

# MAINE WOODS

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PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1905.

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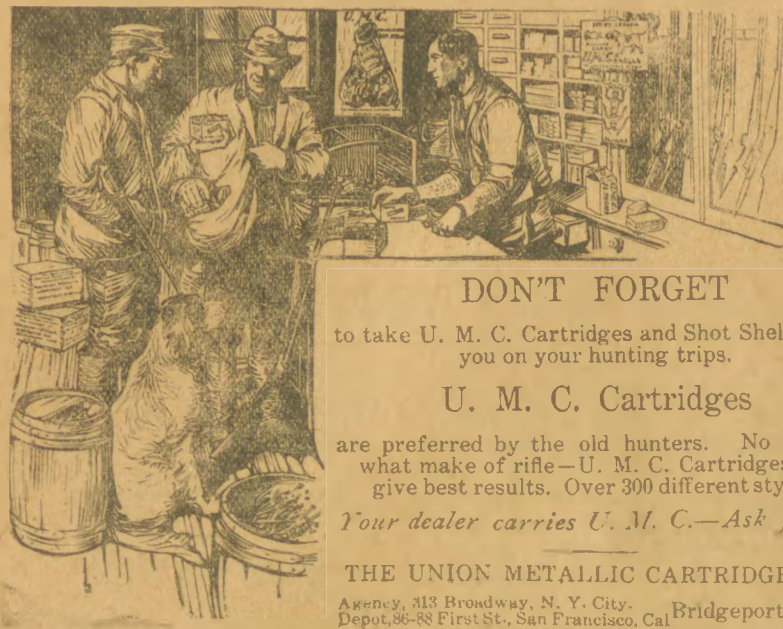
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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE WISH to announce to the public that we have leased a large territory at the foot of Kennebec 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 Kennebec lake, also buckboards making two or more trips daily from Rangeley Lake House to connect with our steamers. Daily mail service is assured, also both telephone and telegraph connections. All telegrams will be immediately forwarded from Rangeley. We wish to say that either of our establishments are ideal places for women and children. The altitude is high, 2000 feet, thus making hay fever and like diseases unknown. Our terms are \$2.00 per day per person; \$1.25 for guides' board. We furnish reliable guides on application. Parties can leave Boston at 9 o'clock a. m., on either the Eastern or Western division of the Boston & Maine railroad for Portland, Maine Central to Farmington and the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley railroads to Rangeley, or from Portland via Maine Central to Rumford Junction, Portland & Rumford Falls railroad to South Rangeley and the Rangeley Lakes steamboats to Rangeley. From Rangeley our buckboards convey parties direct to our camps. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Write us early for any particulars; we are sure we can satisfy you. We make special rates by the month. Let us hear from you that we may reserve some of our best accommodations for you. Address

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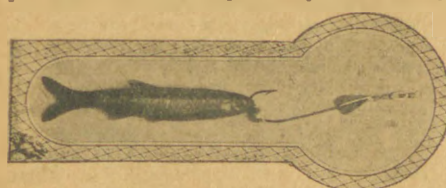
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

AT SWEET'S POND.

It Is Thought Ice Will Go Early This Year at This Noted Resort.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

NEW VINEYARD, April 17, 1905.

The outlook here for the spring fishing is very good, the large salmon showing up as they did last fall seems to indicate that there are some big ones that are only waiting for the ice to go out to make the reel sing its own sweet song. There is also some building going on this spring. Mr. W. E. McLain of the McLain Printing Co. of New Vineyard and Mr. W. A. Lee of the Stratton Mfg. Co. of Stratton, Me., will soon begin on their new cottage on the lot formerly occupied by Messrs. Morton & Raymond, which place is now known as the Pine Point Camps.

The ice seems to be further along towards breaking up than it was last year at this time and we think that unless the weather turns very cold that it will go out in April this season. Last year it went out the night of the 2-3 of May.

The pond was stocked with salmon

last fall. Mr. W. E. McLain placed 5,000 nice healthy salmon fry in the pond which ought to help out the fishing there in a few years and this number of fry ought to be placed in the pond every year as there is no better pond in this part of the country for stocking and for its beautiful cottage lots, which are sure to be taken up when this pond has been advertised one-half that the other ponds in Franklin county have been.

There are big togs and salmon waiting to try some sportsman's leader and in 1902 the togs and salmon that were caught in this pond averaged over 4 pounds in weight each, some of them going 10 pounds or better, and hardly a fisherman went away from the pond without a good catch. We can see no reason why there should not be equally as good fishing there this coming season.

If you are looking for a place to build a camp or cottage you will make no mistake in looking over some of the fine natural camping places on the shores of this beautiful little lake and there are already a number of them being bought up and on some of them stand some very handsome cottages. The last one that was built on was the Smith & Turner lot, on which a large cottage was started last fall and we understand they will finish it up this spring.

This pond has all modern conveniences, including daily mails and telephone (long distance.)

38-55 SPORT.

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.

## KILLED SALMON WITH A RIFLE.

Remarkable Catch of Chas. E. Tefft—First From the Pool This Season.

The first salmon of the season to be taken at the Bangor pool was landed shortly after 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, a week, under circumstances so out of the ordinary that this mention might pass as an April fool salmon story, had not the day "gone past."

Charles E. Tefft, the well-known sculptor, who is visiting his parents in Brewer is a most enthusiastic angler or he wouldn't have been casting from the rocks on the Brewer shore the most of Monday afternoon. But salmon have been hooked in times past from the rocks on the old club house.

Nearly all of the boats had left the pool but Mr. Tefft "hung tough" longer than the rest and whipped the current with his tempting "silver doctor." Suddenly he saw a very encouraging flash which looked very much like a rise. He cast again and this time felt a vicious strike and he had a big salmon hooked fast.

Although Mr. Tefft had never felt the sensation of a Penobscot river salmon on his line, he is an expert with rod and reel and has captured many other game fish. But now he was in a dilemma having no gaff or landing net and there was no shoal water within reach.

The day before, he shot a mink with a revolver near the pool and yesterday he took along a target rifle which was a very fortunate circumstance.

After playing the fish for several minutes he worked him as near the shore as possible and holding his rifle in one hand and the rod in the other, by a rather difficult feat of contortion got a bead on the salmon and fired. It was a splendid shot the bullet taking effect in the head of the fish, which promptly flopped over on its back and was soon landed—one of the most remarkable catches ever made at the pool.

The fish weighed 22 pounds and was a beauty.

## A Gray Deer.

The museum of the fish and game department seems to be growing apace, this spring. A short time ago a specimen of the species of duck known as the American golden eye was received, and lately another specimen of Maine's fauna was added to the already large list. The last arrival was a deer, not the ordinary red deer of the Maine forest, as far as appearances went, although in reality it was a specimen of the same animal. The difference lay in the color of the animal, which, instead of being like other deer, was a mixture of brown and white, giving it an almost gray appearance.—Kennebec Journal.

Nest building under difficulties has been the experience of a Bowdoinham robin, who evidently planned an early date to begin her career as housekeeper. Discouraged in the search for building material, this enterprising robin found brilliant inspiration in a little brown hen, who was quietly eating her noon-day luncheon. Thick and plentiful were the tall feathers of the hen and swift and unexpected was the downward flight of the robin, who bore triumphantly away a glossy feather, quickly plucked from its startled owner in spite of vigorous remonstrance and shrill-voiced cluckings.

## About Rangeley Visitors.

Mr. L. M. Jackson of Providence, R. I., returned to Rangeley last week and is now at his camps on Quimby pond. Mrs. Jackson will arrive a few weeks later.

Mr. A. S. Hinds of Portland, who spends the summer at his cottage at the Rangeley lakes, is now with Mrs. Hinds at Norfolk, Va., where they will remain until the opening of the Rangeley season.

## 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.,  
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CHAIN - Brass, Bronze, Steel and Iron.  
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198-Page Tackle Catalogue on Receipt of 25 Cents.

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Bangor & Aroostook R. R.

192 pages, over 100 half-tone and color illustrations. Sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address Dept. I.

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

## To Camp Owners.

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

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

## THE RANGELEY LAKES.

THE VACATION SEASON is not complete without a trip to this region.

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THROUGH PULLMAN PARLOR CARS between Portland and Oquossoc during the Tourist Season.

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G. M. VOSE, Kingfield, Me.,  
Supt F. & M. Ry.

## INFORMATION FREE.

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



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It has a solid frame (not take-down) and a straight grip stock. It is made of the best material in every detail, is extremely clean, simple and light—weighs only 7 1-2 pounds. The workmanship and finish are perfect. Several improvements in the operating parts make it the easiest, most reliable and best working gun in existence.

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The omission of the take-down feature saves a number of pieces and enables us to offer the gun at a much lower price than any high-grade repeating shot gun has ever been regularly sold before. This model is up to the famous high Marlin standard in every respect.

Ask your dealer to show you—or send 3 stamps for catalogue and Marlin Experience Book—full of good-luck gun stories.

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UP BELGRADE WAY.

THE ICE IN THE LAKES BROKEN UP
AROUND THE SHORES.

The Prospect For Early Fishing at North Pond Camps the Best For Years. Many Rooms Engaged For the Coming Season.

[Special Correspondence to the MAINE WOODS.]  
BELGRADE, April 17, 1905.

The Belgrade lakes has broken up all around the shores and before the week is out the lakes will be cleared. The winds for the last few days have ripped up big holes, sending a good deal of ice down the outlet and up on the southern shores. The prospect for a good early business at the camps is the best for years and many have engaged rooms for June so to get the best of the fly fishing.

One who has never had a good 21-2 or 3-pound bass on a fly should stop off on their visits up farther north and try these lusty fellows at North Pond Camps. We have seven large lakes in this chain, everyone containing trout and bass and more than that you can get them, too.

For the last two weeks it has been a busy place at North Pond Camps. A crew of carpenters under the manager's supervision has been hard at work and two cabins are nearly completed. There is one more to be built and then many improvements will be made on some of the old ones so as to make all the camps comfortable and warm for the early patronage.

Many new as well as some of the old guests are to return and have already engaged rooms so early in the season, showing very conclusively that there will be a big rush of summer people into Maine this year, especially inland Maine.

We found from last year's experience that generally speaking most of the guests prefer cabins to frame buildings, so this year the owner has decided to put up cabins 18x20', with an eight foot veranda additional and with logs standing perpendicularly. Being sawed at the mill before taken onto the building spot. In this way you have a neat smooth surface inside and a very handsome cabin. No dirt from cracks, where the chinking has dropped out; good tight walls will be had. Hard pine floors will be put in and every camp well lighted.

The farm of 300 acres connected with the camps is already being planted with peas, etc., and will have a line of fresh garden truck by the first of July. Everything will be taken to the camps each morning fresh and many was the remark made last season about our good cream, eggs, butter, berries, vegetables, etc.

Three new boats are now being built by Mr. Barrett of Weld, the well known boat builder, and are due at the camps May 15.

New 1905 booklets just out and we would be pleased to send one or more on application.

Ice Out at Black Brook Pond.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

DEAD RIVER, April 18, 1905.

Black Brook pond is free from ice. Round pond will soon be free from it.

Everyone can be assured of good fishing after May 1. Camps and boats are in readiness.

Several beaver were seen swimming in front of the camps, April 15.

Winter Is Over.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

I saw it today on the sidewalk,  
A mute and a-wriggling thing,  
But—joy to the fisherman's heart!—it was there,  
The first angleworm of the spring.  
I've heard the soft lilt of the bluebird,  
Seen the flash of the grackle's fleet wing.  
But now I am sure, for my own eyes have seen  
The first angleworm of the spring.

Yes, I'm sure that the winter is over,  
Now find me the poet to sing  
The praise of the creature that squirmed on the walk:  
The first angleworm of the spring.

For it told me that winter was over  
And called my soul forth on the wing  
To a flight down to Maine where I bleed again,  
The first angleworm of the spring.

OZORA S. DAVIS,  
New Britain, Conn.

"When the Ice Goes Out."

[BY SLOCUM.]

E. SUMNER, April 17, 1905.

Perhaps none of the familiar expressions incident to springtime such as, "When the robins sing," "When maple sugar comes," or "When the May-flowers bloom," so interest and thrill the heart of the eager sportsman or the successful angler as the welcome words, "When the ice goes out." For when this event happens, his long cherished piscatorial anticipations are about to be realized and the Mecca of his hopes reached. During the long cold winter when Maine's beautiful lakes are locked by the ice king, the rod and the reel have been carefully laid aside but now are confidently brought forth and soon the blissful music of the reel and the splash of the salmon salutes the listening ear.  
Sweet dreams of a trip to the

first-class hotel or an easy cot with modern springs at one of the cheerful cosy camps every where to be found. No hardships, nothing to perplex. Take your wife or children with you. Leave home cares behind, for at the nice and commodious hotels at Rangeley, Mountain View, Haines Landing and other places, we have seen the ladies catch fine trout or salmon standing on the steamer landings.

Aside from the sport enjoyed is the certainty of improved health and vigor of body from inhaling pure air and clear cold spring water. And not least of the happy results is the pleasant memories and happy acquaintances made which will refresh the soul in after years.

We had for many years dreamed of a single trip to the lakes and finally seven years ago made it. What was the result? Why, we were so enchanted with its beauty and attractions that we have not failed to revisit the locality every year since and unless failing health prevents, shall probably go this season. In fact, poor health makes us all the more desirous of making the attempt confident that the healthful air, water and lovely scenery will act as a panacea. No one ever regrets a trip to the Rangeleys.

Beautiful Carry Ponds.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

LEXINGTON, April 17, 1905.

As the fishing season draws near I would like to say a few words to the readers of the best sporting paper in the country about Carry ponds in the Kennebec region. They are located 13 1-2 miles above Bingham, which is the present terminus of the Somerset railroad, where one takes stage for Briggs Landing, 10 miles over a good road; thence 31-2 miles to the East Carry pond by buckboard. A team to take one direct to camp will meet one at Bingham if they are notified. Or Mr. Witham, proprietor of the hotel at Bingham, will take one to Briggs Landing at reasonable rates.



PAIR OF TEAL UNDER CONVEX GLASS.

Loaned by Walter D. Hinds, Portland, Me.

"Rangeleys" and sharp contests with the big denizens of those lovely waters and the savory smell of fried trout or baked salmon are now dispelled by actual reality.

The old time visitor to these delightful haunts will take good care to be here at or near the time when the ice goes out.

Experience has demonstrated that then is a good time to indulge in that fascinating and inspiring sport of going a fishing. There are times and occasions in the experience of every one when words, however beautiful and expressive, fail to adequately express the emotions of the soul. Scenes of indescribable sadness, of exquisite joy or sudden fright in our lives, prove the truth of this assertion. When the knight of the reel is about landing one of those 10 lb., salmon found at the Rangeleys, he for a moment does not care to be interviewed by the persistent reporter. But when his catch is secure then he can find words of hope and confidence. Fishing at the lakes is now a most pleasant pastime bereft of all the toil and exposure of half a century ago.

Years ago a trip to the Rangeleys meant several days lugging, trudging and tramping through pathless forests and finally an arrival with aching limbs and doubtful shelter for the night. Now, how easy the delightful trip. The easy steam car now takes one in a few hours from the city to the fishing grounds all fresh and ready for the exhilarating sport.

Just think of dining in a Portland hotel and arriving at the lakes in season to cast in the line and feast on fried trout for supper. And at bed time he can choose between a superb bed at a

I can truly say that Carry ponds can not be excelled for trout fishing. The writer has spent two seasons at the East Carry and never knew a day to pass without trout being on the table if called for. The Middle or Little Carry is so sheltered from winds that but a very few days pass that trout cannot be taken in abundance.

This pond is three-quarters of a mile west of the cabins. The West Carry pond is 23-4 miles west of the Middle Carry pond, where salmon, trout and togue are taken weighing from 2 to 7 pounds each. The cabins are pleasantly located and are kept clean, and are comfortably fitted up with good spring beds and easy rockers; so if you are looking for one of the best localities for fishing do not fail to visit Carry ponds.

LIVE YANKEE.

Mr. Maurice Kauffmann, one of the most popular shooters in the south, as well as one of the best, is this season in finer form than ever and that is saying a great deal. On April 2 at New Orleans he killed 25 straight live birds at 30 yards and on the same day broke 98 out of 100 targets, making a run of 74 straight. Mr. Kauffmann says: "I never mention such little things as this." But they are worth mentioning just the same, not only as an acknowledgment of Mr. Kauffmann's ability but also as a just tribute to the excellence of Peters shells which it is scarcely necessary to say "he prefers above all others."

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HOW PARTRIDGES DRUM.

PICTURES TAKEN WHILE IN THE ACT OF DRUMMING.

Mystery Solved by Dr. Clifton F. Hodge That Students of Natural History Have Failed to Solve.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

WORCESTER, MASS., April 18, 1905.

The mystery of how the cock partridge does his drumming has at last been solved and not a few theories have been destroyed.

Saturday morning, April 15, Dr. Clifton F. Hodge, head of the biological department of Clark university, Worcester, Mass., did something that students of natural history have been working in vain for two centuries to accomplish, when he determined how the sound called drumming made by the ruffed grouse, or golden partridge as he calls it, is produced.

For the past ten years Dr. Hodge has been working with partridges, trying to prove that they can be domesticated. At first he did not have very great success, but of late it has been different. He has at last reached a stage where it looks as though he will be able to fully accomplish his object.

He now has five partridges which he has raised from the moment they were hatched, three of which were brought out of their shells by a motherly hen. The others were hatched by Mother Partridge, but were secured immediately after.

Dr. Hodge has been working all the spring to get evidence of the manner in which the drumming is done, both to satisfy himself about it and to settle all disputes. Saturday morning, April 15, about 6.30 o'clock he was rewarded by the largest of the male birds in his pen making the drumming sound 50 or 60 times, during the course of which he was able to get a number of photographs of the bird in the act, which will be later used as evidence in substantiating the claims he makes. Some of the pictures are of a front view, others were taken from one side and still others from the rear, so that all parts of the operation will be shown. In all Dr Hodge got 14 pictures, from which lantern slides will be made, to be used while he is lecturing about partridges and his achievement.

Dr. Hodge says he is not yet ready to explain how the drumming is done, or to show his pictures, but he says the act is far different from the old idea of how the noise is produced, that is, with the wings striking the ground or a log, but by striking them against the feathers of the bird. He says he intends to write up the whole process when he gets the time, that it may be recorded as a scientific fact, and he will maintain his contention that he knows what he is writing about by showing the pictures.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES



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

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Write for price list and descriptive Catalog.

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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 Best Wall Map

—OF—

MAINE

By Express, \$5.00.

R. M. NASON,

180 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

Dr. Hodge was the happiest man in Worcester after he got his pictures. He had been rising early mornings for two weeks to watch his birds, and Saturday, the air being quiet and the atmosphere light, just the right kind of a day for making perfect photographs in the open air, conditions were in every way favorable to his object, unless it was the birds. But the big cock was in the right mood, for the Doctor went to the yard where the birds live and placed three cameras in different positions so he could get pictures from three sides if the drumming sound was made. He had hardly got the last of the cameras in position when the big bird jumped onto an old log which had been provided for the comfort of the partridges and began drumming right away.

Dr. Hodge got exceedingly busy at once and soon had 11 slides in the different cameras exposed. After that he exposed three more. These he developed in the university laboratory soon after and there was not one poor one in the lot. Later the same day a writer for the press called at the university and several of the negatives still dripping were shown him by Dr. Hodge, after which the birds in their pen were also shown. The bird that had done the job was strutting about, apparently in high glee and all of a sudden, he jumped up onto the log again and began drumming as happily and successfully as though he had been doing that sort of things all his short life, instead of being new to the business.

The drumming was continued several minutes at this time, the bird paying no attention whatever to the visitors. He seemed to like them rather than to fear them. The partridges have mated in their pen and there seems no doubt that there will be a large covey of the birds in captivity in Worcester before the summer is over.

Dr. Hodge considers that the feat which he has accomplished marks an important epoch in natural history. It is a matter about which natural history students have argued for years and appears to have settled the matter conclusively for all time. Scarcely a month has passed for years when some writer for some publication be it prominent or obscure has not expressed his ideas, usually very far to the wrong, upon this interesting subject. Most of these theories will have to be revised when Dr. Hodge's pictures are published, as they will be when he is ready to have them—and not until then, he says—and some of them will be shown to be so far from correct that revision will be out of the question.

H. L. GOODWIN.

Salmon at Clear Water.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.] ALLEN'S MILLS, April 18, 1905.

Ed Gay, who is getting his camps at Clear Water pond ready for the opening of the season, reports in a letter to Dr. Bishop of Boston that where the ice had melted about his wharf opposite the camps he threw in a piece of his cut; it was immediately taken by a salmon. He then got a couple of minnows out of the spring that had wintered, and threw them in. They were immediately seized by two large salmon and taken away. Then, he reports, he cut up some pieces of meat and threw in; every piece was taken by a salmon.

Dr. Bishop was down at Clear Water last Monday to arrange about opening his camp and remarked to one of the guides that he expected to hear next that the salmon had chased Ed over to Farmington because he had eaten a steak.

Mr. Harrie B. Coe of the Maine Central railroad spent Sunday at Clear Water pond with Dr. Bishop.

Sebago Lake Clear of Ice.

Word comes that Sebago lake is clear of ice and that the fishing has opened with a rush.

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.

To a "True Lover"

of nature at its best, I have to offer what is beyond question the most beautiful, and in every way, most desirable parcel of land on the shores of Rangeley Lake. The property in question (about 42 acres in all) is the well known point on the Southern Shore of that lake directly opposite to, and looking down upon "Maneskutuk" the island paradise of Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, of Philadelphia. I shall be pleased to send a circular with full details, and price to anyone desiring to investigate this opportunity to secure a property without a rival on the shores of Rangeley Lake.

Address J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Maine



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## Laflin & Rand Powders

Win all Amateur Averages at Omaha, Neb., on March 20, 21 and 22.

1st, H. G. Taylor Meckling, S. D., 561 ex 600, shooting E. C.

2nd, C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill., 558 ex 600, Shooting Schultze.

3rd, Albert Olsen, Cedar Bluffs, Ia., 557 ex 600, Shooting Schultze.

## Laflin & Rand Powder Co.,

New York City.

### A NIGHT'S CANOE TRIP.

#### AN ADVENTURE ON THE KENNEBAGO RIVER FLASHING DEER.

In Which Two Sportsmen and Their Guide Shooting Deer With a Camera, Experience Hard Luck as the Photographer Forgot to Open the Slide in the One While the Mist Plays Havoc With the Other.

[Written For the MAINE WOODS.]

BROOKLYN, N. Y. April 14, 1905.

We were glad of the chance to rest and just lay back in solid comfort. Frank had cooked up a good supper and when it was disposed of, our pipes were lighted, we felt at peace with all the world. That morning we had left Ed Grant's camps at Beaver Pond and walked about eight miles to where we had hidden the canoe, on the bank of the Kennebago river, not far from the buckboard road. From there we had paddled down to the "lean-to," where we intended to wait until about 10 o'clock, when we were going down to Little Kennebago lake to try and get some flashlights of deer.

The big fire crackled merrily out in front of us sending a shower of sparks up into the still night air. It was early in September but quite cool and the warmth of the fire felt very grateful. In the soft balsam boughs we lay on our backs and sent blue rings of smoke curling upward to the roof. Not a breath of wind was stirring. At our feet the river flowed swiftly on to join the lake a mile or so below. It was very pleasant there in the warm "lean-to," and gradually the fire faded out and the top of the shack at which I was staring, blurred and melted all together. Before I knew it I was sailing away into the land of dreams.

I don't know how long I slept. When I awoke it was pitch dark and only the smoldering embers were left to mark the place where our cheerful fire had burned a few hours before. With the aid of the indispensable little electric "club," I looked at my watch. It was 10 o'clock, high time that we were starting if we expected to do any flashing that night. Long drawn snores coming out of the darkness at my left, told me that Frank and Walt were sound asleep. The electric light revealed them, mouths open and heads thrown back, they were "sawing wood" at a great rate. It seemed a pity to disturb them and truth to tell I was not so very anxious to leave the comfortable shack and go out into the cold night myself. They should not be molested on my account. I would pile more wood on the fire and then turn in again. What if we did miss a good night for flashing there would be other nights just as fine. Getting up from the bed of balsam I was about to go out and collect more wood, when I fancied that I heard Frank chuckle. I switched the light on. Something must have struck him as very funny for he mumbled and laughed, then he sat up with a start and rubbed his eyes "God sakes,"

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he said, "I thought that light was surely the sun. What time is it?"

I realized now that it was to be a night on the lake for us. Catch me weaken before the rest.

"It's 10 o'clock," I answered him. "Fine guide you are to lay asleep and have me wake you."

"Shucks I wasn't asleep at all. I was just shamming," he grinned, "Hope you don't get a black mark in the big book for that whooper, Francois," said I.

Walt opened one eye and surveyed us with a dreamy stare. "What are you two jawing about?" he asked sleepily.

"Nothing," said Frank, "only we are just going to start out on the pond and unless you want to stay here alone, you'd better get moving."

"Oh Lord, and it's so comfortable and nice in this lean-to. Is it going to be a good night for flashing, Frank?"

"Couldn't make a better one to order. Come on now and hustle into that canoe both of ye. Do you want to stay in this shack all night?"

Yawning we climbed aboard. The flash apparatus and camera were all in place on the bow. (We had done that by daylight at Frank's suggestion, and I blessed him now for his forethought.)

The sky was thick with stars and once fairly out on the river our eyes got accustomed to the light. Sleep was forgotten in the joy of being out in the night. Slowly we drifted down with the current, Frank using his paddle only to avoid the occasional rock or log. The air was quite cold, but the night was clear and well suited to our purpose. Silently we slid along between the banks and soon came out on the open lake.

A few hundred feet from shore Frank stopped and we settled down to wait. The silence was intense. You could feel it. Not a ripple broke the glossy surface of the pond, and every star had its double in the black water. Away on the far side we could see the dark line of trees along the shore. Starlight is the queerest light in the world. One minute you can see distinctly, the next all goes black and for some time you can't see a thing. Then all at once your sight returns and so it keeps changing. Down in the marshy land towards the river, an old heron was croaking and siloquizing on the woes of the world. Right behind the canoe a beaver splashed into the water, and in the silence of the night it sounded almost like a gun shot. We sat silent hardly moving a muscle. My right foot went to sleep and the agony was awful. It must be moved. I moved it and struck the side of the canoe, just the nearest tap, but it set the echoes ringing, and brought a muttered exclamation from Frank and a titter of laughter from Walt. For what seemed an age we waited and hardly drew a full breath. I could hear Walt's watch ticking away in his pocket, and his belt creak as he shifted his position in the canoe. All at once from the dark shore line on our left came a soft "flop, flop, flop," in the water and then a gurgling swishing noise among the lily pads. The canoe swerved steadily around towards the sound and with strong silent strokes Frank headed in towards shore. My heart was thumping against my ribs and the blood coursed through my veins. Nearer and nearer we slipped, then Frank wiggled the canoe and I turned on the electric light. At first all I could make out was the white mist laying low over the water. Then through the haze I saw her, a doe, head down and quietly eating the lily pads. She did not seem to notice the light at all, but continued to wade through the shallow water, enjoying her nocturnal feast, as uncon-

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cerned as if three men in a canoe were a hundred miles instead of as many feet away. A tiny wave broke under the bow. The doe raised her head.

"Shut your eyes, boys," I whispered and pressed the switch. The powder went off with a whiz and we heard the doe go tearing through the water, and then crash in among the trees. Then from all sides of the pond we could hear the deer "whistle."

"That ought to be a good picture hey?" asked Frank.

"It would have been," I answered, but we have saved a plate for I perceive that I didn't pull the slide."

Walt exploded in a fit of laughter and Frank "made a few pertinent remarks."

I recharged the lamp with magnesium and primed it with gun cotton.

"Quick," whispered Frank, "get ready there. There's a deer coming in to the water on the other side right behind us."

I signalled all ready and we swung around and headed for the opposite shore. Walt was still laughing to himself. We could hear a deer in the water all right and a minute afterwards another one came in further down.

When we got well within range I switched the light on but whether it was a deer or a panther, I don't know,

From the back of the canoe came a low but strong exclamation and Frank struck the water a whack with the flat of his paddle. Those four deer gave us a shower bath and plunged into the woods like an express train. We were all shivering with the cold and by mutual agreement went ashore and got out of the canoe to warm up a bit. After we had collected wood we got a roaring fire started and sat around and smoked. It was 2 o'clock.

"Of all the tarnation blame luck," said Frank, "that was the worst. First you don't pull the slide and then when we have the chance of a life time with four deer right atop of us, your crazy flash gigger don't work."

"Men," said I, "let's drop the subject. I don't want murder on my soul tonight but if you persist"—

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Walt. "Let's run down the Kennebago now, right now and not wait till it gets light."

"That's a good idea and we might as well get up the lake to Richardson's as soon as we can because it's going to be a rainy day for sure," Frank said.

After taking a last look at the fire and giving our chilled feet a parting toast by the blaze we got into the canoe again. It was very dark and once out in the middle of the river and away



RECEIVING ROOM IN WORK SHOP.

Loaned by Walter, D. Hinds, Portland, Me.

for all we heard was a splash and then a thud thud thud in the woods.

"D—," exclaimed Frank, "that fellow is skeery."

We lay still for a minute and listened, then started to circle the pond, keeping about 300 feet from shore. Walt and I were shivering, for it was getting very damp and chilly but Frank did not mind the cold as he had exercise enough in paddling to keep him warm.

After about an hour's slow work we made the circuit of the lake and got back to our starting point. The stars were all hid behind a mass of cloud.

"Don't you think it's getting rather cold," I ventured. "Suppose we"—

"Hist," said Frank. "Listen."

Down at the end of the pond, near the outlet, we could hear a splashing in the water. The canoe forged ahead. As we drew nearer the noise in the water increased.

"There's two or three of 'em there or I'm mighty mistaken," whispered Frank.

When we were almost on top of them I opened the light and looked into four pairs of gleaming eyes. There they stood, four of them and not fifty feet away.

"Close your eyes now," I whispered and turned on the switch, but the powder did not go off. The mist had played us a trick and so thoroughly soaked the magnesium as to render it useless.

"Why in the world don't you let her go?" Walt whispered excitedly. "I don't dare open my eyes for fear she will blaze up at that minute."

"The — stuff is wet and won't burn," I answered.

from the light of the fire you could not see three feet ahead. It was a funny sensation to feel yourself slipping along in an unknown blackness. Once in awhile I turned the light on and then we could see the trees along the bank and the dark water ahead. About a mile down we nearly ran into a deer that was standing in the middle of the stream and the way she took to the woods, when I opened the light on her, was so nothing worth seeing.

The motion of the canoe was very restful and although I was cold my head sank lower and lower and then I don't know what happened for I slept. I awoke with a jump. A stream of cold water was trickling down the back of my neck. It was raining quite hard. In the east a soft glow was spreading over the tops of the trees and there was just a little patch of rose colored sky. All the rest of the horizon looked threatening and overhead it was as black as Egypt. Gradually it got lighter. First I could see the bottom of the canoe, just a dark mass, then I could count the ribs, then I saw the place where last summer we ran her on a rock and all at once it was daylight and we glided under the bridge at the foot of big Kennebago lake.

"Going to rain all day," said Frank. "We better keep right on and get to the other end of the lake afore it starts in for good."

Walt and I took turns at the bow paddle. First he would take 200 strokes and then hand it to me and I would repeat the operation handing it back to him when the 200 counts were finished. We scudded along up the lake past the

camps. No one was up as yet and all as silent about the cabins. A brisk wind was coming up but it was from behind and helped us along considerably. Walt and I were tired and 200 strokes and a rest was about our limit. Frank ever ceased the steady thump, thump, thump of his blade, but then he is used to it, while it was our first long paddle for that summer.

We got along pretty fast and at last could make out the little hotel and the camps clustered around it, but we were a good ways off yet and it was a stiff paddle before we tied up at the float. We were glad enough to get out of our cramped quarters and stretch our limbs.

No one was around as it was still very early. Frank and Walt sat down on the piazza and went to sleep like logs. I was hungry. Around at the body of the house I spied a window open. Peering in I saw that it was the room of Arthur, the clerk. He was in bed. Brute that I was I awoke him and told him of our night trip and how hungry we were. He is a good chap and instead of slaying me in my tracks, as he had a perfect right to do, he got up and dressed. Then he opened up the office and I shook Frank and Walt up and we all went inside. From some mysterious place Arthur produced hot coffee and a big plate of crackers. We ate with a keen relish, then sat around and talked it over. At last when we could not hold up our heads any longer we started for bed. Frank went off to the guides' quarters and Walt and I stumbled to our camp. We flopped down and were snoring just as the bell for breakfast clanged and the guests at Richardson's were trooping into the dining room.

#### New Advertisements.

Carleton Canoe Company, Old Town, Maine.

Launch for sale.

Pickford's lamps.

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Black Narrows Camps, Moxie Pond.

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

#### WANTS.

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

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WANTED.—35 cents in stamps for the best Bass Spinner on the market. H. R. Kent, Grand Ledge, Mich.

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, 109 Milam St., Houston, Texas.

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.

WANTED.—A woman to do cooking and general housework at Rangeley, Maine, six weeks in June and July. Six in family. Address, stating terms and references, K, MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

#### FOR SALE.

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

LIVE BUCK T. OUT of all sizes for stocking streams. Guaranteed delivered in good condition. Chas. R. Doten, Chiltonville, Mass.

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

FOR SALE at a bargain. A steam launch with canopy top, 31 feet long, 7 1-2 feet beam, 8 horse power compound engine. R. M. Kershaw, Peak's Island, Me.

STEAMBOAT.—26x5 1-2 feet, speed 12 miles per hour. Payne engine, Eacey boiler, burns coal or wood. Has been used as private boat and is in fine order. J. W. Perry & Son, Lewiston, Me.

FOR SALE.—An extra good coon dog. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Got 11 coons with him last fall. Will give good reasons for a sale. E. M. Baker, 125 High St., Station A, So. Gardner, Mass.

FOR SALE.—In the angeley 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.

GASOLINE LAUNCH FOR SALE.—A new, first-class gasoline launch built May last, by Thomas Stone of Swampscott, Mass., was on exhibition at Horticultural Hall at Automobile Show, used only two weeks, 20 ft. long, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, Sagamore Engine 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, E. O. B., Greenville, Me. Can be seen at Camp Waumbec, 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.



# MAINE WOODS, PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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

Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

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

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

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

This Edition of Maine Woods 5,550.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1905.

SOME hotel and camp owners think that they should not advertise as long as they are crowded. They should learn the policy of the most successful hotel men in the county. They are crowded but they never stop advertising. Note the policy of Hiram Ricker & Sons of the Poland Spring House. Did they ever stop advertising for one moment?

FROM reports that MAINE WOODS has received from various parts of Maine, we judge that the lakes and ponds of the state will, as a rule, be free of ice a little earlier than the average date. Contrary to the above statement the Portland Advertiser reports that Sebago lake is not likely to be clear of ice before the first of May. It will be seen by consulting the list of dates upon which the ice has left Sebago in former years—as published in another column—that May 1 would be a very late date.

## Angieworms Are a-Whirling.

OZORA S. DAVIS of New Britain, Conn., is the author of a poem which we present this week, entitled, "Winter Is Over." It is a touching thing, not because it is well written and well considered, but more especially because the subject always touches the heart of the sportsman. It's about the first angieworm of the spring days. The angieworm that comes out and then wriggles right in again before you can catch him. We have all seen him and tried to catch him and then gone out behind the barn and dug until we got a big bunch of his brothers.

Mr. Davis has contributed a poem for next week entitled, "The Supreme Thrill." It refers to trout and other things that will interest our readers and we expect them to watch for it.

## GUN CLUB HELD ITS FIRST SHOOT.

Weather Was Favorable and Good Scores Were Made.

The first shoot of the Bangor Gun club for the season was held Wednesday, April 12, at the traps in Hampden. The weather was pleasant although a high wind was blowing. Much interest was shown and every indication points to an unusually successful season.

The guest for the day was "Gil" Wheeler of Brunswick, N. E. representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., one of the best known experts with the shotgun in New England. He made the best record for the afternoon, shooting 91 out of 100 birds.

Several were present from out of town. Abner McPheters of Old Town, a well-known guide, broke 75 per cent of his targets and had never shot at a target before in his life. His performance was considered remarkable.

J. H. Peavey of Bangor, the ex-champion of the state, who held the badge against all comers, broke a tie over 90 per cent of his targets.

Among the visitors were R. J. McLean of Boston and ex-state champion Walter Reed of Waterville.

## THE SCORE.

The score in detail is as follows:

	Shot	Broke
Batchelder,	120	88
Wheeler,	100	91
Colby,	100	81
Peavey, Howard,	100	79
Cobb,	100	66
Winch,	100	63
Peavey, J. H.,	80	73
Ham,	80	68
Reed,	80	68
McPheters,	80	60
Allen,	80	52
McLean,	60	50
Burbank,	60	28
Kimball,	35	27

## 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.

## Snowflakes.

[For MAINE WOODS.]

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.,  
April 15, 1905.

Spring is in the air! The great drifts of snow, dazzling and pure in the sun's white light, when seen from country windows, becoming a menace to pedestrians and horses, when changed to slippery muck in city streets, are surely but slowly passing away. A feeling of regret fills my heart at the thought. Without the sheltering blanket of its presence, all that we love of the spring would be as naught. No flowers to delight the sense of sight and smell; no green pastures, with merry brooks made full to overflowing by the spring thaw; no trees waving in the joy of young shoots and luxuriant foliage and all that goes to delight the heart of man.

As I walked through the woods this evening, the sun's afterglow rested lovingly on mounds of the settled whiteness, as yet untouched by the breath of the newborn spring, which scatters the few remaining forces of winter, that she may stand forth arrayed in her new, soft mantle of green. Her frolicsome, fickle nature, one moment in laughter, the next in tears, dispels all thought of the silent, helpful sister, the winter, now slipping enially away.

As the lids close over the tired eyes, at the end of a busy day, my thoughts are still with the snow. What would they tell me, each tiny flake, could they speak, I wonder? Perhaps my thoughts were transmitted to the few starry ministers of good still lingering outside my window.

The clock has struck four and, as though in answer to its signal, somewhere in the distance, a monarch of the roost is awakening his flock for early praise by his lusty crowing.

Hark, I thought I heard a voice! I rise from my pillow to listen but as all is still smile at my vague imaginings, and close my eyes for another nap before the duties of the day.



THE WORKROOMS WHERE THE SPECIMENS ARE CARED FOR.  
Loaned by Walter D. Hinds, Portland, Me.

Just outside my window I hear a murmur like the drip, drip of drops of water; I listen intently, hardly daring to breathe. An inexpressibly soft, sweet voice is speaking: "We must soon be gone," it said, "and our work is not nearly done." A breathless moment, ere another voice, deeper and sadder replied: "We have done the best we could in the allotted time. Do not be discouraged; think of the night we shielded the two little waifs when the north wind had beaten them down. Ragged, dirty and homeless, we covered them with the mantle of our purity and gave them peace."

"Was it not kindness beyond the charity of men when we covered the filth of the slums and buried the germs of disease from the unsuspecting ones? Who shall say there was not some soul saved for the Master's use by our work? We have given health to those beyond the aid of man and our presence has given fresh hope for the struggle. We have given laughter and good cheer to the pleasureseekers and comfort and rest to the weary."

Again, the first voice spoke, more cheerfully this time. "As the sun's rays were lost in the gloaming last eve, I felt a slight stir just below me, at the same time a grateful whisper from the crocus bed that rose to an anthem of thankfulness; these were the words, set to the music of nature:

"Thanks, thanks to the snowflakes,  
That have kept our bed so warm,  
Who have guarded our sleep through the winter deep,  
And have shielded our heads from the storm."

"And now it is almost time for the violets to peep up through the mossy bed of the woods and nature to awaken her sleeping children for the friendly kiss of the sun, but our work is not finished. When the sun rises we cannot longer withstand it, but will melt in its genial warmth to the needs of the coming spring."

The voice, fainter and more silvery sweet, gradually changed to rippling laughter like the murmur of a fairy waterfall. \* \* \* I opened my eyes with a start and springing from my bed, ran to the window. Instead of the tiny flakes of snow, I beheld sparkling drops of water falling from the sill in the rays of the morning sun. [The writer of the above should have gone fishing at once.—Ed.]

## 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.

## DUPONT SMOKELESS

wins both competitions at Camden,  
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1st General Average, Neaf Apgar,  
135 ex 150.

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Always Uniform.

## DUPONT SMOKELESS.

## CARRY POND CAMPS.

Snow Nearly All Gone and Roads Getting  
Pretty Good.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

BINGHAM, ME., April 13, 1905.

The snow is nearly all gone in this section and the roads are getting quite good. Mr. H. J. Lane has his supplies all hauled into his camps at Carry Pond. Mr. Lane reports the ice quite thick but thinks it will leave the pond about May 1.

Mr. Lane has hired Mr. David Pooler with his family to move onto the William farm at Briggs landing. Mr. Pooler will drive the buckboard to the pond and do some farming.

## Smelts Are Running.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

NORTH CHESTERVILLE, April 17, 1905.

Mr. C. W. Robbins is tending a line of traps on the little Norridgewock stream. Mr. Robbins's line of traps is about six miles long; as yet he is not having as good success as in former years but on the whole is doing fairly well. Ducks have not begun to fly yet but when they do, a trip up the stream will be more interesting.

Parties in this vicinity have been getting lots of smelts in the last few days and have been very kind in supplying their friends with the toothsome little fellows.

We are overhauling our tackle and getting ready for the ice to go out in the lakes and ponds. It is estimated that the ice will be out of Flying pond in Vienna as early as the 26th and it is not too bad a place for a day's fishing.

## 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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## HOTELS AND CAMPS

## Fly Fishing

Every Day in the Season at

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— AND —

## Spencer Stream Camps.

50,000 acres of fishing and hunting preserve is controlled here. Moose, deer and small game are abundant. Many brooks, lakes and ponds furnish fly fishing, where trout and salmon rise to the fly every day in the season. Log cabins are situated on the different lakes and ponds and twenty camps on King and Bartlett lake furnish hospitality to the man who fishes and shoots. For circulars and further information address

HARRY M. PIERCE,

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## Spring Lake,

## In the Dead River Region

Best of Early Fishing for Salmon, Square Tailed Trout and Lake Trout that weigh from 2 to 9 pounds. One day's ride from Boston. Only 21-2 miles of buckboard road. Lake 31-2 miles long, 11-2 miles wide, surrounded by mountains covered with green woods. Cabins are very pleasantly situated on the shore of this lake. Spring beds, new blankets and clean linen make our beds all that could be desired. New boats and canoes. Best of stream fishing near. We have canoe trips that take you by some of the grandest scenery in Maine, with good fishing all the way. Telephone connections at home camps with main line and doctor's office. Purest of spring water. Hay fever unknown. Excellent food. This is an ideal place to spend the summer with your family. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Maine.

## WHERE TO GO FISHING.

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

## The Wilderness Beckons

at this season of the year, and KINEO is its gateway—COME! The finest trout fishing in the world, big game in plenty, a net work of lakes and streams, a wild, free, outdoor life in crisp pure air and glorious sunshine are its attractions. We make a specialty of completely outfitting campers, canoeists, fishermen and hunters. Write for information

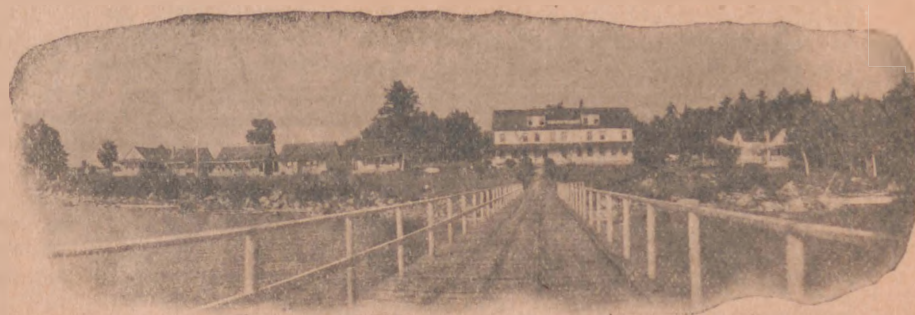
THE MOUNT KINEO HOUSE, C. A. JUDKINS, Manager, Kineo, Maine.

## The White House and The Birches.

## Log Camps, The Upper Berth and The Owl.

The best appointed hotel and camps at Grand Lake, open for guests from Apr. 15 to Nov. 15. Excellent table, large airy rooms, clean beds, open fires. Plenty of game, landlocked salmon, trout and togue. Beautiful scenery and healthful air. Write for terms.

FRANK H. BALL, Proprietor, - - - Grand Lake Stream, Maine.



## Anglers' Retreat and Log Cabins

Are situated at the Outlet of Welokennebacook Lake. Is a delightful resort for Sportsmen and their families.

The Trout and Salmon fishing here is unsurpassed by any in the state. The house has been thoroughly remodeled and enlarged, with new offices, cuisine, etc., and travelers, sportsmen and all persons seeking rest and recreation will be provided with every comfort and convenience, while for those who prefer, I have several neat Log Cottages, well furnished, with open fireplaces, spring beds and everything that will add to the comfort and pleasure of the guests. Splendid accommodations for all and an excellent table will always be found here.

The early spring fishing is a revelation and the summer fishing never fails. The best of Fly Fishing every day in the season. This place holds the record of the largest trout taken in the Rangeley Lakes.

Guides and boats always ready. This is the most direct route between the Rangeley, Lakes and the White Mountains, and my Steamboats connect with all trains, boats and stages. Write for descriptive circular.

## CAPT. E. F. COBURN,

Middledam,

Rangeley Lakes,

Maine.



## "ONLY LETTERS"

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



## TRAPS AND TRAPPERS

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

## "SMELTING" IN THE SPRING.

## SPORT BY NIGHT INDULGED IN BY HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

Smelters Must Follow Rules or They'll Get Their Shins Barked; What Those Rules Are and Other things of Interest.

(BY JOHN D. MARTIN.)

RUMFORD FALLS, April 16, 1905.

In a day or two hence the snow and ice that have held the northern sections in their grasp will have submitted to the warm rays of the sun and the soft penetrating winds of spring. The brooks and rivers will be swollen to their banks by the surplus waters of the hillsides, breaking the ice that has bridged these streams through the cold weeks of winter. The old saw mills on the banks of these swift flowing streams will become alive with the activity of the lumberman as he begins sawing the logs and bolts that have been hauled into the mill yards upon the snow that, now melting, turns the wheel that sets the saw moving in such rapid revolutions as to cut the lumber into strips ready for use.

After the brooks and the little ponds and mud places are free from ice, the frogs that have been sleeping in the mud slyly come to the surface and sound the first note of spring music.

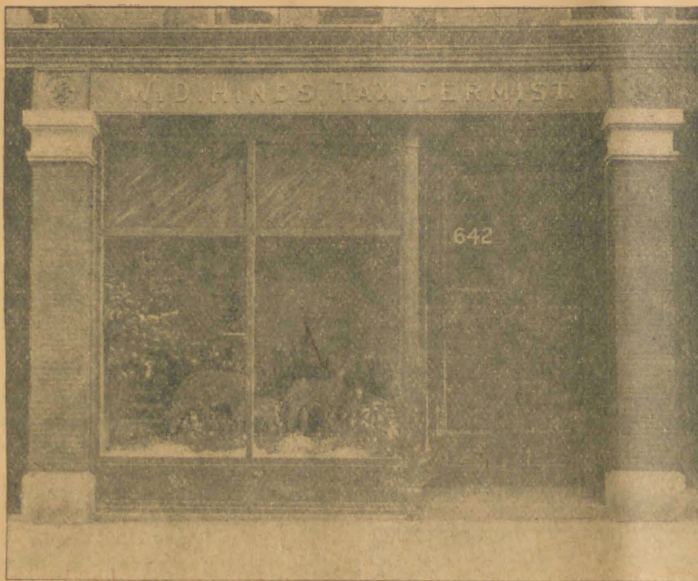
The first man in the neighborhood to hear this welcome note soon spreads the news to his fellows thus: "I heard a frog croak last night: Time to go 'smelting' " and usually every one who is fond of the sport goes that night.

There are a great many turbulent streams in Maine that affords this exciting sport, but your correspondent has had no experience on any but a tributary to Kezer lake in Lovell. This stream is known as "Mill Brook;" so named for its abundance of saw mills. It is the outlet of Cushman's pond and its length is not more than six miles. Notwithstanding its short length it has, or rather used to have no less than four saw mills distributed along its banks. Three are now standing, two of which are still operated.

The mouth of this brook has been an attraction for many years, as it is here the "boys" go in early spring, with torches and net to dip from the rushing waters slender fishes known as the fresh water smelt. Large parties of men and boys gather here as soon as the "chores" are done and it is not infrequent that the fisherman number no less than one hundred. As there are of necessity two sides to this stream, the fishermen are usually divided into two parties, one keeping on the north side, the other on the south. Each party builds a large fire about one hundred and fifty yards from the brook, where they can keep warm while waiting for the smelts to run up the stream. Here they sit and tell stories, swap farming information and sing songs till about ten o'clock, when they all go to the bank of the stream and with nets upon a pole twelve or fifteen feet in length begin their work of filling their baskets or sacks with the fish they want. They "dip" for fifteen minutes or until it becomes evident that they had driven the fish back to the lake, when they return to the fires and resume their stories and wait a half hour for the smelts to "run" up the brook again. No time is allowed to go to waste, every minute is occupied with something interesting. All sorts of jokes are played, wrestling matches witnessed and "men" gossip indulged in. All these sports are seldom carried to an extent that will cause injury to the participants. However, at times the party get reckless and begin such dangerous fun as throwing fire brands. This is perhaps the only dangerous sport indulged in, but fortunately it occurs infrequently; if it is started by a thoughtless individual, there are usually enough careful men in the party to soon stop the dangerous practice. Much amusement is often afforded by the accidental wetting that some too venturesome youth gets by the sudden "giving away" of the bank, as the frost is at this time of year coming out of the ground, making the sod tender and unable to bear much weight. Others not content to dip from the banks, come with hip rubber boots and stand in the middle of the stream and thus advantageously situated beat their fellows with the number of fish dipped. This practice often costs much discomfort for occasionally the wader loses his footing on the smooth rocks, and falls into the cold spring waters. Besides the cold ducking he is the object of fun for the crowd the rest of the night.

The smelts stop "running" up the brook about 2.30 a. m., and not until then is any of the party ready to go home. Even though one may have gotten all the fish he could lug home, he is loth to leave the joyful crowd, the warm fire and the first sport that breaks the monotony of country life in winter.

There is an unwritten law that custom long ago established to control the acts of the smelt fisherman. Individuals are not allowed to do as they please. They must follow the crowd and do as the majority declares no one can go to the brook and dip unless the rest go and this law applies to the two parties on opposite sides. If the party on one side think it time to go to the brook to dip, they, before going must notify the other party by a whoop or shout that is easily heard. By this law all have equal chances and woe to the selfish



THE SALES ROOM ON CONGRESS STREET.  
Loaned by Walter D. Hinds, Portland, Me.

individual who attempts to do otherwise, he usually incurs the hatred of his neighbors and if he is caught in the act of unlawfully taking smelts he is in danger of going home rather the worse for his disobedience. When the angry crowd gets after him he is subjected to all kinds of ill treatment. He is dipped in the brook, his net is broken, his lantern smashed, his shins "barked" and his body bruised. He is lucky if his own recognize him when he returns to them.

The first week after "smelts" begin to "run" is the time to get the large ones. These are all the way from eight to fourteen inches long and make an excellent "fry". After this the "tinkers" come by the brook and thought they are caught in large numbers they are so small that they are not always desired. They are about the size of a sardine and can be dipped up by the hundred.

Although there is a state law prohibiting the taking of smelts in nets, it is never very rigidly enforced for the reason that many bodies of water in the state are so over-run with smelts that it actually interferes with ordinary fishing and every smelt taken out is so much gain.

## Paid Subscription so Ice Would Go Out.

BOSTON, April 7, 1905.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

About this time of the year when I begin to think about going fishing in Maine I am reminded that my subscription to MAINE WOODS runs out about the time the ice goes out, so for fear you may hold the ice until I pay up I enclose one dollar.

D. E. ADAMS.



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MAINE WOODS, Portland, Me.

## FOREST FIRE WARDENS.

## Men Whose Special Duty It Is to Prevent and Extinguish Fires.

Now that the matter of protecting the forests from fires is attracting so much attention among sportsmen and guides, our readers will doubtless be glad to know who the state of Maine fire wardens are. We are enabled to publish the following list by courtesy of Forest Commissioner Ring.

## AROSTOOK WATERS.

Hazen Husen, (P. O. Presque Isle,) Townships Nos. 10, R 3; 10, R 4; 11, R 3; 11, R 4.  
William Sewall, (P. O. Island Falls,) Township No. 4, R 3.  
James Crandall, (P. O. Barleight,) Merrill plantation, Townships Nos. 7, R 3; 7, R 4.  
D. H. Moore and J. J. Niles, (P. O. Houlton,) Townships Nos. 7, R 5; 7, R 6; 8, R 4; 8, R 5; 9, R 3; C. D. Hammond plantation; East one-half 8, R 3.  
Miles D. Arho, (P. O. Oxbow,) Townships Nos. 9, R 11; 10, R 11; 9, R 12; 10, R 12.  
Elmer E. Gilpatrick, (P. O. Davidson,) Townships Nos. 1, R 6; 2, R 6.

John Brown, (P. O. Eagle Lake,) Townships Nos. 15, R 5; 15, R 6; 16, R 6.  
C. A. Trifton, (P. O. Ashland,) Townships No. 10, R 6; Garfield plantation; Sheridan plantation.  
E. R. Tozier, (P. O. Portage Lake,) Townships Nos. 14, R 6; 13, R 7; 14, R 7; 13, R 5; Portage Lake plantation; Nashville plantation; 13, R 8; 14, R 9; 15, R 9; 15, R 8.  
Romuld Labbe, (P. O. Wallagrass,) Wallagrass plantation, Townships Nos. 15, R 8; 16, R 8; 16, R 9.  
John Tall, (P. O. Stockholm,) Stockholm plantation.  
George W. Junkins, (P. O. Oxbow,) Oxbow plantation; Townships Nos. 10, R 7; 11, R 7; 9, R 7.  
H. H. Jewell, (P. O. Caribou,) Connor plantation; Caswell plantation; Cyr plantation; Hamlin plantation.  
Charles Peterson, (P. O. Ashland,) Townships Nos. 11, R 8; 11, R 9; 11, R 10; 12, R 8; 12, R 9.  
D. L. Cummings, (P. O. Houlton,) Township No. 16, R 5.  
Benjamin Straight, (P. O. Milford,) Upper St. John waters in Maine.  
Charles H. Shannon, (P. O. Macwahoc,) North Yarmouth Academy Grant.  
Aleck Currier, (P. O. Oxbow,) Oxbow Plantation; Townships Nos. 7, R 8; 8, R 8; 9, R 8; 10, R 8.  
William Atkins, (P. O. Oxbow,) Townships Nos. 8, R 9; 9, R 9; 10, R 9.  
Cyrus Chase, (P. O. Westfield,) East 1-2 No. 10, R 3.  
Wm. N. Carpenter, (P. O. Houlton,) Hammond plantation; No. 7, R 3.  
George F. Swasey, (P. O. Howe Brook,) Nos. 7, R 3; 7, R 4; West 1-2, R 3.  
George Moore, (P. O. St. Croix, Me.) Nos. 9, R 4, R 5.  
George L. Byron, (P. O. Linneus,) Nos. 4, R 3; A R 2.  
Allen Quimby, (P. O. Stockholm,) Stockholm plantation.  
F. G. Quincy, (P. O. St. Francis,) Nos. 18, R 10; 19, R 11; 17, R 8.  
J. B. Bartlett, (P. O. Ashland,) Aroostook waters.  
Claude L. Sawyer, (P. O. Old Town,) St. John waters in Maine.  
Harry E. Hasey, (P. O. Levant,) St. John waters in Maine.

Osrood F. Smith, (P. O. Portage Lake,) Nos. 14, R 6; 13, R 7; 14, R 7; 12, R 7; 13, R 5; 15, R 6; 16, R 6; Portage Lake plantation, Nashville plantation.  
Fred D. Cummings, (P. O. Houlton,) No. 16, R 5.  
PENOBSCOT WATERS.  
D. E. Huff, (P. O. Danforth,) Township No. 8, R 3; N. B. P. P.  
George H. Huston, (P. O. Bangor,) Aroostook and Penobscot Counties.  
Charles Berry, (P. O. Katahdin Iron Works,) Townships B, R 10; B, R 11.  
C. H. Randall, (P. O. Katahdin Iron Works,) Townships A, R 11; A, R 12.  
John Coughlin, (P. O. Katahdin Iron Works,) Townships A, R 10; 1 R 11.  
S. C. Cummings, (P. O. Haynesville,) Townships Nos. 3, R 2; 3, R 3; 3, R 4; 2, R 3, R 4.  
Harry Bowers, (P. O. Burlington,) Townships Nos. 3 B P. E.; 3 R 1 N. B. P. P.  
J. M. True, (P. O. Lee,) Township No. 3.  
George S. Ranney, (P. O. Winn,) Webster plantation; Drew plantation.  
J. E. Smart, Jr., (P. O. Sebobeis,) Sebobeis Plantation; Townships Nos. 2, R 8; 3 and 4, R 9, N. W. P.  
G. G. Robinson, (P. O. Kingsbury,) Kingsbury plantation.  
Joseph Lobley, (P. O. Mattawamkeag,) Hopkins Academy Grant, Townships Nos. A R 7; 1 R 7, 1 R 6; 2 R 8; 1 P. No. 3.  
W. J. Curran, (P. O. Patten,) Townships Nos. 6, R 8; 6, R 9; 5, R 9; 5, R 8; 7, R 9.  
Fred Stinson, (P. O. Moro,) Townships Nos. 7, R 5; 7, R 6; 8, R 5; West one-half 7, R 4.  
C. C. Garland, (P. O. Debsconeag,) Townships Nos. 2, R 9; 2, R 10; 2, R 11; R 10.  
Selden McPheters, (P. O. Norcross,) Townships Nos. 1, R 8; 1, R 9; 1, R 10.  
M. M. Tracy, (P. O. Stacyville,) Stacyville plantation; Townships Nos. 3, R 7; 2, R 6; 2, R 7; 4, R 7; 3, R 8; 4, R 8.  
A. S. Garland, (P. O. Monson,) Elliottville plantation; Townships Nos. 7, R 9; 3, R 10; 7, R 10; N. W. P.  
Earle S. Page, (P. O. Burlington,) Township No. 3.  
Charles N. Thompson, (P. O. Kingman,) Webster; Upper Molunkus; Macwahoc plantation.  
Fleetwood Pride, (P. O. St. Croix,) Townships 7, R 4; 8, R 4; 7, R 3; 8, R 3.  
A. L. Green, (P. O. Katahdin Iron Works,) Katahdin Iron Works; B R 10; B, R 11.  
John H. Rice, (P. O. Bangor,) A, R 10; A, R 11; 1, R 10; 1, R 11.

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Harry F. Ross, (P. O. Bangor,) Nos. 2, R 8; 2, R 9; 3, R 8; 3, R 9; 4, R 8; 4, R 9; W. E. L. S.  
Frank Keegan, (P. O. Wytopitlock,) Glenwood plantation; Reed plantation; North Yarmouth; 2 R 4.  
Wm. Huzhen, (P. O. Onawa,) Elliottville Plantation; Bowerbank.  
Joshua F. Smith, (P. O. Chesuncook,) Nos. 6, R 13; 6, R 14.

## KENNEBEC WATERS.

Matthew Kennedy, (P. O. West Forks,) Township No. 1, R 5.  
George Jones, (P. O. Caratunk,) East Moxie, West Moxie and Moxie Gore; Square Town.  
William Lockyer, (P. O. Eustis,) Jim Pond Town; Chain of Ponds; No. 4, R 5; Kibby.  
Sullivan Newton, (P. O. Jackman,) Attean; Dennistown; Sandy Bay; Townships Nos. 4, R 6; 5, R 6.  
John Covel, (P. O. Holeb,) Holeb; Forcythe and Township No. 5, R 7, B. K. P. W. K. R.  
C. S. Skinner, (P. O. Lowelltown,) Skinnertown; Lowelltown; Townships Nos. 1, R 7; 2, R 7.  
J. Cooke, Jr., (P. O. Kineo,) Big W; Little W; Sebobeis; Soldier Town.  
William M. Shaw, (P. O. Greenville,) Piscataquis County.  
John H. Green, (P. O. Lexington,) Lexington plantation; Highland plantation.  
Frank L. Gipson, (P. O. North East Carry,) East and West Burbank.  
Thomas Gerard, (P. O. Jackman,) Townships Nos. 4, R 6; 5, R 6.  
W. H. Galusha, (P. O. Greenville,) Little and Big Squaw; Gore A, R 2; Lily Bay; Sugar Island; Deer Island.  
A. J. Kennedy, (P. O. Greenville Jct.), Spencer Bay; Blake; East Middlesex; Day's Academy Grant.  
Frank Smart, (P. O. Greenville,) Day's Academy Grant.  
Silas Nelson, (P. O. Moosehead,) Taunton & Raynham; Misery Gore.  
Charles Meserve, (P. O. Roach River,) Townships Nos. 1, R 12; A, R 12; 1, R 13; A, R 13.  
Will P. Forsyth, (P. O. The Forks,) West Forks plantation; Townships Nos. 2, R 5; 2, R 6; B. K. P. W. K. R.  
George L. Smith, (P. O. Augusta,) Townships Nos. 2, R 5; 3, R 5; 4, R 5; 2, R 6, B. K. P. W. K. R.  
Frank Savage, (P. O. Stratton,) Bigelow plantation; Coplin plantation; Dead River plantation.  
J. K. Viles, (P. O. North New Portland,) West Eustis, No. 3, R 5.  
Harry Pierce, (P. O. Eustis,) King; Bartlett; Pratt; 4, R 5, B. K. P. W. K. R.

Elmer Tufts, (p. o. Kingfield,) Crocker Town; Jerusalem.  
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Webster Moore, (p. o. Jackman,) Jackman plantation; Moose River plantation.  
Charles Ray, (p. o. North East Carry,) East and West Burbank.  
Walter Taylor, (P. O. Stratton,) Bigelow plantation; Coplin plantation; Dead River plantation.  
F. M. Wyman, (P. O. Mayfield,) Mayfield plantation.

Marshall R. Hastings, (P. O. Hastings,) Batchelder Grant.  
M. J. Marr, (P. O. Moosehead,) Nos. 1 R 6; 1 R 7.  
J. S. Williams, (P. O. Jackman,) Sandy Bay Township.  
Frank P. McFarland, (P. O. Askwith,) Sandwich Academy Grant.

## WASHINGTON COUNTY.

James Christie, (P. O. Lambert Lake,) Lambert Lake plantation; Forest; Dyer; Township No. 11 R 3, N. B. P. P.  
George Andrews, (P. O. Topsfield,) Codyville plantation; Kossuth; Talmage; Dyer.  
George McDonald, (P. O. Grand Lake Stream,) Grand Lake Stream plantation; Townships Nos. 6 N. D.; 6 R 1, N. B. P. P.; 43 and No. 5.  
Waldo Mercier, (P. O. Princeton,) Indian Township; Townships Nos. 7, 1 R 1; 21; 26 and 27.  
John Graham, (P. O. South Springfield,) No. 5 R 1; No. 4 N. D.; No. 4 R 1; Kossuth.  
Victor M. Smith, (P. O. Northfield,) Townships Nos. 18 and 19.  
L. F. Leighton, (P. O. Epping,) Townships Nos. 18; 19; 25 M. D.  
L. C. Bridgman, (P. O. Beddington,) Townships Nos. 36; 37; 29; 30; 31; 24.  
Fred Albee, (P. O. Northfield,) Gilmore Driscoll and A. B. Hayward, (P. O. Wesley,) Townships Nos. 24; 31; 30; 36; 29; 37.  
John O. Tuell, (P. O. East Machias,) West one half No. 14 plantation.  
Frank Gray, (p. o. Wesley,) Nos. 30; 31; 36; 37.  
Thomas S. Smith, (p. o. East Machias,) East one half No. 14 plantation.  
John R. Sullivan, (p. o. Whitneyville,) Townships Nos. 42 and 43.

## HANCOCK COUNTY.

G. L. Joy, (p. o. North Hancock,) Township No. 8.  
Fred S. Bunker, (p. o. Franklin,) Townships Nos. 7; 9 and 10.  
Henry French, (p. o. Eastbrook,) Township No. 16; South one half No. 22.  
Naham Jordan, (p. o. Aurora,) Township No. 21; North one half No. 22; South one half No. 28.



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Fred Henderson, (P. O. Jackman,) Thorndike and Holden towns; Attean and No. 4 Township.  
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H. P. McKenney, (P. O. Jackman,) Township No. 3, R 6; B. K. P. W. K. R.  
M. S. Tyler, (P. O. Blanchard,) Bald Mt. Township.  
Frank J. Durgin, Oliver Adams, Henry Hudson, (P. O. The Forks,) Nos. 1, R 6; Bow Town; Johnson Mountain; Enchanted.  
Henry Hughey, (p. o. Jackman,) Thorndike; Alder Brook; Soldier Town; Moose River plantation; Long Pond Town.  
Colin McRichie, (p. o. Holeb,) Holeb; Forcythe; Gorham Grant; No. 6, R 7, B. K. P.  
Adolph Foster, (P. O. Roach River,) A, R 11; A, R 12; No. 1 R 11; 1 R 12.  
H. E. Harlow, (P. O. Dead River,) Carry Town; Nos. 3 R 4; 2 R 2, B. K. P. W. K. R.; Black Brook.  
J. C. Viles, (p. o. Skowhegan,) Carry Town; Nos. 3 R 4; 2 R 2, B. K. P. W. K. R.; Black Brook.

Ezra Williams, (p. o. Great Pond,) Townships Nos. 32; 33; North one half No. 34.  
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Phineas Richardson, (p. o. Kennebeco Lake,) Township No. 3 R 4.  
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David M. Harris, (p. o. Stratton,) Coplin plantation.  
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Temple E. Spaulding, (p. o. Oquossoc,) T. 4 R 3, Oxford County; T. 2 R 1; 3 R 1; 3 R 3, Franklin County.  
George E. Allen, (p. o. Middle Dam,) Letter C, Oxford County.



# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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By Stewart Edward White

Continued from last week, this story began March 10.

Thorpe hastily unearthed his "descriptions" and wrapped them up. The Indian in silence rearranged the misplaced articles in such a manner as to relieve the camp of its abandoned air. It was nearly sundown. Without a word the two men struck off into the forest, the Indian in the lead. Their course was southeast, but Thorpe asked no questions. He followed blindly. Soon he found that if he did even that adequately he would have little attention left for anything else. The Indian walked with long, swift strides, his knees always slightly bent, even at the finish of the step, his back hollowed, his shoulders and head thrust forward. His gait had a queer sag in it, up and down in a long curve from one rise to the other. After a time Thorpe became fascinated in watching before him this easy, untiring lope, hour after hour, without the variation of a second's fraction in speed or an inch in length.

At first Thorpe followed him with comparative ease, but at the end of three hours he was compelled to put forth decided efforts to keep pace. His walking was no longer mechanical, but conscious. When it becomes so a man soon tires. Thorpe resented the inequalities, the stones, the roots, the patches of soft ground which lay in his way. He felt dully that they were not fair. He could negotiate the distance, but anything else was a gratuitous insult.

Then suddenly he gained his second wind. He felt better and stronger and moved freer.

At midnight Injun Charley called a halt. He spread his blanket, leaned on one elbow long enough to eat a strip of dried meat and fell asleep. Thorpe imitated his example. Three hours later the Indian roused his companion, and the two set out again.

From 3 o'clock until 8 they walked continually without a pause, without an instant's breathing spell. Then they rested half an hour, ate a little venison and smoked a pipe.

An hour after noon they repeated the rest. Thorpe rose with a certain physical reluctance. The Indian seemed as fresh as when he started. At sunset they took an hour, then forward again by the dim intermittent light of the moon and stars through the ghostly haunts of forest until Thorpe thought he would drop with weariness and was mentally incapable of contemplating more than a hundred steps in advance.

"When I get to that square patch of light I'll quit," he would say to himself and struggle painfully the required twenty yards.

"No, I won't quit here," he would continue. "I'll make it that birch. Then I'll lie down and die."

And so on. To the actual physical exhaustion of Thorpe's muscles was added that immense mental weariness which uncertainty of time and distance inflicts on a man. The journey might last a week for all he knew. In the presence of an emergency these men of action had actually not exchanged a dozen words. The Indian led; Thorpe followed.

When the halt was called Thorpe fell into his blanket too weary even to eat. Next morning sharp, shooting pains, like the stabs of swords, ran through his groin.

"You come," repeated the Indian, stolid as ever.

Then the sun was an hour high. The travelers suddenly ran into a trail, which as suddenly dived into a spruce thicket. On the other side of it Thorpe unexpectedly found himself in an extensive clearing dotted with the blackened stumps of pines. Athwart the distance he could perceive the wide blue horizon of Lake Michigan. He had crossed the upper peninsula on foot.

"Boat come by today," said Injun Charley, indicating the tall stacks of a mill. "Him no stop. You mak' him stop take you with him. You get train Mackinaw City tonight. Dose men, dey on dat train."

Thorpe calculated rapidly. The enemy would require even with their teams a day to cover the thirty miles to the fishing village of Munising, whence the stage ran each morning to Seney, the present terminal of the South Shore railroad. He, Thorpe, on foot and three hours behind, could never have caught the stage. But from Seney only one train a day was dispatched to connect at Mackinaw City with the Michigan Central, and on that one train, due to leave this very morning, the up river man was just about pulling out. He would arrive at Mackinaw City at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, where he would be forced to wait until 8 in the evening. By catching a boat at the mill to which Injun Charley had led

him Thorpe could still make the same train. Thus the start in the race for Detroit's land office would be fair.

"All right," he cried, all his energy returning to him. "Here goes! We'll beat him out yet!"

"You come back?" inquired the Indian, peering with a certain anxiety into his companion's eyes.

"Come back?" cried Thorpe. "You bet your hat!"

"I wait," replied the Indian, and was gone.

Thorpe saw over the headland to the east a dense trail of black smoke. He set off on a stumbling run toward the mill.

## CHAPTER XIII.

HE arrived out of breath at a typical little mill town consisting of the usual unpainted houses, the saloons, mill, office and general store. To the latter he addressed himself for information.

The proprietor, still sleepy, was mopping out the place.

"Does that boat stop here?" shouted Thorpe across the suds.

"Sometimes," replied the man somnolently.

"Not always?"

"Only when there's freight for her."

"Doesn't she stop for passengers?"

"Nope."

"How does she know when there's freight?"

"Oh, they signal her from the mill."

But Thorpe was gone.

At the mill Thorpe dove for the engine room. He knew that elsewhere the clang of machinery and the hurry of business would leave scant attention for him; and, besides, from the engine room the signals would be given. He found, as is often the case in north country sawmills, a Scotchman in charge.

"Does the boat stop here this morning?" he inquired.

"Weel," replied the engineer, with fearful deliberation, "I canna say. But I hae received na orders to that effect."

"Can't you whistle her in for me?" asked Thorpe.

"I canna," answered the engineer, promptly enough this time.

"Why not?"

"Ye're na what a body might call freight."

"No other way out of it?"

"Na."

Thorpe was seized with an idea.

"Here!" he cried. "See that boulder over there? I want to ship that to Mackinaw City by freight on this boat."

The Scotchman's eyes twinkled appreciatively.

"I'm dootin' ye hae th' freight bill from the office," he objected simply.

"See here," replied Thorpe. "I've got to get that boat. It's worth \$20 to me, and I'll square it with the captain. There's your twenty."

The Scotchman deliberated, looking askant at the ground and thoughtfully oiling a cylinder with a greasy rag.

"It'll na be a matter of life and death?" he asked hopefully. "She aye stops for life and death."

"No," replied Thorpe reluctantly. Then, with an explosion: "Yes, by heaven, it is! If I don't make that boat I'll kill you!"

The Scotchman chuckled and pocketed the money.

"I'm dootin' that's in order," he replied. "I'll be no party to any such proceedin's. I'm goin' noo for a fresh pail of water," he remarked, pausing at the door, "but as a wee item of information yander's th' wheestle rope, and a mon wheistles one short and one long for th' boat."

He disappeared. Thorpe seized the cord and gave the signal. Then he ran hastily to the end of the long lumber docks and peered with great eagerness in the direction of the black smoke.

The steamer was as yet concealed behind a low spit of land which ran out from the west to form one side of the harbor. In a moment, however, her bows appeared, headed directly down toward the strait of Mackinaw. When opposite the little bay, with a grand, free sweep she turned and headed directly for him.

He negotiated briefly with the captain, paid \$20 more for speed and the privilege of landing at Mackinaw City. Then he slept for eight hours on end and was awakened in time to drop into a small boat, which deposited him on the broad sand beach of the lower peninsula.

The train was just leisurely making up for departure. Thorpe, dressed as he was in old "pepper and salt" garments patched with buckskin, his hat a flopping travesty on headgear, his moccasins worn and dirty, his face bearded and bronzed, tried as much as possible to avoid attention. He sent an instant telegram to Wallace Carpenter conceived as follows:

Wire thirty thousand my order care land office, Detroit, before 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. Do it if you have to rustle all night. Important.

Then he took a seat in the baggage car on a pile of boxes and philosophically waited for the train to start. He knew that sooner or later the man, provided he were on the train, would stroll through the car, and he wanted to be out of the way. The baggage man proved friendly, so Thorpe chatted with him till after bedtime. Then he entered the smoking car and waited

patiently for morning.

At the last thought Thorpe decided to send a second message from the next station. He did so. It read:

Another buyer of timber on same train with me. Must have money at 9 o'clock or lose land.

He paid day rates on it to insure immediate delivery. Suppose the boy should be away from home!

Everything depended on Wallace Carpenter, and Thorpe could not but confess the chance slender. One other thought made the night seem long. Thorpe had but \$30 left.

Morning came at last, and the train drew in and stopped. Thorpe, being in the smoking car, dropped off first and stationed himself near the exit where he could look over the passengers without being seen. They filed past. To two only he could accord the role of master lumbermen, and in these two Thorpe recognized Daly and Morrison themselves. They passed within ten feet of him, talking earnestly together. At the curb they hailed a cab and drove away. Thorpe with satisfaction heard them call the name of a hotel.

It was still two hours before the land office would be open.

Thorpe repaired at once to a boarding house off Port street, where he had "outfitted" three months before. There he reclaimed his valise, shaved, clothed himself in linen and cheviot once more and sauntered slowly to the land office to await its opening.

At 9 o'clock neither of the partners had appeared. Thorpe entered the office and approached the desk.

"Is there a telegram here for Harry Thorpe?" he inquired.

The clerk to whom he addressed himself merely motioned with his head toward a young fellow behind the railing in a corner. The latter shifted comfortably and replied "No."

At the same instant steps were heard in the corridor, the door opened, and



"I'm goin' noo for a fresh pail of water," Mr. Morrison appeared on the sill. Then Thorpe showed the stuff of which he was made.

"Is this the desk for buying government lands?" he asked hurriedly.

"Yes," replied the clerk.

"I have some descriptions I wish to buy in."

"Very well," replied the clerk. "What township?"

Thorpe detailed the figures, which he knew by heart. The clerk took from a cabinet the three books containing them and spread them out on the counter. At this moment the bland voice of Mr. Morrison made itself heard at Thorpe's elbow.

"Good morning, Mr. Smithers," it said with the deliberation of the consciously great man. "I have a few descriptions I would like to buy in the northern peninsula."

"Good morning, Mr. Morrison. Archie, here, will attend to you. Archie, see what Mr. Morrison wishes."

The lumberman and the other clerks consulted in a low voice, after which the official turned to fumble among the records. Not finding what he wanted, he approached Smithers. A whispered consultation ensued between these two. Then Smithers called:

"Take a seat, Mr. Morrison. This gentleman is looking over these townships and will have finished in a few moments."

Morrison's eye suddenly became uneasy.

"I am somewhat busy this morning," he objected, with a shade of command in his voice.

"If this gentleman"— suggested the clerk delicately.

"I am sorry," put in Thorpe, with brevity. "My time, too, is valuable."

Morrison looked at him sharply.

"My deal is a big one," he snapped.

"I can probably arrange with this gentleman to let him have his farm."

"I claim precedence," replied Thorpe calmly.

"Well," said Morrison, swift as light, "I'll tell you, Smithers. I'll leave my list of descriptions and a check with

you. Give me a receipt and mark my lands off after you've finished with this gentleman."

Now, government and state lands are the property of the man who pays for them. Although the clerk's receipt might not give Morrison a valid claim, nevertheless it would afford basis for a lawsuit. Thorpe saw the trap and interposed.

"Hold on," he interrupted. "I claim precedence. You can give no receipt for any land in these townships until after my business is transacted. I have reason to believe that this gentleman and myself are both after the same descriptions."

"What!" shouted Morrison, assuming surprise.

"You will have to wait your turn, Mr. Morrison," said the clerk, virtuous before so many witnesses.

The business man was in a white rage of excitement.

"I insist on my application being filed at once!" he cried, waving his check. "I have the money right here to pay for every acre of it, and if I know the law the first man to pay takes the land."

He slapped the check down on the rail and hit it a number of times with the flat of his hand. Thorpe turned and faced him with a steely look in his level eyes.

"Mr. Morrison," he said, "you are quite right. The first man who pays gets the land, but I have won the first chance to pay. You will kindly step one side until I finish my business with Mr. Smithers here."

"I suppose you have the amount actually with you," said the clerk quite respectfully, "because if you have not Mr. Morrison's claim will take precedence."

"I would hardly have any business in a land office if I did not know that," replied Thorpe, and began his dictation of the description as calmly as though his inside pocket contained the required amount in bank bills.

Thorpe's hopes had sunk to zero. After all, looking at the matter dispassionately, why should he expect Carpenter to trust him, a stranger, with so large a sum? It had been madness. Only the blind confidence of the fighting man led him farther into the struggle.

Thorpe's descriptions were contained in the battered little notebook he had carried with him in the woods. For each piece of land first there came the township described by latitude and east and west range. After this generic description followed another figure representing the section of that particular district. So 49-17 W-8 meant section 8 of the township on range 49 north, 17 west. If Thorpe wished to purchase the whole section that description would suffice. On the other hand, if he wished to buy only one forty he described its position in the quarter section. Thus SW-NW 49-17-8 meant the southwest forty of the northwest quarter of section 8 in the township already described.

The clerk marked across each square of his map as Thorpe read them the date and the purchaser's name.

his notebook Thorpe had of course entered the briefest description possible. Now, indicating to the clerk, he conceived the idea of specifying each subdivision. This gained some time. Instead of saying simply, "Northwest corner of section 8," he made of it four separate descriptions, as follows: Northwest quarter of northwest quarter; northeast of northwest quarter; southwest of northwest quarter, and southeast of northwest quarter.

He was not so foolish as to read the descriptions in succession, but so scattered them that the clerk, putting down the figures mechanically, had no idea of the amount of unnecessary work he was doing. The minute hands of the clock dragged around. Thorpe droned down the long column. The clerk scratched industriously, repeating in a half voice each description as it was transcribed.

At length the task was finished. It became necessary to type duplicate lists of the descriptions. While the somnolent youth finished his task

[Continued on Page 7.]

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 w' desired.

P. RICHARDSON & CO., Rangeley, Maine.

## TRANSPORTATION

### Sandy River Railroad.

Time-Table in Effect December 19, 1904.

North	Tr'n 1	Tr'n 3	Tr'n 5
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Farmington, .....	11.00	12.10	4.40
South Strong, .....			
Strong, .....	P. M.	P. M.	
	12.05	12.42	5.10
Phillips, .....		12.30	1.00
			5.30
South	Tr'n 2	Tr'n 4	Tr'n 6
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Phillips, .....	7.30	8.30	1.30
Strong, .....			
South Strong, .....	7.50	9.10	1.50
Farmington, .....	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, ar		11.20	2.25
		11.45	3.00
Kingfield, (lv	A. M.	P. M.	
	7.00	7.05	12.50
*N. Freeman, lv	7.05		12.55
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	7.20	7.36	
Salem, ar	7.22	7.45	1.10
*Summit, lv	7.25	8.35	1.12
*W. Freeman, lv	7.35		1.25
Strong, ar	7.45	9.05	1.35
NORTH.		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, ar	8.40	10.35	5.35
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	8.45	10.40	
*No. Freeman, ar	8.50		5.45
	9.00	11.30	5.55
Kingfield, (lv	P. M.		
	9.15		
Carrabassett, ar	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	No. 2
A. M.	P. M.
9.00	9.05
12.40	
P. M.	
4.40	
	2.25
	1.30
	A. M.
5.30	
6.00	
6.02	
6.10	
6.20	
6.50	
7.10	
7.15	
7.30	
	9.15
	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, J. C. WILLIAMS, G. P. & T. A. 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, 6.50 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 5.02 p. m. Limestone 9.50 a. m. Van Buren 2.25 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 4.33 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.





## SAVAGE RIFLES

The Savage .22-Caliber "Junk" Single Shot Rifle is different from any rifle you ever saw. Its outward appearance may seem similar to other rifles of this type, but that is not the point. It is the quality and the smooth and easy manner in which it works that count. Beside being the safest and most accurate shooter, it is beautifully finished and sold to you under an honest guarantee. Price \$4.00, at your dealer's or direct from us.

Shoots the short, long and long rifle cartridges.

Write for Catalogue, free.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 19 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

### Some of Nature's Voices.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

I like the fragrance of the fir,  
The pine tree cone, the woodland scene.  
The charming music of the brooks,  
The placid lake with silver sheen.

I like these rough, majestic hills,  
Tree-girdled, some times capped with snow,  
All rhythmic with the cascades' notes  
While dashing to the vales below.

Far from the haunts and homes of men:  
Here Nature's forces only play;  
And music floats on mountain air  
Which drives dull cares and gloom away.

Her voices speak of higher things,  
Emotions deep within us stir;  
Praise God for Nature's lovely things,  
Her hills, cascades, lakes, rocks and fir.  
WILLIAM WOOD, Bridgton, Maine.

### A DAY IN JUNE

Near the Home of My Brother, Frank M. Bailey, the Guide.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

ROXBURY, ME., Apr 17, 1905.

Under a thickly branched tree in the depth of the pine woods in Roxbury, Maine, is a huge gray rock matted over with dim green lichens which are spotted with dead gold. From under this rock springs a sparkling little stream. It creeps through the thready grasses and russet pine needles; it shies out for a stone no larger than a rabbit and when a glistening, pitchy cone drops into it, the water labors under the burden. When the thirsty fawn comes down to drink nearly the whole rivulet flows down its throat and the cone is stranded high and dry. This thread of water flows southward, lured by a sunbeam that pierces the scented gloom, that creeps down the trunks of the trees, that steals over the knolls of green and brown tree moss which it makes look like a forest on fire, over the yellow violets which dissolve in its light and appear again when it has gone, like the stars in daylight over a bank of rich dark mould all veined with the golden powder of decayed pine trunks, moist and soft as velvet and threaded with glistening white roots where the little flowers push their pearly feet down.

Over the bank the sunbeam slips into the water, at which they both laugh. They frolic together, then the stream dives deep under gnarled roots and its bright playmate might think it lost but for that gurgle of laughter down in the cool, fresh dark. Then it leaps merrily up and spreads itself out into a mirror; and the elder tree that leans over with rank fanlike leaves and great clusters of creamy-white blossoms gets very erroneous ideas regarding its own personal appearance. For the palpitating rings that chase each other over the surface make its brown stems seem to crinkle and its leaves seem to come all to pieces and unite again, and the many blossoms in each round cluster to melt all together, then twinkle out individually, only to meet again in that fragrant bloomy full moon. Over this shimmer of flowers and water big bees fly, buzz fearfully and dragon flies dart in purple, glittering coats-of-mail and gauzy wings invisible with motion, or hang motionless like unhung jewels; and comical long-legged insects dance there, throwing spots of sunshine down to the leafy bed instead of shadow.

Tribute flows in right and left and presently comes a great event in the little brook's life—its first cascade. It flows for a time in a green tranquil shadow, the rich dim colors half withdrawn; but there are little flutters of light down in its bosom and when, after a slight curve that gives it a look back on itself, it reaches the interlaced roots of two immense trees that hold up a bank between them, it makes a sudden foamy plunge the height of a stag's front. Feathered mosses underlie its first turn over the bank and large clover leaves throw themselves halfway for company, hanging by their roots and trembling in the spray, and looking out wet and bright. The bear comes down to drink and look at his ugly black face in the deepening mirror; foxes bark and snarl and the deer come in lovely groups and drink and fling up their shorn tails with a flit of white and trot away with a little sniff and their heads back at some long howl or crackling gallop. Rabbits hop softly and timidly about, squirrels leap and nibble in the branches above. There are shoals and shoals of fishes.

So, through the mellow gloom and sunny sparkles of the old forest, the dear brook wanders, following the sun and talking to itself about many things. TROUBLESOME.

### Trade Notes.

#### Averages Reported.

Omaha, Neb., March 20th, 21st and 22d, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 580 out of 600, shooting DuPont. W. M. Heer, 2d general average, 578 out of 600, shooting New E. C. W. R. Crosby, 3d general average, 569 out of 600, shooting E. C. H. G. Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., 1st amateur average, 561 out of 600, shooting E. C. C. M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., 2d amateur average 558 out of 600, shooting Schultze. Albert Olse, of Cedar Bluffs, Ia., 3d amateur average, 557 out of 600, shooting Schultze.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 23d to 25th, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 588 out of 600, shooting DuPont. C. M. Powers of Decatur, Ill., 2d general and 1st amateur averages, 577 out of 600, shooting Schultze. Lon Fisher of Hebron, Ohio, 3d general and 2d amateur averages, 575 out of 600, shooting DuPont. Fred Gilbert broke 196 out of 200 on each of the three days of the tournament.

Bound Brook, N. J., March 25th. J. S. Fanning, 1st general average, 96 out of 100, shooting Infalible. F. C. Bissett of South River, N. J., shooting DuPont and Dr. J. B. Pardoe, of Bound Brook, N. J., shooting Infalible, tied for 2d general average and 1st amateur average, 93 out of 100.

Camden, N. J., March 30th, Neaf Apgar, 1st general average, 135 out of 150, shooting Dupont. C. E. Mink of Philadelphia, Pa., 1st amateur average and 2d general average, 133 out of 150, shooting DuPont. Fred Coleman of Philadelphia, Pa., 2d amateur and 3d general averages, 132 out of 150, shooting Infalible. O. Armstrong of Richmond, N. J., 3d general average, 129 out of 150, shooting DuPont.

Janesville, Wis., March 30th, W. D. Stannard, 1st general average, 104 out of 115, shooting DuPont. F. L. Pierstorff of Middleton, Wis., 1st amateur and 2d general average, 99 out of 115, shooting DuPont. J. McVicar of Janesville, Wis., 3d amateur average, 94 out of 115, shooting E. C. (Improved).

The C. T. Keck Tournament at Chicago, Ill., March 31st and April 1st, Lon Fisher of Hebron, O., 1st amateur average, and tied for 1st general average, with W. D. Stannard, of Chicago, Ill., both breaking 361 out of 400, shooting DuPont. F. H. Lord, 2d general average, 345 out of 400, shooting Schultze and E. C. B. Wagner of Lomax, 3d amateur average, 335 out of 400, shooting DuPont. In the 50 target Handicap for a Silver Loving Cup, Lon Fisher, shooting from the 19 yard mark, tied for the Trophy 47 out of 50. On the shoot-off at 25 targets Mr. Fisher won wit 22 to 20, although his opponent stood at the 16 yard mark. Mr. Fisher shot DuPont but his opponents did not.

C. A. Young, representing the Peters Cartridge company, has just completed a very remarkable and successful trip in Texas. From Feb. 14 beginning at San Antonio and ending at Groesbeck, April 1, he visited 23 towns, shooting with the local gun club in each case under varying conditions which embraced all the different kinds of weather that were invented. He shot at a total of 2,000 targets, breaking 1905 of them, an average of 95.14 per cent. There is not a shooter in America today who could excel this record of Mr. Young's and even he says it would not have been possible but for his trusted Ideal load. The shells he used were taken out of regular stock and were in no sense special, but simply came up to the standard of all Peters goods.

The other day at Minden, La., Mr. Luther Wade, representative of The Peters Cartridge company, went to the traps with the local shooters and showed them how to break a few targets. He scored 96 out of 100 which is a fair sample of the work Mr. Wade is doing this spring.

### THE BLAZED TRAIL.

[Continued from Page 6.]

Thorpe listened for the messenger boy on the stairs.

A faint slam was heard outside the rickety old building. Hasty steps sounded along the corridor. The landlubber merely stopped the drumming of his fingers on the broad arm of the chair. The door flew open, and Wallace Carpenter walked quickly to him.

Thorpe's face lighted up as he rose to greet his partner. The boy had not forgotten their compact after all.

"Then it's all right?" queried the latter breathlessly.

"Sure!" answered Thorpe heartily. "Got 'em in good shape."

At the same time he was drawing the youth beyond the vigilant watchfulness of Mr. Morrison.

"You're just in time," he said in an undertone. "Never had so close a squeak. I suppose you have cash or a certified check. That's all they'll take here."

"What do you mean?" asked Carpenter blankly.

"Haven't you that money?" returned Thorpe quick as a hawk.

"For heaven's sake, isn't it here?" cried Wallace in consternation. "I wired Duncan, my banker, here last night and received a reply from him. He answered that he'd see to it. Haven't you seen him?"

"No," repeated Thorpe in his turn.

"What can we do?"

"Can you get your check certified here near at hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, go do it. And get a move on you. You have precisely until that boy there finishes ticking that machine—not a second longer."

"Can't you get them to wait a few minutes?"

"Wallace," said Thorpe, "do you see that white whiskered old lynx in the corner? That's Morrison, the man who wants to get our land. If I fail to plank down the cash the very instant it



"You're just in time."

is demanded he gets his chance. And he'll take it. Now go. Don't hurry until you get beyond the door, then fly."

Thorpe sat down again in his broad armed chair and resumed his drumming. The nearest bank was six blocks away. He counted over in his mind the steps of Carpenter's progress—now to the door, now in the next block, now so far beyond. He had just escorted him to the door of the bank when the clerk's voice broke in on him.

"Now," Smithers was saying, "I'll give you a receipt for the amount and later will send to your address the title deeds of the descriptions."

Carpenter had yet to find the proper official to identify himself, to certify the check and return. It was hopeless. Thorpe dropped his hands in surrender! Then he saw the boy lay the two typed lists before his principal, and dimly he perceived that the youth, shamefacedly, was holding something bulky toward himself.

"What is it?" he stammered, drawing his hand back as though from red-hot iron.

"You asked me for a telegram," said the boy stubbornly, as though trying to excuse himself, "and I didn't just catch the name anyway. When I saw it on those lists I had to copy I thought of this here."

"Where did you get it?" asked Thorpe breathlessly.

"A fellow came here early and left it for you while I was sweeping out," explained the boy. "Said he had to catch a train. It's yours, all right, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Thorpe.

He took the envelope and walked uncertainly to the tall window. He looked out at the chimneys. After a moment he tore open the envelope.

"I hope there's no bad news, sir?" said the clerk, startled at the paleness of the face Thorpe turned to the desk.

"No," replied the landlubber. "Give me a receipt. There's a certified check for your money!"

## PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes of 540 N. Davison Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women. I suffered misery for years with painful periods, headaches, and bearing-down pains. I consulted two different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the East advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and no longer suffer as I did before. My periods are natural; every ache and pain is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ill-

Vegetable Compound sooner; for I have tried so many remedies without help.

"I dreaded the approach of my menstrual period every month, as it meant so much pain and suffering for me, but after I had used the Compound two months I became regular and natural and am now perfectly well and free from pain at my monthly periods. I am very grateful for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rests upon the well-earned gratitude of American women.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating, (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

### CHAPTER XIV.

NEXT day the articles of partnership were drawn, and Carpenter gave his note for the necessary expenses. Then, in answer to a penciled card which Mr. Morrison had evidently left at Thorpe's hotel in person, both young men called at the lumberman's place of business. They were ushered immediately into the private office.

Mr. Morrison was a smart little man, with an ingratiating manner and a fishy eye. He greeted Thorpe with marked geniality.

"My opponent of yesterday," he cried jocularly. "Sit down, Mr. Thorpe. Although you did me out of some land I had made every preparation to purchase, I can't but admire your grit and resourcefulness. How did you get here ahead of us?"

"I walked across the upper peninsula and caught a boat," replied Thorpe briefly.

"Indeed, indeed!" replied Mr. Morrison, placing the tips of his fingers together. "Extraordinary! Well, Mr. Thorpe, you overreached us nicely, and I suppose we must pay for our carelessness. We must have that pine even though we pay stumpage on it. Now, what would you consider a fair price for it?"

"It is not for sale," answered Thorpe.

"We'll waive all that. Of course it is to your interest to make difficulties and run the price up as high as you can. But my time is somewhat occupied just at present, so I would be very glad to hear your top price. We will come to an agreement afterward."

"You do not understand me, Mr. Morrison. I told you the pine is not for sale, and I mean it."

"But surely—What did you buy it for, then?" cried Mr. Morrison, with evidences of a growing excitement.

"We intend to manufacture it."

Mr. Morrison's fishy eyes nearly popped out of his head. He controlled himself with an effort.

"Mr. Thorpe," said he, "let us try to be reasonable. Our case stands this way: We have gone to a great deal of expense on the Ossawinimakee in expectation of undertaking very extensive operations there. To that end we have cleared the stream, built three dams and have laid the foundations of a harbor and boom. This has been very expensive. Now, your purchase includes most of what we had meant to log. You have, roughly speaking, about 800,000,000 in your holding. In addition to which there are several millions scattered near it which would pay nobody but yourself to get in. Our holdings are farther up stream and com-

prise only about the equal of yours."

"Three hundred millions are not to be sneezed at," replied Thorpe.

"Certainly not," agreed Morrison suavely, gaining confidence in the sound of his own voice. "Not in this country. But you must remember that a man goes into the northern peninsula only because he can get something better there than here. When the firm of Morrison & Daly establishes itself now it must be for the last time. We want enough timber to do us for the rest of the time we are in business."

"In that case you will have to hunt up another locality," replied Thorpe calmly.

Morrison's eyes flashed, but he retained his appearance of geniality and appealed to Wallace Carpenter.

"Then you will retain the advantage of our dams and improvements?" said he. "Is that fair?"

"No, not on the face of it," admitted Thorpe. "But you did your work in a navigable stream for private purposes without the consent of the board of control. Your presence on the river is illegal. You should have taken out a charter as an improvement company. Then as long as you attended to business and kept the concern in repair we'd have paid you a toll per thousand feet. As soon as you let it slide, however, the works would revert to the state. I won't hinder your doing that yet, although I regret. Take out your charter and fix your rate of toll."

"In other words, you force us to stay there and run a little two by four improvement company for your benefit or else lose the value of our improvements?"

"Suit yourself," answered Thorpe carelessly. "You can always log your present holdings."

"Very well," cried Morrison, so suddenly in a passion that Wallace started back. "It's war! And let me tell you this, young man—you're a new concern."

[To be Continued.]

## Had Dyspepsia

March 9, 1904.

Dear Sirs:—

I have tried a great number of medicines for dyspepsia, but without effect. "L. F." Atwood's Bitters is the only remedy that has proved satisfactory.

Yours truly,

MRS. ROSE L. AMES,  
Orland, Me.

Dyspeptics should use only the True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, 35 cents.



## WHY HE IS A BACHELOR.

## ANOTHER ONE OF UNCLE DANIEL'S INTERESTING YARNS.

How Uncle Daniel Got Frightened and Gin Up Courtin'—and Lived an Old "Bach."

[BY J. L. HERSEY.]

CENTRE TUFTONBORO, N. H., April 18, 1905.

As the cool winds of autumn came sweeping down from the far-off north scattering the forest foliage in wild confusion back to mother earth I made a short hunting excursion in company with Uncle Daniel, who kept at one time a strictly old bachelor's hall near the source of one of Maine's noblest rivers, whose waters give life and vitality to many thriving villages. Dimly rising in the haze of that golden sunrise could be seen Mt. Katahdin, the highest land in Maine, whose summit was then covered with a mantle of dazzling whiteness. We visited the shore of the river and seeing mink and muskrat signs in plenty we set our traps and returned to the cabin in season to dress our game, consisting of partridge and gray squirrel. Then came supper of which Uncle Daniel and myself partook with a keen relish and then we threw a large backlog into the capacious fireplace that continued to burn nearly all night. After all preliminaries had been gone through Uncle Daniel lighted his huge pipe and composed himself for the evening and as the subject of controversy ran on women and matrimony we ventured to ask him why he lived an old "Bach" and he gave us the following life yarn:

"When I was a youngster I was so all-fired bashful I hardly dared look at a piece of calico and to set down to a table with a company of ladies would take away my appetite as quick as a touch of the shakes. I lived along at this poor dying rate as old Parson Wag used to say—till I arrived at the age of 35, then I felt it was time to be up and doing or the day of probation would be clean gone. I was left to travel life's rugged pathway alone. The very thought was harrowing and I determined to set fate at defiance and see what I could do on my own hook.

"There lived within a quarter of a mile of us a little girl, the tallest specimen of gallogy to be found in a day's travel. Sal was a rosy-cheeked buxom lass who could rake hay, yoke the steers as quick as most men and she was just the gal I wanted. So I fixed up in my best Sunday go to meeting clothes and by going across lots that led by a path where the cows went to pasture I soon found myself at the home of my Sal. I was well received by the family and I tried to appear as little fluctuated as possible. One by one the rest of the family dropped off, leaving Sal and me alone. I tell you my heart went pitterpat just like a dead lamb's tail and I staid till ternal late I can tell you. I got a kiss from Sal though she showed fight and I went out and cut for home. It was dark as a poker. I thought I would cut across lots and when I got to the edge of the woods there was a monster lay across my path. I got up on this and jumped off on the other side and came down directly astride of some animal. He gave a wild unearthly yell and away we started. I thought the devil had got me and I clung to him as a dead man clings to mud and if the animal bellowed didn't I yell murder and help, then it's no use talking. He went like the wind, I know not whither, but all of a sudden he stopped but I went right along as if shot out of a cannon and landed right in the middle of the goose pond in front of Sal's house. The racket woke up the household and I guess they thought the devil and his imps had got around. Out of the house rushed Sal's father with a lantern and his shotgun. I made a little noise getting out of the water. The old gentleman heard it and setting down his lantern, up with his gun and blazed away. The shot whistled pretty darned near but I escaped, scooted for the woods and it did not take me long to get home, feeling like a drowned rat.

"I never ventured to see another girl for I thought fate was agin me and I ought to be an old 'bach.' So you see why I live back in the woods alone. It was a two-year-old steer that gave me such a fright, but I suppose it was all for the best. Old Parson Wag used to say we are not the makers of our destiny, but as I live longer in this world I think he was mistaken. But for all that I try to enjoy life in the backwoods among the birds and animals. I think at times they seem to be uttering praise to the great ruler of the universe.

## To Cure a Cold In One Day

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

## A Springtime Doubter.

Hi! Mister Mockin'bird,  
Singin' of a song,  
Wish you please, suh, tell me—  
Is de springtime comin' long?

I know de sun a-shinin'  
On de frosty wings er you,  
But de lily lookin' mighty pale—  
The vi'let feelin' blue.

De jaybird in de treetop—  
He got his word ter say;  
He quarrel wid his sweetheart  
Ever' minute in de day.

De clouds is gettin' fleecy  
En a-floatin' high en higher.  
But as yit dey ain't a bluebird  
Dat's a chirpin' on de wire.

So I feelin' mighty 'fraid now  
You got de season wrong;  
I wish you please, suh, tell me—  
Is de springtime comin' long?

—FRANK L. STANTON.

## ICE GETS WEAKER.

Lakes May Be Clear In a Few Days and the Rangeleys May 1.

A Portland exchange of recent date says:

The ice in the different lakes throughout the state is beginning to soften, according to reports received by the Maine Central railroad recently.

Captain F. C. Barker, the famous hotel and steamboat man of Rangeley who was in the city for a brief stay, says that all of the different layers of ice at the lake have now melted and nothing but solid ice remains. He predicts that this will soon be honey-combed and that the lake will be clear by May 1. This is ten days earlier than was expected by him a short time ago. Captain Barker is the best authority in the state on this subject.

All of the lakes, including Moosehead, are now beginning to feel the effects of spring and it is expected that this month will see the majority of them clear.

## An Animal Story For Little Folks

## The Little Goat's Trick

One day a very hungry wolf pounced down upon a little goat and was just about to make a meal of him when the goat cried out:

"Wait a minute! I have something to say."

"What is it?" asked the wolf.

"If you will let me go and not eat me, as you intended to do," said the



HE LOOKED DOWN AND SAW THEM.

goat, "I'll tell you where there are more goats than you have teeth in your mouth."

"My, my," exclaimed the wolf, smacking his lips, "I'll agree to that."

"Well," declared the goat, "if you run up to the top of yonder mountain you'll see the goats on the other side, and I am sure there are more there than you could eat in a month."

So the wolf ran off up the side of the mountain, but the farther he ran the higher the mountain seemed, and it was a very long time before he reached the top, tired and footsore and out of breath and more hungry than he had been before.

And what do you think was the first thing he saw? A herd of goats. There must have been 200 of them. They were grazing peacefully on a broad plain on the other side of the mountain.

But what else do you suppose? Why, the other side of the mountain was perfectly straight up and down, just like the walls of this room, only as high as fifty houses placed on top of each other, and at the foot of this steep cliff was a broad river that was as swift as an ocean current. Then it was on the other side of this stream that the plain lay upon which the goats were feeding. It was impossible for the wolf to get to them.

"That little goat has played me a trick," said the wolf sorrowfully.—Pittsburg 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 Birchies, 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.

## Rangeley Lakes.

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.

## 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 &amp; 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.

## SKINNER, ME.

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.  
"Looselook megnutie" 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 open to sportsmen. No better hunting anywhere. There are about 40 rooms. Correspondence solicited. A. B. Sargent, Eustis, Me.

## EUSTIS, ME.

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

## FOUR MILES FROM RANGELEY.

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

## 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.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS.

## 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.

## FLAGSTAFF, ME.

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

## Washington County.

## GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.

The Birchies. 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.

## SEBAGO LAKE.

## DATES ON WHICH THE ICE HAS

## "GONE OUT."

All Eyes Anxiously Turned to This Place Where the First Fishing Is Usually Obtained.

The ice at Sebago lake is getting very soft and it is now difficult and dangerous to walk upon it. It is now believed that it may be out as early as April 22 and not later than the 25th.

Sebago is usually the first place to be clear of ice and it is here that the fishermen wet their lines for the first fun.

Mr. Robert Martin of Auburn, the well-known guide and expert hunter, gave the following dates on which the ice has gone out of Sebago lake for nearly a century, to the Lewiston Sun:

	Year
May 7,	1807
" 1,	1812
April 30,	1816
" 29,	1819
" 25,	1820
" 20,	1821
" 12,	1822
" 23,	1823
" 17,	1824
" 16,	1825
" 13,	1826
" 14,	1826
May 1,	1837
April 29,	1841
May 2,	1843
April 17,	1844
" 24,	1845
" 14,	1846
" 29,	1849
" 14,	1849
May 4,	1852
April 27,	1855
" 14,	1857
" 16,	1858
" 29,	1862
" 28,	1863
" 13,	1866
" 5,	1867
" 8,	1871
May 4,	1872
" 1,	1873
" 7,	1874
" 6,	1875
" 1,	1876
April 23,	1877
" 12,	1878
May 5,	1879
April 13,	1880
" 24,	1881
" 19,	1882
" 29,	1883
" 26,	1884
" 25,	1885
" 26,	1886
May 1,	1887
" 8,	1888
April 12,	1889
" 24,	1890
" 23,	1891
" 11,	1892
May 4,	1893
April 16,	1894
" 21,	1895
" 21,	1896
" 22,	1897
" 13,	1898
" 27,	1899
" 22,	1900
" 15,	1901
March 29,	1902
" 25,	1903
April 24,	1904

## ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING

## IN THE GAME SEASON,

BY JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE.

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

## MAINE WOODS,

Phillips,

Maine.

## SPORT AT THE POOL.

Fun of Catching the Big Gamey Fish at Bangor.

According to law, salmon may be caught at the famous Bangor salmon pools on Saturday. Fortunately the law doesn't say that they "shall" be caught; Did it, the chances are more than probable that it would not be obeyed. At the present time it would bother any angler to find a place at the pools into which he could cast a fly, for the pools are covered with huge ice floes, there being scarcely a hundred yards of open water below the big water works dam.

But, while the outlook for fishing to begin on Saturday is slim today, it will be but a short time now when it will be possible. Already the ice in the river is black and the March winds and the bright sun are rotting it rapidly, so that it would seem that by the middle of the coming week there would be a sufficient amount of open water at the pool to permit of fishing.

And when that time comes there will be sport, royal for such is the taking of sea salmon. Writers may tell of the pleasures of casting bright flies in purling mountain streams, of fighting the gamey square-tail of the Maine lakes, but no one who has ever had a set-to with a Penobscot river salmon in the quick water below the Bangor dam will ever admit that there is any class of angling which excels it. Some may equal; none are better.

Many will tell you that the salmon fishing of the Tobique river in New Brunswick is better, but don't you believe it. If one means that more fish are taken there, why then it must be admitted that the Tobique takes the palm; if they mean that it is better sport, then they are wrong.

On the Tobique, some two or three seasons ago, one man landed 80 salmon, which was within about 30 of the entire catch at the Bangor pool. The average time which it took from the time the fish was hooked until it was gaffed and in the boat was five minutes. If a fisherman at the Bangor pools was to land a fish in five minutes it would be considered a remarkable feat. As a rule the best that it can be accomplished in is fifteen minutes, while it frequently requires from three-quarters of an hour to an hour to do the trick in. A fight of that kind is sport; of the other kind it is a good deal like hooking a piece of water-soaked bark to the end of a hundred yards or more of line and reeling it in.

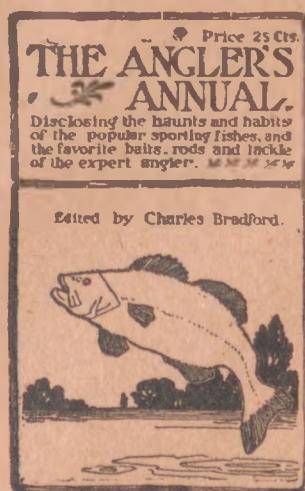
The Tobique has more fish without doubt than the Bangor pool, for the reason that there are no weirs to catch them before they reach the fishing grounds, but the man who goes there to fish sacrifices sport for the sake of a record catch of fish.

But it cannot be said that the Bangor pools are so famous as they were in the later eighties and early nineties. Then each summer saw scores of fishermen from all parts of the country and from England and Scotland here trying for the big fish. In those days the club house stood upon the rugged shores of the pool and for three months was filled with lovers of angling and their friends. It was there that you could always get a story of fishing which was worth hearing. To-day this is changed.

Now the club house has been moved away for a distance of about half a mile and is used as a farmhouse. Few anglers outside the city fish here, and all because the spirit of commercialism got into the game and drove the sports away.

In those days the first fish taken at the pools at the opening of the season was sent to the President of the United States. How changed to-day? The first fish taken goes to some local marketmen, who ships the fish to some big city hotel. And this is because the local fisherman are following the sport's sake, but for gain.

And there is money in it, if you can but get the fish.—Lewiston Journal.



MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.