40 a. m., Ashland 12.45 p. m., Patten 2.50 p. m., Sherman 3.27 p. m., Millinocket 4.20 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., Milo 5.43 p. m., Lagrange 6.10 p. m. 11.45 P. M. Leaving Van Buren 2.30 p. m., Caribou 4.10 p. m., Fort Fairfield 4.15 p. m., Presque Isle 4.38 p. m., Houlton 6.20 p. m., Millinocket 8.43 p. m. C. C. BROWN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. GEO. M. HOUGHTON, General Manager. Bangor, Me., October 8, 1904.

ARRIVALS 9.25 A. M. Leaving Montreal 7.25 p. m., Quebec 3.00 p. m., Greenville 5.35 a. m., Guilford 6.44 a. m., Dover 7.02 a. m., Brownville 7.50 a. m., Milo 7.30 a. m. 1.00 P. M. Leave Caribou 6.00 a. m., Presque Isle 6.2 a. m., Fort Fairfield 6.00 a. m., Houlton 8.06 a. m., Ashland 6.50 a. m., Patten 8.00 a. m., Millinocket 10.16 a. m., Brownville 11.25 a. m., Milo 11.34 a. m. 7.25 P. M.—Leaving Kineo 1.20 p. m., Greenville 3.40 p. m., Monson 3.25 p. m., Guilford 4.52 p. m., Dover 5.05 p. m., Limestone 9.50 a. m., Van Buren 9.25 a. m., Caribou 11.40 p. m., Presque Isle 12.11 p. m., Fort Fairfield 11.35 a. m., Houlton 2.00 p. m., Fort Kent 10.40 a. m., Ashland 12.45 p. m., Patten 2.50 p. m., Sherman 3.27 p. m., Millinocket 4.20 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., Milo 5.43 p. m., Lagrange 6.10 p. m. 11.45 P. M. Leaving Van Buren 2.30 p. m., Caribou 4.10 p. m., Fort Fairfield 4.15 p. m., Presque Isle 4.38 p. m., Houlton 6.20 p. m., Millinocket 8.43 p. m. C. C. BROWN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. GEO. M. HOUGHTON, General Manager. Bangor, Me., October 8, 1904.

SPORT - INDEED HUNTING

If you want to know where to get good or desire circulars, descriptive matter or information regarding Hotels or Camps in MAINE'S HUNTING or FISHING REGIONS, address

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.



Send Sixty Cts for (stamps taken) a beautiful Trout Fly Watch Charm. A perfect trout fly enclosed between glass crystals and surrounded by gold band, guaranteed, interchangeable. You can insert any fly you wish. MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

FOUND THE CALF.

But Bear Made It Lively Work For the Time Being.

When I was a boy, I lived on a farm. We raised cattle, sheep, pigs, hens, etc., much the same as most New England farmers, but the farm was best adapted to cattle raising, so we always had a herd of 30 or 40 nice looking cattle.

The farm was so rough, we had little use for horses and from my earliest recollection we only kept one old black mare with which to rake hay in summer and carry us to the post office in winter. She was mercifully shot at the age of 24 years.

One day in August a two-years-old heifer was discovered to have born a calf, but she came to the yard without it. This is a trick that cows have especially young ones. They will hide their calves and the little fellow will remain very still all day, or until the mother comes to feed it. In this respect they do not differ from the wild animals, if allowed to have their own way.

Being the boy it of course, naturally, fell to my lot to find the calf, so I started out into the pasture to search for it.

The pasture was in two sections, separated by a swamp that left only a narrow strip of pasture between. The cattle were all in the first section, including the mother of the missing calf.

I looked in every likely place, in the first pasture and not finding it decided to go through into the other part and search that. There was a well beaten path joining the two and a stout growth of brakes were on either side.

I was strolling along this path, none too enthusiastic over my job, when I saw coming toward me on the same trail and just over a rise of ground the back of what I took to be the old black mare. Through boyish devilry, the impulse seized me to give her a scare, so dodging to one side of the path about 20 feet, I crouched down in the brakes and waited.

"Poor old horse" I thought. "She is broken in spirit and has about outlived usefulness. Perhaps a good start will do her good."

I took off my hat and waited and I soon heard the thud, thud of her feet coming along the trail. I waited till she was directly opposite of me, then sprang to my feet with a wild whoop and swung my hat. Imagine my consternation, when I discovered that instead of the old mare I had sprung my trick on a big black bear!

It is doubtful which of us was the most startled. The bear sprang to his hind feet with a loud woosh! and I seemed to grow a foot taller in a second and I felt my hair rise.

Of the two, the bear was the first to recover his wits and he pitched forward upon his forefeet and came straight at me. Yielding to the first and most natural impulse, I turned and ran at the top of my speed. I was never considered a great sprinter, but unless my recollections played me very false, I several times saw the top of those tall brakes a yard below my feet as I went.

I could hear the bear striking the ground in each track the moment I left it and it seemed that every jump I made would be my last one. I naturally chose some objective point to run for, which happened to be the herd of cattle that was not more than 75 yards away.

As I flew, rather than run I came squarely onto the calf laying concealed in the tall brakes. It sprang to its feet as I passed and ran bleating wildly after me, closely followed by the bear.

The next I noticed was the wild eyed mother break from the herd and with streaming tail and lowered head, came charging like a perfect fury at an object behind me. A few rods ahead was a big boulder which I made for and from the top of which in a moment, I turned to look back. I was just in time to witness the first collision. She struck the bear midway, he was lifted into the air, turned a complete somersault and fell heavily upon his back upon the ground, while the heifer passed on several rods before she could check her momentum and turn about. The bear was upon its feet and prepared for the next assault and as she came within reach, dealt her a resounding blow on the neck with its paw, but was not quick enough to avoid her and in consequence was knocked several yards once over.

The battle now came to close quarters. The herd gathered around in a wide circle, snorting and bellowing and running too and fro. The heifer did not back away and consider the best mode of attack, but flew at him with the fury of a wild-cat. Her horns were short and blunt and in size she was not very much heavier than the bear. Once it sprang upon her back and I thought she was

gone, but by a series of wild bucking she soon pitched him over her head, but I saw great raw gashes upon her shoulders from which blood began to flow freely. This seemed to bring her to her senses; she paused and stood panting, her feet wide apart, while the bear sat up a few yards in front of her. He was bleeding at the mouth and both were much in need of breath. Then a magnificent thing happened.

The circle of cattle had gradually contracted till they were only about 50 feet away. There were no oxen in the herd and the bull was only a yearling. But there was a big white faced, three year old steer, with long sharp horns. The cows had been making most of the uproar and he had remained on the outskirts of the herd. But at this point he started with switching tail and eyes plainly showing, the whites, on a lively canter for the combatants. The small animals scattered to right and left to make way for him and as he neared the bear his momentum increased. The heifer was attracted by the bear's attention and the steer was coming from behind. As he neared him I saw him lower his head and turn it till one horn was directly in front and at the final impact the horn was driven to his head in the bear's body and I saw the bear hoisted into the air and shaken as though made of straw.

At this point the herd closed in so closely I could not see just what was going on, but I waited till I once more saw the bear raised above the backs of the animals on the steer's horn. He was quite limp this time, so with the gratifying knowledge of having found the calf and thinking this a good time to get away, I slipped down on the back side of the rock and ran for home. D. E. HEYWOOD.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

HE WOULD BE IN GOOD FORM

It all came about through Dick Trigger's being nearsighted and deaf by reason of having had scarlet fever. It was a close call for Mr. Rabbit, but his wit saved him.

Dick had tracked him to the fence, when Mr. Rabbit, by a wily move, had doubled in his tracks and got behind Dick's back. There he sat, laying his plans for a bold break from cover, when Towser hove in sight between him and liberty.

Behind him Dick anxiously watched; in front Towser, carrying his determined look with him. Mr. Rabbit saw himself entrapped. "Only my wits can save me," he thought. "I must be brave. Good morning," said



"YOU'RE NOT A RABBIT DOG"

he pleasantly, seating himself on his hind legs. Towser growled something that was not understood.

"Hunting?" asked Mr. Rabbit.

"Yes, idiot!" growled the dog.

"What?" continued Bunny.

"Rabbits, of course. What d'yer think?"

"Rabbits?" asked Bunny curiously.

"That's strange."

"Why strange?"

"Because you're not a rabbit dog. Now, if I was in your place I wouldn't bother with such small game. As I size you up, my friend, I perceive you to be a bulldog. Am I correct?"

"That's what!" said Towser.

"Then, my dear fellow, it's exceedingly bad form, don't you know, to say the least, for a dog born to master the noble bull to be seen in company of cottontail rabbits."

"That's so," thought Towser. "My great-grandfather was an Irish prince. I'll never do to break good form. A bulldog hunting rabbits—absurd!"

And off he trotted, mumbling: "I hadn't thought of that. Really I hadn't."

Mr. Bunny made tracks for the woods.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



Camelands of Maine

BY GEO. N. VAN DYKE.

The forests, lakes, ponds and streams, the camps and lodges, guides, game and game laws of the great wilderness. Edited, 100 pages. Price 25c. MAINE WOODS one year, \$1.10.

HOTELS AND CAMPS

Aroostook County.

VIA OXBOW, ME.
Atkins's Camps. Famous region for Moose, deer, and big fish. Write for special small maps and circular to
W. M. ATKINS, Oxbow, Me.

VIA OXBOW, MAINE.
Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. Allegash trip a specialty. Address,
ARBE & LIBBY, Oxbow, Me.

Franklin County.

EUSTIS, MAINE.
Round Mountain Lake Camps. Give us a try if you want a fine buck. During the 1903 hunting season ten (10) licensed hunters saw over two hundred (200) deer in two weeks hunting and picked twenty bucks. Camps open during December. Warm comfortable cabins.
DION O. BLACKWELL, Mgr.,
Eustis, Franklin Co., Maine.
New York office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

RANGELEY LAKES
Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.
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Letters to Maine Woods.

As to the Shedding of Antlers.

WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 9, 1905.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Will you kindly give me through the columns of your valuable paper a full account of the time and manner of the shedding of the antlers of deer and moose. I have always understood that these animals actually shed their antlers every year, but it has also seemed to me that such an enormous growth could hardly mature in such a short time. Thanking you in advance I am,
Respectfully yours,
ARTHUR H. BURTON.

Moxie Pond Notes.

CARATUNK, Jan. 1, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

This has been a very successful hunting season in the vicinity of Moxie pond. Messrs. J. J. Lambert, L. H. Rothchild and Joseph Sulzbach of New York and Senator Haskell of Bangor were the first party to arrive at my camps for large game. They arrived Oct. 13, 1904. Mr. Lambert carried home with him one moose and two deer; Mr. Haskell, two deer; Mr. Sulzbach, two deer and Mr. Rothchild, two deer, making in all eight deer and one moose in ten days' hunting.

My next party was Mr. Herbert N. Straus of New York City. He secured his two deer and we saw a number of moose but none that suited him.

My next was Mr. George E. Howe of Boston. He shot two fine deer and also saw several moose.

A few days later Mr. Charles O. Jansen of New York City arrived. He, with Oscar Jones as guide, in two days' hunting killed two very fine bucks, dressing each 250 and 248 pounds. One of these bucks was killed within 100 rods of camp.

I then went out with Mr. John Sterling of Caratunk. In one day he killed two deer and one moose.

Then Messrs. Thos. Berry and James Cabino of Caratunk came in for a few days' hunt. In two days they killed their four deer, one a very large buck, weighing 210 pounds.

Then I went on a hunt myself. The first day out I killed a very large buck. He dressed 240 pounds and his horns spread 24 inches and had 13 points. The next day I killed a 200 pound buck with a fine head.

Then I went to Squetown for a moose. I found a lot of them there but had to hunt around two days before finding one that suited me. I finally killed a very fine bull. His horns spread 50 inches and had 15 points. He dressed 750 pounds.

This finished my hunting for 1904. I want to say that I never saw deer and moose so numerous as at present. I have seen 172 deer and 20 moose since Oct. 13 and more than 100 deer and 10 moose have been killed in this vicinity this fall.

Some talk is being made in regard to killing buck deer only. Now I think this would be a very unwise move, as there are more deer in the woods now than there is food for. I have traveled in the woods a great many years and I never saw deer as plenty as they are now. Then again it would not be fair to the nonresident to tax him \$15 and allow him just one buck for they do not get a moose and as long as game—that is deer and moose—are on the increase, why change the law?

I have been thinking it would be a good idea to import caribou from Canada and New Brunswick. If it pays to stock our ponds with fish, why not try the caribou?

I might say in closing that I have bought the camps located at Mosquito narrows, Moxie pond, and have repaired the old camps and built new ones and will have everything in first-class shape for fishing and hunting parties in 1905.

GEORGE C. JONES.

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