

LIVE ON RABBIT INSTEAD OF BEEF

Portland, Feb. 17, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I will appreciate the favor of having this letter published in your columns for I believe at last a way has been discovered by which the high cost of living may be reduced. In reading your recent edition I noticed where a brother sportsman stumbled a little and would have fallen as others have before such a roomy question. But as Mr. Luce was not traveling the woods that day for the purpose of "falling all over himself," as he says, he therefore solved this great problem, "The high cost of living" which thousands have been studying on. This is how the question may be solved. First we must take the law off from rabbits, hire a small army (pay them in rabbits) equipped with a gatling gun and each man a good Remington

pump gun. Now all we lack is a leader and a field for action. The cheapest way is to kill two birds with one stone when possible. Get Mr. Luce for a commander; tell him you are ready for war against the bunnies.

He will at once lead the army to the field of action which I presume will be this half mile strip of timber land, unless he has found a more favorable bunny yard. Now the battle is on. Of course any civilized person would not want to watch a decisive battle, at least not where so many of the opposite force (bunnies) are continually charging; now let's take a look at the great field of slaughter. What do we find? Well, my kind friends, there are at least 900 bunnies which would mean one ton of good solid meat fit for roasting, frying or broiling, and perhaps a few large buck deer. Now that isn't so bad after all, on such a small space of land, for you can at least reckon on ten cents a pound for your rabbit meat and what a

DISTINGUISHED MEN TO SPEAK

Will Urge Development of Maine
at Augusta Meeting.

Prominent men and women from every section of Maine will speak at the big "Develop Maine" movement meeting in Augusta City hall, Feb. 27, and endorsements of the movement have been received from every nook and corner of the Pine Tree State. Realizing that the movement is bound to develop an awakening of Maine's wonderful resources, citizens, town officials, women's clubs, trade organizations and the granges have responded splendidly to the call sent out by the committee and will send delegates to the meeting in Augusta.

Arthur A. Heald of Waterville, layman secretary of the State Y. M. C. A., has consented to act as presiding officer of the meeting, while Governor William T. Haines, and every living ex-Governor of Maine have promised to attend the meeting and deliver brief addresses.

The list of speakers for the meeting include Governor William T. Haines of Waterville; ex-Governor Frederick W. Plaisted of Augusta; ex-Governor William T. Cobb of Rockland; Hon. W. B. Skelton, Lewiston; Hon. C. S. Stetson of Greene, master of Maine State Grange; Hon. Arthur Chapin of Bangor, president of Maine State Board of Trade; Hon. Charles S. Hichborn, Augusta; Rev. George Lloyd Cook, Jay; M. B. Smith, Belfast; Mayor Elmer E. Newbert, Augusta; George S. Hobbs, Portland; Dr. Leon S. Merrill, Orono; E. P. Ricker, Poland; C. H. Babb, Augusta; Carl Milliken, Island Falls; Paul D. Sargent, Augusta; Walter Sawyer, Lewiston; W. E. Parsons, Foxcroft; Obadiah Gardner, Rockland; Hon. J. Obadiah Gardner, Rockland; Hon. J. A. Roberts, commissioner of agriculture; DeForrest H. Perkins, Portland; Roy L. Marston, Skowhegan; Charles L. Donahue, Rockland; L. G. Geary, Sanford.

The Develop Maine Movement has been endorsed by the Maine 1920 committee of the State Board of Trade, college professors, agriculturists, the clergy, business men, manufacturers, commercial travelers, fraternal societies, representatives in Congress, town and city officials. Women from every section will be welcomed at the meeting and the committee has sent invitations to the Federation of Women's Clubs to send delegates to Augusta, Feb. 27. This movement to forward the interest of Maine will have, I need hardly assure you, my heartiest cooperation," says State Superintendent of Schools Payson Smith. "I have been endeavoring in every way to make the school system of our State a more active factor in directing the education of our young people to the opportunities that await them here. An organized movement such as is proposed cannot fail to be beneficial to all the interests of Maine."

about their skins. Rabbit skins are easily worth one dollar per hundred meaning another nine dollar profit. But the best is yet to come for the beef trust must die; the farmers in the future can shoot rabbits for a living instead of milking Jersey cows and the high cost of living must drop. And to think that a native from the northern part of Maine was the cause of it all. Isn't it glorious.

Yours truly,
O. L. Ross.

BUTTERFLIES

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Leon S. Merrill.
"It seems to me that such a movement has been needed for a long time," said Leon S. Merrill of the University of Maine, "and is bound to be a very constructive agent for the promotion of Maine and Maine interests."

"It should—and I believe will—conserve the efforts of the various organizations now working for the development of our State; hence, it will bring about a co-ordination of effort which will strengthen the weak places in our plans of attack, and eliminate the tremendous wastes that are bound to occur through individual work. I am most certainly in sympathy with the movement and will give it hearty support."

WINS TITLE OF STATE'S BEST WOMAN NIMROD.

Biddeford, Feb. 14.—Mrs. Annie Bond Cole, wife of Frank Cole, prominent member of Biddeford's Board of Education, a charter member of the Thursday Club, member of the Daughters of Ruth, connected with the First Universalist Church, a past matron of Ada Chapter, O. E. S., and active in social circles of the city, can also claim the distinction of being one of the best shots in the State, having returned from more than one hunting trip high score because of the trophies she has brought back taken by her own hand.

As a girl Mrs. Cole was very fond of nature, but she was only a "slip of a lass," not over strong, when she married Mr. Cole. He, too, loved nature and was often in the woods, gunning or fishing when there was a trout stream about.

In all of his wood expeditions he began to take his wife with him and she soon became strong and athletic. Her husband taught her how to handle a rifle and she became such an expert that one of the manufacturers of Massachusetts presented her with a rifle that she carries in all her gunning expeditions.

Shortly after marriage the Coles purchased a cottage at Biddeford Pool, on the south shore, overlooking the ocean. She soon learned to handle a boat like any child of the sea, and the members of the Fletcher's Neck life saving station and the Pool fishermen have given more than one game supper in her honor.

Mrs. Cole is also a lover of horses and drives a colt that has won many a race, and that has a home in the Cole stables. She enjoys nothing better than a brush over the river course in the winter or over the snow, and is one of the most fearless when engaged in this winter sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole have one daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Tufts of Revere, Mass.—Boston Post.

MANY ACCIDENTS FROM COAST- ING.

The Calais Times says: "Although hunting in the Maine woods has hitherto been classed as the most fatal of sports hereabouts, the bloody record of shooting accidents may be given a close rub for supremacy by the death list of children injured while coasting, if the record of the past week in this state is continued and the sliding holds good until the end of March. One boy has died, another is dying and numerous other boys and girls are pursuing broken limbs and being treated for internal injuries, due to mishaps to double runners upon which they were descending ice clad hillsides at express train speed. Never before have so many accidents of a similar nature been reported in Maine within such a short time."

MR. MARBLE RETURNS TO BROOKLINE.

The Rumford Falls Times says that Mr. J. B. Marble, who has been stopping with his son Will Marble in Dixfield for several weeks has returned to his home in Brookline, Mass.

A NEAR TRAGEDY IN THE MAINE WOODS

Portland, Me., Feb. 17, 1914.

To the Publisher of Maine Woods:

Reading your very interesting paper this afternoon, reminds me of a very pleasant hunting trip up north into the big woods last fall, which resulted in a very remarkable "near tragedy."

There were five of us in the party and a part of the time six, but the sixth one, Doc, who was very lively and decidedly interesting, not only to us, but the whole train, we deposited in the signal tower at South Ledge, much to our loss and regret. That left the original five consisting of Tom, Ike, Bob, Johnnie and yours truly.

We left precious Portland at 11 p. m. arriving at Houlton about 6.30 a. m. After a very good breakfast at the Snell House we looked the town over but concluded we would not try it, and so continued on up the Ashland branch of the Bangor & Aroostook to Marsardis. There we disembarked, loaded our "cow" on the rear of the buckboard and started on a 10-mile ride over a fairly good road (at most seasons of the year) to Billy Soule's camp at Ox Bow, arriving there in time for a most enjoyable supper, and being royally welcomed by the only Billy Soule and his most charming wife, who made us at home at once in their fine, comfortable camp. Everything fine, beds, grub, scenery, etc.

The next morning we crossed the Aroostook river and wended our way for eight miles through the Maine wilderness to Otter Brook Camp, near Otter Brook. On the way we saw quite a lot of game signs and some deer and partridges; also some moose and bear signs.

We landed at the camp about 4 p. m. and being tenderfeet were somewhat tired and hungry, but after a good venison supper, (fine hot coffee and biscuit, such as only mother made, and potatoes, peaches and cream, say, but we do live great down in the woods, and the "cow" we brought her all the way in; say the cream was most delicious) and a good sleep we were ready to tackle anything from a mouse to a mountain lion.

This was Monday morning. On counting up the next Friday night we found we had 10 fine deer and about 25 partridges, besides some other small game. Some of the boys thought they would stay over until the next week, and secure some more partridges and possibly a moose or two, and perhaps a bear, as moose and bear signs were quite plentiful (and the "cow" being still in good condition). As I had urgent business calling me back to Portland, I decided to leave at once, having shot all the deer the law allowed, one buck and one doe, both fine specimens, so had the buckboard come in for me.

Now here is where the near tragedy comes in. It was early in the morning when I got aboard the buckboard ready to start with my game and duffle. Just then I heard a rustle and crash in the bushes at the side of the camp and out rushed Bob with a big black bear after him. Up over a hardwood ridge they raced, with the bear apparently gaining at every jump. Say it was a beautiful race through that open beech growth, except for the danger. That destroyed all the pleasure being a spectator. But say, you could have played a nice game of draw on Bob's coattails, they were laid out that flat. Tom grabbed an ax, and Ike grabbed the carving knife from the table. One went one way around the ridge and the other went in the opposite direction to head off the bear. Johnnie was busy making one of his most delicious concoctions called a "Pot helion," or something like that. Just

(Continued on page 5.)



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THINKS HE IS A SQUIRREL;
TRIES TO ACT LIKE ONE.

Imagining that he was a squirrel, James Ryan, a hobo, in Sacramento, climbed on top of houses, "shinned" up trees and slid down water pipes of various residences on the M street road in the early morning and had the neighbors in an uproar. Ryan was first discovered on the roof of the home of Peter Zinnig, in Schley avenue, near Wolf, and was driven from his perch by a junior member of the family armed with a shotgun.

He slid down a water pipe and raced across country for two blocks, where he climbed to the roof of a bungalow. A phone call was sent to the police from the Zinnig residence and patrolmen responded. When the officers located their quarry on the roof of the bungalow he was doing a tango, and when told to descend, promptly started disrobing.

Patrolman Brown climbed to the roof of the house and ordered Ryan to don his clothing, which the latter did with much reluctance. When searched at the city jail the pockets of the "human squirrel," as he was termed by Patrolman Vogel, contained several oranges and a quantity of nuts.

Ryan informed the officers that he was a fruitpicker and had gathered the oranges from trees along the M street road. He is being held pending an investigation as to his sanity.

AUGUSTA HOTEL COMPANY
ELECT OFFICERS.

The Augusta Hotel Co., met Monday of last week at the Augusta house and elected the following officers: President, Charles H. Hichborn; secretary, Charles L. Andrews; treasurer, A. W. Brooks. Directors were elected as follows: M. S. Holway, L. C. Cornish, Ira H. Randall, Percy V. Hill, Guy P. Gannett, Byron Boyd, A. P. Parrot, Charles F. Flynt, H. E. Bowditch, E. C. Dudley, F. G. Kinsman, Norman L. Bassett, John E. Liggett, George E. Macomber, Nathan Weston, F. S. Lyman, Samuel Titcomb, A. W. Whitney and W. H. Reed.

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ESSAY ON NIGHT

(By Robert Page Lincoln)

More and more as I carefully and painstakingly wander over the road of Life, with Nature at my side, I yield, and still yield, to the approachable susceptibilities of Night. My days, spent close to the mother earth, in homage, have been in many numbers; and daylight has been the parent of my better dreams, and my better realizations. But suddenly in the midst of all has come the call of the stars, the moon, and the night of dark around me. What hand but the soothing hand of the stillest night can calm us, with truth, and with rest, of spirit revived, and mind refreshed. What indulgence, of Time and Space, better than the worship along still, moon-bathed, tranquilized roads, measuring ourselves in the mirror of Eternity with the magnifying eyes of the soul. What night, and stars, and dusk eloquent, illimitable and benignant—what voids, what chasms spanned by one glance—what pools of forgetfulness are we lost in—what slumber and knowledge are we not part and parcel of, wandering where the feet will take one, along night-highways, his heart lifted to the steel-blue arch above in ardent communion. In the evening of my strange spirit, my soul is ever out in the stillnesses of Night. No four walls, and man-made roof, can keep my thought, Nature's thought, confined in such prison-like structures. I must have the first hand knowledge. I must ever be conjecturing, and determining, in some perpetual delight, the immensity of the world I walk upon, or rather would I not think at all, or cease to think. My veneration, the fierceness of my adoration, knowing no bounds, realizing no limits, shall have Night for its confessional. That same boundlessness of sky territory—that same subliminal magnificence of star and moon, they shall be the book I read out of—they shall be the superstructures under which I bring my mite, ere I fade into the great scheme which Nature has set before us for consideration. For there can be no grander spectacle, witnessable, than the dusk of night, and those luminaries, set like burning sapphires in that majestic veil of blue. O Night! O Stars! O Peace! Clothed in the mantle of worship I wander along the High Promontories of Life, hushed by an exquisite pain or exalted by night winds, and the spirit of rest that wings downward out of the eternal. I love night for the goodness night brings to me. The daylight hours have their sense of appropriateness, and night, clothing the world in a mellow gloom has its mysteries, and its enchantment, cooling to the brain, which so readily absorbs that universal, motionless splendour, and rests after its day of toil in the deep well of dreams. Night speaks in my ear some language understandable only by the inmost soul. In the hush of things around us, we are filled with reverence and reverie. It may be that our deepest sorrows, the thought over sorrows, assault our remembrance, in the daylight hours, but never shall it be said that night was parent to regret, and blind passion. To look into the heavens of night is to look for comfort. The inexhaustible beauty of the firmament, with its fiery orbs above us, the watch-fires of Time, the breath of the breezes, the sound of chirring insects, all these, and a thousand others lend utter calmness to us, welcoming to the sub-conscious mind the cool power of the proper reasoning. The paths we have walked by day, we shall find changed in another path, to another kindom of comprehension, by night. In silvery light, and moonbeam, we know the inarticulate wonder of it all.

Give me the vast and unblemished auditoriums of Night, and the illimitable starry heavens, for my supreme divertisement. I would shape under that inimitable canopy revelations of immortality, guided by Nature's intense concentration, some voice, some color, some music, some spirituelle manifestation, far from civilization's stereotyped nonentities, and I would live long years in the shadow of my achievements. I neither cry for prominence or Fame. I am content to know that in, as I

walk the open highways, drink of the winds across the fields, listen to the waterfalls at their ceaseless whisper-sounding, just so do I gain comfort to broaden, to live, to cherish, deeper than any man has ever cherished, the divine influences of Nature, dear mother of my deeper comprehension. In Nature's fair commonwealth of eternal brotherhood—the same union of flowers, and leaves, skies and earth, the same fervor of wind and sunshine—I lift my standard of hope, and faith. And in summer nights, and winter nights, view of those fiery constellations, I weave the fabric of my life's mission, certain that my accomplishments are pure, for fury's sake, that no harm lies in my deeds, no more than in Nature's deeds—the day, the night, is sufficient, with God ruling supreme in the wonderlands of Time and Space!

Night is the restorative par excellence. In the deep of a summer night, leaving my study, and the tasks of mental labor that hem me around, I wander out, for star blessings and moonshine, hopefully silencing the gardens of my thought. To lie then on a soft hillside outstretched, hands under my head, with eyes lifted aloof, I listen to the narratives of silence and murmur, and I see those shapes of pure thought and faithfulness that have been to me better than anything else upon earth. I am then communicated beyond terrestrial limits, part of a scheme, complete, magnanimous. I realize that the great materialistic discoveries alone will not suffice; that man is built upon a plane of worship, somehow, somewhere, in some aspect, some respect. In our outward reach for the unattainable, we ascertain a great degree of contentment. Lacking imagination, we are slaves of skeleton things; with imagination the eager mind is replenished; fulfillment looks upon us, and we live the true life, deeper, and with more of a surety, more of a good will. What matters it what Jupiter and Saturn contain. What if they held a race of superior beings. What if these globes, were marvelous beyond our most opulent inclination of thought. Would we be richer. What knowledge, what immensity of research, what great scientific improvement, or enlargement of vision, can completely fulfill that insatiable craving for the something we blindly reach for, so helplessly in the bounds of the knowledge we never may enter—or are we molded for one life, one day of sunshine, enacted upon one stage, upon which in the final hour a black curtain shall drop to shut us out!

Night is the restorative par excellence. Worry falls from me. The coolness and dew of night encircles me. I breathe, I reverie, silently, unmistakably enraptured, overwhelmed by that immense spirit of content that I staring-eyed search for—and that lost chord shattered in the dominion of my being. It is then my fingers steal along the vibrant strings of memory, touching them in pure delight, and yet lost, lost, caught up, beyond, away, above, silently, reverently, unknown, unapprehended. The skies above, as ever unchanged—the moon is in cloudy majesty rising in the seas of space, the blue-black blanket of murk swathing the whole scene in its unfathomable mystery of mysteries—while night prowlers roam abroad, and every covert breathes of some unmistakable life in movement!

Whether in mild, and fair weather, or in cold, and rigid weather the night is always welcome to some wonderment, and some adoration. The clearest night I do not doubt exemplifies our most clear thought, and transmits to our consciousness some superiority of mind-fathoming, opens to us some revelation. In the light of such stupendities our own littleness repulses us, for who can stand bare-headed, under the stars of night, without gaining an added impulse to go through life, alert, happy, and thankful, new and newer duties to administer, and many another soul to cheer onward, given over to the attainment of a greater purpose. At night the highways are never so broad, and so free. Never was there such an impulse as then to test the muscles in relaxation, lett-

ing the lungs drink in the winds that stray across the wild fields. Neighboring surroundings are then changed all in all. What seems uninteresting by day, suddenly takes on another form, and appears then in beauty, and in unity, qualifications ruled over by that silence of silence. I find no night disinteresting. Some loftiness of appeal forever catches the vision of my mind, in those most tranquil of all hours, and bathed in moonlight the world seems to have undergone some instantaneous evolution, wherein peace finds its destiny. Night necessarily tokens rest. In the scheme of things, Nature, as always, in every particular, breathes perfection. By day we toil, and we are awake and alert; even so the sun shines down upon us to guide us in our daily routine. Gradually toward the end of day, we crave for rest, and our ambitions of the day slowly falter. Even so the sun falters in its path, nightward, and sinks to rest, from our eyes, at least, into the welcoming folds of night, yet with the self-same disappearance bringing down to other lands. What scheme of things could be more profound, and impressive, so vitally suggestive of magnitudes quite beyond our own feeble comprehension.

Those heavenly bodies of the night, those silvery fired infinities, the stars, we view with searching eyes, and all we know is the little we see, or what Imagination tells us might be so. Whirling through space at an inconceivable velocity—and yet, as we look, they seem perfectly stationary. What an extraordinary distance indeed must separate us from those bodies that they seem not to move at all. Indeed, the stupendity of the universe, must control, and act upon, our every impulse.

I never knew any star that did not read me a lesson of peace. That same overwhelming, broadening influence; that same depth, that same fervor, that same outstretching toward the knowledge we better learn by clean thought, and purpose, righteously executed. Walk the highways of night for the true philosophy of Life. Hour for hour, let your thoughts stray, at will, and ease, and let your body answer to the wandering impulse of the feet. Through bosky dell, and over wet fields, saturated with dew; among trees, and over hushed roads—stray ardent soul, and you will learn why Life is more than a mechanical adjustment, more than the threadbare thing of live, and die—for every step shall be a breath of that ever-constant immortality that needs but condescending culture to prove its truth. Or, in winter, with a full moon glowing golden above, among the trees, over the tasselled snow, a billion billion pin-points of fire rising from the wild crust, the frozen crystals catching the powerful light throw down upon it. Whether in June dusk, or January midnights, the same whisperless communications enthrall us. I wonder not that the Voice of Silence is the most prophetic. I firmly believe that the sound of Silence is the distant echo in God's Great Soul!

RUSH RAZEE

"He invents the most difficult shot possible to imagine, then takes all the chances in the world—and he invariably 'makes good.'" Thus does a prominent sporting writer explain the success as a trick shot that has come to Rush Razez of Curtis, Nebraska.

Throwing up five clay targets himself and breaking them all with a pump gun before they strike the ground, hitting small objects in the air with rifle or revolver and accomplishing most elaborate shots by mirror sighting are among the achievements that have earned for Razez the title of World's Champion Fancy Shooter. The average shooter might with practice make some of Razez's shots, but when he delved into the card-splitting and mirror-sighting field and tried shots with the sights covered with cardboard the almost uncanniness of Razez's work would be realized.

Not only does good marksmanship enter into fancy shooting but skill and quickness in gun handling are essentials as well. A doubly trained eye is required in the obscured-sight shots; one of these consists in taking a small rectangular section of cardboard and placing it at the

end of the barrel of a .22 calibre repeating rifle so that it cuts off the vision of the sighting eye and then hitting small marbles, washers or targets thrown in the air. Not only is he able to hit one but makes doubles on these diminutive objects.

Razez, who has been shooting for several years, is at home with almost any size or kind of pistol, revolver, shotgun or rifle. One of his double-target shots is made with 44 calibre revolvers; placing two targets about 25 feet away and 20 feet apart, he hits them both at the same time, holding both guns upside down. Difficulty is added to this double-shot work by sighting one of the guns by means of a mirror, the other remaining inverted. The difficulty and awkwardness of attempting to do such feats by use of a mirror may be demonstrated to anyone who will stand before a looking glass and attempt to touch a certain button on his vest or a certain spot on his clothing, guiding his hand solely by his image as seen in the mirror.

What Razez states is the most difficult mirror shot is sighting two



revolvers by one mirror, one gun upside down, and hitting two targets at the same time. Mirrors, also, are used in doubles and triples; in the latter shot one mirror is under his cap vizor, the second is held in his hand and the third is fixed in position back of the hammer.

Using rifles and other shoulder-positioned weapons upside down is in the kindergarten of shooting with him, although the sights are not in use at all, and other work calling for real skill is seen when he throws up five clay targets himself—an act which permits no pause—and breaks them all with a pump gun before they touch the earth. From the same weapon—Razez uses Remington guns and ammunition of the same make in all of his feats—he is able to eject two shells and then shoot both of them before they fall.

The average shooter knows what it means to be able to stand and take careful aim and he therefore is able to appreciate the expertness of Razez, who balances a .22 rifle on a finger of his right hand, throws a ball into the air, turns the gun over, catches it and breaks the ball. Ejecting a shell from an autoloading shotgun, letting it reload and hitting the ejected shell in the air is another of these seemingly impossibilities. Throwing up two targets, exchanging guns to break them both and shifting his gun from one shoulder to the other to hit two flying targets are other evidences of the Nebraskan's skill.

Razez has been known to shoot four cigarettes from between a man's fingers and knock the ashes from the end of a cigar in his human target's mouth; while this feat seemingly would require nerve on the part of the smoker those who know Razez evince no hesitation in playing William Tell's son for him.

HOLMAN DAY'S NEW PLAY

Holman F. Day's new play, "Along Came Ruth" was given a splendid reception at Waterbury, Conn., recently.

The play is an adaptation of "La Damselle de Mogasin," and Mr. Day has transferred the characters and scenes to New England, whose people he has already immortalized in prose and verse.

IT Pays to Advertise in Maine Woods. Low Advertising Rates.

A VISIT WITH PHILANDER, THE HERMIT

(Written for Maine Woods)

Scranton, Pa.

"Some folks think wimmin are a blessing anywhere you put 'em, but I vow if I don't think they are a nuisance aboard ship. I've had a good deal of experience with a seafarin' life, and of all the wearin' things to a man's soul it is a woman aryin' to boss a ship's crew."

Philander Wilson took a long puff at his corn cob pipe, tipped back in his chair against the wall, and gazed meditatively at the ceiling. The eyes of his guests, a young man and woman, followed in the same direction and fell with something of a shock upon a group of cigarette pictures nailed to the boards in artistic fashion. The old man's mind was wandering back to the days of his life on the sea,—the kitchen of his rude hut in the woods was taking on the semblance of the good ship's deck and once more he was a young man "keeping the anchor watch" on board the Dolphin.

"I shipped with a skipper many years ago whose wife was going on the voyage. That woman wore us all down to planks she was so eternally set on passin' out her opinion as to how things ought to be done. At the startin' out she got us pretty fied by sayin' she couldn't imagine what sailors could find to do all the time. When we scrubbed the decks with hickory brooms and sand she thought we made too much noise, and said we ought to use soap and fresh water and get down on our knees with cloths. She was very much put out because we did not rest from our labours on the Sabbath Day, and she certainly carried around with her all day,—Sundays, I mean, a saintly expression that made up for the rest of us being laggards. The way she acted the other six days, however, was far from 'saintly' in our opinions. Her disposition was always bad when the ship rode quiet because then she could manage to keep on deck. At times when the ship was rolling lively she would keep to her cabin and we'd get a little peace. It went on just so every day, she interferin' with everything fore and aft, but when we got to the end of the voyage her old man shipped her back home on another vessel. He'd stood it better than some men would but he seemed mighty relieved to be free of her fault finding. They're dreadful nice, wimmin is, where they belong but in my opinion that ain't aboard ship."

With a sailor's yarn even at his tongue's end, the old mariner was always interesting and good company. He seldom had visitors although he enjoyed them greatly. His

life had been full of experiences yet now he lived as a hermit, deep in the woods, alone with his cats and his thoughts. Getting slowly up from his chair he offered to show his visitors the odd little house which he called home.

The hut stood on the edge of a pond, far from any neighbors or buildings of its kind. It contained four tiny rooms, separated by partitions roughly made. The entrance was a door at the front opening into a shed which was completely filled with handy articles, tools, and various implements. Out of this shed, Philander led the way to his kitchen, explaining to his visitors that this was a sacred place at times, especially evenings when he allowed himself to think of days gone by, and loved ones he had lost.

"Here," said he, "I sometimes sit and wonder that I haven't died of grief. All in one short year, my wife, son and daughter were taken from me, but I try not to get too down-hearted, and by livin' close to nature I get some comfort for the past. Here's where I cook my meals," he added, "everything handy. Use 'ter have a hole in the ground for a cook stove but times got better and I have got the real thing now."

"Do you know what this here thing is?" He said to the young lady. The lady blushed slightly, and replied, "why it looks like a clothes stick."

"I guess you're right. That's what it is and I'm going to give it to you to remember this visit by. You'll need it before long, I judge," giving a look to the gentleman that seemed to advise haste in certain matters.

"Now you've seen about all there is to see," he finished, "my bunk-in-out place bein' up there," pointing up under the eaves, "sort of general storehouse and cabin all in one. Hope you will come again sometime," he said, as his new friends departed with expressions of interest in himself and their visit.

With his beloved tabby settled in his arms, he sits down outside the door and watches the carriage and its occupants disappear up the road.

"Pshaw, Tabithy, hain't I ever goin' to get through dreamin'?" addressing the aforesaid pussy. Tabithy purred loudly, and snuggled closer to her master in loving appreciation of their close comradeship. A bird twittering in the trees near by, a sprig of golden rod, the quiet sunshine on the leaves and grass quickened into activity a thousand thoughts in the old man's mind. Out of the past a sweet voice called in gentle, soothing accents,—"Come, Phil."

"The shadows of the last mountains I shall ever climb," answered the old man, "are falling fast around me. There's nothing left of me now, but an old battered hulk, floating towards an unknown shore."

"Tabithy," he murmurs, but she does not move. She is fast asleep, with her head nestled down in her paws. Philander nods approvingly, and with the soft sunlight resting upon his white hair, he too soon drops off into dreamland.

Eva M. Brickett.

MYLES STANDISH RANGE IS BUSY.

The fact that indoor shooting, both rifle and pistol, is booming throughout the country is shown by the amount that is being done in Portland this winter. The fraternal league, the High schools and the Myles Standish Rifle club are the chief promoters of the national indoor sport in this vicinity.

One night last week the new range of the Myles Standish club was worked to the limit from early evening until after "taps," there being not a lull in the firing. These weekly shoots are becoming more and more interesting and new members are rapidly developing into good shots. Owing to the fact that the club was unable to get into its new quarters on Cross street until after the National Rifle association and the United States Revolver association had started their matches for the season, the Myles Standish outfit is not shooting in the national

matches and is unable to show the skill of its members in comparison with the other clubs of the country, but will have to rest on its laurels of previous years.

In the scheme of developing new shots the club is running a series of re-entry matches, open to all members, and in addition special weekly matches are shot each Saturday evening among the members and their guests the prizes for the latter matches usually consisting of some form of shooting accessory. To encourage the new members and enable them to see their own improvement qualification medals are given for ten targets having a score of 70 or better, ten having 80 or better and ten having 90 or better. These targets need not be shot consecutively. For the rifle qualification medals scores of 43, 45 and 47 are required on ten targets. Bronze, silver and gold medals are the awards. To add to the pleasure of the weekly shoots a Dutch lunch is served.

At present the standing in the re-entry matches is subject to much change, but in the rifle match the old club expert R. H. Crosby, seems to have a lead in the rifle contest and Lieutenant Frazier with the pistol.

ROAD BUILDERS IN BANGOR IN APRIL.

By invitation of the convention committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the first state meeting of road commissioners will be held in Bangor on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7 and 8 in City Hall. It is expected that the attendance will be over 1000.

The program for the meeting has not yet been announced but it is planned to make it of exceptional interest, the idea being to make it of value to all county, city and town officials under whose direction road work is carried on. The dates are set to follow town-meeting days so that the newly elected officials will be in attendance. One of the features of the program will be the lecture by United States government experts who will illustrate their addresses with moving pictures and stereopticon views. At all the big road conventions the moving pictures have been a leading feature in illustrating construction.

In connection with the convention there will be exhibits of road-building machinery and appliances of interest to road-makers.

The program for the convention is in charge of Paul D. Sargent, engineer for the state highway commission. Because of his former association with the federal road-building bureau and his familiarity with the proceedings he is particularly well equipped for arranging a program of interest and value.

OUTLOOK FOR SHOOTING

When you speak of shooting in Maine, it is taken to mean the hunt for big game—the getting of moose, deer and wild bears. Among true sportsmen, however, shooting means the aiming at and the hitting of targets, such as engross the attention of rifle-clubs at Greedmore, Frogmoor and journeying across continents and oceans for trophies, ribbons and silver cups.

Of late Colonel Hughes of the Canadian riflemen has made some plain talk about the comparative rifle marksmanship of English, Canadian and American rifles and those who use them.

Colonel Hughes vigorously contends that he prefers the American system of rifle-shooting to the regular system of English rifle shooting marksmen employ the nitro-powders, but English riflemen use the open or "fold down" sights, the raised-and-lower. Of these two ways of shooting at marks, Colonel Hughes contends the Canadian and American are far better than England's.

He goes so far as to state with emphasis that if England compels the Canadian shooters to use the open-sight rifle in competition with Great Britain, he, Colonel Hughes, will withdraw from all competition with England, as he had much sooner resign than be compelled to use such rifles as the British troops employed when George III was king.

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give real and complete satisfaction, but their cost is within the reach of all. Barton Lewis won the U. S. Amateur Championship at Dayton, O., June 17, 1913, scoring 195 out of 200 with Peters "Target"—medium priced shell for Bulk Smokeless. Chas. A. Young won the Professional Championship of the United States, scoring 197 out of 200 with Peters "High Gun"—medium priced Shell for Dense Smokeless.

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America now leads all modern civilization. Not only in rifle practice but in ship gunnery, the American troops and the American ship-gunners lead the world.

The above is roundly affirmed by the unequivocal Colonel Hughes, who has taken an oath to support His Majesty, King George V., and the flag of Great Britain.

It is good to be thus praised by our neighbors.—Bangor News.

HERE AND THERE.

A Bath man fishing with minnows for pickerel at Nequasset the other day caught one fish, which, when opened for cleaning, released two of the little bait fish which were apparently none the worse for their imitation of Jonah's experience. The minnows from the inside of the pickerel were taken home and placed in a jar of water, about which they are still swimming as happily as if they had never been eaten.

A Bath boy went over to Alna trouting and while there he gathered a lot of fresh water clams which he dug on the banks of a stream, says the Times. In the belly of one of the clams he had the luck to find a large and almost perfectly rounded pearl. He brought the pearl home to Bath and sold it for \$20. The lucky trout fisherman was Frank Edgcomb.

Augusta fishermen have been out in full force for the enjoyment of ice fishing, and so far as has been reported some good catches were made. One party composed of Fred Hill, Charles Crowell, Morris Appleton, Lyle Brown and Frank Murphy went up to Spectacle pond, on the

Vassalboro line, and caught a string of 15 pickerel, and another good catch was reported by David Diplock and Will McGraw, who went out to Long pond, Somerville. An unofficial report is that Mr. McGraw landed a salmon that weighed four and one-half pounds. Fishermen who are familiar with Long pond say that there are some big salmon in the pond but it is very seldom that they are caught through the ice.

OPEN WAR WAGED BY THE GILL NETTERS.

Not for a long time has such excitement been created in fishing circles as now exists owing to the open war being waged by the gill netters and beam trawlers along the coasts of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Angered by the action of the gill netters in invading the grounds which have until recently been fished exclusively by the trawlers the latter, it is claimed, have taken summary means to drive the netters off or back in shore, nets of the former having been under-run and despoiled of catch and their buoys also cut away, the loss of some of the fishing vessels having been very severe. Heavy rewards are offered for evidence to convict and further trouble is feared.

F. E. BOOTHBY HONORED AT WASHINGTON.

Colonel F. E. Boothby of Portland attended the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington, February 13. He was elected one of the directors to serve for two years.

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, December 15th, 1913.

STRONG

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington, at 6.23 A. M. and 1.37 P. M.; for Phillips at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M. and for Rangeley at 6.47 P. M. and for Kingfield and Bigelow at 6.50 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Strong from Farmington at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; from Phillips at 6.23 A. M.; and from Rangeley and Phillips at 1.37 P. M.; and Bigelow and Kingfield at 1.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.; and for Kingfield at 5.50 P. M. MIXED TRAINS arrive at Strong from Phillips at 8.45 A. M.; from Kingfield at 2.10 P. M. and from Farmington at 11.45 A. M.

PHILLIPS

PASSENGER TRAIN leave Phillips for Farmington, at 6.00 A. M. and 1.15 P. M.; for Rangeley at 6.15 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 12.53 P. M. and 6.10 P. M.; from Rangeley at 12.20 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leave Phillips for Farmington at 7.30 A. M. and for Rangeley at 7.40 A. M. MIXED TRAIN arrive at Phillips from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. and from Rangeley at 3.00 P. M.

RANGELEY

PASSENGER TRAIN leave Rangeley for Farmington at 10.40 A. M.; and arrives from Farmington at 8.00 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives from Phillips at 10.15 A. M.; and leaves for Phillips at 10.55 A. M.

SALEM

PASSENGER TRAIN leave for Strong and Farmington at 12.50 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 2.28 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leave Salem for Strong and Farmington at 1.15 P. M.; and arrives from Strong at 6.25 P. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAIN leave Kingfield for Farmington at 12.40 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 2.50 P. M.; and from Bigelow at 4.50 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leave Kingfield for Bigelow at 7.45 A. M. and for Strong at 12.35 P. M. MIXED TRAIN arrive from Bigelow at 11.30 A. M. and from Strong at 6.50 P. M.

BIGELOW

MIXED TRAIN leave Bigelow for Strong and Farmington at 10.00 A. M.; and arrives from Kingfield at 9.15 A. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives from Farmington and Strong at 3.43 P. M.; and leaves for Kingfield at 4.00 P. M.

F. N. BEAL, G. P. A.

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75 cents extra.

Entered as second class matter, January 21,
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the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Maine Woods thoroughly covers the entire
state of Maine as to Hunting, Trapping, Camp-
ing and Outing news, and the Franklin county
locally.

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.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1914

This Issue Is 5095 Copies.

The Hallowell Register printing
plant has been purchased by Walter
Flagg of Hallowell and Jessie L.
Lewis of Augusta, both of whom
have for a long time been employed
by the Nash Publishing Co., at Au-
gusta. While at first only job
printing will be done, the proprie-
tors plan by another fall to com-
mence the publication of a weekly
paper.

At the annual meeting of the
directors of the Augusta hospital
the directors' report shows that 721
persons were admitted during the
year as patients, an increase of 33
over the preceding year. Of these
401 were surgical cases, 139 medical
and 181 eye, ear, nose and throat.
Average number 30; average number
any one month 36. Number of
deaths 36 or a little under five per
cent. The report also shows that
a large measure of charitable work
was done during the year. The num-
ber of nurses graduated during the
year was seven.

WHY DISCRIMINATE?

Let a few folks get smashed up on a
toboggan slide, run down by automo-
biles or drowned while skating in the
course of a week, and then note how
calmly every one save those immedi-
ately concerned take it.

Then let any one be injured, however
slightly, with firearms, and listen to
the yowl against these "deadly and
dangerous" weapons.

A little common sense investigation
will show that firearms run a poor last
in the list of sporting appliances caus-
ing fatalities, but come in for more
hysterical denunciation than all the
rest put together.

It is manly and commendable to be
cautious and conservative in the use of
firearms, but what's the use of trying
to say what it is to be gun shy?—C. L.
Gilman in Minneapolis News.

WOLDD'S RIFLE RECORD FOR NEW ZEALAND.

American riflemen have long been in-
terested in the splendid work being
conducted in the small bore rifle clubs
of Australasia. One of the most re-
markable achievements in these clubs
lately to be recorded is the world's re-
cord made by J. B. Clarkson's team of
young men at Wellington, New Zea-
land.

This youthful band, in an attempt to
lower the 8-man team record, made a
score of 399 out of a possible 400 points.
The shooting was done with Remington
UMC ammunition on a 3 4 inch bull's-
eye at 25 yards, and was conducted un-
der the auspices of the Wellington
Miniature and Morris Tube Rifle Asso-
ciations. The conditions were ten shots
for each of the eight men on a side,
with an optional sighting shot. As the
score indicates, only one of the eight
men dropped a point.

Other New Zealand teams are now
attempting to equal this record, which
had not previously been approached by
nearer than five points.

Shooting in the Inter-Collegiate
Matches, the Michigan Agricultural
College equalled the college record of
998 out of 1,000. M. R. Freeman,
of the Michigan Team, tied the indi-
vidual record with a perfect score
of 200.

FEED THE BIRDS IN WINTER

When deep snow covers the ground
and the mercury runs low, the strug-
gle for existence with all wild creat-
ures becomes acute. Indeed, with
some it must be crucial. In many
cases the question, "To be or not
to be," is answered by the food
supply.

The squirrels either hibernate or
live on such stores as they have
made during the season of plenty,
or when the snow and crust becomes
too deep, and some are forced to
long wanderings, and hard toils hard-
ly exceeded by those of Ulysses. A
few refuse apples or an ear of corn
or even waste from the table left
near the stone wall or pasture
fence may appease their hunger un-
til nature provides them other means
of support.

But the birds, the restless creat-
ures of the woods, must have their
meals daily, and having a particu-
larly high temperature and rapid

bunting, stray flocks of redpolls and
goldfinches, the chance Juncos and
even if barley, wheat or canary seed
be added, pine grosbeaks may be ex-
pected to take regular or occasional
meals. The corn will supply the
jays.

A tray shelf, with rim an inch or
two high, fastened in some tree
near the window, provided with the
same rations, will be visited and es-
pecially appreciated by the jays.

Even though no birds are seen,
remember that nature has given them
a wandering disposition, which at
once keeps their blood in circulation
and brings them, sooner or later,
to every bare spot.

In their wanderings their sharp
and experienced eyes are searching
for every dark break in the mono-
tonous white blanket, every spot
where the elbows of gullies and hills
make their appearance through the
snow, and each dark spot is examin-
ed for the seed or injudicious insect
that may there be basking in the

lighted and found a bear's den. They
shot the old bear, dragged her out,
and then discovered that there were
small cubs, but could not tell how
many. One of the boys had always
had a great desire to capture a
bear cub alive. They consulted, but
did not think they had anything stout
enough to hold the cubs. After
looking around they thought of three
coils of picture wire they had with
them. They made a snare of some
of the wire and, fastening it to a
pole, managed to get it over the
rear foot of one of the cubs, which
they succeeded in dragging out of
the den. But their troubles had
only just begun, for when they drag-
ged the cub they had snared out of
the den, two more started to come
out. Allison was anxious to cap-
ture the cubs alive.

"I'll grab the first one that comes
near enough me to reach," he yelled
to his brother.

He did not have to wait long be-
fore he had his hands full. As he

Irving's fist to subdue the little
fellow, which was not wholly done
until the body of the old bear had
been pushed back into the den.

Then came the job of tying the
cubs securely. By tearing up their
knapsacks, and making a cable by
twisting three strands of the cord
together, the task was accomplished.
As the brothers were four or five
miles from home and had no team
they made a conveyance out of two
spruce limbs such as was used by
the Indians and securely tied the
cubs onto this and started for home.
Only a few bruises were received
in their tussle with the two little
bears.

The only harm done was to the
stocks of the rifles which the bears
caught hold of when being handled
after they were taken out of the
den. They were badly clawed up.
The cubs will weigh about 40 pounds
each; and can be seen at Irving
Worcester's where they have been
visited by a number of people.—
Portland Press.

MY FIRST BEAR

J. F. Porter of Meagher County,
Montana, gives the following story in
Fur News Magazine:

I started out in the afternoon,
thinking as that was the first day
of the hunting season I would try
my luck on a deer. So I saddled
up the little brown mare and away
I went up and over the mountain.

I went about two or three miles,
but didn't see a deer, so I started
home feeling somewhat disappointed.
As I was coming along on a jig of
a trot, just after the sun had gone
down, I saw the bear running in
front and quartering in a narrow
opening, but in a few jumps he had
entered a small skirt of pines. But
just ahead was another opening that
I was sure he would cross, so in less
time than it takes me to tell it I
was down and drew the .30-30 Win-
chester out of the scabbard and
squatting down ready for Mr. Bruin
when he made his appearance in
the opening.

In about five seconds he showed
up, about 80 yards in front of me,
and stopped to take a look at me,
for I had on a scarlet red shirt,
jumper fashion.

In my eagerness to shoot before he
ran I shot too quick and missed. I
think the bullet just went over him
by a scratch. He turned just a
little from me (I think the whistle
of the bullet attracted his curiosity
and caused him to turn), and at the
second shot he made a terrible lunge
for the pine thicket, about 10 feet
in front of him. I was sure I had
hit him, so I got on Brownie and
as I passed the place where the
bear had been standing Brownie
shied and snorted.

Did you ask me if I got down and
went in the brush after sundown to
see if I had killed the bear? No; I
didn't. Now all of you laugh and
call me a tenderfoot.

Well, did you ask me if I went
home? Well, of course I did, and
told uncle and the rest of the fam-
ily that I had shot a bear. Said
they, "Do you reckon you hit him?"
I told them I was sure I had killed
the bear, but as it was dark by this
time we didn't go to see if I had
killed him until next morning.

When we got to the place where
I had shot at him, we found he had
only gone about 30 yards and fallen
dead. The bullet had hit him in
the bulge of the ribs and struck a
rib on entering, that mushroomed the
bullet; it passed through his lungs,
tearing them badly, and lodged on
the point of the opposite front shoul-
der, just under the hide. He was
very fat; but we didn't use the meat,
as it had laid all night.

The bear was a dark brown and
was near four by six feet when
stretched. I sold the hide for \$21.

CATHOLIC

Rev. Fr. Thomas J. McLaughlin of
St. Joseph's church, Farmington will
be the guest of Miss Cornelia T.
Crosby Thursday evening, and at
6 o'clock Friday morning, Feb. 20,
celebrate Mass at St. Anthony's
cottage.

Maine Woods Will Keep You In-
formed on All Proposed New Fish
and Game Laws of the State. Sub-
scribe Now and Keep Posted.



Maine's Best Sporting Ground Can be Reached Without Tolls or Inconvenience

circulation, must have an abundance
of food, or suffer.

On these cold mornings they will
be noticed, crouching to cover their
feet with their feathers, as they
hobble about the feeding grounds,
or weed patch, for a breakfast.

With a little pains, and little or no
expense, we may lighten their
struggles, and enjoy their presence,
by providing them a simple ration
from the table, the grain box, or
the threshing floor.

A few doughnuts placed on the
branches of the shrubbery or the
garden, or the young shade trees
before the door, will prove attract-
ive to the active, merry chickadees.
Pieces of meat trimmings, or chunks
of suet, tied or tacked to the limbs
of trees, and in their forks, will be
appreciated by chickadees, nuthatches
woodpeckers and jays.

A handful of fine grain scattered
in a conspicuous spot, on the sunny
side of the wood-pile, or in the
road, will provide for the sparrows
of several kinds. A better way is
to select a sheltered spot where the
sun shines during the forenoon, shov-
el the snow away, or erect a simple
shelter where a bare spot may al-
ways be found, and here scatter a
shovel full of hay seed and chaff
from the barn floor, with a little
oats and corn, if desired.

Here the tree sparrows, snow

sun.

In providing food for birds, it
should be remembered that pussy
observes neither season nor game
law, and the feeding place should be
selected with respect to her accus-
tomed path, far enough from it to
insure the safety of the invited
guests.

These suggestions purposely deal
with the most simple methods of
winter feeding; a field of invention
and elaborate contriving is open to
the ingenious and interested.

The Audubon Societies urge all to
do something to relieve the hunger of
the winter birds at the earliest mom-
ent, and until the bare ground again
supplies their needs, and each per-
son to remind his neighbor of the
needs of the birds and the pleasure
their presence gives.

CAUGHT TWO BEAR CUBS

Adventure of Two Brothers at Col-
umbia.

Allison and Irving Worcester of
Columbia, brothers, who have been
hunting foxes in the vicinity of the
Pineo lease on Township 18 for the
past few weeks, had an exciting ad-
venture, recently, when they killed
an old bear and cub and captured
two young ones alive. Noticing the
actions of their dog they concluded
they were upon game. They inves-

caught the cub by the hind leg there
was a lively tussle for a time. The
cub would round his back, turn over
and try to get on his feet, while
Allison astride of him, held on un-
til he had tired him out. The hunt-
er finally seizing the struggling cub
by the throat managed to subdue
him.

While this was going on, Irving
had all he could do to conquer the
cub he had hitched to the pole. In
the meantime, the third cub had
come out and was making off. In
order to prevent his escape, Irving
picked up his rifle and toppled the
furry little beast over. This left
each of the boys with a live bear,
and nothing but picture cord with
which to tie them. They were too
lively for one to handle alone, so
the brothers decided to put one of
the cubs back in the den, tying the
other with the wire.

Putting in the one they had snar-
ed the cub turned and came out,
about as quickly as he had entered.
It took several smart blows from

A Warning—to feel tired before ex-
ertion is not laziness—it's a sign
that the system lacks vitality, and
needs the tonic effect of Hood's Sas-
saparilla. Sufferers should not de-
lay. Get rid of that tired feeling
by beginning to take Hood's Sas-
saparilla to-day.

CLASSIFIED

One cent a word in advance. No headline or other display. Subjects in a, b, c, order

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Village stand in Phillips Upper Village. Inquire of J. Blaine Morrison.

FOR SALE—Beef by a side or quarter. B. F. Beal.

FOR SALE—The unusually staunch and able steam yacht, "Wa-Wa" of about 22 H. P. The U. S. Government inspection of 1911 showed her to be in first class condition. May be inspected at Camp Bellevue, Upper Dam, Maine. Price will be reasonable to a quick purchaser. Apply to Dr. Norton Downs, Fordhooke Farm, Three Tuns, Pa. Or Archer A. Poor at camp.

FOR SALE—Edison Dictating machine. In first class condition. Inquire at Maine Woods office.

FOR SALE—One of the best situated camps on the Richardson Lake. Fully furnished, electric lights, 13 bedrooms, pool room, dining room, sitting room, guides' camps, etc. Suitable for Club House. Address Mr. William J. Downing, Mason Building, Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED.

WANTED—A few new milch cows and calves. A. S. Beedy, Phillips.

A NEAR TRAGEDY IN MAINE WOODS.

(Continued from page 1.)

then the horses started to run and the driver did not get them stopped for two miles. We only touched the high places, and I only remember of striking the seat twice. When we finally got there the horses were quieted down to a walk. I knew it was too late for me to be of any help in the rescue, if any, and so we came on out to the station.

I did not learn for nearly a week afterwards what the result of that race was, then I was greatly relieved to learn that like being the lighter, got around the ridge first and as the bear came along, only two jumps behind Bob, he reached out with his butcher knife and gave him his quietus, just as gracefully as Joe Knowles could have done it.

Very sincerely yours,

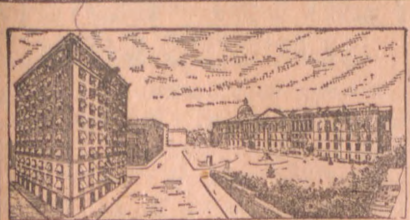
The Witness.

Future Good Roads.

Good roads in the future should be built on the zigzag plan for the avoidance of hills and steep grades, the federal officer of good roads announced in declaring that the lives of horses and automobiles could be lengthened thereby and the cost of hauling reduced materially. The experts contend that the "longest way around often may be the most economical and shortest way home," and decry the national tendency to build straight roads whenever they must risk heavy grades.

Get Busy With Road Drag.

There never was a better time than right now to use the road drag. Try to get the neighbors to join you if you can, but if they will not, a couple of days spent improving the road from your farm to town will pay big when the bad weather comes on. Of course, it goes a bit against the grain to make good roads for people who are too lazy to help, but who use them just the same. However, it is better to do that than to suffer the inconvenience and loss of good marketing through bottomless roads.



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Opposite State House, Boston, Mass.

Offers room with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day and up, which includes free use of public shower baths.

Nothing to Equal This in New England

Rooms with private baths for \$1.50 per day and up; suites of two rooms and bath for \$4.00 per day and up.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Strictly a Temperance Hotel

Send for Booklet

STORER F. CRAFTS, Gen. Manager

MRS. MATHIESON ENTERTAINS

Funeral Services of Popular and Well Known Guide.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, February 17—Mrs. Chas. M. Pease of Anson is the guest of her daughters, the Misses Mable and Hannah Pease.

Lawrence Green was operated on Wednesday for appendicitis at the private hospital of Dr. Ross. The operation was performed by Dr. Ross, who was assisted by Dr. Colby. The little fellow was cared for by Miss Lillian M. Densmore. Owing to his rapid recovery he was able to return to his home Monday.

A 10 pound son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bennett Monday. Mrs. Ada Sprague is caring for Mrs. Bennett and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Soule, who have been at Kennebec for the winter, returned to their home the past week.

Carl Jones and Stanley Albee, delegates chosen from the Sunday school and Constantine Harnden a delegate from the Boy Scouts have been attending the Boys Convention held at Lewiston the past week.

Mrs. F. B. Colby has been on the sick list the past week.

Miss Laura Robards was a recent guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Ross.

Miss Marion Blanchard and Master Lewis, who have been living with their grandmother, Mrs. Julia Morrison and attending school for the past year have returned to Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Rowe have been in Portland the past week.

Miss Mildred Robertson of Bates college spent the latter part of the week at the home of her parents, Conductor and Mrs. A. L. Robertson.

The severe weather reported from other parts of Maine was also felt at Rangeley. Because of the extreme cold and high wind the schools were not in session Thursday.

The train due here at 8 o'clock Saturday night did not arrive until Monday about 10.30 a. m. A heavy snow fall all day Saturday followed by a high wind Sunday, made the travelling very difficult owing to drifts and no church service was held Sunday.

Miss Eula Philbrick, who has been teaching at Madrid has closed her term of school and is now working for Mrs. F. B. Colby.

Mrs. James Mathieson delightfully entertained a party of ladies at her pleasant home Thursday afternoon. Whist was enjoyed from 2 till 4.30, when delicious refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee were served. The favors were red and white carnations. The prizes were awarded as follows: First prize, a dainty tray and a jewel box, Mrs. E. I. Herrick and Mrs. G. L. Kempton; consolation prizes, boxes of candy, fell to the lot of Mrs. Alva Sprague and Mrs. C. W. Barrett. The guests enjoying Mrs. Mathieson's hospitality were, Mrs. Addie Richardson, Mrs. T. Freeman Tibbetts, Mrs. C. W. Barrett, Mrs. E. B. Herrick, Mrs. Eugene Soule, Mrs. Frank Stewart, Mrs. Frank Porter, Mrs. G. A. Proctor, Mrs. Ira D. Hoar, Mrs. G. L. Kempton, Mrs. W. E. Tibbetts, Mrs. A. M. Hoar, Mrs. H. A. Furbish, Mrs. E. I. Herrick, Miss Oliver, Mrs. Alva Sprague, Mrs. A. M. Ross, Mrs. Chas. Cushman, Mrs. F. B. Burns, Mrs. Earle Huntton.

Dr. A. M. Ross left Monday morning for a trip to Portland and Boston. He was accompanied by his brother DeBerna Ross of Phillips.

Edwin F. Morrison passed away at his home Saturday evening after a brief illness of pneumonia following peritonsillar abscesses. Mr. Morrison, who had been at work in the woods the past winter was taken ill about three weeks ago and after receiving medical treatment seemed to be slowly gaining when he was stricken with pneumonia which resulted in his death. The best of care was provided but all to no avail. For the past few years he had done teaming in the woods and summers had been employed as guide. He was a member of Oquossoc Lodge K. of P. much respected as a kindly neighbor and an industrious citizen. His age was about 33 years. Besides a large circle of friends who mourn his loss, he is survived by a widow

and four small children, his mother, Mrs. Julia E. Morrison of this town and three sisters, Mrs. Ella J. Blanchard, Mrs. Fred Lisherness and Mrs. Chas. Gordon all of Stratton, who were with him to the last. Funeral services were held at the church Tuesday afternoon. The services were in charge of the Knights of Pythias. Several appropriate selections were rendered by Mrs. O. R. Rowe and Mrs. W. E. Tibbetts, Mrs. H. A. Childs at the organ. The flowers were many and beautiful. Interment was at Evergreen cemetery.

Miss Lillian M. Densmore, who has been a guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Ross' returned to her home in Portland Monday.

E. I. Herrick and Howard H. Herrick leave Tuesday morning for Boston. E. I. Herrick will extend his trip to Georgia before returning home.

The first of the assembly dances was held at Furbish Hall Friday evening. Music was furnished by Dyer's orchestra of Strong. Saturday morning Mr. Dyer conducted a dancing class for those wishing instruction in the art of dancing. A class of about 20 were present.

A valuable horse belonging to Ernest Bennett died Sunday and another which Fern Philbrick is intending to purchase was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Jones the veterinary was called to care for the latter horse and at this writing it is thought the animal will live.

FRIED SKUNK

I have been trapping since 1886; have had some funny experiences in that time. The winter of 1900 my partner and I were trapping on the Nodaway River in Southwestern Iowa. We were ten miles from any town and were just out of bacon and lard. My partner said the first one back from our traps would go to a farm house about a mile from camp, and see if we could get some supplies from them.

So we started out. My line went up the river and my partner's down the river. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I got back within about one-half mile of camp. I thought I could smell fried chicken, so I said to myself, Pard has been to the farm house and got some lard. When I got to camp he was there, said he had been there two hours. He had three mink, four skunk, one opossum and five rats. I had two mink, one coon, two skunk, eight rats and one civet. He said dinner was all ready, so we went in and sat down. He went to the stove and got a pan of fine biscuit, that were as light as a cork. I asked him where he got the lard.

He said, "Let's eat first," for he was so hungry he couldn't tell me. Then he took the lid off of the skillet. He said it had a rabbit in it. It looked fine and tasted good. I said it must be jack rabbit, for it had such big hams, but he said it was not, so I said no more about it. I ate two hams and five or six biscuit and two cups of coffee and felt all right.

When I pushed back he said, "Dock, how do you like fried skunk and bread made of skunk oil?"

I wouldn't believe it till he showed me one more he had dressed and put in a pan of salt water. Well, it didn't do me any harm. The meat is very tender and sweet if they are dressed properly, though I don't make a practice of eating them.—W. W. A. in Fur News Magazine.

WARNING TO GUIDES ON FOREST FIRES.

Land Agent and Forest Com. Blaine Viles is sending letters to guides in the state regarding the protection of the forests of the state from forest fires. "These forests comprise an area of more than 14,000,000 acres," the letters state; "they furnish employment to thousands of people; protect water powers valued at \$150,000,000; furnish a playground for the nation; and are by far the most valuable asset of the state."

"More timber has been burned in the past than utilized," the letters continue. "With every forest fire the community loses many times the amount of loss to the individual owner. Guides, woodmen, camp proprietors, transportation companies and everyone connected with the business carried on in the woods are damaged."

"The state is building up a great fire department for the protection of the forests from fire, and in this

work the co-operation of every person who frequents the woods is needed. The registered guides are rendering valuable assistance in this great conservation work which is not only for our prosperity but also for the prosperity of future generations."

The guides are especially warned against allowing their parties to throw away burning matches or tobacco, to kindle fires in the dry periods or in dangerous places, or to leave the fires before they are totally extinguished. And the letters cite the law regarding such acts.

FACTS FOR VOTERS

"I wonder if the farmers of Maine realize to-day that all that saves them from 25 cents for their potatoes is the embargo placed by the government to shut out dangerous diseases? The beauties of the tariff, now come in free to compete with ours in every market. It looks strongly like another case of 'the public be damned.'"

Dr. G. M. Twitchell in the (non-partisan) Maine Farmer.

The Democrats are putting through a bill carrying \$25,000,000 for the improvement of roads over which the United States mail is carried. Such a bill would be received with favorable comment were it not for the fact that the bulk of the money is to be spent in the South. The Southern Democrats are now in control of our affairs and it is not strange that our affairs receive scant attention.

The platform on which Woodrow Wilson stood when he asked the people of New England to elect him president, declared specifically for the enactment of a law which would insure American built and manned vessels passage through the Panama Canal without the payment of tolls. There is nothing in the plank that any fair minded man can understand. Woodrow Wilson does not even claim that he overlooked it. He only says that he doesn't believe in that plank and that he does believe in letting England dictate our policy toward our own merchant marine. Wilson's motto evidently is, "New England be damned," to paraphrase Dr. Twitchell's quotation.

Warden Frank J. Ham of the state prison and the board of Prison and Jail Inspectors reported to the Governor and Council last week, that as a direct result of the better enforcement of law there are 36 per cent less inmates of the jails. One county has closed its jail altogether and only two counties show an increase. Warden Ham's report shows the best financial management in many years and a distinct improvement in the manner of handling the prisoners. Humane methods are in force by his orders. The prison chaplain, a Democrat, speaks of the improvements by Warden Ham in highest praise.

The revenue from every source for the people of Maine was reduced in some measure by the Wilson free trade law. The retail price of no single thing the people of Maine use has been reduced appreciably. Wilson free trade is a disastrous blow to Maine.

Woodrow Wilson's week-kneed wabblings in his dealings with Mexico can have but one result. That result is war. When war comes the rifles and ammunition furnished the Mexicans, as the direct result of President Wilson's recent order lifting the embargo, will be used to snout down American soldiers. The foreign policy of this nation was never in weaker hands.

The free trade policy of the Democratic party hits everyone of the voters and tax payers in Maine. A majority of them will unite to punish the men who enacted that free trade bill into law.

RELOCATING THE OLD ROADS

Average Life of Horses and Automobiles May Be Increased and the Cost of Hauling Reduced.

The average life of horses and automobiles may be increased and the cost of hauling reduced, according to the office of roads, department of agriculture, by relocating many old roads and the more scientific laying

out of new ones. The natural tendency in road building is to build a straight road whether it goes over steep grades or hills or not, and pulling over these grades naturally adds to the wear and tear on horses and vehicles. The doctrine of the office of roads is that the longest way around may often be the shortest and most economical way home, and that frequently by building a highway around a hill or grade but little appreciable distance is added and this is more than offset by the reduced strain of hauling.

The chief drawback from the farm owner's point of view is that the laying out of road on this principle of avoiding grades necessitates in some cases running the road through good farm land or orchards of pastures instead of going around the farm line and building the road through old worn out fields and over rocky knolls. This of course must raise a question in the mind of the individual landowner as to whether the cutting up of his property by a road yields him individual advantages and so benefits his community as to offset the use of such land for a road or to overcome the inconvenience of having his land divided. In this connection the office of roads points out that the running of a road and the resulting traffic through a good farm where there are good cattle, horses, sheep, grain, fruit or vegetables has a certain advertising value and in many instances makes the land more valuable. In other cases the importance of such a



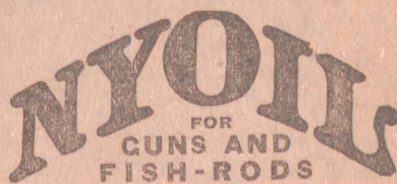
Five-Ton Tandem Road Roller in Action.

level road to the community is so great that it will repay those using the road to give the farmer the equivalent in land equally good in place of what he has sacrificed to the common welfare.

At any rate the office of roads is now taking special pains to make clear the economic advantage of avoiding steep grades in their roads, even at some sacrifice of better land. Investigations shows that the laying of such roads over hills has resulted more from the attention to the preservation of farm lines than from scientific attention to the problem of road building. According to the testimony of farmers consulted where a horse might be able to pull 4,000 pounds on a level road it would have difficulty in pulling 3,000 pounds up a steep hill. The size of the load therefore tends to be measured by the grade of the largest hill on the road to market. In a number of cases of actual experiment shows that the relocating of roads around hills has been accomplished either with no addition in road length in some instances, and with the adding of only a few feet to the highway in others. The office knows of no case where a properly relocated road which has cut out grades has led to any question as to its material reduction of hauling costs.

Art of Simplicity.

Simplicity is the art of making people wonder how much more one knows.—Life.



William F. Nye is the greatest authority on refined oils in the world. He was the first bottler; has the largest business and NYOIL is the best oil he has ever made.

NYOIL has no equal.

Beware of scented mixtures called oil. Use NYOIL on everything where a light oil is required. It prevents rust and gives perfect lubrication. Sportsmen, use it liberally on your firearms and your rod. You will find it by far the best Hardware and sporting goods dealers sell it in large bottles (cheaper to buy) at 25 c. and in trial sizes at 10 c. Made by

WM. F. NYE,

New Bedford, Mass.

ON A TERRAPIN FARM

Americans are not noted epicures and gourmands, but they like good things to eat; and those who can afford to be connoisseurs in food—and are not too busy—indulge themselves. To such terrapin appeal. And terrapin are very expensive.

The reason for the high prices charged for this particular dainty in the big cafes and hotels in New York and other large cities is known to few who scan the menu cards; that the proprietor makes but a small profit will be something of a surprise to readers. But the secret is that terrapin are now almost extinct, and the expense of breeding and preserving them is enormous.

To Mr. A. T. LaVallette, of Virginia, belongs the first credit of a systematized effort to keep the diamond-backed terrapin, the best, in existence. Those of them that still remain, bred in a free state, may be found all along the Atlantic coast, but the eastern coast of Maryland has always been virtually their home, and here the movement to preserve them was first put into effect.

In Crisfield, Md., is the only terrapin farm in the world. It contains five or six acres, divided into pens of water, grass and wet and dry sand. These pens are separated from one another by tall board-fences across the sluice-ways and are traversed by elevated plank walks. The captives are penned according to size, for the big ones might harm the little fellows. There is a time of day, however, when all are on friendliest terms—at meal time. An attendant negro walks out along the planks, clapping his hands in a peculiar way. Immediately the terrapin come helter-skelter through the water to the spots beneath which he stands. In their eagerness they fight their own pen comrades, although generally mild and slothful with terrapin their own size, and crawl upon one another, sometimes being several shells high. They are fed upon soft-shelled crabs fish and meat of any kind, and are huge eaters.

The greatest care is taken to preserve the stock of this farm from thieves and other dangers. Indeed,

it is valuable stock! In the center of the watery pens is an elevated house, where a trusty armed negro stands always on guard. There are day shifts and night shifts—the captives below are being watched 'al-ways. It is estimated that from 30,000 to 40,000 terrapin are under guard the year around.

When one considers what prices these succulent little creatures bring upon the market to-day, one does not wonder at Mr. LaVallette's care of them. But the history of their values is an interesting one.

Years and years ago they were so plentiful that they were not appreciated. At Yorktown Washington and Lafayette were forced to eat terrapin because the army supplies were low; before Civil War days slaves were forced to gorge themselves on terrapin to save pork, and they became so overfed that they rebelled! At that time many countries of Maryland, fearing a slaves' war, passed laws forbidding masters to feed terrapin to their negroes more than twice a week. Oddly enough, these laws have never been repealed, and may be found on the statute books to-day. So abundant and little appreciated was the now scarce reptile that it was caught in great numbers and hastily cooked and thrown to swine and fowl, to save the expense of other foods. One dollar an ox-load was the price that terrapin brought until a little more than fifty years ago. Now they bring from \$50 to \$100 a dozen, according to size.

The habits of the terrapin are interesting. In the winter they do not eat at all. On the first approach of freezing weather they bury themselves deep in soft salt marshes. A tiny mound with a hole in it shows the fisherman where each creature is buried, and thus each may be caught. Fishing is done during the winter. Years ago these mounds were in colonies and the dwellers were easily captured. The demand gradually grew greater than the supply, and men wantonly fished and sold without thought of the future. Constant dredging year after year for twenty-five years has well nigh depleted the free existence of the terrapin. Laws were passed in Maryland and Virginia governing the catching and selling of terrapin, but the harm was done before these laws were thought of. There has been true of so many of the natural resources of America! Thanks to Mr. LaVallette, the rich can now have terrapin—but only the rich.

In early spring the saved terrapin stirs himself and comes out of his mound, fat and sleek, although he has eaten nothing for many months. On the "farm" warm, dark pens are arranged for winter burrowing. Here the animals "think" that they have hidden themselves. As a matter of fact, they are very pretty.

Sales are made during the winter months.

Eggs are deposited not in dry sand, as is commonly supposed, but in moist sand at a depth of from three to six inches. When she has deposited her eggs the terrapin takes great pains to cover them so that there shall be no trace. She has scooped out a hole in the sand, into which the eggs have been put; here she claws the sand about until it has covered her treasure; then she flops her shell down and drags herself about until there is no sign. She really disguises the spot completely, and it takes an expert to

find the place. From thirty to fifty days is required for the eggs to hatch, according to the temperature.

The male is not eatable. He is a lazy fellow, and eats and rests, and rests and eats. The female is a delicious food, and is busier, for she deposits from seven to fourteen eggs at a time. May and June are her busy months.

The eggs are like snakes' eggs, having no shells; only a thin, tough skin covers each, which is a little larger than the American partridge egg. The newly hatched terrapin must be carefully watched or they will be devoured by rats, crabs or large fish. The mother pays absolutely no attention to her brood. She disowns them, quite.

The diamond-backed terrapin is measured from end to end of the under-shell. At birth the terrapin is about an inch long and as round as a silver quarter. Their little eyes are remarkably bright, their legs or "paddlers" restless and stretchy, and they are very pretty, their upper and lower shells being beautifully striped. Perhaps it is because the mother will have nothing to do with them that they develop rapidly. In three or five days after birth they are strong enough to go waddling about.

It is estimated that it takes from forty to fifty years for a terrapin to attain its full size, but traders do not wait for that. They buy and sell at any length over five inches, when the terrapin can be eaten. Those of six inches or over are called "counts" and are most valuable. They sometimes grow to six inches.

The most fashionable cafes in New York, Chicago and Washington are heavy buyers of terrapin, and they can pay the price. This does not diminish, for at present in Chesapeake Bay, the home of the terrapin, a shipload of crabs will be found to one lone terrapin. The influence on the market is obvious.

The South is responsible for other expensive things on menu cards. Soft-shelled crabs come from Virginia particularly from the Chesapeake. This bay is alive with fishermen, who work for themselves or for richer men along the shores, and the harbors are filled, at certain times, with their clam, oyster and crab boats. For the most part, these fishermen are old slaves, as black as night, stooped and knotted and illiterate, but shrewd and honest. When they work for the sons of former masters they are as faithful as in the old days of serving. Indeed, many of these former slaves have made riches for their employers, and have taken little for themselves.

In Hampton, Va., is a crab factory, the only one of its kind, for from here fresh crab-meat is sent out to northern cafes. It is not canned. An original method preserves the meat in sealed pails. In a queer old building at the water's edge many negroes are employed shelling, cooking and packing the delicious white meat. Most of it goes to New York. What the uninitiated do not know is that much of the lobster ordered and served at a la Newburg, or in like form, is nothing but canned crab, which costs the management less. If the "lobster" served is the crab variety from the Hampton factory, however, the eaters need not complain. It is particularly delicious and wholesome.

The old negroes of the bay are interesting characters and have many an interesting tale to tell of slave days or of the waters on which they spend their days and nights. All delight to tell of a queer fish, the mullet, which virtually catches itself. It is sought at night, by means of a fire. The fisherman goes in his flat-bottom boat on a moonless night into some narrow, smooth creek, an outlet of the Chesapeake. Several rough boards are placed across the top of the boat and sand piled upon these. On top of the sand a brilliant fire of light wood is made. The fisherman drifts slowly along, his fire burning ever brighter and brighter, and the mullet is attracted. The black men declare that hundreds of these silly fish jump out of the water and into the fire. They are rescued with a spear and quickly despatched in the bottom of the boat. Dealers along the Chesapeake wharfs claim that

upwards of a thousand have been caught in a single night, but the mullet is enjoyed by few. Even the fishermen do not relish it.—Benziger's Magazine.

BIRD NOTES FROM MAINE.

Last year an enthusiastic bird lover wrote for the Republican Journal, of Belfast, Maine, the following story of the purple martin. The interest in these birds is so general and the bird lover is so often asked for the secret of his success with them that I think the information contained in his little sketch may be timely and welcome to your readers. I have observed the bird lover in his dealings with the English sparrow, and notice that the shotgun is his only argument. Recently he brought down two of the invaders at one shot. In spite of his watchfulness, a pair of them built in a back room of his new and palatial martin house. To-day he said: "I shot the female and the male went away and got another mate. He brought her back to the nest, but he had learned about a gun and was cautious. I couldn't get near them for a long time; they would fly away up into the orchard, and the male bird would flutter around the female and coax her to move along out of harm's way. He surely knew a lot, but I got her at last." We hope that this second disaster will discourage the unwelcome intruder, and that he will not seek a third mate to share his misfortunes. The story follows:

If one is interested in birds at all, the purple martin, with a song, call or note for every emotion, cannot fail to be a favorite. They are of gregarious, social habits and their happy disposition and harmonious adjustment engages the attention of the observer. Their notes are full and melodious, with all the changes from joy to expostulation, but they seldom sound in anger except at the intrusion of some enemy. In the latter case the martins are very fearless and courageous, and are the only birds with the exception of the barn swallows which will venture to attack the small hawks. In doing this, the brave birds sometimes come to grief. I have seen two of them caught by hawks which suddenly turned on their backs and caught the attacking martins in their talons, both falling to the ground. On one of these occasions I happened to be near enough to rescue the martin, but on the other the birds fell too far away for the result of the struggle to be seen by me.

The food of the martin consists of flying insects, and ranges from moths and dragon flies to mosquitoes. The color of the birds until they are a year and a half old is a dull purplish blue above, and brownish gray below. During the second winter in their southern home in Mexico nearly the entire plumage of the male bird is changed to a rich purplish blue while the female retains her duller garb.

The old martins arrive about the last of April and begin to build about the 20th of May. The younger birds arrive about the middle of May and sometimes start nesting as late as the 20th of June. There are many more males than females, which is probably due to the fact that the female is caught or trapped on her nest by cats or other enemies. As a rule it is difficult to suit the martins in a nesting site. For twenty years I have tried to get a colony of them to build and return the succeeding season with their augmented families. They would start the first year with one pair of year-old birds, hatch, rear their young, depart, return the next year, and be joined by several more pairs, only to leave suddenly, deserting their eggs, nests and even their partly grown young. There seems to be no satisfactory explanation of this unnatural condition, and it has never been clear to naturalists.

I have, however, noticed that this early desertion of their nests has occurred after a long period of cold, rainy weather, when the birds have been wet or chilled through. On the 20th of May, 1902, a cold rain storm killed a dozen or more of the birds at my houses. Upon taking down the martin houses after an early exodus, I have sometimes found one dead martin inside, which may have been enough to frighten the rest of the birds away. Another possible

explanation lies in the fact that the martins are very early migrators. Whatever it is that causes the desertion of their nests, it renders them suspicious, and no martin appears until June of the following year, when a lone young male will stay around for a few weeks, then return the next summer with a mate and thus start again.

I have now had the martins four successive years, and at this early date (May 25) there are thirty pairs building while more are arriving daily. The largest colony in Maine is said to be in Presque Isle and to consist of sixty pairs.

Anyone interested in having these birds nest near them should build rain-tight bird houses with only one door to each room. If on poles, the houses should be sixteen or more feet from the ground, with tin around the poles as a protection from cats. A house built in this way will probably have a few of the birds in a year or two if other birds, particularly the English sparrow, can be kept away.

The following incident gave me an insight into the nature of the English sparrow. A large number of eave swallows were nesting under the eaves of the barn. One day I noticed some of their eggs on the ground and was unable to determine the cause of such an accident, until suddenly there emerged from one of the eave swallow's nests a female English sparrow, with her bill driven into an egg, which she dropped at my feet. This destruction of their eggs caused the departure of the eave swallows, and they have never returned. A shotgun seems to be the only satisfactory riddance of the English sparrows, which if left alone will keep up a continual struggle to gain possession of the martin houses, and will sometimes succeed in driving away the martins.

The interest in the purple martin is widespread, as is evidenced by the many houses built for them through the country, and to those who are successful in establishing a colony of the birds the study of their habits will afford many a pleasurable and delightful hour.—Forest & Stream.

OQUOSSOC NOTES

Mrs. A. S. Perham who is visiting friends in town and Mrs. Clara Quimby of Quimby Pond, were the hostesses at the last whist party with enough for six tables present. The ladies' prizes were won by Lila Knapp who took the first and Mrs. M. G. Thomas who won the consolation. Anson O. Hayford secured the first gentlemen's prize and J. J. Cote the consolation. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake, doughnuts and coffee were served.

Gardiner H. Hinkley of Haines Landing lost one of his work horses recently from the effect, it is supposed, of some internal injury. Mr. Hinkley has replaced it with another he bought of Ira Hoar of Rangeley.

The Oquossoc school commenced Monday, Feb. 2, with Mrs. J. J. Cote as teacher.—Mrs. H. S. Curtis was quite ill last week with a severe cold which it was feared might terminate in pneumonia. Her sister, Miss Addie Wilbur has been nursing her.

PERFECT HEALTH IS A PRICELESS BLESSING.

Poverty with health is better than luxury without it. Yet the cost of good health is trifling. Thousands of families enjoy perfect health, through the aid of "L. F." Atwood's Medicine.

As a reliable relief from stomach troubles and indigestion—a certain correction for constipation—the best banisher of biliousness, headache and colds—"L. F." is New England's favorite remedy.

Mrs. McAlpine of Prentiss, Maine, says:

"We always keep "L. F." Atwood's Medicine in the house. It is the only medicine used in our family. We think very highly of it."

(Signed) Katie McAlpine. Get a big 35 cent bottle or a free Trial Sample To-day.

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whitest bread and
more loaves to every
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Wheat by a special pat-
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Tell your grocer that
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Catches by the neck or body instead of the feet, killing instantly without injuring the pelt. A humane feature that is very commendable; RESIDES IT SAVES EVERY FUR FOR THE TRAPPER. The only trap ever constructed with a DOUBLE TRIP ACTION, a bait trigger and a foot pedal trip. An ideal trap for saving furs of mink, skunk, "coon", etc. There is no escape, the trapper gets every pelt.

A DIVE brings illustrated Guide giving the first time in print the treasured secrets of the wisest old trappers in this country. It's worth dollars to you.

**"ALLIGATOR"
GAME TRAP**

TRAPPERS' SUPPLY CO., Box W, OAK PARK, ILL.

MAKE SUNDAY CLOSE TIME, TOO

Favors Putting License Fee Back
to \$15--Sea Fishing Around
Bermuda.

Hamilton, Bermuda,
Feb. 10, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

My excuse for asking for space in your valuable paper again, so soon, is that I want to emphasize your plea for putting back the fee for a hunter's license to \$15 for all non-resident sportsmen; and to recommend a small fee for all fishermen, both native and foreign. By making fishing free, the state is giving away one of its most coveted and valuable privileges. It is not good business management, I think, so to do, and anyone who ever had the pleasure of such a trip as I had last summer with Capt. Billy Smith at Ox Bow, northern Aroostook county, Me., I'm sure would say so too.

To be sure, the state gives the people's money to promote and protect the inland fisheries and game and therefore the fish and the game are in a large sense, the property of the people of the state, to which they should have free access. But why charge a fee for the one and not for the other? Make the fishing license fee a very small one, if you will, and just take your pencil and figure out what a handsome sum of money it would amount to each year. Any foreign fisherman who should object to such a fee should be black-balled by every guide and camp keeper in the state; and should be advised to leave his rods and net at home for use only on the high seas beyond the three mile limit. By all means, make Sunday a close time for fish as well as for game. Why not?

I can squeeze a dollar as hard as any other man before I let it go, and am even now trying to see how I can get back to Billy's, and pay him for my board and lodging next season just as soon as "the ice goes out," if not before then. Sea fishing around Bermuda is a very different proposition from lake or stream fishing in Maine. Here it is done with long, stout hand lines, with very heavy sinkers, in water from 30 to 300 feet deep. Some of the fish weigh from 25 to 145 pounds each, and there are a multitude of smaller ones. The ornament of colors on some of the fish surpass in variety and beauty any trout that ever lived, but they are not so toothsome.

Rowboats and canoes are of very little use, in fact are not safe for fishing except among the many inlands in the harbor. Stout, heavy

sloops, or power boats; and slickers or oil skins are the best rigging for this business, and if one is fortunate enough as to go out 10, 15 or 20 miles to the reefs and banks where the "big uns" live, and not get blown out to sea, he is quite likely to go again, provided, of course, he is not sea-sick, the which most men are. There are more than 150 kinds of fish swimming around these islands, and in the deep-water outside the reefs, all of them good grub. No oysters, but plenty of mussels, and crawfish called Bermuda lobster. The flavor of the meat is decidedly lobsterish, and could be canned and sold as lobster in truth and verity.

Just a word or two about Bermuda, with the hope of inducing a few at least of your readers to try the trip. As a rule, the sea is not too rough for most land's-men, but this season, till now, it must be said that Old Neptune has done his damndest to upset not only his visitors but the ships themselves. Some voyagers have been injured, but none have been lost nor killed. Once here, a feeling of perfect rest, and glad release from the vigor of the frozen north pervades the atmosphere and fills the tourist with intense satisfaction. Spring takes the place of winter; and perpetual bloom goes hand in hand with constant vegetation. If ever there was a Garden of Eden, then Bermuda must have been a part thereof, for it is a land of enchantment and never failing delight.

J. C. Hartshorne.

FEEDING THE SUMMER BOARDER

The summer vacation season will soon be here and already Maine is arranging to entertain thousands of guests from away who are drawn hither by multitudinous attractions which the state possesses. This summer business of ours has assumed vast proportions, thanks to the effective campaigns conducted by the railroads and by the larger resorts to advertise the charms of Maine, inland and seashore, and the widespread personal knowledge that these alluring conditions exist. We should raise no question as to the importance of this summer business. Getting down to a commercial basis of dollars and cents, the summer guest is of more value to the state than its hay crop or of its potato and grain crops combined. The only issue is, are we profiting as much as we should from these our summer visitors? We do not mean to insinuate that we are not demanding and getting enough for board or that we are or should put into their bills charges for unlimited views of our scenery or for special inhalations of our pure, life-giving air. These ought to be and are Maine's gratuitous contribution to the visitor's comfort and enjoyment. We do feel, however, that the products of the Maine soil, its green peas, beans, lettuce, radishes, beets, onions, cabbage and potatoes and later its unparalleled sweet corn "on the cob" should be used to provide for the wants of the inner man, more generally than may be the case.

The farmer's wife, who takes one or two boarders, the small summer boarding house or hotel which caters to larger numbers, which does not supply home-grown vegetables out of their own or neighboring gardens, is failing in two ways, at least, to foster this summer industry and make it worth while—guests are dissatisfied and the supply at hand from the farmer's garden is not made available as it may be. Feed the summer guests on the "fat of the land"—and that in Maine in July and August ought to be good enough for anyone.—Maine Rural Life.

SOME MORE EXHIBITS FOR STATE MUSEUM.

Curator Thomas A. James of the State museum announces that another exhibit will soon be placed in the museum this being an exhibit of caribou. The first caribou for this exhibition was purchased a short time ago from Edward R. Dixon of Unionville. The animal was taken from the Canadian territory and is an excellent specimen of a woodland caribou.

A bobcat was also recently purchased from parties in Orono and will soon have its place in the museum collection.

MAINE EQUAL TO ALPS IN WINTER

Maine, as a region of winter sports, is described in a circular addressed to agents and customers by the passenger traffic department of the Maine Central railroad. The circular, is as follows:

"Conditions are perfect for the enjoyment of winter sports in Northern New England, particularly in Maine and amid the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The late storms have formed a crust upon the snow, which is particularly favorable for snowshoeing, tobogganning, and skiing. The lakes, ponds and streams are ice-locked into perfect safety for skating, and the lumbering operations, particularly in Maine, are in full activity.

To those who feel the need of a few days of invigorating outdoor life, this is the opportunity. Many of the hotels of this delightful winter region are open for winter guests and the best prospects for an outdoor vacation. Visit one of Maine's famous logging camps; witness lumbering operations from the felling of the trees to the yarding by the streams for the spring drive.

PHYSICIANS' TESTIMONY.

Physicians who have taken part in winter outings to the state of Maine and the White Mountains, say that four or five days of this rugged outdoor life in which the participants snowshoe or ski ten miles each day, or ascend 2000 feet towards the clouds in zero temperature, is worth the entire two weeks of the conventional summer outing, so far as health is concerned.

Among the White Mountains at Jackson and North Conway, the winter enthusiasts may find plenty of entertainment. Three of the summer houses that are so popular at Jackson are open for winter guests, and two of the North Conway hotels. There are hotels that cater particularly to winter guests at Bethlehem, Bretton Woods, Colebrook, Fabyan's, and at Twin Mountain.

In the state of Maine there are also many other advantageous points for winter vacations, such as the Mansion House at Poland Spring, at Rangeley, at Phillips, at Bridgton, and at those cities and towns which border the Kennebec, the Penobscot and the Androscoggin rivers, all of which open their hospitable doors to winter guests. The rivers themselves present a remarkable surface of ice fit for skating and driving. The surrounding hills, frostclad, and white with snow are an added attraction, and the home life to be enjoyed at the numerous hotels, pleasant and healthful.

At many of these points of vantage are hotels that, with their peculiar attractive New England management and cuisine, have won for themselves distinctive badges of popularity with the traveling public."

SOME UNUSUAL PETS

I have some unusual pets in my room just at present—six big land snails, which I bought at a city market and which came from France. Perhaps you would not call them pets, as they are not at all affectionate; but in any case, they are much less trouble to care for than most pets, which is an advantage to a busy person.

When I first got the snails, they were still hibernating, for they had been kept in a cool place since fall; each snail was lying torpid in his shell, well shut in by a thick, closing membrane, which closes up the round aperture of the shell like the head of a drum. The outside protection is hard and looks as though made of the same material as the shell itself. Inside of it there is always one, and sometimes more, thinner transparent screens, so that the snail is well protected from the cold.

Gradually, as they become warmed by the heat of the room, one after another pushed off the air-tight drum-head, broke through the thin inner one, and came out to view the surroundings. They accepted lettuce leaves and ate them greedily, tearing out large holes where they sucked the leaves into their big, soft mouths.

Their long rough, fleshy bodies are not pretty sights, but their tentacles

are wonderful and delicate. There are four of these, which the snail can shoot out, like a telescope, and contract again with lightning-like rapidity. The two smaller ones, seem to be simply feelers, but on the tips of the two longer ones are black specks which are considered eyes. It is interesting to see the eyes shoot up inside the tentacle, carried on black, hair-like threads which run down the center of each tentacle.

They can go a long time without food by shutting themselves up in their shells, and on cold and cloudy days they always retire in this way. Sometimes, for days at a time, they bury themselves in the earth, or fasten themselves to the under side of the box.

There are various stories told about the wonderful vitality of land snails. One is that a snail brought from Egypt to London was kept fastened to a tablet in the British museum for four years, and at the end of that time was revived by placing in tepid water. The traces of mucus on the paper showed that he had been out at least once and tried to escape, but had then gone into a state of torpidity again.

If you want some snails and cannot get the big edible ones, search under logs and stones, in cellars, or outhouse, in the country, and find some of the small American variety of garden snails, whose habits are much the same as those I have been describing.—Mabel R. Goodlander in the Churchman.

CATCHING MOOSE BY AUTO

Going after big game in a motor car is one of the newest methods employed by the huntsmen in the North Dakota wilds. The motor car has so many advantages that it is being used not only as a means of conveying the hunter to his destination, but also is used for utility and sleeping purposes. North Dakota wilds like those of Maine, are full of "gasolene hunters" as they are called. H. E. Miller, of Ellendale, N. D., who recently scouted in the northern part of that state is much elated over the capture of a moose which he attributes to his car. Mr. Miller describes his experience as follows:—

"Recently a farmer eight miles east of Ellendale 'phoned me that there was a moose in his grove.' Four other men and myself went out in my car. We sent a man on horseback into the grove and he drove the moose out into the prairie and I took after her with my car through stubble fields and over the prairie. We ran her about 12 miles when she took refuge in a small pond about 150 feet in diameter. The mud was deep in the pond and we surrounded it. Then we roped her, threw her, and dragging her to the bank, tied her. It is unlawful to shoot a moose in North Dakota at any time. We have learned since her capture that she had been run by men on horseback in several different neighborhoods.

THE SEWALLS ENTERTAIN MME EAMES.

Hon. and Mrs. Harold M. Sewall of Bath entertained Mme Eames de Gogorza while the noted singer was in that city. Bath is the place where her girlhood days were passed when a student in the High school. Many sleighing parties, luncheons, teas, etc., were planned for her. She was accompanied by her husband.

SOME BIRD NOTES

Many Augusta people have within the past few days noticed in different sections of the city flocks of birds which have been the cause of no small amount of inquiry and which have no doubt in some cases been mistaken for robins, although there is really no similarity between the two birds. Whether there is more than one flock of the birds in the city or whether the same flock has been seen in different sections is not known, but while the presence of the birds was reported Sunday on Western avenue, on Monday they were reported over on the east side of the river. The bird in question is the pine grosbeak, the true home of which is the coniferous forest or Canadian belt which runs diagonally across the continent from Maine to Alaska. The male grosbeak is

slate gray in color, more or less washed with rose red, strongest on the crown, rump, upper tail-coverts and breast; wings fuscous or dark brown, their coverts edged with white; tail fuscous. The female is the same in color with the exception that where the male is red her coloring is olive yellow. The grosbeak is about two-thirds the size of the common robin and resembles that bird in form, but its short, thick beak and forked tail are marked differences. In midwinter the birds come south for food and find sumac berries and such other berries as remain on the bushes during the winter months very nourishing. When flying the bird utters a loud whistle. Grosbeaks take readily to captivity and it is said that in the springtime they have a long melodious song.

Susan P. Hopkins of Mt. Vernon writes: To-day I noticed an account of the feeding of birds by an Old Town resident, Mrs. F. Richardson of Canton. For many winters I have fed the chickadees and nut hatchers—a species of black and white wood-pecker which goes on the trunk of trees again and again for insects or worms. I have kept pieces of suet nailed up for them, around which they flock and feed so busily, slogging joyously. One winter a pair of beautiful blue jays came daily for corn. Often they come early in the morning, and if their breakfast was not awaiting them they would scold vociferously. I also feed with crumbs, the sparrows and robins, in summer. So they get very tame.

A BLOODTHIRSTY BIRD

M. E. F. writing to the Kennebec Journal says:

I should like very much to know what sort of a bird I saw yesterday on a branch of the low willows at the north side of my house. It was a gray bird, a size smaller than a dove—had a black collar and a long tail a little rounded and flaring at the end. At first glance I thought it was fighting a sparrow and getting the best of the fight, but soon saw that the sparrow was dead and dangling or held in the beak of the larger bird, which shook it as a cat would a mouse. Also it seemed to peck at the sparrow as if eating it, though holding it high in the air. After a little time it flew away with its prey. There was no other bird in sight and the dead sparrow was the first one I had seen near the house, I think, since the cold morning of Jan. 23, when I had one brought in that was hopping lamely about on the snow, nearly frozen and which died soon after. I have never had, or for years, so few sparrows about my house as this winter and since witnessing the little tragedy of yesterday I have wondered if this strange bird with others of its kind, in any way accounted for their disappearance.

We think your vicious visitor must have been that unregenerate scamp, the shrike. He is gray with a black frontlet, or bib, and black wing-quills. He is not an unattractive villain to look at but his customs are gruesome. He has a habit of pinning his victims upon a sharp knot, thorn or the spike of a barbed-wire fence. He owns a hawk-like beak with which he kills mice and birds, but his feet are too weak to hold his prey while he tears it to pieces, so he first impales it and then, if undisturbed and hungry, he proceeds to feast. The name "butcher bird" is applied to him in the northern United States, and it seems fitting. Fortunately he is not numerous, for his disposition is much like that of the Latin-American revolutionist. Let us hope he made a brief call at the Capital City.—Ed.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN
MAINE WOODS. LOW ADVERTISING RATES.

FAMOUS BACKWOODS FAIRY TALES



Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camps
New reading matter, interesting.
The first edition was exhausted much sooner than we expected and the popular demand was so great for a second edition that we published an enlarged and improved edition to be sold by mail (postpaid) at a low price named.
Twelve cents, postpaid. Stamps accepted.

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

MAPS OF MAINE RESORTS AND ROADS

Maine Woods has frequent inquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state, etc. We can furnish the following maps:

Franklin County	\$.50
Somerset County	.50
Oxford County	.50
Piscataquis County	.50
Aroostook County	.50
Washington County	.50
Outing map of Maine, 20x35 in	1.00
Geological map of Maine	.75
R. R. map of Maine	.35
Androscoggin County	.35
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Lake Parlin House and Camps



Write for booklet.

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AT
John Carville's Camps
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Salmon, square tailed and lake trout. My camps are most charmingly situated on the shores of Spring Lake, well furnished, excellent beds, purest of spring water and the table is first-class, elevation 1,500 feet above sea level, grandest scenery and pure mountain air. Hay fever and malaria unknown. Spring Lake furnishes excellent lake trout and salmon fishing and in the neighboring streams and ponds are abundance of brook trout. Buckboard roads only 2-12 miles. An ideal family summer resort. Telephone communications with Allagash and doctoe. References furnished. Terms reasonable. Address for full particulars, JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Me.

SADDLEBACK LAKE CAMPS. In the Rangeley Region. Booklet. Hemon S. Blackwell, Dallas, Maine

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IN DEAD RIVER REGION.
Good fishing. Three miles buckboard road. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for booklet.
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Jim Pond Camps, Eustis, Me.

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HOTEL
H. M. CASTNER, Prop'r.
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Thoroughly first class. The hotel for Maine vacationists, tourists and sportsmen. All farm, dairy products, pork and poultry from our own farm, enabling us to serve only fresh vegetables, meats, butter, cream, eggs, etc. American plan. Send for circular.

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Write S. C. HARDEN,
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Heart of the Rangeleys. Best fishing region. Special June and September rates. Booklet. MRS. F. B. BURNS.

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The Sargent. Up-to-date in every particular. Maine's ideal family vacation resort. Good fishing and hunting section Cuisine unsurpassed. E. F. Look, Prop'r, Eustis, Maine.

QUANANICHE LODGE.
Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country. Norway Pines House and Camps, Dobbs Lake Most attractive situation in Maine. Good auto road to lodge. Plenty storage capacity for machines. From there one can take steamers to any part of the lake territory. The best hunting, fishing and vacation section of beautiful Washington Co. Address for particulars W. G. ROSE Manager, Princeton, Me., Dec. 1st to April 1st.

RANGELEY LAKES
Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.
CAPT. F. C. BARKER, Bemis, Maine.

VIA RUMFORD FALLS
Best Salmon and Trout Fishing in Maine. Fly fishing begins about June 1. Send for circular. House always open. JOHN CHADWICK & CO., Upper Dam, Maine.

BEUGRADE LAKES, MAINE.
The Beigrade. Best Sportsmen's Hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine.
CHAS. N. HILL & SON, Managers.

RANGELEY LAKES.
Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone connections at camps. Two mails daily. Write for free circulars to
AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r.,
Maine

CHASE POND CAMPS. Now is the time to plan your 1914 outing. Why not take a trip to the real Pine Woods? Camps reached same day from Boston. Good trout fishing, mountain climbing, boating, canoeing. Good log cabins. Rates reasonable. Write for booklet.
GUY CHADOURNE, Prop., Bingham, Maine

RANGELEY TAVERN & LAKE VIEW HOUSE
On Rangeley Lake.
Thoroughly modern. On direct automobile route. Tavern all year. Lake View House July 1 to Oct.
Best fishing and hunting. Booklets.
N. H. ELLIS & SON, Props.,
Rangeley, Maine.

We wish to announce that the Rangeley Tavern will be open to the public March 1, 1914.
N. H. ELLIS & SON, Props.
Rangeley, Maine

REYNARD'S DISCOMFITURE

Going out early one fall morning, bent on hunting, a trapper hid himself behind a boulder by the edge of a small woodland lake, hoping to get a shot or two at a flock of wild geese which were then feeding out on the lake, too far from shore to be shot at. He waited for a while, thinking that they might venture a little nearer shore and so come into range of his shot gun. And as he watched from his hiding place, his senses all alert to the life that was going on about him, he noticed a large red fox steal stealthily down to the water-side. Reaching the water's edge the fox paused and looked about him—making a long careful scrutiny of the surroundings and then gazed wistfully towards the feeding geese. After a moment spent thus, he entered the water, and struck out for the wild fowl, only his eyes and nose being out of the water. The trapper watched him with interest, marked his unerring course straight for the geese, till he was right among them. Then suddenly a large goose disappeared with an abrupt, startled honk. In a few moments the fox came again into sight, and landed, dragging his prize with him. Carrying the goose to a hole made by the removal of a small tree, and now filled with leaves and rubbish, the fox buried the body deep in the leaves, and set off into the woods, presumably to bring back his mate and share the goose with her.

Now a feeling of mischief entered the trapper's mind. After making sure the fox had really made his departure, he went to the hollow, took from it the goose and carried it back to his hiding place, there to await further developments.

Presently along came Reynard, followed by his unwilling spouse, who every few steps would stop dead in her tracks, and evince a desire to return to her den. Evidently she had no great faith in her mate as a food procurer. At such times the male would go back to her and by nudging and other means coax her to go a little farther. At last, he succeeded in getting her as far as the hollow where he had hidden the goose. There he commenced throwing back the leaves, while his mate sat back on her haunches, taking little interest in the proceedings.

Much to his astonishment and dismay the fox did not at once discover the goose, and at the look of surprise which crossed his face as he continued to throw the leaves about without uncovering his trophy, the trapper had no little difficulty in restraining his laughter. Earth, leaves, stones, material enough to bury a score of geese did the fox throw up around him, but never a sign of the goose did he discover. Finally he realized that someone had been there before him, and shamefacedly crept miserably back to his mate, his brush between his legs. Finding herself brought out on a fruitless errand, Madam Reynard's look of patience gave way to one of anger, and she pounced on the unresisting body of her mate and gave him a terrific thrashing, which he took without a murmur. Then the two set off into the woods again, this time the female in front and the male, thoroughly cowed, bringing up the rear. The trapper could contain himself no longer. A loud burst of laughter escaped him which accelerated the foxes' footsteps considerably and at the same time no doubt helped them to understand the trick which had been played upon them.—Rod and Gun.

HARLOW ELECTED PRESIDENT DIXFIELD BOARD OF TRADE.

Dixfield, Feb. 16.—At a meeting held at the Masonic Hall, last week, a Board of Trade was organized with the object of promoting the business and social interests of the town.

The following officers were elected: John S. Harlow, Pres.; John N. Thompson, Vice Pres.; Geo. Walters, Sec.; Wm. W. Waite, Treas., and an Executive Committee of nine consisting of the above four officers, and Don A. Gates, Newton S. Stowell, Geo. C. Gray, Fredk. W. Smith and Elisha L. Stetson.

Plans are already under way for the erection thereon of a handsome and commodious block, the upper floor of which will be occupied by

the Board of Trade, the lower floor to be used for a post office and store.

FEEDING WILD DUCKS

The pitiful spectacle of thousands of wild ducks dying of hunger has aroused the residents of Sayville, Islip, Brookhaven and other Long Island towns on the Great South bay to action, and daily they are taking large quantities of food over the ice-covered bay to the fowl.

MME. NORDICA NOT AS WELL

George W. Young of New York, husband of Mme. Nordica, who is suffering from pneumonia on Thursday Island received a cablegram that his wife's condition was not as satisfactory as it had been owing to her great exhaustion.

WEEK OF STEADY COLD WEATHER.

Thermometers running low has been the order of the day throughout Franklin county the past week. It has been all the way from 10 below to 29 in the morning. This morning we considered it quite springlike but discovered that it registered right around 8 below.

Last Saturday about 15 inches of snow fell and in the afternoon it commenced to blow, continuing Sunday. The passenger train was several hours late into Phillips Saturday evening and Supt. F. A. Lawton cancelled the train for Rangeley. Conductor A. L. Robertson and a few passengers stopped at the Elmwood over Sunday. Monday the trains were running regularly again.

Who Makes Up the Suicides. According to Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the French statistician, suicide is commonest among liquor sellers, chimney sweeps, butchers, fruiterers and musicians. It is frequent among "camelots," shop assistants, cutlers, hairdressers, servants, costers, lawyers, doctors and druggist. It is rare among the clergy, government officials and men leading an active, open-air life.

Is This One Old? A correspondent writes us of a Sunday school child who was asked, "What is the chief end of man?" and who replied promptly: "To glorify God and annoy him forever."

PAVED STREETS IN 2,000 B. C.

Babylon, Carthage and Other Ancient Cities Took Much Interest in Building Good Roads.

When or where the first road was built is not known. Herodotus speaks of a great Egyptian road on which King Cheops employed 100,000 men for ten years. According to the historian, this road was built of massive stone blocks ten feet deep, and lined on both sides with temples, mausoleums, porticos and statues. The streets of Babylon are said to have been paved as early as 2000 B. C., and several well surfaced roads radiated to neighboring cities. Carthage, before its fall, was the center of a highly developed road system. The ancient Peruvians had a wonderful system of national roads connecting all the principal parts of their empire.

Bridges were also built by the ancients at a very early date. The Euphrates, at Babylon, was crossed by a stone bridge prior to 2000 B. C., and it is known that the Chinese built bridges as public works as early as 2900 B. C. says the Good Roads Year Book.

The first definite and fully authentic information concerning the systematic construction and maintenance of permanent roads comes to us from the Romans. It is generally understood that the Romans learned the art of road building from the Carthaginians. However, the construction of their great road was as perfect as that of any of their later ones.

The first of the great Roman roads was from Rome to Capua, a distance of 142 Italian miles, and was begun by Appius Claudius, about 312 B. C. It was known as the Applan Way or "Queen of Roads." This road was later extended to Brundisium, a total of 360 miles, and was probably completed by Julius Caesar. About 220 B. C. the Flaminian Way was built. It crossed the Nar river on a stone bridge which had a central span of 150 feet with a rise of 100 feet. When Rome reached the height of her glory, under the reign of Augustus, no less than 20 great military roads radiated from the city. These roads extended to every part of the vast empire, and are estimated to have a total length of 50,000 miles.

The Roman construction was in

general extremely massive. The Applan Way is said to have been in good repair 800 years after it was built. On a carefully prepared subgrade were placed four successive courses of layers, the rodus or second course, the nucleus or third course and the pavementum or wearing surface. The top and bottom courses consisted in general of large flat stones, while the two intervening course were built of smaller stones or other suitable material laid in lime mortar.

With the fall of the Roman empire the roads were neglected and gradually fell into decay, so that today but little more than a trace remains of these splendid achievements.

FOUND GOLD LONG HIDDEN

Ancient Prophecy Fulfilled But Puzzle Concerning the Earliest Celtic People Remains.

The quantity of pure gold ornaments found in Ireland and in the Celtic parts of Scotland is one of the puzzles of the civilization of the ancient Celtic peoples, says the duke of Argyll. Where did they obtain enough gold to make the twisted wire, the bracelets with the open space between the spoonlike ends? Did they obtain the metal by barter with strangers, and, if so, what could they give in exchange for so much bullion?

In Sutherland, of late years, gold in tiny scales has been found in the sands. It is strange that the objects in gold are usually large. Few small ornaments in this most precious metal have been recovered. I knew of one hoard recovered, and, although the legend that it existed had currency among the people for some time, it had never been searched for, and was obtained by accident. A great boulder-stone lay on grass-grown ground at the bottom of a valley.

It had probably been dislodged by some volcanic upheaval from a cliff which overlooked this valley. There it stood "on end," and there was a tale connected with it, but the story was treated as an old wife's "havers," and no man had dug to find out the truth.

Agriculture, however, began to be systematically pursued, and all land at low level was required. Superstition among the crofters made them avow that the concealed gold would never be found until the son of a stranger came. Powder was utilized to blast away the big boulder-stone. Plowing had already been undertaken around it.

The plowman waited at some distance with his team until the blast had taken effect. When the pieces of rock were removed the plow was drawn over the site. It was a recently-employed English boy who guided the plow. Three solid gold bracelets were found on the spot where the boulder had once been. Thus an English boy fulfilled the prophecy of the story of long ago.

IRISH BROGUE MOST ELUSIVE

Native Born Generally Lose It If Educated Abroad—Peculiarity of Negroes of Jamaica.

The Belfast brogue, it is pointed out by a correspondent, is the most pronounced in the whole of Ireland, for the vowels are shorter than in Cork, and the hard consonants harder than in Glasgow. In Dublin, where they think they speak the most perfect English in the world—they call it Dublid—there is little or no accent, only an inflection, which always betrays the speaker's origin. Dublin people are counted affected and Anglicised in Cork and Galway.

The Irish accent, as a matter of fact, is very elusive. Irishmen who have been at school in England generally lose it in their youth. Parnell lost his at Cambridge, and it never came back to him. On the other hand there are men who have never been in Ireland who might have come straight from the quays of Cork harbor.

In Jamaica there are a large number of negroes with the brogue—a fact that is supposed to be due to their ancestors' association with an Irish regiment quartered in the island.

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