MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVII. NO. 32. PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905. PRICE 3 CENTS.

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A Dog Hunt.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

RANGELEY, March 13, 1905.

Some years ago a party of four, the writer being one of the number, left the town of Eastport for a few days' outing in the woods of Maine and one beautiful afternoon in the month of October found us walking up to a farmhouse in the town of Calais, Maine, having a sign over the door, "Boarding and Lodging." We found it a fine place to stop and after being there a few days enjoying life the boys said to us one night, "did you ever hear about the dog hunt?"

Assuring him that we had not, he said, I will tell it to you wait till I get some apples and cider." They being brought and cigars passed, he commenced.

A year or two ago on yonder sidehill farm lived a well to do farmer, who had a dog, the pet of his life. He was a small one, all black, except a white strip down the back of his neck and a white dot on the end of his tail. Everywhere Mr. B. went Dot had to go.

One afternoon as Mr. B. went to the village to do some shopping, Dot found a seat in the buggy alongside of his master. Shopping being over Mr. B. returned home. It was not till supper that he thought of Dot. He hunted the house and stable all through but Dot could not be found. Mr. B. did not sleep much during the night.

The next morning he started for the village in haste but failed to hear anything about Dot. The next morning he put a notice which read as follows: "Strayed, lost or stolen, my pet dog: Dot by name. Anyone returning him to me, Mr. B., Sidehill farm, will receive $10."

There were in the village two young men whom we will call C. and S. They thought they were smarter than most men and knew more. They went to Sidehill Farm and told the old man that they were sure they could find his dog by Saturday night and should be there by that time.

Leaving the farm they returned to the village and commenced hunting for Dot, but hunt wherever they might Dot could not be found. Thus the week passed away and Saturday night was at hand. These two smarts started for Mr. B.'s to report. It being the first of September, with a bright full moon, every object could be seen for a long distance.

Mr. B. lived about eight rods from the highway with a lane that went up to his house with apple trees on one side of the lane and a patch of corn and pumpkins on the other side. As the two smarts neared the gate, S. said, "There goes the dog through the gate; let us run and catch him before he gets to the house." With a bound they started for the dog, which had reached the gate and hearing a noise behind him, went to the piece of corn. "Be quick, S., do not lose him and $10." "Never fear I have him."

Into the corn they went till near enough to jump and catch the dog in their arms. O, what a mistake! The dog proved to be a skunk and a breechloader and when the boys caught him he fired and the charge took them fair in the face and eyes. There was a smothering sound that seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. With a howl of rage and pain that echoed around the hill and aroused the inmates of the house, who hurried to the door.

Mr. B. took down an old shotgun without a lock, his son caught the bread spoon and the old lady took the iron poker and rushed out through the door. When Mr. B. reached the door and saw two objects breaking down his corn and kicking his pumpkins off the vines, he could not stand it, but started on a run for the intruders. Just as he reached the piece of corn he stumbled and fell head first on the skunk and also received a shot from his Lordship.

The scene was terrible. "What are ye doing here?" sang out the old man. "I'll break ye neck if ye ain't out of my corn. "Where are my two eyes? They are blown from their sockets."

By this time the neighbors had gathered on the scene and Mr. B. and the two blind smarts were helped into the wood shed where water and change of clothes were used and a doctor sent for, for the powder of the skunk blinded C. and S., who for three weeks had to be housed up in the shade. When they got well they left the place without the $10. Mr. B. says that was the hottest fight that he ever was in.

There, boys, the dog hunt is done. I will tell you a bear story soon.

W. WILCOX.

P. S. Dear MAINE WOODS—I have been a reader of the MAINE WOODS and my wife a subscriber since it was a little child and have marked with interest the growth of the boy till he now stands a giant in the woods of Maine.

Carry Pond Camps.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

BINGHAM, March 10, 1905.

The past three weeks has been fine for the lumbermen and most of the operators in this section have finished or nearly so.

Mr. H. J. Lane has his logs all landed from Cook hill. He has landed 600,000 at Briggs's landing with four horses in ten weeks. Mr. Lane will now get up his supplies for his sporting camps. He is receiving letters from parties most every day now who wish to visit Carry Pond Camps this season.

During the exhibition in Portland of winter birds at the rooms of the Portland society of Natural history, Walter Hinds, the taxidermist, was in attendance. His attention was particularly attracted to the specimen of barred owl shown in the collection. The condition of the eyes did not make it attrative and Mr. Hinds thought it should be improved. Accordingly, the next day he presented to the society another specimen of the same species, which is remarkably fine and well mounted. It is almost needless to say that the society fully appreciates the gift and the spirit which prompted it.

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.

ON SUGAR ISLAND.

Mr. Greenleaf Will Build More Camps For Accommodations of Sportsmen.

The camps on Sugar Island, Moosehead lake, whose hospitable roofs have sheltered many a party of Bangor men as well as many visitors from outside the state, have been sold by Ezra L. Sterns to Elgin A. Greenleaf. The purchase includes the living camp, the guides' camps and an ice house, together with four acres of land, all situated on the southeost point of Sugar island on Lily bay thoroughfare, opposite Beaver creek. Being located on the point, the purchase gives Mr. Greenleaf a large shore frontage on one of the finest fishing grounds on Moosehead lake.

The Sterns camps were built about eight years ago and since that time many improvements have been made, making them now some of the most comfortable camps on the lake. In front of the camps a stone-ballasted wharf has been built out into the lake and reaches a depth of water which makes it possible for almost any steamer on the lake to land at the camps, Directly off shore from the camps is some fine fishing and many are the strings of handsome trout which have been taken from the water here by Mr. Sterns and his guests. Fishing begins there just as soon as the ice has left the lake.

Mr. Greenleaf will make extensive improvements on his new purchase. Five or six additional camps will be built for the accommodation of parties and extensive alterations will be made on the camps already there.

Mr. Greenleaf is also having a handsome little steamer built for use on the lake. The boat is being built by Cobb Bros. of Brewer, who have turned out some of the handsomest launches on the river. It will be 25 feet long, of six horse-power and capable of making ten miles an hour. The steamer will be ready to be put into the water as soon as the ice is out of the lake.

The announcement that Mr. Greenleaf is to build a group of camps on Sugar island will be received with great pleasure by hundreds of his friends who will find at those camps means for rest and enjoyment. Meanwhile Mr. Sterns is not going to give up fishing but will retire to his camps on lower Wilson pond where there is fine fishing and everything conducive to enjoyment in the woods.—Bangor Commercial.

The Pleasure of a Fox Hunt.

PLYMPTON, MASS., March, 11, 1905.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I see that you would like hunting stories sent to you so I thought I would write about fox hunting here.

What better sport than a New England fox hunt? Take a good still day in the fall with about two inches of snow on the ground. You start out with a thought of getting a good shot at Mr. Fox. Then as the dogs pick up the scent and their voices ring out you hurry away to where you know of a good place to stand, and you keep as still as a mouse as you hear the dogs coming your way, Then you cock your gun, look all around expecting to see Mr. Fox come out of some one of the old wood roads. You are excited and the blood runs swiftly through your veins.

At last Mr. Fox shows up trotting along the old wood road as contented as can be. Now is the time to look out, for a wrong move at this time and all is lost, for if he hears you move, hit a bush or rustle a leaf, he will jump into the bushes and he is then lost. But if you are an old fox hunter you will not do any thing to scare him but when he comes within gun shot of you, you will put up your gun slowly and take good aim and the prize is yours.

But I can remember the first time I went out, I had stood for a long time and had not seen anything of Mr. Fox when the first thing I knew, there he was, looking at me. I threw my gun to my shoulder and bang! bang!! After the smoke had cleared I looked for a dead fox but instead of dead game I saw where I had shot off the twigs of the trees and small bushes about four feet from the ground.

W. I. TAYLOR.

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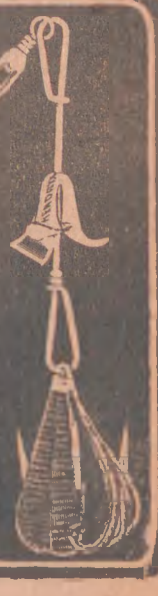

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To Camp Owners.

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

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

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

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

MOUNTAIN VIEW IN WINTER.

GETTING READY FOR SPRING FISHING AND SUMMER VISITORS.

"John Henry Wilkes," the Roadster and a Lady That Can Drive Him and Drive Him Well; Also Notes About Other Folks and "Plug Fishing."

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]
MOUNTAIN VIEW, ME., March 14, 1905.

A MAINE WOODS reporter visited the Mountain View House a few days ago and found Mr. L. E. Bowley, the proprietor, busily engaged in explaining the merits and also the demerits of a horse that he formerly owned. "That horse," he said, "almost everbody liked, but I never liked him at all. I was sorry just as soon as I bought him and I made up my mind that the first man that thought enough of him to pay his board, more than he cost me, would buy a horse. One of my guests kind-er liked him and I hooked up to show him. The horse acted so nice that morning that when I come to name the price, I added $25 to the board bill and that feller took him so quick that it made my head swim. He knew all about that horse, what I liked about him and what I didn't like. I'd been talkin' to him about this horse off and on for several days, but I didn't suppose he'd be so anxious to own him. Anyhow the horse was good enough but I didn't like him and wouldn't have kept him around the stable much longer, anyway, but I might just as well have made a fair profit on him."

Horace Albert Blakiston, 53 years old, of 200 S. 39th street, died at his residence this morning, after suffering from pneumonia since last Wednesday. Mr. Blakiston was widely known in West Philadelphia, where he has resided for years. His funeral will be held from his late residence probably on next Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Blakiston was the son of the late Mr. John R. Blakiston, who was a coal merchant at 39th and Chestnut streets for a number of years. Mr. Blakiston was not engaged in any business.

The above taken from a Philadelphia newspaper refers to a man who has been a guest at Mountain View every season for the past 13 or 14 years, with his family, Mrs. Blakiston and two children, a son and a daughter. Mr. Blakiston was a devout fly fisherman, although like a great many of the guests of this region he killed comparatively few fish. Mr. Blakiston will be greatly missed by Mr. and Mrs. Bowley of the Mountain Niew House as well as by the guests, many of whom have met them here for several years past.

In regard to "plug fishing" of which so much has been heard during the past few months. It is known that the committee reported a bill providing that no person plug fishing in the Rangeley Lakes can take more than two fish in any one day and that no boat shall be entitled to take more than four fish in one day by plug fishing. Also no person shall take more than 15 pounds of trout or salmon in any one day by any method of fishing. Under the present law the limit is 25 pounds. The new law will naturally be the subject of more or less discussion. The friends of the measure claim that as the only object was to save the fish and not to curtail the privileges of visitors any more than can possibly be avoided, this will give better satisfaction than anything else that could possibly be done.

Mr. Bowley, proprietor, owns a nice looking bay road horse with black points that is known of Johnnie Wilkes, but in a strictly local sense he is "John Henry Wilkes." This horse captured the heart of his owner, who says that Johnnie weighs a thousand pounds on the scales or 1500 "in your arms" when you are driving him. Mr. B. thinks Johnnie can make the road between Mountain View and Rangeley, seven miles, a little quicker than any other horse he ever owned. Mrs. Bowley, who by the way is one of the best horse women in the state, drove Johnnie to Rangeley a few days ago and after she had arrived at the village and called at two or three stores and looked at her watch; so little time had elapsed that we hardly dare to say how short it was but call the actual time on the road 40 minutes—it was no more.

GENERAL FISH AND GAME LAWS

FEW CHANGES OF NOTE TO BE MADE THIS YEAR

Nonresident Bird Hunters Will Pay $5.00. Franklin County Fishing to Begin When Ice is Out. Farmer Has Right to Shoot and Consume Deer Doing Actual Damage. Close Time on Caribou Extended.

The general fish and game bill introduced in the senate in a new draft by Senator Stetson of Bangor, was reported favorably by the committee. There were several changes, one being that they recommended no change in the open time for moose or deer.

Nonresidents will be charged $5 for hunting birds, but they may carry ten birds out of the state free. Under the present law they must pay $5, or 50c a pair for carrying ten birds out of the state. On presentation of the bird license they will be entitled to a game license for $10. Franklin county fishing will come under the general law and it is proposed to allow fishing in the county when the ice is out instead of May 1 or when the ice is out thereafter, as at present.

The bill gives the farmer the right to kill a deer found doing actual substantial damage to his crops, also a right to consume the same in his family provided, however, that he shall give notice to the commissioners of inland fisheries and game and the estimated amount of damage done. The section provides further as follows:

"And provided further that whoever shall cultivate any crops for the manifest purpose of killing deer under the provisions of this act shall in no wise be protected thereby; and provided, further, that it shall be unlawful to place any salt in any place for the purpose of enticing deer thereto, under a penalty of $100 and costs; and provided further, that whoever shoots any deer in accordance with the provisions herein contained shall be entitled to receive no compensation for any damage done his crops by deer."

The bill provides further for the buying and selling of deer heads lawfully killed. There is no provision in the present law whereby a market man who has obtained a license to buy and sell deer, may lawfully dispose of their heads. There is also a provision for the obtaining of a $5 license fee per county or $10 for the state for the buying, selling and dealing in deer skins and deer heads.

The close time on caribou, which under the present law will expire next October, is extended six years. No change is proposed to the present law relating to close time on moose and deer. The original bill provided that open time on moose begin Oct. 1 and end Nov. 10, open time under the present law being from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1. Regarding moose illegally killed, the new bill provides that the penalty be determined by the court up to not exceeding $500 fine and not more than four months' imprisonment.

It is provided that the term "calf moose" shall be construed to mean that these animals are calves until they are at least one year old and have at least two prongs or tines three inches long to each of their horns. A section provides that a resident of the state who kills a bull moose shall pay a fee of $5 before he may take the same out of the state.

The new bill also strikes out the provision in the present law permitting a person to keep white perch that he has caught while trolling for trout or salmon during the close time on white perch.

The proposed measure removes the protection from mud hens or bitterns, king fishers and blue herons and provides a penalty of $10 for killing an eagle or vulture at any time.

[NOTE. The above is the final report of the committee so far as the important measures are concerned of the bill which Senator Furbish of Franklin withdrew and refused to father for the reason that local sentiment, and he personally, objected to certain provisions of the bill. He opposed the $5 license for shooting birds, claiming that the tendency to place additional licenses upon visitors is hurtful, wrong and should be ended when possible. He also opposed the paragraph which allows farmers to kill deer in open time on the ground that there is now a provision which gives farmers pay for damage done to crops and he feared that this provision would open the door for much more summer killing than is now done.

School Children Get $14.00 For 725 Dozen Moth Nests.

Portland is putting up a great fight against the brown tail moth. She may have been slow in getting started on it, but she is certainly doing herself proud at the present time. And there is the greatest need for it, too. Thousands upon thousands of the cocoons are being found, and as each cocoon contains from 200 to 800 and in one case as high as 2,500, browntail moths, each one of which is a terrible instrument of destruction to our trees and vegetation, it can be seen that it is well that the city and the state has started an active campaign to put down the pest.

Captain E. E. Philbrook of the State Agricultural society is doing a great work in this city and is constantly on the jump describing the moth so that all may know him when they see him and also assisting in their destruction personally.

The city's plan of offering a reward of two cents per dozen for the cocoons has proved to be a great plan and over 725 dozens were poured in upon City Messenger MacGowan yesterday. The greater number of these were brought in by school children who have taken up the work of destruction with the greatest amount of vim. Over $14.00 was paid out in bounties.

Captain E. E. Philbrook late yesterday afternoon placed a large browntail moth exhibit in the window of John Williamson's drug store, corner of Congress and free streets, and this will serve to educate people in regard to the moth and what it looks like. This exhibit consists of several jars of the moths and also a number of photographs showing the pest and also the destruction he has done to trees in different places where he has worked. Trees are stripped bare of their foliage and killed, and vegetation of all kinds has been nearly ruined.

The moth is also a pest to the human body for the fur from the creature, when it gets onto the skin, causes a rash which is at the same time painful and serious.

There are now about four weeks in which to get after the cocoons before they begin to hatch. After that time the moth begins his work of destruction and unless he is done away with before that time millions of the creatures will be let loose on the vegatation.

A reader sends the following communication about the browntail moth, which will be read with interest by all.

"There seems to be a confusion in many minds concerning the two new insects that have come to us in recent years from across the seas—the gypsy moth and the brown tail moth.

"These are by no means one and the same, thongh they both made their first appearance in Massachusetts. The gypsy moth was introduced 12 years ago by a French scientist, Prof. Leopold Trouvelet, who wished to cross it with the silk worm. He kept his specimens on the bushes in his yard covered with netting. A storm broke the nettings and the moths escaped to become the pest they are to all fruit and forest trees.

"The brown tail moth was imported accidentally by a grower of Dutch roses seven years ago. Though it also destroys forest and fruit trees, stripping them bare of bud and blossom and foliage, in two other respects it is much worse than the gypsy moth.

"The female gypsy moth cannot fly. It lays its eggs, therefore, only over the radius a caterpillar can cover by crawling and can be restricted to certain districts. Not so with the brown tail moth. The female can fly as well as the male and carries her eggs wherever the wind and her wings bear her. She has already spread into Maine and New Hampshire.

"The other difference between the gypsy and the brown tail moth lies in the fact that the brown tail moth poisons any human being coming into contact with its hairs. As these are easily and frequently shed, the danger from contact is great. Physicians agree that there is nothing poisonous in the hairs themselves, but that being barbed and brittle they break off in the skin and cause irritation. The bite is much like that of a mosquito, though it often remains for several days and makes some people very ill. Sweet oil and vaseline used freely are the best remedies. As the brown tails delight in light they swarm about electric lights in cities, dropping their hairs on unlucky passersby. It is to be hoped that the citizens of Maine will wage a vigorous and successful war against the pest.—Portland Sunday Times.

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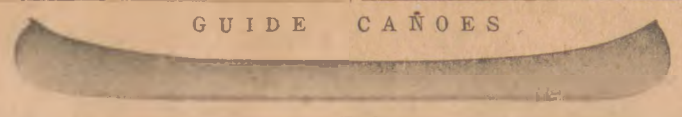

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The woods is the place! No man knows what it means to live until he has been in the wilderness. There everything is healthy, clean and fresh. The weather makes no difference; whether it is clear and bright or whether it rains or blows, it is delightful.

One does not have to sit in camp in bad weather; when it is raining and the wind blowing it is the best time for still-hunting. On such a day one can creep without noise and the falling rain destroys the scent. During a storm in late October, two years ago, the writer with two guides, stalked a bunch of moose with the greatest success. We located them by the noise they made and, creeping up carefully, we came out into a small opening and there they were—four cows, two calves and two bulls, one with a good head. We were so near one of the cows that we could have struck her with a long pole. Of course I got the big bull, it was an easy shot and he was a fine mark. The rest of the herd went off in a hurry, but the little bull—he was a yearling—hung about the place all the time we were skinning and cutting up. Several times while we were at work he came up to within 25 yards of us. It was a fine chance for a photograph, but, of course, I had no camera with me, having left it in camp on account of the rain.

One of the most successful hunts I have ever had was in Maine. We went up Pine stream, which empties into the We t branch about four miles from Chesuncook lake. On Pine stream there are several fine dead waters—the upper one, where we located is over three miles long, and back from it, on either side, are a number of ponds and bogs. On this trip I saw 26 moose—seven of them bulls, besides beaver, otter and a great number of deer. We lived in perfect comfort and our bill of fare would have done credit to Delmonico—moose meat, venison, partridges and ducks, and last but not least, wild cranberries of our own gathering.

Of course, if you are after moose, you must work hard—I have killed a number, but I have worked hard for every one of them. With deer it is different. It is no trouble at all to get deer in Maine, if the hunter will only go a little way off the beaten track of the camping parties to some quiet spot where the game has not been disturbed—and he can find a thousand places that have seen no human being since the logging crews left the woods in the spring.

It is difficult to make people believe, who have never been hunting in Maine, how plentiful the deer are. The writer has sat on the edge of a lake a mile long and counted 37 deer out feeding at one time. To be sure, this was in August, but in October I went back to the same lake and less than a week saw more than 200.

I have shot in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. There are probably more moose in New Brunswick, and the caribou of Newfoundland are the finest in the world, but in none of these places will you find the variety of game, coupled with the convenience and comfort that you will find in Maine. The Maine guides are the best canoemen and the best cooks—they can make you as comfortable as you could be in your own home—they have camping out reduced to a science. If you are tired or overworked, don't go to a fashionable summer resort, but take your gun and your rod and get out into the fine, beautiful open air and live as you were meant to live. When you come back from your trip you will pick up a newspaper, look at it and say, "What's all this about, anyway?" And when you get back to the city you'll look at the crowds and say, "What a sick, pasty looking lot of people."—In the Maine Woods.

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A BARGAIN

For sale or exchange, Steam Launch 49x12. Copper fastened hull, Roberts tubular boiler, Alt-house engine, built 1901, in A1 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.

He Longs to Hear the Fascinating Music of the Reel Again.

PUTNAM, CONN., March, 13, 1905.

To The Editor of MAINE WOODS.

Enclosed find $2 for renewal of MAINE WOODS. I am beginning to count the weeks when I can once more get into God's country with fine air, commune with nature, hear the birds sing and best of all hear the music of the old reel and see a silver lid about six feet out of water at an angle of 45 degrees or more trying to catch me with a little slack line which he is aware means his freedom.

There are many dear spots in Maine where should I pass and not get a strike and feel that tug and tremble would feel there was something wrong.

Will miss friend Stanley and his genial smile but trust the new commissioner will fill the vacant place.

Deer are so thick around here that they interfere with the railaoad trains. A number have been killed by cars. One is now hanging at our market killed this week. This is not one of our genial Ed Grant's stories or a fish story.

W. L. JOHNSON.

To Cure a Cold In One Day

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

FISHING RODS

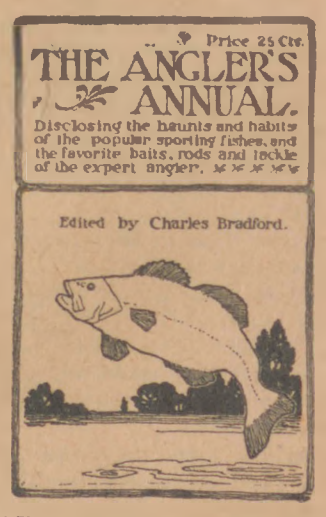
New store on Rangeley Lake House grounds. Call and see my line of Rangeley Wood and Split Bamboo Rods.

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

THE RANGELEY STUDIO

Developing, printing, souvenir views, etc. Amateurs can have their work promptly attended to by 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. HAMM, Prop. Rangeley Studio,
Rangeley, - - Maine.



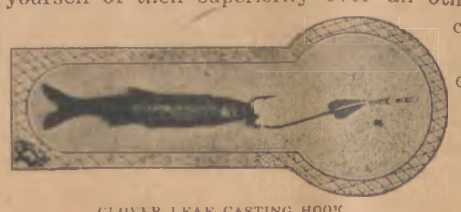
MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

CLOVER LEAF GANGS AND CASTING HOOKS

Are just what you have been looking for. They will make all kinds of bait float upright and appear natural whether the bait is alive or dead.

Wonderfully effective in the capture of salmon, lake trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc. Try these rigs for salmon when the ice goes out and convince yourself of their superiority over all other tackle. Will catch fish under all conditions.

CLOVER LEAF GANG.



CLOVER LEAF CASTING HOOK.

Write for booklet and prices and order through your dealer.

W. E. KOCH,
Whitehall, - - New York.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES | SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

DUPONT.

At Spirit Lake, Iowa, March 1, 1905,

1st General Average, Mr. Fred Gilbert, 190 ex 200.

1st Amateur and 2nd General Average, Mr. Russell Klein, 182 ex 200.

Both used

DUPONT SMOKELESS.

BIG ISLAND POND CLUB MEET.

WORK OF GAME WARDENS IN STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Connecticut to Charge Residents and Non-Residents For the Privilege of Hunting on the Land of Another.

Deputy Thomas Stackhouse of Marshfield Hills has lately received numerous complaints that a certain man was persistently trapping ducks in the neighborhood. The deputy laid low, but confided to one of his informers that he proposed to take action to prevent this illegal slaughter, provided he would secure tangible evidence and be ready to testify as a witness in the case. This the young man agreed to and at the opportune moment the arrest was made, though not without threats of violence and much bulldozing on the part of the criminal. The case was before the court in Plymouth on Feb. 25, and Attorney Charles Davis, member of the legislature from that town, appeared as attorney for the deputy. The result was that Clarence H. Leonard, the defendant, was fined for one duck $20, and for trapping $20 additional. I understand he has appealed, but that will probably make it quite expensive for him in the end.

Mr. Stackhouse says that as long as he holds his commission he will prosecute every man when he can get evidence of illegal killing of game or fish. That is what he was appointed for and he is going to do his duty as an officer. Pity there were not more like him among our unpaid deputies.

Thomas L. Burney of Lynn is one of the paid deputies; that is, he is on a salary. It fell to his lot to arrest three young men recently for causing the death of a doe in the outskirts of the city. The judge fined them $100 each. Had the doe been permitted to live she would have had offspring—evidence of which may be seen in the contents of a jar now in possession of the commissioners in their office at the state house.

It was Deputy Burney who seized the twelve carcasses of deer and 167 partridges that came through in a freight car from Calais, Me., consigned to Clara Wilson and marked "household goods." The game has been declared forfeited by Judge Fessenden as being illegally in the state.

There is a very wide-awake coterie of sportsmen accustomed to gather about the tables once a year, known as the Big Island Pond club, which has recently held a reunion at one of Boston's celebrated French restaurants. The presiding member was Charles J. Barnard, Jr. Dr. A. H. Tuttle, a prominent physician of Cambridge, is one of the leading spirits of the club. The Doctor will be remembered as one of a party of four who toured New Hampshire and Maine last spring in an automobile, arranged to provide food and lodgings equal to woods' camp, if not better. Several members of the famous Megantic club were present and among the speakers was H. A. Dunn of New York City.

TAXIDERMISTS

NASH OF MAINE,

Licensed Taxidermist,

NORWAY, - - MAINE

Branch at Haines Landing May to October 20. Gold Medal on both Fish and Game at World's Fair, St. Louis. See Grand Trunk Exhibit at New York Sportsmen's Show.

This is the time of year when the old angler begins to think of the opening of the fishing season. He counts off the weeks that intervene before he can legally wet his line and play the lively trout that takes his lure. Soon he will count off the days, and, as each passes, he will become more and more impatient for the sport that sends the blood tingling through every vein.

To the men who watch legislation, this is the season of anxiety. They are wondering what folly the Solons will be unwittingly led to commit. Will they open wider the gates of destruction to the sportsman's hopes? This week in our State house the question was, "what of the automatic gun?" On a bill to prohibit its sale, the committee on probate and chancery heard several sportsmen urge its passage. J. M. Van Huyck of Lee, secretary of the Berkshire Fish and Game Protective association, spoke in behalf of his club in favor of the bill. Ernest Russell of Worcester, urged that no one should be allowed to use so destructive a weapon as a shotgun with an automatic action. The killing of a whole covey of quail, he said, would be possible with it. E. How Forbush, state ornithologist, said some species of shore birds are now nearing the vanishing point, and such a gun would hasten the time of utter annihilation.

The secretary of the state association and the central committee testified that those bodies had passed a vote in favor of the bill. Representative Nowell, of Wakefield, president of the protective association of eastern Massachusetts, in behalf of his society spoke strongly in its favor.

The house chairman of the committee before which the hearing was given, is George M. Poland, of Wakefield, and he is the chairman of the central committee for protection of fish and game. The question of the constitutionality of the bill as drawn may stand in the way of a favorable report, but the committee is unanimously in sympathy with the purpose of the measure.

The principle of legitimate protection has taken deep root in Massachusetts communities and is reflected in the sentiments of her legislators. The constant dissemination of correct ideas and the unselfish labors of men connected with the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for a period of thirty years has made a profound impression in favor of restrictive laws and their rigid enforcement.

Following the lead of the parent association, a score and more of others have done valiant work in the same glorious cause.

A hunters' license in Connecticut is something almost sure. A correspondent informs me that in the Senate such a measure has been favorably reported by the fish and game committee. It imposes a fee of $1 on citizens and $10 upon aliens for the privilege of hunting on the land of another. One-half the money derived from this source is to be used by the commissioners to pay salaries of game wardens, the other half to be expended by them in the purchase and liberation of quail. It is said the bill has the support of the commission and the sportsmen of the state.

The bill on which a hearing is to be held at the State House on Beacon Hill, Boston, Mass., March 8 is similar, but contains a provision limiting the bag of ruffed grouse to five for one day. Had the wardens the right to make personal search without a warrant of the man with the gun, such a limit would be useful as a protective measure.—Boston in Shooting and Fishing.

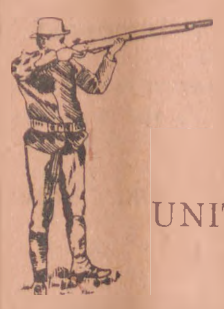
SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES | SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

IS THE BRAND

— OF —

AMMUNITION

Which has attained Popularity



Because of Superiority.

Manufactured by

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY,

Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

ANNUAL REPORT

Of the Inspector General of Rifle Practice in Maine.

Col. Elliott C. Dill, inspector general of rifle practice, in his report for the year 1904, says:

"The work of the season has been very largely of an experimental nature, inasmuch as the new system differs very materially from any system under which the Maine troops have worked in the past. Considering the lack of range facilities in many organizations, I think the work performed highly commendable. There are several organizations which, as usual, have failed to make the most of their opportunities, but these instances are offset by brilliant work in other organizations.

"The season's work convinces me that any company which will carefully study Special Course 'C' and secure the attendance of all members at the range will find it comparatively easy to secure a high figure of merit—provided the range facilities will permit qualification in the sharpshooter class.

"The individual figure of merit for the Guard is 20.3. The Second Infantry stands at 20, while the First Infantry is close behind with 19.5. The figure of merit would have been much higher had certain of the companies been provided with suitable ranges, for one thing, and had certain other companies borne in mind that the qualification of a few men in the higher class will not compensate for entire neglect on the part of the remainder.

"Company D of the First Infantry, Norway, has the honor of leading the entire Guard on its figure of merit and Company H of the Second Infantry, Waterville, has the honor of coming in second, closely pressed by Company F of the Second Infantry, Dover."

In speaking of the ranges the inspector says:

"Considerable progress was made during the season in the matter of range construction, and by the opening of the range season on May 1, 1905, there should be but few organizations unprovided with ranges which will permit qualification in the sharpshooter class. Some ranges are of sufficient length to permit qualification in the Expert class, but this number will always be limited, as it is difficult to find tracts of land 1,000 yards in length.

"Much time has been consumed in the attempt to provide a range at Augusta for Co. M, Second Infantry. A suitable site has been found which would permit practice up to and including 600 yards, but it has thus far been impossible to secure title to the property. The old range was used at 200 and 300 yards for a part of the season.

"I visited the range of Co. H, 2d Inf. at Waterville in July and suggested several changes to render it more safe and satisfactory. These changes were readily agreed to by the Hon. C. W. Davis, mayor of the city and were promptly made under the direction of Sergt. H. L. Pepper, company inspector of rifle practice. Near the close of the season Sergt. Pepper found that he could secure a 1000-yard range and succeeded in making it temporarily availrble for the last few days' practice. The long range pit should be rebuilt and strengthened before the beginning of another season."

In speaking of next season's competitions, Col. Dill says:

"Until the state has a range which will give at least 12 targets for simultaneous use, I believe it will be better to hold regimental competitions."

The inspector makes the following recommendations for next season.

I. That the 12 companies and headquarters of the First Regiment send teams of seven men and one substitute to such range as may be chosen and that the match be shot at 200 and 500 yards, the highest individual aggregate to win the regimental championship.

II. That the Second Regiment be likewise required to send teams for a similar competition at such point as may be designated, the dates of the two competitions to be as close together as possible.

III. That the 12 men in each regiment making the highest aggregate be constituted the regimental team and the three men in each regiment making the highest aggregate be substitutes to their respective teams.

IV. That the 10 men in each regiment making the next highest aggregates be designated as the next 10.

V. That the two divisions of the Ship's company, Naval Reserve, send teams of seven men and one substitute to a competition to be held at Portland, as near as possible to the dates of the regimental competitions and that the three competitiors making the highest aggregate at 200 and 500 yards be designated as the First Three.

VI. That these regimental competitions and the Naval Reserve competition be held in the latter part of July.

VII. That in the latter part of August the tow regimental teams, the Next Ten from each regiment and the First Three of the Naval Reserve be brought together at such range as may be designated and that they be furnished with quarters and subsistence.

VIII. That the regimental teams shall shoot in the Inter-Regimental match at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards and that the substitutes, the Next Ten from each regiment and the First Three of the Naval Reserve be squadded and shoot t the same distances at the same time.

IX. That the competitor making the highest aggregate at the four ranges be awarded a gold medal for the state rifle championship.

X. That the 12 competitors making the highest aggregate scores be designated in orders as the state rifle team and that the three competitors making the next highest scores be substitutes.

XI. That each member of the state team be furnished with 100 rounds of original rifle ammunition.

He recommends futhur that as an incentive to increased qualification that every company which qualifies every member as a second-class marksman or better be given 1000 rounds of original rifle ammunition for its next season's use. That in establishing a company in any town, such town be required to provide a site for a rifle range permitting practice up to and including 600 yards before said company is raised.

New Territory Leased By Ed Grant And Sons.

If you were to ask one of our annual visitors, where he would go to get, not the largest perhaps but the most trout, he would unhesitatingly tell you the Seven Ponds, such a thing as not getting enough to eat was never heard of there. We do not guarantee the sportsman a five pound trout often enough to tire him although many of that size are hooked during the season. We do, however, guarantee that he will be kept busy taking trout of a good fair size off his hook. We can prove that the Meadow grounds is unsurpassed in the Rangeley region for quantity as well as quality and we can refer you to countless sportsmen who have fished its waters. One prominent New York editor who fished for a record took in one day seven hundred and one trout killing less than a dozen which were cooked for their dinner.

We can also assure you that if you come in the fall for game that you will go away satisfied with the sport you have had.

During the months of June, July and August at almost any time of day, deer can be seen from the camps across the pond, feeding at the water's edge. Great care is taken that they shall not be frightened consequently they become very tame. This is a great advantage for ladies and camera enthusiasts, who are not able to be in the woods in the fall.

Partridges are very abundant as the berries are usually very plentiful in the near vicinity of camp, and it is usually the fault of "The Man Behind the Gun," if he fails to bring in a well-filled game bag.

The coming year we shall be able to give our guests scope of the country as we have never before for we have leased a large amount of territory on Kennebago lake and are building a new set of camps there for the accommodation of our guests, who will get both lake and stream fishing and salmon and trout of a size that will satisfy the most ardent of Isaac Walton's disciples.

Our new steamboats will be at the disposal of our guests and we also shall have a daily buckboard from Rangeley and daily mail service is assured. We also shall have both telephone and telegraph connection with Rangeley and other long distance stations.

Aside from the sport a person gets, should he be run down and need a rest what better place could he go to find it than a place nestled at the foot of mountains by a beautiful lake and ponds, a daily walk with nature through the balsam laden atmosphere will make a new man of him however worn with business cares he may be. Hay fever and ike diseases are unknown in this region as the altitude is 2000 feet.

We do not ask you to take our word alone, write for our circular and let us refer you to countless men of influence, of unimpeachable veracity who will be only too glad to vouch for us, and who have annually visited us for many years.

Any information will be cheerfully given by us, on receipt of a postal.

We shall have a full supply of fishing tackle and can give our guests the benefit of our knowledge as to the best flies to use, as well as other tackle.

Address, Ed Grant & Sons at Beaver Pond or Kennebago Lake.

WANTS, FOR SALE, ETC.

Price 1 cent a word each insertion. Cash with order.

WANTS.

WANTED position as chef for general sporting camps by man of experience. References furnished. WENDELL P. WILLIAMS, CUPSUPTIC, ME.

WANTED.—I would like to buy or rent a cheap place, or build on some place where I could spend a part of the fall hunting small game. James W. North, 133 State St., Augusta, Me.

WANTED.—Several bear cubs in good healthy condition. State weight, age and lowest cash price when answering. Address, George B. MacLean, 100 Milam St., Houston, Texas.

WANTED.—One good foxhound, 1 1-2 years old. Price $10.00. W. E. Denny, Franklin, N. Y.

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, Me.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE. One large, male opossum, weight, 15 3-4 pounds. Best offer 'til 25th of March takes him. Fred Orth, Jr., 7 Charlton St., N. Y.

LIVE BROOK TROUT of all sizes for stocking streams. Guaranteed delivered in good condition. Chas. R. Doten, Chiltonville, Mass.

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

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, canoes, etc., etc. Best location in the section. Will be sold at a bargain. For particulars, etc., address Chas. T. Beebe, New London, Conn.

GASOLENE LAUNCH FOR SALE.—A new, first-class gasolene 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 2 1-2 horse power, 3 blade propeller, decks finished in mahogany, brass rails, oak finish, canvas cover batteries, cradle oars and tools, price $350. Net cash, F. O. B., Greenville, Me. Can be seen at Camp Waumbeck, Sugar Island, Moosehead Lake, Maine, after Aug. 22 or communicate with owner, Geo. H. Rimbach, Prop. Crawford House, Boston, 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, Me. August 9, 1904.

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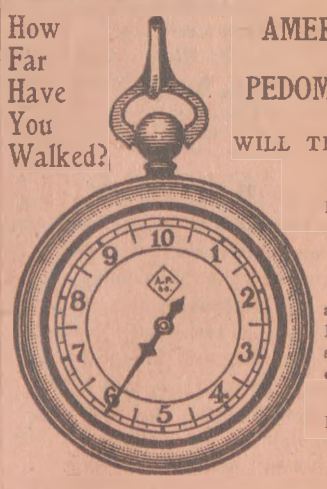
AMERICAN PEDOMETERS WILL TELL YOU.



100 - Mile Pedometer $1.50.

Carried like a watch. Regulates to step of wearer.

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Number on dial represents miles. Hand points out number of miles walked.

Case of handsome nickel.

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MAINE WOODS,

PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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

Issued Weekly. **$1.00 a Year.**

MAINE WOODS solicits communications and fish and game photographs from its readers.

When ordering the address of your paper changed, please give the old as well as new address.

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

MAINE WOODS Information Bureau gives information on Summer Resorts and Fishing and Shooting. Boston office, 147 Summer St., with Boston Home Journal.

This Edition of Maine Woods 5,550.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905.

A Trip to the Woods.

For those of us who have not read "The Blazed Trail" by Stewart Edward White, a story of hunting and lumber camps, the opportunity is ours, for it is running as a serial in MAINE WOODS, beginning with the issue of March 10. But this story is not what we started to sketch but rather a trip to the lumbering operations of the Berlin Mills Co. in No. 6, a trip long to be remembered as interesting, instructive and pleasant.

Starting in the morning with a genial companion for a ride of about eight miles over good roads, was in itself a pleasure. We were met at the landing by the scaler, Mr. J. E. Emerson, who with a pleasant smile and hearty handshake invited us into the office, where we warmed us by a blazing fire. Afterwards he conducted us up by the landing and up the wide, two-sled road winding around through the big trees and sprinkled in the steeper places with hay, to the lumber camp.

Here the foreman Pat Redmond, gave us the run of the woods as it were, kindly answered all our questions, some of which must have appeared to that experienced woodsman as silly, and later invited us to partake of a dinner in a large and well lighted dining room, that was prepared by his cook, Mr. Bolter, and how any man could get us so good a dinner up there in the woods is still a mystery to us.

After dinner Mr. Anderson, the feeder and filer, showed us the way he kept up his muscle. He had sawed off a couple of blocks about 8 inches in diameter and 12 inches long, bored a hole in the end of each stick and connected them by a round piece of wood. This home made dumb bell, which weighed about 45 pounds was handled by him with apparent ease. And those pigs, twelve plump little fellows, that have the run of the stable, were great friends of every man in camp.

It was getting late so we started back down that wide and well worn road, feeling that a man who assisted in cutting those big trees, hauling them to a yard, loading them on a sled or "steered" a team of four at a gallop down that two-sled road, or help in any way in the manufacturing of lumber must have a steady, strong hand, sound judgment and an unlimited amount of that necessary quality termed "sand."

Thanks From the Author of Fabiola.

PHILLIPS, March 13, 1905.

To The Editor of MAINE WOODS.

It was altogether like a home-coming for you to reprint from Lewiston Sun the review of Fabiola in its pages of March 1 because the poem was copyrighted and printed for the first time in MAINE WOODS office.

Reading the review in question gave me some homefelt sensations, the expression of which is beyond my wandering words. The critique itself is a prose-poem a most kind appreciation and I fear sometimes a higher estimation than Fabiola deserves!

Kind friends—Reviewer, Lewiston Sun and MAINE WOODS please accept my grateful thanks. D. F. H.

Birds At Redington.

Mr. Kennedy who has general charge of the woods operations for Berlin Mills Company in Franklin county, informs MAINE WOODS that partridges are very plentiful on the north side of Redington where the company is operating. He says they seem to be wintering well and unless all signs fail that territory will furnish a big supply of birds in the shooting season this year.

MAINE WOODS readers are requested to contribute items and articles about their experience 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.

Legislative News.

Senate.

PASSED TO BE EGROSSED.

An act relating to fishing in the tributaries of Anonymous pond.

An act to authorize the Farmington village corporation to take water for municipal and domestic purposes.

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An act to incorporate the Farmington society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

HOUSE BILLS READ AND ASSIGNED.

An act to legalize and make valid the acts of Phillips Village corporation.

An act for the protection of fish in the tributaries of Upper Kezar pond, Oxford county.

An act to amend section 13 of chapter 32 of the Revised Statutes relative to the manner of hunting and catching wild hares or rabbits.

An act to incorporate the North Chesterville Light and Power Co. in the village of North Chesterville in the town of Chesterville and Farmington in the county of Franklin.

An act to regulate fishing in Mattawamkeag lake.

An act to regulate fishing in Chepenticook lake, sometimes called Spednic lake, in the county of Washington.

An act relating to fishing in Lufkin pond, Franklin county.

Resolve for the purpose of completing the fish hatchery and feeding station at the Rangeley lakes.

An act to regulate fishing in the south branches of Sandy River in Franklin county.

REPORTS OF COMMITTIEES.

Mr. Irving for the committee on railroads and expresses, on petition of Seth M. Carter, receiver of the Phillips & Rangeley railroad company, praying for amendment to chapter 172 of the Private and Special Laws of 1901, and amending chapter 295 of the Private and Special Laws of 1901, reported bill, "an act to amend chapter 172 of the Private and Special Laws of 1891 and of chapter 295 of the Private and Special Laws of 1901, relating to the consolidation of certain railroad corporations," and that the same "ought to pass." Report accepted.

Mr. Furbish for the committee on inland Fisheries and game, on report of commissioners on inland fisheries and game for 1904 reported legislation thereon unnecessary. Report accepted.

ORDERS.

On motion of Mr. Gardner of Penobscot it was ordered that a message be sent to the engrossing office, requesting the return to the senate of the bill "An act to authorize the Farmington Village corporation to take water for municipal and domestic purposes."

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An act regulating fishing in Marble brook, Marble pond and Chase brook or Blackstone brook in Piscataquis county and Bolt brook in Somerset county.

An Act for the protection of fish in Dead, Baily and Levenseller brooks in the towns of Brooks and Waldo in the county of Waldo.

HOUSE BILLS READ AND ASSIGNED.

By Mr. Furbish of Franklin, under suspension of the rules, bill "An act to organize the Plantation of Sandy River; which was referred to the committee on judiciary.

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An Act to prohibit ice fishing in Narraguagus lake, so called, in Hancock county.

An Act for the protection of gray squirrels upon a certain territory in Fryeburg, Oxford county.

An Act to prohibit fishing in the tributaries to Little Sebago lake, in Gray, Raymond and Windham, Cumberland county.

An Act to regulate fishing in South Boundary pond, Little Northwest pond, Massachusetts bog, in Franklin county.

An Act to permit ice fishing in Half Moon pond, in the county of Oxford, and to permit fishing for pickerel through the ice in Jenne pond, so-called in Mexico and Carthage, partly in Oxford and partly in Franklin county.

An Act to permit fishing in Branch and Meadow brooks, so-called, in Thomaston and Rockland, in accordance with the general law of the state.

An act for the protection of fish in Dead, Bailey and Levenseller brooks in the towns of Brooks and Waldo in the county of Waldo.

The following bills, petitions, etc., were presented:

By Mr. Furbish of Franklin: Resolve in favor of clerk and stenographer and messenger to the committee on inland fisheries and game, which was referred to the committee on appropriations and financial affairs.

PASSED TO BE ENGROSSED.

An act to legalize and make valid the acts of Phillips Village corporation.

An act to regulate fishing in the south branches of the Sandy river in Franklin county.

An act for the protection of muskrats in the towns of Hartland; Harmony, Athens and Palmyra in the county of Somerset.

An act to regulate fishing in Mattawamkeag lake.

An act to regulate fishing in Chepenticook lake, sometimes called Spednic lake in the county of Washington.

An ac to repeal the first clause of sub-division entitled "In Washington County" or section 1, chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903 entitled "an act to consolidate and revise certain laws relating to closing certain lakes and ponds to ice fishing," etc.

Ac act for the protection of fish in the tributaries of Upper Kezar pond, Oxford ceunty.

(Continued on Page 5.)

SPORTSMEN'S DIRECTORY.

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

Don't Forget that

"New E. C. Improved"

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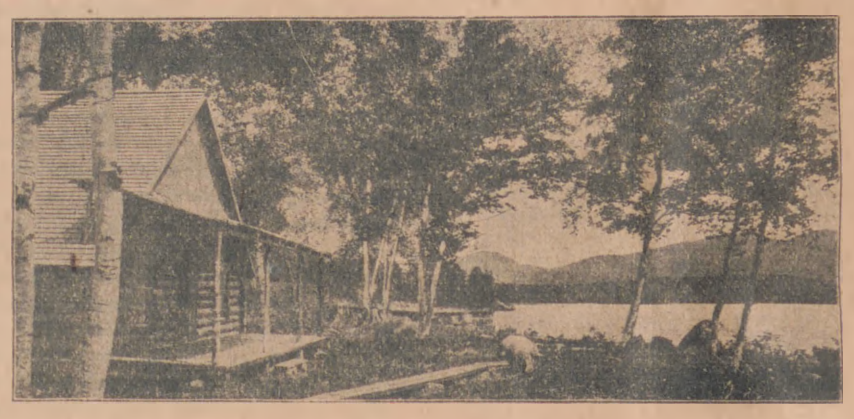

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— BY —

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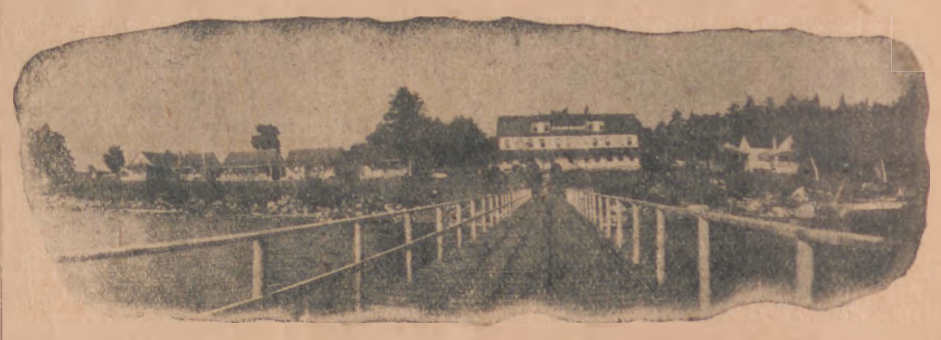

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About 60 in all, from a brother on the "other side, to one on this," from Northern, Central and Southern Europe, Russia, Italy, Egypt, etc., as those lands were seen through eyes unconventionally focused. By FRANCIS I. MAULE.

"Only Letters" is not a "work of genius," most distinctly not, and is not easily confusable with books under suspicion as such, but society is by no means a unit in pronouncing it "hoplessly dull." "Absent treatment" will be furnished by mail to cases of aroused curiosity that send a $1.00 bill and 5 2-cent stamps to the author at 406 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

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I show the art of Trapping Fox; dry land, water and snow set. Fox Scent and Steel Traps for sale. Address, J. J. Barnes, Saxton's River. Vt.

RAW FURS bought for cash. I make snowshoes. Call on or write for prices. Charles L. Harnden, Rangeley, Me.

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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

Legislative News.

(Continued from page 4.)

An act to incorporate the North Chesterville Light and Power Co., in the village of North Chesterville in the towns of Chesterville and Farmington in the county of Franklin.

Resolve for the purpose of completing the fish hatchery and feeding station at the Rangeley lakes.

An act relating to compensation of commissioners of inland fisheries and game.

House.

TEMPERANCE.

By Mr. Webster of Chesterville: Petition of J. H. Bartlett and 70 others of Farmington and Chesterville, for proper labelling of propietary medicines.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Mr. Blanchard from the committee on inland fisheries and game, on petition of D. W. Scribner and others for a month open time on Merrymeeting bay, in the spring, for shooting ducks, reported that the petitioners have leave to withdraw.

Mr. Berry from same committee on petition of P. N. Shaw and others, praying that Berry and Dexter ponds in Winthrop and Wayne may not be closed to ice fishing, reported that the petitions be placed on file as the committee has already considered and reported in regard to the matter.

The reports were accepted and sent to the Senate.

Mr. Blanchard from the committee on inland fisheries and game, on petition of T. J. Everett and others, praying for a close time on Thompson pond, situated in Cumberland, Oxford and Androscoggin counties, reported bill entitled "An Act establishing a close time for fishing on Thompson pond from September first to January first of the following year."

Same gentleman from same committee on petition of Oswald Lopeman and 58 others of Bridgton, praying for a change in the law in regard to close time on salmon fishing in Long pond, Cumberland county, reported bill entitled "An Act changing the close time for fishing in Long pond in Cumberland county."

Mr. Price from same committee, on petition of F. L. White and others of Presque Isle, praying for a close time on the tributaries to Squaw Pan lake in Aroostook county."

Same gentleman from same committee, on petition of Augustus A. Percey and others for an amendment to section 11 of chapter 30 of the Revised Statutes relating to the killing of ducks, reported bill entitled "An Act for the protection of ducks."

Mr. Berry from same committee, on petition of J. H. Corbin and 42 others praying for the enactment of a law to limit the amount of fish which may be taken from Moxie pond in one day to 10 pounds, reported bill entitled "An Act to regulate fishing in Moxie pond in the county of Somerset."

Mr. Scribner from same committee on petition H. R. Howes and others, for a to law to permit ice fishing in Fourth Buttermilk and Little Benson ponds during the month of February of each year reported bill entitled "An Act to permit ice fishing in Fourth Buttermilk and Little Benson ponds in Piscataquis county during the month of February."

Same gentleman from same committee, on petition of W. G. Fuller and others, for the enactment of a law prohibiting fishing in Sandy and Half Moon streams and their tributaries, and the tributaries to Unity pond in Waldo county, reported bill entitled "An Act regulating the close time for fishing in Sandy and Half Moon streams and their tributaries and the tributaries to Unity pond in Waldo county."

Mr. Berry from same committee, on petition of Charles Bisbee and others of Oxford county, relating to fishing for salmon and trout in Big Concord pond, reported bill entitled "An Act to close the tributaries of Big Concord pond in the town of Woodstock, Oxford county."

Mr. Price from same committee, on petition of H. M. Richards and others for protection of fish in Breakneck brook and its tributaries, situated partly in the towns of Sebago and Baldwin, county of Cumberland."

Same gentleman from same committee, on petition of W. L. Oak and others, praying for a law to prevent the throwing of sawdust and other mill waste into Fish river and its tributaries in Aroostook county, reported bill, entitled "An Act to prohibit the throwing of sawdust and other mill waste into Fish river down as far as the dam of the Fort Kent Lumber Company, also in the tributaries of said river."

Same gentleman from same committee, on petition of A. T. Dole and others of Brewer, for the enactment of a law preventing winter fishing in Brewer pond, reported bill, entitled "An Act to prohibit ice fishing in Brewer pond, sometimes called Hynes pond in the towns of Orrington and Bucksport, Penobscot county."

Mr. Berry from same committee, reported "ought to pass" on bill, "An Act to amend Chapter 321 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the taking of smelts in Mill brook."

Mr. Scribner from same committee, reported "ought to pass" in new draft under same title on bill "An Act to prohibit the hunting of ducks and other water foul in Merrymeeting bay, Eastern river and Kennebec river below Gardiner and Randolph bridge, by the use of steam, naptha or gasoline boats."

Mr. Berry from same committee, reported "ought to pass" in new draft on bill "An Act to amend Section 3 of Chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the taking of fish in the towns of Freeman, Salem and Strong, under title of "An Act to amend that portion of Section 3 of Chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the time and number of fish that can be taken in the streams lying wholly or partly in the towns of Freeman and Salem"

The reports were accepted and bills ordered printed under joint rules.

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An Act to prohibit ice fishing in Narraguagus lake, so called, in Hancock county.

An Act for the protection of gray squirrels upon a certain territory in Fryeburg, Oxford county.

An Act to amend an act entitled "An Act creating the Phillips Village Corporation."

An Act to permit ice fishing in Half Moon pond, in the county of Oxford, and to permit fishing for pickerel through the ice in Jenne pond, so called, in Mexico and Carthage, partly in Oxford and partly in Franklin county.

An Act to regulate fishing in Marble brook, Marble pond, Chase brook or Blackstone brook, and Bolt brook, in Piscataquis county.

An Act to prohibit ice fishing in Hancock pond, in the town of Embden and plantation of Lexington, Somerset county.

An Act to prohibit fishing in the tributaries to Little Sebago lake, in Gray, Raymond and Windham, Cumberland county.

An Act to regulate fishing in South Boundary pond, Little Northwest pond, Massachusetts bog, in Franklin county.

An Act to permit fishing in Branch and Meadow brooks, so called, in Thomaston and Rockland, in accordance with the general law of the state.

FIRST READING OF PRINTED BILLS.

An Act to legalize and make valid the acts of Phillips Village Corporation.

An Act for the protection of fish in the tributaries of Upper Kezar pond, Oxford county.

An Act to amend Section 13 of Chapter 32 of the Revised Statutes relative to the manner of hunting and catching wild hares or rabbits.

An Act to incorporate the North Chesterville Light and Power Company in the village of North Chesterville in the towns of Chesterville and Farmington in the county of Franklin.

An Act to regulate fishing in Mattawamkeag lake.

An Act to regulate fishing in Chepenticook lake, sometimes called Spednic lake, in the county of Washington.

An Act to regulate the taking of white perch and black bass in Whitney and Hogan ponds, in the county of Oxford, also Tripp pond, in the county of Androscoggin.

An Act to amend Paragraph 6, entitled "Oxford County," of Section 3 of Chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to fishing in the McGalloway river and its tributaries.

An Act relating to fishing in Lufkin pond, Franklin county.

Resolve for the purpose of completing the fish hatchery and feeding station at the Rangeley lakes.

An Act to regulate fishing in the south branches of the Sandy river, in Franklin county.

An Act for the protection of muskrats in the towns of Hartland, Harmony, Athens and Palmyra, in the county of Somerset.

INLAND FISHERIES AND GAME.

The committee on inland fish and game held a hearing, Tuesday afternoon on the general fish and game law bill. This was the measure first introduced, in Senator Furbish's name, under a misunderstanding, and afterward withdrawn by him and presented in that body by Senator Stetson of Penobscot.

Commissioner Carleton took charge of the matter of presenting the evidence to the committee. He made a short opening in which he explained the reasons why the changes had been made in the present law. It had been urged that an open time be placed on caribou, for advertising purposes, but he objected to it.

He explained that their reason for changing the moose law, which provides open time from Oct. 1 to Nov. 10 instead of from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1, as now was the general belief of sportsmen, guides and wardens that it would better protect the big animals.

Urging the law which permits farmers to kill and eat game found destroying crops, Mr. Carleton said that it would be allowing them to eat game which they are already allowed to kill.

Commissioners of Agriculture Gilman supported Mr. Carleton on this last contention.

Representative Morrison of Bar Harbor, W. D. Hinds of Portland, M. W. Morrill of Gray, favored the law compelling non-residents to pay a license of $5 to hunt birds. He said that the people in his section were all in favor of it. He also explained that there was a great need for better warden service in the vicinity and he felt that in order to secure it, more funds would be required.

Charles E. Cushman of Portland favored the extension of the license system and said that the out-of-state sportsmen are all willing to pay the fee, providing they could take birds home with them.

E. L. Parks of Pittsfield, favored the extention of the license system but objected to any change in the moose and other laws.

Game warden Fred A. Willis, who has charge of Merrymeeting bay: A. H. Norton, Portland; Charles A. Judkins, manager of the Kineo House and president of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association; Alfred T. Berry, Eustis, manager of the Megantic Sportsmen's Club, and Game wardens Neal, Ross, Pollard, Perkins, Blanding, Durgin, Cummings, appeared in favor of the bill. Hon. George D. Bisbee of Rumford Falls, objected to the extension of the license system, and Col. E. C. Farrington objected to certain parts of the bill, though favoring it in general.

AT WHORFF'S CAMPS, DEAD RIVER POND, MAINE.

INLAND FISHERIES AND GAME.

By Mr. Sewall of Bath: Petition of H. J. Berry and 55 others, residents of Sagadahoc county, to amend Section 11 of Chapter 32 of the Revised Statutes, relating to the hunting of ducks.

TAXATION.

By Mr. Burkett of Union, Petition of W. B. Lindsey and 17 others of Carroll for repeal of Section 25 of Chapter 9 of the Revised Statutes, relating to property made personal by charter; petition of V. P. DeCosta and 23 others of Buckfield for same; petition of W. E. Fuller and two others of Auburn, for same; of F. H. Herrick and 28 others of Leeds for same; of F. E. Russell and 13 others of Rangeley for same.

SALARIES.

Mr. Weatherbee from the Committee on Legal Affairs, reported "ought not to pass" on bill "An Act prohibiting persons not residents of Maine from peddling merchandise of any kind in Maine until a license of $100 is paid to the town or city treasurer of each town or city."

FIRST READING OF PRINTED BILLS.

An Act establishing a close time for fishing on Thompson pond, from September first to January first of the following year.

An Act changing the close time for fishing in Long pond, Cumberland county.

An Act to prohibit the hunting of ducks and other water fowl in Merrymeeting bay, Eastern river and the Kennebec river below Gardiner and Randolph bridge, by the use of steam, naptha or gasoline boats.

An Act to permit ice fishing in Fourth Buttermilk and Little Benson ponds, in Piscataquis county, during the month of February.

An Act regulating the close time for fishing in Sandy and Half Moon streams and their tributaries, and the tributaries to Unity pond, in Waldo county.

An Act to close the tributaries of Big Concord pond, in the town of Woodstock, Oxford county. (Tabled pending first reading on motion of Mr. Cushman of Woodstock.)

An Act to amend Chapter 321 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the taking of smelts from tributaries of Upper Kezar pond, in Lovell, Oxford county.

An Act to regulate fishing in Moxie pond, in the county of Somerset.

An Act to amend that portion of Section 3 of Chapter 407 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903 relating to the time and number of fish that can be taken in the streams lying wholly or partly in the towns of Freeman and Salem.

An Act to prohibit fishing at all times in the tributaries to Squa Pan lake, in Aroostook county.

An Act to prohibit ice fishing in Brewer pond, sometimes called Hynes pond, in the towns of Orrington and Bucksport, Penobscot county.

PASSED TO BE ENACTED.

An Act relating to fishing in the tributaries to Anonymous pond.

PASSED TO BE ENGROSSED.

An act for the protection of fish in the tributaries of Upper Kezar pond, Oxford county.

An act to amend Section 13 of Chapter 32 of the Revised Statutes relative to the manner of hunting and catching wild hares or rabbits.

An act to incorporate the North Chesterville Light and Power Co. in the village of North Chesterville in the towns of Chesterville and Farmington in the county of Franklin.

An act to legalize and make valid the acts of Phillips Village corporation.

An act to regulate fishing in Mattawamkeag lake.

An act to regulate fishing in Chepenticook lake, sometimes called Spednic lake in the county of Washington.

An act to regulate the taking of white perch and black bass in Whitney and Hogan ponds, in the county of Oxford, also Tripp pond, in the county of Androscoggin. (Tabled pending third reading on motion of Mr. Belleau of Lewiston.)

An act to amend Paragraph 6, entitled "Oxford County," of Section 3 of Chapter 407 of the Private and Special laws of 1903, relating to fishing in the Magalloway river and its tributaries. (Tabled pending third reading on motion of Mr. Hastings of Bethel.)

An act relating to fishing in Lufkin pond, Franklin county.

An act to regulate fishing in the south branches of the Sandy river, in Franklin county.

An act for the protection of muskrats in the town of Hartland, Harmony, Athens and Palmyra, in the county of Somerset.

Resolve for the purpose of completing the fish hatchery and feeding station at the Rangeley lakes.

PLACED ON FILE.

By Mr. Martin of Rumford: Petition of F. F. Bartlett and 35 others praying for a law which will cloth our Chief Executive with more power to enforce state laws; petition of J. A. Nile and 7 others for law for the proper labeling of medicines.

REPORT OF COMMITTEES.

Mr. Weatherbee from same committee, reported same on bill "An Act to incorporate the Hampden Water Company."

Same gentleman from same committee, on petition of H. M. Richardson and others for protection of fish in Break Neck brook, reported bill "An Act to prohibit fishing in Break Neck brook and its tributaries, situated partly in the towns of Sebago and Baldwin, county of Cumberland."

Mr. Weatherbee from same committee, reported "ought to pass" in new draft under same title on bill "An Act to regulate the use of the roads in Castine, county of Hancock."

Mr. Morrison from the Hancock county delegation, on petitions for open time to shoot deer on Mt Desert island, reported bill "An Act to amend Chapter 259 of the Private and Special Laws of 1903, relating to the protection of deer on the island of Mt. Desert."

Mr. Gannett from the committee on inland fisheries and game, reported "ought to pass" on resolve in favor of a feeding station at Sebago lake hatchery.

An Act changing the close time for fishing in Long pond, in Cumberland county.

An Act to prohibit the hunting of ducks and other water fowl in Merrymeeting bay, Eastern river and the Kennebec river below Gardiner and Randolph bridge, by the use of steam, naphtha or gasoline boats.

An Act to permit ice fishing in Fourth Buttermilk and Little Benson ponds, in Piscataquis county, during the month of February.

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An Act to prohibit ice fishing in Brewer pond, sometimes called Hynes pond, in the towns of Orrington and Bucksport, Penobscot county.

An Act for the protection of ducks.

An Act to improve the channel of Crooked river.

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The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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"Don't allow no whisky here," snuffed the harelip.

The men were very angry. They advanced toward the cripple, who retreated with astonishing agility to the lighted room. There he bent the wooden leg behind him, slipped the end of the brace from beneath the leather belt, seized the other peg end in his right hand and so became possessed of a murderous bludgeon. This he brandished, hopping at the same time back and forth in such perfect poise and yet with so ludicrous an effect of popping corn that the men were surprised into laughing.

"Bully for you, pegleg!" they cried.

"Rules an' regerlations, boys," replied the latter, without, however, a shade of compromising in his tones. "Had supper?"

CHAPTER III.

THORPE was awakened a long time before daylight by the ringing of a noisy bell. He dressed, shivering, and stumbled downstairs to the round stove, big as a boiler, into which the cripple dumped huge logs of wood from time to time. After breakfast Thorpe returned to this stove and sat half dozing for what seemed to him untold ages. The cold of the northern country was initiating him.

Men came in, smoked a brief pipe and went out. After a time he himself put on his overcoat and ventured out into the town. It seemed to Thorpe a meager affair, built of lumber, mostly unpainted, with always the dark, menacing fringe of the forest behind. The great sawmill, with its tall stacks and its rows of water barrels—protection

"We are a very busy firm here," he said,

against fire on top, was the dominant note. Near the mill coughed a little red painted structure from whose stovepipe a column of white smoke arose, attesting the cold, a clear hundred feet straight upward, and to whose door a number of men were directing their steps through the snow. Over the door Thorpe could distinguish the word "Office." He followed and entered.

In a narrow aisle railed off from the main part of the room waited Thorpe's companions of the night before. The remainder of the office gave accommodation to three clerks. One of these glanced up inquiringly as Thorpe came in.

"I am looking for work," said Thorpe.

"Wait there," briefly commanded the clerk.

In a few moments the door of the inner room opened and Shearer came out. A man's head peered from within.

"Come on, boys," said he.

The five applicants shuffled through. Thorpe found himself in the presence of a man whom he felt to be the natural leader of these wild, independent spirits. He was already a little past middle life, and his form had lost the elastic vigor of youth. But his eye was keen, clear and wrinkled to a certain dry facetiousness, and his figure was of that bulk which gives an impression of a subtler weight and power than the merely physical. You felt his superiority even when he was most comradely with you. This man Thorpe was to meet under other conditions, wherein the steel hand would more plainly clink the metal.

He was now seated in a worn office chair before a littered desk. In the close air hung the smell of stale cigars and the clear fragrance of pine.

"What is it, Dennis?" he asked the first of the men.

"I've been out," replied the lumberman. "Have you got anything for me, Mr. Daly?"

The mill owner laughed.

"I guess so. Report to Shearer. Did you vote for the right man, Denny?"

The lumberman grinned sheepishly. "I don't know, sir. I didn't get that far."

"Better let it alone. I suppose you and Bill want to come back too?" he added, turning to the next two in line. "All right: report to Tim. Do you want work?" he inquired of the last of the quartet, a big, bashful man, with the shoulders of a Hercules.

"Yes, sir," answered the latter, uncomfortable.

"What do you want?"

"I'm a cant hook man, sir."

"Where have you worked?"

"I had a job with Morgan & Stebbins on the Clear river last winter."

"All right; we need cant hook men. Report at 'seven,' and if they don't want you there go to 'thirteen.'"

The man went out. Daly turned to Thorpe with the last flickers of amusement in his eyes.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired.

"I am looking for work." Thorpe replied.

"What kind of work?"

"Any kind, so long as I can learn something about the lumber business."

The older man studied him keenly for a few moments.

"Have you had any other business experience?"

"None."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

The lumberman's eyes hardened.

"We are a very busy firm here," he said, with a certain deliberation. "We do not carry a big force of men in any one department, and each of those men has to fill his place and slop some over the sides. We do not pretend or attempt to teach here. If you want to be a lumberman you must learn the lumber business more directly than through the windows of a bookkeeper's office. Go into the woods. Learn a few first principles. Find out the difference between Norway and white pine anyway."

After his speech the business man whirled back to his desk.

"Have you anything for me to do in the woods, then?" the other asked quietly.

"No," said Daly over his shoulder.

Thorpe went out. He had made the elementary discovery that even in chopping wood skilled labor counts. He did not know where to turn next, and he would not have had the money to go far in any case; so, although Shearer's brusque greeting that morning had argued a lack of cordiality, he resolved to remind the river man of his promised assistance.

That noon he carried out his resolve.

"Go up and tackle Radway," said Shearer. "He's jobbing for us on the Cass branch. He needs men for roading, I know, because he's behind. You'll get a job there."

"Where is it?" asked Thorpe.

"Ten miles from here. She's blazed, but you better wait for the supply team Friday. If you try to make her yourself you'll get lost on some of the old logging roads."

Thorpe considered.

"I'm busted," he said at last frankly.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the walking boss. "Marshall, come here."

The peglegged boarding house keeper stumped in.

"What is it?" he trumpeted snuffingly.

"This boy wants a job till Friday. Then he's going up to Radway's with the supply team. Now, quit your hollering for a chore boy for a few days."

"All right," snorted Marshall. "Take that ax and split some dry wood that you'll find behind the house."

"I'm very much obliged to you," began Thorpe to the walking boss, "and"—

"That's all right," interrupted the latter. "Some day you can give me a job."

CHAPTER IV.

FOR five days Thorpe cut wood, made fires, drew water, swept floors and ran errands. At the end of the week he received $4 from his employer, dumped his valise into a low bobsleigh driven by a man muffled in a fur coat, assisted in loading the sleigh with a variety of things, from Spearhead plug to raisins, and turned his face at last toward the land of his hopes and desires.

The long drive to camp was at once a delight and a misery to him. First his feet became numb, then his hands, then his nose was nipped, and finally his warm clothes were lifted from him by invisible hands, and he was left naked to shivers and tremblings. He found it torture to sit still on the top of the bale of hay, and yet he could not bear to contemplate the cold shock of jumping from the sleigh to the ground. The driver pulled up to breathe his horses at the top of a hill.

"You're dressed pretty light," he advised. "Better hoof it a ways and get warm."

The words tipped the balance of Thorpe's decision. He descended stiffly, conscious of a disagreeable shock from a six inch jump.

In ten minutes the wallowing, slipping and leaping after the tail of the sled had sent his blood tingling to the last of his protesting members. Cold withdrew.

After a little while they arrived by way of a hill, over which they plunged into the middle of the camp. Thorpe saw three large buildings, backed end to end, and two smaller ones, all built of heavy logs, roofed with plank and lighted sparsely through one or two windows apiece. The driver pulled up opposite the space between two larger buildings and began to unload his provisions. Thorpe set about aiding him and so found himself for the first time in a "cook camp."

It was a commodious building. One end furnished space for two cooking ranges and two bunks placed one over the other. Along one side ran a broad table shelf, with other shelves over it and numerous barrels underneath, all filled with cans, loaves of bread, cookies and pies. The center was occupied by four long bench flanked tables, down whose middle straggled utensils containing sugar, apple butter, condiments and sauces and whose edges were set with tin dishes for about forty men. The cook, a rather thin faced man with a mustache, directed where the provisions were to be stowed, and the "cookee," a hulking youth, assisted Thorpe and the driver to carry them in.

In a few moments the task was finished, with the exception of a half dozen other cases, which the driver designated as for the "van." The horses were unhitched and stabled in the third of the big log buildings. The driver indicated the second.

"Better go into the men's camp and sit down till th' boss gets in," he advised.

Thorpe entered a dim, overheated structure lined on two sides by a double tier of large bunks partitioned from one another like cabins of a boat and centered by a huge stove over which hung slender poles. The latter were to dry clothes on. Just outside the bunks ran a straight, hard bench. Thorpe stood at the entrance trying to accustom his eyes to the dimness.

"Set down," said a voice, "on th' floor if you want to, but I'd prefer th' deacon seat."

Thorpe obediently took position on the bench, or "deacon seat." His eyes, more used to the light, could make out a thin, tall, bent old man, with bare cranium, two visible teeth and a three days' stubble of white beard over his meager, twisted face.

He caught, perhaps, Thorpe's surprised expression.

"You think th' old man's no good, do you?" he cackled without the slightest malice. "Looks is deceivin'." He sprang up swiftly, seized the toe of his right foot in his left hand and jumped his left foot through the loop thus formed. Then he sat down again and laughed at Thorpe's astonishment.

"Old Jackson's still purty smart," said he. "I'm barn boss. They ain't a man in th' country knows as much about hosses as I do. We ain't had but two sick this fall, an' between you an' me they's a skate lot. You're a greenhorn, ain't you?"

"Yes," confessed Thorpe.

"Well," said Jackson reflectively, but rapidly, "Le Fabian, he's quiet, but ban; and O'Grady, he talks loud, but you can bluff him; and Perry, he's only bad when he gets full of red likker; and Norton, he's bad when he gets mad like, and will use axes."

Thorpe did not know he was getting valuable points on the camp bullies.

At dark the old man lit two lamps, which served dimly to gloze the shadows, and thrust logs of wood into the cast iron stove. Soon after, the men came in. They were a queer, mixed lot. There were active, clear built, precise Frenchmen, with small hands and feet and a peculiarly trim way of wearing their rough garments; typical native born American lumber jacks, powerful in frame, rakish in air, reckless in manner; big blond Scandinavians and Swedes, strong men at the sawing; an Indian or so, strangely in contrast to the rest, and a variety of Irishmen, Englishmen and Canadians. These men tramped in without a word and set busily to work at various tasks. Some sat on the "deacon seat" and began to take off their socks and rubbers. Still others selected and lit lanterns from a pendant row near the window and followed old Jackson out of doors. They were the teamsters.

"You'll find the old man in the office," said Jackson.

Thorpe made his way across to the small log cabin indicated as the office, and pushed open the door.

A man sat at a desk placing figures on a sheet of paper. He obtained the figures from statistics penciled on three thin leaves of beechwood riveted together. In a chair by the stove lounged a bulkier figure, which Thorpe concluded to be that of the "old man."

"I was sent here by Shearer," said Thorpe directly. "He said you might give me some work."

So long a silence fell that the applicant began to wonder if his question had been heard.

"I might," replied the man dryly at last.

"Well, will you?" Thorpe inquired, the humor of the situation overcoming him.

"Have you ever worked in the woods?"

"No."

The man smoked silently.

"I'll put you on the road in the morning," he concluded, as though this were the decisive qualification.

One of the men entered abruptly and approached the counter. The writer at the desk laid aside his tablets.

"What is it, Albert?" he asked.

"Jot of chewin'," was the reply.

The scaler took from the shelf a long plug of tobacco and cut off two inches.

"Ain't hittin' the van much, are you, Albert?" he commented, putting the man's name and the amount in a little book. Thorpe went out after leaving his name for the time book, enlightened as to the method of obtaining supplies. He promised himself some warm clothing from the van when he should have worked out the necessary credit.

At supper he learned something else—that he must not talk at table. For one thing, supper was a much briefer affair than it would have been had every man felt privileged to take his will in conversation, not to speak of the absence of noise and the presence of peace. Each man asked for what he wanted.

"Please pass the beans," he said, with the deliberate intonation of a man who does not expect that his request will be granted.

Besides the beans were fried salt pork, boiled potatoes, canned corn, mince pie, a variety of cookies and doughnuts, and strong green tea. Thorpe found himself eating ravenously of the crude fare.

That evening he underwent a catechism, a few practical jokes, which he took good naturedly, and a vast deal of chaffing. At 9 o'clock the lights were all out. By daylight he and a dozen other men were at work hewing a road that had to be as smooth and level as a New York boulevard.

Thorpe and four others were set to work on this road, which was to be cut through a creek bottom leading, he was told, to "seventeen." He learned to use a double bitted ax.

From shortly after daylight he worked. Four other men bore him company, and twice Radway himself came by, watched their operations for a moment and moved on without comment. After Thorpe had caught his second wind he enjoyed his task, finding a certain pleasure in the ease with which he handled his tool.

At the end of an interminable period a faint, musical hallo swelled, echoed and died through the forest, beautiful as a spirit. It was taken up by another voice and repeated. Then by another. Now near at hand, now far away, it rang as hollow as a bell. The sawyers, the swampers, the skidders and the team men turned and put on their heavy blanket coats.

Down on the road Thorpe heard it, too, and wondered what it might be.

"Come on, bub. She means chew," explained old man Heath kindly.

Thorpe resumed his coat and fell in behind the little procession. After a short time he came upon a horse and sledge. Beyond it the cookee had built a little camp fire, around and over which he had grouped big fifty pound lard tins half full of hot things to eat. Each man as he approached picked up a tin plate and cup from a pile near at hand.

The cookee was plainly master of the situation. He issued peremptory orders. When Erickson, the blond Swede, attempted surreptitiously to appropriate a doughnut the youth turned on him savagely and shouted:

"Get out of that, you big towhead!"

The men ate, perched in various attitudes and places. Thorpe found it difficult to keep warm. The violent ex-

"I don't know which of you boys is coming first," said he quietly

ercise had heated him through, and now the north country cold penetrated to his bones. He huddled close to the fire and drank hot tea, but it did not do him very much good. In his secret mind he resolved to buy one of the blanket mackinaws that very evening.

The newcomer's first day of hard work had tired him completely. He was ready for nothing so much as his bunk. But he had forgotten that it was Saturday night. His status was still to assure.

They began with a few mild tricks. Shuffle the brogan followed hot back.

[Continued on Page 7.]

TRANSPORTATION

Sandy River Railroad.

Time-Table in Effect 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
South Strong,.....			
Strong, ...ar	P. M. 12.05	P. M. 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
South Strong,.....			
Farmington, ...ar.	8.20	10.00	2.20

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

Franklin & Megantic Railway.

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

Time Table in Effect December 19, 1904.

SOUTH.			A. M.	P. M.
Bigelow, lv			11 00	2 00
Carrabassett,			11 20	2 25
Kingfield,	ar		11 45	3 00
	lv	A. M. 7 00	A. M. 7 05	P. M. 12 50
*N. Freeman, lv		7 05		12 55
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv			7 36	
Salem,		7 20	7 45	1 10
*Summit, lv		7 22	8 35	1 12
*W. Freeman, lv		7 35		1 25
Strong, ar		7 45	9 05	1 35
NORTH.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Strong, lv		8 15	10 00	5 12
*W. Freeman, lv		8 25		5 17
*Summit, lv		8 35	10 30	5 27
Salem,		8 40	10 35	5 35
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv		8 45	10 40	
*No. Freeman, lv		8 50		5 45
Kingfield,	ar	9 00	11 30	5 55
	lv	9 15	P. M. 12 00	
Carrabassett,		9 45	12 35	
Bigelow, ar		10 15	1 05	

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

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

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

GEO. M. VOSE. Superintendent.

Phillips & Rangeley and Eustis Railroads.

SETH M. CARTER, Receiver.

Time-Table, March 20, 1905.

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

No. 1 A M				No. 2 P M
9 00	Lv	Boston	E. Div. Ar	9 05
8 30			W. Div.	
12 40 P M		Portland	Lv	6 00
4 40		Farmington		2 25
		Phillips	Lv	1 30
				A M
5 30		Phillips	Ar	11 00
6 00		Madrid	Lv	10 25
6 02		*Madrid Junctoin		10 23
6 10		*Reed's Mill		10 15
6 20		*Sanders' Mill		10 05
6 50		Redington		9 40
7 10		Eustis Junction		9 20
7 15		*Dead River Station		9 15
7 30	Ar	Rangeley	Lv	9 00

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

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor.

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

D. F. FIELD, G. P. & T. A. J. C. WILLIAMS, Supt.

Portland & Rumford Falls Railway

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, 6.25 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 Railroad.

Arrangement of Trains.

IN EFFECT MONDAY, OCT. 10 1904.

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

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

TRAINS LEAVE BANGOR.

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

7.00 a. m.—For and arriving at Brownville, 9.01 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 2.46 p. m. Caribou 3. 15 p. m. Van Buren 5.40 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 Blaine 9.25 p. m. Presque Isle 9.57 p. m. Caribou 10.25 p. m. Fort Fairfield 10.15 p. m.

4.50 p. m.—For and arriving at Lagrange 6.10 p. m. Milo 6.35 p. m. Brownville 6.45 p. m. Dover and Foxcroft. 7. 03 p. m. Guilford 7.26 p. m. Greenville 8.40 p. m. Quebec 1.15 p. m. Montreal 8.35 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 7.20 a. m. Milo 7.30 a. m.

1.00 p. m. Leave Caribou 6.00 a. m. Presque Isle 6.20 a. m. Fort Fairfield 6.00 a. m. Houlton 8.05 a. m. Ashland 6.50 a. m. Patten 8.50 a. m. Millinocket 10.16 a. m. Brownville 11.25 a. m. Milo 11.34 a. m.

7.25 p. m.—Leaving Kineo 1.20 p. m. Greenville 3.40 p. m. Monson 3.35 p. m. Guilford 4.50 p. m. Dover 5.08 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 Pass. and Ticket Agent.
W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.
Bangor, Me., October 8, 1904.

THE BLAZED TRAIL.

[Continued from Page 6.]

Thorpe took all of it good naturedly. Finally a tall individual with a thin, white face, a reptilian forehead, reddish hair and long, babboon arms suggested tossing in a blanket. Thorpe looked at the low ceiling and declined.

"I'm with the game as long as you can say, boys," said he, "and I'll have as much fun as anybody, but that's going too far for a tired man."

The reptilian gentleman let out a string of oaths whose meaning might be translated, "We'll see about that!"

Thorpe was a good boxer, but he knew by now the lumber jacks' method of fighting—anything to hurt the other fellow. And in a genuine, old fashioned, knock-down-and-drag-out rough and tumble your woodsman is about the toughest customer to handle you will be likely to meet. He is brought up on fighting. Nothing pleases him better than to get drunk and, with a few companions, to embark in an earnest effort to "clean out" a rival town. And he will accept cheerfully punishment enough to kill three ordinary men.

Thorpe at the first hostile movemen sprang back to the door, seized one of the three-foot billets of hard wood intended for the stove and faced his opponents.

"I don't know which of you boys is coming first," said he quietly, "but he is going to get it good and plenty."

If the affair had been serious these men would never have recoiled before the mere danger of a stick of hard wood. But this was a good natured bit of foolery, a test of nerve, and there was no object in getting a broken head for that. The reptilian gentleman alone grumbled something profane.

"If you hanker for trouble so much," drawled the unexpected voice of old Jackson from the corner, "mebbe you could put on the gloves."

The rest was farce. Thorpe was built on true athletic lines—broad, straight shoulders, narrow flanks, long, clean, smooth muscles. He possessed, besides, that hereditary toughness and bulk which no gymnasium will ever quite supply. The other man, while powerful and ugly in his rushes, was clumsy and did not use his head. Thorpe planted his hard, straight blows at will. Finally he saw his opening and let out with a swinging pivot blow. The other picked himself out of a corner and drew off the gloves. Thorpe's status was assured.

"The young feller's all right," observed Heath. "He cuffed Ben up to a peak all right."

"Went down like a peck of wet fish nets," replied Jackson tranquilly.

CHAPTER V

IN the office shanty one evening about a week later Radway and his scaler happened to be talking over the situation. The scaler, whose name was Dyer, slouched back in the shadow watching his great honest superior as a crafty, dainty cat might watch the blunderings of a St. Bernard. Dyer had a precise little black mustache, whose ends he was constantly twisting into points; black eyebrows, and long, effeminate, black lashes. The two men conversed in short, elliptical sentences, using many technical terms.

"That 'seventeen' white pine is going to underrun," said Dyer. "It won't skid over 3,000."

"It's small stuff," agreed Radway, "and so much the worse for us. But the company 'll stand in on it, because small stuff like that always overruns on the mill cut."

The scaler nodded comprehension.

"When are you going to dry haul that Norway across Pike lake?"

"Tomorrow. She springs, but the book says five inches of ice will hold a team, and there's more than that. How much are we putting in a day now?"

"About 40,000."

Radway fell silent.

"That's mighty little for such a crew," he observed at last doubtfully.

"I always said you were too easy with them. You got to drive them more."

"Well, it's a rough country," apologized Radway, trying, as was his custom, to find excuses for the other party as soon as he was agreed with in his blame. "There's any amount of pot holes, and then we've had so much snow the ground ain't really froze underneath. It gets pretty soft in some of them swamps. Can't figure on putting up as much in this country as we used to down on the Muskegon."

The scaler smiled a thin smile all to himself behind the stove. Dyer knew perfectly well that the work was behind, and he knew the reason. For some time the men had been relaxing their efforts. They had worked honestly enough, but a certain snap and vim had lacked. This was because Radway had been too easy with them.

Your true lumber jack adores of all things in creation a man whom he feels to be stronger than himself. If his employer is big enough to drive him, then he is willing to be driven to the last ounce of his strength. But once he gets the notion that his "boss" is afraid of or for him or his feelings or his health, he loses interest in his working for that man. As you value your authority, the love of your men and the completion of your work, keep a bluff brow and an unbending singleness of purpose.

Thorpe had already commented on the feeling among the men, though, owing to his inexperience, he was not able to estimate its full value. The men were inclined to a semi-apologetic air when they spoke of their connection with the camp. Instead of being honored as one of a series of jobs this seemed to be considered as merely a temporary halting place in which they took no pride and from which they looked forward in anticipation or back in memory to better things.

"Old Shearer, he's the bully boy," said Bob Stratton. "I remember when he was foreman of M. & D. at Camp O. Saw—we did hustle them saw logs in! I should rise to remark! Out in the woods by first streak of day. I recall one mornin' she was pretty cold, and the boys grumbled some about turnin' out. 'Cold,' says Tim, 'you sons of guns! You got your ch'ice. It may be too cold for you in the woods, but it's a blame sight too hot for you in hades, and you're goin' to one or the other!' And he meant it too. Them was great days! Forty million a year and not a hitch!"

The next morning Radway transferred Molly and Jenny, with little Fabian Laveque and two of the younger men, to Pike lake. There earlier in the season a number of pines had been felled out on the ice, cut in logs and left in expectation of ice thick enough to bear the travoy "dray." Owing to the fact that the shores of Pine lake were extremely precipitous it had been impossible to travoy the logs up over the hill.

Radway had sounded carefully the thickness of the ice with an ax. Although the weather had been sufficiently cold for the time of year, the snow, as often happens, had fallen before the temperature. Under the warm white blanket the actual freezing had been slight. However, there seemed to be at least eight inches of clear ice, which would suffice.

Four logs had been safely hauled. The fifth was on its journey across the lake. Suddenly without warning and with scarcely a sound both horses sank through the ice, which bubbled up around them and over their backs in irregular rotted pieces. Little Fabian Laveque shouted and jumped down from his log. Pat McGuire and young Henrys came running.

The horses had broken through an air hole about which the ice was strong. Fabian had already seized Molly by the bit and was holding her head easily above water.

"Kitch Jenny by dat he't!" he cried to Pat.

Thus the two men without exertion sustained the noses of the team above the surface. The position demanded absolutely no haste, for it could have been maintained for a good half hour. Molly and Jenny, their soft eyes full of the intelligence of the situation, rested easily in full confidence. But Pat and Henrys, new to this sort of emergency, were badly frightened and excited.

"Oh, Lord," cried Pat, clinging desperately to Jenny's headpiece, "what will wez be doin'? We can't niver haul them two horses on the ice."

"Tak' de log chain," said Fabian to Henrys, "an' tie him around de neck of Jenny."

Henrys after much difficulty and nervous fumbling managed to loosen the swamp hook and after much more difficulty succeeded in making it fast about the gray mare's neck. Fabian intended with this to choke the animal to that peculiar state when she would float like a balloon on the water an two men could with ease draw her over the edge of the ice. Then the unexpected happened.

The instant Henrys had passed the end of the chain through the knot Pat, possessed by some Hibernian notion that now all was fast, let go of the bit. Jenny's head at once went under, and the end of the logging chain glided over and fell plump in the hole.

Immediately all was confusion. Jenny kicked and struggled, churned the water, throwing it about, kicking out in every direction. Once a horse's head dips strongly the game is over. No animal drowns more quickly. The two young boys scrambled away, and French oaths could not induce them to approach. Molly, still upheld by Fabian, looked at him piteously with her strange, intelligent eyes, holding herself motionless and rigid with complete confidence in this master who had never failed her before. Fabian dug his heels into the ice, but could not hang on. The drowning horse was more than a dead weight. Presently it became a question of letting go or being dragged into the lake on top of the animals. With a sob the little Frenchman relinquished his hold. The water seemed slowly to rise and overfilm the troubled look of pleading in Molly's eyes.

"Assassins!" hissed Laveque at the two unfortunate youths; that was all.

"I suppose it was a good deal my fault," commented Radway, doubtfully shaking his head after Laveque had left the office. "I ought to have been surer about the ice."

Radway was so confirmed in his belief as to his own culpability that he quite overlooked Fabian's just contention that the mere thinness of the ice was in reality no excuse for the losing [illegible] not discharged; were not instructed to "get their time." Fabian Laveque promptly demanded his.

"I no work wid dat fool dat no t'ink wit' hees haid!"

This deprived the camp at once of a teamster and a team. When you reflect that one pair of horses takes care of the exertions of a crew of sawyers, several swampers and three or four cant hook men you will readily see what a serious derangement their loss would cause.

Radway did his best. He took three days to search out a big team of farm horses. Then it became necessary to find a driver. After some deliberation he decided to advance Bob Stratton to the post, that "decker" having had more or less experience the year before. Erickson, the Swede, while not a star cant hook man, was nevertheless sure and reliable. Radway placed him in Stratton's place. He remembered Thorpe.

So the young man received his first promotion toward the ranks of skilled labor. He gained at last a field of application for the accuracy he had so intelligently acquired while roadmaking, for now a false stroke marred a saw log; and besides, what was more to his taste, he found himself near the actual scene of operation—at the front, as it were.

Here he learned why and when the sawyers threw a tree up or down hill, and how small standing timber they tried to fell it through, what consider-

Molly, still upheld by Fabian, looked at him piteously

ation held for the cutting of different lengths of log, how the timber was skillfully decked on the skids in such a manner that the pile should not bulge or fall and so that the scaler could easily determine the opposite ends of the same log—in short, a thousand and one little details which ordinarily a man learns only as the exigencies arise to call in experience. Here, too, he first realized he was in the firing line.

Thorpe had assigned him as a bunk mate the young fellow who assisted Tom Broadhead in the felling. Henry Paul was a fresh complexioned, clear eyed, quick mannered young fellow, with an air of steady responsibility about him. He came from the southern part of the state, where during the summer he worked on a little homestead farm of his own. After a few days he told Thorpe that he was married, and after a few days more he showed his bunk mate the photograph of a sweet faced young woman who looked trustingly out of the picture.

"She's waiting down there for me, and it ain't so very long till spring," said Paul wistfully. "She's the best little woman a man ever had, and there ain't nothing too good for her, chummy."

Thorpe, soul sick after his recent experiences with the charity of the world discovered a real pleasure in this fresh clear passion.

Three days after the newcomer had started in at the swamping Paul, during their early morning walk from camp to the scene of their operations, confided in him further.

"Got another letter, chummy," said he. "Come in yesterday. She tells me," he hesitated, with a blush, and then a happy laugh, "that they ain't going to be only two of us at the farm next year."

"You mean?" queried Thorpe.

"Yes," laughed Paul, "and if it's a girl she gets named after her mother, you bet."

The men separated. In a moment Thorpe found himself waist deep in the pitchy aromatic top of an old bull sap, clipping away at the projecting branches. After a time he heard Paul's gay halloo.

"Timber!" came the cry, and then the swish-sh-sh—crash of the tree's fall.

Thorpe knew that now either Hank or Tom must be climbing with the long measuring pole along the prostrate trunk, marking by means of shallow ax clips where the saw was to divide the logs. Then Tom shouted some- [illegible]

seemed to understand, however, for they dropped their work and ran hastily in the direction of the voice. Thorpe after a moment's indecision did the same. He arrived to find a group about a prostrate man. The man was Paul.

Two of the older woodsmen, kneeling, were conducting coolly a hasty examination. At the front every man is more or less of a surgeon.

"Is he hurt badly?" asked Thorpe. "What is it?"

"He's dead," answered one of the other men soberly.

With the skill of ghastly practice some of them wove a litter, on which the body was placed. The pathetic little procession moved in the solemn, inscrutable forest.

When the tree had fallen it had crashed through the top of another, leaving suspended in the branches of the latter a long, heavy limb. A slight breeze dislodged it. Henry Paul was impaled as by a javelin. This is the chief of the many perils of the woods.

That evening the camp was unusually quiet. Tallier let his fiddle hang. After supper Thorpe was approached by Purdy, the reptilian redhead with whom he had had the row some evenings before.

"You in, chummy?" he asked in a quiet voice. "It's a five apiece for Hank's woman."

"Yes," said Thorpe.

The men were earning from $20 to $30 a month. They had most of them never seen Hank Paul before this autumn. He had not, mainly because of his modest disposition, enjoyed any extraordinary degree of popularity, yet these strangers cheerfully, as a matter of course, gave up the proceeds of a week's hard work, and that without expecting the slightest personal credit. The money was sent "from the boys." Thorpe later read a heartbroken letter to the unknown benefactors. It touched him deeply, and he suspected the other men of the same emotions, but by that time they had regained the independent, self contained poise of the frontiersman. They read it with unmoved faces and tossed it aside with a more than ordinarily rough joke or oath. Thorpe understood their reticence. It was a part of his own nature. He felt more than ever akin to these men.

As swamper he had more or less to do with a cant hook in helping the teamsters roll the end of the log on the little "dray." He soon caught the knack. Toward Christmas he had become a fairly efficient cant hook man and was helping roll the great sticks of timber up the slanting skids. Thus always intelligence counts, especially that rare intelligence which resolves into the analytical and the minutely observing.

He was getting just the experience and the knowledge he needed, but that was about all. His wages were $25 a month, which his van bill would reduce to the double eagle. At the end of the winter he would have but a little over $100 to show for his season's work, and this could mean at most only $50 for Helen. But the future was his. He saw now more plainly what he had dimly perceived before, that for the man who buys timber, and logs it well, a sure future is waiting. And in this camp he was beginning to learn from failure the conditions of success.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY finished cutting on section 17 during Thorpe's second week. It became necessary to begin on section 14, which lay two miles to the east. In that direction the character of the country changed somewhat.

The pine there grew thick on isolated "islands" of not more than an acre or so in extent—little knolls rising from the level of a marsh. In ordinary conditions nothing would have been easier than to have plowed roads across the frozen surface of this marsh. The peculiar state of the weather interposed tremendous difficulties.

The early part of autumn had been characterized by a heavy snowfall immediately after a series of mild days. A warm blanket of some thickness thus overlaid the earth, effectually preventing the freezing which subsequent cold weather would have caused. All the season Radway had contended with this condition. Even in the woods, muddy swamp and spring holes caused endless difficulty and necessitated a great deal of "corduroying," or the laying of poles side by side to form an artificial bottom. Here in the open some six inches of water and unlimited mud awaited the first horse that should break through the layer of snow and thin ice. Between each pair of islands a road had to be "tramped."

Thorpe and the rest were put at this disagreeable job. All day long they had to walk mechanically back and forth on diagonals between the marks set by Radway with his snowshoes. Early in the morning their feet were wet by icy water, for even the light weight of a man sometimes broke the frozen skin of the marsh. By night a road of trampled snow of greater or less strength was marked out across the expanse. Thus the blanket was thrown back from the warm earth, and thus the cold was given a chance at the water beneath. In a day or so the road would bear a horse. A bridge of ice had been artificially constructed, on either side of which lay [illegible] depths. This road was indicated by a row of firs stuck in the snow on either side.

It was very cold. All day long the restless wind swept across the shivering surface of the plains and tore around the corners of the islands. The big woods are as good as an overcoat. The overcoat had been taken away.

When the lunch sleigh arrived the men huddled shivering in the lee of one of the knolls and tried to eat with benumbed fingers before a fire that was but a mockery. Often it was nearly dark before their work warmed them again. All of the skidways had to be placed on the edges of the islands themselves, and the logs had to

[To be Continued.]

ALL SICK WOMEN

SHOULD READ MRS. FOX'S LETTER

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

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

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

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

New Advertisements.

Phillips & Rangeley Railroad time table.
Ed Grant & Sons.
E. I. DuPont Co.
Laflin & Rand Powder Co.
Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Opossum for sale.

Good Digestion Succeeds
Dyspepsia Discourages

Dear Sirs:—

I have used the True "L. F." Bitters for nearly forty years, and find them a never failing remedy for dyspepsia or any kind of stomach trouble.

Yours truly,
MRS. ELLEN HARVEY,
March 12, 1904. Patten, Me.

Rugged health is necessary for success in all of life's duties today. "L. F." Bitters restore digestion, relieve headaches and renew your courage. 35 cents.

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 Livery.

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

P. RICHARDSON & CO.,
Rangeley, - - Maine.

GUIDES TELL NEW STORIES.

Furbish Up Their Memories By Day's Rest From Show.

Three days more the lovers of outdoor life and of motor boats have to see the sights at the Motor Boat and Sportsmen's show in Madison Square Garden, and although the show has now been opened since Feb. 21, the interest in it does not seem to diminish at all. After a day's rest the guides, fishermen and others were on hand, feeling good and with a new stock of stories, and they were kept busy recounting these yarns to their visitors all day.

A. B. Moncure of the Virginia camp sprung a new story yesterday which he declared was true, although he admitted that some might think that he had been to a buck dance and imbibed too freely. He says it was early in the shooting season and the dogs started a fawn. Now a fawn is very much like a rabbit, and when startled instead of running in a straight line like any wise deer, will run in a circle and double on its tracks. Monecure had taken a position behind a log to get a good shot, and said he: "Would you believe it, but that foolish fawn jumped on the log, ran toward me then jumped on to my shoulder and off again, and the dogs followed the trail, every one taking a jump from my shoulder."

Commodore Frederick G. Bourne was a visitor at the show in the afternoon. He had a talk with Designer Charles Seabury about his yachts and auto boats. Commodore Bourne's plans have been very much upset through the fire on his yachts Delaware and Colonia, and he is very much disappointed that he cannot make a southern trip, as he expected this spring. The Colonia is to be fitted out for the season, as that boat was not so seriously injured as the Delaware. It is said that the Delaware's hull was injured, and it has not yet been decided what will be done with that boat. The Commodore has gone in for scootering. He has purchased a scooter which he sails himself on the Great South bay and he is very much pleased with the sport.

It was what was called theatrical day at the Garden, and many pretty girls from the shows in town wandered about the Garden admiring all that is to be admired and attracting no little attention to themselves. More than 200 Thespians availed themselves of the invitation of the management to visit the show.

Harry Safir, who has been absent from the show, returned yesterday morning. He is in great dema d by those who know him and was much missed. He went with the Arizona braves of the Tenth Assembly district to Washington and took part in the inaugural parade. Safir says it was a great show, but he is glad to be back with the sportsmen.

The twentieth event in the angler's tournament was a trout fly casting contest, right and left hand, for distance only, the weight of rod and length of leader being unrestricted and the contest open to all. The contestants had six minutes for two alternate trials of one and a half minutes duration to cast with each hand; the longest cast made during each one and one-half minute term was counted and the average of the four casts constituted the score. R. C. Leonard won, with a cast of 88 feet 9 inches; Hirman Hawes, second, 86 feet 6 inches; L. S. Darling, third, 82 feet 3 inches, and King Smith, fourth, 75 feet 9 inches. C. G. Levison and M. H. Klotz were the referees.

The twenty-first event was a trout fly casting contest and was for accuracy only, open to all, at buoys 40, 45 and 50 feet away. The weight of rod and length of leader were unrestricted. There were five casts allowed at each buoy. L. S. Darling won 99.47 per cent; N. S. Smith, second, 99.40 per cent; J. H. Cruickshank, third, 98.40 per cent; and D. T. Abercrombie, fourth, 97.66 per cent. P. D. Frazer and G. M. L. LaBranche were the judges and R. H. Klotz the referee.

In the aquatic sports were mattress races for boys, who were required to fall off the mattress but once instead of twice, as in the contests of their elders. In the first race A. Koppf defeated W. Simm in 1 minute 10 seconds. The second race was won by W. Campbell from P. Cotter in 1 minute 8 seconds. W. Campbell captured the third one from P. Cotter in 1 minute 12 seconds and the fourth fell to W. Simm, who beat A. Koppf in 1 minute 8 seconds.

The other sports included three mattress races, the first of which was won by Capt. Heeb from Lieut. Knezek in 1 minute 12 seconds. C. Reul won the second one from O. Reul in 1 minute 16 seconds, and Lieut. Hetzel defeated R. S. Owen in 1 minute 19 seconds. Capt. Heeb received a gold medal for having won two out of three contests. The tug of war was won by Lieut. Genheimer from E. Hettorff in 1 minute 20 seconds. The titling contest was between L. H. Danberg and J. J. Hattenbrun, Jr., against H. C. Hinck, Jr., and H. R. Hare. It was a spirited contest and lasted 10 minutes. At last Hinck went overboard and brought the antagonistic crew with him. The judges thereupon declared the contest a draw. The games were under the auspices of the Morris Canoe Club.

The canoe race between the Canadian Pacific guides was between W. M. Friday and G. M. Richards against A. M. Harris and John Reid, the latter crew winning in 1 minute. Messrs. Friday and Richards would have had a good chance of winning had it not been for the interference of the craft on the lake.—New York Sun of March 6.

Extinction of the Moose.

The forest and game commission of New York state introduced several full grown moose into the Adirondack region nearly 10 years ago and turned them loose under perpetual protection, trusting that in the course of years the natural increase would repopulate the territory with these valuable animals. From time to time other moose have been purchased and turned free in the great forest. Some came from Maine and New Brunswick, others from Canada, and still others from Alaska. Very much money has been spent in trying to restock the place with new specimens of these gigantic creatures. But this year the commission has given up practically, and says that the moose will not breed within the Adirondack confines. Though the animals were healthy and fairly plentiful, they have failed to reproduce their kind. In plain words the moose have quit the Adirondacks for good and all.

Comparative anatomists tell us that the moose belongs to a type which is very aged and which has lost its reproductive vigor. Like several other species of mammals it is on the road to total extinction. It stands today as a survivor of races that were very plentiful before man came on earth. The Irish elk, the cave bear, the urus and most of the mammals which were its contemporaries have perished. All signs indicate the moose will soon follow. For this reason, if for no other, the surviving members of the species should receive careful protection. The chances are that in a century from now there will not be a living moose on the face of the earth.—Bangor News.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Little Jim Bear

Little Jim Bear had a kind father and a kind mother, and they always taught him to be good, to take care of himself and to keep out of the way of gunners. They gave Jim a good home, too, but in spite of all this early training he wanted to see the world.

"I shall go where there are no gunners," said he as he left his father's roof. He traveled and traveled until

JIM READ THE SIGN.

he came to a great field, in the center of which was a sign, and it read: "Notice! No bear hunting!"

"Ah, ha!" said Jim. "This is the place for me. I shall be safe here."

And then he curled himself up and lay down to sleep. I do not know whether he slept an hour, a day or a week, but when he awoke the barking of dogs could be heard on every side, and Jim, raising his head, saw hunters coming rapidly in his direction.

"See here!" cried Jim. "Can't you read? Look at that sign over there 'No bear hunting!'"

And what do you suppose Jim got for an answer?

Why, one of the hunters raised his rifle to his shoulder and sent a bullet through the little bear's heart. And Jim did not have a chance to think how foolish he had been to disobey his parents and leave his home. That is the sad tale of Little Jim Bear.—St Louis Post Dispatch.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Aroostook County.

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

Via OXBOW, ME.
Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. Allegash trips a specialty. Address,
Arbo & Libby, Oxbow, Me.

Franklin County.

RANGELEY LAKES.
Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.
Capt. F. C. Barker, Prop'r, Bemis.

RANGELEY LAKES, ME.

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

EUSTIS, ME.
Round Mountain Lake Camps. Located in the heart of the Maine woods, 10 miles from Eustis. Best of trout fishing at all times, both lake and stream. Fine hunting, large and small game. Detached log cabins, open fires.
Round Mountain Lake Camps,
Dion O. Blackwell, Mgr.,
Eustis, Franklin County, Me.
New York office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

WELD, ME.
"Eureka." The best place in Maine for fishing. Trout, salmon and bass. Send for booklet.
The Maples, F. W. Drew, Mgr., Weld, Me.

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

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

DEAD RIVER REGION.
Greene's Farm is headquarters at the entrance to the Dead River region. Trains run within less than a quarter of a mile of my house and are met by my teams. People stopping at my house over night can take the train, arriving in Boston at 9 p. m. There are plenty of deer in this section.
I. W. Greene, Prop'r, Coplin, Me.

STRATTON, ME.
Hotel Blanchard. Centrally located in the Dead River region. Good table and clean beds. Good livery connected. Parties taken to any and all camps in this section at reasonable rates.
E. H. Grose, Prop'r, Stratton, Me.

P. O. BEAVER POND, ME.
Grant's Camps. The popular resort of the Rangeleys. Situated at Seven Ponds. 27 miles from Rangeley village. Good buckboard road. Deer are seen daily from camp doors. Small game is abundant. Fishing cannot be excelled anywhere. First-class accommodations for ladies.
Ed Grant & Sons.

NEAR RANGELEY.
Point Pleasant. Stop and consider. This is a nice place to spend a summer vacation. For rates and particulars correspond with
Hinkley & Roberts, Rangeley, Me.

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

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Log Cabin Retreat. Finest fishing and deer hunting in Maine. Send for circular.
Log Cabin Retreat, Skinner, Me.

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

HAINES LANDING, ME.
Mooselookmeguntic House offers excellent accommodations to sportsmen. It is in close proximity to the best fishing the lake offers. No hay fever. Address from Nov. until May, Theo. L. Page, Prop., Senate Cafe, Washington, D. C. After May 1, Haines Landing, Me.

RANGELEY, LAKE.
Munyon's Springs. The most beautiful spot in Maine. W. W. Smith, Mgr., Rangeley, Me.

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

Via RANGELEY.
Kennebago Lake House on the shore of Kennebago Lake. One of the best fishing sections. Good fishing every day in the season. Excellent accommodations. Address,
Richardson Bros., Proprietors,
Kennebago, Me.

DEAD RIVER REGION.
The New Shaw House, Eustis, Maine, a modern hotel and open to sportsmen. No better hunting anywhere. There are about 40 rooms. Correspondence solicited.
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EUSTIS, ME.
Tim Pond Camps. Situated in the Dead River Region, 2,000 feet above the sea level. In the heart of Maine's best fishing ground. Write for further particulars to
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Via RANGELEY.
York's Camps, Loon Lake. Ten Ponds. Trout, Salmon, Birds, Deer, Canoeing, Bathing, etc. A postal brings illustrated booklet.
J. Lewis York, Prop'r.,
Rangeley, Me.

FOUR MILES FROM RANGELEY.
Whorff's Camps. Dead River Pond. P. O. Address, Rangeley, Me. Send for circular.
E. B. Whorff, Proprietor.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Kennebec County.

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

SO. SMITHFIELD, ME.
North Pond Camps. Situated on one of the seven famous Belgrade Lakes. Bass and trout fishing unexcelled. Log cabins with open stone fireplaces, and camps connected with large farm of 300 acres. New booklet for 1905 just out. Send for one. Edw. W. Clement, So. Smithfield, Me.

MERCER, ME.
Cottages to Rent on the Belgrade lakes, all furnished at low rates. Nice sandy beach. Address,
J. Littlefield, Mercer, Me.
Telephone connections.

Somerset County.

JACKMAN, ME., P. O.
Gerard's Camps on Little Spencer Waters of Big Spencer Lake. The place to come for trout and togue. Good camps, good Rangeley boats and good trails to all of the outlying ponds. Good fishing in the big lake in front of the cabins as soon as the ice goes out. Come early and see for yourselves.
Thomas Gerard, Prop'r., Jackman, Me.

Via BINGHAM.
Carry Ponds Camps. Write me for information before deciding where to go for a fishing trip or an outing. Fine fly fishing at these camps. Only two hours' walk to Pierce Pond where the large salmon are taken. Special attention given to families during the summer months.
Henry J. Lane, Bingham, Me.

Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.
The Birches. Come here for your fall hunting.
Frank H. Ball.

New Hampshire.

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

TRADE NOTES.

U. M. C. Happenings

"Billy" Heer's return from Texas to Kansas was fittingly celebrated by his visit to Hoisington, Kas., where he won the average for two days in break-neck speed. Score 323-330-97.8 per cent. U. M. C. Nitro club shells.

Mr. A. L. Aumack of Bridgeton, N. J. proved that he is an amateur of high standing on Feb. 22 when he broke 97-115 under hard conditions. His score was only two birds behind the highest professional. U. M. C. Nitro club shell.

At St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 19, Mr. F. C. Riehl made a run of 114 straight in a blinding snow storm and finished the program with the score 146-150 97 1-3 per cent. U. M. C. Arrow shells.

At Pistakee day, Feb. 12, Mr. F. C. Riehl broke 219-225 97 per cent. Mr. Riehl won the average for the two days score, 427-450 95 per cent. Always U. M. C. Arrow shells.

"Pop" Heikes has been paying a visit to his Texas friends, and has been shooting his new gun down there at a pretty fast clip. At San Antonio, Feb. 15, he broke 187-200 93 1-2 per cent using U. M. C. Arrow shells.

Mr. F. C. Riehl won the Coultersville, Ill., tournament, Feb. 21, 22 by the scores 255-270, 94 per cent. The way Mr. Riehl has been smashing targets lately leads one to believe that blizzard weather does not materially affect his eyesight. U. M. C. Arrow shells always.

At Texarkana, Ark., Feb. 25, T. E. Hubby at an exhibition shoot, broke 97-100. U. M. C. Arrows.

Col. Anthony, who has been spending sometime in Alabama lately, broke 124.135, 91.8 per cent at Mobile on Feb. 22. The Colonel used his regular load. U. M. C. Arrow shells.

Messrs C. A. Young and L. I. Wade, representing the Peters Cartridge Company, attended the recent tournament at Texarkana, Texas, and kept up their good work by scoring 92 and 93 per cent respectively. They were shooting at such a steady gait that no one present understood how even a few targets got away from them.

Five years ago the Peters Cartridge Company found it necessary to remove its offices from the corner of Third and Main streets in Cincinnati to the Pickering building, facing Government Square, where they leased the entire third floor, believing that this amount of space would answer the requirements of its business for an indefinite time. Its business has, however, grown so rapidly and has reached such proportions that even these new quarters were found within a comparatively few years to be inadequate. It was therefore found necessary to take a lease for a long term of years on a part of the seventeenth floor of the First National Bank building, affording over fifty per cent more floor space than the offices in the Pickering building.

The First National Bank building is the newest, and probably the best of the modern office buildings which have recently been erected in Cincinnati, and is typical of the rapid, yet conservative progress of the city. The first floor of the building is, of course, devoted to the banking business. Recently the Ohio Valley National bank, and the National Lafayette bank have been merged into the First National bank, making it the largest bank in the city, and one of the largest in the state. The building is nineteen stories high, and was designed by Burnham & Co., of Chicago. It is of the most approved style of steel and concrete construction, finished throughout in Vermont marble and fumed quartered oak. The offices of the Peters Cartridge Company are finished in quartered oak, and mahogany, and are provided with every convenience for the quick transaction of business.

Mr. H. M. Pope of the Stevens Arms Company, dropped into a shooting gallery at Hartford, Conn., one day recently to do a little shooting. He would feel as uncomfortable without his daily rifle practice as he would without his breakfast, and so it happened that after shooting one practice string he declared his intention to fire 100 shots using the regulation 1-4 ring target, and shooting at twenty-five yards. Bystanders were of course prepared for a good score, but everybody concerned was surprised when the targets were figured up and it was found that Mr. Pope had counted 2,473 points out of a possible 2,500. This score exceeds the one recently made by Mr. Ittel at Pittsburg, bv thirteen points, but of course the conditions were not quite so trying as in the championship match. Notwithstanding Mr. Pope's ability, and the excellence of his Stevens-Pope rifle, it is admitted that no such score could have been made had he not used Peters 22 short cartridges.

Mr. C. A. Young, representing the Peters Cartridge Co., is now taking in the Texas tournaments, and is doing some shooting which is creditable even to a man of Mr. Young's reputation. Recently at Marshall, Texas, he scored 97 out of 100 under unusually difficult conditions.

Mr. Luther Wade, the Peters Company's representative in Central Texas was not so far behind with 95 out of 100. The remarkable fact concerning this tournament was that every shell shot, with the exception of one box of 25 was of the Peters brand. It would seem that Texans know something about good ammunition, as well as cotton, etc.

Camp and Hotel Printing.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1905 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. We know what you need for cuts. J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

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.
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IN THE GAME SEASON,

BY JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE.

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

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Have you read the Famous Book on Camping in Maine and New Brunswick; exciting and instructive. How to camp out is told in a most entertaining way by E. W. Burt in his 200 page book Camp Fires in the Wilderness. Twenty-four photographs of the woods. Send for it. $1.00, or with MAINE WOODS one year $2.00.
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