

# MAINE WOODS

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PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1904.

PRICE 3 CTS.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

Fish and Game Oddities.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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### Those Porcupine Claims.

That basketful of returns of porcupine bounties paid will be presented to the governor and council at their next meeting when the state auditing board will have an opportunity to do some fighting. The returns are now about all in, showing an aggregate of more than 50,000 porcupines killed for the bounty. The appropriation for the bounties of 1903 is but \$500 which will not go far towards meeting the indebtedness of \$12,500 which the state will have to meet. The council will probably use the \$500 in paying those towns where but few porcupines have been killed, while towns with big bills will have to wait until the legislature makes an appropriation to meet the deficiency in the

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appropriation.

The prospect is that this year many of the towns will refuse to pay any more bounties on the ground that they have no money to meet them. It is stated in Augusta that Ellsworth, which paid some \$600 in porcupine bounties last year, has stopped payment and will cash in no more noses and feet. It would not be surprising if nearly all the municipalities refused to pay bounties this year.

It is quite a proposition for a town to pay out from \$500 to \$700 for these bounties and then the state not be able to reimburse it for more than a year. It is said that several town treasurers, having no public funds at their command, have paid the bounties out of their own pockets, expecting to get quick returns from the state. But as there is no money forthcoming from Augusta they are making the best they can of that situation. They will be satisfied if they eventually get their porcupine money back without charging the state a cent of interest.

### CAMP AND HOTEL PRINTING.

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J. W. BRACKETT.

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

### Played Joke on Hawk.

Hawks, writes the author of "Travels in a Treetop," have an unusual amount of curiosity. They are trapped, he says, almost as often through their curiosity as through their fear. Sometimes in winter, when there is little to attract their attention, an unbaited trap, if of a new shape or variety, is quite as likely to land a victim as if it held a most appetizing mouse.

Once a trick was played upon a splendid black hawk that had been mousing over the fields for half the winter. It often perched upon a straw stack, instead of in the lone hickory tree that stood sentinel like in the centre of the field. Early one morning a plump meadow mouse, with an inflated bladder attached to it by a string, was placed on the top of a stack. The bladder and cord were concealed by the straw. The hawk was apparently a little suspicious when he first noticed the mouse. He was not used to seeing a mouse remain perfectly still in that way, especially when he began to circle about with his great black wings close down to the stack. Presently he alighted in a wary way on one end of the stack; then he walked nearer, eyed the mouse sharply and pecked at it. At last he seized it in his talons and made off for the hickory. Halfway there, however, he noticed the bladder attached and gave the mouse a violent jerk to free it from the strange appendage. This only served to make the bladder bob up and down more furiously, and with a scream of terror the hawk dropped the mouse and all fled to the woods. It was some time before he was again seen in the neighborhood of the straw stack.

### A Mouse Power Mill.

"The Scotsman" has dug up an old pamphlet in which is given an account, by one David Hutton, of his investigation and practical employment of mouse power. The following is extracted from Hutton's narrative:

"In the summer of the year 1812 I had occasion to be in Perth and, when inspecting the toys and trinkets that were manufactured by the French prisoners in the depot there, my attention was voluntarily attracted by a little toy house with a wheel in the gable of it that was running rapidly round, impelled by the insignificant gravity of a common house mouse. For a shilling I purchased house, mouse and wheel. Inclosing it in a handkerchief, on my journey homeward I was compelled to contemplate its favorite amusement. But how to apply half ounce power, which is the weight of a mouse, to a useful purpose was a difficulty. At length the manufacturing of sewing thread seemed the most practicable."

Mr. Hutton had one mouse that ran the amazing distance of 18 miles a day, but he proved that an ordinary mouse could run ten and one-half miles on an average. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal was sufficient for its support for 35 days, during which it ran 736 miles. He had actually two mice constantly employed in the making of sewing thread for more than a year. The mouse thread mill was so constructed that the common mouse was enabled to make atonement to society for past offences by twisting, twining and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day, Sundays not excepted.

A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal served one of these thread mill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it made 3,350 threads of 25 inches, and as a penny was paid to women for every hank made in the ordinary way, the mouse, at that rate, earned seven shillings and sixpence a year. Take sixpence off for board and allowing one shilling for machinery, there was a clear yearly profit from each mouse of six shillings. Mr. Hutton firmly intended to apply for the loan of the old empty cathedral in Danterline, which would have held, he calculated, 10,000 house mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators. Death, however, overtook the inventor before his marvelous project could be carried out.—American Machinist.

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MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.





#### Hon. C. E. Oak's address.

Hon. Charles E. Oak of Caribou spoke of the care of lands, particularly regarding the danger from fires. Mr. Smith of New Brunswick spoke along the same lines. Mr. Oak said:

"In discussing the topic assigned me I realize that the conditions in the various states and provinces here represented differ somewhat from those in Maine, but in the time allotted I shall not be able to discuss the various phases of government, and individual ownerships, or how the rise and flow of our rivers may differ from those in other sections. "I think, however, that in a general way the ideas here presented apply equally well to both government, or crown lands, and proprietors' lands, and consequently, to simplify matters, will discuss the subject as though it pertained to the state of Maine alone, where virtually all the wild lands are owned by individuals and where all our large rivers take their rise in, and flow for a considerable distance through forest territory.

"Allow me to further add in way of preface, that there has been no concerted action on the part of the landowners of this state, to define their position with reference to fish and game legislation, and that consequently I am giving only what I believe to be their views, trusting my statements will represent only the actual sentiment.

"Possibly this remark will give the impression that there is more or less indifference to the subject on the part of the owners, but such is not the fact.

"Every landowner, almost without exception, feels a very deep interest in every proposed new scheme or law relating to the subject, and many are the conferences as to what they mean and what the effect will be with reference to fire risks. This is about the only feature of the subject that interests them as a body and the only feature generally discussed.

"No one interested in wild lands in the state of Maine would care a particle how much the forests are hunted for game or the waters dragged for fish provided he could be guaranteed against loss by fire.

"This feeling is owing in part to the fact that the wild landowners under our laws are helpless to prevent either hunting or fishing except as they can influence legislation, because the old colonial ordinance of 1641 and 1647 by which we are still governed, laid down the rule that 'Fishing and fowling should be free so long as you trespass not on any man's corn or meadow, tillage or grass land,' and this regulation has never been annulled or repealed. Consequently, the landowners can have no private preserves for either fishing or hunting. Anyone can hunt and fish as stated, without trespassing; but in order to do either in any of our large wooded districts, he must camp or tent, cut wood and build fires, which is actual trespass. Here the wild landowners can assert their authority, if so disposed, and naturally obstruct the workings of the fish and game laws, and consequently they are parties who must be consulted in framing laws touching the subject.

"Even though this were not the condition, it is eminently proper and right they should be so consulted and their interest guarded in every possible manner, because the destruction of the forests would not only cause great personal loss to the individual owner, but would at the same time totally exterminate all large game.

"Droughts would follow extreme freshets and small streams become entirely dry in summer and thus the nurseries for small fish be destroyed. The flow of water would become very uneven throughout the year, compelling many manufacturing plants to go out of business. Employment would be very uncertain and irregular. Agricultural interests would doubtless be materially affected, and it is an open question whether or not they would not be entirely ruined. Only those who have given the subject close study realize how wide and far reaching the calamity would be should our state become suddenly deforested in consequence of forest fires.

"Every branch of business is so dependent on the continued preservation of our large forest area that I fear sudden deforestation would in a very few years virtually depopulate the state.

"Allowing this proposition to be true, and I feel that none will dispute it, it seems to me that the first thought in framing any and all laws relating to fish and game should be, will this in any way endanger forest property?

"I feel that I cannot make this idea too emphatic. Sacrifice fish and game if necessary and without question, but carefully preserve the forests. This I think is the thought in the mind of each of the wild landowners. Of course to quite an extent this is a selfish thought because naturally they want to save their own property.

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than any other class, have given the points mentioned careful study and more fully appreciate their importance. "They feel that by helping themselves they are helping the public to quite an extent and yet individually they are comparatively helpless. No insurance can be obtained to reimburse them for losses by fire.

"Until the past season the taxes they paid protected their titles only, as the government builds no woods roads, improves no rivers or streams, or in any other manner assists in developing their property or increasing its value.

"All this has to be done at private expense and yet the fish and game interests are greatly benefited by the improved navigation in many instances, and without the woods roads and portages there would be many less hunters and fishermen trespassing on their property.

"The landowners feel that their private property is being used very largely for public benefits and this, too, with out any pecuniary consideration.

"On the other hand they are actually called upon to contribute in taxes assessed on the full value of their lands toward the very funds appropriated for fish and game interests.

"Under these circumstances, furnishing as they do their private property as a public preserve, building the roads and clearing the streams, thus making their preserves accessible and paying as they do their full proportion of the funds appropriated from the public treasury for the development of sporting interests, is it any wonder that the landowners view very suspiciously every new proposition looking towards new developments along these lines? Is it any wonder that as a matter of fact they are somewhat suspicious of all fish and game laws?

"On the other hand, is it not more of a wonder that they have not obstructed legislation for the preservation of fish and game and lent their influence towards the enactment of laws that would tend to exterminate the same?

"That they have not, shows to my mind that they as a body have been very friendly and whole souled in the matter and under these circumstances I submit that it is the duty of every person interested in the subjects we are here to discuss to make the preservation of forest property paramount to fish and game interests.

#### ABOUT THE WARDENS.

"In employing fish and game wardens, special effort should be made to have the largest number your means will allow on duty during all times of summer drought, and stationed where they can best guard forest property against fires. They should be instructed that their first duty is along these lines rather than looking after poachers.

"The forest commissioner of this state is doing all he can to warn the tourists, by means of posted notices, against carelessness in building camp fires and the dangers in the careless use of matches, pipes, cigars, etc., and the fish and game commissioners are supplementing this work by requiring guides to comply with the law in respect to camp fires, etc., compelling them to quit the business when detected in any carelessness of this kind. But still forest fires occur quite frequently, doubtless caused in many instances by the carelessness of tourists, fishermen and hunters.

"The landowners feel that not enough is being done, and that other methods must be devised, and I appeal to you to use your best efforts to eliminate or minimize this danger.

"If you can do this I feel that I can guarantee that landowners will no longer view your industry with suspicion, but will heartily co-operate with you in making the sporting business even more attractive.

"By complying with these suggestions, you will be rendering a far greater service to the state than to individual owners. Thousands of men and large numbers of teams annually find employment from four to ten months in the year in the lumber woods. Lumber and pulp mills give employment to a very large number of men, handling forest products. Vessel and transportation companies are supplied with business very largely in consequence of the lumber and pulp business alone. Foundry and machine shops depend very largely for their orders on mills manufacturing lumber products.

"Wholesale and retail trade depend on this business more than any other except agriculture, and even farming would prove wholly unprofitable should deforestation occur, even though there were no climatic change which would necessarily follow. This loss of profits to the farmers would result in consequence of the burden of taxation falling almost entirely on them, with all the manufacturing property out of existence.

"But according to our best authorities, climatic changes of a decided character would surely follow. Rainfall would be much less certain and regular, and periods of drought much longer.

"Indirectly, the destruction of our lumber industry through causes named would affect to such an extent each and every branch of business, other than those already indicated, which furnishes our people with a livelihood, that depopulation would not be an unreasonable condition to anticipate.

"With these facts in mind, I implore you to study well the situation, and, regardless of the landowners themselves, consider the state's interest in preserving the forests, so much more important to our prosperity than all the fish and game ever dreamed of."

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#### An Unwelcome Visitor.

BY D. E. HAYWOOD.

A few years ago I was trapping in partnership with Billy Soule. This was before there was any special law on beaver. We knew there were lots of them on the Cupsuptic river and its tributaries, so I was elected to go and locate them before the season for catching them arrived.

Toothaker brook, which comes in from the west, was supposed to be alive with beaver, and I intended making a careful examination of all its tributaries.

I made quite an extended tour of the head waters, and on my way home went over onto the brook to look that over thoroughly.

The day was damp and cloudy. A light mist had been falling and the leaves and sticks were damp and soggy. It was early in October and I was merely on a prospecting tour. I had a light pack, an ax and a large Colts revolver.

Late in the afternoon I sat down astride of a log for a moment's rest. As I sat looking idly around I saw a dark object some 75 yards away in the direction from which I had just come. A second look showed me that it was a bear and that he was traveling quite swiftly. I knew he was liable to get out of sight any moment, or he might get scent of me and run. So acting as quickly as I could, I got out my revolver, took a hurried but careful aim at him and fired.

I saw him jump high in the air and then run like a rabbit. Going to the spot where he stood when I fired, I discovered that I had undershot him, the bullet plowing through the ground directly under his feet.

I was not greatly disappointed, as it was only a matter of unusual luck in my seeing the bear at all, and in the wet bushes it would have been doubtful if I could have followed him had I hit him ever so hard.

I went on about one mile and it was time to camp for the night. I found a good spot near the brook where the bank was about six feet high and here I prepared for the night. I cut down a dry tree to kindle a fire, with, then laid in a supply of green wood. I put up a light lean-to which I covered with a thin layer of boughs, spreading a rubber blanket over the whole. Then I had my supper, and after undressing my feet and cleaning my revolver, I laid back against my pack and prepared to dry out my clothes before the bright fire and enjoy a good smoke.

As I lay there in a most comfortable condition I several times thought I heard a stick break just beyond the reach of the light of my fire. At first I paid no attention to it, thinking it was some dead stuff settling, or a flying squirrel or rabbit at play, but I heard it so often that at last I began to get nervous. Several times a log or something seemed to crush as if a man had stepped upon it and it had given away under his weight.

I got my revolver out and made a torch of birch bark and waited. When I again heard the noise I lighted the torch and arising to my feet went a few steps in that direction, holding the torch above my head, but I neither saw or heard anything run away.

I decided that I must be nervous, so returned to camp resolved to take no further notice of what I heard.

I had not been long by the fire when a racket started in the brush near by and came rapidly nearer. Before I could move a rabbit dashed by between me and the fire, while something much heavier went tearing by just back of my lean-to in pursuit. The next moment I heard the rabbit squeal and knew it had been caught.

I jumped to my feet and fired several shots in the direction of the sound. I

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ALWAYS UNIFORM.

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## DUPONT SMOKELESS

THE CHAMPION WINNER.

was angry, annoyed and frightened. I heard no more and finally, having got my clothing dry and becoming sleepy, I piled more wood on the fire and after rolling myself snugly in my blanket, with the revolver close at hand, I prepared to sleep.

I did not expect to sleep very soundly but in this I was mistaken.

The next I knew I was awakened by something touching my foot. Instantly I was wide awake. Next it touched me along the leg very lightly. I thought it might be a rabbit and I felt for the revolver but I had moved about so much in my sleep that I had lost the location of it. Next I felt something on my back and it felt rather heavy for a rabbit and then I heard a faint snuffing sound. It came near my head which, like all other parts of me, was closely wrapped in the blanket. The thing, whatever it was, pressed its nose close to where my ear was under the blanket and after snuffing long and carefully emptied its lungs with one violent snarl as a dog sometimes does when he is smelling with his nose close to the ground. This gave me a great start but I lay perfectly still.

Next the thing began pawing me about and I knew it was of no use to try and keep still much longer. It would be only a matter of a few minutes at most before things would be lively enough.

The thing, whatever it was, was trying to uncover my head and I was kept busy wrapping the blanket about it. Finally it began to paw me about on the ground and roll me towards the fire. With a final toss I was thrown on the hot coals and I smelled the woolen blanket burning. I gave a vigorous flop and threw myself out of it but was rudely seized and again thrown back into the fire.

Until this time I had been very frightened, but when I discovered the animal's intention to roast me, fear gave way to rage and I decided at once to stand it no longer. I drew myself together and with one toss spread the blanket backwards off of me and sprang to my feet. One swift glance revealed the situation. The fire was a bed of live coals and the wood was merely glowing embers. My revolver was buried somewhere in the boughs and there was not light enough to show me the ax. I had thrown the blanket over the head and shoulders of a large bear and it was backing away pawing at the blanket in an indifferent way to remove it from his head.

Without taking a second look or thought, I seized the most convenient thing at hand which was an ember from the fire—a stout stick covered with glowing coals at one end. With this in hand I leaped toward him, and as his head appeared from under the blanket I dealt him a crushing blow across the nose. With a howl of pain he reared on his hind feet, and guarding his wounded nose with one paw, he began backing away towards the brook, forging my blows with the other arm with considerable skill.

I gave him no time to recover from the first shock, but followed him close, reigning blows on his head with the glowing club. At every blow a shower of sparks and coals was flying about his face and before they were out he would get another dose of them. The club being fanned by the breeze soon burst into flames, making the scene as light as day.

Just behind him was the high bank and brook. I thought I would knock him over the bank when he got nearer but an accident took place. Unconsciously I was standing astride a log, one end of which hung out over the water. As I dealt the knockout blow he fell upon the end of this log. My end of it flipped up and I was hoisted into the air and pitched headlong, torch and all, onto him in the water. In a second it was dark as Egypt. I regained my feet and listened. He was gone somewhere. In a moment I heard him sneeze on the opposite bank. He was sneaking away. I stood motionless till I heard him sneeze again much farther away, then I climbed out and returned to camp.

There was no more sleep for me that night, though I had no fear whatever of being again molested by that fellow.

#### Sportsmen's Show Number.

MAINE WOODS of February 19, will be our Sportsmen's Show number, 10,000 copies for distribution at the Sportsmen's show in New York, February 19-March 5.

It will be as full of what sportsmen like as I know how to make it.

Advertising space, \$2.00 an inch.

Last day for receiving copy, February 10.

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Phillips, Maine, Jan. 11, 1903.

#### An Indian Menu.

The shin bones of a deer broken up and mixed with parched corn meal and cooked all night over a slow fire in a dirt oven. Jerked deer meat pounded in a mortar with a pestle until it looks like fine cut tobacco. Jerked deer meat with warm bear grease. Bog potatoes with mashed nuts smothered in white acorn oil. Kontee powder soused in wild turkey grease. Bear's paws cooked with corn until very tender. Tuck-hep-it-ka hominy seasoned with lye, scented with a beaver's tail and boiled in petroleum. Skunk, roast, ragout or fricassee. Here is the recipe for catching this animal before cooking him: "Shoot his head off when he is thinking you are over in Europe having a time, dig a nice little ditch right where he falls and bury him, wipe your gun out, tie the rags you clean your gun with on a switch and stick the switch in the mound above the skunk and go about your business. The powder smell on the rag will keep off the varmints until you go to dig him up in the morning. Clean him slowly but surely, cook him a la possum and you will swear that it is the best meat you ever ate in your whole life."—Kansas City Journal.



SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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NORTH AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Speeches by Prominent Men  
Anent Forests

And the Great Fish and Game  
Interests In General.

At the meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective association in Portland last week, Hon. L. T. Carleton, the retiring president of the association, delivered the following address:

"The object of the association, as set forth in the resolves of 1900 at Montreal, met with my unqualified approval, and your official action at each of your annual meetings, I heartily concur in.

"One of the principles adopted at that time, and I take it to be the dominating principle still, was to 'disseminate correct information representing the value of fish and game resources,' of the two great countries of Canada and the United States. Disseminate correct information, that is the watchword—that is the object.

"There will be no difficulty in these two enlightened nationalities in securing all needful appropriations for the proper protection and propagation of fish and game, when the people all understand—shall comprehend the value—the commercial value in dollars and cents, of these allied interests.

"A great deal of misinformation has been and is being disseminated about these interests in one way or another. I do not know how this may be in Canada or in the sister states of the republic, except in a general way, but in this state I am somewhat familiar with existing conditions and am fully aware that our present need is fully expressed in your first resolution adopted at your first meeting, viz., 'To disseminate correct information.'

"Another feature of your platform building, so to speak, to my mind was eminently wise and eminently proper; you recognized the press, the newspapers and the magazines as the great educational force of the two countries—as the one great and rare means of the 'dissemination of correct information,' and appealed for assistance to this resource. Nor had your appeal been in vain. The press of the two countries has, since the organization of this and kindred associations responded most nobly and has been and is apparently entirely willing to publish in full detail all reliable information upon these subjects.

"Our greatest drawback, our greatest hindrance in the prosecution of our work is ignorance, or rather, perhaps I should say, lack of correct information. "These interests have been recognized in proportion as the facts have become known, and it is historically true to say that this educational process has enabled us to make wonderful strides in recent years.

"We were somewhat slow in waking up to the real situation, to our great opportunities in these respects in the state of Maine, but we are thoroughly aroused at the present time. We are not all of one opinion here as yet, however, because of the dissemination of misinformation and the lack of correct information.

"There are those who profess to see a menace to the agricultural development of our state because of the presence of game and game birds in the forests.

"Strange as it may seem to you, gentlemen, from another country and from other states who are earnestly and intelligently seeking to benefit your country and your state along these lines, realizing as you do the great material benefits to be derived from having an abundance of fish in your rivers, lakes, ponds and streams and game birds in your forests,

TAXIDERMISTS.

TAXIDERMIST. Send us your big game heads and we will guarantee our work to be satisfactory. Work of all kinds done true to nature.  
J. WALDO NASH, Norway, Maine.

we are confronted with men and newspapers who allege that these are not only not a benefit but a positive injury, and just now we are in the state of Maine engaged in meeting that proposition and showing utter fallacy and utter absurdity, and we heartily welcome such powerful agencies as this association, composed as it is of such men of undoubted patriotism and recognized at home and abroad of commanding influence and great integrity.

"Your coming to the state of Maine at this time is most opportune. We feel very highly honored thereby and give you a hearty greeting and a cordial welcome.

"We can have reciprocity between the two countries, the United States and Canada, of sentiment in fish and game matters, and love each other for the good we are striving to do, even though the statesmen won't give us reciprocity in commerce and trade.

"I have watched you advance with the greatest pleasure and I feel that this association will surely be the means of binding closer together in friendship and mutual regard the people of these two great countries."

President Carleton then introduced Mayor Baxter who gave a fine address of welcome to the visiting delegates.

President Goding of the board of trade was next called upon and seconded the remarks of the mayor.

Pres. Carleton announced that Fish Commissioner Nickerson of Boothbay Harbor would in the evening read a paper on lobsters. The president then introduced Hon. Charles F. Libby of this city as a man who has always been a loyal friend to the sporting interests of this state.

It was voted to omit the reading of the minutes of the last annual session at Ottawa, Ont. The chair appointed a committee to nominate officers and another to select the place for the next annual meeting. The former committee was made up of Henry O. Stanley of Maine, G. H. Richards of Massachusetts, D. G. Smith of New Brunswick, C. H. Wilson of New York, H. G. Elliott of Montreal and Gen. F. G. Butterfield of Vermont. On the committee to name a place for the next meeting, Charles E. Oak of Bangor, G. H. Richards of Massachusetts, D. G. Smith of New Brunswick, C. F. Vinham of New Hampshire, Dr. J. T. Phinney of Quebec and Gen. Butterfield of Vermont were appointed.

E. T. D. Chambers of Quebec, who is the secretary and treasurer of the association, then submitted his annual report of which the following is a part:

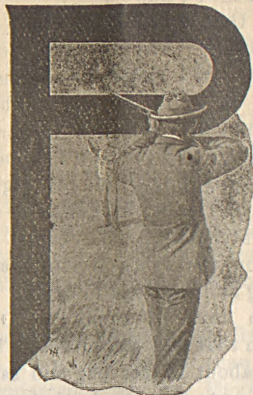
"Since the last meeting of the association, three members have died: L. Z. Joncas of Quebec, one of the founders of the association and its first secretary and treasurer; Hon. H. T. Duffy of the province of Quebec and John M. McGeary of Burlington. Ten of the members have resigned. By the addition of 35 new members the rolls have now been brought up to 120."

The financial statement showed that there was a balance of \$150.70 in the treasury.

Reports from representatives of the various states and territories were given. Henry O. Stanley reported as to the conditions in Maine. He said improvements had been made to a great degree in the last 30 years and that these meetings were of much value. If the provinces have the best laws for game, Maine should adopt these laws and vice versa. The outlook for the future in our state is very bright and there is a good fund to protect the game. In his opinion, game and partridges were not a damage to the grangers. For himself, he liked to have the partridges go into his orchard, for the partridges do not destroy the apple blossoms. Continuing, Mr. Stanley raised a laugh by declaring that the moose had never scared him out of the state. No doubt way back in the forests, the deer do some damage, but it is very slight.

Commissioners Decline.

The fish and game commissioners have declined to take any action in regard to closing ice fishing in Pease pond, Wilton, since the parties interested are not unanimous in asking for it. They say that they would close the pond to ice fishing if the Legislature had not just taken action, but under the circumstances they decline to interfere with the existing law.



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Short Cartridges:

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At Wood Lake, Neb., Oct. 14th, 1000 Straight without a miss, same conditions.

At King's Mills, O., Nov. 19th, 1019 shotgun shell heads without a miss, distance 25 ft.

At Cincinnati, O., Cincinnati Gun Club, Nov. 20, 1601 blue rock targets without a miss, distance 30 ft.

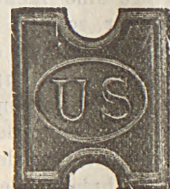
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Jim.

[BY DR. GEO. MCALEER.]

"Well I guess I had better punch up yer fire a little, hadn't I," said our Fac-totum as he peered into our lean to on the shore of Arnold pond near the head waters of the Dead river near the summit of the Boundary mountains in northwestern Maine. It seems to me it's gettin' purty low, and it will be more cheerful like if it blazes higher and brighter."

"Thank you, Jim. And so it will. And while you are about it you had better throw on some fresh wood, please."

With this interruption disposed of my companion completed the story of his recovery from a very dangerous illness when on a hunting trip in the Rocky mountains and far distant from medical aid. Meanwhile Jim had noiselessly adjusted the burning embers and replenished the fire with fresh fuel, but a novice would have observed that his exceeding care to make no noise betokened listening ears.

"Wal I've got a good thing to cure a fellah when he's sick," said Jim, "and if yeesee don't mind I'll tell yeh about it."

As there was a good opening and nothing pressing, Jim was invited to proceed, but here just a word in reference to Jim seems opportune.

At the little wayside inn on the edge of the wilderness where we met our guides and spent the night he first came under our notice. A boy's awkwardness linked with a boy's frankness, his droll ways and evident humor, his taste for adventure and love for life in the woods, his drawing intonation and habit of ending his sentences in the rising inflection, as if to indicate that his thought tank always held something in reserve—interested us in him, and but little negotiation was necessary to add him to our corps of assistants for our adventure through the woods, over the mountains, upon ruffled lakes and beside the rippling streams in that section of the state of Maine where the watershed divides the waters of the Androscoggin from the Kennebec.

He had reached that undetermined time in life when he might be called a lad, youth, boy or man—but the world had probably carried him twenty times around the sun, and his system and appearance gave abundant evidence of generous response to the action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. He was elongated beyond his years, and like the white birch sapling whose trunk is not sufficient to support its superincumbent weight, his inclined head, stooping shoulders and shuffling gait told of inroads already made by the action of the latter force.

The passing days had been rapidly gathered into weeks of unalloyed pleasure, and now night found our camp made and camp-fire blazing beside the lakelet made famous in American his-

tory by Benedict Arnold and his loyal band of brave Continental soldiers. And Jim—just plain, awkward, angular Jim—was now ready as ever to be helpful in need and to evoke hearty laughter of disquisitions from his philosophy, explaining pet theories and the relation of ludicrous experiences. Jim had evidently been on terms of closest intimacy with the members of the truth expounding club and had profited by their doctrines until he doubtless came to believe that his pronouncements were gospel truths—and they were delivered with such apparent candor that it would be very ungracious to question their veracity or to manifest dissent.

"Wal Mriah Jackson she comed cross lots over to our house to borrow the sheep shears and she staid till arter dark when she sed as how she was fraid to go hum. Mar tole me to go hum with her and sum how I didn't get back till purty late and nex mornin' I cudn't tell more'n our ole coon dorg. Mar sed I must go down to the village and see the Doctor as she feared I had got the noomonay. Wal the Doctor sed I was mighty bad and he rit suthin on a bit of paper and he tole me it was a prascrishopon and if I wanted to live I must foller it egzakly. Wal yer kin bet yer ole boots I wanted to live and would live if follerin the prascrishopon egzakly wud do the trick."

Goin' over the bridge on the way hum the wind riz my hat and ketchen it quick I let go of the prascrishopon and it blowed into the river. Then I wanted to live more'n ever and I jumped right in and follered it egzakly as the Doctor tole me. When I got out of the water I was as cold as a big isikel, but I run hum fast like and got right into bed with the prascrishopon and got well rite off. If yuh fellahs want a good medicine yuh ort to get a prascrishopon and foller it."

"Well, Jim, you were in luck for sure. But which would you prefer—a flying race through the air with angels or the trip down the Dead river tomorrow in canoes with us?"

"Wal I dunno, seen as I never flied with wings, but I flied onct I tell yer."

"You did, Jim. Do tell us about it, won't you?"

"Wal it was this way. Dad he said Jim you go up to the woodlot this artemoon and salt the cattle, and be sure and see if they are all there. Jack, that's my brother, was rakin hay with the ole mare and so it was shank's horse or the ole bisykle with me. The lane was purty good doin and so I straddled the masheen and lit out. When I got to the pastur I found all the cattle but the old spotted cow and a yearlin' heifer. I went up the ole tote road lookin for em and took the masheen along so as to hide it in the bushes.

Wal I went and I went and I looked and I looked but I cudn't find anything of the critters. I kept it up till the sun

got down below the treetops and I made up my mind to give up the hunt. When I got back so I could see where I left my bisykle, by jiminy blazes what dye think I see? A gol darned big buck eyein and spyin the masheen. He had a gret big set of horns like a rockin chair on his head and they was covered with velvet. He was cockin his head, a snuffin and turnin and by gol I stood and locked and loffed to myself to see such a caperin. But all at once his horns got itchy or he got mad and went buttin at the masheen and I hullered at him for fear he would break it. He reared up on his hind legs to cash away when, great Scott, his horns were through the wheels and away he scud like a flash with the machine upon his head. But he didn't go far before one of the wheels caught upon a limb of a tree and then, gee whizz, you ort to see the circus. But I couldn't wait to see the fun for fear he would break everything to pieces. I got up to him as soon as I could but he struck at me so with his feet I couldn't get a hold of the machine any way I tried. He had thrown his head up so high I don't believe I could have reached it from the ground anyhow.

Well, I locked round and I couldn't see but one thing to do. There was a small white birch tree growin a little ways off and I made up my mind to climb it up to pretty near the top and swing off over to the limb that stuck through the wheel and then pull it off from the buck's horns. But yuh fellahs know how consarnedly contrary things goes sometimes. Well, that is just the way that tree did. It let me down right straddle of the critter and my weight broke off the limb. I had just time to grab his horns when away we went in a jiffy like a streak down the tote road! Talk of yer flyin angels and artemobiles then! Wal I jest didn't hev time to think when we reached the garden fence behind the house when over it he went ker plunk and his front end was so heavy he struck on his head and broke his neck, and for a fact he was kilt ded, he was.

"Well, Jim, that was an experience indeed—an experience that few if any have ever had. But to land a big buck right at the door of your home must have pleased your parents very highly."

"Wal no it didn't. He fell in our cucumber bed and broke down all the vines and killed them, and that was too bad."

"Yes, but was not that pretty late in the season for cucumbers? It seems to me that the crop if put in at the right time must have attained to maturity long before."

"Oh yes, yure right. But our fust crop was all distrowed before we knowed it. Yeh see it was this way. One of them are sportsmen from down Massachusetts way sent mar a new kind of a cat and when she went to get some of the fust lot of cucumbers, by gol what dye think?—ther sot the Massachusetts cat under the vines eaten the last cucumber! Well that ole cat was out of the way before we got over our mad. But the funniest thing yeh ever heerd tell on is that all the younguns she left behind look like cucumbers and ther tails look just like cucumber vines! We are now waitin to see it!"

— but the snore maker interfered and future generations have lost the valuable lesson in biology or the deductions from the wisdom and philosophy of veracious Jim.

For Sale.

Deer Lake Sporting Ranch, nine miles from Eustis. For further particulars address Mrs. A. S. DOUGLASS.  
Eustis, Jan. 17, 1904.

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THE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN,



## MAINE WOODS, PHILLIPS, MAINE.

Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

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J. W. BRACKETT.

This Edition of Maine Woods  
5,450.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1904.

### Game, Fishing and Forestry.

THE close relationship of our fish and game interests to that of the wild landowners should be borne in mind by every guide and sportsman, whether a resident of Maine or not, who fishes and hunts in this state. Those who fish and hunt here do so by trespassing upon the lands of men who have many thousands of dollars invested in wild lands and who feel that they are at all times in danger of serious loss from forest fires. Every sportsman should bear this matter in mind and it is of the utmost importance to the guides themselves that no fires occur in their tracks.

We can think of nothing that would be more likely to affect fish and game legislation adversely than the settled belief among wild landowners that guides and sportsmen were careless about putting out their fires. Some of them are careless, but we believe that there are comparatively few of such sportsmen or guides. The most of them understand that the risks are great and that the forest growth in localities that they visit is entirely at their mercy.

In shaping new legislation it is important that every step should be taken with the utmost conservatism wherever there is any question about fire risks. The address by, Hon. Chas. E. Oak, manager of the American Realty company, before the North American Fish and Game association in Portland last week takes up this matter from the standpoint of the landowner. It is full of wise suggestions and we are glad to print it elsewhere.

### When Deer are Outlawed.

No candid man can complain about the fairness of the regulations which the fish and game commissioners have made regarding the disposal of deer which invade the fields and eat up the growing crops in close time. Under such conditions the animals which destroy what the farmers are trying to protect are declared outlaws and may be killed by the owners of the fields in which the act is committed. The shooting of the deer removes the wrong-doer from the field of action, and thus saves the unharvested crop from destruction. And when this has been done, the owner of the crop has gained every advantage to which he can honestly lay any claim. The crop is his, and if a deer is harming his property, he has a right to kill the deer. Beyond this he has no right to go. The dead deer has a certain value, but it does not belong to the man who does the shooting, because the law protects deer through close time. If it becomes necessary to kill deer in order to save the grain the slain animal remains the property of the state, just the same as it was before it perished. Because it is the property of the state at all times, the state should have the right to dispose of the carcass. It is a wise and a just ruling. Unless something of this kind were done, every man who owned a patch of beans or a back yard grown up to oats could kill deer all through close time and claim he did no more than destroy the animals which were robbing him of his crops. Such a practice would leave too many loop holes open and would lead to wholesale butchery.

If our farmers are wise they will submit to the ruling without argument. They are permitted to protect their crops with firearms, and a dead deer can eat no more oats. On the whole, they will find that it is easier to shoot a trespassing deer, than it would be to drive the animal to pound.

### Articles and Pictures.

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

J. W. BRACKETT.

Phillips, Jan. 11, 1903.

## DEAD RIVER FISHING.

Guide Knew Just Where the Brook Trout Were.

Dr. Brown's Whistle Kept the Campers Out Awake.

(BY EDWARD L. EATON.)

It was in the summer of '94 that I started with two companions, George and Oscar, neither of whom had ever handled a gun only at Fourth of July and election celebrations, for a three weeks' outing in the Pine Tree state. George was a telegraph operator and more used to the luxury of spring beds, hot water bags and other 20th century creature comforts, supplied by a doting and anxious mother, than to the rough life of a camp, while Oscar was paying teller in a bank and of a gentle sort. As I was a native of Maine and therefore supposed to have a full knowledge of all the requirements for such a trip, all arrangements were left in my hands, even to the minor details. Of course it gave me a feeling of great importance to be chosen as head of the party and I spent the better part of ten days, to say nothing of a large sum of money, in collecting a tent, cooking utensils, fishing and bathing paraphernalia, several rifles and shotguns and innumerable other articles which I deemed indispensable to the comfort and pleasure of camp life, and shipping them to the last station this side of Mt. Bigelow.

Now let me state right here that all I knew at that time about the woods of my native state could be written in two words—very little, but while visiting different parts of the state I had heard the loungers who occupy the easy chairs in the tavern office and the tops of flour barrels in the grocery stores relate hair raising yarns of their wonderful adventures while camping out, both in winter and summer. I have since learned that all the outfit required for such a trip in the summer, including the guide and three men, can easily be carried in a good sized canoe. But a canoe couldn't carry the outfit I got together and a good sized two-horse truck wagon had its carrying capacity tested to the uttermost, and only for an incident which happened on the trip I should have had to stand all kinds of chaffing about it to this day. But at last everything was aboard the train and we were off, and in due time we landed at the station of Carrabassett, about 20 or 25 miles from the chain of ponds where we intended to locate.

Right here we had our first taste of the difficulties which a bunch of novices experience. It was raining—one of those slow, drizzling, cold rains that wets a fellow through and through and mixes everything and everybody, tempers included, all up. The first thing now to be done was to look up a guide and transportation and after inquiry we got on the track of an old Canadian woodsman whom our informant told us knew every tree and rock that existed in that region, and lots more that didn't exist. Old Pete, as he was called, lived two and a half miles from the station and we reached his tumbledown cabin, where he abode in single blessedness, about 4.30 in the afternoon. After pounding on the door and shouting for a good five minutes we had the satisfaction of hearing the bark of a dog, and soon Pete himself appeared, followed by the dog, the latter a fine specimen of some long extinct canine breed. He was a sort of yellowish brown, about the size of a small bear and with the head and body of a bulldog and legs of a hound. George took to a tree immediately on catching sight of him, but Pete assured us that he was perfectly docile and after much persuasion George was induced to descend. Pete himself was as unique a specimen in his way as the dog. He talked a broken English in a high pitched voice that seemed strangely at variance with his huge frame and his shrewd black eyes peered sharply out from under a heavy tangle of iron gray eyebrows. However, we found him a most entertaining and humorous companion and after much dickering engaged him to officiate as guide, cook and man-of-all-work, for which we were to give him \$3.00 per day and all the ammunition, fishhooks, lines and groceries we had left on our return to civilization. We then proceeded to the tavern where we enjoyed the last good night's sleep we had for a week.

In the morning Pete arrived at the station with a small, wee-begone looking gray horse that no doubt belonged to pioneers of the state, hitched to a fair sized vehicle used extensively on the rough roads of northern Maine and known as a buckboard. When he saw our luggage he wanted to know whether we were going to start a new hotel or settle and clear a farm. After hauling it over he selected what articles he thought necessary and sent the rest to

his cabin to be stored (and they are there yet for aught I know.)

We camped that night on the shore of a small pond on our way up and after we three lads had fished for an hour, wet our feet in spite of our rubber boots, got bitten by countless mosquitoes and George had gotten a fishhook into the operating finger of his right hand, we had one trout about the size of a small salt water smelt. We came to the conclusion that it was a poor evening for fishing and returned to camp. It still lacked an hour of sundown. Old Pete smiled in that odd way of his as he cut a sapling about 12 feet long and said he was going up to the brook that ran into the pond to look for beaver signs, as he was trapped in the fall, and that he would be back in a little while and cook supper. So we tried to make believe we were enjoying ourselves. We smoked our pipes, tried to read some novels we had smuggled into our pockets—that is Oscar and I did—while George nursed his sore finger and complained about mosquitoes and wet feet. George always was a fractious sort of chap.

In about three-quarters of an hour Pete returned with seventeen brook trout that would average nine inches long and cooked them for supper. I really believe George was jealous of Pete's craft as a fisherman. After supper we sat, or rather lounged, around for a while and smoked, and then turned in to try and get some much needed rest. But sleep for us three tenderfoots was a long time coming. The evergreen boughs that we had for beds felt quite unlike the hair mattresses to which we were accustomed at home, and the tent wasn't furnished with screens, and I think there must have been a large colony of ants located very near our bunks. But at last, along in the small hours we slept—not the calm, peaceful sleep of the just, but the troubled sleep of the neophyte in camp life on his first night in camp.

It was about 5.30 in the morning that I was awakened by Pete's voice saying, "If you fellars are agoin' to take a cold bath before breakfast you better go ahead." I sat up and so did Oscar and George tried to, but he only got halfway and sank back with a groan. Oscar and I crawled to our feet and looked around at the pond. Now if any of my readers happens to be a baseball player he will remember how one feels after the first game in the spring. Well, that feeling is something gloriously fine compared to the soreness and stiffness which we felt, and as for George he swore he was positively helpless. It took Pete an hour to limber him up fit for the remainder of the journey. Oscar and I took our bath towels and proceeded to the shore, and somehow, while feeling of the water to determine its temperature, Oscar slipped and wet his feet and that was the nearest we came to a cold plunge that morning or on the whole trip. Somehow there didn't seem to be half the fun in it we had read there was. In the first place the water in the shade of the woods looked black and awful, and there was a thick, heavy fog hanging over the pond that gave one a sort of shivery feeling down the spine, so we both came to the conclusion about the same time that we had rheumatism, or a bad cold, and were content with slopping a little water on our face and hands and postponed our plunge indefinitely.

That afternoon we arrived at our destination and pitched our tent on a picturesque spot on the lower pond of the chain of ponds, about a mile and a half from the upper pond. The latter is two and one-half miles in length. We spent three days fishing, fighting mosquitoes and black flies and listening to George's grumbling, and I was beginning to chafe under the collar on account of the guying my chums gave me about my voluminous outfit. The fourth night after supper, as we were enjoying our usual smoke, I asked Pete to tell us of some of his adventures. After a little urging he heeled off a long yarn about a panther he and his partner had trouble with in the fall three years before. It seemed that they were running a long line of traps, and they were camped about four miles from where we were, when one morning they saw tracks of a large animal. In the night they were awakened by loud barking and growling from their dog and some other animal and their dog was found dead next day. They came to the conclusion it must be a panther. After that they neither heard nor saw anything of it for a week when he again appeared on the scene and followed Pete all day, appear-

ing first on one side of him then the other, and that night he and his companion took turns sleeping and keeping a big fire burning and the panther screamed around the camp until morning, when they decided to pull up stakes and go home. A week later another hunter killed the panther.

Pete told the story in his broken English and in an awe-inspiring tone, and scarcely had he finished his tale when there came to our ears faintly, but plain enough to be distinctly heard, from the north, a shrill, weird wail. Old Pete looked out through the fly of the tent, listening intently, and stopped puffing at his old clay pipe. "What was that?" queried George, as he quickly sprang up from his bed of boughs. I answered in jest, "It's a panther." Old Pete looked grave as he said he didn't know sure what it was, and presently the cry came again, this time nearer and more distinct. George was now hurriedly trying to load his 32 calibre revolver with 44 calibre rifle cartridges, and the look on his face was queer, while Oscar's face gleamed white in the light from our campfire. If I felt any fear I think I kept it concealed. George was bound to make up a roaring fire, and seeing my companions so thoroughly frightened I saw my chance to get back at them for chaffing me so unmercifully for my purchase of blankets and bathing suits and other collateral we had no use for. So, putting on a bold front, which I didn't feel one bit, I exclaimed, "If you big boobies want to sit up and keep a fire going all night for a noise that is three or four miles off, go ahead; as for me I am going to sleep", and turned over and laid still.

The screams continued at frequent intervals, now near and again sounding at some distance until near midnight when they ceased altogether. All through the night the boys kept the fire booming in front of the tent. In the morning my companions insisted on getting out of the woods and as Pete said there was a hotel over at the upper pond, we broke up our camp and went there, although I guyed them for leaving all the way. We arrived safely at

## SPORTSMEN'S DIRECTORY.

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

SPORTSMEN'S BEST PACKS, \$15.00. Best nowshoes, \$10.00. Burt Leather specialty. H. H. Hosmer, Norway, Me.

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

the hotel and engaged board for a week. In the evening George told our experience of the preceding night, and how the panther howled around most of the night. When he had finished, one of the listeners remarked that it must have been the whistle on Dr. Brown's new steam launch that we had heard. Then George's indignation was comical to see and he wanted to know if they supposed that he had worked on Atlantic avenue in Boston for two years and didn't know a steamboat whistle!

But that night the doctor had his launch out again, and it proved to have been that little whistle that caused the undoing of George and Oscar. It was the first night it had been on the pond and as the merry party aboard cruised around they frequently blew the whistle, little dreaming they were causing so much consternation in our little camp.

Well, from that time on if either of my chums said anything about buying an outfit, I quietly remarked, "Go get a steamboat whistle," and thick silence follows. Since that time we have spent a number of vacations in the Pine Tree state, but have been content to sleep at the summer hotels.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS.

**Ashland House Restaurant**  
4th Ave. and 24th Street,  
New York City,

Two blocks from Garden, is one of the best in the City, and Madison Square enjoys a world-wide reputation.

H. H. BROCKAWAY, Prop'r.

: DID YOU EVER :  
**GO FISHING**  
AT  
**BILLY SOULE'S?**  
Haines Landing, - Maine.

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for a wilderness camping, canoeing and fishing trip through the famous West Branch of the Penobscot and its tributary waters. The greatest canoeing in the world, and the fishing, don't mention it; triples, doubles, any number, and big fellows in plenty, too! Big game everywhere. We make a specialty of outfitting sportsmen COMPLETELY for these trips. Send for booklets.

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

## New HOTEL BELLEVUE,

Beacon Street, near Tremont,

Near all Theatres and Large Stores

- BOSTON, -

Take Elevated R. R. from either North or South Station to Park Street.



Cuisine Unexcelled,  
Excellent Music,  
European Plan,  
Rooms, \$1.50 upwards.

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## NEW BOOK ABOUT THE MOOSE.

Recently issued. Fascinating to Big Game Hunters. Contains a remarkable collection of LIVE MOOSE PICTURES. Much about the WAYS of the MOOSE.

Edition De Luxe. One thousand copies, by Bert Jones. Publishers' price, \$2.00 a copy. To MAINE WOODS readers with the paper one year, \$2.50, postage paid. Address

J. W. BRACKETT, Publisher MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

For six new subscribers for MAINE WOODS at \$1.00 each, I will send a copy of this book free.

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MISS ETHEL A. HARLOW, Dead River, Me.



## TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

### Scents.

The question of scents for baiting the different animals is one of vital interest to all trappers. The value of these are unquestionably great, but there is such a wide difference of opinion among trappers that there is no use for anyone to make a stand on any one scent. They are not expensive experiments to try and a good plan is to give some of them a trial and find which gives the best results. The season of the year and the kind of animal to be baited are important factors to be considered. Personally I think animals are attracted more through curiosity than for gratifying any desire of theirs.

I once tried an excellent fox scent on a sable line. I used it in, say one trap in ten. I made careful notes of the results and after several trips decided it worthless for other than foxes. But I am only one and there are other trappers who know probably more than I; so in this chapter we will give them a chance to air their ideas. The following letters are all from good trappers. Some have appeared in Hunter, Trader, Trapper, while others are extracts from personal correspondence.

D. E. HEYWOOD.

SUNDERLAND, VT., Jan. 15, 1904.

Boys, as Mr. D. E. Heywood is editor of the trappers department and wants hunting stories, I will send in one. You read about great fox scent from men of your own state, but what do they amount to? I sell, of course, the matrix of the bitch fox, mink, rat, etc.; but it isn't the best fox scent by any means.

To attract a fox to your traps, it takes a strong smelling ingredient, something the fox can smell in the wind a long distance. Here is the best fox scent ever put on the market and it's free.

Put the juice of one rotten onion together with one rotten egg and the contents of one skunk's stink bag and you will have the best and strongest fox scent ever compounded.

This is the trappers' genuine fox scent and is free as a glass of water.

GORDON BENTLEY.

### A Strong One.

First of all I get about five pounds of fresh water fish and after chopping it in small pieces put it in airtight fruit jars, where it remains in a warm place a few days. An oil will rise to the top and this I strain off into another jar and add 2 ounces oil of anise, 1 ounce oil of rhodium, 1 pint alcohol. Then when I catch muskrats I take the scent bags from as many females as I can get or from as many as two dozen rats, also one ounce asafetida powdered, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves and if I can procure the part that is peculiar to the female fox I put it in alcohol and let it stand in a warm place a few hours, after which I add the alcohol to the above mixture. Shake well before using. Keep tightly corked and in a cool place.

Here in the above you have a scent worth a barrel of some of the so-called scents, which I have proved to my satisfaction are worth no more than so much water.

### Two Good Ones.

Take one-half pint of skunk's oil and the musk glands of a muskrat and one scent bag of a skunk and you have the celebrated scent of Wm. Schofield, one of the first water set fox trappers of the east. This should be made in the spring, but it is all right if made at any time. It is not the best scent, however, but is a most excellent one.

Here is the scent of the best but it is very hard to prepare because you cannot often get a female fox in running season, which is in February and March in this climate.

Get the matrix of a female fox taken in running season, or in other words cut out the entire sexual organs and place them in a pint of alcohol and the result will be the best scent ever made. Some

**FOX TRAPPING.** Sure and honest method. Fully warranted. Stamp for reasonable terms. R. F. D. No. 2. EDGAR R. PAGE, Bucksport, Me.

**NEWHOUSE TRAPS,** the standard for over 50 years. Oneida Community, Limited, Oneida, N. Y.

**TRAPPERS.** Don't fail to secure my 44 year's experience in trapping. How to take the fox, \$5.00; otter, \$2.00; mink, \$2.00; muskrat, \$2.00; coon, \$2.00; all combined \$7.00. Send right along and you won't be any disappointed. Wm. P. TOWNSEND West Buxton, Me.

**WANTED.** Live wild animals of any kind, particularly very young animals, and females about to have young. Also, one or two bear cubs born this season, (1904), the younger the better. Also, young birds of prey. State your prices when writing; don't ask me what I pay. Ernest Harold Baynes, Stoneham, Mass.

### Bentley's Fox and Mink Scent

is the leading scent of the world. No skunk stink, trout oil, skunk oil or other fake trash, but a genuine scent composed of the bitch fox, mink, muskrat and other powerful ingredients during the rutting season, which I collect every season. Price 50c a bottle for fox or mink. You see plenty of scents advertised but they are worthless as a rule, but there is no fake about my scents. They are genuine. Remember the price, 50c a bottle postpaid.

GORDON BENTLEY, Sunderland, Vt.

use salt brine instead of alcohol.

This is the scent you will buy the recipe for for \$5.00 and you are told that foxes are crazy for it. This is in a measure true, but a red fox will not step into a trap unless you use some skill in setting it, with any kind of scent. I don't care how frantic a fox is to get at the bait, they don't commit suicide if they know it.—N. C. Burbank in Hunter, Trader, Trapper.

### Another.

Now a few words about scent. I never did believe in mixing a lot of stuff together as some say. Now if a mink is attracted by the odor of fish oil, or scent of muskrat, or of blood, or the scent of a female mink, that does not say that we should mix them altogether and expect it to catch every mink that comes along. Would you expect a mink to distinguish the smell of each of these substances when they are all mixed together? If we like chicken, sweet potatoes, chocolate, cake and mince pie would it make it better to mix all these things together? I don't think we would like it. As for the fox the very best scent, or decoy, is the matrix of the female fox, as has been described so often; but as Mr. Burbank says, it is hard to get. Next to this, I think comes skunk essence and it should be sprinkled around quite freely, as the fox is not afraid of it, like some of the trappers, and it helps to kill the smell of the iron of the trap. Now don't think by this that you should rub it on the trap. Just sprinkle it around the trap.

But none of these scents will attract animals as far as some seem to think, and I find that one of the most important things is to find where animals travel and set your traps near these places. Of course you must study the nature and habits of the game, or you will not know how to set a trap after you find the right place. Set your traps carefully, work hard, keep your eyes open, use reason and good sense, take care of your furs and you will be successful.—Elmer Kreps in Hunter, Trader, Trapper.

### Letter From Oneida Community.

ONEIDA N. Y. Jan. 19, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods.

The article about catching bears by D. E. Heywood in your issue of Jan. 8th, while highly interesting shows that the author is not familiar with the more recent patterns of Newhouse Bear Traps, and his remarks about the weight of the number 5 are therefore liable to be misleading to trappers.

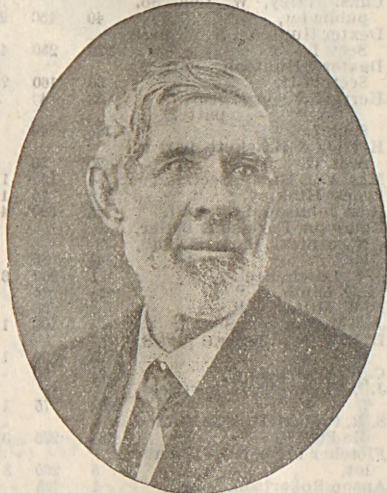
It has been a settled principle with the Oneida Community in manufacturing the Newhouse Trap for the past fifty years to promptly meet every well recognized want of the trappers, and as our number 5 Bear Trap was thought by some, like your correspondent, to be unnecessarily heavy we provided a number 50 Newhouse Bear Trap, which weighs but 11 pounds and which is carried by all the hardware dealers in Maine.

This number 20 Trap has proved to be

a great favorite with trappers and has sold rapidly since it was introduced.

The springs of the Newhouse Trap, it is hardly necessary to say are far superior in action and reliability to any that can possibly be made by a blacksmith. The discovery made fifty years ago by old time trappers, Sewell Newhouse, of a secret method for tempering springs has been carried out with the greatest pains by the Oneida Community [of which he was a life member] and enables them to positively guarantee every trap.

Besides the number 50 Bear Trap, which is 5 pounds lighter than the number 5 referred to by Mr. Heywood, we also have the number 150 Bear Trap, weighing only 11 1/4 pounds which has a space between the jaws when closed so



S. NEWHOUSE,  
Inventor of the Celebrated Newhouse Trap.

that the spring can rise higher while the trap is on the foot of the bear. This gives it a much better grip and with its teeth renders the escape of the bear from its jaws practically impossible.

We send with this a portrait of an old trapper, Sewell Newhouse, thinking Maine trappers may like to see it. He was born in 1813 and his grandfather was taken prisoner in the battle of Bunker Hill.

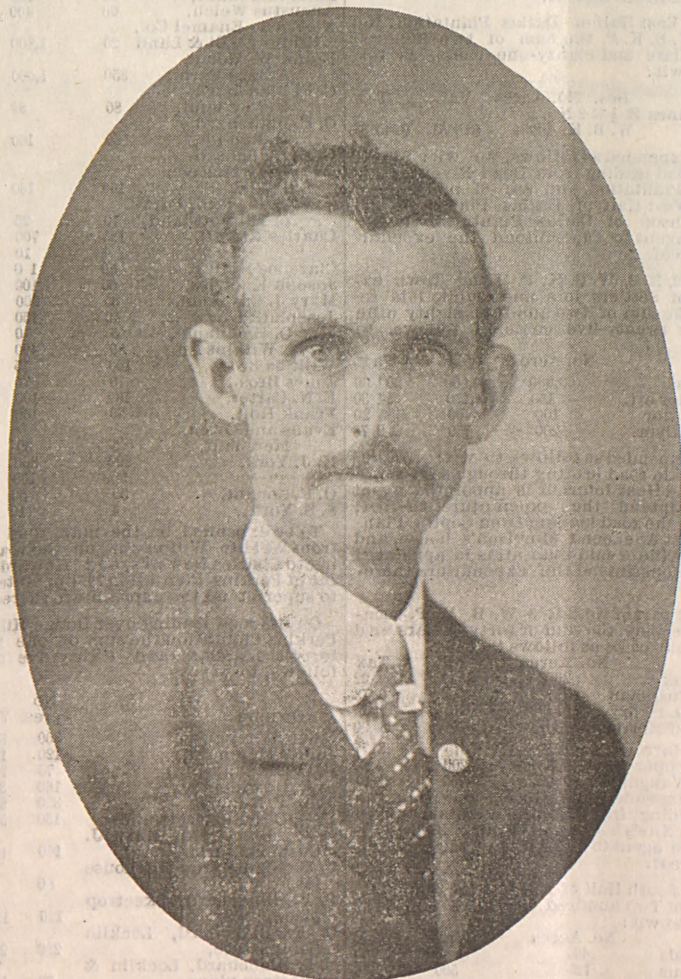
Yours respectfully,  
ONEIDA COMMUNITY,

### FISH WARDENS ORGANIZE.

#### North American Fish and Game Association Met in Portland.

The Maine Fish Warden's association was organized at Rockland Jan. 6 with the choice of these officers: President, A. R. Nickerson, Boothbay Harbor; vice president, Capt. S. T. Cousins; Lamoine; secretary, George A. Dow, Portland; treasurer, J. F. Goldthwaite, Biddeford; executive committee, W. L. Blackington, Rockland; Ruel T. York, Damariscotta Mills; N. J. Hanna, Bristol. The organization resulted from the banquet given Commissioner Nickerson by the Maine fish wardens.

Commissioner Nickerson reviewed the Maine lobster industry in an extended address before the North American Fish and Game association at Portland Jan. 20. See report elsewhere.



WILLARD C. PERRY, MADRID, MAINE.

Willard C. Perry of Madrid was sick with spotted fever when he was three years old which left him deaf and dumb. Although Mr. Perry cannot hear nor talk, he can work, and is quite a famous

hunter and trapper. He has caught 13 bears, 43 fisher, 69 mink, 38 skunks, 38 muskrats, 8 black cats and 3 coons. He has 100 traps this winter

## BEAVER IN NET.

### Dead River Angler's Experience Years Ago With a Bear.

#### A Great Stream For Fly Fishing, Moose Falls.

(BY "45-90 WINCHESTER.")

A few years ago I had to make a trip to Spencer lake to meet a sportsman and as he invited a friend to come along with him at the last moment I had to take another guide with me so I got Al S——, a friend of mine, and we went to King and Bartlett Camps the first day.

These camps were then owned by Andrew Douglass and Joe St. Ober, but as this was before many sportsmen came to this country, the camps were not open, except the cook camp, although this was early in June.

We camped here, however, that night and the next day went to the foot of Spencer lake where we arrived about noon.

We then hunted for a canoe that was supposed to be hidden near the dam but didn't find it. There was trouble ahead now for it was about six miles around the lake to Tommy Gerard's camp, where we were to meet the party, and the worst kind of traveling and as there was a strong wind down the lake, a raft was out of the question. There was but one thing to do. With a small ax which we brought with us, we cut down a big spruce tree, peeled 12 feet of bark from the trunk and then dragged the bark down to the beach.

We then split a small ash tree for gunwales and bent some alders in for ribs, hewed out some bow and stern posts and with a few nails found in the dining camp and some tough roots, we nailed and sewed our craft together and then got a little spruce gum which we melted and stopped some of the cracks.

By this time we had to look for something to eat, as we had but one slice of bread apiece for supper and breakfast, but as we each had a fish line and some hooks we soon caught a good mess of trout which did very well for supper, and as the nights were warm we passed a very comfortable night.

But we were up at 3 a. m. and after eating our last slice of bread and a few trout we launched our boat and as the wind had not started up yet, we paddled up the first pond to the Narrows before our boat began to leak very much, but here we had to go ashore and dump the water out and I suppose we started the pitch in some of the cracks for after this it leaked worse and by the time we got to the upper pond we had to leave the boat and take to our legs, but we had got past the bad going and arrived at Gerard's camp at 10 a. m., very hungry but all right. Our party came in about an hour later, having come from The Forks, with George Jones as guide.

The next day we went back to the dam with our party and did some fishing on the stream and while we were at a narrow part of the stream I heard a shout from Al and I looked up just in time to see him make a jab with his dip net and he brought up a 40-pound beaver, but he had to let him go to save his net. The beaver then came on down stream and I gave him another lift. This was the biggest thing I ever got in a landing net.

The next day we went to King and Bartlett and put in a few days with those big speckled chaps (with mosquitoes on the side.) Then we went to Blakeslee Pond Camp, where we made a record of 65 trout in 30 minutes and the trout would average a half pound each.

From here we went to Spectacle Pond Camp and had some of the best stream fishing at Moose falls on the Kibby stream that I ever saw. Just think of it, a stream 80 feet wide and water running white, no bushes to catch your flies and trout weighing 2 pound to 1 pound each coming for them as soon as the flies struck the water! And fight! They fought as if they had splinters in their tails and rocks in their pockets.

From here we went to Eustis, then to Chain of Ponds, then to Big Island, Tim Pond, Kennebeco Lake, Ed Grant's and several other good places which we may look at later.

45-90 WIN.

Mr. Frank Hayden of Lewiston comes down town occasionally with Colna Donna and when he does people stop to see this fine horse move along. Colna Donna is surely a fine specimen of horse flesh and as smooth a going one as one generally sees. Maine is surely fortunate in having such a sire in the state. Mr. Hayden is wintering quite a number and looks forward to a fine racing season next year.—Turf, Farm Home.

## DODGED THE LAW.

### Game Officials Say Many Sportsmen Avoided License.

(Bangor Commercial.)

Although they express themselves as being wholly satisfied with the income received from the sale of licenses during the past season and are emphatic in their statements that the results sought for in the introduction of the fee system were attained, the state game officials say that they have reason to believe that a good many nonresident sportsmen hunted here without complying with the law which requires the payment of \$15. The evasion was accomplished by announcing themselves as residents of western towns, particularly Portland.

Game Warden Walter I. Neal of Waldo, who was on duty in Bangor during the season and who is regarded as an authority on all questions pertaining to fish and game questions, says that there is little doubt but that deception concerning place of residence was resorted to by numerous sportsmen for the purpose of avoiding the payment of the tax.

"Although we were suspicious a good many times that the sportsmen were not residents although they got game without complying with the law concerning hunters from out of the state," said Warden Neal to a Commercial reporter, "it wasn't a very easy thing for us to do, to go up to a man and tell him we thought he was lying when he said he hailed from Portland, Biddeford or some other city."

"We nailed two or three cases of this sort but there were dozens of others, we believe, that got by. You can't hold a man unless you have some sort of proof and therefore the offenders got their game without paying a cent to the state."

"We haven't a doubt as to the efficacy of the game license system. It has proven itself to be just what was needed to keep out an objectionable class of sportsmen—men who came here to slaughter all the deer and moose in sight and who seldom spent a dollar as they came provisioned and supplied for their entire stay."

### CAUSED THE DECREASE.

It is generally admitted even by supporters of the game license law, that it was responsible for the great falling off in the amount of game killed this year as compared with the figures of last season. The license men argue, however, that another fall will see the records jump up again. But their main claim is that game is better protected now than ever before.

## NO FISHING THROUGH ICE.

### Commissioners So Decide In Regard to Pleasant Pond.

The commissioners of inland fisheries and game have rendered the following decision in regard to ice fishing on Pleasant pond:

"It shall be unlawful to fish at any time for any kind of fish through the ice on Pleasant pond, situated in Turner, Androscoggin county, within a period of four years from Jan. 25, 1904."

At the last session of the legislature, a bill for this close time was introduced by Representative Leavitt of Turner. This bill found its way to the committee on inland fisheries and game, and its subject matter was referred to the commissioners on inland fisheries and game, who rendered their decision on Jan. 18.

### Two Papers, \$1.50.

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

J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Me.

## Why Not?

If I really do believe that I thoroughly understand my business, and that the only way it can grow is by having a lot of people know about it, then it's "up to me" to see that what I "am at" is widely known.

With an up to date outfit and machinery, types, etc., long experience, some little taste, perhaps, and at least a few shreds of honesty—I undertake to print anything demanded of me, to do it extra well and to make a fair charge for it.

"And further this deponent saith not."

J. W. BRACKETT Phillips, Maine.



Road Assessments.

STATE OF MAINE. FRANKLIN, ss. Court of County Commissioners—December Term, A. D. 1903. On the first day of the present term, being the 29th day of December, A. D. 1903, we, the subscribers, County Commissioners for said County of Franklin, having by one or more of our Board, in the month of September, A. D. 1903, made an annual inspection of all the County roads in the unincorporated townships and tracts of land in said County of Franklin, and having thereupon made an estimate of the amount needed to put them in repair so as to be safe and convenient for public travel, have assessed upon the following unincorporated townships and tracts of land in said County of Franklin, exclusive of water, and land reserved for public use, for the repair of the County roads therein during the year A. D. 1904, the following sums, to wit: On that part of No. 2, R. 1, W. B. K. P., formerly known as Greenville Plantation, the sum of three hundred nine dollars and eighteen cents, as follows, to wit: Owners Des. Lot No. of Acres. Val. Tax. John Clark 35 2 \$10 \$0.21 J. L. Collins 19 81 125 2.62 Lyman Dunham 34 128 100 2.10 Geo. Oakes E. Part 28 105 138 2.89 C. M. Smith 27 31 143 3.00 " S. E. Part 28 26 104 2.18 " N. E. 24 7 30 63 " N. 25 50 200 4.20 J. Lowell Cen. 24 68 110 2.31 " 25 22 40 84 " S. E. 26 73 110 2.31 " 30 13 20 42 " 37 1 5 10 D. Haley Part Lot 22 120 " 21 11 " 24 3 1/2 " S. 25 13 " S. W. 26 23 300 6.30 F. A. Hight 20 114 " E. 21 125 350 7.35 H. Bemis 23 66 100 2.10 D. E. & H. E. Hinkley 31 160 " 33 100 260 5.46 J. Oakes N. Part 18 70 150 3.15 C. Soule N. E. 28 38 125 2.62 Wm. Moore, home place and lot, 28 2 25 52 Wm. Moore, Toothaker lot, 27 9 50 1.05 Nathan Ellis 137 150 3.15 Hinds 30 175 500 10.50 Stanslow Oakes 28 200 4.20 Eliza A. L. Lowell Cottage Lot 50 1.05 David Pingree, Anna Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody } undivided of the following lots and sections: Sect. No. 1 575 28 acres " 2 2045 75 " 3 639 68 " 4 640 88 " 5 642 94 " 6 742 52 " N. 1/2 Sect. No. 7 320 00 " 8 320 00 " 9 320 00 " 10 367 00 Lot 5, R. 1 " 3 242 00 " 4 214 55 " 5 126 60 " 6 154 98 " 7 122 07 " 8 159 52 " 9 159 56 " 10 160 20 7953 53 To be expended as follows, viz: \$7550 on road leading from main road to A. M. Dunham's house, \$259.18 on the main road to line of the town of Rangeley, and on the road leading to Rangeley P. T. to the westerly side of the bridge; and Jerry Lowell of Greenville Plantation is appointed agent to superintend the expenditure thereof. On that part of No. 2, R. 1, W. B. K. P., formerly known as Sandy River Plantation, the sum of Three hundred fifty-four dollars and seventy-three cents as follows, to wit: Owners No. Acres Val. Tax. Jesse Ross, heirs, 350 350 7.00 J. W. Ellis, 200 200 4.00 J. C. Holman, 100 100 2.00 W. Stetson, 242 200 4.00 A. W. True, 100 100 2.00 Charles Hinkley, 200 400 8.00 Isaac Smith, 100 100 2.00 Jerry Lowell, 100 125 2.50 Furbish, Butler & Oakes, 122 600 12.00 William Haley, 112 300 6.00 David Durrell, land and Cottage, 113 300 6.00 Alonzo Huntington, 50 100 2.00 Orrin Hinkley, 100 100 2.00 David L. Perry, 25 25 5.00 Orrin Hinkley, 100 100 2.00 Seymour Berry, 100 100 2.00 Mial Lamb, 100 100 2.00 Fred J. Lufkin, 65 65 1.30 G. H. Moores, 100 200 4.00 Toothaker heirs, 100 125 2.50 Seymour Berry, 100 100 2.00 John Oakes, 75 1.50 James Morrison, 23 23 46 Geo. Winslow, cottage and lot, 175 3.56 G. M. Bonney, " 225 4.50 E. H. Shepard, " 175 3.50 Leonard Pratt, " 200 4.00 C. E. Parker, " 175 3.50 H. A. Haskell, " 175 3.50 Joshua Wells, " 150 3.00 O. W. Russell, " 150 3.00 Unknown, " 150 3.00 Burnside, " 125 2.50 H. E. Parker, " 125 2.50 T. U. Coe, undivided of the following lots and sections: S. 1/2 Sect. 7, 321 12 acres. " 8, 321 64 " " 9, 328 92 " " 10, 373 10 " " 11, 276 40 " " 12, 452 56 " " 13, 690 38 " " 14, 201 63 " " 15, 318 43 " " 16, 440 40 " " 17, 561 51 " " 18, 612 38 " " 19, 485 39 " " 20, 485 36 " " 21, 485 36 " " 22, 494 00 " " 23, 354 78 " Lot 2, S. of Road, 90 00 " 3, " 110 00 " 9, " 117 00 " 10, " 105 00 " 6, R. 1, 98 76 " 7, R. 1, 56 00 " 8, R. 1, 68 00 " 9, R. 1, 270 00 " 10, R. 1, 260 44 " 11, R. 1, 160 95 " 12, R. 1, 98 76 " 13, R. 1, 101 00 " 14, R. 1, 78 00 " 15, R. 1, 238 90 " 16, R. 1, 76 95 " 17, R. 1, 53 00 " 18, R. 1, 56 00 " 19, R. 1, 56 00 " 20, R. 1, 56 00 " 21, R. 1, 56 00 " 22, R. 1, 56 00 " 23, R. 1, 56 00 " 24, R. 1, 56 00 " 25, R. 1, 56 00 " 26, R. 1, 56 00 " 27, R. 1, 56 00 " 28, R. 1, 56 00 " 29, R. 1, 56 00 " 30, R. 1, 56 00 " 31, R. 1, 56 00 " 32, R. 1, 56 00 " 33, R. 1, 56 00 " 34, R. 1, 56 00 " 35, R. 1, 56 00 " 36, R. 1, 56 00 " 37, R. 1, 56 00 " 38, R. 1, 56 00 " 39, R. 1, 56 00 " 40, R. 1, 56 00 " 41, R. 1, 56 00 " 42, R. 1, 56 00 " 43, R. 1, 56 00 " 44, R. 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### To Wipe Out the Game Laws.

(Bangor News.)

James Gaston, Esq., of Dover, Mass., was in Bangor recently on his way home from his farm at Ashland, where he has been for some days superintending the cutting and storage of the year's supply of ice, which he uses in his extensive market gardening operations in Massachusetts. Mr. Gaston finds it profitable to have a farm down in Aroostook where he raises the hay and cuts the ice that he uses on his Massachusetts farm, land being much more valuable there for garden and orchard purposes than it is for hay and ice.

A reporter asked Mr. Gaston what he could say about the condition of things down in Aroostook and he answered that so far as he could see and hear, they were much more favorable down that way than they were in his section. There is less snow in Aroostook and the weather has been better than it has been in Boston, and especially in the middle of Massachusetts, where the cold has been something terrific.

Mr. Gaston says that many of the farmers of Aroostook are preparing to start a campaign for the abolition of all game laws, wardens and commissioners. He says that the recent utterances of Worthy Master Gardner of the state grange were intended to sound the opening note for this campaign and that the movement will gather strength as it goes on.

In his opinion the time has come to decide between two routes. Whether the state of Maine shall devote itself to the sportsman business wholly or whether it shall develop its agricultural resources and become a great agricultural state, such as it can become if the right kind of encouragement is given to young men to take hold of the farm for profit. The farmers do not want to make any mistakes, however, and until they find out whether Commissioner Carleton and his wardens own the state or not they will not do much in the way of pushing cultivation into the wild places. Mr. Gaston says that a man whom he knew up in the region around Hodgdon recently planted twelve acres of oats, being advised that his land was suitable for the culture of oats, and that he could do a good stroke of business for himself by raising his own oats.

As soon as the oats began to be in the milk, however, a herd of seven deer came into the field and made nightly raids upon the oats, until they were all eaten up.

The farmer consulted a game warden living near by and was referred by him to the commissioners. It took seven weeks to get a letter from the commissioners, and then it was merely a copy of the game laws with some few observations in a general way about the hardships that he had been called upon to endure and how sorry the commissioners were for him.

Another farmer somewhere in that section of the state, who was bothered to death by deer which came into his garden and ate up his plants, including some squash vines, set traps for them and poisoned three. He was immediately arrested by a game warden and was held for trial by the trial justice in his town. He employed eminent counsel to fight the case for him, and thus far his attorney has succeeded in staving it off so he has not yet been called into court. But at the same time he does not know whether he is safe in trying to protect himself from the ravages of deer.

Mr. Gaston was instructed to put up fences that were supposed to be deer high and tight, and to capture any animals that came into the enclosure, if possible. For this the farmer was admonished by the warden, but he told the warden that he was only a hired man and that if there was any kick coming to make it to Mr. Gaston. He reported it to Mr. Gaston, who wrote for information, but has never received any answer to his letter.

Mr. Gaston says that if he was a citizen of Maine he would make it his business to work up a sentiment that would at least make the fish and game commission take a consistent position on the subject and stick to it, so that a man could know when he was safe. As it is now, a farmer has no way to know whether he will be sent to jail if he tries to protect his growing crops, and rather than throw away money for seed to feed Mr. Carleton's pet animals he will not do much cultivating. That is why the farm area has not been doubled in this state and that is why we hear so much about slack cultivation and loose methods of doing things.

Mr. Gaston was given a synopsis of Commissioner Carleton's recent utterance in reply to the charges of Master Gardner of the state grange, wherein he said in effect that farmers would be protected if they shot deer merely to protect their own crops. He replied that he had heard of that before, but



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Potts tell their stories for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was, and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers' Club."

Suffering women should not fail to profit by Mrs. Brown's experiences; just as surely as she was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so surely will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure other women who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration. Read the story of Mrs. Potts to all mothers:—



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—During the early part of my married life I was very delicate in health. I had two miscarriages, and both my husband and I felt very badly as we were anxious to have children. A neighbor who had been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it, and I decided to do so. I soon felt that my appetite was increasing, the headaches gradually decreased and finally disappeared, and my general health improved. I felt as if new blood coursed through my veins, the sluggish tired feeling disappeared, and I became strong and well."

"Within a year after I became the mother of a strong healthy child, the joy of our home. You certainly have a splendid remedy, and I wish every mother knew of it.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. ANNA POTTS, 510 Park Ave., Hot Springs, Ark."

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female troubles—curing them inexpensively and absolutely. Remember this when you go to your druggist. Insist upon getting

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

that there was not a farmer in Aroostook who would dare to kill a deer even if it was in his door yard browsing on the flowers by the side of the door, unless he had the whole board of selectmen and six reputable citizens present for witnesses, for it had come to his notice that ex-parte and summary courts held by game wardens anywhere from three days to two weeks after an animal was killed had more weight at headquarters than did the statement of some of the reliable farmers in Aroostook county.

Mr. Gaston says there is one department of farm work that has been shamefully neglected. This is the study and practice of economic entomology. Those are pretty big words, but they mean in English the study of insects injurious and beneficial and the destruction of the one and the encouragement and cultivation of the other.

Mr. Gaston himself has always made a close study of entomology and to his knowledge of insects and the proper methods of fighting those that are harmful, he lays much of his success at times when others have lost their entire crops of certain vegetables. Mr. Gaston says that the field is broad for success in the practical entomology that applies to the farm and market garden, and he would have more young men and women take it up as a life work.

### Typewriting.

Typewriting of all kinds solicited. Correspondence, briefs, blanks and work of all kinds promptly and neatly done. Apply to the office of MAINE WOODS and MAINE WOODSMAN.



**HOOD RUBBERS**

TRADE MARK

NOT MADE BY A TRUST IF YOU CANNOT GET THESE RUBBERS FROM YOUR DEALER-WRITE US

Ripans Tabules are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tabules. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five cent pack is enough for ordinary cases. All druggists sell them.

**RALPH H. ROCKWOOD,**  
Civil Engineer.

Railroad Surveys a Specialty. Preliminary, Location and Construction. Examinations and Reports.

Waterville, . . Maine.

### TRANSPORTATION.

#### TIME - TABLE.

### SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

North.	Tr'n 1	Tr'n 3	Tr'n 5
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Farmington, .....lv	11 00	12 10	4 40
So. Strong, .....lv			
Strong, .....ar	P. M.	P. M.	5 10
Phillips, .....ar	12 30	1 00	5 30

South.	Tr'n 2	Tr'n 4	Tr'n 6
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Phillips, .....lv	7 30	8 30	1 30
Strong, .....ar	7 50	9 10	1 48
So. Strong, .....lv			
Farmington, .....ar	8 20	10 00	2 17

WESTON LEWIS Pres. F. N. BEAL, Supt

### FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RY.

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

#### TIME-TABLE.

In Effect Oct. 12, 1903.

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

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

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

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

GEO. M. VOSE, SUPERINTENDENT.

### TRANSPORTATION.

#### Time-Table.

### PHILLIPS & RANGELEY R. R.

The only all-rail route to Rangeley Lake. The quickest and easiest route to the Dead River Region via Dead River Station. Stage connection with every through train for Stratton, Eustis and all points inland.

On and after Dec. 14, 1903, trains on the Phillips & Rangeley railroad will run as follows until further notice:

EAST.		P. M.
Phillips, Lv		2 00
*Madrid, .....		2 20
*Madrid Junction, .....		2 4
*Reed's Mill, .....		2 55
*Sanders' Mill, .....		3 00
Redington Mills, .....		3 30
Eustis Jct., .....		4 00
Dead River, .....		4 10
Rangeley, ar		4 30
WEST.		A. M.
Rangeley, Lv		7 00
Dead Riv, .....		7 20
Eustis Junction, .....		7 50
Redington Mills, .....		10 00
*Sanders' Mill, .....		0 30
*Reed's Mill, .....		10 45
*Madrid Junction, .....		10 55
*Madrid, .....		11 10
Phillips, ar		11 30

\*Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

FLETCHER POPE, Gen. Man. J. C. WILLIAMS, Supt., G. P. & T. A.

### Portland & Rumford Falls Ry.

DIRECT LINE TO RANGELEY LAKES.

Through Time-Table, in Effect Nov. 16, 1903

GOING SOUTH.		A. M.	P. M.
Oquossoc, lv		6 50	
South Rangeley, .....		6 55	
Macy Junction, .....		6 59	
Bemis, lv		7 22	
Rumford Falls, ar		7 40	
Rumford Falls, lv		9 10	2 40
Livermore Falls, .....	A. M.	9 00	
Mechanic Falls, .....	6 55	10 41	4 07
Lewiston, ar	7 40	11 25	4 50
Portland, Union Sta., ar	8 35	12 20	5 45
Boston, (W. Div.), ar	12 45	4 10	
Boston, (E. Div.), ar	12 35	4 00	9 05
GOING NORTH.		P. M.	A. M.
Boston, (E. Div.), lv		9 00	12 30
Boston, (W. Div.), lv		8 30	1 15
Portland, Union Sta., lv	A. M.	8 30	12 55
Lewiston, lv	9 20	1 55	6 05
Mechanic Falls, ar	10 05	2 41	6 45
Livermore Falls, ar	11 40	4 15	
Rumford Falls, .....	11 35	4 15	
Bemis, ar		5 58	
Macy Junction, .....		6 17	
*South Rangeley, .....		6 18	
Oquossoc, ar		6 25	

All trains run daily except Sunday.

This is the only standard gauge all rail line to the Famous Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Rangeleys.

E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt., Rumford Falls, Me.

R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Mgr., Portland Me.

### Rangeley Lakes

### Steamboat Co.

Connections in the season with trains on Phillips & Rangeley and Portland & Rumford Falls Railroads.

H. H. FIELD, Gen. Mgr'r.

Phillips, Maine.

### First-Class Liverv.

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

### P. Richardson & Co

Rangeley, Maine.

### CAMP

### PRINTING.

I print circulars, writing paper, envelopes, registers, tags, bill heads, laundry lists and all other things needed by hotels and camps.

I have several hundred half-tone cuts representing fish, game and outing scenes that can be used in circulars at a moments notice. I never turn away a job for want of a suitable cut. I furnish it if requested to do so and I write a great many circulars every year.

If you want prices and other detail write to me about it.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Maine Woods, . . Phillips, Me.

If you want to know

where to get good

### HUNTING

or desire circulars, descriptive matter or information regarding Hotels or Camps in MAINE'S HUNTING or FISHING REGIONS address

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,

Phillips, . . Maine



## Virginia's Sentinels.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

STAUNTON, VA., Jan. 25, 1904.

Freeminent "Amid the Green Fields" of the valley of Virginia stand the two mountains, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. These two mountains are situated in the fertile valley of old Virginia, on the suburbs of Staunton, the "Queen City" of the valley, and from the lofty summit of Bell may plainly be seen both the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany mountains. At the western base of Bessy Bell is the Western Lunatic asylum and the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution is on a neighboring knoll. So far as we know there is nothing remarkable in the structure of product of these two hills. The soil continues to produce annual crops of huckleberries, chinquepins, chestnuts and ginseng as it did in days of yore.

A very few people in this section of Virginia really know why Bessy Bell and Mary Gray were so named. It has been currently reported that Bessy Bell and Mary Gray were two young girls who were murdered by Indians on these mountains many years ago, while out chinquepin hunting. There is, however, no foundation to this story.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray were named by Col. John Lewis, one of the earlier settlers of this county, and were named after two hills in County Tyrone, Ireland. The names are of Scotch Irish origin. According to tradition, Mary Gray's father was laid of Lenocho and Bessy Bell's of Kinvaid. An intimate friendship existed between the two young ladies, and while Bessy Bell was on a visit to Mary Gray in the year 1845, the plague broke out in the neighborhood. To escape this they built a bower near Lenocho House, in which they lived for some time. The plague raged with much fury, the young ladies catching it from a young man who was in love with both of them and who had brought them food. The girls died in this bower and were buried near the House of Lenocho, near the River Almond, which river is seven miles northwest of Perth.

About the year 1871, a new proprietor took possession of Lenocho. This proprietor was shown a heap of stones which were covered with thorns and briars, and told it was the burial place of Misses Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. Taking much interest in the girls, later on he removed all the rubbish, made the grave up double and planted shrubs and flowers around it and built a wall about the spot. He fixed in this place a stone, bearing the name of "Bessy Bell" and "Mary Gray." Later on these names were carried from Scotland to Ireland and applied to two mountains in the county of Tyrone, near the town of Omagh; and by the Scotch Irish settlers were brought to this county and applied to these two hills in the vale of Shenandoah. The Irish name for Bessy Bell is "Shabb-truim," which when translated means the "mountain of the elder." The mother of the writer of this story was a typical Irish lady from the county of Cork, who lived in Kilkenny, and was familiar with the two mountains and their origins by the same name in County Tyrone, Ireland.

To show that our ancestors cherished the association of their former life in the old country another hill in Virginia, situated in Bath county, on the Cowpasture river, (the Indian name of which river was Wallawbatoola) near Windy cove, was also called Bessy Bell.

It must be confessed that Bessy Bell and Mary Gray cannot boast of the cedars of Lebanon and the dew of Hermon, or the excellency of Carmel. Even the prospects of the higher peaks do not fully compensate for the toil of climbing the rugged ascent. Bessy Bell is no Pisgah, but of her it may be said emphatically:

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

People living in this vale seldom see how beautiful she appears at sunrise, but all of them who love the picturesque must have observed and feasted upon the entrancing beauty sometimes presented after a shower of rain by the rays of a setting sun, lingering of a summer's eve upon her leafy summit when dew-drops, like little lakes, seem anchored in the air.

And then when the clouds gather around her head, and "Bessy Bell" puts her nightcap on" we see her in another phase, scarcely less attractive. Ben Navis and Snouden are doubtless goodly mountains, but to a Virginian, what are they to Bessy Bell and Mary Gray? Surely no Virginia lad, coming home from his wanderings, ever fails to look out for the old familiar mountains and to hail them at first sight with feelings akin to rapture.

Col. John Lewis, who named these two mountains, furnished five sons who fought in the American revolution. He was a native of Donegal county, Province of Ulster, Ireland, and was of

Scotch Irish descent (as is nearly every settler of this section of Virginia.) Lewis came to America after a bloody affray with an oppressive landlord in Ireland. As the story runs, an Irish landlord owned the land which was leased to Lewis, and undertook to eject Lewis in a lawless manner. With a band of "retainers" he repaired to the place and on refusal of the tenant to vacate, he fired into the house, killing an invalid brother of Lewis and wounding his wife. Lewis, much wrought up by this procedure, rushed from his house and dispersed his assailants, but not until after their leader and his steward had been killed. After his encounter with the Irish landlord, Lewis took refuge in an old house on the banks of the Boyne and embarked on the first ship for this country. Later on this county and the city of Staunton was named after him. His grave, which is now in a dilapidated condition, is near this city on a prominent knoll and on the farm formerly owned by him. That gallant old man died February 1, 1702, aged 84 years, and is buried in this valley.

The following is a ballad which was composed by an admirer of the two girls above referred to, and was dictated to the writer of this article by a lady native of the old country:

"O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!  
They were two bonnie lassies—  
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
And thick it ower wi' rashes;  
They theekit it ower wi' rashes green,  
They happit it round with heather;  
But the pest cam' frae the burrows-toun,  
And slew them baith together.

They thought to lie in Methven Kirk,  
Beside their gentle kin;  
But they mann lie in Dronach haugh,  
And beak forment the sin.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!  
They were two bonnie lassies—  
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
And theekit it ower wi' rashes."

—JNO. W. LONG.

The fish and game department of the Missouri commission of the World's fair, to be held in St. Louis this year, intends to make an elaborate display of the live game of that state on a tract of three acres in extent. A hunter's lodge of three rooms, museum, library, and kitchen, will be located in a prominent position. There will also be a lake 150 by 50 feet, on which to hold fly casting tournament.

## An Animal Story For Little Folks

## A Cat-Eye-Clism

Tom Cat and Dick Cat met one night on the back fence. Tom was minus one eye.

"How did you lose your eye?" asked Dick.

"Well, it was like this: My mistress was coming home on the train from the seashore and got a cinder in her eye. It bothered her so that the doctor was called in. He said it was a serious case and they would have to take out her eye and look for the cinder. He put it on a table and began to hunt. I came in just then, hungry as usual, for they don't half feed me, and saw the eye, thought it was good to eat and swallowed it."

"Oh!" said Dick. "Then you had three eyes."

"Yes, but listen. The doctor saw what I had done, said he would have



GAVE CHASE WITH A BIG KNIFE.

to get an eye from me to take the place of the other I had inside and gave chase with a big knife. He caught me, took out my eye and put it in the mistress. That leaves me, you see, with only this one."

"Yes," said Dick. "But you've got two all the same."

"But how can I use the one I swallowed?" asked Tom sadly.

"But, say," asked Dick quickly, as he saw thought struck him, "how did the mistress get along with your lonely orb?"

"Oh, pretty well, except that when one of her eyes is in bed asleep the other is down cellar with me hunting rats."

"Terrible!" said Dick.

"Yes. Doctors ought to be more careful," replied Tom.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS

## Aroostook County.

Via OXBOW, ME.

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

Via OXBOW, MAINE.

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

P. O. PORT GE LAKE, ME.

Portage Lake Camps. For first class trout and salmon fishing, address  
C. J. ORCUTT.

## Franklin County.

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



Via RANGELEY OR BEMIS.

Mountain View House.  
Here is situated a hotel of rare attractiveness in beautiful location for summer boarders and at the same time in close proximity to the best places for fishing on Rangeley lake. Hunters in the season also find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock near the hotel. The cuisine here is such as to hold patrons year after year, the rooms are what people from the cities like, large, well lighted and pleasant. We serve vegetables, berries, fish and game at appropriate times in the year and the table is always supplied with excellent fresh milk and cream. Pure water runs to the house from a spring above. This is a particularly good place for safe and pleasant boating and the drives and walks are unsurpassed. Croquet and lawn tennis grounds adjoin the house. Write for a free circular to  
L. E. BOWLEY, Mountain View House,  
Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.

Round Mountain Lake Camps. Located in the heart of the Maine woods, 10 miles from Eustis. Best of trout fishing at all times, both lake and stream. Fine hunting, large and small game. Detached log cabins, new last season. Open fires.  
Round Mountain Lake Camps,  
DION O. BLACKWELL, Mgr.,  
Eustis, Franklin Co., Maine.  
New York office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

WELD, MAINE.

The Maples, situated on Lake Webb. Excellent trout and salmon fishing. House newly furnished. Write for booklet for season of 1904.  
F. W. DREW, Prop., Weld, Maine.

RANGELEY LAKES.

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

Via FARMINGTON.

Clear Water Camps. First class fishing.  
E. G. GAY, Route 1, Farmington, Me.

NEAR RANGELEY.

Paint Pleasant. New fishing and hunting resort. Correspondence prompt. Circulars free.  
HINKLEY & ROBERTS, Rangeley, Me.

ON PHILLIPS & RANGELEY RAILROAD.  
Redington Camps and Cottages. Good accommodations, with best of fishing. One minute's walk from Redington station. Write for circular. J. F. HOUGH, Proprietor,  
P. O., Rangeley, Maine.

FARMINGTON, MAINE.

Hotel Wilfows. Refurnished entire. Excellent location. Best possible fire protection, electric lights, new steam heat, spring water, large cool rooms, billiard room. Rooms can now be engaged for the summer months. Free carriage to all trains.

J. R. KELLEY, Prop'r.

PHILLIPS, MAINE.

Phillips Hotel. Carriage meets all trains. Good fishing.  
C. A. MAHONEY, Prop'r.

PHILLIPS, ME.

Exchange Hotel. Good fishing, water works, electric light, telephone. Free carriage to station.  
MRS. W. E. MILLET.

AT FARMINGTON.

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

RANGELEY LAKE.

Munyon's Springs. The most beautiful spot in Maine.  
C. M. OTT Mgr., Rangeley, Me.

On MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC LAKE.

Mooselookmeguntic House.  
Offers excellent accommodations to sportsmen. It is in close proximity to the best fishing lake offers. No hay fever. Address from November until May  
THEO. L. PAGE, Proprietor Senate Cafe, Washington, D. C. After May 1, Haines, Landing, Me.

Via RANGELEY.

Kennebago Lake House on the shore of Kennebago Lake. One of the best fishing sections. Good fishing every day in the season. Excellent accommodations. Address,  
RICHARDSON BROS., Proprietors,  
Kennebago Maine.

Via KINGFIELD.

Carrabassett Mineral Spring Farm Water cures rheumatism. Best hunting and fishing.  
G. W. SAWIN, Carrabassett, Me.

EUSTIS, MAINE.

Tim Pond Camps. Situated in the Dead River Region, 2000 feet above the sea level. In the heart of Maine's best fishing ground. Write for further particulars to  
JULIAN K. VILES, Eustis Me.

Via RANGELEY.

York's Camps. Leon Lake. Ten Ponds. Trout, Salmon, Birds, Deer, Caneleg, Bathing, etc. A postal brings illustrated booklet.  
J. LEWIS YORK, Prop.,  
Rangeley, Me.

## Kennebec County

BELGRADE LAKES, ME.

The Belgrade. The best sportsman's hotel in New England. First class fishing.  
CHAS. A. HILL, M'gr.

## Oxford County.

UPPER DAM, ME.

Upper Dam House. The home of big trout.  
JOHN CHADWICK & Co.

HANOVER, MAINE.

Indian Rock Camps. For fishing go to Holt's camps at Howard Lake and you will find plenty of brook trout and landlocked salmon. New camps and first-class table.  
W. C. HOLT, Proprietor, Hanover, Me.

## Penobscot County.

NORCROSS, ME.

Debeconeag Camps. One of the best hunting and fishing localities in Maine. Address,  
JOE FRANCIS, Norcross, Me.

## HOTELS AND CAMPS

## Piscataquis County.

KATAHDIN IRON WORKS, ME.  
Chairback Mountain Camps. Best fishing territory in Maine.  
MRS. HELEN BROWN.

## Somerset County.

BELGRADE, MAINE.

North Pond Camps. Best of bass and pickarel fishing near at hand. For further particulars address,  
EDW. W. CLEMENT, So. Smithfield, Me.

JACKMAN, ME., P. O.

Gerard's Camps on Little Spencer waters of Big Spencer Ponds. The place to come if you want to get plenty of big fish.  
THOMAS GERARD Jackman, Me.

DEAD RIVER, ME.

Big or West Curry Pond situated in the finest fishing section in the state. Trout and salmon fishing unexcelled.  
H. H. HARLOW, Dead River, Me.

## Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.  
The Birches. Come here for your spring fishing.  
FRANK H. BALL.

## New Hampshire.

UMBAGOG LAKE.

Lakeside House. Good fishing near at hand. Big trout and landlocked salmon in abundance. Write for terms.  
E. H. DAVIS, Prop'r., Lakeside, N. H.

## MAPS.

MAINE WOODS has frequent enquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state e.c., and we can furnish the following Maine Maps: Rangeley and Megantic districts, 25c

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Aroostook County, section plans Nos. 3, 4 and 5, from Grand Lake to Fort Kent, 50c

Hancock County, section plan No. 2, 50c

Penobscot County, section plans Nos. 3 and 4, \$1.00

Piscataquis County, section plans Nos. 1, 3 and 6, \$1.25

Somerset County, section plan No. 6, and Franklin Co. map, \$1.00

Washington County, section plan Nos. 2 and 3, \$1.00

Oxford County section, see Oxford county map, 50c

Postage paid upon receipt of price.

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## HUNTERS' LICENSE.

## Protest In Behalf of Those Who Would Be Unable to Buy It.

Having read that an endeavor is being made to have a gun or hunters' license law passed, A. F. Warren writes to the Springfield Republican that he wishes to say a few words in behalf of those who like the sport but would be prevented from enjoying it by this proposed legislation. He says:

"It is evident that the sportsmen who are desirous of such an unfair law are in that class of men who own expensive guns and dogs and who spend \$100 or so in trap shooting that they may be in full killing trim as soon as the season opens. This proposed law is craftily arranged by its advocates to put a premium on shooting and to protect the birds from all except their own greedy selves. It certainly is not aimed to protect the birds. If the man who has plenty of time and money is the only one to be allowed to hunt, then let the license fee be \$100, instead of \$3. Three dollars may not seem to some a large amount, but it is enough to freeze out those who have small means or little time for hunting. I own a good bird dog and a good gun and I am able to pay any reasonable gun license, but in justice to many, I believe such a law would be grossly unfair.

"The advocates of this discriminating proposition claim that it will prevent 'pot hunting.' What is a 'pot hunter?' It was a name applied to men who killed all kinds of birds, game or otherwise, indiscriminately. Then it was a name applied to the market hunters and now that market hunting is justly prohibited, it is the proper name for the man of means and surplus time who wants to play hog by having a law passed so that he can kill more than his share, by keeping others from hunting through a gun license law. This proposed law aims a killing shot at the man or boy of small means and those who have but little time for enjoyment in the sport.

"It is proposed that some of the proceeds of a gun license shall be offered as a bounty on the natural enemies of the game birds. The greatest enemy of partridge and quail is the fox. At the present price of fox skins his pelt is ample bounty to induce his destruction.

"It is also proposed that some of this money shall be used for restocking the woods with game. This is a farce pure and simple. Partridge and woodcock cannot be artificially reared and quail are already so numerous that the present protection is all that is needed to make them the most plentiful birds in the woods. Pheasant are so much of a failure as never to warrant their becoming a widespread, plentiful game bird. Protection from the men who shoot the most is what the birds need. The right and privilege to hunt should belong as much to the man who cannot afford a \$3 gun license as it does to him who has a million.

"On the advent of such a law, if it should occur, I can safely promise that the hunters of Springfield, Northampton and Holyoke, who hunt about there, will find the covers posted against trespass, high and low, next fall, if the local sportsmen have any influence with the landowners, and we think we have."

## New Kind of Mosquito.

An eminent scientist has discovered a new kind of mosquito in Maine. Moreover, it is a winter mosquito, the announcement of which strikes terror to every heart, until we read that it differs from the old-fashioned, reliable, omnipresent, summer mosquito in not caring for the blood of mankind. Commissioner Carleton has received a letter from Professor William Lyman Underwood of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. With his letter, Professor Underwood sends a pamphlet which is a reprint of an article written by him for the Popular Science Monthly of September, 1903, on "Mosquitoes and Suggestions for Their Extermination."

In this article the writer tells in a most interesting way of the new variety of mosquitoes, which he found last winter while visiting some of the lumber camps in the vicinity of his place, at Duck lake in Penobscot county. This winter mosquito, as stated above, is rather different from others in that it doesn't care for the blood of mankind; and, in its wiggler stages, it feeds and lives off the larvae of other mosquitoes. It would be a great thing if this variety could be artificially propagated, so as to exterminate its more troublesome cousins. The pamphlet is filled with pictures and shows what an almost endless amount of study is given by scientists to matters which seem to most of us altogether insignificant and unworthy of attention.



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