

MAINE WOODS

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PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1904.

PRICE 3 CTS

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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Fish and Game Oddities.

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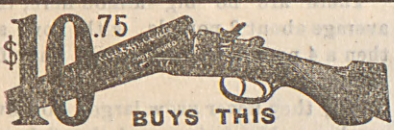
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Success of the Quinnot in Maine Landlocked Waters.

[Kennebec Journal.]

It was eight years ago that the first attempt was made to stock Maine waters with the quinnot or Pacific coast salmon, and Commissioner Carleton has just gotten together some interesting figures to show the practical results and benefits of this experiment. This is a salt water fish which comes up into the rivers on the Pacific slope to spawn as do the Atlantic salmon in our own rivers and the United States government undertook the experiment of transferring this Pacific fish into Atlantic waters. It brought east a large number of eggs and these were hatched at the United States hatchery at Green lake in this state. Although landlocked waters in France had been successfully stocked with quinnot, the experiments of that kind had proved a failure in this country. But nevertheless it was decided by the Maine commissioners to make the attempt in some of the Maine lakes, so when the little salmon from Green Lake hatchery were of a sufficient size to be turned loose for themselves, some were put in the Maine rivers and others were put in various Maine lakes. Among them were Cobbosseecontee and Pierce pond in Somerset county, near Carratunk.

Last summer numerous catches of large and handsome quinnot were made in Pierce pond and Commissioner Carleton recently wrote to Warden Frank J. Durgin at The Forks for definite information about these catches. Warden Durgin had kept a record of all the catches of which he had information, and he writes the department a letter, giving the names of the successful fishermen and the weight of their fish. Among those who pulled the quinnot out of Pierce pond last summer were the following: Mrs. Mildred Witham of Madison, one weighing 14 pounds; William Piel of Brooklyn, N. Y., three weighing 6, 7 and 12 pounds, respectively; Fred Merrill of Madison, two weighing 7 and 12 pounds; Ben Adams, Bingham, one weighing 9 pounds; John Owens, Bingham, one weighing 10 pounds; Lawrence Livingston, Bingham, one weighing 8 pounds; Herbert Hilton, Portland, two weighing 6 and 8 pounds; Henry Piel, Brooklyn, N. Y., two weighing 8 and 10 pounds; Howard Rossiter, Andover, Mass., one weighing 7 pounds; Mr. Maloney, Bath, one weighing 9 pounds; Mr. Ward of New York, three weighing 8, 10 and 11 pounds; Mr. Spencer of Massachusetts, three weighing 6, 9 and 12 pounds; Mr. Miller of Massachusetts, four, total weight 40 pounds;

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Thomas Meservy, Carratunk, one weighing 7 pounds; Anthony Comber, Carratunk, three weighing 6, 7 and 15 pounds and George C. Jones of Carratunk, five weighing 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 pounds.

Thus Mr. Durgin had a definite record of 34 quinnot captured during the summer in Pierce pond, with a total weight of 300 pounds, the fish ranging in weight from 4 to 15 pounds, demonstrating very conclusively the success of the attempt to propagate quinnot in landlocked waters. Doubtless many other quinnot were taken from the lake of which the warden had no record. In many cases the fishermen doubtless thought they were the ordinary landlocked salmon which they captured.

Out at Cobbosseecontee the experiment was also a success, though as yet there have been no such catches as were made at Pierce pond. Col. E. C. Farrington, in the summer of 1902, caught the first quinnot taken from Cobbosseecontee and several others made similar catches the same summer and here also probably some of the fish, which their captors thought to be landlocked salmon, were in reality the rare Pacific coast variety which has been transplanted to Maine waters.

The success of the experiment is so encouraging to the Maine commissioners that they recently made requisition on the United States government for 100,000 more quinnot eggs and these have recently arrived by express from the Pacific coast and were placed at the Carleton Brook hatchery in East Winthrop. Of these 50,000 have already hatched and the remaining 50,000 are in the process of hatching. The little fish will be cared for and fed during the spring and summer months and next fall, when they will have attained the growth of from 4 to 6 inches, they will be placed in various ponds and lakes throughout the state. Pierce pond and Cobbosseecontee will receive generous portions as it has been shown that these Pacific fish thrive in these waters. Maine fishermen and those from Massachusetts and New York, who come to fish in our waters, are to be congratulated upon the success of this experiment for it means another handsome, gamy and most edible fish in Maine waters.

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.

Dear Little Kittens.

I lately heard a little story that will bear repeating. In Franklin county years ago while two very young girls were out in the field at play, their hearts were made happy by finding, as they thought, some Oh! such pretty black and white kittens. The little girls sat down and took the dear little things in their laps and began to pet them, when the occupants of the nest began operations offensive and defensive against the intruders of their domestic quiet and oh! what a smell.

The little girls, fearing they knew not what, hastened to the house where their mother speedily had them take a bath and a change of clothes, while the clothes in which they had been dressed as they fondled the little creatures were buried for a few days in the earth.

The Winter Birds Perish From Cold.

From Vermont comes the following report: After the coldest winter since 1837, the snow in the mountains is beginning to melt, and it is seen that animals and bird life has suffered severely. According to reliable information, thousands of birds have succumbed, and deer and even rabbits have frozen or starved to death. Their bodies have been found dotting the snow, and the shooting season for deer and grouse next fall seems likely to be seriously affected.

The mean temperature of December, January and February was 11.14 degrees above zero. The mean temperature of December was 19.89; January, 13.32, and February, 11.34. For the past 60 years the averages have been: December, 23.65; January, 19.21, and February, 23.40. Therefore it is small wonder that the birds and wild animals have died.

The greater death rate has been among grouse. Ordinarily, when it becomes extremely cold, these birds burrow in the snow and remain hidden until the weather moderates. This year, however, the cold has pierced even this protection, and the gamy birds have either frozen or starved because they were too numb to search for food.

The juncos (snow birds,) crossbills, grosbeaks, nuthatches, chickadees, barn and screech owls and woodpeckers have all suffered and their bodies are found everywhere throughout the mountain districts. In the lowlands the death rate has not been as great, owing to the fact that the birds have been able to pick up food about the barns and farm houses.

Deer have wintered worse than was expected. Henry Morse of Shrewsbury found three dead in the snow back of his place, and other farmers bring in like reports. Many of the animals have been saved by keeping with the cattle, but only the stronger have weathered the winter. On Pico an entire herd spent the winter in the old Plumley barn.

The fur-bearing animals have not frozen, but many have succumbed to starvation. Foxes, lynx and panthers have been bolder during the past months than in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants, and depredations have been of common occurrence.

While the mean temperature was 11.14 degrees above zero, the thermometer frequently dropped to 30 degrees below, and on several occasions went to 40. —Exchange.

The regular monthly meeting of the State Fish and Game commission was held Thursday at the room in the State house, Commissioners L. T. Carleton of Winthrop, H. O. Stanley of Dixfield and E. E. Ring of Orono being present. The time was devoted to the discussion and disposition of regular routine matters, nothing of especial interest or importance coming up.

Wallace C. Berry, the general superintendent of the State fish hatcheries, was in attendance and talked over matters with the commissioners.

Greene's Stage Line.

I. W. Greene will run his stage line this year between the station on his farm and Eustis village. This will give excellent service.

WINCHESTER

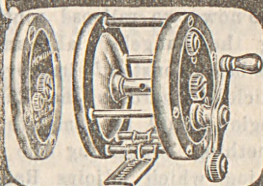


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G. M. VOSE, Kingfield, Me.,
Supt. F. & M. Ry.

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MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.


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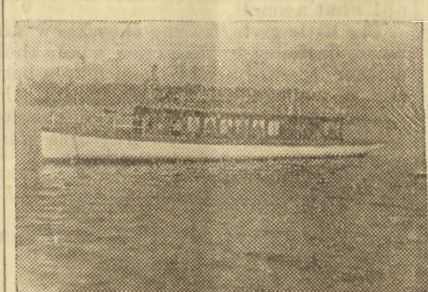
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For sale or exchange Steam Launch 48x12. Copper fastened hull, Roberts tubular boiler, Althouse engine, built 1901, in A 1 condition, capacity 35 passengers, under government license, cost \$8,500, suitable for lake or transportation. Will take any reasonable offer of land or cash.
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55 Vesey St., New York City.

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

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

MOOSEHEAD REPORTS.

When the Fishing May Begin on the Big Pond.

Ice Figures Compared Between Moosehead and Rangeleys.

[L. T. Smith in Portland Sunday Times]
GREENVILLE, April 2, 1904.

Moosehead lake is the great fish pond of Maine and anglers all over New England and the middle states await with interest the announcement that the ice there has broken up. Just now logging teams and stage coaches are crossing the lake and the ice road will probably be strong for three weeks longer—maybe four weeks. Last year the stage running between Greenville and Kineo made its last trip on April 16 and the ice in the lake broke up on May 8. The date of the break-up in Moosehead is always a matter of great uncertainty, ranging from April 29 to May 21. Here is a table showing the dates of the break-up since 1882, in Moosehead and in the Rangeleys:

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1893	May 19	May 20
1894	April 29	May 2
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1896	May 9	May 9
1897	May 10	May 12
1898	May 3	May 1-2
1899	May 6	May 8-9
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A crowd of fishermen is always on hand at Moosehead lake early in the season, there being a popular belief that the fishing immediately following the disappearance of the ice is the best of the year. Often a hundred sportsmen are gathered at the foot of the lake several days or a week before the break-up but the guides believe that the best sport is to be had ten days or two weeks after the ice leaves. No lake in northern Maine is so well adapted to the trout as is Moosehead. Its waters are deep and cold, just what trout require, and there these fishes thrive as nowhere else. The lake is stocked with trout, salmon and togue and they all run large. The Moosehead togue are said to be superior in flavor to those of other waters, and they are very gamy. The state hatcheries are now producing several millions of fry annually, and in the past two years Moosehead has been stocked as never before.

wick & Co. will have a new boat ready to launch on Mooselookmeguntic lake before the season opens. It is also understood that the steamer "Upper Dam" will be in commission this year on Mooselookmeguntic and Cupsuptic.

Last year was an off one for Rangeley, due largely, no doubt, to the forest fire, the extreme cold weather and the unsettled condition of the stock market. Unless all signs fail the extremely cold winter just passed will be followed by a very warm summer and in that case the hotels and camps should be well filled during July and August at least. The fact that this is Presidential year may check the summer business to some extent.

The conditions have been rapidly changing in this vicinity for the past few years with reference to the facilities for reaching the sporting grounds. There are now two railroad routes for reaching the Rangeley lakes and the service is being constantly improved.

No article in regard to the Rangeley Lakes region would be complete without something concerning the Dead river region which adjoins Rangeley. This section of Maine is provided with a large number of camps, in fact there are very few hotels, but those that there are are well conducted and this applies to camps as well. The Dead river region is a great many miles nearer the outside world than it used to be, due to the construction of the Franklin & Megantic railway as far as Bigelow, seven miles from Stratton, and the addition of the Eastis railroad to the line of the Phillips & Rangeley road last year. The Eastis road reaches Greene's farm, four miles from Stratton. It is understood that the Franklin & Megantic Railway Co. will build a road from Carrabassett station, 16 miles to Flagstaff, the coming summer. This will open up a very large lumber region which is owned largely by Elias Thomas of Portland and will also improve the method of reaching the sporting camps in the vicinity of Flagstaff.

It is understood that the Shaw House which was burned at Eastis last year will be rebuilt at once by A. B. Sargent, the present proprietor. Just now the guests of the Shaw House are being accommodated in a private house.

From the best information that I can get the deer in the Maine woods have wintered well. There has been less snow in the woods than usual—probably not more than three feet and that has been in a soft condition so that the deer have been able to move around without hindrance in search of food.

When the Ice Went Out.

Following are the dates when the ice left Rangeley lake in former years. This year there is much prophesying as to when it will go, but as yet it is firm and solid:

1882, May 12; 1883, May 14; 1884, May 13; 1885, May 15; 1886, May 3; 1887, May 21; 1889, April 30; 1890, May 9; 1891, May 10; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 20; 1894, May 2; 1895, May 7; 1896, May 9; 1897, May 12; 1898, May 1-2; 1899, May 8-9; 1900, May 14-15; 1901, April 30; 1902, April 30; 1903, April 29; 1904, —(?)

To Spider Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Jones of Strong have arranged with the Megantic Fish and Game Club to take charge of the Club-house at Spider Lake for the coming season. The club advertised in MAINE WOODS for the man they wanted to take charge of the clubhouse and Mr. Jones was selected out of about 75 applicants. We feel very sure that neither Mr. Jones or the club will be disappointed.

Sebago Early Fishing.

A great many people look to Sebago for their earliest fishing and they get the earliest; but the question now is how early can it be expected this year. They say it will be a little later than usual but if it is the appetite of the anxious angler will be all the more keen.

Readers of MAINE WOODS who are weary of exact facts will find Ed Grant's Back Woods Fairy Tales "very restful."

CANVAS CANOES.



We manufacture a high grade Canoe, constructed with canvas cover, cedar ribs and planking, spruce gunwales, white ash or oak stern pieces and thwarts and brass bang plates. The Lightest, Strongest and Best. Send for catalogue.

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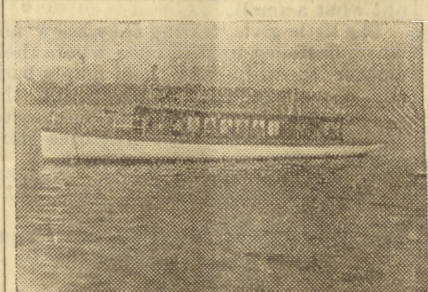
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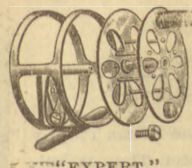
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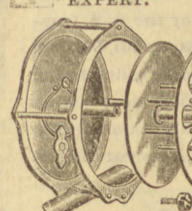


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To Sportsmen.

I want Fishermen for square tailed and lake trout and salmon, Pickerel, Dace, Smelt, etc. Expert anglers, Artists with the camera or recreation parties taken. Hunting parties also taken. Regular camps or camping and canoe trips. Ladies and children can make many of these canoe trips. Plenty of big and little game. Best of city references furnished. May 1st to Oct. 1st. Make your dates early. H. R. HORTON, Reg. Guide, Flagstaff, Somerset County, Maine.

Rangeley Studio.

Anything pertaining to up to date photography. Agent for Globe Steam Laundry of Portland, Maine.

F. H. HAMIL, Prop'r., Rangeley, Me.

FLY ROD ON FISHING.

She Probably Can't Get the Early Fish This Year.

Letter From Maine General Hospital About the Prospects.

Miss Cornelia T. Crosby, "Fly Rod," of Phillips wrote a letter to the Sunday Times of Portland about the early fishing from which we copy the following:

This is an "off year" but from the past I can judge about where the first fisherman will begin to troll and if I am not a false prophet it will be in Sebago lake, where the largest landlocked salmon in our state ever lived, and I know there are others that will tip the scales at over 20 pounds, but who will be the lucky one to land the silver beauty, I cannot answer. If I could see my old guide, "Linc" Daniels, I would be tempted to give a guess as to when the ice would go out.

I want here and now to give a bit of free advice and if you who handle the rod and line will only follow it, there will be less "ouss words" passing through the air later.

It is this, spend a little time looking over your fishing tackle. Your rod may look all right, but a new Easter dress of varnish will improve it, as much as the Easter bonnet will improve the pretty face of some of your friends among the gentle sex, and cost less money too.

Look over your reels and see that they are well oiled, for they may refuse to work, as your first game prize makes his last run, and there—

Just try your strength on the line. It looks strong, but many a one has been in too much of a hurry when reeling in his last catch in September to wait for the line to dry and the first strike of a 5-pounder, and the line gives away. What about landing one of the old timers?

Do you think the old leaders look strong? Appearances are often deceitful and it is well to help the fishing tackle dealer along in his business, for by thus doing you may save your dinner and add to your fame as an angler.

"What for bait for the first fishing?" My faith is in the live minnow or shiner but the fish may prefer something else, and the Burtis spinner, white bait and half a dozen other kinds, as well as a box of fresh "garden tackle" should be in the outfit.

About the time the ice leaves Sebago, word comes from Washington county, "the ice is out of Grand lake."

"Have you ever been there?" If so you are sure to go again, and if not, and you want to be sure of your success, just pack your grip, take your tackle and when the midnight train leaves the Union station be ready to tuck yourself away in the "Sleeper for Calais" and about 10 o'clock the next forenoon "change cars for Princeton," where after dinner you go by steamer or train to Grand Lake Stream. If you are wise, telephone ahead to Frank Ball at The Birches for a log cabin and guide. He

Lafin & Rand Powder Co.

Explosive.

Dynamite, Fumeless Gelatine

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Powder also

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r-4 drams of "New Schultz.

Mr. A. M. Hatcher of Bristol, Tenn., in six shoots scored 620 out of 650 targets, or 95 5-13 per cent.



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ARE BEST

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CHARLES F. ORVIS

MANCHESTER VERMONT

will have everything ready to welcome you, even a salmon to broil for your supper if you belong to that class of "lazy fishermen" who don't care to catch your own.

They will tell you some big fish stories about this one or that one, who caught ten or twenty salmon in a day, and you can do the same if you wish and are any fisherman. It was before the present law which limits the number of pounds to a boat, I saw 50 pounds of togue and salmon that was caught by a woman in one day and most of them were eaten by Portland friends too.

There are no big salmon here, they average about 3 pounds, with now and then a 4 pound, but are gamy and fine eating.

Why they never grow larger not even our honorable chairman of the fish and game commission has been able to answer.

When you have caught all the landlocked you wish, go down to Calais and try the pools for sea salmon or stop over at Bangor, where a big sea salmon may take you a mile or two on his way to the sea.

It is a week or ten days later, when the message flashes over the wire, "the ice has left the Rangeley and Moosehead lakes" and the good old summer times will follow.

Then extra Pullman cars are run for in Boston, Worcester, New York, Baltimore and other cities, sportsmen have arranged with their guides for the message which will cause them to be boys again, for they are all going fishing down in Maine.

At the Rangeleys the camps and hotels are now being put in order ready to welcome the crowd.

Take the pullmen "Rangeley" at the Union station and if you are fortunate enough to get a seat you will find the party even if they have not met before a happy social company, ready to talk fish and fishing at all times.

Some of their stories you may have heard last season, and perhaps the fish may be a half or even a pound bream, but that is all right, for there is no place in the world where such large square tailed speckled trout have been taken as from the Rangeley lakes.

One of the fascinations of fishing in these waters, is that you never can tell but what a big fish will take your hook, you know they are there. I have always claimed fishing was much like gambling surely if you know just when and where the trout would bite, how heavy he was and how long it would take to land him, the excitement would be less than a game of poker if you knew just what kind of a hand the other fellow held.

There is no place where you can find every comfort and such a variety as at the Rangeleys. You can go direct in a pullman, to the finest hotels, or to the most attractive log cabins, and take the ladies along.

If their wardrobe contains, among the party gowns, a short skirt, heavy sweater, long lace boots and a felt hat, be sure you will find a fishing woman, and one who may take some of the laurels from the "lords of creation."

Among the Portland ladies I have seen happy in the gentle art of angling, I remember Mrs. Seth L. Larrabee, Mrs. A. S. Hinds, who has caught many a big Rangeley fish, Mrs. Walter Hinds, Mrs. Sam'l Boothby and she has landed her eight pounder, Mrs. Wm. C. Allen, Miss Laura E. Davis, Mrs. Herbert Clay.

Surely if more ladies would unite in using fishing tackle and make it a practice to use it, there would be less doctors' bills to pay. But if you don't care to fish, why that need not keep you at home when the ice leaves the Rangeley Lakes.



MARLIN

This is the age of Repeating Guns, and the best are the MARLINS. For hunting they are ideal, never failing to extract or eject, and working like a charm in all weathers. The solid top and side ejector do the business. For quick and hard shooting, neatness and balance, they are unequalled, and they are low in price. 12 and 16 Gauges, all grades, styles of choke, lengths of barrels, etc. Send 3 stamps for 100-page illustrated Book of Testimonials and 132-page illustrated Catalogue No. B 230.

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.

GET YOUR RODS OUT.

Ice May Leave the Rangeleys Early This Year.

Camps and Hotels Are Getting Ready for Spring Business.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.
RANGELEY, April 5, 1904.

The hotel proprietors in the Rangeley Lakes region are expecting an unusually large amount of business during the season of 1904. A great many letters have been received during the past week ordering rooms and engaging guides for the first spring fishing which will begin May 1st, or when the ice leaves the lakes.

According to present indications the ice will go out earlier this season than usual although it cannot be expected to break up as early as it did last year, which was Apr. 29, the earliest ever known, with one exception. This year the water is extremely low in Rangeley, Mooselookmeguntic, Cupsuptic and Richardson lakes. The lakes have been drawn upon more than usual for the mills on the Androscoggin river. The sun for the past few days has already melted the snow ice, and the "blue" ice only is left. The ice is thicker this year than usual but it is expected that when the water rises it will break away from the shores and that may have much to do with its early dissolution.

The ice prophets are already beginning to look wise and predict a day for the clearing of the lakes. The following dates show when the ice has left the lakes since 1882:

1882, May 12; 1883, May 14; 1884, May 13; 1885, May 15; 1886, May 3; 1887, May 16; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 30; 1890, May 9; 1891, May 10; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 20; 1894, May 2; 1895, May 7; 1896, May 9; 1897, May 12; 1898, May 1-2; 1899, May 8-9; 1900, May 14-15; 1901, April 30; 1902, April 30; 1903, April 29.

The guides are now nearly all out of the woods and they are waiting with interest to hear from their parties.

Capt. F. C. Barker is getting his steamboat fleet in order and John Chad

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

The World's Record at live birds made with

DUPONT SMOKELESS.

Mr. Fred Gilbert scores 98 out of 100 live birds and makes a run of 89 straight from the 33 yard mark. Also

Mr. Luther Squier using DuPont Smokeless scores 195 out of 200 targets at York, Pa.

At the same time and place Mr. A. N. McSherry made high amateur average with 176 out of 200 using

DUPONT SMOKELESS.

ROWE PONDS

Afforded excellent fishing last spring. They are sure to this season, as a large stock is added every year. Pleasant new cabins, good boats, and other attractions for rainy days. Try these ponds for your spring fishing for trout and salmon only. Engage cabins early and write for circulars to

WITHAM & MAXFIELD, Pro's., - Bingham, Maine.

THE FOREST FIRE QUESTION.

Capt. F. C. Barker Makes Timely Suggestions on the Subject.

Importance of Caution and How to Put Out Fires.

"How to dodge a bicycle" is said to be the answer Speaker Thomas B. Reed

burnt land as it is now, for from Bemis bay is about the only place where the destruction of the forest by fire can be seen.

Supposing the fire had got into the woods about Bald mountain—and there was no worse fire trap than a large section along the railroad at the base of the mountain—if this should be burned over, what a damage it would be to growing timber and what a mark of des-



CAUGHT FROM THE DOCK.—MUNYON SPRINGS.

made at a public gathering when his opinion was asked of what he thought was the most important question of the day before the country. An equally important question may soon be "How to get out of the way of an automobile." Probably this latter question would interest the good woman who, as the story goes, was quietly jogging old "Dolly" along the country road on a pleasant last summer's day, when one of those "tarnal things" suddenly put in an appearance, coming head on. One look was enough, and dropping the reins, she cleared the wagon wheel and a number of rods of cradle knolls and rock in short order, while old Dolly, with a yank of her head to slacken the ribbons, proceeded to go to browsing the bushes near by. The occupants of the machine called out as they came to a stop, "Madam, your horse isn't frightened!" "Well, I am!" came back the reply.

Many of us get frightened before we are hurt but it is sometimes a good way to keep from getting hurt for often we are taking chances that we do not realize until we are hurt more or less. "The child that has been burned is afraid of the fire" is an old and true saying and that is my excuse for asking for a small space in the MAINE WOODS in which to try to start a scare on the all important forest fire question before the fire gets here.

Many of us got burned more or less last spring, and we all got a good smoking, and we don't want to go through it again. I think that we all realize it as one of the most important questions in our section of the country and we had a pretty good lesson in what it can do last spring, and if it had not been for the rain coming when it did, it is hard to say what a few weeks more of dry weather would have brought forth and the scenery about our lakes would surely not have been so little marred by

olation to be seen from all over the lake region. Before the lumberman has seen through the forest, the forest fire is one thing but after he has been through, it is an entirely different thing, especially where the cutting has been heavy and a fire gets started from one to four years after the cut has been made before the tops have rotted and the bushes have started up. Much of the region about our lakes is in this condition and is a fire trap only waiting for a continuous dry time when, under some circumstances, only the dropping of a match or a spark might mean something more serious than that of last spring. With our lumbering and sporting interests about the lakes and the millions of dollars invested all along the Androscoggin river in industries that are dependent on the forest and sponge like soil of the head waters to retain and regulate the natural moisture that governs the flow of the water of the rivers, the situation is truly very serious.

Who of us that have lived during the past 30 or 40 years in this region that cannot remember the pools we used to fish in boyhood, that were then quite brooks and rivers; and how many of us have looked for those same pools only to meet with disappointment in not finding them, and have returned realizing the difference between cleared land and a forest on the head waters of a stream? And although each may get an equal amount of rain or snow, the spring sun soon gets in its work in the openings and quickly does away with both snow and moisture which the shade of the forest protects and regulates.

None of us, whether financially interested much or little, want to see our beautiful woodlands burned over, and all should be giving the matter of protection from fire more or less thought.

The best way to prevent a fire is not to have any dried wood or brush to burn and the only way to do this is to burn it before it gets dry and before the snow hardly leaves the ground. There is many a brush pile along the railroad between Bemis and Oquossoc that should be burned, as well as along the

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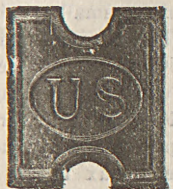


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carry between Oquossoc and Mooselookmeguntic lake. Further than this what a good thing it would be if a few strips could be cleared of the underbrush and burned a certain number of rods wide at different intervals to head off a fire. There is no better way to check a forest fire than to "back fire" it, and with brush piles and decayed stubs, in which sparks catch, out of the way, a few can do more at the right time than an army of men when conditions are not favorable.

The cities have a fire chief and they select him with much care and thought. Our woodlands need a fire warden who should be an intelligent man, a woodsman and a natural worker with a faculty of enticing other men to work at the right time, in the right place and in the right way. He should have a salary sufficient to cause him to take an interest in holding his job and pay him well for his work, for it is no boy's play and his whole attention should be given to it for there are always some places that can be burned with safety in quite dry weather while others should be burned only in a rainstorm or where water is near at hand.

I think that if a half dozen good men were put into the woods with a good boss and tenting outfit, instructed to camp by their work and burn as they went, it would be surprising how fast they would get over the ground even if they build their fires in cleared places and piled the brush on them, governing their size by the conditions of the weather and the nature of the ground.

goes into the woods, whether lumberman, guide or sportsman, should realize this fact, and if a fire had to be built, to select only the bed of a brook or a place where there is absolutely no soil and plenty of water with which to drown every spark before it was left.

I am quite a believer in the modern three or five-gallon fire extinguisher for fighting forest fires as they were easy to carry and with the chemicals for recharging the extinguisher a number of times and a little water the same amount of work can be done with a great deal less work than can be done with water, and we often find fire in stubs too high to be reached with a pail of water. Many of us who have continually hurried up the side of a mountain on a hot day with a pail of water in each hand realize what hard and discouraging work it is. There are times when the hoe and spade are of little avail and water must be had to finish the work.

F. C. BARKER.

Waterville Mail: Gov. Hill is to be congratulated on the Hon. L. T. Carleton of Winthrop to the responsible position of state fish and game commissioner. Mr. Carleton has been more or less criticised in connection with his work, the Mail having now and then felt impelled to comment unfavorably upon some position he has assumed relative to the matters entrusted to his care, but on the whole he has proven an intelli-



A STRING OF SPECKLED BEAUTIES.—MUNYON SPRINGS.

In this way the fire could be kept out of decayed logs and stumps that hold fire for days unnoticed, when on a hot, windy day they break out and before one is aware of it another forest fire is under way.

No man would attempt to throw down a match in a hay barn, but there is no more danger of setting fire there than there would have been last spring when the ground was in the condition that it was for a while; and every man who

gent and able officer, under whose care the fish and game interests of the state have constantly increased in importance. Today those interests constitute one of the great industries of Maine, in a sense, and to Mr. Carleton in his new term of office it will be given to continue the good work that he has been doing of late in going about, presenting in its proper light the true relation in which these fish and game interests stand to the general welfare of the state.

Our Summer Residents.

Already the summer season is beginning in Maine. Those who own houses at our famous resorts by shore and lake are getting ready to put them in order, while every year witnesses the erection of many new cottages and the purchase of desirable lots on ocean frontage, upon some picturesque island, or by some interior lake or mountain. At such places men are to make their summer homes, upon which they will lavish wealth in building and landscape adornment and about which their hearts will cluster all the year and where for three or four months at least they will pass the happiest time of their lives.

Then there is another thing that is noticeable about the summer residents of our state. They comprise the most eminent men, and the most notable and famous families of the country. In our summer residents all the great cities of the eastern and middle Atlantic states are represented, while those from the far west are by no means uncommon. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Providence, Springfield, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis and other great cities are represented at Bar Harbor, Poland, Old Orchard, York Beach, Kennebunkport, Kineo, the islands of Casco Bay, the lakes of our magnificent interior. No other state has such an array of wealth at their magnificent summer homes as has our own.

Then look at the long list of distinguished names that appear in the directories of our summer resorts. The most eminent financiers; army and navy dignitaries; men of affairs; men in political and public life; authors, artists, poets, clergymen, scientists, educators, university presidents, professional men—the list of those in the above eminent ranks of life in their summer home in Maine or who spend the glorious outing season at our many resorts would embrace the most eminent names now before the American public. To attempt an enumeration of them would be to publish a complete catalogue of the most prominent and most talked about men and women in America today—leaders of society, of intellectual culture, of financial standing, of official and business life.

The same cannot be said of any other state in the union. Maine is the happy summering ground of the nation; the earthly paradise; the haven of blissful rest for those who delight in the most perfect summer climate vouchsafed to any spot of this green earth. — Bangor Commercial.

WANTS, FOR SALE, ETC.

FOR SALE. A few English setter brood bitches and pups. FRANK FORESTER KENNEL, Warwick, N. Y.

Norwegian bearhounds, Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. Stamp for illustrated catalogue. ROCKWOOD KENNELS, Lexington, Ky.

Wanted.

Position as manager of sporting camp or summer hotel by experienced man and wife. Box 561, Hardwick, Vt.

Wanted.

Position for man and wife in hotel or sporting camp. Wife is first-class cook, has had years' experience in camps in Maine. Man as manager or any other work, is handy at anything. Address 305 Euclid Ave., Lynn, Mass.

Wanted.

Position to take charge of a first-class hotel or charge of office. Have had experience and can give first-class references. MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Me.

Wanted.

To purchase two copies of Hubbard's Guide to Northern Maine. Anyone having copies to sell please write, stating price, to SUMNER R. HOOPER, Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

Wanted.

A full blood male Cocker Spaniel dog; must be well broken to hunt partridges and bring in dead birds. Must also be of clean habits around the house and not over 3 years old. Write, stating price, to GRANT FULLER, Stratton, Me.

Wanted.

To purchase a small parcel of land in the deep woods, near lake shore, on which to put a shack for hunting and camping purposes. Price must be reasonable. Address MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU, Phillips, Maine.

For Sale

In the Rangeley Lake region of Maine—A fine camp, fully furnished, ice house (filled), store house and boat house; power launch, boats, canoes, etc., etc. Best location in the section. Will be sold at a bargain. For particulars, etc., address CHAS. T. BEEBE, New London, Conn.

FOR SALE—The Salmon Camp, known as Brown's cabin, Kettle cove, Sebago Lake, Me., accommodates 30, furnished, of unfurnished, nice summer cottage. Also Bass Island and cottage, well known as Bass Island Camp; lovely island birch grove, 14 acres, first-class water at door, Little Sebago Lake. Also shore lots and camps. L. B. NASON, Box 5, North Windham, Me.

Manager Wanted.

Trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage business in this country and adjoining territory for well and favorable known house of solid financial standing. \$20.00 Straight cash salary and expenses, paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced. Position permanent. Address Manager 810 Como Block, Chicago, Ill.

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.

MAINE WOODS, PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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CLARENCE E. CALDEN, Associate M'gr.

Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

MAINE WOODS solicits communications and fish and game photographs from its readers. When ordering the address of your paper changed, please give the old as well as new address.

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

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

J. W. BRACKETT CO.

This Edition of Maine Woods
5,650.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1904.

Announcement.

THE MAINE WOODS, MAINE WOODSMAN and the job printing business connected with them are now owned by a corporation known as the J. W. Brackett company. The change was made for the purpose of admitting Clarence E. Calden to ownership in the business.

Mr. Calden was with me several years as apprentice and job printer and for a year past he has been foreman of the job printing department.

He will now have charge of all mechanical work and be associated with me in the management of the entire business.

J. W. BRACKETT.

Sure Cure For Buck Fever.

NORTH FRYEBURG, April 5, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods.

As personal reminiscences and experiences are always more or less interesting and perhaps instruction, I am, after reading your very interesting paper, inclined to give your readers the benefit of my experience on my fishing trip to the woods of Maine and if some tender-foot should happen to read it before making his first attempt to shoot deer, he will certainly profit thereby.

At the invitation of a friend I decided to gratify a desire of long standing to "hunt deer in Maine." Accordingly, we left home about 7 a. m. and arrived at what then remained of Eustis after the fire, about 10 p. m. We were made entirely welcome by the good people who were there, running the hotel under very adverse circumstances. About 10 the following morning we arrived at the camp and immediately started out to look for deer. The guide stationed me on a ridge having a good view of the surrounding country within shot of my rifle. In about 15 minutes after my arrival the guide started a handsome doe and my first intimation of her presence in my vicinity was a snort such as a horse gives when frightened.

At the time I was perfectly innocent of the cause of this peculiar noise but in looking across the valley to the ridge on the opposite side, perhaps 100 yards away, my eyes rested for the first time in my life upon a splendid specimen of the wild deer trotting along with neck outstretched and making the peculiar whistling sound which I have mentioned. I admired the sight and after a while I came to a realization of the fact that there in front of me was just what I had traveled 200 or 300 miles to see. A further realization of facts caused me to conclude that I ought to do something, so I finally decided to shoot and I did so.

The bullet evidently struck just in front of the deer, as she stopped suddenly and turning in her tracks immediately retraced her steps at the same pace at which she had been previously traveling. It was just after firing that something happened which surely saved the life of that deer and it was nothing more or less than a very severe and sudden attack of "buck fever," with which the writer was seized. I am happy to say, however, that my recovery was exceedingly rapid. I had the extreme pleasure of seeing that noble denizen of the Maine forests trot out of sight and out of danger and the only satisfaction to me was that there still remained six cartridges in the magazine of my rifle, which had not been exploded, with which I might still have some sport.

After standing for some moments like the proverbial "Stoughton battle" I realized that I was back on earth again and commenced an immediate search for someone wearing a Number 10 shoe to do for me that which Nature prevented me from doing for myself. Wishing to be of service to my fellow hunters or rather fellow tenderfeet, I will give anyone on application a sure cure for "buck fever" and hope they may profit by my experience.

A. H. B.

Joys of Winter Ice Fishing.

[New York Post.]

Winter, midwinter, deep winter on one of the largest lakes of the back country of southern New England! Southward, halfway to the horizon, reaches the icy plain, wavy with snow drifts in the foreground, flattening to a level as the drifts sink in the distance. On the west are higher uplands, north-erly a few miles away are the triple spires of a Yankee hill town and eastward rises a crest of deep pine woods, accentuated into darkness by the all-pervasive white roundabout. It is a balmy day of winter following an ice-storm, of which the diamond remnants still flash in the treetops. All over the lake hangs a thin haze, resting at the shores on a procession of rounded hills so symmetrical at their crests that Nature seems to have limned their curves with a compass. "Drumlins," the geologists name these great rounded mounds so common in southern New England, and said to have been formed under the prehistoric glacier sheet, much after the fashion of the smaller sandbanks of our running streams.

The balmy air has drawn out in force the fishermen—solitary in the coves, in scattered groups if the fishing ground is a favored or expansive one. A lone fisherman near the pine woods is identified as a professional by his sled, on which has been mounted a large market basket half filled with "tip-ups"—pronounced like "types"—although as many more are "set" at intervals of 30 feet, reaching over several acres of the lake. He is garbed in a thick but much-patched overcoat, a "coon" cap, loose corduroy pantaloons and heavy rubber boots. His weather wrinkled face belies his real age and a rough red

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 nowhoses, \$10.00. Burnt Leather a 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.

SMOKELESS GUN POWDER. Important discovery in gun powder manufacture, by which anyone can make his own gun powder. It costs but 10 to 15 cents a pound. It's twice as strong as black powder. It also makes a splendid blasting powder. Shop rights. For sale by Frank X. Schuster, Rarber, Mich.

of the fish holes, where has been cut a little sluice to a well in the ice into which the catch is dropped. In it are half a dozen handsome mottled pickerel and twice as many perch. The pickerel, with their snake-like backs, lie quietly counterfeiting their habit in free waters; the perch are swimming about nimbly in their icy prison, here and there one turning upward for an instant his golden side crossed by its dashes of black.

"Most 20 inches the ice is," explains Piscator, as he takes his ax and chisel to cut a fresh hole nearer shore, and in the direction where the fish have been biting most freely; and no small art is it to drive a sufficient hole through this adamant foot and two thirds of ice. First the professional outlines an oblong three and a half feet long at the surface. From this the porous and opaque "snow" ice flies before the ax in large chunks. But a few inches down comes the brittle and harder clear ice, which the ax blade merely shivers. As the cut slants sharply downward and the chips gather they must be repeatedly dipped out to leave the ice free to the stroke. Eighteen inches down the chopper adjusts his chisel, with noose tied to his arm to ward against slips.



MUNYON SPRINGS, RANGELEY LAKE, MAINE.

beard takes nothing from his rudeness of feature and form. Note his hands, deep furrowed, red and swollen. That comes from the long exposure to the cold, when the hand, through many a winter season, has been dipped in the bait pail and then scored by the icy blast. He answers you at first in curt monosyllables, then slowly thaws into running speech as the talk proceeds.

His first themes are the thick ice, the hard winter, his rough task in "keepin' the holes clear," and the few days which the stiff cold has left him for comfortable fishing. Then, between attendance on his tip up, he drifts off into piscatorial legend, descants on his biggest pickerel of record and his greatest catches, most of them in the far past. Like so many of his race he is optimist in the past and pessimist in the present, and laments that the fishing "isn't what it once was," and is still on the down grade. Even more solemn is his fishy horoscope of the future as he tells of diminishing supply without expanding markets.

His bait pail, filled with the little fingerlings caught in autumn and stored away in some never freezing spring, is a little mine of wealth to the fish naturalist. There are the "brook shiners," round in body, with steel blue scales and the two lines of old gold on their pigmy backs; the "pond shiner" which almost exactly duplicates the shad seen through the large end of a spy glass; and young "suckers," most taking bait for the pickerel, ruminating on the pail's bottom.

Then there are the common "chub" of the brooks, the nodule-headed dace, a sharp nosed little fish locally nameless, with a deep black mark down its silvery side. Left over from another winter, when bait was scarce, are a few "mummychogs," also dubbed "kellies," an exotic brought up from the salt water, and which has the curious power of living for many hours in weeds or straw slightly dampened. There is a larger aquarium than the pail near one

Just before its blade is driven to water he rests his ax with helve up right in the ice pit to prove by its knob, slightly projecting above the level, the stiff work of Jack Frost. Then the chisel's edge is "chugged" through, the water surges up, the hole is skimmed and trimmed, the tip up adjusted, and the fish hole is a "going" concern. Ten minutes had the fisher labored at it from the first stroke to the final baiting, and thereon hangs an unwritten law of the winter fishing code.

That hole delved with so much toil belongs to the cutter only so long as he leaves his line in it, and by that title he may retain it all winter, pre-empting also the space 'twixt that particular hole and its next neighbor.

How different is such a nature to some of those who like to get away into the silent woods to give utterance to unearthly shouts, just to hear it echo from the distant hills.

If there had been many moose he would have written about them. Squirrels, mice and chickadees were not small enough to escape notice, and on each trip he was accompanied by a companion who was a hunter.—D. E. Heywood In Shooting and Fishing.

CAMP AND HOTEL PRINTING.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1904 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. I know what you need for cuts.

J. W. BRACKETT.

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

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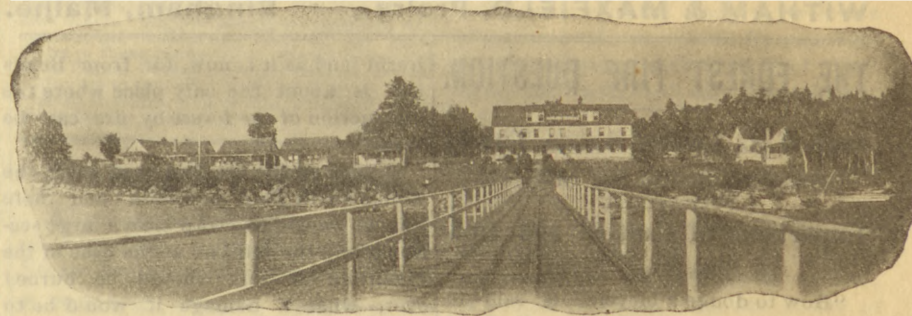
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WHERE TO GO FISHING.

Ask Maine Woods Information Bureau for circulars and particulars, Phillips.

OUR CAMP MATE'S CRIME.

A Lewiston Parity's Experience at the Rangeleys.

[Lewiston Journal.]

Late in the afternoon Arthur Allee came into camp and declared: "If the Lord ever made a prettier place than I have seen today, by the great horn spoon, I'd give something to see it!"

He had looked down the Kennebec valley from the west side of Cow mountain. It is worth the tramp any day and those who had been there before commended Allee's taste.

One deer, a small buck, was brought in that night and several had been seen during the day. The thirst for blood began to be apparent in the conversation. Every man was enjoying himself to the utmost and not exerting himself for game thus far but the hunger for venison was breathed in with the air, absorbed from the stories and rubbed in by the raillery of his camp mates. When a man is told that he couldn't hit the broad side of a barn if he was inside, the door being shut, he begins to yearn to distinguish himself. He wants to shoot a big buck at long distance, to prove that he is immune from buck fever. He would like to knock over a good sized bear just to show that his nerve is good and after a few days he begins to fear that he is no good anyway, particularly if he sees a lot of game and fails to get a shot. He gets disgruntled with himself and stalks through the woods as though bent on business. He isn't enjoying himself, no matter how many times he has said he didn't care for game—"on a vacation, just to stay in the woods," etc.

But a hearty meal puts him in good humor once more and over his pipe and in the evening's chat with companions, he assures himself of better luck next day and he is "way up."

That night it was so warm and delightful for the season that we sat on the wharf at Chase pond for an hour before seeking the friendly warmth of the fire in camp. Then the story-telling began. One was related of hunting moose and bear on the Allagash. Another told Wild river experiences and Guide Les' told of sport in his own domain. Then one of the party addressed another as follows:

"You remember Joe Adams," (this is not the name he mentioned, but it will do for this repetition of the story) "don't you Steve?"

"Remember Joe Adams? Hm! guess I do. Remember mighty well the time he thought the bear was chasing him

and came into camp—haw, haw, haw! Jehuabus! wa'n't he a sight for angels to weep over?"

"Did you ever hear about Joe's helping dig up the dead Indian, up to the Rangeleys?"

"Naw, never heard that one. Go ahead Charles. Let 'er slambang, the rest of the boys never knew Joe and his little peculiarities, but they'll know 'im better after we tell 'em a story or two."

"Well I never could do a story justice but I'll put in the main points and you fellows can imagine the rest and polish it up to suit yourselves when you tell the next man. You see a party of us went up there to camp for a week and we took along just a fair boat load of snake bite remedy. Of course we didn't expect to see anything bigger than augerworms but thought it well to be

enured rain every minute. It came dark early, the wind howled mournfully in the trees and camps gables, and now and then a flash of lightning added to the general uncomfortableness. Why, I never had any such experience in my life!

"We sat there about the table, making commonplace remarks and nobody had the courage to try to bring 'em out of it. The wind increased with the darkness and the lightning flashed more frequently. Between gusts we could hear Sam sigh and groan."

"By and bye the conversation stopped almost completely and everybody seemed to be awaiting the next flash of lightning and the following reverberations, coming nearer every time. It was the lull before the storm and every man's nerves were strung up from the



ALONG THE SHORE.—MUNYON SPRINGS.

careful. Some of the boys wouldn't take any risk whatever, and the way that remedy was in demand would have made the eyes of these saffriller mixers stick out.

"We hadn't been there more'n four days when the stock began to run low. This condition caused a good deal of consternation and we voted to put every man on half rations till we could sight a sail or run into some port and fill our tanks. It begun to look like a case of 'water, water everywhere,' and not a case of anything to drink."

"Next morning there was worse still to come—the main portion of our stock, a two-gallon jug, had disappeared, jug and all. There wasn't a smell of it any where and the mystery was deeper than the lake."

"That made us all pretty glum. Each man suspected all the rest and, at the same time, denounced a probable sneak thief. Each resolved to watch all the others and see who was enjoying the banner portion of our stock. It made Sam Edwards (you know Sam?) boiling ugly. He raved about the meanness of a man that would steal the staff of life, or fish bait. He was the gloomiest man in the crowd. He seemed to brood over it and was worse the second day than he was the first. We thought his head was feeling bad from too close application of remedial measures during the first of the week and kind of left him alone."

"I said each suspect'd all the rest. Perhaps they did at first but soon they all dropped Sam from the list of suspects. And I'll bet every man of us felt as though Sam thought him the thief. Honestly I hadn't the faintest idea where that jug went to, but every time Sam looked at me I felt guilty."

"But he kept growing worse—couldn't get a grunt out of him. He'd sit with his head in his hands, never saying a word, and once in a while he'd sigh as though he'd lost his whole family. When we went out fishing Sam would poke off alone and we'd see him sitting on a rock with his head down—didn't seem to take any interest in anything."

"It queered the whole gang, for you know Sam was always the life of the party when we boys went any where. We talked it over among ourselves and finally decided that some one ought to approach Sam on the subject of his troubles. But this was something of a difficulty for nobody wanted to act as emissary. Adams was the most sympathetic man in the lot but he hung back when we urged him to go round and have a talk with Sam. He didn't fancy the job."

"We let things hang till supper time. Sam wouldn't come out to eat but sat on his bunk the picture of despondency. Actually I feared he was going insane, and I think Adams was afraid of his life (you know Adams was just a little bit timid under some circumstances.)"

"We all felt pretty blue and pretty badly puzzled. We didn't know what to do about Sam. We were calculating to go home next day if it didn't storm too bad. The sky was thick and threat-

ast three days experience.

"Just then, of all times, Sam sang out—'Joe Adams!'"

"We all started more or less, but I'll bet my jack-knife against a chew of gum that Joe jumped three feet off his stool. He turned pale as a ghost and answered:—

"'Wha—, what, Sam?'"

"'Come in here,' Sam sort of commanded."

"Joe looked at the rest of us appealingly and whispered: 'Wha— wha'dye s'pose he wants?'"

"We couldn't offer him much comfort and told him to go and see."

"Joe hung back. He didn't like the job a little bit. He started and then he hitched up beside me and whispered: 'Come on in, Charles.' I shook him off and told him to go on, probably Sam had some private affair to talk over."

"All was still in the next room and Joe started along. He had just put his hand on the doorknob when Sam yelled: 'Joe, come here!'"

"Joe stopped. He stepped back a step and looked at us again."

"What in the world do you suppose he wants?" he quaked.

"Somebody said: 'O, go ahead and

without saying a word, and went out into the storm. We didn't know what to make of it, but every man jumped for his coat and hat and as soon as they were out of sight we sneaked out and followed. It was a wicked night, I tell you. You couldn't see an inch before your nose except when the lightning flashed and then it would be so dark that you could feel it. It rained a little and the trees were buckling and snapping in the wind."

"Before I go any further I am going to tell you what Joe told us afterward about his interview with Sam. When he went in Sam was rounded up with elbows on his knees and head in his hands. He was sighing and groaning at every breath—the picture of despair. Finally he broke out with:

"'Joe, I called you in here to tell you an awful story. I've got a terrible weight on my mind and I've got to get rid of it. I can't stand it any longer. I am going to tell you because you are a friend to me and I can trust you. Then again, I know you are brave and it will take a brave man to stand what I am going to ask of you."

"'In the first place, Joe, I want you to swear by all that is good and great that you will never breathe a word of what I tell you to any human being."

"Joe, by this time, was looking for a chance to run, but there was no escape. Sam got up and stood over him and looked so wild that Joe swore as directed. Then Sam went on:

"'Three years ago I came up here hunting and before I went away I did something that has hung over me every minute since. I am haunted by it, day and night; I can't sleep nor do anything else. Since I came up here this time it has been growing worse, and I've got to relieve my mind.'

"Then Sam leaned over and sighed and moaned again. Joe was scared and excited, but he was inquisitive and tried to be sympathetic. He assured Sam that it wasn't so bad as he thought and he would stick to him through thick and thin."

Sam groaned some more and then continued:

"'I had an Indian guide that fall—a good for-nothing fellow, but he knew how and where to find game and I had pretty good luck. But—and here Sam's voice broke and he paused to sigh—'one day I shot a cow moose by mistake.'

"Joe broke in: 'There, there, Sam, that ain't anything to feel so bad about. Any man is liable to make mistakes. Tell all the boys about it and we'll chip and pay your fine. Brace up, old man, 'tain't half as bad as I feared.'

"'But that ain't all, Joe. That is only a small part of it. The worst is to come. You see that treacherous Indian tried to bleed me. He said if I didn't give him \$50 he'd tell on me. It made me so mad that I didn't know what to do. I was fairly insane. Then it flashed over me that he was only a mean, worthless Indian without any family and would never be missed, and I—I—'

"Joe broke in again: 'My God, Sam,

Sam was bound to go that night and finally said: 'Joe, I am a desperate man; you've got to go with me. If you see the evidence of my crime it will relieve the load on my conscience. Get the lantern and let's be off.'

"Joe tried to get him to wait till the showers were over, but he wouldn't wait. So they left as I told you."

"Sam made Joe go ahead and carry the lantern, and told him where to turn down old wood roads and back into the deep forest. We crept along behind the best we could, falling over stumps and logs, but the storm drowned the noise."

"After awhile they stopped and we could see Sam pointing and making motions to Joe. We got up nearer and heard Sam say: 'Yes, this is the place. Here is where I buried him, just this side that old stump. You dig it up, Joe.'

"Joe rebelled. He would not take the spade Sam carried and at last Sam said he would do it, 'but remember, Joe, I am a desperate man—don't you try to leave me!'"

"Joe held the lantern but he trembled so that he could hardly stand."

"The shower was now at its height and thunder rolled all the time. By the lightning flashes we could see Joe's eyes fairly hanging from his head. Sam was digging as for dear life."

"The lightning made a weird picture for us, I swear to you. Joe was as white as death and Sam was doubled down to the work, while the rain came down in torrents."

"Then we heard the spade strike some hard substance and Sam stopped. 'That's it,' he said. 'Wha—what?' mumbled Joe. 'The body!'"

"Joe dropped the lantern and nearly fell over backwards."

"Sam got out of the hole and walked around it wringing his hands. Then he insisted on Joe digging awhile. But Joe couldn't have lifted the spade to save his life. So Sam got back and began digging again. Pretty soon he asked Joe to hold the lantern nearer. Joe tried but he couldn't hold the lantern still any more than he could have stopped the thunder shower."

"Some of us crept up nearer. We heard Sam say: 'That's the skull.' We could see something round and white."

"Sam scraped off a little more dirt and then tried to get Joe to help him pull it out. Joe staggered back, tripped on a stick and sat down. The lantern went down with a whack and the light went out."

"Just then there came a vivid flash of lightning and we saw Joe making time away from the spot on his hands and knees. Sam was doubled up with his arms hugged around his stomach and looked, for all the world, as though he was laughing. We heard him say: 'Here's a match, Joe, light that lantern, quick!'"

"Sam got the light after awhile and found Joe about two rods away, so scared he couldn't get on his feet. Sam drove and dragged him back to the edge of the hole. 'It's a relief to me to get this done,' we heard him tell Joe. 'I feel better already. Now you hold the lantern and I'll lift out the skull.'

"He got into the hole again, poked around that white thing and then took it up and plumped it down, right at Joe's feet. Joe jumped backward and nearly fell down again. Sam sat down in the mud and said again: 'I feel better, Joe, I swear I feel better.'

"Joe got straightened up and finally mustered courage to look at the thing. Then came another blinding flash of light and we all saw—that missing jug."

Another Violation of the Maine Game Laws.

[Kennebec Journal.]

The latest case of violation to be taken, prosecuted, the offender convicted and the matter reported to the fish and game commission is that of Azell Drew of Wesley. Drew was found to have moose meat in his possession not long since, and as that is a little matter upon which the laws of the state are somewhat strict he was taken into custody.

Inland Fish and Game Warden George W. Ross of Vanceboro, worked up the case and he had Mr. Drew before Municipal Judge W. J. Fowler of Calais, last Wednesday.

The bulk of the evidence which constituted the whole of it, tended to show that Mr. Drew was guilty as alleged and he was accordingly fined \$500 or four months in the county jail at Machias. As he was unable to settle, he was committed as ordered, on the same date.

It may be some time between reports of similar prosecutions, but the would-be and real offenders may rest assured that the vigilance of the commissioners and their wardens will never be relaxed.

Gamelands of Maine.

BY GEO. N. VAN DYKE.

The forests, lakes, ponds and streams, the camps and lodges, guides, game and game laws of the great wilderness. Illustrated, 100 pages. Price 25c. With MAINE WOODS one year, \$1.10.



WHERE CANOEISTS LOVE TO LAND.—MUNYON SPRINGS.

see; he won't hurt you.' Joe shook himself together, drew in a long breath and staggered in, about as though he was going to his own funeral. We heard Sam tell him to lock the door and put the key in his pocket. Then all was still except the wind roaring outside and an occasional thunder-clap. Once in a while we could hear Sam's footsteps as he paced back and forth."

"About an hour afterwards Joe came out looking as though he expected to meet the death angel at any moment. He lighted a lantern and put on his coat. He got Sam's son'wester and rubber coat and started back."

"What's the matter, Joe?" someone asked.

"Matter! Great God! Matter enough!" he said.

"Pretty soon he and Sam came out,

what?"

"Sam leaned over and clutched Joe's shoulder and said: 'I shot him.'

"Joe tried to get away but Sam held him right to his chair."

"'Yes, Joe, I shot him; and I buried him within half a mile of this cabin. Now, I never shall rest till I dig up his bones and bury them over again. I only scooped out a little hole, doubled him up and poked him in. Then I covered him up with dirt and leaves. I thought I could forget it, but I can't. I've got to do it—I've got to bury those bones over again this very night—and you, you, Joe, have got to help me do it.'

"Joe tried to put him off till morning, but Sam wouldn't hear of it. He said Joe had sworn to help him and he would hold him to his oath. Joe expostulated and plead, but it was no use."

Carleton to Gardner.

One of the features of Wednesday afternoon's session of the state board of trade at Portland was the address by Hon. L. T. Carleton, commissioner of inland fisheries and game, upon which he spoke on the game interests of the state at considerable length and paid his respects to Grand Master Gardner of the Maine State grange as follows:

"The master of the State grange, in his address at its last annual meeting at Waterville, is said to have said that, . . . 'The serious charge is made that on the northern borders of the state growth in population has ceased in consequence of arbitrary and unjust laws for the protection of wild animals against the best interests of the citizens of Maine.

"If this charge is true it behooves all good citizens of Maine to unite in protest against a continuance of such conditions. As has been well said, humanity must be placed above wild animals. The cause of civilization is mightier than the cause of the sportsman and its march must not be retarded to gratify the ambitions of the latter. If the effect of our game laws is the furtherance of what must ever be a sport or pastime, is not and cannot ever be an industry in the hinderance of progress and the development of our agricultural resources, then the time has come for a change in the law."

"This declaration of the chief officer of the grange was supplemented by the following resolution which we are told was adopted at that meeting unanimously:

"We also demand that the state laws be so amended as to give farmers the right to defend their own property by killing any wild animals trespassing on the same."

"This declaration of principles on the part of so great, respectable, intelligent and conservative a body as the State grange created widespread interest at once.

"A little later, after this action of the grange had been discussed somewhat in public, and by the press of the state, the master of the State grange gave out a most important interview upon the same subject, which was published in the newspapers of the state. He is reported in that interview as saying, 'We believe that every man has a right to own property and all that grows or walks on it.'

"Now, then, we appear to be authoritatively informed what the purpose is of those who are opposed to our game laws, and the reason of their opposition.

"Now let us briefly examine into their contention.

"First, 'That on the northern borders of the state growth in population has ceased in consequence of arbitrary and unjust laws for the protection of wild animals.' The 'wild animals' referred to are, I suppose, moose, caribou and deer; the other wild animals protected by our laws are beaver, mink, muskrat, sable, fisher, rabbits and, in one county, chipmunks—not a northern county, however—and I assume that deer alone are the only wild animals referred to as having caused 'increase in population to cease on our northern borders.'

"It is difficult to see just how this claim can be substantiated. The proof seems to be the other way. It would almost seem as though the presence of wild animals—of deer and moose—has tended to increase rather than to decrease in population on our northern borders.

"Now let us look for a moment into the demand of Mr. Gardner, as stated in his interview, and as expressed by the resolution of the State grange.

"We—demand—that the state laws be so amended as to defend their own property by killing any wild animals trespassing on the same," says the resolution.

"We believe that every man has a right to his own property and all that grows and walks on it," is the way Mr. Gardner expresses it.

"Now this means, if it means anything, a complete revolution in our game laws, a curtailment of a right we have enjoyed for more than two centuries—a right of free hunting.

"We are asked to go back to the old English law; we are asked to repeal the colonial ordinance of 1641, as amended in 1647, which our Supreme court has declared to be part of the common law of this state.

"Free hunting and fishing is a part of our liberties, provided no trespass is committed on improved or enclosed land while hunting or fishing, and this old colonial law has been held for more than two centuries to include the right of everybody to hunt, as provided in the statutes of the state, upon the wild lands of the state.

"Now Mr. Gardner's proposition comes to this—to restrict the right to kill game to the land owner—in other words to return to the odious condi-

tions which prevailed in England, for the moment you make a law that the land owner 'owns everything that walks on his land,' you make an end at once of our present privileges to hunt. You would establish great game preserves for the rich alone.

"This is an entirely new doctrine in the state of Maine, and is impossible of realization. The wild game of the state is the property of the state—of all the people in their sovereign capacity. Nothing is better settled than this. It has been so settled by the U. S. Supreme court which anyone may read in the U. S. reports—Geer vs. Connecticut, Vol. 161, page 519."—Bangor Commercial.

Banquet of Clear Water Club.

The Clear Water club will hold its annual banquet Saturday evening, April 9, and the following letter of invitation has been sent out by the president:

BOSTON, March 30, 1904.

My Dear Sir—It has been decided to call together The Faithful for its Second Annual Banquet at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, on Saturday evening, April 9, at 6 o'clock.

Our banquet last year, from a gastronomic point of view, was considered a success. This year, Mine Host Sturgis promises a menu, which, with the usual donations of moose, caribou, deer, birds, brook trout, etc., will contain a rare bird that has seldom, if ever, been served at a similar banquet in this country. The Club will entertain at the banquet our old friends, Dana J. Flanders, Ed Gay and Billie Rose; the former, always ready to arrange a private car and special train for our annual outings, and the latter, having each entertained our Club in their respective camps (at Clear Water and Grand Lake in Maine.)

The party will be limited to about 50 guests, but, as several of our members are away from town at present, each member attending will be privileged to invite one or two guests and the names will be entered up in

Strong Sporting.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

STRONG, April 5, 1904.

Richard Johnson, the well known proprietor of Hotel Strong, was returning from a trip to Phillips the other day, when he discovered two woodchucks playing by the roadside. Dick thought he would get out and capture them, so he hitched his horse and started in pursuit, but after a lively chase had the satisfaction of seeing them disappear into a hole in the ground, which disappearance was accompanied by a derisive whistle. This is the first woodchuck hunt reported in town this season.

Some of our sportsmen are putting in considerable time trying to shoot crows. The word "trying" is used advisedly, as the crows are very wary this spring, as usual, and are not "easy marks" by any manner of means.

A man walked through the streets of Strong the other day carrying a rod and fish basket. Query, what was he after?

North Pond Camps.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

SOUTH SMITHFIELD, April 5, 1904.

Although the ice won't leave the lake as early as last spring, it is more than likely that by April 20 our lake will be free and clear. In the past two years the ice has left unusually early; the 12th of April in 1902 and the 9th last spring.

It is much thicker this year having so much cold weather and March being so very much colder than in 1903.

The ice is very weak around the shore no more teams are seen on the lake as a week ago. Material for the stone

Trout Fishing Late.

Lewiston and Auburn fishermen are more or less in mourning this spring because things look as if the trout and salmon fishing at Lake Auburn will be a little later than usual this year because the ice will not go out as early as sometimes. Often the lovers of angling after Maine's best fish have wet their lines and gone home with fairly good catches by the middle of April. Some years the fishing has even been known to be good earlier than this date.

This season, however, the fishermen will be lucky if by Fast day the brooks have opened enough and the waters warmed so that the trout will bite. As far as catching trout goes the brooks might as well be frozen up as open in the spring if there is not some warm weather and sun to stir the sluggish blood of the little speckled beauties who have been in a half dazed condition from the cold all winter.

Even at the present time the local anglers are preparing for the trout. The spring of 1904, if all signs do not fail, is to be a big one with the trout brooks. Lewiston and Auburn still have many brooks within a radius of 20 miles which can be reached, fished and a return made in one day in which the trout still live. Each year, however, sees the anglers going far her away for their sport.—Lewiston Sun.

PRACTICAL DOG EDUCATION

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(THOMAS C. ABBOTT.)

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This book comprises a series of instructive articles on the Education and Training of the Dog, written by "Recapper," whose name as a writer is well-known to sportsmen. In it is set forth in clear, concise language, shorn of all confusing technicalities, the author's methods of education for the dog—methods that are at all times painstaking and humane, and that will secure instant commendation from every lover of that faithful, intelligent animal. The book is handsomely and substantially bound, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the sportsman's library.

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By Edward S. Farrow, Late United States Army.

As the author of "Farrow's Military Encyclopedia" "Camping on the trail," "West Point," etc., Mr. Farrow has long been recognized as an authority upon all things pertaining to military matters. His latest work, "American Small Arms," is a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge about the gun. It gives the complete history of all varieties of Small Arms that have been made in the United States since its settlement by the Colonists, and its descriptive text is profusely illustrated by diagrams and models showing the progress of American Arms up to the present day.

If you are interested in guns, if you own a gun, you ever use a gun, you cannot afford to be without this book. It is the only work of its kind in the world.

Price \$5.00 sold only by subscription.
J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Me.

CAMP FIRES

IN THE

Wilderness

BY E. W. BURT.

A book of valuable information for campers and sportsmen with an account of travels and adventures in wilds of Maine, New Brunswick and Canada.

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Phillips, Maine.

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MAINE WOODS

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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

each, for one year, for only \$1.50. THE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is a monthly magazine of national interest to sportsmen as the name indicates. The price is \$1.00 a year.

MAINE WOODS gives each week news from the woods of Maine, telling the success of fishermen and hunters in their respective seasons. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year.

Remember \$1.50 gives you both papers for a year. Send subscriptions to the papers to

MAINE WOODS. 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

The Angler's Secret.

BY CHARLES BRADFORD.

Author of "The Determined Angler," "The Wild Fowlers." Illustrated. Net, \$1.00, postage 10c.

The Angler's Secret is, as the author tells us, to replenish the soul and not the creel. It is a secret that cannot be revealed to an unsympathetic mind, and only the lover of nature can fully understand that communing with field, stream and sky which results in the perfect contentment of the angler who has learned the secret. With MAINE WOODS one year \$1.60 postpaid. Address orders to MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

Sportsman's

Information....

Free information concerning MAINE'S HUNTING and FISHING REGIONS; descriptive circulars of hotels, camps and summer resorts of all kinds, time-tables, list of guides, etc., can be obtained free by addressing

Maine Woods Information Bureau Phillips, Maine.



LOG CAMP IN WINTER.—MUNYON SPRINGS.

the order of the receipt of acceptances until the table is filled. Tickets will be \$5, including wines, cigars, etc., and a small assessment will be made at the banquet for our next annual fishing trip, which will be pulled off just three weeks following the banquet, a full attendance of members is requested.

Please send in your reservations for seats by Wednesday, April 6, at the latest, in order that an approximate number of those attending may be determined.

Very truly yours,
HEBER BISHOP,
President Clear Water Club.

Jack McCone says that he is going to start a new secret fraternity. He has heard of the Elks, and the Red Men, and the Buffaloes, and the Golden Eagles, and the Buzzards, and the Holy Roman Eagles, and he believes there is room for another. He is going to name his fraternity after the Bull Moose.—Waterville Sentinel.

SEND US HUNTING STORIES

Our readers are requested to send us hunting stories. There are plenty of things to write us. Tell us where you go and what you see. Address, MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

fire places and underpinning for the new log cabins was hauled last week and work will begin on the buildings about April 15. The boats and canoes have already been painted and early parties are expected. Already several applications have been received from parties wishing accommodations for June and July. Every thing will be in readiness for the trout fishing in early May. I will guarantee the best of trout fishing for parties wishing to come early.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. advertise the H. & R. revolver.

Laffin & Rand powder wins.

The world's record at live birds made with DuPont smokeless.

Peter's Cartridge Co.

Sport Indeed, by Thomas Martingale, with MAINE WOODS, \$2.50.

For Sale. L. B. Mason, South Windham.

Greene's Farm, a popular resort for sportsmen.

Rowe Pond Camps, Witham Maxfield, proprietors, Bingham.

Wanted-Young Men

To fit themselves to take the many good positions offered our graduates. The following letter is only one of many.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

As I desired to look for other employment recently, I consulted Mr. Becker of Becker's Business College. Before I could finish stating my case to him, he excused himself to telephone to some person. After he had finished I continued my statement. When I concluded I was told to make application to a certain concern. I did so and secured the position, which is very much more remunerative than that which I held before.

I believe that Mr. Becker does his best to help pupils, (present and past) and feel greatly pleased with what he has done for me. This is the second time he has placed me.

(Signed) FRANK S. SPOONER, Worcester, Mass.

CATALOGS ON APPLICATION.

BECKER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WORCESTER, MASS.

The Pramachenee Club.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS
RANGELEY, April 5, 1904.

Charles Valance, superintendent of the Pramachenee Club recently returned from New York where he has been for instructions in regard to the club affairs for the coming summer.

The management will continue on much the same plan as in the past. There will be some new trails made and some general repairs but no extensive building. The rate of board will be raised 50 cents per day for both guides and sportsmen.

The club now has a membership of 63, and the annual dues are \$75 for each member.

Both fish and game are becoming very abundant on this preserve. The hatchery which was built 13 years ago at an outlay of \$3000 has produced phenomenal results the last two years. For a time it seemed to be a hopeless undertaking to replenish the trout which had become very scarce prior to building the hatchery, and even after restocking had been carried on several years the fishing seemed to grow constantly poorer. But there are now both big and little fish everywhere. In two hauls last fall, with the seine at an eddy in the river below the lake, 200 pounds of trout were taken. Twenty of them weighed between 4 and 7 pounds.

An interesting thing while taking the fish was noticed in one trout that had an ugly gash in its side. It was taken in the river above the lake and carried three miles and thrown out. The next morning it was again found in the net at the same spawning bed. This time it was taken three miles and carried up a brook half a mile and again released. The next morning it was again taken in the net at the same old place and there after no further notice was taken of it.

The annual output at the hatchery is about 175,000 young fish. Salmon have as yet been a good deal of a failure. One was taken two years ago that weighed 3 pounds. But only 30 or 40 are taken annually, and these seldom weigh more than 1/2 pound each. They have been seen spawning, but the success of them is as yet doubtful.

Deer are probably more plentiful here, than in any other part of the state. A hundred may be seen in a day in summer on the Megalloway river and this on a stream traveled daily by a steamboat and many canoes. It is scarcely mentioned when one is seen crossing the fields in the settlement at Wilson's Mills.

There are two game wardens in this section. One John Hwey from Andover, Me., makes his headquarters at the clubhouse and cruises the country on the north against poachers from Canada. He is paid by the club. Fred Jargenson from Winthrop is the state warden and lives at Wilson's Mills.

The settlers are not very favorably disposed towards these wardens. The sentiment here is very odd in regard to game laws. There is a general opinion that people ought to have a right to shoot deer whenever they wanted them, but that it should be a prison offense to leave one uneaten. They argue that at present hunters do not make much effort to find deer that are wounded for fear of being caught at it by a warden. Also that hunters only stop long enough to slash a hind quarter, or as much as they can safely conceal and leave the rest unburied where it fell.

The nonresident license law they think very bad because the nonresident hunters kill lots of deer and then come sadly home empty handed leaving the game to waste because they don't dare bring it out. No one seems to think that it might help matters if no poaching was done in the first place.

There are about 18 registered guides here that are employed by the club. Last summer their aggregate earnings while guiding club people amounted to \$2,040.
D. E. HEYWOOD.

Maine Woods Advertising.

E. B. Whorff, who is running a small advertisement in MAINE WOODS of his camps at Dead River Ponds, learned a long time ago that MAINE WOODS is read by people who want the addresses of camps and hotels in Maine. He received a letter a few days ago from a lady in Georgia, a resident of Boston, who was spending the winter in the south and had her Maine paper follow her. MAINE WOODS is read in nearly, if not quite every state in the Union.

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.

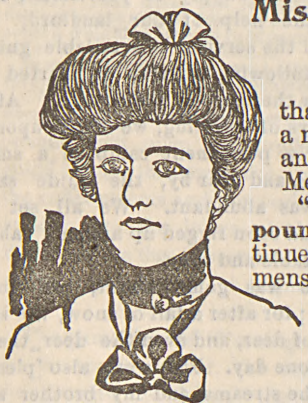
Phillips, Jan. 11, 1903.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary of the Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.



Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular. I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpfe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MISS FANNIE KUMPE, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Deer Did Well.

From the best information that we can get the deer in the Maine woods have wintered well. There has been less snow in the woods than usual—probably not more than three feet, and that has been in a soft condition so that the deer have been able to move around without hindrance in search of food.

A Spring Tonic.

Fish, fish, fish, I hear the swish
Of water as the boat careens,
The odor of sweet balsam boughs,
The classic scent of Boston beans,
Illumes the parting, wintry sky
With glad acclaim, that spring is nigh.
—J. C. H.

RALPH H. ROCKWOOD,
Civil Engineer.

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

Waterville, - - Maine.



Ripans Tablets 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 Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

LET'S ADVERTISE!

You've got the camp, the hotel, the store to be advertised; I've got the knack of saying things so folks will decide you are just the fellow to patronize. Are you ready? I am Write!

FRED H. CLIFFORD, 77 Morse-Oliver Bldg., Bangor, Me.

The Fairy Tales of Ed Grant recently published by MAINE WOODS certainly have "caught on."

FOR SALE.

Eggs for Hatching. Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandotts, and Buff Orpingtons, from pure bred stock.

\$1.00 PER 13.

OAKDALE POULTRY YARD
25 Fessenden St., - Portland, Maine.

Single Comb R. I. Reds, Blue Barred Rocks, Light Brahmas, Buff Orpingtons, Golden Wyandotts.

My birds are all prize winners, handsome, vigorous birds. Eggs from carefully mated hens, \$1.00 per 13. Incubator eggs \$5.00 per 100. Send your orders early.

S. O. TARBOX, JR.,
Box 464, - Farmington, 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	1 40
So. Strong,.....				
Strong,.....	ar	P. M.	P. M.	
Phillips,.....	lv	12 05	12 42	5 10
	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,.....	lv	7 50	9 10	1 48
So. Strong,.....				
Farmington,.....	ar	8 20	10 00	2 17

WESTON LEWIS Pres. F. N. BEAL, Supr

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.
Bigelow, lv		11 00	2 00
Carrabassett, ar		11 20	2 25
Kingfield, lv	A. M.		P. M.
	7 00	7 05	12 50
*N. Freeman, lv		7 05	12 55
*Mt. Abram Jet., lv		7 20	7 35
Salem, ar		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.
Strong, lv		8 15	10 00
*W. Freeman, lv		8 25	5 17
*Summit, lv		8 35	10 30
Salem, ar		8 40	10 35
*Mt. Abram Jet., lv		8 45	10 40
*No. Freeman, lv		8 50	11 30
Kingfield, ar		9 00	11 30
Carrabassett, lv		9 15	12 00
Bigelow, ar		9 45	12 35
*Flag stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor. Mixed trains.			
Close connection is made at Strong with trains to and from Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston.			
Stage connection at Bigelow for Stratton and Eustis, at Carrabassett for Flagstaff and Dead River.			
GEO. M. VOSE, SUPERINTENDENT.			

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 50
*Sanders' Mill,.....		3 00
Redington Mills,.....		3 30
Eustis Jet.,.....		4 00
Dead River,.....		4 10
lv, ar		4 30
WEST.		A. M.
Rangeley, Lv		7 30
Dead River,.....		7 40
Eustis Junction,.....		8 00
Redington Mills,.....		8 10
*Sanders' Mill,.....		8 20
*Reed's Mill,.....		8 30
*Madrid Junction,.....		8 40
*Madrid,.....		8 50
Phillips, ar		9 00

*Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
FLETCHER POPE, Gen. Man.
J. C. WILLIAMS, Supr., 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	
May Junction,.....		7 22	
Bemis, lv		7 22	
Rumford Falls, ar		9 00	
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 23	4 50
Portland, Union Sta., ar	8 35	12 30	5 45
Boston, (W. Div.), ar	P. M.	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	5 15
Lewiston, lv	P. M.	9 20	1 55
Mechanic Falls, ar	10 05	2 41	6 45
Livermore Falls, ar	11 40	4 15	
Rumford Falls, ar	11 35	4 15	
Bemis, ar	5 50		
May 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.

BANGOR & AROOSTOOK R. R.

Arrangement of Trains.

IN EFFECT MONDAY, OCT. 12, 1903.

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars between Bangor and Bangor on train leaving Bangor at 6.00 a.m. and Bangor at 3.15 p.m. Sleeping Car on train leaving Bangor 4.15 p.m. and Bangor 3.55 a.m.

3.55 A. M.—For and arriving at Millinocket 6.43 a.m., Houlton 8.35 a.m., Presque Isle 10.37 a.m., Fort Fairfield 11.00 a.m., Caribou 11.05 a.m., Van Buren 2.25 p.m.
7.10 P. M.—For and arriving at Brownville 9.13 a.m., Katahdin Iron Works 10.05 a.m., Millinocket 10.30 a.m., Patten 11.50 a.m., Island Falls 11.50 a.m., Ashland 2.30 p.m., Fort Kent 4.35 p.m., Houlton 12.55 p.m., Presque Isle 2.46 p.m., Caribou 3.15 p.m., Van Buren 4.50 p.m., Fort Fairfield 3.05 p.m., Limestone 4.10 p.m., Dover 9.32 a.m., Guilford 9.18 a.m., Monson 10.37 a.m., Greenville 11.20 a.m.

3.15 P. M.—For and arriving at Brownville 4.43 p.m., Millinocket 6.03 p.m., Sherman 6.54 p.m., Patten 7.20 p.m., Houlton 8.15 p.m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.25 p.m., Presque Isle 9.37 p.m., Caribou 10.25 p.m., Fort Fairfield 10.15 p.m.
4.50 P. M.—For and arriving at Lagrange 6.10 p.m., Milo 6.35 p.m., Brownville 6.45 p.m., Dover and Foxcroft, 7.03 p.m., Guilford 7.26 p.m., Greenville 8.40 p.m., Quebec 1.30 p.m., Montreal 8.35 a.m.

9.30 A. M. Leaving Montreal 7.25 p.m., Quebec 2.40 p.m., Greenville 5.35 a.m., Guilford 6.47 a.m., Dover 7.05 a.m., Brownville 7.25 a.m., Milo 7.35 a.m.
1.05 P. M. Leave Caribou 6.00 a.m., Presque Isle 6.58 a.m., Fort Fairfield 6.05 a.m., Houlton 8.10 a.m., Ashland 6.45 a.m., Patten 8.55 a.m., Millinocket 10.23 a.m., Brownville 11.30 a.m., Milo 11.39 a.m.

7.25 P. M.—Leaving Greenville 3.35 p.m., Monson 3.40 p.m., Guilford 4.47 p.m., Dover 5.06 p.m., Limestone 9.50 a.m., Van Buren 9.55 a.m., Caribou 11.40 a.m., Presque Isle 12.11 p.m., Fort Fairfield 11.35 a.m., Houlton 2.00 p.m., Patten 2.55 p.m., Sherman 3.27 p.m., Millinocket 4.20 p.m., Brownville 5.33 p.m., Milo 5.43 p.m., Lagrange 6.10 p.m.
11.45 P. M. Leaving Caribou 4.15 p.m., Fort Fairfield 3.50 p.m., Presque Isle 4.43 p.m., Houlton 6.23 p.m., Millinocket 8.43 p.m.

C. C. BROWN,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
GEO. M. HOUGHTON,
General Manager.

Bangor, Me., Oct. 10, 1903.

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

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 details write to me about it.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Maine Woods, - - Phillips, Me.

Our Local Birds.

[BY DANA SWEET.]

PHILLIPS, April 4, 1904.

(Continued from last week.)

Hairy Woodpecker.

Resident.

Range—Virginia to southern Canada. Description—Upper parts black. Middle of back white. Wings spotted with white. Tail black with outer feathers white. A white stripe above and another below the eye. Under parts white. The male has a scarlet patch on the back of the head.

Distinguishing marks—The Hairy differs from other woodpeckers, except the Downy, in having the entire under parts white. It is distinguished from the Downy by its much larger size. Notice also its large, strong bill.

All woodpeckers bore holes in dead trees for nests and the eggs of all our species are white. They are laid on the chippings of wood at the bottom of the cavity.

In summer the Hairy Woodpecker is to be looked for in the woods; in winter it is also frequently seen by the roadside, in orchards, gardens and around buildings. Its call is a loud clear whist. It is one of the most useful of all birds. It is said that it never attacks a sound tree. Its food is chiefly borers which are dug out of dead trees.

The following interesting story is by Mr. V. A. Alderson in the Oologist:

"Last summer potato bugs covered every patch of potatoes in Marathon county, Wisconsin. One of my friends here found his patch an exception and therefore took pains to find out the reason and observed a Hairy Woodpecker making frequent visits to the potato field and going from there to a large pine stub a little distance away. After observing this for about six weeks, he made a visit to the pine stub and found on inspection a large hole in its side, almost 15 feet up. He took his ax and cut down the stub, split it open and found inside over two bushels of bugs. All had their heads off and bodies intact."

In the yearbook of the U. S. department of agriculture for 1900, Mr. F. E. I. Beal says of Woodpeckers:

"The toes are in pairs, one pair projecting forward and the other pair backward and are furnished with very strong, sharp claws, an arrangement which insures a firm hold upon the bark. The tail is composed of very stiff feathers, pointed at the end, that can be pressed against the tree trunk and thus made to support and steady the bird. The beak is rather long but stout and furnished with a chisel shaped point, which is hardened and sharpened so as to render it a most effective wood cutting instrument."

After describing the tongue, he says: "These birds are gifted with a remarkably acute sense of hearing by which to locate their prey within the wood. That they do so with great accuracy is disclosed by examination of their work, which shows that they cut small holes directly to the burrows of the grubs."

Pileated Woodpecker.

Resident.

Range. North America.

Description—Body black brown. White stripe along the side of the long, curved neck. Conspicuous scarlet crest.

The Pileated Woodpecker is about as large as a crow and is found in heavily timbered regions. Its song is coo coo coo coo coo coo coo. It is loud and resonant and can be heard a long distance. This bird is quite common here but is not often seen as it is rather shy.

I saw a pair last spring and was able to get within about thirty feet of them by walking so quietly as to make no noise. The crackle of a twig or the stepping on a dead leaf would send them flying out of sight.

The Pileated Woodpecker flies very slowly. The wings flap lazily, showing the white on the under surface. The flight is direct, not undulating (wave-like) as in most woodpeckers.

It would be hard to overestimate the value of these birds as preservers of the forests.

Last winter I saw where Pileated Woodpeckers had dug into live spruce and hemlock trees to get insects in the unsound heart. From the bark to the heart there was four inches of solid healthy wood by actual measurement and the oblong holes were so large that I put my doubled up hand into the heart. On the snow below was as much as half a bushel of chippings. These birds never attack a sound tree. Their only object in digging into sound wood is to get borers and mining ants.

Their nests are made in dead portions of the main trunks of old growth rock maples about 20 to 80 feet up.

Downy Woodpecker.

Resident.

Range. Labrador to Florida.

Description—Upper parts black, middle of back white. Wing spotted with white. Tail black with outer feathers white, barred with black. A white stripe above and another below the eye. Under parts white. The male has a scarlet patch on the back of the head.

Distinguishing marks—The Downy differs from other woodpeckers, except the Hairy, in having the entire under parts white. It differs from the Hairy only in its much smaller size and in having the outer tail feathers barred with black.

The only chance I ever had to observe the black markings on the outer tail feathers of the Downy Woodpecker was once when I was on the Little Blue grounds at Farmington.

The bird that I saw there was so tame that several times I stood near enough to have reached it with my hand. It kept spreading its tail feathers as it crept up the trunks showing the black markings, appearing like a few black blotches.

The song of the Downy Woodpecker is several sharp notes all alike uttered in quick succession.

In Mr. Beal's article previously referred to, he says of the Downy Woodpecker:

"Of the food of the Downy Woodpecker, 13 per cent consists of wood boring coleopterous larvae, insects that do an immense amount of damage to fruit and forest trees and are, as stated, protected from the attacks of ordinary birds by their habit of burrowing in trees. Besides the grubs taken from within the wood, the Woodpecker eats many of the parent insects from whose eggs these grubs are hatched. It also destroys numerous other species that live upon the foliage and bark. Caterpillars, both those that bore into the tree and those that live upon the leaves, constitute 16 per cent of its food and bugs that live on berries and give to them such a disagreeable taste form a considerable portion of its diet. Bark lice or scale insects (Coccidae), pests of the worst description, are also eaten by this bird and to an extent that is surprising when their minute size is considered." He also says that nearly one-fourth of their yearly food is ants and that they eat many plant lice (Aphidae.)

(To be continued.)

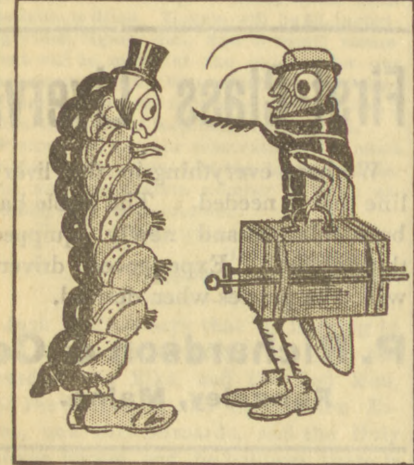
An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Wise Caterpillar

"Glad to see you back!" exclaimed Mr. Caterpillar when he met Mr. Bug on the street. "Have a good time?"

"Fine, fine!" replied Mr. Bug, smiling.

You see, Mr. Bug had just returned from his vacation, which he spent at



"GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK."

the seashore, and he was strolling along with his valise in hand when he met Mr. Caterpillar.

Of course he had a great deal to say about the many sights he saw and the many things he did, and he entertained Mr. Caterpillar for fully seven minutes in this manner.

"Well," said Mr. Caterpillar, "you certainly did have a good time, judging from what you say. I would have liked to have been along with you. But did you hear the news?"

"No," replied Mr. Bug.

"There's a man at your house to collect the rent."

"Oh, my!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a cent!"

"And another to collect the grocer's bill."

"Wow!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a penny!"

"And another to collect the doctor's bill."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a copper!"

"Then I guess they'll send you to jail," declared Mr. Caterpillar. "But you will have one consolation—your had a good time while you were away spending your money. Goodbye."

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Bug. "Don't leave me!"

"Oh, yes, I must," said Mr. Caterpillar. "I've got to take the money I saved by staying at home this year and pay my doctor and grocer and landlord."—Atlanta Constitution.

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 trips a specialty. Address, ARBO & LIBBY, Oxbow, Me.

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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 MOUNTAIN VIEW, MAINE.



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

Send for booklet to L. E. BOWLEY, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.

Round Mountain Lake Camps. Located in the heart of the Maine woods, 10 miles from Eustis. Best of trout fishing at all times, both lake and stream. Fine hunting, large and small game. Detached log cabins, new last season. Open fires.

Round Mountain Lake Camps.

DIXON O. BACKWELL, 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'r, 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.

DEAD RIVER REGION.

Greene's Farm is headquarters at the entrance to the Dead River region. Trains run within about a quarter of a mile of the house and are met by my teams. My stage for Eustis will meet the night train in and the morning train out. I. W. GREENE, Proprietor, Coplin, Maine.

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. HODGKIN, Proprietor, P. O., Rangeley, Maine.

DEAD RIVER, ME.

Big or West C. R. Pond situated in the finest fishing section of the state. Trout and salmon fishing unexcelled.

H. H. HARLOW, Dead River, Me.

FARMINGTON, MAINE.

Hotel Willows. 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 towns.

J. R. KELLEY, Prop'r.

PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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

PHILLIPS, ME.

Comfort Cottage. Good fishing, water works, electric lights, telephone. Free carriage to station. MRS. W. E. MILLETT.

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The Stoddard House is delightfully located for those wishing to spend the vacation among the hills and near good fishing and hunting. Write for particulars.

W. H. McDONALD, Prop'r, Farmington, Me.

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 the lake offers. No hay fever. Address from November until May.

T. P. FAY, Proprietor, Senate Cafe, Washington, D. C. After May 1, Haines, Landing, Me.

RANGELEY, ME.

Pickford's Camps. Only public log camps on Rangeley lake, one mile south of the Rangeley Lake House. Individual log camps, open fire places, table excellent, fresh vegetables, milk, berries and cream. Inducements to families by the season. No hay fever, black flies or mosquitoes. First-class references. Terms \$2.50 per day, \$12 to \$18 per week. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY E. PICKFORD, Proprietor and Manager, Rangeley, Me. N. Y. office, 3 Park Place, N. Y. City.

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.

DEAD RIVER REGION.

The New Shaw House, Eustis, Maine, will be built as a modern hotel and open about June 15, 1904. There will be about 40 rooms. Correspondence solicited.

A. B. SARGENT, Eustis, 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.

FOUR MILES FROM RANGELEY.

Whorff's Camps, Dead River Pond, P. O. Address, Rangeley, Maine. Send for circular.

E. B. WHORFF, Proprietor.

Via RANGELEY.

York's Camps, on Lake. Ten Ponds, Trout, Salmon, Birds, Deer, Canoeing, Bathing, etc. A postal brings illustrated booklet.

J. LEWIS YORK, Prop., Rangeley, Me.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Kennebec County.

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The Belgrade. Best sportsman's hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world. CHAS. A. HILL & SON, Managers.

Oxford County.

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

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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.

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Piscataquis County.

KATAHDIN IRON WORKS, ME.

Chairback Mountain Camps. Best fishing territory in Maine. MRS. HELEN BROWN.

Somerset County.

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North Pond Camps. New lake opened in the Belgrade region. Camps going up in the spring. Finest bass, perch and pickerel fishing in the state. Watch for new advertisement.

EDW. W. CLEMENT, So. Smithfield, Me.

JACKMAN, ME., P. O.

Gerard's Camps on Little Spencer waters of Big Spencer Falls. The place to come if you want to get plenty of big fish.

THOMAS GERARD, Jackman, Me.

BINGHAM, ME.

The Carry Pond Camps will be opened May 10, 1904. Fine fishing and hunting. A fine trip to Pierce Pond, where the large salmon are taken weighing from 5 to 16 lbs. Write for information. HENRY J. LANE, Bingham, Me.

Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.

The Birches. Come here for your spring fishing. FRANK H. BALL.

New Hampshire.

RANGELEY LAKES.

Lakeside House, on Umbagog, a most picturesque region. Camps going up in the spring. Finest bass, perch and pickerel fishing, excellent boating, good fishing. Send for booklet.

E. H. DAVIS, Proprietor, Lakeside, N. H.

A Fight Between Monarchs.

It was the middle of October when we started for a hunting and camping trip in the woods of Maine. My brother, a friend and I made up the party, and we left, full of great expectations.

We had a complete camping outfit, and besides our repeating rifles, Dick had a sharp's, that one-time favorite of most big game hunters. We left the train at a small town on the southern part of Moosehead lake, the following morning. We remained there two days, laying in a supply of provisions; and with the help of our landlord, we secured the services of a reliable guide.

The following morning we started on foot for the heart of the woods. After two days of traveling, we fixed upon a site for a permanent camp in a small clearing, and near by, the guide said, game was abundant. We all set to work and soon rigged up a small cabin, comfortable and cozy.

There was game about, we soon learned; for after a fall of snow, we saw tracks of deer, and even the deer, themselves, one day. Fish were also plentiful in the streams, and my brother and I planned one evening to have some trout for breakfast next morning. Rising with the sun, we took our rods and started for a small stream near camp. As we were going fishing, I did not at first intend to carry a rifle, but finally changed my mind, and took it. And it proved to be the greatest piece of good luck that I have ever had in my hunting experiences. We had not reached the stream when, upon emerging from the woods into a rather large clearing, the stillness of the morning was broken by the most weird, indescribable noise I ever heard. It somewhat resembled the bellowing of a bull, only faintly, however. It stopped almost as suddenly as it had begun.

"Do you know, that noise puts me in mind of a story I once read about moose calling," said my companion.

"That's so," I exclaimed, instantly remembering the same story. "It was a bull moose, sure."

"Lucky for you I told you to take the rifle," he added.

I made no reply to this remark, although it was at his suggestion that I took it; for I was having a hard time slipping cartridges into the magazine with my trembling fingers.

"He's coming this way," said Walter, as I finished loading the rifle. And so he was, for at that moment the same noise came from a point much nearer than when first heard.

"Let's get behind these rocks and wait; perhaps he'll come within shooting distance," I suggested.

The moose had by this time ceased his bellowing. We scraped the snow away, and lay down behind the rocks, so that only our heads showed above them. I placed the rifle in such a position on the rocks that I could fire easily, although I really did not expect the moose to come within very close range. The further edge of the clearing was about a quarter of a mile off, and I pointed the rifle in that direction; for if he came, that was where he would show himself, I felt sure.

"Did you hear that?" suddenly exclaimed Walter.

I was just about to answer in the neg-

ative, when almost an exact echo of the sound we first heard came from a point almost directly behind us.

"I am of the opinion that we are to have an exciting time, if those two bulls get together near here," my companion said, rather coolly, I thought.

"You're right on that point," I replied, "for—" but I did not finish. At that moment a loud crashing in the bushes was followed by a bull moose emerging from the woods about four hundred yards away. He stood perfectly still, his fine head of antlers raised high in the air.

Imagine our excitement on seeing a moose for the first time in our lives! I trembled so that I almost dropped the rifle. But still, I would now have had it otherwise; nor would I care to be so cold blooded that I could not feel my nerves tingle at the sight of game.

It seemed an hour that the scene remained unchanged; neither we nor the moose stirred or uttered a sound. Suddenly, a very similar sound arose from a point back of us, and quite near. Then our moose snorted and walked several yards toward where the noise came from. He stopped when he was nearly in front of us, and stood still again. And now, to our amazement, a second moose emerged from the woods directly opposite the first one. They gazed at each other with their heads raised high in the air. Then our bull lowered his antlers and rushed at the new-comer. The other planted his feet firmly and awaited the attack.

Crash! came their antlers together, with force enough, I thought, to break them into pieces. They were within pretty good rifle range, not more than one hundred yards away.

"For heaven's sake! Why don't you fire?" cried Walter.

"Fire?" I repeated to myself; "have I a gun?" I was so excited in my eagerness to witness the battle that I had entirely forgotten about the rifle; but upon looking, I saw it lying on the top of the rock.

Back and forth surged the two moose, as they brought their antlers together with terrific force. I was trying to control my nerves sufficiently to take a steady aim, when Walter said:

"Now's your chance; they are locked together."

They had in some way gotten their antlers caught so that they could not pull them apart. They were tearing up the ground with their hoofs and snorting like enraged bulls.

I took aim as steadily as possible at one of them, and fired. Spat! back came the sound that told the bullet had gone true. The moose was hit below the shoulder, and his leg broken. The instant the rifle was fired, both moose stopped fighting and stood still, probably filled with amazement, while one of them, doubtless, was half paralyzed by the shock of the bullet.

You've hit him," exclaimed Walter; and in his excitement, he jumped up from his place behind the rock.

The moment the moose caught sight of him, they renewed with more vigor than ever their struggle to get free; but the wounded one could not longer stand up, and fell heavily to the ground, giving his opponent's head such a twist that he, too, fell. This one tried again and again to rise, but the other's held him down.

Meanwhile, I had somewhat controlled my nerves, and I again took aim and fired at the wounded moose. The bullet hit fairly in the shoulder, passing through his heart and killing him almost instantly. The report of the rifle made the other moose try desperately to rise again, but without success, and before I could fire at him, the report of a rifle rang out, followed by a violent kick from the moose; but it was his last move. We naturally looked around to see who had fired. There stood the guide and Dick a few yards away, the latter with a smoking rifle in his hand.

We hastened up to our game, and the guide was very evidently amused at the scene of our rejoicing. He assured us, however, that we were exceedingly fortunate in having seen the fight; for hunters of many years' experience seldom witness such a scene.—Fish and Game Journal of America.

Camp Printing.

I make a specialty of camp and hotel printing. I am prepared to show samples of circulars and other work that I print for camp owners who do business in Maine and in New Hampshire. I get half-tone cuts for my customers when they want me to. I have had a great many cuts made. I usually get good cuts. I own hundreds of fish and game cuts that can be used by my customers in connection with their printing, free of charge. Write me for full particulars.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Publisher MAINE WOODS.

Phillips, Maine.