

MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVII. NO. 39.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1905.

PRICE 3 CENTS.

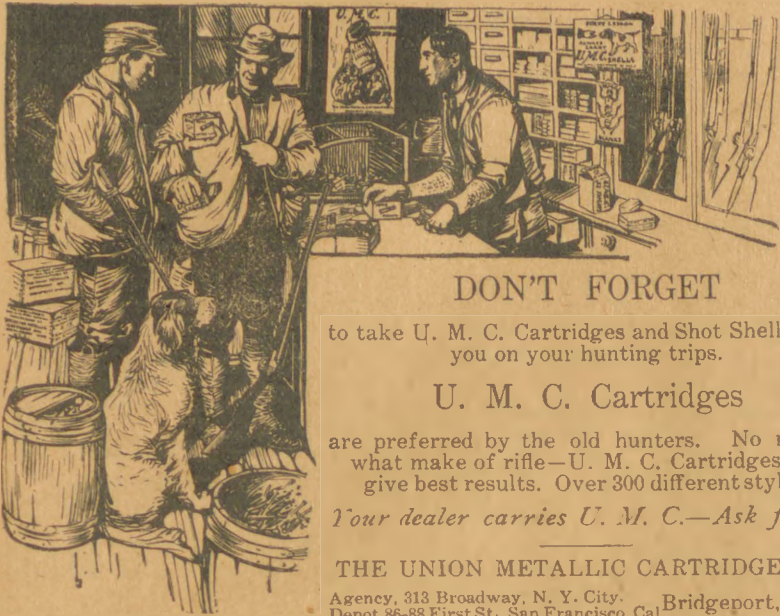
SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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Fish and Game Oddities.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

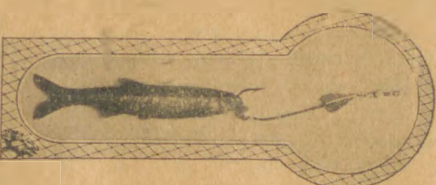
WE WISH to announce to the public that we have leased a large territory at the foot of Kennebec Lake and have built there a set of camps which we will open to our patrons and friends the coming season. This new establishment in connection with our camps at Beaver Pond will give our guests the manifold 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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Sporting Moccasins all kinds.
Send for Catalogue.

SHIP YOUR **FURS** TO
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

Big Bull Moose Dropped Dead.

A special to the Bangor Daily News, April 25, said:

A great deal of excitement was caused this morning about 9 o'clock when a big bull moose came trotting down Main street in Caribou. Followed by a crowd he headed straight for the Vaughan House where he fell in a heap on the lawn.

He seemed to be in an exhausted condition and after resting about a minute he staggered to his feet, only to take a few steps and fall dead.

A big crowd soon gathered and several snapshots were taken. The moose was a very large one, and, as no wounds could be found upon him, it is supposed that he died from exhaustion.

Pickereel Fiction.

John Jordan of Sabattus is credited with a unique way of catching fish. The story runs thus: One cold winter day Mr. Jordan hied him to Sabattus pond, cut a hole in the ice, cast his line, and by dinner time he had a good string of pickerel.

But a party of fishermen who had stationed themselves at "just the wrong place" on the pond, not far away from Mr. Jordan, were not so successful. It came time for them to return to their homes. They had come a long distance and they did not like the idea of returning empty-handed. They eyed Mr. Jordan's string hungrily. They asked him to name his price. He did. A good big one. But the fishless fishermen evidently thought it none too big, for without a word they counted out the cash and started off with the pickerel. Mr. Jordan evidently thought it would not be wise to let a good thing go by too easily, so he called after them, "Want some more?"

"Yes, buy all you got, but you have 'nt any more, have you?"

"No'p. But will catch you some. How much time you got?"

"Got ter start sure in half an hour." "All right, catch you another string."

The men sat down and waited and Mr. Jordan set to work in earnest. He not only had a chance to make a good thing out of it financially but he felt that his reputation was at stake.

He drew his red bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket. He waved it over the hole. Almost immediately a nice fat pickerel jumped for it. Hardly had he time to kick it away, so the story goes, before another jumped for the bright bit of cambric. Mr. Jordan continued to wave and kick as fast as he could make the motions. It was hard work but the half hour was up and he handed to the men a second string of fish, better than the first; received a good sum for them and then walked whistling away as he mopped his perspiring brow with his red bandanna handkerchief, which had served him so good a turn.—Lewiston Sun.

Hunting by Locomotive.

Hunting by locomotive is something new in New York state, but one instance has come to notice that shows in some cases it may prove successful. Dave Wallace, engineer on Train 301 of the Lehigh valley, Cayuga Lake division, was bowling along on the east shore of Cayuga lake when suddenly the pilot window at the front of the engine cab was broken with a crash. Something shot past Dave's head and was stopped by the curtain in the rear. Turning, the engineer found a fine, large partridge floundering on the cab floor. It is thought that the partridge flew at the headlight and, missing the mark, went straight through the cab window.

ICE LEAVES EARLIEST FOR YEARS.

Mr. Lane Lands First Trout, Measuring Fifteen Inches.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

BINGHAM, April 29, 1905.

The ice left East Carry pond Friday afternoon, April 28, the earliest for ten years. Mr. Lane at once strung up his rod and landed the first trout from the wharf which measured fifteen inches in length. He also took several smaller ones.

Every thing is now ready for company and a party from Boston will arrive next week. The Briggs party of twelve will arrive the 12th and it is expected that the camps will be all filled before the last of May and we expect to report the usual good catches of trout.

Mr. John Owens, one of the Bingham guides, is working at the camps and will be ready for guiding.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lane of Lexington will spend the summer with their son at the Carry Pond Camps. Mr. Lane is 76 years old and Mrs. Lane 74 years. They both walked in and out from the camps last season.

WINCHESTER "NUBLACK"



BLACK POWDER SHELLS

The "Nublack" is a grand good shell; good in construction, good because it is primed with a quick and sure primer, and good because carefully and accurately loaded with the best brands of powder and shot. It is a favorite among hunters and other users of black powder shells on account of its uniform shooting, evenness of pattern and strength to withstand reloading. A trial will prove its excellence. ALL DEALERS SELL THEM

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EVERY REEL WARRANTED.

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STANDARD METAL GOODS
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Sportsmen's Guide Book

"In The Maine Woods."

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.

THE RUMFORD FALLS LINE reaches direct and makes close connections with the steamers for all points on the Lakes.

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Spotted Trout or Landlocked Salmon

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Dead River Region or The Rangeley Lakes,

and the many Hotels and Camps furnish excellent accommodations to all. Write for illustrated booklet to

F. N. BEAL, Phillips, Me.,
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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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12 GAUGE

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Barrels are especially bored for smokeless powder as well as black, and so chambered that 2 3-4 inch or 2 5-8 inch shells may be used. The barrels are full choked and using 1 1-4 ounces of No. 8 chilled shot are guaranteed to target better than 325 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards.

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.

The MARLIN FIRE ARMS COMPANY

33 Willow Street
New Haven, Conn.

NEWS FROM RANGELEY.

MATTER OF A FEW DAYS WHEN THE ICE WILL BE OUT.

Ice Driven Far Back In Haley and Gull Ponds. Fishermen Expected to Arrive the Last of the Week.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]
RANGELEY, May, 1, 1905.

It is now but a matter of a few days when the ice will be out and the Rangeley lakes cleared for fishermen. A heavy south wind on Friday and Saturday, drove the ice in Haley and Gull ponds far back, and on Sunday there was but little of it left. It has long been held as a sign that the lakes would be clear in one week, when the ice leaves these ponds.

Perhaps, owing to the fact that the wind was unusually heavy when the ice left the ponds, there may be a longer interval before it leaves the lakes, but it is safe enough to expect the lakes to be clear or nearly so by next Sunday.

A crew of workmen who were blasting near the shore of Rangeley lake last week told of a stone weighing 50 or 75 pounds being hurled to a height of several hundred feet and falling far out on the ice where it still lays in sight. This would seem to indicate that the main body of ice is yet quite strong.

There are some fishermen expected to arrive the last of this week.

F. W. Mason and wife of New York who have a set of camps at Gull pond will come early in the week. Eugene Soule and Joe Ross will guide them. Gull pond has been heavily stocked with both trout and salmon the last few years, but thus far the results have not been very encouraging. There certainly ought to be good fishing there this spring.

Walter Clarke of Attleboro, Mass., will arrive at Bald Mountain camps the last of the week. David Haines is his guide.

J. Harson Rhodes with a friend, will arrive at Indian Rock on Friday. J. E. Haley and Lorin Haley will guide them.

The M. B. Damon party of four or five from Fitchburg, Mass., will be one of the first to arrive at Mountain View as soon as the ice is out.

The Marble party who came to Haines Landing from Worcester, Mass., and the Priest party at Mountain View who with others mentioned in this letter are old timers will be early on the grounds.

Charles Haley the well known guide was expecting employment the last of this week, but is suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

The ice in Kennebago lake had moved about some on Sunday, and that resort will soon be opened up for early fly-fishing.

Dr. Kittridge who was in town over Sunday wanted to go fishing in Haley pond. He got a boat and rowed to the upper end of the pond where he found some ice yet floating, so he decided that the ice was not out and was obliged to forego the pleasure of trying the fish.

C. W. Barrett and J. A. Russell went to the Saddleback Club camps on Friday. They took snowshoes with them suspecting there would yet be con-

siderable snow in that high altitude.

The lawns and fields are beginning to assume a greenish aspect and the angle-worm catchers are getting out in force. No large hauls have been reported at the present writing, but this week will witness the capture of bushels of them.

Ed Whorff moved to the Dead River camps last week and will soon have them ready for his guests. He is expecting to have lots of company during the summer, but the fishermen who have time while in Rangeley and fail to try his fly fishing in May and June, will make a mistake. The last half mile of the drive to the camps, which was formerly quite rough, can now be made with a spring wagon.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

STREAMS CLOSED TO FISHING.

Hearings by Commissioners of Inland Fisheries Last Week.

Tuesday forenoon of last week the commissioners of inland fisheries and game gave a hearing at the townhouse in Hampden upon petitions by citizens of Newburg and vicinity asking that portions of the north and south branches and tributaries of the Sourdabcook river situated in Penobscot and Waldo counties be closed to fishing for a period of four years. The streams referred to in the petitions are known as Knowlton and South branch, respectively. The petitioners were John J. Dearborn and 20 others and Frank Secusett and 15 others. Those who appeared at the hearing stated that the two streams referred to were together probably 100 miles long and that the towns of Carmel, Newburg, Dixmont, Hampden and Monroe are concerned. Also that the citizens of the various town concerned would see the law enforced and that there was no opposition to the prayer of the petitioners. The matter will be decided later.

In the afternoon of the same day the commissioners gave a hearing at the Shaw House in Newport upon the petition of F. W. Bond et als asking that Alder brook in Corinna be closed for three years' time. Alder brook is excellent for trout fishing and those interested hope to improve the fishing there. It was decided to close the stream.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

Fish and Other Matters of Interest to Our Readers.

The outcome of the visit of the fish and game commissioners at Newport was that it was practically decided to build the fish screen in the outlet leading from Lake Sebasticook at a point near the "Middle Bridge," so-called. The commissioners stated that in their opinion it would be the most favorable location. The town committee has also decided to visit Lake Auburn and get an idea of the screen in use there, owing to the fact that the conditions there and here are practically the same. Messrs. Ring and Brackett also while there looked into the condition of things at Alder brook in Corinna and ordered it closed to fishermen for a period of three years with the exception of two months each year, when it will be lawful to fish there.

J. H. Thing of Livermore Center, as he was milking at 5.30 last Friday morning, chanced to look out of the window and saw two deer, one of them being the largest he had ever seen.

In a special to the Lewiston Journal Mr. Frank Reed reports the following catches at Lake Auburn, Fast day: F. M. Curtis, 4 pound salmon; Gramp Morse, 2 pound trout; Fon Nichols, four salmon, 4, 3 1-2, 3 and 2 pounds; Ed Coye, two salmon, 3 and 2 1-2 pounds; E. M. Noyes, 2-pound salmon; C. C. Troop of Bath, 2 1-2 pound salmon; Frank Nichols, 2 pound salmon; Ferd Adams, 2 pound salmon; Bert Fowler, 4 pound salmon.

ICE OUT AT RANGELEY.

STRONG WIND BREAKS UP ICE IN THE LAKE TUESDAY.

One of the Steamers Launched and Natives Say Fishing Will be the Best Had For Years.

[Special Correspondence to the MAINE WOODS.]

RANGELEY, May 2, 1905.

The strong wind that has been blowing for the past few days got the ice to working in Rangeley lake and Monday it broke up and was driven together and crushed up until Tuesday when it practically all disappeared.

One of the Rangeley Lakes Steamboat company's steamers was launched Tuesday.

The prophesy is that the fishing will be the best this season that has been had for years.

The ice is also out of the big lake, and Redington pond where J. F. Hough runs a sporting camp cleared Sunday.

FISHING AT LAKE WEBB.

PEOPLE WHO ARE STOPPING AT WELD FOR FISHING.

A Dozen Trout the First Record Made.

Prospects Good For This Very Popular Resort.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

WELD, April 29, 1905.

The first entry on the register at The Maples in 1905 reads, "Ice left lake, April 29, 1905."

The first man to register was John S. Harlow, Esq., of Dixfield, who is today enjoying the fishing on Lake Webb, accompanied by his friend, Don A. Gates of Dixfield. They have Henry Swett and Harry Trask for guides.

The ice left the lake only yesterday and so we can not record many catches but Mr. John A. Decker opened the season by catching a dozen nice trout. Mr. Decker is fond of fishing and is usually ready for the first fishing.

Fred Drew of The Maples informs MAINE WOODS that the prospect for business at Weld this year is excellent. He has practically a house full engaged for July and August and he is hearing from people right along who want to spend their vacations at Weld.

Cottages are constantly being built around Weld pond. Gorham Dummer has built two since the close of the season of 1904 to add to the already long list.

The ice is out. The last went April 29. Now for the boats and fishing tackle including guides. The fish will have to look out these coming weeks and those that do not wish to be caught had better move in a little toward the inlets.

The fishermen have begun to arrive. Among the first were, Maurice and Miss Ethel Russell of Augusta who arrived April 27.

The smelts are running—down peoples throats at a great rate.

Following is a copy of The Maples register:
M. P. Hawkins, Dixfield; J. W. Brackett, James S. Brackett, Vinton Hough, Phillips, John M. Marsh, Dixfield; John H. Metcalf, Willis Peppert, Henry T. Rowe, Leroy S. Tucker, Ben Pickard, Loyal Adden, C. A. Mahoney, Phillips; C. F. Reid, Portland.

Camp Bedlam Opened.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Austin and daughter, Ruth and Miss Mabel Hunter went to Weld Friday to spend a few days at Mr. Austin's cottage, Camp Bedlam on Lake Webb. Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bartlett and Mr. D. F. Field, also spent Sunday there. They got some good fishing, Miss Hunter capturing a 2 1-2 pound trout. They returned home Monday.

The Rangeley Sinker.

In their booklet of goods for sale, Wm. H. Talbot & Co. of Nevada, Mo., advertise the "Rangeley" sinker. The description says: By a half turn of the thumb and finger this sinker may be fastened securely to the line at any place. When necessary it may be removed instantly. They are approved by practical anglers. The price of the largest size is 25 cents.

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Row Boats

and Canoes.

*"Penobscot" Model, Guides' Sponson and Special Elegance Canoe. Out of sight air chambers. Write for our 1905 Catalogue. CARLETON CANOE COMPANY, Box 109, Old Town, Maine.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ICE.

NEWS FROM RICHARDSON LAKE AND VICINITY.

Thinks the Richardson Lake Ice Will Be Good Until May 14. Crews Getting the Several Camps in Readiness For Business.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]
RICHARDSON LAKE, April 29, 1905.

We arrived here Saturday, April 20, Clayton Sweatt, Rob Hewey and myself, with 600 pounds on horsed. Came to Bemis and stayed over night with Capt. Barker. The next morning we started, going up the lake on north-east side of Big Island. After getting out about a mile we saw four horses coming. They got within one-fourth mile of us and one horse went through the ice. We ran over and also ten men from the mills came while we were trying to get the horse out. Finally we got him out by the time the men got there by hitching the other horse onto a rope which we got around the body; then we started on. Later on the other horse got in but they got him out all right.

We came to Upper Dam all right. It rained very hard all day and next. We were very sorry to find Orren Dyke sick with pneumonia but getting along well. We were obliged to stop over on account of rain until the next day. We arrived at camp at 10 a. m., found plenty of snow and lots of ice in the lake. I think the Richardson lake ice will be good until May 14, the Big lake until May 12, as both lakes are very low and not rising much.

Mr. Goldsmith on Richardson lake is having another large cottage built by the side of the present camp. Arthur Roberts and crew are doing the work. The new log haul to take the International Co.'s logs from Richardson lake and put them into Big lake so they can be taken to Rumford on cars is getting along well, four piers are nearly completed on each lake, a distance of 1200 feet. These logs will be hauled by an endless chain and run by a steam engine.

Will Thomas of Hanover has charge of Emerson McMillary's camp on Beaver island this season instead of John Newton of Andover who has resigned to take charge of a hotel at Roxbury pond the coming summer.

Benj. Mitchell and wife are at Camp Whitney getting everything ready for the coming season. Lester Poor and crew are at Camp Bellevue getting the camps ready for the summer. Clayton Sweatt, A. E. Rowell and Rob Hewey are at E. V. R. Thayer's camps getting ready for the summer.

A. E. R.

Hearings This Week.

The commissioners of inland fish and game are holding hearings this week at Belgrade, Winthrop and Warren. Tuesday at the Maine Central railroad station in Belgrade at 11 a. m., a petition from the citizens of that town, praying that bait casting for bass be prohibited in Belgrade lakes prior to June 20 each year, for a period of four years.

At Hotel Warren at 10.30 o'clock Wednesday for the purpose of holding a hearing on a petition asking for the closing of the tributaries of Smith pond, in the town of Warren.

The Ice Out of Belgrade Lakes.

The ice in the Belgrade chain of ponds is now all out and the fishermen have begun to bring in their catches. W. S. Harding and Charles Butler returned from Ellis pond with a fine catch and a party which returned from Great pond reported catching eleven fine salmon.

The Belgrade House opened May 1st.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES



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

H. M. BARRETT, Weld, Maine. Builder of Fine Cedar Boats. Write for price list and descriptive Catalog.

C. B. THATCHER, 104 Exchange St., Bangor. Manufacturer of Canvas Canoes and Row Boats. Rangeley models a specialty.

THE ROD THAT LEADS. F. E. Thomas, Manufacturer, Bangor, Maine. Write for Catalogue.

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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.

Make Your Own Smokeless Powder.

We will send you a practical formula for the best Smokeless Powder for \$2. Perfectly safe to make. No apparatus required. Pound costs 30c or less. Makes 200 charges. Free samples of powder by express or one pound for \$1. Ask for testimonials and information. BLATCHLEY & CAMPBELL, Chemists. Walsboro, Penn.

The Best Wall Map

— OF —

MAINE

By Express, \$5.00.

R. M. NASON,

180 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

Pleasant Anticipation.

Among the many annual springtime events that are always looked forward to with much pleasurable anticipation and deep interest such as "When the ground becomes bare," "When the robins sing," "When maple spruce comes," "When the mayflowers bloom," none interests the city visitor to the Pine Tree state more than the term "When the ice goes out."

The interest in this last named event increases with the annual approach of that blissful season when the line and rod are brought out from its wintry hiding place and the rapturous music of the reel and the splash of the gamy salmon will soon be heard at the lakes. Of all the resorts in Maine where the fond dreams of piscatorial anticipation can be happily realized at little cost of time, toil and treasure, no plan exceeds the well known and far famed Rangeley lakes.

First, is its easy accessibility. Only a little over four hours' easy pleasant ride from Union station, Portland, and without change of cars, and one is left at the gateway of the lake system and ten minutes' time can cast in his lines to tempt the hungry trout or salmon.

Second, the expense of the trip is trivial. For about seven dollars, a round trip can be made from Portland to the lakes, where cosy camps can be secured, also efficient guides and all necessary fishing tackle.

Third, the magnitude of the fishing grounds is great. If one falls of the desired success at one point there are scores of others which he can easily and speedily reach. First class services can also be obtained at the comfortable camps and hotels that abound at the popular lake points.

The writer can cheerfully testify to the excellent service of the Mooselookunguntic House at Haines Landing, "Billy Soule's camps" at the Cupsupic, the "Mountain View" at Rangeley outlet or Oquossoc, and the very popular "Rangeley Lakes House" at Rangeley village. Down at Middle Dam the "Anglers Retreat" we found it cheerful and hospitable and saw some of the finest trout landed in our trips.

Then there are Capt. Fred Barker's cosy camps at Bemis, the Birches, (a lovely spot) and his new hotel, the Barker, up the big lake, "Bald Mountain camps" near by, and at Upper Dam, Chadwick's hotel and camps, all giving service. Last season we found a new (to us) fine set of family camps about a mile from the big Rangeley Lakes House, known as "Pickfords Camps." These last are designed more for midsummer guests and city families and are finely fitted up and pleasantly located.

Camp and hotel proprietors are now busy preparing for the early and the later rush of delighted sportsmen, sure to come. Nothing is lacking to make one's stay, long or short, pleasant and healthful. The Portland & Rumford Falls line is direct and the shortest route giving quick time and courteous service.—Slocum in Rumford Falls Times

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

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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All averages won by
Laffin & Rand Powders,
 April 19 and 20 at Jacksonville, Ill.
 1st General average, W. R. Crosby, 414 ex 450
 2nd General average, F. C. Riehl, 410 ex 450
 Both shot New E. C. Improved.
 3rd General and 1st amateur, C. M. Powers, 407 ex 450
 Using "Infallible."
Laffin & Rand Powder Company,
 New York City.



Which has attained Popularity

Because of Superiority.

The OLD
GUN
HOUSEManufactured by
UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY,
 Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.Fine Guns
Rifles

Sportsmen's Outfits, Fine Rods and Fishing Tackle a Specialty.

Agents for the new Liberty Reel, King's Shiner Bait, Milward's Angler Spinner, Blue Label Enamel Lines, English Salmon Flies, etc.
 Scott's, Greener's, Barker's Remington's, Lefever, Smith, Ithaca, and all other GUNS. Winchester's, Marlin's, Savage, and all RIFLES, Ammunition, Tents for Camping, Knapsacks, Sleeping Bags, Field Glasses, Moccasins, Leather and Canvas Jackets, Cooking Outfits, etc., etc. Also Hunting Boots, Shoes and Moccasins. Canoes. Send Stamps for Catalog.

Wm. Read & Sons, Established 1825, 127 Washington, St., Boston.

BASS LIKE NICE FAT FROGS. SALMON AND TOGUE BITING.

GRASSHOPPERS SOLD BY THE PIECE
AT GOOD PRICE.The Belgrade House Open For Business
and Great Season Anticipated.

(Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.)

BELGRADE MILLS, May 3, 1905.

The big bass at Belgrade lakes are ready to bite and according to bookings there'll be a lot of people on hand in a few days to enjoy the sport to be afforded at this popular resort. The Belgrade and other hotels in this vicinity have booked more people this year than ever before and are looking for a record breaking season.

The nice fat frogs are already singing a lullaby to their neighbors, the bass, that are waiting patiently to see them and the small boys and other boys are longing for grasshopper time, when they can get three-quarters of a cent for every hopper they can find. Grasshoppers have been scarce in this vicinity for a year or two past. This may be due to the deep inroads made upon them by the anglers or it may be due to other causes; sure it is that the tendency of the price is up and it may be necessary to import some later if the supply doesn't increase.

A New York man imported ten or fifteen dollars' worth of hellgamites a while ago but the Belgrade bass would have nothing of them. They were ready to jump a foot or two out of the water for a frog but nary a hellgamite would they have.

Mr. Hill of The Belgrade and also Mr. Austin of the Central House inform the MAINE WOODS correspondent that the bass as well as the trout fishing is constantly improving in Belgrade lake and they propose to do all they can to keep it up. With this end in view they joined other citizens in a petition to the commissioners of inland fisheries and game asking that bait casting be prohibited until after June 20. The petitioners stated that the bass would be off the spawning beds about June 20 but until that time bait casting resulted in catching a good many male fish that are busy watching the spawn. The method is to use a heavy sinker that is wound up to the tip and thrown from a distance to a point directly over the spawning bed. A free acting reel assists in making the cast successful and the sinker carries the bait directly over the bed.

Then papa bass gets fussy and in his attempt to remove the thing that is about to drop on his bed he is caught. The petitioners claim that this method is particularly destructive to the fish prior to the date named for the reason that when the big fish is caught, his family is left to the mercy of less friendly fish and is very likely exterminated. The sentiment was all one way in regard to this matter and the request of the petitioners was granted.

*Among the early arrivals were C. H. Folsom, New York; Mrs. C. H. Folsom, Oakland; H. F. Travis, Boston; Charles A. Peeling, C. T. Creswell, P. Merryfield, New York; Charles F. Johnson, Ralph J. Patterson, George K. Boutwell, J. W. Brackett, Phillips; E. E. Ring, Orono; Mrs. W. G. Baker, Nashville, Tenn.

TAXIDERMISTS

NASH OF MAINE,

Licensed Taxidermist,

NORWAY, - - - MAINE.

Branch at Haines Landing May to October 20. Gold Medal on both Fish and Game at World's Fair, St. Louis.
 Inventor of the famous Mezzo style of mounting fish.

THE FISH ARE COMING FAST AT
CLEAR WATER POND.Lake Trout Fifteen and a Half and Land-
locked Salmon That Weighed From
Three to Ten Pounds Each.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

ALLEN'S MILLS, FARMINGTON,
May 1, 1905.

Clear Water pond has never seen anything like it. She has given up many big landlocked salmon and lake trout for years past. She has gained a decidedly enviable reputation for big fish, but this year surprised all of the old timers and new visitors as well. For several days several of the anglers got their limit of three fish before breakfast; then they could do nothing but sit around camp and play cards for the rest of the day. That was not so bad, though, because they felt pretty sure that when the time came that they could go fishing again, they were pretty sure to get the limit again in number and pounds.

Mr. E. S. Wheeler, who has been here several times before, hooked a big fish yesterday afternoon at about 4 o'clock and at dark it was known in camp that he hadn't succeeded in getting the fish into the boat. Mr. Wheeler knows what to do when he has a big one on the end of his line and he had to exercise all the skill at his command in this instance. John Daniels, who was the guide, was kept very busy indeed, until after dark "gee hawing" the boat to save Mr. Wheeler's rigging and the fish and when they landed him, some time after dark he was found to be a handsome 9 1/2 pound lake trout.

Mr. Wheeler naturally felt very much pleased and he received the hearty congratulations of his friends in camp. Mr. Wheeler also caught lake trout that weighed 9, 5 and 4 pounds each.

But Mr. T. G. Harding led the procession with a 15 1/2-pound lake trout. He had Percy Roberts for guide and was in camp with Messrs. George H. McKenney, Seth F. Clark and C. F. Thoits. The gentlemen last named are up to the trick of getting fish when they fish; they've tried it and succeeded under all conditions. They know pretty near all about it and as Mr. Harding had done very little fishing they very kindly gave him the benefit of their advice. They lamented upon his inexperience and repeatedly warned the guide not to let him jump out of the boat if he hooked a fish.

Did he jump into the water when he hooked the record fish? Not a bit of it. He kept the line tight like an old stager, gave him the benefit of the butt or more line as the case required and in due time took his trophy to camp, where he and the fish were duly praised; and the other members of the party got good catches, too.

At Runaway camp Mr. Hinman, Mr. Ordway and Mr. Aldrich are enjoying a few days' outing and incidentally doing a little fishing.

At Dr. Heber Bishop's camp, Mr. and Mrs. Burke of Boston are guests and all have had excellent success. Dr. Bishop has eight or ten big fish in the stream on his land where he proposes to keep them for breeding purposes.

Col. Andrew Haggard, brother of H. Ryder Haggard, is here. Col. Haggard is a retired English army officer, a successful author and an enthusiastic angler.

By courtesy of Miss Hattie Gay we give herewith a complete record of the fish taken up to today at noon:

C. L. York, J. T. Daniels guide, salmon, 5, 8, 6, 7 pounds; lake trout, 10 pounds.
 T. G. Harding, P. Roberts guide, lake trout, 15 1/2 pounds; landlocked salmon, 5, 3, 4, 6, 5 pounds.
 Geo. A. McKenney, Frank Lane, salmon, 4, 7 1/2, 5, 3 pounds; lake trout, 9, 4 1/2, 6 1/2 pounds.
 Dr. Nichols, J. T. Daniels guide, salmon, 5, 6, 6 pounds; lake trout, 5.
 Fred Adams, J. T. Daniels guide, salmon, 5, 6 1/2 pounds; lake trout, 5.
 Dr. Merrell, Frank Lane guide, landlocked salmon, 5, 6 1/2 pounds.
 S. O. Tarbox, salmon, 10 pounds.
 Mrs. S. O. Tarbox, salmon, 7 pounds.
 C. F. Thoits, salmon, 7 1/2, 5 pounds.
 E. S. Wheeler, J. T. Daniels guide, lake trout, 9 1/2, 9, 2 1/2, 5, 4 pounds.
 E. W. Milliken, salmon, 5 pounds.
 Harry Newton, salmon, 4 1/2 pounds.
 Seth F. Clark, P. Roberts guide, salmon, 4, 5 pounds; lake trout, 5 1/2, 6, 6 1/2.
 C. H. Gifford, E. Robins guide, salmon, 6, 7, 5, 3, 4 pounds.
 H. L. Gay, J. T. Daniels guide, salmon, 6, 7 1/2, 8, 5 pounds.
 Fred Allen, salmon, 4 pounds.
 James Pooler, Frank Lane guide, salmon, 4 pounds.

H. H. Rice, salmon, 4 pounds.
 Mrs. A. C. Moore, salmon, 6 pounds.
 Geo. Dobins, salmon, 5, 3, 4 1/2 pounds.
 Fred Tounsen, salmon, 5, 3, 4 pounds.
 Mrs. Fred Adams, salmon, 4 1/2 pounds.
 Sam Roe, Joe Russell, guide, salmon, 3, 4, 4 1/2, 6, 7 pounds.
 Percy Roberts, lake trout, 4, 6 pounds.
 Roland Withee, salmon, 10 pounds.
 W. W. Sabin, salmon, 4 1/2 pounds.
 Etta Magrade, J. T. Daniels guide, salmon, 6, 5 1/2 pounds.
 James Walker, Joe Russell guide, salmon, 4 1/2 lake trout, 5 pounds.
 R. C. Kilborn, Portland, Millard Rackliff guide, salmon, 9 1/2 pounds.
 W. S. Hinman, John Higgins guide, salmon, 5 pounds.
 Dr. Aldridge, Frank Rackliff guide, salmon, 5, 6 1/2 pounds.
 Llewellyn Norton, salmon, 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7 pounds.

UPPER DAM HOUSE NEWS.

SWALLOWS HAVE COME AND SO WILL
THE FISHERMEN.Rain Needed as Water is Too Low to
Launch Steamers, but This May Make
Fishing Better Than Usual.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

UPPER DAM, ME., May 1, 1905.

The swallows have arrived and the fishermen must soon come.

Snow squalls are prevalent but the wind is tearing out the ice and should it come a little warmer think the big lake must be clear this week. Rain is needed very much as the water is too low to launch the big steamboats. But the low water may make fishing better than usual.

The house and cottages are nearly all in readiness. Two of the cottages have been remodeled and one new one has been built.

Oren Dyke, who has been quite sick with pneumonia is able to go out. He was attended by Dr. Leslie of Andover, who came in via Bemis and found it no pleasure trip crossing the ice on a hand-sled, making the last mile in a canoe, arriving here about 10 p. m. one dark, stormy night. He was accompanied by Oscar Dyke and Herman Marston.

Arthur Roberts has a crew at work on a new camp for Moses Goldsmith. Clayton Sweatt, A. E. Rowell and Robert Hewey are at Thayer's camps. W. C. Thomas is in charge at McMillin's.

B. M. Mitchell and wife are at Camp Whitney.
 Hollis and Asa Ellingwood are at the Boston club.
 Lester and Archer Poor and Herman Marston are at Camp Bellevue.

GOOD SEBAGO FISHING CONTINUES.

W. L. Jones Has Been Making the Banner
Catches of the Week.

"Those who have been there" say the fishing at Sebago lake has been good enough to satisfy the most rabid disciple of Waltonian pursuits and that is saying much for a more unsatisfied lot, generally speaking, is hard to find. But the catches at the lake have been most satisfactory although at times the sport has been materially lessened by the gales of wind which have churned the waters of the lake into miniature seas.

Without question the champion fisherman is Mr. W. L. Jones of Portland and his catches have elicited the wonder and the envy of those concerned. Mr. Jones returned to Portland bringing with him, as a sample of his prowess with the rod and line a handsome 12 pound sample salmon besides several of lesser weight and a nice luscious looking red spot which tipped the scales close to four pounds.

Arthur Kelsey lays claim to two three pound and one pound red spots, Nate Lane landed two eight pound salmon, one three pounder and a handsome two and three-quarter pound red spot. George O'Donnell took a splendid specimen of the red spot family weighing three pounds from Thomas pond. Frank Pillsbury caught an eight pound salmon and a seven pounder, while Charles W. Berry has the credit of a five and a six pound salmon.

This does not begin to illustrate the good luck of the hundreds of expert fishermen and every day the stock of fish stories expands until today were one-half to be chronicled it would be evident to the most casual observer that the stock in Old Sebago has been depleted to an extent that is truly alarming. Perhaps, though, they are only the usual grind of enthusiastic anglers.

Sebago has seen several records sent skyward this season and those who have been up to the big pond and wet a line say that there was never such fishing!

"Hungriest lot of fish I ever saw!" said a Portland angler as he waited for the evening train at Mattocks. —

"When you get a phantom within reach of 'em, they go scaling along the water with the zip of a Japanese torpedo boat. They are hot after the bait and in all the years that I've been going up to Sebago I never saw them as lively as they have been this week."

The angler who made these remarks is former Representative R. B. Low of Portland and he is qualified to speak as an authority on state of Maine fishing in general and Sebago fishing in particular. He has fished the waters of Maine a great deal and knows good fishing from poor. He had a 6-pounder laid away to show the people at home.

Almon N. Waterhouse of Westbrook was in the station and he looked as happy as Buster Brown when he asked a friend to lift his suit case. "I've only got a few paper collars inside," he said, passing the case over. It felt more as though it held a generous sample of a lead mine. He had safely locked within a salmon that weighed 9 1/2 pounds and another that weighed 8 pounds.

Others that were in the party with Low and Waterhouse were well loaded down, the catches being as follows:

John P. Burnell of Cumberland Mills, four salmon weighing 10, 7, 6 1/2 and 5 pounds each.

Chas. Bailey of Cumberland Mills, three salmon weighing 8, 7 and 4 pounds each.

Frank L. Shaw of Portland, three salmon weighing 9 1/2, 7 1/2 and 4 pounds each.

John McFarland of Cumberland Mills, two salmon weighing 10 1/2 and 5 pounds each.

A. A. Cordwell of Cumberland Mills, one salmon weighing 8 pounds.

Fred A. Verrill of Westbrook, one salmon weighing 8 pounds.

Messrs. Cordwell, Low and Burnell went up Tuesday and the remainder of the party joined them Wednesday.

Mr. Burnell opened the game with a 10-pounder which was a fairly high ante, but it will be noticed that McFarland went him a half pound more. Mr. Burnell had the time of his life with that 10-pounder for the hungry fish bit so viciously that he broke Burnell's rod and had to be taken in hand over hand. But he was taken—which made up for all the trouble he caused.

Mr. Waterhouse landed his 9-pounder within an hour of the time he dropped his line over the side of the boat.

The fish were mostly taken near Spider island off Sandy beach at North Sebago, the headquarters for the party being J. H. Batchelder's Lakeside cottage at the beach.

It is believed that their record will beat previous records for number and size of fish, considering the number of days they were at the pond—at all events, they are perfectly satisfied with it.

A Boston woman, Mrs. Keith, caught a 15-pound salmon at Sebago Tuesday. This is probably the biggest salmon ever taken at the lake by a woman. Mrs. Keith and another lady have been at the lake several days and have caught between them six salmon. It is said that the fishing continues about as good as it was when the ice went out.

Five salmon, which weighed 34 3/4 pounds is the result of a fishing trip to Sebago lake, enjoyed by Judge A. E. Morrison and Harlan E. Longfellow of Rumford Falls. On last Saturday they started for a visit over Sunday at the home of Mr. Longfellow. On Monday morning, guided by F. Decormier, one of the best guides in the Sebago lake waters, the Judge pulled in two and his companion three. The catch was on exhibition in J. E. Stephens's window Monday at Rumford Falls.

Another successful Portland fisherman is Mr. Whitten who secured three fine specimens, weighing 8 pounds, 12 pounds and 14 pounds. He was fully an hour landing the latter monster. For his first experience in salmon fishing this certainly was not so bad. While at Sebago lake Mr. Whitten is the guest of W. L. Jones and takes a just pride in keeping up the reputation of the Jones house. Charley Mosely of Cumberland Mills caught two fine salmon and W. L. Jones landed a handsome "redspot." George Watkins landed two pretty ones and Edward Chenery returned to Portland with a fine string of fish. Mr. Whitten's catch is the largest for some years. The wind blows stiffly all day and makes the working of the boats quite difficult. Many refuse to take any chances of a wetting and remain on shore, waiting for a lull in the gale. While Mr. Jones was landing his 10-pounder Mr. J. Putnam Stevens and guide found it necessary to assist him and even then, with their combined efforts, it was fully an hour before his "fish ship" was safely tucked away in Mr. Jones' cottage.—Exchange.

WANTS, FORS ALE, ETC.

Price 1 cent a word each insertion.
Stamps or cash with order.

WANTS.

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

Wanted position as chef for general sporting camps by man of experience. References furnished. Wendell P. Williams, Bloomfield, Vt.

WANTED.—35 cents in stamps for the best Bass Spinnings 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, 100 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.

TO LET.—Furnished camp, situated on the north branch of Sandy river, seven miles from Phillips. Three minutes' walk from railroad. Good fishing and hunting. Leased by day or season. For terms address, Box 276, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE.

WANTED.—Coon cats and kittens. I. T. Willet, South Portland, Me.

COCKER SPANIEL for sale. Good hunter. A. W. Bradbury, Farmington, Me.

BLACK COCKER SPANIEL PUPS for sale. Address, Herbert Elwell, East Wilton, Maine.

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

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

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

FOR SALE.—Furnished house with six rooms. Nice place to hunt. Fishing near house. Sport for children. For particulars correspond with Warren Wing, Flagstaff, 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.—26x51-2 feet, speed 12 miles per hour. Payne engine. Estey 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 selling. E. M. Baker, 126 High St., Station A, So. Gardiner, 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 cars and tools, price \$150. Net cash, F. O. B., Greenville, Me. Can be seen at Camp Waumbec, Sugar Island, Moosehead Lake, Maine, after Aug. 22 or communicate with owner, Geo. H. Rimback, 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, MAY 5, 1905.

Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine.

L. T. CARLETON, Augusta,
J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips,
E. E. KING, Augusta.

SUPERINTENDENT OF HATCHERIES.
W. E. BERRY, Winthrop.

STATE FISH HATCHERIES AND NAMES OF SUPERINTENDENTS.

Lake Auburn, J. F. Stanley, Supt., East Auburn;
Caribou, Grant Hinds, Supt., Caribou; Sebago Lake Hatchery, C. L. Floyd, Supt., Raymond;
Rangeley Lakes Hatchery, Arthur Briggs, Supt., Oquossoc; Carleton Brook Feeding Station, W. A. Whiting, Supt., Winthrop; Monmouth Hatchery, A. W. Wilkins, Supt., Monmouth; Moosehead Lake Hatchery, F. E. Hitchings, Supt., Greenville Junction; Enfield Hatchery, A. J. Darling, Supt., Enfield.

Who ever heard of so many big landlocked salmon being taken during the first ten days of open season?

MARTIN BENJAMIN of Alpena, who is the best rifle shot in northern Michigan, is dead, aged 85. He is said to have killed 3,000 deer.

THE BANGOR NEWS advises that a farmer cannot, as a rule, afford to neglect his appl crop to raise squabs for the market.

It is now lawful for each person to catch five trout and three landlocked salmon in a day from Mt. Blue pond in Avon, Franklin county. The item published elsewhere to the effect that the new regulation allowing three landlocked salmon a day will not take effect until June 15 is an error. The regulation is in effect with the breaking up of the ice.

Something About Nature.

[Written for the MAINE WOODS.]

FARMINGTON, April 25, 1905.

In a small pool in the corner of an old orchard near Powderhouse hill I heard the first frog note of the year. I was thinking as I was on my way to this particular spot that somehow I was going to hear a frog. The season has been quite cold. Thus far no warm days have dawned upon us, but for all of this in nature there are many things happening all around us if we only keep our eyes open to the facts as they are presented. It is wonderful what one will see and hear if one will only try.

Of the flowering plants the far I have noted the following. The first I found was the Hepatica, [Hepatica triloba.] This is one of the earliest and shares its honor with the yellow violet, [Viola rotundifolia.]

The spring beauty, [Claytonia Caroliniana] is also an early plant.

The willow has changed its white pussies to golden yellow and is dioecious, the staminate flowers being on one plant and the pistillate on another. They may be near or quite a good ways apart and may be fertilized by insects or the wind.

The catkins of the poplar, [Populus tremuloides] are in bloom. Also the alder, [Alnus incana]; the hazel, [Corylus Americana.] These may be taken as the earliest of the flowering plants to which may be added the Mayflower, [Epigaea repens]; bloodroot, [Sanguinaria Canadensis] and the colt's foot, [Tussilago Farfara.]

In a walk taken lately I saw two large woodpeckers drumming on a telegraph pole and flew as I approached. A large hawk, the red shouldered, flew by as I passed along, flying quite low. I heard a partridge drumming and also saw a nuthatch working his way up the trunk of a tree. A red squirrel ran along on the top of a log and after sitting up and looking at me ran quickly up the trunk of a tree and was lost sight of amid its branches.

H. W. JEWELL.

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.

Restless.

[Written for MAINE WOODS.]

The vagabond spirit comes o'er me,
The thirst for the woodland ways,
And nothing else will restore me
Save the wealth of the summer days,
The riches of wood and pasture,
The gold of the summer haze.
To wander and dream and listen
To the wild among the trees,
To rove where the sweet brooks glisten,
To catch at the kiss of the breeze—
Oh, here in the crowded city,
My soul is athirst for these.

OZORA S. DAVIS,

New Britain, Conn.

TO THE RANGELEYS THIS YEAR.

Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association Excursion In June.

The arrangements are completed for the tenth annual excursion of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game association to go to the Rangeley lakes. The date will be Saturday, June 24, and Monday, June 26, and tickets good to return to Monday, July 3.

Mr. Judkins, manager of Kineo, has been urged by letters from many persons to have the association go, as usual, to Kineo. He is president of the association and believes in giving the members and others a chance to take in other fishing resorts, and so it is decided to go to the Rangeleys this season. The date fixed is the most promising for good salmon and trout fishing. The two years that the association went to Rangeley the date was the last week in June and the fishing was excellent. As a rule the last week in June proves a great week for taking large fish in all the lakes in that section.

Following are some of the prizes expected to be given:



LANDLOCKED SALMON CAUGHT FLY FISHING AT RANGELEY LAKES.

One pair of waterproof hunters' boots. This boot, which is made from the choicest moose leather and warranted waterproof, is donated by The National Waterproof Boot Co., of Jamestown, N. Y.

The Horton Manufacturing Co. of Bristol, Conn., again send the association one of their best Bristol steel rods, first and top guide agate, for a prize. Pres. Judkins has purchased another of these celebrated steel rods, which will be offered as a prize.

The Shooting and Fishing sporting magazine, one year's subscription, is presented by John Taylor Humphrey, its editor. The Chaffee Manufacturing Co., Willimantic, Conn., the makers of the Natchaug waterproof silk line, will contribute several of these lines. This company have for many years made donations to the association and there are many members who fish with no other line. Col. Farrington, the secretary, has used no other line for years.

Last year Frank Tomah, the noted Indian guide at Kineo, won a prize that was given by Mr. S. D. Martin of Cincinnati, Ohio, the elastic pack sack, a wonderfully convenient and valuable article for any camper out. Mr. Tomah declared that this was the best outfit he ever saw, not only protecting one, but giving comfort in camp and being so easy to carry luggage in. Mr. Martin has kindly offered to send another this year.

Loring, Short & Harmon, Portland, will donate a finely illustrated book on salmon and trout fishing.

One of the finest prizes to be offered is a French knit worsted sweater or hunting coat presented by the Blauvelt Knitting Co. of Newark, N. J., whatever is selected will be made to order to fit the winner. It may be decided to select a lady's golf or auto coat.

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

again wins both averages at Glen Rock, Pa., on April 17 and 18.

1st General Average, Mr. J. M. Hawkins, 294 ex 300.

2nd General Average, Mr. Neaf Appar 275 ex 300.

Both gentlemen shot the uniform

DUPONT SMOKELESS.

Will Visit Camp Among the Clouds Again.

NEW YORK, April 22, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS.

Mr. Albert F. Gilmore of New York writes in a personal letter received recently:

"Now that the fishing season is coming on, I am particularly anxious to keep in touch with matters in Maine and hope that you will send me your paper. I had so pleasant a visit at Camp Above the Clouds last year that

HOTELS AND CAMPS

Fly Fishing

Every Day in the Season at

King and Bartlett Lake

— 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,

Spencer, Maine.
Farmington, Maine, until May 15.

Pickford's Camps

The only public Log Camps on
Rangeley Lake, Maine.
One mile from Rangeley Village. Inducements to families for the season.
HENRY E. PICKFORD.

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, campers, canoeists, fishermen and hunters. Write for information

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

West Carry Pond Camps. Open May 15th.

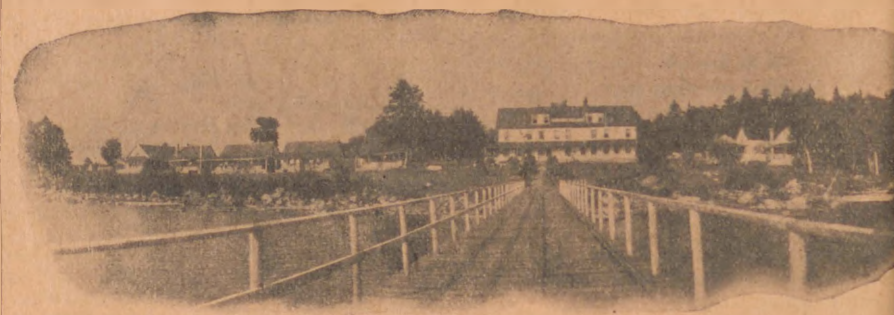
Ice all out, and everything in readiness for the early Big Trout, Lakers and Salmon Fishing. A good cook now in camp for the season.

H. E. & H. H. HARLOW, Dead River, 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.
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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.

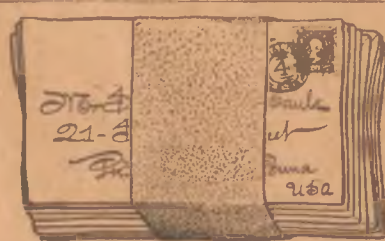
Guides and boats always ready. This is the most direct route between the Rangeley Lakes and the White Mountains, and my Steamboats connect with all trains, boats and stages. Write for descriptive circular.

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 52-cent stamps to the author at 406 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

Sport Indeed

— BY —

THOMAS MATINDALE.

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

A book every woods lover should have. Price \$1.50, postage 14c additional, with Maine Woods \$2.50. Address

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Phillips, - - Maine.

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Should order their circulars at once. The time is fast approaching for them to be put into use. MAINE WOODS does a great deal of that class of work. Send your orders early. We can do the work as quick as anybody, but it takes time.
J. W. BRACKETT CO., Phillips, Maine.

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.

FISH STORIES.

HERE ARE SOME GOOD ONES FROM ISLAND FALLS.

Hooking a Sucker With a Fly. Fishing For Trout With a Meal Sack and Dynamite. Other Novel Methods. A Trout With a Jag.

Our genial express agent tells the following: "Several seasons ago when trout were more plenty in Mattawamkeag stream than at present, I was standing on the bridge one morning angling for trout, when a stranger took a position below and began whipping the stream with a fly of the latest pattern. I kept on angling and pulled out

limpid pool. It had changed. It had yielded up its finny denizens large and small, speckled and otherwise. The boys gathered them in."

"Did you ever hear that trout get jagged?" said a bystander. "They do sometimes. If you sink a small sack of air-slacked lime into a stream where there are trout they will come to the surface and be around waiting to be picked up and taken to the cooler or any old place. To be sure they get red in the eyes and have swelled heads, but it doesn't seem to hurt any more than the ordinary state of Maine jag. Yes, that's a fact. Any trout that isn't a teetotaler will snuggle right up to such a proposition as that. However, the Maine law forbids vile man from dispersing lime in that way and the fish have never been known to go ashore after it, so that the number of jags among trout is not so great as among those who go after them."—Millinocket Journal.

We Go a-Fishing.

"Talk about fishing round here, says Uncle Ben, why there are two boys to every fish." "Now look here," said I, bringing out from the pantry 20 nice little brook trout on a platter, "look here, will you?" "Well, that happened because you didn't take all the boys in town with you I suppose, where did you catch them?" "Oh, yes? You want to go don't you?" "Well, I wouldn't mind, some afternoon just to show you how to pull them out." "All right, let's go Saturday afternoon, right after dinner, I'll have the worms dug. Have you a line and pole?"

"To be sure I have, you needn't think because I am an old gray-headed fellow that I have forgotten what good times are, I always go a-fishing more or less every year, and intend to as long as I can limp along the bank."

Dear old man! How plainly I can see him now, with his pleasant blue

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

STILL SUPREME.

The Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle Championship of the United States

WON WITH PETERS .22 SHORT CARTRIDGES A NEW RECORD.

L. P. Ittel scores 2459 out of a possible 2500.
Second place won by Dr. A. A. Stillman.
Using Peters .22 Long Rifle Cartridges.

Third and Fourth positions a tie between
H. M. Pope and W. A. Tewes,
Using Peters .22 Stevens-Pope Armory Cartridges.

Ask For The Semi-Smokeless Kind.

Wide-awake Dealers sell Peters Goods. Up to date Sportsmen demand them. The makers will continue to furnish them.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY,

New York: 88 Chamber St.
T. H. KELLER, Manager.

Cincinnati, U. S. A.



BAKER POND AND STREAM, EUSTIS, ME.

a small one occasionally, but Mr. Scientific Fisherman didn't get a rise for fully a half hour. Finally he got a pull that felt like a whale. The man with a flyrod gave a whoop of delight and proceeded to let out his leader at a rate that made the reel whistle. The fish made for the dam. When it had apparently reached the dam it gave in a little and the fisherman reeled in, only to let out again. He evidently thought he had the prize trout of the season and was patient. He played with that fish for a half hour and it was apparently as fresh as ever. Finally he threw the rod behind him and took in his line hand over hand. When the fish was finally in the net, to the intense disgust of Mr. Flyrod, there lay a good sized sucker hooked through the tail. Disappointment was written in deep lines on the face of the erstwhile enthusiastic fisherman. He reeled in his line and went sadly away."

"Speaking of fishing," said a bystander whose name we did not ascertain, "I want to relate a little experience that I had at Island Falls. A party of several persons started for a trip up Dyer brook way. We took along the usual supply of dry and wet bait and with it several sticks of dynamite and a meal sack. This latter I did not understand, but that comes later. We reached the brook and the boys selected a deep inviting-looking pool. Then the dynamite was explained. Protecting several sticks in long neckers, they sank them in the pool and stood back. Presently there was seismic disturbance of large proportions and the pool seemed to be turned wrong side out.

When things had subsided somewhat it was easy to gather up what trout were wanted from the surface of the water and from the surrounding shores. The boys laid around the remainder of the day enjoyed the refreshments above mentioned and when night let her sober curtain down, returned to the village laden with trout. This kind of fishing is very effective when you wish to fill a meal sack, but it does not tend to improve the fishing."

"That reminds me," said another bystander, "of an incident that occurred in my piscatorial experience. Several years ago I was fishing one of our well known streams after my usual fashion with a bent pin attached to a line which in its turn was fastened to an alder pole. As I neared a certain pool reputed to abound in speckled beauties, I heard voices and drawing near saw a party of young fellows sinking a two-quart preserve jar in the pool. They had filled the jar with quick lime and punched a hole in the cover. After sinking the can they stepped back into the woods and waited. When enough water had leaked into the can the quick lime began to work. We didn't notice when this began of course. The first thing unusual that we noticed was that the landscape seemed all torn to pieces. After things quieted down a little, the boys drew near the once

Fishing at Lake Auburn.

An enthusiastic fisherman remarked recently "We are going to get more salmon than ever before at Lake Auburn this year or I am very much mistaken. Last year the excellent care of our association in stocking the lake for the past three or four years got its reward. More salmon were caught per capita than ever before in the history of Lake Auburn fishing. To be sure the fish didn't run extremely large, but they will be larger this spring and more of them. The new screen that has been put in by the association at the lake is another good thing. It will keep the big fish where they belong and sooner or later you will see them landing in the nets of some of our expert anglers.

"I will tell you of another local fishing ground that is fast coming to the front and that is Taylor pond in Auburn. Last season I know of one of our local fishermen who got twelve

eyes, his long white hair and stooping form, as he used to come to our house, with apples and other goodies in the pockets of his old drab coat. Saturday afternoon came after a very long Thursday and a tedious Friday. Shortly after dinner Uncle Ben put in an appearance. He had a bundle of sticks about four feet long, with brass ferrets on the end and a basket suspended by a leather strap over his shoulder. "Where is your pole?" says I.

"Here it is," he replied, holding out the bundle of sticks. At this point, much to my surprise and admiration, he began putting his joint-pole together, the first one I had ever seen. It was one of those lovely days in June, neither too hot nor dry, light clouds swam in the soft air and the balmy breath of early summer, laden with the thousand sweets of the season, fairly caressed one. "Why don't you fling in here?" says I, pointing to a deep hole where I had caught many.

"Because it is a great deal better to go up as far as we are going, and then fish down stream, you see the fish keep



ONE OF THE STREAMS, NEAR BLAKESLEE LAKE CAMPS, EUSTIS, ME.

salmon over there. They weighed over 15 pounds and the man who caught them wasn't all day getting them, either."

When York harbor was less fashionable than it is now the summer frequenter put up with primitive arrangements. One summer a family of patrons, who had formerly carried up their own ice water and lamps, were astonished to find the hotel fitted up with the modern conveniences of electric bells in all the bedrooms. But the proprietor had omitted one item of progress, hall boys to answer the bells. About a week later the bells all disappeared. When asked the reason for it the proprietor answered: "Why folks kep' ringin' 'em all the time, so I just took 'em out!"

Two Papers, \$1.50.

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

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

their heads up stream always when they are at rest, and they see the bait quicker and you ain't half so liable to frighten them."

We walked up about a mile, and baiting our hooks, threw in. Uncle Ben's pole was four or five feet longer than mine, and the result was that he could throw further out into the stream and of course caught the big ones. I remarked that if my pole was longer I could do better, but Uncle Ben was too busy and too happy to notice any ordinary thing, though I could have cried for vexation. We walked along down to a bend in the stream, I pulled up a tiny trout, quite too small to string, and thinking he would get off the hook if I let him run, I dropped him back into the water. A second later a big fish with a noisy swirl, swallowed trout and hook, straightening my line to its utmost. I hung on and screamed for Uncle Ben. He came hobbling up, crying, "Hold on, my boy, you've got him, hold on?" "I can't lift him out," I said.

"You don't want to, run back and draw him ashore." I followed his advice and saw Uncle go heels over head into the tall grass as he fell flat on the captive, exclaiming, "Well done, my boy! He's a beauty and worth all the fish we've got." He grasped him by

the gills and brought him up on the bank. He was a splendid fellow and would weigh nearly 2 pounds, Uncle said. I didn't want to fish any more. Glory enough for one afternoon!

But Uncle Ben said, "Fish away, who knows but what we may catch another." Casting frequent glances over my shoulder at the valuable prize, I caught now and then one, but it seemed stale, flat and unprofitable after landing the big fish. At length we came to a likely looking pool, Uncle Ben borrowed one of my smallest, baited his hook with it and made a cast.

"Hi yi!" said Uncle Ben, "there's a fish for you!" Sure enough his pole was like a letter C and the line cutting through the water at a frightful rate.

"Why don't you pull him out?" I asked.

"I dasn't, he'll break my line or hook."

"Oh, I hope you'll get him Uncle Ben."

Even as I spoke the fish in a wild run had thrown itself two feet out of water and Uncle Ben, lifting his pole aloft, swung him to the pebbly shore.

"Hurrah!" says I.

"Good for you, my boy. I am glad to see you rejoice over another's good fortune."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that I have been fishing before now with folks who seemed to fairly begrudge me the fish I caught."

What a reproof to me that remark was. I had been envious all the afternoon to see Uncle Ben pull them out as he had prophesied he would the Wednesday before and only catching the big one reconciled me. I believe I have not felt so since and I have fished in many waters and with the varying luck incident to the "gentle art." We reached home in time to dress our catch. Uncle Ben stayed to supper. Didn't the fish taste good? My mouth waters at the recollection. After that we went often together and those excursions are among my happiest memories.—Oxford Advertiser.

MORE BIRD SKINS.

Society of Natural History Receives Another Box From the South.

The Portland Society of Natural History has received from Nathan Clifford Brown a second box of bird skins from South Carolina. These are birds taken in the south during the winter and early spring, and the phases of plumage are exceedingly interesting to bird students. The skins are prepared in Mr. Brown's admirable manner, not surpassed anywhere in the country. The collection will be a valuable addition to the society's cabinet. The complete list of skins donated is as follows:

Downy woodpecker, red-headed woodpecker, yellow-bellied sapsucker, red-bellied woodpecker, phebe, two specimens; cowbird, rusty blackbird, junco, two specimens; vesper sparrow, three specimens; Savanna sparrow, white-throated sparrow, three specimens; hermit thrush, two specimens; tufted titmouse Carolina chickadee, brown-headed nuthatch, white breasted nuthatch, brown creeper, brown thrasher, pine warbler, myrtle warbler, four specimens; cedar waxwing, cardinal, two specimens; fox sparrow. A total of 34 specimens, for which the society is very grateful. ●

TRADE NOTES.

Averages Reported.

Mr. Cal. T. Hallison, one of the best rifle and shotgun experts in the far west, is now traveling in the interest of The Peters Cartridge Co., selling goods as well as shooting occasionally. On April 18, at Idaho Falls, Idaho, he broke 181 out of 185 targets, an average of about 98 per cent. Mr. Callison thinks there is nothing like Peters Premier shells.

M. D. D. Gross, representing The Peters Arms & Sporting Goods Company, has been attending a number of gun club shoots in Ohio during the past two or three weeks and has done some excellent work—excellent even for "Dell." At Cleveland, Ohio, he broke 93 out of 100 and at Celina, Ohio, on April 5, 99 out of 100. Who said there was anything wrong with his eye or Peters shells?

Mr. G. M. Wheeler, representing The Peters Cartridge Co. in New England, is showing the shooters of that part of the country what can be done by an expert with good ammunition.

On April 13 at Bangor, Me., he broke 91 per cent and his work at some other points has been even better. Sportsmen in Mr. Wheeler's territory are looking forward with considerable interest to the coming of Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, who for a number of years has been traveling for the Peters company in the west. Capt. Bartlett is, without question, one of the best rifle shooters the country has ever produced and his exhibitions invariably attract and interest large crowds.

Every section of the country contributes testimony to the excellence of Peters shells. On March 19, Mr. J. E. Vaughan on the grounds of the Los Angeles, Cal. Gun club, broke 25 straight in the medal shoot and made a run of 49 straight. Again on March 19, he scored 94 out of 100 at Pasadena, Cal. Peters shells shoot just as well in California as they do in other states.

Trap shooting in Pennsylvania has opened up in full blast and the tournaments in that state follow each other thick and fast. Neaf Apgar, representing The Peters Cartridge company, has attended many of them, shooting in old time form. On April 14, at Beading, he broke 96 per cent. Mr. Apgar has also attended a number of tournaments in New Jersey, having scored 93 per cent at Sewell and 92 per cent at Camden. At the latter point Mr. Charles E. Mink of Philadelphia was high amateur shooting Peters shells.

WANTED Summer Board

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Mention the paper in which you see this advertisement.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1905,
By Stewart Edward White

Continued from last week, this story began March 10.

The men grumbled. One or two were inclined to be openly rebellious. "If I hear another peep out of you," said Thorpe to these latter, "you can climb right aboard and take the return trip." He looked them in the eye until they muttered and then went on: "Now, we've got to get unloaded and our goods ashore before those fellows report to camp. Get right moving and hustle!"

So Dyer and his men picked themselves out of the trouble sullenly and departed. The ex-scaler had nothing to say as long as he was within reach, but when he had gained the shore he turned.

"You won't think this is so funny when you get in the law courts!" he shouted.

Thorpe made no reply.

With thirty men at the job it does not take a great while to move a small cargo thirty or forty feet. By 3 o'clock the Pole Star was ready to continue her journey. Thorpe climbed aboard, leaving Shearer in charge.

"Keep the men at it, Tim," said he. "Put up the walls of the warehouse good and strong and move the stuff in. If you get through before I return you might take a scout up the river and fix on a camp site. I'll bring back the lumber for roofs, floors and trimmings with me and will try to pick up a few axmen for swamping. Those fellows won't bother us any more for the present, I think. But it pays to be on deck. So long."

When Thorpe returned to the bay he found the warehouse complete. Shearer and Andrews, the surveyor, were scouting up the river.

"No trouble from above, boys?" asked Thorpe.

"Nary trouble," they replied.

The warehouse was secured by padlocks, the wagon loaded with the tent and the necessities of life and work. Early in the morning the procession—laughing, joking, skylarking—took its way up the river trail. Late that evening, tired, but still inclined to mischief, they came to the first dam, where Shearer and Andrews met them.

"How do you like it, Tim?" asked Thorpe that evening.

"She's all right," replied the river man, with emphasis, which for him was putting it strong.

At noon the following day the party arrived at the second dam. Here Shearer had decided to build the permanent camp. Injun Charley was constructing one of his endless series of birch bark canoes. Later he would paddle the whole string to Marquette, where he would sell them to a hard ware dealer for \$2.50 apiece.

Injun Charley looked up and grunted as Thorpe approached.

"How are you, Charles?" greeted Thorpe reticently.

"You gettun pine? Good!" replied Charley in the same tone.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO months passed away. Winter set in. The camp was built and inhabited. Routine had established itself, and all was going well.

The first move of the M. & D. company had been one of conciliation. Thorpe was approached by the walking boss of the camps up river. The man did not pretend any hypocritical friendship for the younger firm. His proposition was entirely one of mutual advantage. The company had gone to considerable expense in constructing the pier of stone cribs. It would be impossible for the steamer to land at any other point. Thorpe had undisputed possession of the shore, but the company could as indisputably remove the dock. Let it stay where it was. Both companies could then use it for their mutual convenience. To this Thorpe agreed.

The actual logging was opening up well. Both Shearer and Thorpe agreed that it would not do to be too ambitious the first year. They set about clearing their banking ground about half a mile below the first dam, and during the six weeks before snowfall cut three short roads of half a mile each. Approximately 2,000,000 feet would be put in from these roads, which could be extended in years to come, while another million could be traveled directly to the landing from its immediate vicinity.

"Next year," said Tim, "we'll get in 10,000,000. That railroad'll get along 6 ways by then, and men'll be more plenty."

Through the lengthening evenings they sat crouched on wooden boxes either side of the stove, conversing rarely, gazing at one spot with a steady persistency which was only an outward indication of the persistency with

which their minds held to the work in hand. Tim, the older at the business, showed this trait more strongly than Thorpe. The old man thought of nothing but logging. Nothing was too small to escape his deliberate scrutiny. Nothing was in so perfect a state that it did not bear one more inspection. He played the logging as a chess player his game.

In the men's camp the crew lounged, smoked, danced or played cards. In those days no one thought of forbidding gambling. One evening Thorpe who had been too busy to remember Phil's violin, strolled over and looked through the window. A dance was in progress. The men were waiting, whirling solemnly round and round, gripping firmly each other's loose sleeves just above the elbow. At every third step of the waltz they stamped one foot.

Perched on a cracker box sat Phil. His head was thrust forward almost aggressively over his instrument, and his eyes glared at the dancing men with the old wolflike gleam. As he played he drew the bow across with a swift jerk, thrust it back with another, threw his shoulders from one side to the other in abrupt time to the music. And the music! Thorpe unconsciously shuddered, then sighed in pity. It was beautiful. It was not even in tune. The performer seemed to grind it out with a fierce delight, in which appeared little of the æsthetic pleasure of the artist. Thorpe was at a loss to define it.

"Poor Phil!" he said to himself. "He has the musical soul without even the musical ear."

Next day, while passing out of the cook camp, he addressed one of the men.

"Well, Billy," he inquired, "how do you like your fiddler?"

"All right," replied Billy, with emphasis. "She's got some go to her."

The work proceeded finely, and yet the young lumberman had sense enough to know that while a crew such as this is supremely effective it requires careful handling to keep it good humored and willing. He knew every man by his first name and each day made it a point to talk with him for a moment or so. The subject was invariably some phase of the work. Thorpe never permitted himself the familiarity of introducing any other topic.

He never replied directly to an objection or a request, but listened to it non-committally and later, without explanation or reasoning, acted as his judgment dictated. Even Shearer, with whom he was in most intimate contact, respected this trait in him. Gradually he came to feel that he was making a way with his men. It was a status not assured as yet nor ever very firm, but a status for all that.

Then one day one of the best men, a teamster, came in to make some objection to the cooking. As a matter of fact, the cooking was perfectly good, but the lumber jack is a great hand to growl, and he usually begins with his food.

Thorpe listened to his vague objections in silence.

"All right," he remarked simply.

Next day he touched the man on the shoulder just as he was starting to work.

"Step into the office and get your time," said he.

"What's the matter?" asked the man.

"I don't need you any longer."

The two entered the little office. Thorpe looked through the ledger and van book and finally handed the man his slip.

"I'll have no growlers in this camp," said Thorpe, with decision.

"By thunder," cried the man, "you"—

"You get out of here!" cried Thorpe, with a concentrated blaze of energetic passion that made the fellow step back.

"I ain't goin' to get on the wrong side of the law by foolin' with this office," cried the other at the door, "but if I had you outside for a minute!"

"Leave this office!" shouted Thorpe.

"S'pose you make me!" challenged the man insolently.

In a moment the defiance had come, endangering the careful structure Thorpe had reared with such pains. The young man was suddenly angry in exactly the same blind, unreasoning manner as when he had leaped single handed to tackle Dyer's crew.

Without a word he sprang across the shack, seized a two bladed ax from the pile behind the door, swung it around his head and cast it full at the now frightened teamster. The latter dodged, and the swirling steel buried itself in the snow bank beyond. Without an instant's hesitation Thorpe reached back for another. The man took to his heels.

"I don't want to see you around here again!" shouted Thorpe after him.

Then in a moment he returned to the office and sat down, overcome with contrition.

"It might have been murder," he told himself, awe stricken.

But, as it happened, nothing could have turned out better.

Thorpe had instinctively seized the only method by which these strong men could be impressed. Now the entire crew looked with vast admiration on their boss as a man who intended to have his own way no matter what difficulties or consequences might tend to deter him. And that is the kind of man they liked.

Injun Charley, silent and enigmatical as ever, had constructed a log shack near a little creek in the hard wood. There he attended diligently to the business of trapping. Thorpe rarely found time to visit him, but he often glided into the office, smoked a pipeful of the white man's tobacco in friendly fashion by the stove and glided out again without having spoken a dozen words.

Wallace made one visit before the big snows came, and was charmed. He ate with gusto of the "salt horse," baked beans, stewed prunes, mince pie and cakes. He tramped around gayly in his moccasins or on the fancy snowshoes he promptly purchased of Injun Charley. There was nothing new to report in regard to financial matters. The loan had been negotiated easily on the basis of a mortgage guaranteed by Carpenter's personal signature. Nothing had been heard from Morrison & Daly.

By the end of the winter some 4,000,000 feet of logs were piled in the bed or upon the banks of the stream. To understand what that means you must imagine a pile of solid timber a mile in length. This tremendous mass lay directly in the course of the stream.

When the winter broke up it had to be separated and floated piecemeal down the current. The process is an interesting and dangerous one and one of great delicacy. It requires for its successful completion picked men of skill and demands as toll its yearly quota of cripples and dead. While on the drive men work fourteen hours a day up to their waists in water filled with floating ice.

On the Ossawinamakee, as has been stated, three dams had been erected to simplify the process of driving. When the logs were in right distribution the gates were raised, and the proper head of water floated them down.

Now, the river being navigable, Thorpe was possessed of certain rights on it. Technically he was entitled to a normal head of water whenever he needed it, or a special head, according to agreement with the parties owning the dam. Early in the drive he found that Morrison & Daly intended to cause him trouble. It began in a narrow of the river between high, rocky banks. Thorpe's drive was floating though close packed. The situation was tick-



"I'm he," said the young fellow.

lish. Men with spiked boots ran here and there from one bobbing log to another, pushing with their peaveys, hurrying one log, retarding another, working like beavers to keep the whole mass straight. The entire surface of the water was practically covered with the floating timbers.

In a moment, as though by magic, the loose wooden carpet ground together. A log in advance up-ended, another thrust under it. The whole mass ground together, stopped and began rapidly to pile up. The men escaped to the shore in a marvelous manner of their own.

Tim Shearer found that the gate at the dam above had been closed. The man in charge had simply obeyed orders. He supposed M. & D. wished to back up the water for their own logs.

Tim indulged in some picturesque language.

"You ain't got no right to close off more'n enough to leave us th' nat'ral flow unless by agreement," he concluded, and opened the gates.

Then it was a question of breaking the jam. This had to be done by pulling out or chopping through certain "key" logs which locked the whole mass. Men stood under the face of imminent ruin—over them a frowning sheer wall of bristling logs, behind which pressed the weight of the rising waters—and backed and tugged calmly until the mass began to stir. Then they escaped. A moment later, with a roar, the jam vomited down on the spot where they had stood. It was dangerous work. Just one half day later it had to be done again and for the same reason.

This time Thorpe went back with Shearer. No one was at the dam, but

the gates were closed. The two opened them again.

That very evening a man rode up on horseback inquiring for Mr. Thorpe.

"I'm he," said the young fellow.

The man thereupon dismounted and served a paper. It proved to be an injunction issued by Judge Sherman enjoining Thorpe against interfering with the property of Morrison & Daly—to wit, certain dams erected at designated points on the Ossawinamakee. There had not elapsed sufficient time since the commission of the offense for the other firm to secure the issuance of this interesting document, so it was at once evident that the whole affair had been prearranged. After serving the injunction the official rode away.

"Of all the consummate gall!" exploded Thorpe. "Trying to enjoin me from touching a dam when they're refusing me the natural flow! They must have bribed the fool judge. Why, his injunction isn't worth the powder to blow it up."

"Then you're all right, ain't ye?" inquired Tim.

"It'll be the middle of summer before we get a hearing in court," said he. "Oh, they're a cute layout! They expect to hang me up until it's too late to do anything with the season's cut."

He arose and began to pace back and forth.

"Tim," said he, "is there a man in the crew who's afraid of nothing and will obey orders?"

"A dozen," replied Tim promptly.

"Who's the best?"

"Scotty Parsons."

"Ask him to step here."

In a moment the man entered the office.

"Scotty," said Thorpe, "I want you to understand that I stand responsible for whatever I order you to do."

"All right, sir," replied the man.

"In the morning," said Thorpe, "you take two men and build some sort of a shack right over the sluice gate of that second dam. I want you to live there day and night. Never leave it, not even for a minute. The cookee will bring you grub. Take this Winchester. If any of the men from up river try to go out on the dam, you warn them off. If they persist, you shoot near them. If they keep coming, you shoot at them. Understand?"

"You bet!" answered Scotty, with enthusiasm.

"All right," concluded Thorpe.

Next day Scotty established himself, as had been agreed. He did not need to shoot anybody. Daly himself came down to investigate the state of affairs. He attempted to parley, but Scotty would have none of it.

"Get out!" was his first and last word.

At the mouth of the river booms of logs chained together at the ends had been prepared. Into the inclosure the drive was floated and stopped. Then a raft was formed by passing new manila ropes over the logs, to each one of which the line was fastened by a hardwood forked pin driven astride of it. A tug dragged the raft to Marquette.

Now Thorpe was summoned legally on two counts. First, Judge Sherman cited him for contempt of court; second, Morrison & Daly sued him for alleged damages in obstructing their drive for holding open the dam sluice beyond the legal head of water.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PENDING the call of trial Thorpe took a three weeks' vacation to visit his sister. Time, filled with excitement and responsibility, had erased from his mind the bitterness of their parting. Now he found himself so impatient that he could hardly wait to get there.

He learned on his arrival that she was not at home. Mrs. Renwick proved not nearly so cordial as the year before, but Thorpe, absorbed in his eagerness, did not notice it. Mrs. Renwick thought Helen had gone over to the Hugheses.

Thorpe found the Hughes residence without difficulty and turned up the straight walk to the veranda. On the steps of the latter a rug had been

[Continued on Page 7.]

The Time-table of the Rangeley Lakes Steam boat 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 as 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,	7.50	9.10	1.50
South Strong,			
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 35	
Salem, ar	7 22	8 35	1 12
*Summit, lv	7 25		1 15
*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, lv	8 50		5 45
	9 00	11 30	5 55
Kingfield, {			
lv	9 15	12 00	
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
8 30	
12 40	
P. M.	
4 40	
	2 25
	2 55
5 30	
6 00	
6 02	
6 10	
6 20	
6 50	
7 10	
7 15	
7 30	
Ar	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 & Arrostook Railroad.

Arrangement of Trains.

IN EFFECT MONDAY, OCT. 10, 1904.

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

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

TRAINS LEAVE BANGOR.

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

7.00 a. m.—For and arriving at Brownville, 9.01 a. m. Katahdin Iron Works 9.50 a. m. Millinocket 10.25 a. m. Patten 11.50 a. m. Ashland 2.15 p. m. Fort Kent 4.15 p. m. Houlton 12.55 p. m. Presque Isle 2.46 p. m. Caribou 3.15 p. m. Van Buren 5.30 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 4.49 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 10.15 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. Mon

WATER TOO COLD.

MAINE WOODS SENDS OUT A FINE JOB OF PRINTING.

The Rangeleys All Right. During Seven Annual Tours Slocum Never Struck a Poor Place Yet.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

EAST SUMNER, May 1, 1905.

Asa Robinson, licensed guide, was at Lake Auburn two or three days last week, but the high winds and cold weather was not favorable to his usual success. On Friday every boat was driven in before 11 a. m. He says that the water is too cold as yet for big catches. He will probably try the Rangeleys later on and probably with better success. Asa usually "gets there" when he starts out with rod or gun.

The Mountain View House booklets for this season are finely executed and we have one from the press of the MAINE WOODS. Like the house they are very neat, nobby and attractive; a nice place to spend a vacation.

We have also received a neat announcement of the opening of the Rangeley Lake House on May 15; another fine place to enjoy a rest. In fact all the lake house and camps that we ever visited there, are models of neatness and homelike excellence.

During our seven annual tours of the lake region, we never struck a poor place yet. Unlike some of the country's greatest fashionable resorts, the hosts are very cordial, easy to approach and make one feel at home. If one's object is to cut simply a swell with the "four hundred" why other places are more to his deidish taste; but if one desires a pleasant, healthful and really enjoyable time, let him try the Rangeleys. SLOCUM.

LATE NEWS FROM JACKMAN.

Ice Will be Out of Several of the Ponds by the 1st of May.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

JACKMAN, ME., April 30, 1905.

The ice went out of Wood pond last night and this morning a few fishing rods are in evidence. Tomorrow morning will find all of the favorite spots on the pond and Moose river occupied by ardent fishermen.

Attean pond is expected to be clear of ice by Tuesday morning.

On Friday the ice was reported as going out of Long Pond and H. E. Armstrong and Alex Morin went down to enjoy a few day's fishing at the Narrows. They will stop at John Prince's camps.

Tommie Gerard was out from Spencer Lake camps last week. He said the ice would all be out of Spencer lake by May 10. He has got his cabins all in good order and is expecting to fill them with good people by May 15. I also saw Henry Hughey, proprietor of Heald Pond camps who stated that he was getting letters daily from sportsmen inquiring about the early fishing, and how soon the ice would be out. Mr. Hughey is prepared to take care of all of his old patrons and a few new ones this spring.

George McClintick, manager for M. Piel at Parlin pond came to town today. He says the ice will all be gone from that beautiful little lake by tomorrow evening. Mr. Piel will make considerable improvement to his property at Parlin and Grace ponds this coming summer and already has three skilled workmen from New York city on the grounds. The two well known brothers, Ruel and Henry Holden will buy and manage the Attean island camp; formerly owned by Fred Henderson. Good service is guaranteed all who visit this famous resort.

Mr. Henry E. Armstrong has retired from the hotel business and contemplates starting a hunting and fishing camp at Rock pond.

Mrs. Maggie Armstrong took charge of the Armstrong house here on the 25th inst., and will look after the comfort of her guests personally. Mrs. Armstrong has lots of experience in the hotel business and has already commenced to improve the building internally. She will make special effort to please visiting sportsmen who patronize her.

I have just been talking to H. P. McKenney the lumberman and he says it the wind holds good the ice will all be gone from Attean pond by morning.

When the ice goes out of Attean, And the logs begin to run, And we've hung the snowshoes in the shed And put away the gun, Then we hunt out fishing tackle, Soak the leaders, test the flies, Dig some worms out of the garden, For fear the fish won't rise, Fill a basket full of luncheon, Crackers, cheese, sardines and tea; Slip a flask in our hip pocket, For some angler we might see; Sack the old canoe down to the pond, For pleasant weather wish, And then we're strictly in it, As we fish, and fish, and fish.

—JOHN T. LITTLE.

MAINE'S GAME LAW EXPLAINED.

Col. Farrington Elucidates the Rules For Shooting and Fishing This Year.

Various important changes and additions in the public and private and special fish and game laws of Maine are summed up as follows by Col. E. C. Farrington, secretary of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game association:

Spring shooting of all kinds of duck is forbidden. The close time on caribou is extended five years.

Nonresidents are required to pay a license fee of \$5 for hunting partridge, woodcock and duck in open season to Oct. 1, but may pay \$10 additional, which covers all game hunting. The \$15 license fee for hunting big game covers the hunting of all game. A nonresident can take out of the state 10 of each of the game birds killed.

The "farmers' law" allows any person the right to shoot deer when found doing actual damage to his crops prior to Oct. 1, when such damage is being done on cultivated land but not in the woods. He must report the fact of the shooting at once to the commissioners of fisheries and game.

On Merrymeeting bay, the famous ducking grounds of the Kennebec river, the hunting of duck in launches is forbidden. The same law applies to Upper Kezar pond, Lovell, lower bay.

The keeping of white perch, when accidentally caught while trolling for trout and salmon, which was formerly allowed, is now forbidden. No person is allowed to sell any fish unless the same was caught by him.

The long standing controversy between the guides and hotel men in the Rangeleys as to "plug" or "still" fishing, has resulted in a law allowing a party in one boat to catch only four fish, and if one person in a boat, only two fish may be taken.

Only 10 pounds of trout or salmon can be sent out properly tagged and that only once in 30 days. Fifteen pounds is the limit of trout and salmon allowed to be taken in one day by a per on while trolling the Rangeley waters, which comprise Rangeley, Mooselookmegtuntic, Cupsuptic and Richardson lake.

Col. Farrington says the old saying that "fishing will be the best for years" may be verified this season. The water is very low in most lakes and it will be easier to find where the fish congregate. Already at Sebago lake the catch has been large and the salmon take the lure with unusual vigor. At Cobbosseecontee, which has been clear for two days, the fishing is starting off well, many fine fish having been taken.

Before May about all the lakes will be free from ice. "When the ice goes out" holds good on other waters. Moosehead lake will be free from ice about May 1 unless it holds very cold. The fish are abundant, as was shown by visits to the spawning grounds last fall.

Some have an idea that a license is required for fishing, but that is not the case. The license is only required for game.

Miss Alice Roosevelt Has Invitation to Visit "Billy" Sewall.

An invitation has been sent to Miss Alice Roosevelt to visit Maine, next fall, when the moose and deer hunting season is on. It is not unlikely that she will accept, if she returns from the trip to the Philippines in time. When Wm. W. Sewall, now postmaster at Island Falls, was in Washington two years ago as a guest at the White House, the President remarked to him that it was considered a good idea to have all the Roosevelt children learn how to hunt.

Miss Roosevelt has had little, if any, experience in handling a rifle, but has often expressed a desire to learn. Since her father went on his Western hunting trip Miss Roosevelt's desire for a bit of life in the woods has increased, and she has said to several friends that nothing would suit her better, next fall, than to come to Maine and bring down a good sized moose or deer.

Word has reached "Bill" Sewall and the invitation was sent to Miss Alice.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

West Carry Pond Camps, H. E. and H. H. Harlow, Dead River.
Bangor House, Bangor, Me.
Fishing rods, F. E. Thomas, Bangor.
Oquossoc House, Rangeley.
Canvas canoes, C. B. Thatcher, Bangor.
Moccasins, E. A. Buck & Co., Bangor, Me.
Wanted, Summer board.
W. H. Hatch, Cornish, Me.
Rangeley Lake House, Rangeley, Me.
"Infallible" powder.

THE BLAZED TRAIL.

[Continued from Page 6.]

spread. A dozen youths and maidens lounged on its soft surface. Thorpe, as he approached the light from a tall lamp just inside the hall, hesitated, vainly trying to make out the figures before him.

So it was that Helen Thorpe saw him first and came fluttering to meet him.

"Oh, Harry! What a surprise!" she cried, and flung her arms about his neck to kiss him.

"How do you do, Helen?" he replied sedately.

This was the meeting he had anticipated so long. The presence of others brought out in him irresistibly the repression of public display which was so strong an element of his career.

A little chilled, Helen turned to introduce him to her friends. He took a place on the steps and sat without saying a word all the evening. There was nothing for him to say. These young people talked thoughtlessly, as young people do, of the affairs belonging to their own little circle. He had thought pine and forest and the trail so long that he found these square elbowed subjects refusing to be jostled aside by any trivialities.

He took Helen back to Mrs. Renwick's about 10 o'clock. They walked slowly beneath the broad, leaved maples, whose shadows danced under the tall electric lights, and talked.

"How have you done, Harry?" she inquired anxiously. "Your letters have been so vague."

"Pretty well," he replied. "If things go right I hope some day to have a better place for you than this."

Her heart contracted suddenly. It was all she could do to keep from bursting into tears. The indefiniteness of his answer exasperated her and filled her with sullen despair. She said nothing for twenty steps. Then:

"Harry," she said quietly, "can you take me away from Mrs. Renwick's?" "I don't know, Helen. I can't tell yet. Not just now, at any rate."

"Harry," she cried, "you don't know what you're doing. I tell you I can't stand Mrs. Renwick any longer. I know you've worked hard and that you'd give me more if you could. But so have I worked hard. Now we ought to change this in some way. I can get a position as teacher or some other work somewhere. Won't you let me do that?"

Thorpe was thinking that it would be easy enough to obtain Wallace Carpenter's consent to his taking \$1,000 from the profits of the year. But he knew also that the struggle in the courts might need every cent the new company could spare. It would look much better were he to wait until after the verdict. If favorable, there would be no difficulty about sparing the money. If adverse, there would be no money to spare. And so until the thing was absolutely certain he hesitated to explain the situation to Helen for fear of disappointing her.

"I think you'd better wait, Helen," said he. "There'll be time enough for all that later when it becomes necessary."

"And in the meantime stay with Mrs. Renwick?" flashed Helen.

"Yes. I hope it will not have to be for very long."

"How long do you think, Harry?" pleaded the girl.

"That depends on circumstances," replied Thorpe.

"Oh!" she cried indignantly.

"Harry," she ventured after a time, "why not write to Uncle Amos? His wanting us to come to him seems to me very generous."

"You will do nothing of the kind," commanded Thorpe sternly. "Amos Thorpe is an unscrupulous man who became unscrupulously rich. He deliberately used our father as a tool and then destroyed him. I consider that any one of our family who would have anything to do with him is a traitor!"

The girl did not reply.

Next morning Thorpe felt uneasily repentant for his strong language. After all, the girl did lead a monotonous life, and he could not blame her for rebelling against it from time to time. Her remarks had been born of the rebellion; they had meant nothing in themselves. He could not doubt for a moment her loyalty to the family.

That night he wrote Wallace Carpenter for \$1,000.

Wallace Carpenter was not in town. Before the letter had followed him to his new address and the answer had returned a week had passed. Of course the money was gladly put at Thorpe's disposal. The latter at once interviewed his sister.

"Helen," he said, "I have made arrangements for some money. What would you like to do with it?"

She raised her head and looked at him with clear, bright gaze. If he could so easily raise the money, why had he not done so before? He knew how much she wanted it. Her happiness did not count. Only when his quixotic ideas of family honor were attacked did he bestir himself.

"I am going to Uncle Amos," she replied distinctly.

"What?" asked Thorpe incredulously. For answer she pointed to a letter lying on the table. Thorpe took it and read:

A TRAINED NURSE

After Years of Experience, Advises Women in Regard to Their Health.

Mrs. Martha Pohlman of 55 Chester Avenue, Newark, N. J., who is a graduate nurse from the Blockley Training School, at Philadelphia, and for six years Chief Clinic Nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital, writes the letter printed below. She has the advantage of personal experience, besides her professional education, and what she has to say may be absolutely relied upon.

Many other women are afflicted as she was. They can regain health in the same way. It is prudent to heed such advice from such a source.

Mrs. Pohlman writes: "I am firmly persuaded, after eight years of experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that it is the safest and best medicine for any suffering woman to use."

"Immediately after my marriage I found that my health began to fail me. I became weak and pale, with severe bearing-down pains, fearful backaches and frequent dizzy spells. The doctors prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I would blot after eating and frequently become nauseated. I had an acrid discharge and pains down through my limbs so I could hardly walk. It was as bad a case of female trouble as I have ever known. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, however, cured me within four months. Since that time I have had occasion to recommend it to a number of patients suffering from all forms of female difficulties, and I find that while it is considered unprofessional to recommend a patent medicine, I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I have found that it cures female ills, where all other medicine fails. It is a grand medicine for sick women."

Money cannot buy such testimony as this—merit alone can produce such results, and the ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for all female diseases known to medicine.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness,

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

My Dear Niece—Both Mrs. Thorpe and myself more than rejoice that time and reflection have removed that, I must confess, natural prejudice which the unfortunate family affair, to which I will not allude, raised in your mind against us. As we said long ago, our home is yours when you may wish to make it so. You state your present readiness to come immediately. Unless you wire to the contrary we shall expect you next Tuesday evening on the 4:40 train. I shall be at the Central station myself to meet you. If your brother is now with you I should be pleased to see him also and will be most happy to give him a position with the firm. Aff. your uncle,

AMOS THORPE.
New York, June 6, 1883.



"Helen," said Thorpe, with new energy. On finishing the last paragraph the reader crumpled the letter and threw it into the grate.

"I am sorry that you did that, Helen," said he, "but I don't blame you, and it can't be helped. We won't need to take advantage of his 'kind offer' now."

"I intend to do so, however," replied the girl coldly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," she cried, "that I am sick of waiting on your good pleasure. I waited and slaved and stood unbearable things for two years. I did it cheerfully, and in return I don't get a civil word, not a decent explanation, not even a caress!" She fairly sobbed



ness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

The needless suffering of women from diseases peculiar to their sex is terrible to see. The money which they pay to doctors who do not help them is an enormous waste. The pain is cured and the money is saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Experience has proved this.

It is well for women who are ill to write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. In her great experience, which covers many years, she has probably had to deal with dozens of cases just like yours. Her advice is free and confidential.

out the last word. "I can't stand it any longer. I have tried and tried and tried, and then when I've come to you for the littlest word of encouragement you have told me I was young and ought to finish my education. You haven't a cent when it is a question of what I want, but you raise money quick enough when your old family is insulted. Isn't it my family too? And then you blame me because, after

waiting in vain for two years for you to do something, I start out to do the best I can for myself. I'm not of age, but you're not my guardian."

During this long speech Thorpe had stood motionless, growing paler and paler. Like most noble natures, when absolutely in the right he was incapable of defending himself against misunderstandings.

"You know that is not true, Helen," he replied, almost sternly.

"It is true," she asseverated, "and I'm through."

"It's a little hard," said Thorpe, passing his hand wearily before his eyes. "to work hard this way for years and then—"

She laughed with a hard little note of scorn.

"Helen," said Thorpe, with new energy. "I forbid you to have anything to do with Amos Thorpe. I think he is a scoundrel and a sneak."

"I shall do as I please," she replied, crossing her hands behind her.

Thorpe's eyes darkened.

"We have talked this over a great many times," he warned, "and you've always agreed with me. Remember, you owe something to the family."

"Most of the family seem to owe something," she replied, with a flip-pant laugh. "I'm sure I didn't choose the family. If I had I'd have picked out a better one."

"You may take your choice, Helen," he said formally. "If you go into the

[To be Continued.]

The First Bottle of "L. F." Worked Wonders

Mrs. G. S. Budge, of Lee, Me., Box 52, writes, on February 22, 1904:—Dear Sirs:—

I have suffered with stomach trouble for years and have tried several kinds of medicine, but never found anything that did much good until I tried "L. F." Bitters. I cannot begin to tell you the good I received from the use of one bottle.

It is easy to win your faith in "L. F." Atwood's Bitters after the first bottle.

If sick, why not get well? Commence today. Try "L. F." All stores have it.

The Evolution of the Rangeleys.

The Rangeley lakes have always been celebrated for the enormous size of speckled brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) that have been taken from their waters.

At the sportsmen's shows, whenever specimens of these big trout have been on exhibition, hundreds of fishermen who thought they knew considerable about brook trout have looked upon the great six and eight pounders and passed on, believing them to be some sort of imposition or fraud; but all the same, thousands of fishermen flock to the Rangeleys every summer to try their luck with one of these big fellows, and the reported capture of a six-pound trout or an eight-pound salmon creates a greater sensation than could be caused by the taking of any number of small fish. While there are some fishermen who prefer fishing for numbers rather than for size, and who had rather catch fish of a size that can be landed without difficulty, such men are the exception in the Rangeley region, chiefly because they can usually find plenty of small fish nearer home.

There is no brook fishing about the Rangeleys. Every stream is closed to fishing, and even the large rivers are closed about as soon as there are any fish to be taken in them.

The early spring fisherman is invariably a good sportsman. He trolls when the water is like a mirror, and there is a blazing sun overhead, or when the lakes are lashed into foam. Rain, wind, and cold have no terror for him, so long as the fish will bite and the guide is able to manage the boat. It was on him and him alone that both guides and hotel men depended in the past for patronage and for the advertising of the Rangeleys.

Within the last few years another element has come into existence, which has caused a division between the resident guides and hotel men with many of those who have summer cottages here. The hotel men are ostensibly for building up their business and making money. In doing this they follow the common policy of other business men. They aim to supply the popular demand and accommodate the majority, and favor such measures as will bring them the greatest amount of business. This is as might be expected; but for certain reasons it has had the effect of seriously crippling the fishing and bringing the hotel men into conflict with the guides and citizens.

The trolling season practically ends about the first of July and some time previous to that date the hotels and cottages are rapidly filling with summer boarders. As a rule few of these care for fishing; but there are some who do and since the trolling is poor and it necessitates the employment of a guide, they resort to the more quiet and inexpensive method of plug fishing. This consists of anchoring at one of the well known places where there are supposed to be springs and fishing near the bottom with hooks baited with worms. From the earliest recollection of this style of fishing the catches have always surpassed the wildest dreams of the troller or fisherman employing any other method. The biggest and fattest trout and salmon in the lakes are brought to the net and since nearly everyone has swallowed the hook they must necessarily be killed.

Large fish taken in this way excite little comment; indeed one must be on the ground when it is taken or at the hotel when it is brought in if he hears of it at all. But silently and almost secretly the process of depleting the lakes of their largest fish has gone on for years and as the supply of fish diminishes the numbers of their exterminators increase.

The guides have wrangled over the matter and endeavored to put a stop to the practice. Petitions have been drawn up and presented to the commissioners of fish and game and public hearings have been held; but in every case the combined force of hotel men and cottage owners who are heavy owners in real estate have preserved the nefarious practice on the ground that to prohibit it would jeopardize their business.

It was not until the present term of the Legislature that the opposition of the guides took tangible form to do away with a practice that in their opinion was ruining the Rangeleys as a fishing resort.

The Rangeley Lakes Guides' association after several meetings, voted to appropriate sufficient funds to meet the expenses of a lawyer and half a dozen witnesses to attend the Legislature with the object so far as possible to prevent plug fishing. Letters in abundance from old time fishermen, who have fished the Rangeleys every season for the past 20 years, were obtained and in each case the author

stated that the fishing had been growing steadily poorer every year and attributed the fact to plug fishing.

The enemies of reform were present in force and nothing was overlooked by either party that would weigh in its favor. In view of the fact that it was shown that during the hot summer months when plug fishing is at its height only one guest in about twenty ever indulged in it and that at the time most of the hotels are obliged to turn away guests for lack of room the violent opposition of the hotel men was somewhat of a mystery.

The final outcome was the limiting of each fisherman to two fish per day. Formerly the limit was 10 pounds. It was further enacted that one boat could take but four fish in one day by this method, however many people there might be fishing from it; also that no person can legally take more than 15 pounds of trout or salmon in any one day by any method of fishing. Under the old law the limit was 25 pounds.

The experiences of last summer proved that the lakes are very well stocked with small fish. It was not difficult during the month of June to catch thirty trout and salmon weighing from 1 1/2 to 3-4 of a pound in half a day's fishing. With the new state hatchery at Oquossoc, supplying 200,000 fry annually and the thousands of salmon fingerlings that the state sends us from other hatcheries, the future of the Rangeleys seems secure, providing the fish are allowed time to grow commensurate with the waters that they inhabit.

The open season on fishing has heretofore been May 1, but this year it will begin "when the lake, pond or river is clear of ice."—D. E. Heywood in Shooting and Fishing.

Camp and Hotel Printing.

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

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Cunning Ape

One day the leopard met an ape on the road, and as he was feeling a bit hungry he decided to sit down and eat the little fellow.

"Very well," said the ape meekly. "I hope you will enjoy yourself, for I always liked you."

"Thank you," said the leopard. "Yes," continued the ape, "you've been a good friend of mine, and I want you to allow me to do you a favor before you cut my throat."

"What is it?"

"I have in this coconut an immense sum of money," said the ape, "and I



"YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE" want to make you a present of it. You will be rich and happy all the rest of your life."

"Thank you," said the leopard. "And to be sure that it is all here," said the ape, "I want to break the coconut open."

"Of course," said the leopard. "And as there are no stones about here I shall have to ask that you let me crack the coconut on your head," continued the ape.

"Very well," consented the leopard. Then sly Mr. Ape took the coconut between his two hands and hauled off and cracked Mr. Leopard such a rattling good blow on the skull that the big fellow fell over on the ground as if dead.

And you may be sure that before he came to his senses Mr. Ape was many, many miles away.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

To Cure a Cold In One Day

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

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Aroostook County.

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

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

Franklin County.

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

RANGELEY LAKES, ME.



Mountain View House is one of the most modern, up to date summer homes in the state of Maine. Its beautiful location at the foot of Rangeley Lake on a picturesque cove, gives it many attractions, while the best of fishing is within close proximity. The boating and canoeing are the 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.
J. 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 & RANGELEY RAILROAD.

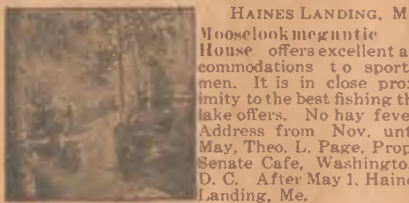
Redington Camps and Cottages. Good accommodations, with best fishing and hunting. One minute's walk from Redington station. Write for circular.
J. F. Hough, Prop'r,
P. O. Rangeley, Me.

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

RANGELEY LAKE.

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

AT FARMINGTON.

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

Via RANGELEY.

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

DEAD RIVER REGION.

The New Shaw House, Eustis, Maine, a modern hotel and open to sportsmen. No better hunting anywhere. There are about 40 rooms. Correspondence solicited.
A. B. Sargent, Eustis, Me.

RANGELEY, MAINE.

Oquossoc House. Five minutes walk from station. Rates, \$2 a day. Lester Thompson, Prop'r.
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.

Penobscot County.

BANGOR, MAINE.

Bangor House, distributing point for Moosehead Lake, Aroostook and Washington counties.
H. A. Chapman & Son, Proprietors.

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 yourself.
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 Birches. Come here for your fall hunting.
Frank H. Ball.

New Hampshire.

RANGELEY LAKES.

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

One of the Best Trout Regions.

NORTH SHAPLEIGH, April 25, 1905.

To The Editor of MAINE WOODS.

As this section does not appear to be represented in the columns of MAINE WOODS, I will try and say a few words in its behalf. It is one of the best trout regions of the grand old state of Maine. There are also numerous lakes which furnish excellent bass and also salmon fishing.

In autumn the sport with the gun is excellent.

Numerous summer hotels and farms furnish excellent facilities for the sportsman and his family.

AMBROSE THING.

Will Spend the Summer at Long Pond.

Mrs. T. W. Angell of Providence, R. I., arrived in Phillips Monday noon and drove to Long pond in the afternoon. Mrs. Angell will occupy the new log cabin which Sid Harden is building at the head of the pond and plans to spend the summer there. Her health has been much improved by her visits to Maine and the summer spent at Long pond will without doubt be very beneficial. Miss Everdene Shepard of Phillips will go to Long pond about the first of June and remain with Mrs. Angell through the season.

Southerners to Board in Readfield.

The hotels and boarding houses in the Kennebec summer resort section are rapidly booking guests for the coming season. One house in Readfield has contracted to board ten southerners from Jacksonville, Florida. They are wealthy people who are coming north to escape the torrid heat of their own state. They will come the first of June and remain until fall. Mrs. Butler of Boston is building a large addition to her hotel at Winthrop.

THE ANGLER'S ANNUAL.

Price 25 Cts.
Disclosing the haunts and habits of the popular sporting fishes, and the favorite baits, rods and tackle of the expert angler.

Edited by Charles Bradford.



MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING IN THE GAME SEASON.

BY JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE.

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

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, Maine.

A MOOSE TRAIL TO CANADA.

Mode of Escape From New York Preserves to the Freedom of the North.

I. A. Vosburg of Saranac Lake, one of the state fish and game wardens, describes a runway for moose which leads out of the North Woods into the valley of the St. Lawrence. He is of the opinion that this is the runway over which the Adirondack moose have made their escape. As proof of this he calls attention to the fact that one moose was killed and another moose was seen on the runway near the Canadian border, says the New York Sun.

The runway is described as a heavy track, wide and well traveled. It makes its appearance with unmistakable clearness in the town of Brandon, Franklin county and leads thence through the towns of Malone and Bangor and on to Westville and Fort Covington. The last point is about one mile south of the Canadian line.

According to old hunters this path was used by the native moose, who swam the St. Lawrence river on their retreat to the Canadian woods. During a period of 20 years after the disappearance of the original stock this runway was deserted. Then when moose were restored to the Adirondacks the big animals sought it out and refreshed it as it appears today.

"It was a dozen years ago," says Byron E. Cool of Horse Shoe, N. Y., "that Dr. W. Seward Webb established his 8000 acre enclosure and liberated in it 22 moose and 68 elk, making 90 head of both in his yard. When I took charge three years ago I found one moose and six cow elk left.

"What had become of the others no one seemed to know. The doctor's people had killed only three. These three had become so ugly that it was thought best to kill them.

"The seven head remained in the enclosure until the great forest fire destroyed the fence and they were driven by the flames to a small piece of green woods and after the fire they made their way to a spot where there was enough green stuff to keep them alive. The elk were killed finally by the railroad and the one lone moose, no doubt, is the one referred to as the moose with one antler who tried to make his home in the Long lake region.

"Here in Dr. Webb's park was a yard of nearly 100 acres virgin forest for each head to range upon, also men to see that they were not molested. Here where King Moose had high and low ground to feed upon he did not thrive.

"Would it not be as well for the state to spend the moose money for the welfare and protection of deer and small game as to try to reestablish these larger animals which make it dangerous in September and October for anyone to go into the woods unharmed?

"It is true that the cow elk will become docile enough to come up to the door for something to eat, to come in and help herself, but her mate is different. For instance, one old fellow in the Webb park chased the keeper's family into the house and was not content until he had torn down the piazza and left the roof of it on the ground."

Oquossoc House, Rangeley.

Mr. Lester Thompson has taken a lease of the Oquossoc House, Rangeley, and will soon be in charge. Mr. Thompson has a good location for business and we have no hesitation in recommending him most heartily and soliciting for him a fair share of patronage.



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

MAINE WOODS, Phillips Maine.