

MAINE WOODS

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 21.

PHILLIPS, MAINE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1905.

PRICE 3 CENTS

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

Fish and Game Oddities.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE WISH to announce to the public that we have leased a large territory at the foot of Kennebagos lake and have built there a set of camps which we will open to our patrons and friends the coming season. This new establishment in connection with our camps at Beaver Pond will give our guests the manifold advantages of a very large tract in which to hunt and fish. Our guests will be able to get both lake and stream fishing and fish of excellent size both salmon and trout may be had. We have our own steamboat on Kennebagos lake, also buckboards making two or more trips daily from Rangeley Lake House to connect with our steamers. Daily mail service is assured, also both telephone and telegraph connections. All telegrams will be immediately forwarded from Rangeley. We wish to say that either of our establishments are ideal places for women and children. The altitude is high, 2000 feet, thus making hay fever and like diseases unknown. Our terms are \$2.00 per day per person; \$1.25 for guides' board. We furnish reliable guides on application. Parties can leave Boston at 9 o'clock a. m., on either the Eastern or Western division of the Boston & Maine railroad for Portland, Maine Central to Farmington and the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley railroads to Rangeley, or from Portland via Maine Central to Rumford Junction, Portland & Rumford Falls railroad to South Rangeley and the Rangeley Lakes steamboats to Rangeley. From Rangeley our buckboards convey parties direct to our camps. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Write us early for any particulars; we are sure we can satisfy you. We make special rates by the month. Let us hear from you that we may reserve some of our best accommodations for you. Address

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MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

Overrun by Skunks.

The people of a certain Cumberland Maine town assure the outsiders that the story of the numerous skunks that infest that locality is no dream, or fairy tale. They hardly dare to go out of their houses for fear of meeting these odorous malefactors. One family reports seeing fifteen of these unwelcome creatures holding a council of war recently. Suits of clothes hang out on clotheslines for weeks without the slightest danger of their being stolen. The



air is filled with the unmistakable "skunks signs" that even microbes have left the place with disgust. The other night an electric car ran over one of the "critters" and, well, the wives of those men did not accuse them that night of having been to the club.

James Gibson of Orange, N. J., was on the Newark meadows recently and had quite an experience. He had shot a mudhen and crossed over one of the many ditches that are in that neighborhood to secure the hen. He had on a pair of short knee boots and stepped into the mud with such force that he sank over his boot tops. He found it impossible to withdraw his feet or boots and found it necessary to cut the boots from his feet. He walked up to the city in his stocking feet and secured a pair of shoes.

A curiosity was found by hunters near an old camp site a few miles west of West Franklin recently. A tree in the heart of the forest was noticed which had a peculiar looking band of something around its butt but a few inches from the ground. This proved to be a glass lantern globe through which the tree had apparently grown from a tender sprout into a sapling about eight inches in diameter, where it bulged out around the top of the globe and the most curious feature was that the glass remained intact, the natural expansion of growth having no effect upon it.

The Educated Crow.

George Noyes, a quarryman, who resides at Winslow Mills in Waldoboro, has a young crow that not only can talk, but is really quite fluent in conversation. Mr. Noyes captured him about a year ago and clipped his wing and gave him to his little girl to play with. The child was fond of the bird and spent much time talking to him. Before long it was noticed that the crow in making the unmusical croak natural to him plainly articulated words he had heard often and since that some pains have been taken with his education. He now has quite an extensive vocabulary, mainly words he has learned from his little mistress. He calls often to "papa" and "mama" and in addressing "Jodie," the little girl, plainly shows that he knows the name belongs to her. He is beginning to put words together and with some indication that he comprehends their meaning. For instance, every morning he wakes the echoes with cries of "George, get up." This crow talks better and more clearly than most parrots and is greatly valued by his little teacher.—Waterville Sentinel.

Camp and Hotel Printing.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1906 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. We know what you need for
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MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.



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Bangor, Maine.



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Through Pullman parlor cars between Portland and Oquossoc during the Tourist season.
Booklet and time-table mailed upon application to
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Rangeley and Dead River Regions

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hunting season. Do you want to know more about the region. Address

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The Fishing Season opens in Maine in April for trout and salmon, and

THE BIG GAME SEASON

opens October 1st. for Deer, and October 15th, for Moose in Maine and September 15th for Moose, Caribou and Deer in New Brunswick.

If the Spring Ennui or the Summer Fag is on you, ask the

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Where to go to be rid of it.

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Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

F. E. BOOTHBY,

Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Got a Deer.

[Special Correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]
RUMFORD FALLS, Dec. 23, 1905.
N. G. Foster, Esq., one of Rumford's prominent attorneys, captured a good sized doe in No. 6 plantation during the latter part of the season. Mr. Foster is an enthusiastic hunter and when he goes out with his rifle almost invariably makes good.

Wm. Holt's Big Buck.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]
HANOVER, Dec. 22, 1905.
Mr. Wm. Holt, owner and proprietor of Indian Rock Camps, shot a deer the latter part of the open season that he thinks must be the champion for size killed in this part of the state this fall. It is said the deer dressed 380 pounds.

INFORMATION FREE.

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

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,

Phillips, Maine.

BOSTON SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

IS NOW IN FULL SWING IN MECHANIC'S BUILDING.

The Private Opening of the Big Show Was Saturday Night and the Public, Christmas Day. Large Crowds Are Attending and the Show is the Best Ever.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 26, 1905.

The biggest and best Sportsmen's show ever held in Boston, or anywhere else, for that matter, has opened in the great Mechanic's building, on Huntington avenue, which has been transformed into a veritable galaxy of attractions, a forest of unsurpassed beauty, a lake that makes the heart of the enthusiastic angler beat more quickly as he approaches. Nothing can be more realistic than this except the denizens of lake and forest, which are as lively as any ever seen in the wilds of Maine.

The public opening today drew a great holiday crowd, as had naturally been expected, though the attendance probably exceeded all expectations. There was a crowd in the morning, a still larger one in the afternoon, and one even greater in the evening. The exhibits of the products and possibilities of the state of Maine, are the most attractive features of the show, to the multitude, though there are innumerable other features which are worthy of every attention, each of which has its own particular enthusiasts as admirers, and which cannot be neglected without serious loss to every sightseer who is interested in sports in any of their many open air forms.

There was a private opening Saturday night, for the benefit of the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association, which has charge of the show, and a few invited guests. About 500 people attended the private opening. Homer Davenport's extensive exhibits of pheasant and two specimens of jungle fowl attracted great attention, and quickly conceded by the experts of such matters, that they are the best they had ever seen on exhibition, or even in the natural state.

"Bill" Sewall of Aroostook county, Maine, who has achieved a good deal of notoriety as President Roosevelt's guide in years past who has recently been married, and also appointed a customs officer in his own locality, was one of the early arrivals and one of the attractions of the opening night. His recent wedding was the subject of many congratulations for him, not only by his friends who have known him in the Maine woods, but from many others who made his acquaintance on the spot.

Another of the features of the show which attracted much attention, not only the opening night, but today as well, was the moving pictures of the moose hunt, and deer stalking, made from views obtained in Maine and New Brunswick by Dr. Heber Bishop, a director, and Walter L. Hill, the treasurer of the association. These are strictly true to life, and are very amusing, particularly to those who have hunted big game themselves, and understand fully the great difficulty in getting within camera range of the great fellows portrayed on canvas. That it was possible to procure and reproduce such absolutely correct and lifelike pictures, is considered truly wonderful, and this, to the general public, is one of the most attractive features of the show.

The first glimpse of the interior as one enters the building is a large pond of game fowl, containing several hundreds of rare specimens, many of them very beautiful in their gay plumage, the names of which are unpronounceable except by the ornithologist, and which are exceeding rare. This, however, is but the beginning, and from then on one goes deeper and deeper into the woods, so it seems, until the

heart is reached, in the main hall, the beauty of which defies description. Where pillars once stood there are now immense pine trees, the posts having been so cleverly covered with bark from the Maine woods, as to deceive all but the expert in woodcraft. And to make the thing even more realistic, these same posts are so arranged as to make it appear as though the pines were growing directly up through the galleries, almost to the great building. These, with trees apparently growing out of the floor, easily strengthen the successful illusion.

Among the birds in the duck pond are teal, black ducks, redheads, canvasbacks, pintails, mallards, curlew, yellow legs, plover, cranes and other birds, all presenting a very attractive appearance. At the rear of the pond is a very large and very excellent scenic painting of Mt. Kineo in the Moosehead lake region, which lends illusion and enchantment to the scene. The painted water of the great lake begins where the real water leaves off and some of the birds in the pond have not yet discovered that some of the water is not wet.

The Maine exhibit, which is on the Huntington avenue side of the exhibition hall, opposite the duck pond, with the center facing the rustic bridge across the pond, is the most complete in the building. Here are the joint exhibits of the most popular resorts and regions in the great Maine fish and game preserve, with the exception of a few which have separate exhibits for the purpose of making more extensive displays of their own attractions, in the way of photographs, literature, mounted fish, game heads and the like.

day the presiding genius over the Rangeley contribution, which is at the extreme north of the Maine exhibit and one of the most attractive spots in the entire hall. Here are large and superb views of scenery in the Rangeley lakes territory, some of the best fish taken from the lakes in recent years, carefully mounted and as natural as though actually still as much alive and gamy as they once were. Here today Capt. Barker shook hands with many sportsmen who first made his acquaintance on board one of his Mooselookmeguntic steamers, or at one of his several popular wilderness resorts. Here the literature of the Rangeley resorts was handed out impartially to all who called and showed an interest in the region. The exhibits are still far from complete and many attractions will be added during the week, but Maine has done its full share toward making the opening day a success.

The genial "Billy" Soule and his bride, whom he stopped in Lewiston long enough to marry on his way to Boston, are here. Billy has a space all to himself in the rear of the hall, where either he or one of his guides, is always ready to show and discuss the beauties and attractions of Pleasant Island Camps, the Cupsuptic lake and stream and adjacent territory, as well as the Rangeley region in general. Here his friends, and they are legion in Boston as well as in Maine, are calling on him to shake his cordial hand once more, and to again discuss the times that have been and those that are to be when the law is again off the speckled beauty. Billy's photographs as well as his word pictures are enough to loosen the purse strings of the most closefisted



BALD MOUNTAIN CAMPS, BALD MOUNTAIN, MAINE.

The Maine section is divided into spaces representing Aroostook county, Washington county, Penobscot county, the Rangeley Lakes region and other portions of the state where hunting and fishing is especially popular. Perhaps the most attractive exhibit in the Maine collection is that of Walter D. Hinds of Portland, taxidermist, who shows many game heads of many kinds, all admirably mounted, superb fish from the Rangeley and other waters, rugs, ornaments and useful articles made from antlers, and in fact about every conceivable variety of work of this sort. It is the best exhibit of work of this kind in the building, which is saying a good deal, for there are other splendid displays of a similar nature.

The Boston & Maine, Maine Central, Bangor & Aroostook, also the Franklin County railroads, are all represented in good style and present convincing arguments that the localities which they tap in the Maine wilderness are ideal spots for fishing and hunting, all of which is strictly true and is proven with ease by a single visit. The Maine exhibit is about 100 feet long, 12 feet deep and 30 feet high, exclusive of the special exhibits and is under the general management of Mr. Hinds.

Capt. Fred C. Barker of The Birches, Camp Bemis and The Barker, was to-

misled and draw him to the wilderness of Maine.

There is a separate and very attractive booth, not far from the center of the main hall, representing the Moosehead Lake region, and Kineo and the Mt. Kineo House in particular, which is very attractive and which was a spot of unusual interest all day today and this evening. Of course the show hasn't really begun yet and many of the Maine camp and hotel proprietors and guides, who will be here to declaim in the interest of their own native state and their own particular locality, have not arrived. Many of them did not care to be a way from home Christmas day and others were unable to get here for the opening, but before the show is complete in all its details, the most famous guides in the Rangeley, Dead River, Moosehead, Aroostook and Washington County regions will be here with all their enthusiasm, to explain the beauties and possibilities of those resorts whose praises they are wont to sing at every opportunity. And however enthusiastic they may be, they cannot tell the half, as every sportsman who has fallen in love with Maine admits freely.

The Dead River region and the MAINE WOODS have cabins of fresh boughs direct from the woods, at the southern extremity of the duck pond.

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

H. M. BARRETT, Weld, Maine.
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Write for price list and descriptive Catalog.
C. B. THATCHER, 104 Exchange St., Bangor.
Manufacturer of Canvas Canoes and Row Boats.
Rangeley models a specialty.

Morris Canvas Canoes

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Send for Circular of Special Indian Model.
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John Carville of Flagstaff, proprietor of Spring Lake Camp and a bevy of Dead River guides, including Harry M. Pierce of King and Bartlett and the proprietors of numerous other resorts are on the way and expected to arrive at any moment. Dead River literature and the special number of the MAINE WOODS are attracting a lot of attention and the photographs and trophies exhibited are a source of endless pleasure to those who are constantly grouped about the exhibits. At the southern end of the Maine exhibit is a Newfoundland wigwam, where native guides are dispensing information freely to all comers, in a highly interesting manner.

At one side of the main hall is a large trout pond, in which are about 1000 trout which will be used in the fly casting contests which are to take place during the two weeks of the show. In the rear of this is a great painting of Kennebec lake, one of the most attractive spots in the Maine wilderness, with a waterfall pouring directly into the pond, appearing to come from the pond at the foot of the very realistic mountains. There will be two styles of contests, one for distance and one for accuracy, both to be in charge of Mr. Call McCarthy, a noted angler.

A stand has been built at the foot of the lake for the benefit of the contestants. There is plenty of room in the rear for a free swing and in judging for distance two men will work, one standing on either side of the lake and taking a line across at the furthest point reached, so there can be no chance for a mistake or for any dispute at any time. In casting for distance a buoy will be anchored and the fishermen will be required to lay their flies on it. In actual fishing there is of course more to count than placing the flies just where they are wanted, but the landing of the fly is considered most important and the properly landing the fly with the utmost degree of lightness will be what will count for most in this contest, the landing and killing of the fish being impossible. The contest will be on the weeding out plan and continue throughout the show, only those who have remained at the head of the list appearing near the close of the show.

All about the hall are hung heads of game animals, while everywhere are wild animals, full of life, of nearly every variety found in the woods of Maine and New Brunswick. One of the most attractive of the animal exhibits is a pair of buffalo colts from the Austin Corbin farm in Northern New Hampshire, of which Austin Baynes, secretary of the American Bison society, has charge. This society was formed for the preservation of this distinctively American species of animal life, which was rapidly nearing extinction and has done a very good work. The colts at the show have been thoroughly broken to harness and yoke and frequently make ten-mile trips over rough country roads. They are now eight months old and are said to be stronger than any pair of domestic animals and have valuable qualities that no domesticated animals possess. That

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

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Rangeley, Maine.

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180 Exchange St., - Bangor, Me.

they can and will be thoroughly domesticated in time and become of inestimable value to mankind he thoroughly believes. This is the second time they were ever exhibited, the first time being at a county fair in New Hampshire last autumn.

An opportunity is afforded at the show to compare the various woods of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, as well as the trout from these states, which vary a good deal in general appearance and this is already proving to be a very interesting study to those who are interested in such matters. From the various state and government hatcheries trout, salmon and numerous other fish of a variety of ages and in all stages of development, from the smallest fry large enough to be shown to the fully matured fish, are shown in large tanks with plate glass fronts, where their habits can be studied and the peculiarities of each species carefully noted. Fresh water and a perfect system of aeration keep the fish in perfect condition.

Scattered here and there about the surface of the great hall are log cabins constructed by guides from New Brunswick, who piloted the expedition which early in the fall went to the Miramichi country after the photographs from which the moving pictures were obtained. Hundreds of exposures were taken, depicting life in the big timber faithfully, for the benefit of those who attend the sportsmen's show. In the other large hall are many experts with canoes, who show how this frail craft is properly handled and how easy it is to avoid overturning one, if one only understands how.

The first illustrated talks by prominent men, which will be daily features of the show, were given this afternoon and tonight, by Ernest Seton Thompson, whose subjects were "Spearing the Sturgeon" and "Wild Animals." Both were highly interesting and instructive and merited the close attention which they received. Other talks to be given this week are: Tuesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 26, Homer Davenport on "The Power of the Cartoon," "The Little Widow," and "The Hutchins Goose." Wednesday, Dec. 27, afternoon and evening, Prof. Frank Chapman, the ornithologist and mammalogist of the American Museum of Natural History, on "Color Preserva-

[Continued on Page 3.]

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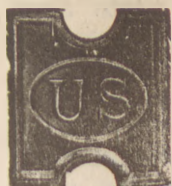
BOSTON SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

[Continued from Page 2.]

The DuPont Company

Extend heartiest good wishes to its
friends for a most joyful

HOLIDAY SEASON.



IS THE BRAND
— OF —
AMMUNITION

Which has attained Popularity

Because of Superiority.



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The Eureka Sight
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A gun attachment which assures a quick and accurate sight. It can be adjusted to any gun stock by the Sportsman himself in five minutes. Price \$1.00. Send for descriptive illustrated circular with testimonial.

THE EUREKA SIGHT FINDER CO., Incorporated, 3417 Mt. Pleasant St., Washington, D. C.

TUNEFUL RHYMES

TO CHEER THE WEARY PILGRIM ON HIS WAY.

Something For He or She Who Goes Broke on Poker or Wall Street or Has Matrimonial Troubles; Also a Jingle For the Man With the Empty Game Bag.

(Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.)

FARMINGTON, Dec. 26, 1905.

Over in the town of Industry there resides a woman whose constant cheer, sunny disposition and never failing good humor have come to be remarked upon by her neighbors and acquaintances. Nothing ever appears to fret or worry her, nothing, no matter how vexatious, seems able to disturb the equipoise she maintains day after day. Whatever happens, whatever goes wrong she joyously pursues the day's routine and appears so care free and cheerful that she is the envy of all her less fortunate friends. A short time ago she was asked how she managed to maintain her constant cheerfulness day after day and she confided to a friend that the secret is to be found in a verse of four lines. Whenever anything happens which would naturally tend to vex, this woman says she repeats the following and is at once restored to her customary good humor:

The cow's in the hammock,
The cat's in the lake,
The children are in the garbage can,
What difference does it make?

In these days of almost universal fretting, fussing, fuming and worrying over the every day affairs of life, if the saying over of a mere verse of rhyme or jingle will serve to keep one in good temper and give the world a more roseate hue, it becomes the plain duty of someone to grind out a few verses for general use. This we have done and have made an attempt to fit them to individual needs, so that whatever you may be up against you may here find consolation.

Here is a choice little morsel for the sport loving man who followed his inclination up against a poker game and incidentally discovered later that he was up against it himself, good and hard. If he will say the following over a few times he will find that it will give ready relief:

My wad is gone,
My watch in soak,
But I'll not cry,
It's really a joke.

For the devotee of rod and reel, who after a strenuous day on brook, stream or lake, returns home at night with only the proverbial fisherman's luck, solace for his tired body and empty creel will be found in this:

I cast my fly from dawn till dark
And didn't catch a fish,
Fell in the stream, but didn't drown,
What more could mortal wish?

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Then again there is the wise guy who thinks he can make a little killing in Wall or State streets and discovers when the smoke of battle has rolled away that what little blood was left in his financial carcass after the bulls were through goring him, has been squeezed out by the festive bears. Or, perhaps, he invested his pile in gilt edged bonds only to find out eventually that the gilt was only skin deep, like the auriferous covering of that gay deceiver, the gold brick. Here is one for him that cannot fail to bring tidings of comfort and joy:

They took my last dollar,
They squeezed me quite dry,
But I got the experience,
So why should I cry?

In these days of quick marriages and often times still quicker divorces, some balm should be prepared for the married man. Here is something for him who from bitter experience learns that family quarrels are easy, likewise divorces:

My dear (?) wife has left me,
Gone back to her mother,
But this is no hardship,
For I'll get me another.

Then there is the other married man, who has followed out the doctrines of President Roosevelt against race suicide to the extent of seven or eleven children and wakes up some morning to a realization of the fact that a cold winter is coming on. He figures that when Johnny and Tommy and Susie and Mary and the others have been outfitted the family exchequer will have been woefully depleted and he looks forward with anything but joy to a diet of snowballs until springtime comes again. For such new courage can be gleaned from the following:

The larder is empty,
And so is my purse,
But I will not worry,
It might have been worse.

For the ardent swain who has been devoting his time and ready money to some fair damsel, has stood the expense of the ice cream and soda water season in generous style only to be cut out by another, balm for his wounded feelings will be found in this:

She's given me the marble heart,
Has jilted me for fair,
She's not the only one there is,
So why, then, should I care?

Then there is the enthusiastic sportsman who crawls out of bed in the wee cold hours of the morning and after shiveringly dressing himself, eats a cold lunch, shoulders his gun or rifle and starts out for a day in the woods. Long after dark he tiredly drags himself in the back way, carefully avoiding being seen by the neighbors. Of course his game bag is empty or he would have come home in broad daylight and entered by the front way. After he had had a nice hot supper, is seated in his favorite chair with his pipe nicely going, by repeating the following he will find that his ease of mind is greatly benefited:

I tramped the woods for miles and miles,
'Steen hours by the clock,
I didn't shoot a mite of game,
But had a d-n fine walk.

H. B. BROWN.

Uniformed Auto Men.

Among the staff of the royal garages of Italy a semi-military system has been introduced. The director will wear the uniform of an army captain and the chauffeurs that of the ranks.

Best Song Birds.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been recorded to continue a single trill for a minute and a quarter, with 20 changes of note in it.

BIG STORY, BUT TRUE.

HOPES TIME WILL BE SHORTENED ON DEER AND MOOSE.

In Favor of License Law With Some Changes. Sees No Reason Why Fishermen Should Not Help Maintain the Hatcheries.

MALDEN, MASS., Dec. 21, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

I have been a subscriber to your paper for several years and am very much interested in it. I saw in a recent issue an account of a man catching a trout in a pool in the Yellowstone park and of turning around and boiling him in a hot spring. To anyone who has not been there it looks like a fish story but it is a fact with this exception. You catch your fish in the lake instead of in a pool; the spot is at the thumb of the lake, so-called. At one particular spot there is a hot spring about ten feet from the shore where I have done the trick several times myself, as my business used to take me there every summer. The fish run about one size and weigh on an average 2 pounds.

At the mouth of the river you can catch one on every fly you have on your leader, but they do not fight any and

Another thing I most strongly advocate, that is a much closer inspection of the lumber camps particularly on Sundays. Why are the nonresidents in them allowed to shoot a large number of deer every Sunday. If you are camping near one it is not safe to take a walk in any of the old roads for fear of being shot. Now I feel I have written quite a letter if you have not the space or inclination to publish this, consign it to the waste basket.

G. H. C.

TRAPPING RECORD CORRECT.

So Says Fur Buyer Townsend of West Buxton.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

WEST BUXTON, Dec. 21, 1905.

I see that my trapping record is questioned by some persons. I have \$500 that I will wager against anybody's \$100.00, that I can prove my fall's record up to be as follows; 46 foxes, 23 muskrats, 11 skunks, 5 coons and 5 mink. As to catching nine foxes in one day, it should have been ten foxes instead of nine, as I have since recovered one and the trap, which were stolen that day by a two legged coyote who should be travelling on all four instead of two legs, as did his ancestors before him.



CAMP SUNSET, BALD MOUNTAIN, MAINE.

are full of worms, said to be caused by having so many hot springs in the lake.

In regard to proposed change in the game laws I certainly hope they will shorten the season on both moose and deer from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1. The deer shot in October are mostly does and fawns. I went this year on Nov. 3 and myself and two others had no trouble in getting six nice bucks and a moose with a spread of 54 inches. We saw seven more moose but did not consider any of them worth shooting. For my part I would like to see a close time on moose for three years. There are plenty of them but they are young.

In regard to the license question there are a good many opinions. I am in favor of it but not in its present form. My idea would be not to say to a person, if you want to come to our state to leave us \$100 or more, send us \$15 in advance and we will let you come, but when I come out of the woods let the agent collect the fee.

I would also like to see the fishermen have to have a license as well. I see no reason why they should not help maintain the hatcheries. I come down in the spring for fish; in the fall for game and would propose that if present price of hunting license is to be maintained and should one be put on fishermen, that the fishing license be deducted from my hunting license, provided I make both trips.

I will tell you how I do the job, it is easy enough if you know how. I take my horse with 50 good steel fox-traps and set them through three townships on either side of the road where I am sure foxes cross. I rather think I know how to put these traps down for the fox or other animal, as I have used the steel trap more or less for 46 years, since I was ten years old. If I am on the earth and well, I intend to make a larger record next year in some sections of Maine, than I did this fall.

WILLIAM P. TOWNSEND.

Pope Pius Still Learning.

Talking to some cardinals who came to congratulate him on his seventieth birthday, Pope Pius said: "I never thought I would learn as much in my old days as I am doing. For instance, I can now write my name without musing up a cassock worth 200 francs. For years I indulged in the habit of wiping my pen on the left sleeve of my coat before I began and during writing. Of course that didn't matter much as long as I wore black clothes, but when I donned the white papal habit things looked different, and so did I when I came from my writing-room. For a time my valet didn't know where to get enough clothes for me to wear. Then I determined to break with this bad habit, and I did. One can give up anything if one tries hard enough."

tion in Birds." Thursday, Dec. 28. E. E. Prince (subject to be announced). Friday, Dec. 29. C. H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, (afternoon) on "Deep Sea Explorations," (evening) "The Fur Seals and Their Migrations." Saturday afternoon and evening, Dec. 30, Howard Weidner Du Bois on "British Columbia Forestry and Game."

The program for next week has not yet been announced.

At each side of the trout pond in the main hall is an Indian tepee and family, where domestic felicity, pretty maidens, a cunning pappoose, basket work, snowshoe making and the arts of the present day redskins of the Penobscot tribe all good residents of the Pine Tree state, are a realistic feature of the show which is greatly enjoyed. This, though not actually a part of the Maine exhibit proper, is a Maine feature and one of the most attractive features of the show. Two pretty Indian maidens are stationed near the main entrance of the exhibition hall where they smilingly present to each visitor, a copy of the attractive official souvenir program of the show. They are becomingly attired in bright colors, are modest and lady like in their demeanor and appearance—bright bits of color in the forest of green.

There are attractive and quite extensive exhibits by the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways. Esquimaux dogs and a sledge, trophies from British Columbia, and many other attractions and trade exhibits which time and space forbid that I give a detailed description at this time, though I shall endeavor to go into these more extensively for the next issue of the MAINE WOODS. They are certainly worth a description, which should interest MAINE WOODS readers especially those who are so fortunate as to be unable to see them for themselves.

The United States forestry exhibit, which includes tree culture, pests, instruments and botanical specimens, the largest ever shown, with the single exception of that at the World's fair, is very interesting and attracts much attention. The magnificent collection of game animals includes ten species of the deer tribe, elk, aoudad, antelopes, raccoons, bears, wolves, foxes, porcupines, badgers, moose, civet, cats, mountain goats, caribou, lynx and other animals, natives of America.

The biograph pictures include a moose hunt, Rangeley trout fishing, a wild turkey hunt in North Carolina, a quail hunt at Pinehurst, deer stalking and salmon fishing and logging operations in British Columbia, all of which are graphically portrayed.

Massachusetts state forester Akerman and Prof. Fisher of Harvard have a complete herbarium of Massachusetts flora which is a revelation of the great extent of the vegetable life of the old Bay state, and which is well worth a close inspection.

The restaurant, which is under the management of L. E. Bova, a widely known caterer and the concerts of the Salem Cadet band, are other attractive features of the Sportsmen's show. All considered, this is far the best show of its kind ever held anywhere and Boston sportsmen are justly very proud of the success of the two openings, private and public with which it has been inaugurated and its unlimited success is confidently predicted.

H. L. GOODWIN.

Chicken Shoot on New Year's Day.

Mr. J. R. Doyen wishes to say through MAINE WOODS that there will be a chicken shoot at his home on New Year's day.

WANTS, FOR SALE, ETC.

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

WANTS.

WANTED—A small farm or camp in the state of Maine. Address the MAINE WOODS Information Bureau, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE.

TRAPPERS' BOOK telling how to make and use over 25 different fox and mink baits and scents. Price, 10 cents. Jesse Bentley, Trapper, Arlington, Vt.

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FOR SALE—Cottages and lots on Belgrade lakes. Nice chance for summer boarding, also lumber for building. Apply to J. Littlefield, Mercer, Me.

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

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

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

MAINE WOODS,

PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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

Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

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

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

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

This Edition of Maine Woods 5,550.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1905.

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

L. T. CARLETON, Chairman, Augusta,
J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips,
E. E. RING, Secretary, Augusta.

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

STATE FISH HATCHERIES AND NAMES OF SUPERINTENDENTS.

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

FORESTRY on military reservation is resulting profitably to the government.

THE farmers in Texas are trying the experiment of forming a club in the interest of forestry. There is no better evidence of the interest of the people in any practical plan for the establishment of groves in that section than this move in Texas.

Maine Woods New Plan.

WE have been giving notice for several weeks past that on January 1, MAINE WOODS subscription list would be put on a strictly cash in advance basis. This move on the part of the management has been commended by everybody from whom we have heard, in connection with the new plan. Our subscribers say it is a great relief to them to feel that they can pay what they owe us and be sure that at the end of the time for which they paid, there will be no attempt to thrust the paper upon them and compel them to continue their subscription against their will.

Our agents say that it is a great advantage to them to be able to say to people from whom they solicit subscriptions that *positively* when the time paid for has expired they will get no more papers unless they pay in advance. We are thoroughly convinced that the cash in advance plan is the only one that is fair to publishers and readers. MAINE WOODS will be put on that basis this winter and later the same plan will be inaugurated in connection with our local paper, MAINE WOODSMAN—but that is another story.

We have been sending notices to those of our subscribers who are in arrears for subscription or who will be in arrears very soon and their response has been very generous indeed. In fact the circulation of MAINE WOODS has steadily increased in spite of the fact that this innovation was being put on foot. This is very gratifying and it establishes the fact beyond question that the new move is a wise one. There are, however, a few of our readers who evidently have not yet learned exactly what this new plan is. There are people who have always paid quite promptly, any time within a month or two after their subscriptions expired and it has of course always been satisfactory. It would be satisfactory now, but the truth is we are unable to continue the paper a month or even a week after the time paid for expires.

We have, however, decided that in order to have a little more time in which to explain the cash in advance plan thoroughly, we will extend the time for one month, putting it in operation Feb. 2, 1906. We feel that this extension of time is no more than just to our old friends who have been with us a long time and whom we are sure, intend to remain, but who have not yet understood that they will never receive a copy of MAINE WOODS from this office as a subscriber unless they have first paid for it.

We hope that all who see this notice and who want MAINE WOODS will send in their money promptly. The amount is small and will not be greatly missed. Do not delay! Delays are dangerous and delays frequently breed misunderstandings where there is no need of it. Yours very truly,
J. W. BRACKETT Co.
Phillips, Maine, Dec. 23, 1905.

Mr. Tupper's Success.

(Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.)

DIXFIELD, Dec. 26, 1905.

Mr. Jack Tupper's record for this season is two bear and two deer, shot in the towns of Dixfield and Byron.

Franklin's Flora.

(Written for MAINE WOODS.)

FARMINGTON, Dec. 22, 1905.

Several flowering plants of spring vie with each other as to which may be the first to bloom. There are three species to which the honor is about equally distributed. Situation counts for a great deal. A place where the snow gets off the earliest gives those early plants, inhabiting such places, chance to start their growth earlier than many of their brethren which are less favored. Two of the three plants, the trailing arbutus and the hepatica, there is not much difference in their time of blooming, but I think I shall give the preference to the hepatica, although someone else may find the trailing arbutus at the same time in another locality. The third species is the small yellow violet which is also very early, especially where their home faces the south and gets much of the warm sunlight of spring.

Of the three plants named I like them all; they are favorites of mine; there is a marked individuality between them. I like the arbutus for its delicious fragrance, the hepatica for the beauty of its color or colors, for every shade from pure white through pink to the deepest purple can be seen in the flowers of this plant. The violet I like, not because it holds as much in common as its other two brethren, but it seems to contain something of the very essence of spring within itself, which very much endears itself to me.

That the hepatica is a hardy plant, there is no doubt; no weather too cold for it, no situation too hard for it to put forth its buds. I have seen the buds pushing their way up through the ice which covered them. The warm rays of the sun had melted the ice around the buds and up through it, an inch in thickness, they grew, a victory over winter's icy gras, which had now been broken. These little gems of Mother Nature, how much I think of them and how much pleasure I find in seeking them out in their homes after the snow has left and the fields are sear and barren of life. How they change the bleak and the lonesome hours to hours of joyfulness and pleasure, for one cannot but admire the courage and pluck and bravery of even these little plants and it is always the little things which are worth the most, pushing their way under the warm rays of the sun during the spring days up into a world which has missed their cheerful faces so long. By winter they have been kept from us, but they were all ready to grow, leaves and buds all packed away and only needed to enlarge and expand.

The hepatica I have found in bloom in December, just before the snow came. I remember of finding some flowers after the snow had come about an inch in depth, I should think, and there were the flowers holding up their heads in the midst of the cold snow. The flowers were white and the contrast between them and the snow I shall long remember. Some species which bloom in the spring repeat their blooming in the fall months. The common blue violet, the strawberry, the blaetts, the buttercup bloom from early spring until the snow comes.

Plants assume many freaks both in their parts and in the size of and color of their flowers. Any plant having any colored flower is very liable to have white flowers—that is, some of the plants of every species which grows wild will present at times white flowers instead of their regular colored ones. Parts of flowers are not always uniform in the same plant. In the common buttercup, for instance, the flowers have generally only five petals, but on looking carefully at several plants I have found five and eight petals on the same plant, the eight petals giving the flower a double appearance.

If one looks for a thing long enough one is pretty sure of finding it because the eyes become trained for that one particular thing or object and will see that and no other because of its training. Now a peculiar feature of ferns is a division of the ends of the pinna or the frond. These divide and each division divides, giving rise to the name cristate. The apex of the frond of the fern is subject to this also. Cristate forms of ferns are found in a great many of our species which grow wild in our county. I have many of them in my collection and they are to me very interesting, showing, as they do, their departure from the normal type. Some of them are recognized by botanists as varieties.

One of the most interesting changes in color of a flower is found in a plant known as wild charlock, belonging to the cruciferae or mustard family. The petals of this plant are yellow but in a short time they turn to white with a purple tint. Such a radical change one

At the Ohio State Shoot, Canton, Ohio, June 14 and 15, W. R. Crosby, using

“New E. C. Improved,”

broke 419 straight. A real world's record. Only powders that are

“Regular”

make such records possible.

Lafin & Rand Powder Co.

would hardly believe possible to occur in the flowers of a plant. No doubt the plant's flowers originally were white and the flowers take back to their former ancestors. Many plants do this. If one were to take the plant in both stages, when it was yellow and then when it had turned white, the change would be apparent at once.

H. W. JEWELL.

BILLY SOULE IS WEDDED.

Well Known Proprietor of Rangeley Sporting Camps Married in Lewiston.

And so Billy Soule is a benedict.

It happened on Wednesday evening in Lewiston at the parsonage of the Bates Street Baptist church in Lewiston, when Capt. William Soule was wedded to Miss Mary Stickles of New Brunswick, the service being performed by Rev. N. M. Simmonds of that church.

Capt. Soule is known all the land over as “Billy.” He runs Billy Soule's camps up on the Cupsuptic in the Eden of the Rangeley waters and his trig little steamer may be seen daily plying up and down the Big lake summer in and summer out. His friends live all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific and equal distance up and down the land. He is a guardian saint all over a wide and beautiful domain. He sets a table where the gods must now and then sit down surreptitiously in feasting, tired of the honeys served on Hymettus. He shoots deer in season and knows a deer when he sees it—masculine or feminine. This time the shooting is the other way. Cupid has him and it is now all one with William.

Capt. Soule arrived in Lewiston on Wednesday afternoon with his fiancée. At half past seven they were driven to the minister's where in the presence of a few friends the knot was tied. The bride was prettily dressed in a traveling suit of gray and Capt. Soule wore the garb of town life. The single ring service was used and if his friends, even in these cities, had all been invited the house would not have held them.

The couple left on the 10.55 p. m. train for Boston. There at the sportsmen's show at the Mechanic's Fair building Mr. and Mrs. Soule will be receiving many congratulations no doubt, for “Billy” has a booth there. Mrs. Soule is a charming lady, highly esteemed wherever she is known.—Lewiston Journal.

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Importers Tea & Coffee Co.,

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Pleasant Island Camps,
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P. O. Address, Haines Landing, Me.

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One mile from Rangeley Village. Inducements to families for the season.
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In the Dead River Region.

Best of Early fishing for Salmon, Square Tailed Trout and Lake Trout that weigh from 2 to 9 pounds.

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JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Maine.

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King and Bartlett Camps, 2,000 feet above sea level, unexcelled trout and salmon fishing, individual cabins, open wood fires excellent cuisine, natural lithia spring water, magnificent scenery. Renew your health in the balsam-laden air of Maine's ideal resort. Address,

HARRY M. PIERCE,

King and Bartlett Camps,
Eustis, - - - Maine.

Cash In Advance.

MAINE WOODS will be on a cash in advance basis on January 1, 1906. All papers not paid for in advance before that date will be discontinued and the amounts due collected.

J. W. BRACKETT Co.,

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KINEO, Moosehead Lake, MAINE,

Nature's Ideal Summer Wilderness. Lake and Mountain Resort for Climate, Scenery and Location. Send for Booklets.

C. A. JUDKINS, - - - MANAGER.



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

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backed by the general law of average proves that the first appearance of an advertisement does not bring business nor even create much curiosity. It costs little to advertise in MAINE WOODS. A trial (one time) insertion for business advertising is a waste of money. If you go in, stay in and it will pay you. “Keeping everlastingly at it” is the only way to success.

In continuity is strength. In discontinuity is failure. Few people buy anything the first time they hear about it. There is not a solitary case where intermittent advertising has brought returns compared with that from continuous advertising—that everlasting pounding away at the public day in and day out.

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HARDEST HUNT OF MY LIFE.

TRYING EXPERIENCES, HELPED OUT
BY RATTLESNAKE MEDICINE.

Finally Successful and Returned Home
Perfectly Satisfied With Their Hunt-
ing Trip.

LEWISBURG, OHIO, Dec. 22, 1905

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

I thought it would be interesting to your readers, to give an old hunting story bearing on facts, after spending quite a number of years deer hunting in the northern part of Ohio and some parts of Michigan.

Some twenty years ago about 80 hunters arranged with the different railroads leading to the northwest by the way of Chicago by chartering two coaches from the Panhandle and Central Wisconsin railroads. These 80 hunters composed parties answering eight to each party or individual company and after travelling up on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, arrangements were made for these companies to stop off at different stations above Aletsford, on the Ashland branch. Some stopped off at Ogamo, Chelca, Phillips, Marengo and Highbridge, some going farther up the line. The individual company that I was connected with numbered ten people and we went to Ashland, Wisconsin. There we took what is called the Ashland branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, stopping off at a small station called Pike Lake about 25 miles from Ashland where we met our old friends J. M. and William Brown who had gone ahead for the purpose of prospecting. After they had prospected around Pike Lake and did not find deer very plenty, they were told by some who always think they know it all, that the best place for deer in all the country was at a lake. I do not remember the name, about 17 miles where there were loads of them but if they wished to make the trip out there, they had better each buy a pair of Indian moccasins as they could walk much easier. So they looked around and each bought a pair and started on their long journey over the hills and bogs, arriving at the lake late that evening, where they stayed with a party of hunters who camped near the lake. After we talked with them and got all the information from them (which was not encouraging) for they told them that deer in that section were few and far between, the next morning they started on their long journey back. They commenced complaining one to another about their sore feet but they kept on going until they could go no farther. After intense suffering they concluded to hire a team to bring them back to the hotel.

This trip disabled them for several days; they openly declared that they would never make another trip if they had to wear moccasins and they made their words good, for they never wore them afterwards.

After getting back to the hotel they concluded they would rest up their feet until our arrival which was in a day or two.

While they were waiting at the hotel, they were again told of another good place for deer and when we arrived they told us what had been told about the good hunting at Iron river a distance of five and a half miles. That evening Mr. Anges, the landlord of the hotel also told us what good hunting there was in the Iron river country.

Our party talked the matter over and decided before retiring that night that we would make the six and a half miles trip to Iron river. We were all up

early the next morning getting ready to make the trip.

After breakfast Mr. Anges's driver came around with a team of old plug horses that looked as if they could not pull one box but after talking matters over we concluded to try and make the trip. So we loaded about one half of our boxes and tents on the wagon and part of the party started for Iron river. One of the party and myself stayed at hotel to go out with the second load the next day. The team came back some time that night and when we got breakfast the next morning and ready to move, the teamster went to get his horses out of the stable, they were so stiff from the trip the day before, they could hardly move but he thought when they got warmed up a little they would be all right to pull the load through to camp, so we started on our way but the more the horses warmed up the worse they grew but the driver kept urging them along until we got about half way out to camp, when they all of a sudden gave up and the driver could not get them to go any farther, so we left him and the team and walked the remaining part of the way in to camp and as my gun was in my box that was left on the wagon, I was obliged to go back to the wagon the next morning, to get my gun if I wished to do any hunting and to my surprise I found one of the horses lying dead near the wagon; so I left my box on the wagon and took my gun and went back to camp again.

We all hunted for a few days, when we found that we had been badly located as there were very few deer in that section of the country. So we consulted again and decided that I had better go back to the hotel and take the train and go back farther north and see if I could find a better location.

I did go up the line to where I found a little better location. After I was satisfied where to locate our party. I went back to Pike lake to look after a team to bring our boxes and tents back to the railroad and when I mentioned the matter to Mr. Anges, he told me there were no teams in that section of the country and that if I wanted a team I could not get one nearer than Ashland a distance of 25 miles.

I started and walked to camp to make the report to my party who was anxiously waiting to move to a better location.

When I made my report there were a lot of hunters with long faces but as we had one good hearted doctor with us he soon suggested a plan to get out of the woods and after hunting up all the ropes we had with us, we inserted sticks about two feet long and four or five feet apart. There were five of such sticks for every two men to pull at both sides of the rope. We took all our ropes and went out where the wagon was left and hitched our ten men on to it, after unloading the boxes and started for camp. The next morning early we loaded our boxes and tents on the wagon, about 1500 pounds.

After watering all the men with rattlesnake medicine, we started on our journey, the wagon cutting about three inches into the sand up and down hills. We found we had a big load to draw but with aid of rattlesnake medicine we got about half way, the first day where we camped for the night. The next morning we loaded on the boxes that had been left in the woods on our way in to camp this making a load for us ten men to pull, about 2500 pounds. We started on our way to the railroad and again by the use of plenty of rattlesnake medicine and old Joe Baker whipping the hind wheel of the wagon we succeeded in getting to the railroad about four p. m. a very tired set of men.

At five o'clock we took the train for a place 15 miles farther up the line where we again set up the tent for a few days. After hunting about a week we killed three deer, after which we again got into trouble, as some one started a fire in the big woods and here we took a big sweat, fighting fire for several hours in order to save our tent and baggage from burning up, we again decided to break camp and six of the party said they had all the hunting they wanted and they left for home. Joe Baker, Al Landis, Steven Ryers and I concluded to stop off at Beaver Brook about 30 miles south of Ashland on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. Here again we had to set up our tent in the rain which was not very pleasant but with all our former bad luck, our good luck came at last for we hunted eight days and killed eight deer, so we four that stopped off for the close of our hunt went home perfectly satisfied.

If any of your readers have ever experienced any such hardships in any one hunt, let them write.

SAMUEL LOCK

MOOSE CALL BY FUNNY GRAFT

"JACK LIGHT" BY ELECTRICITY IN
THE VAST DEER WOODS.

Uncle Thomas Jefferson Douglass, a Cousin of Andrew Douglass and Friend of Ed Grant, Gets Help From "Bill Jones" to Entertain a "Sport."

[Written for MAINE WOODS.]

The MAINE WOODS, coming once a week and bringing a breath of balsam laden air from the old Pine Tree state, usually finds old Uncle Tom waiting for it. Seated in the most comfortable chair in my office he reads about the moose and deer hunting and the big fish that didn't get away. Occasionally some particularly interesting story will start him talking about his own experience and when he begins I am always a ready listener.

Uncle Tom, or to be more definite Thomas Jefferson Douglass, was once a famous guide, but that was many years ago, too far back for us who are now in harness to remember. Over six feet tall and carrying no superfluous weight he was in his day a wonderfully strong man; quiet and taciturn as most good woodsmen are, Uncle Tom seldom says anything about himself. Born in Northern New York he hunted and trapped in the territory known as the John Brown tract and finally did a little "guidin'" in Maine, where fish, game and fur were more plentiful.

While waiting for his favorite paper the other day Uncle Tom loosened up a bit and I will try to report what he said as nearly as possible in his own language:

"Yes," said Uncle Tom, "I suppose I be connected with them Douglasses up to Eustis, but nothin' close. My ancestor was that there feller they writ a song about bein' tender and true Now Ed Grant says that Andrew Douglass has told so many fish stories that you can't always tell whether Andrew believes them himself or not. That bein' so I ain't countin' on no very close relationship and from all accounts them Eustis Douglasses ain't so very tender. Ed Grant ain't got any license to throw stones; one of them might turn boomyrang.

"What I was going to tell you was about a sportsman I used to guide who was a sure wonder. He came from down Boston way and nothin' like him ever happened before or since. He was a light weight feller, about five foot, nine, and all grit, though he didn't look it. I used to get tired chasin' him through the woods and in them days I could go some. You never seen anythin' like the outfit he had and he always brought the whole kit with him. 'Must have it along, Tom,' he uster say. 'Don't know what may turn up.' Winchester rifles, a pumkin catter gun and more fishin' rods and fixin's than you would need to stock a store. He allus wore a gray homespun suit, with knee breeches and a dinky little hat stuck full of trout flies. He certainly looked like a dude, but I seen the little cuss throw a big six-foot lumberman over his head like he was a feather pillow and the way he done up a river bully up on the St. Croix was a caution to cats.

"This 'sport' believed in bein' strictly up to date and nothin' in the way of guns or fishin' tackle was too new for him. Once when we was up to Katahdin he sprung a new trick on me. 'Uncle Tom,' says he, 'I hear there is a big bull moose over the other side of the mountain. Let's go over and get him.' So we goes, gettin' Bill Jones to help carry the outfit. We located the spot where the moose had been, finding plenty of fresh signs, cut some poles and rigged up a crow's nest near a little slough hole and unpacked the stuff. There was a coil of wire, a whole lot of it. We laid this all around the slough hole, fixin' it up onto the trees and hangin little glass balls on it. Then he takes the ends up into the crow's nest and fastens them to a box which had tucked Bill Jones out gettin' it over there and which my 'sport' said was a battery. We took along grub enough for several days and plen y of red licker and terbacker. There was another little box with a big tin horn onto it. He called it a 'funny graft' and I guess it was.

"We got into the crow's nest and waited and about every half hour my 'sport' would turn a handle on that little box, and you may not believe it but that tin horn could give a moose call better than any Injun you ever heard. Nuthin' happened until long after sundown and it was gettin' pitch dark and no moose. I was just thinkin' about gettin' fixed for the night when we heard the bull comin', makin' more noise than a train of cars. I wondered how we was goin' to see him, when all of a sudden he fetched up right in the middle of that slough hole. My 'sport'

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

A TRIAL BY JURY!

At the Portland (Oregon) Exposition, 1905, The Peters Cartridge Company made an exhibit of its goods, including Empty and Loaded Paper Shells, Metallic Cartridges for Rifle, Revolver and Pistol, Gun Wads, etc. The Jurymen who judged the exhibit were experts and acknowledged to be thoroughly competent to pass upon the merits of ammunition and firearms. They granted to The Peters Cartridge Company a

GOLD MEDAL==HIGHEST AWARD!

This decision was reached after a canvas of past records made with Peters Ammunition; a minute examination and an exhaustive test of the goods themselves. Coming thus near the close of a year marked by grand achievements, the Portland award furnishes new and convincing proof of the superior shooting qualities and unsurpassed finish of

PETERS SHELLS AND CARTRIDGES.

pushes a button on that other box and every one of them glass balls was lit up, the place lookin' like Long Acre square during the rush hours. There was the moose standin' broadside to us and lookin' dazedlike. He was an old corker, havin' the biggest head of horns I ever seen or heard of. One bullet from the 45-70 put him away from the cares and anxieties of this world! I should say he weighed nigh onto 1200 pound. I've heard tell of heavier moose but I never seen one.

"I went out to Los Angeles last year to see my 'sport' and this head was over the fireplace in his library and lookin' jest as natural as life. He is livin' out there now and is gettin' old like me. He don't do nothin' but catch tunny fish and enjoy himself.

"Some day I'll tell you about a fishin' trip we made up in the Dead River country."

VERITAS.

New York, Dec. 19, 1905.

Game Laws of Maine.

Caribou—No person shall, within 6 years from Oct. 15, 1905, in any manner hunt, chase, catch, kill or have in possession any caribou or parts thereof.

Deer—No person shall hunt, take, catch, kill or have in possession any deer or part thereof, between Dec. 15 and Oct. 1; no person shall between Oct. 1 and Dec. 15, kill or have in possession more than 2 deer or parts thereof; a person lawfully killing a deer in open season shall have a reasonable time in which to transport same to his home, and may have same in possession at his home during the close season.

Special county laws on deer. Close season on islands in town of Isle au Haut until Oct. 1, 1907.

Open season in Androscoggin county during October.

Moose—No person shall at any time hunt, catch, kill or destroy or have in possession any cow or calf moose, and the term calf moose shall be construed to mean that these animals are calves until they are at least one year old and have at least two prongs or tines not less than three inches long to each of their horns. No person shall, between Dec. 1 and Oct. 15, hunt, take, catch, kill or have in possession any bull moose or part thereof, and no person shall, between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1, take, catch, kill, or have in possession more than one bull moose or part thereof.

No person shall at any time hunt, catch, take, kill or destroy with dogs, jack lights, artificial lights, snares or traps, any moose, deer, or caribou.

Rabbits—It shall be unlawful to hunt or have in possession, rabbits or wild hare, between April 1 and Sept. 1.

Squirrels, chipmunks—In Knox county, no open season.

Mink, sable, muskrat, fisher, close season, between May 1 and Oct. 15.

Beaver—Whoever at any time kills or destroys any beaver, except upon written permission of the commissioners, shall be fined.

Limit—No person shall in any one day kill or have in possession more than 15 of each variety of the above named birds, except sandpipers, the number of which shall not exceed 70 in any one day; nor shall any person at any time kill or have in possession any of the above named birds, except for his own consumption in the state; nor shall any person at any time sell or offer for sale any of the above named birds; nor shall any person or corporation transport from place to place any of the birds mentioned, in close time, nor in open season unless open to view, tagged and labelled with owner's name and residence and accompanied by him, unless tagged in accordance with the following section:

Transportation of game—Any resident of Maine who has lawfully killed a moose or deer or one pair of game birds may send same to his home or to any hospital in the state without accompanying same, by purchasing from the duly constituted agent a tag, paying for a moose \$5, deer \$2 and 50 cents a pair for game birds.

Licenses—Persons not bona fide residents of the state and actually domiciled therein shall not hunt or kill any bull moose, deer, ducks, grouse, woodcock, or other birds or wild animals at

any time without first having obtained a license. Such license shall be issued upon application and payment of \$15 to hunt bull moose, deer, ducks, grouse, woodcock and other birds and wild animals during their respective open seasons in October, November and December. But to hunt ducks, grouse, woodcock and other birds and wild animals during their respective open seasons prior to Oct. 1, a license fee of \$5 shall be paid annually. A person having paid the fee of \$5 may procure a license to hunt bull moose and deer by paying \$10 additional. Such license shall entitle the purchaser to take to his home, properly tagged with the tag detached from his license, and open to view, 10 grouse, 10 ducks and 10 woodcock that he has lawfully killed. The holder of a nonresident hunter's license shall be entitled to offer for transportation within or without the state the carcass of one bull moose or part thereof that he has lawfully killed on the moose coupon attached to such license also the carcass of one deer, or part thereof, on each of the deer coupons.

No nonresident can lawfully hunt game at any time without a license.

Saved Child's Life

Mrs. Osgood J. Swan, West Paris, Me., R. F. D., No. 2, writes:—

September 29, 1903.

Dear Sirs:—

I have used your "L. F." Atwood's Bitters for my little boy for two years and I do not think he would have lived if I had not heard of them. He is now four years old and a fat, rugged boy

The True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, a family remedy for old and young—for Indigestion, Constipation, Colds and Headache. 35 cents at all good stores.

Send Three

2 Cent Stamps to

Maine Woods,

Phillips, - - Maine,

For a little bunch of Backwoods Fairy

Tales, by

ED GRANT

of Beaver Pond, Maine, edited by

FRANCIS I. MAULE.

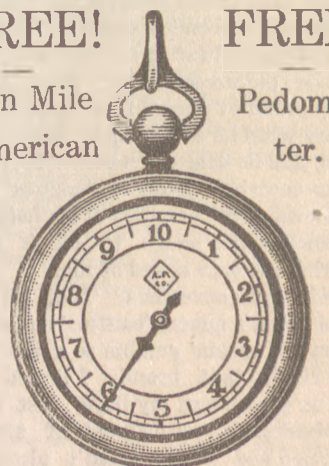
The're not so—very slow.

FREE!

Ten Mile
American

FREE!

Pedometer.



Everybody should have one of these handy little Pedometers to tell the distance they walk after game or for pleasure.

Pay \$1.00 on your subscription and send in with it one new subscription to MAINE WOODS and we will send you one ten mile Pedometer.

The regular selling price of the Pedometer is \$1.00.

MAINE WOODS, - Phillips, Maine.

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—KENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA.
PILLS.
HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

THE ADIRONDACK HERMIT.

"OLD BILL" SMITH, A GUIDE IS NEARING HIS END.

Known by Nearly Everyone Who Has Ever Been in the Woods—His Last Days Spent in Lonely Cabin on Bleak Oregon Plains Near Saranac.

"Old Bill" Smith, the famous hermit of the Oregon Plains and one of the best known and most popular guides in the Adirondacks, is dying near Bloomingdale, a few miles from here. He has suffered more or less for a year, following an attack of pneumonia last winter, and the old man, despite his magnificent physique, is succumbing to the ailment.

"Bill" Smith—he always insisted upon being so designated and scorned the title "mister"—has long been the theme of song and story, and for many years there have appeared in both the rural and city press character sketches and stories of the old man who was known as "The Hermit of the Adirondacks."

"Bill" is now in his 73d year. He first saw the light of life in Vermont, and spent his early years as a trapper and hunter in the forests of the Green Mountains, when he knew what it meant to refuse anything, which was early in his career. "Bill" declined to go to school and for thirty years of his life could not read a word. However, he became "ashamed of himself," to quote his own words, and began an education, using a primer and a copy of the Bible for the purpose. That he succeeded in his uphill task is testified to, by the fact that "Bill" can now read the Book from Genesis to Revelation without assistance, while he has committed to memory scores of passages. When asked to what church he belonged, "Bill" has answered:

"Wall, I hev generally called myself a Methodist, but I don't believe much in loud hollerin', cause the Lord ain't deaf."

In politics "Bill" is reputed to be a Republican but the oldest inhabitant at Bloomingdale does not remember ever having seen him at the polls. For much more than a quarter of a century, "Bill" has lived his lonely life in his little cabin on the Oregon Plains. His first wife died in the long ago and he married another, but she drifted Vermontward and "Bill" to-day has no idea whether she is on this side or the other side of Jordan.

"No one cares a darn for me and I don't give a rap for nobody," is the expressive if not elegant way "Bill" puts it.

The most remarkable feature about the hermit is the wondrous growth of hair and beard he cultivated. "Cultivated" is not exactly the right word, but "Bill" uses it when speaking of his hirsute attractions. Both beard and hair are as white as the Adirondack snows that whirl and drift about the hermit's lonely cabin. His beard reaches to the floor and more too, for Smith can stand erect and tread upon the ends of it. This would be a remarkable statement if "Bill" were a mere pigmy, but Smith stands exactly six feet in his shoes.

His hair falls in a mass about his shoulders whenever he loosens the great knot in which he usually wears it at the top of his head. His beard he wears on every day occasions rolled in an elongated curl at his breast covered with a red bandana, probably an original William Henry Harrison.

So much has been made of "Bill" by the hundreds of Adirondack tourists who have annually visited him that he has grown very independent and churlish; to the extent that he has of late years deemed it a great favor bestowed whenever he condescended to "unwind" himself and stand to be reviewed in his native picturesqueness. That he is very proud of himself is apparent in every word he utters upon such occasions, and he does not hesitate to repeat what certain "lovely city misses" said concerning the beauties of his hair. "How did you come to let it grow, Bill?" was once asked of him. "Didn't yer never hear 'bout it? No? Wall, that's queer, 'cause 'tis an old story, but seein' you bin so afixed kind in bringin' that brandy I'll tell you. You see, one of my boys, 'ust to do my barberin', but he went off an' got married and things wasn't altogether smooth between us. We and the old lady didn't like his gurl very well, and there was a kind of hard feelin' over the deal. But I didn't have no grudge and so one day when I needed a hair clip I went up to his place 'bout four miles from here, and asked him to do the job. And what do you think that son of mine said? 'Cut your own hair!' He said it so mean and sharp like that it made me ternal mad and I answered

quick, 'Tim d—d if I will, I'll let it grow first!' and its been a growin' from that day to this!"

"Bill" has been singularly healthy all of his days, until very recent years. He has lived all alone, save for his dogs and lived principally by trapping and hunting. During the past decade quite a neat little income has been his, from the visits of tourists to his cabin, for "Bill" has been enterprising enough to have on hand a stock of pictures of himself which he has retailed at prices varying with the apparent prosperity of his guests.

"Yes," said Bill in answer to question, "I was purty sick just onct, nigh unto ten years or so ago. I was purty bad off for three days before anyone discovered me. Then they sent for the doctor. When he come he looked me over very careful and said, said he 'Bill, you're pretty close to the bark,' and then he looked ternal serious for a while. I knew, too, I was pretty close to the bark, but I didn't say nothin' until he said again:

"'Bill, if you can live three hours I guess I can pull you thro'.'"

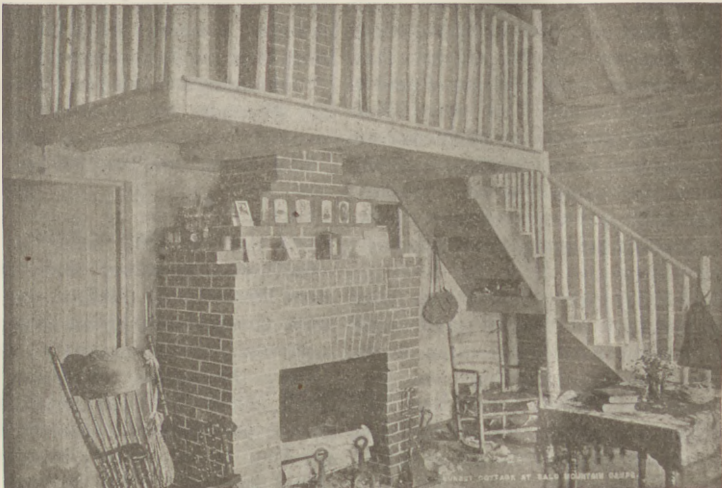
"Well, you bet this was good news to me, and I spoke right up:

"'Doctor,' I said, 'I never saw the time I couldn't live three hours yet and I guess I can do it now.'"

"And did you do it?"

"Sure's your born!," said Bill, as he leaned over and patted a homely looking cur lying near the stove.

Such, in a general way, is old "Bill" Smith; the Hermit of the Adirondacks, lying "close to the bark" in his lonely cabin on the bleak Oregon Plains.—Utica, (N. Y.) Herald Dispatch.



INTERIOR OF CAMP SUNSET, BALD MOUNTAIN, MAINE.

To Camp Owners.

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

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

MEAN AND CRUEL NATURES

Those That Can Not Refrain from Stabbing While They Give.

"Some people are so disagreeable," said the typewriter, "that they cannot give a birthday present without first saturating it with the acid of their mean and cruel natures. With contemptible ingenuity they put a sting in every gift.

"A woman of this sort, a resident of Manayunk, gave her nephew on his birthday a paid-up course in a drinkure institution. The young man drinks, but not to excess, and this gift enraged and wounded him.

"The woman's daughter-in-law visited her last summer for a week. She neglected to bring a pair of slippers with her, and now and then, while dressing, she would walk from her room to the bath in her stocking feet. Though she lives in Tacoma, her mother-in-law, when her birthday came, did not neglect to send her a pair of slippers. Thousands of miles the slippers traveled, not to please their recipient, but to reproach her for having been a little slovenly in Manayunk.

"The woman's sister has four boys, whose stockings gap with holes more frequently than they should. The woman gave her sister a darning outfit on her birthday.

"She has a niece who, being a college girl, uses slang. She presented her last Christmas with a book called 'Girls' Guide to Conduct,' with a chapter on the 'Vulgarity of Slang' marked in ink."

A New Work on Maine History.

An important work relating to the early history of Maine is announced for immediate publication by the Heintzemann Press, Boston, Mass.

It is entitled Sebastian Rale: A Maine tragedy of the Eighteenth Century, by John Francis Sprague. Rale (Rasles) was born in Dole, France, in 1658, and at his own request he came to Canada in 1689 as a missionary to the Abenaki Indians. For many years he lived among the Norridgewog (Norridgewock) family of the Abenakis, upon territory afterward claimed by both the English and French after the treaty of Utrecht, 1713. He was killed in an engagement between the English under Capt. Westbrook and the French and Indians, in August, 1724. Rale was a profound scholar and made a dictionary of the Abenaki language which was printed in 1833, the original of which is in Harvard college library. A monument to his memory was dedicated by Bishop Fenwick of Boston in 1833. The life of Father Rale forms one of the interesting chapters in early New England history, as he himself was one of its most picturesque characters.

The author's name of this book will at once be recognized. He is a resident of Monson where he is a practicing attorney and is known in our state literature as the author of a volume of sketches of local biography and history published in an 8 vo. of 110 pages in 1899. This work contains the biographies of 18 locally important personages, including Augustus Gordon Lebrooke, Ephraim Flint, former secretary of state, Cyrus Packard, former land agent, Alex M. Robinson, a widely known lawyer of Dover, Sir Hiram

TIME-TABLES

Portland & Rumford Falls Railway

Time-Table, in Effect Oct. 9, 1905.

Trains leave Oquossoc for Rumford Falls, Lewiston, Portland and Boston, 6.50 a. m.
Trains due to arrive at Oquossoc from Boston, Portland, Lewiston and Rumford Falls, 6.25 p. m.
Trains run daily except Sunday.
R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Man., Portland, Me.
E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt. Rumford Falls, Me.

Maine Central Railroad.

From the Rangeleys to the Sporting Points in Maine and New Brunswick.

Ly Rangeley.....11 00 a m
Phillips.....1 30 p m
Farmington.....2 25
Boston.....5 45
Bangor.....9 05
Belgrade.....7 40
Bingham.....11 10 a m
Hartland.....9 30
Bangor.....5 25
Ellsworth.....7 16
Machias.....9 40
Eastport.....11 48
Calais.....11 43
Princeton.....12 40 NOON
Greenville.....10 55 a m
Kineo.....1 00 p m
Jackman.....1 55
Katahdin Iron Works.....9 15 a m
Norcross.....5 58
Millinocket.....6 15
Sherman.....7 03
Patten.....11 40
Ashland.....1 35 p m
Caribou.....2 40
Vanburen.....5 35
Winn.....5 30 a m
Vanceboro.....7 30
St. John.....12 05 NOON
Fredericton.....11 15 a m

Send for guide book and folder giving other details.

GEO. F. EVANS, V. P. and Gen. Mgr.,
F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. A.,
Portland, Maine.

The 1906 Time-Table of the Rangeley Lakes

Steamboat Co.

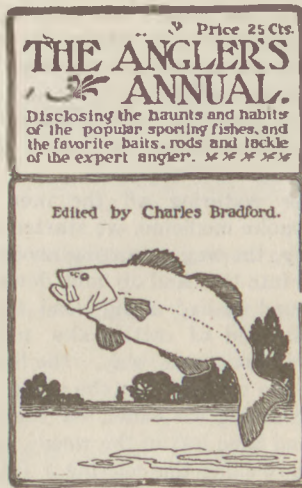
Will appear early in May.

First-Class Livery.

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

P. RICHARDSON & CO.,

Rangeley. - Maine



MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

SPORT INDEED

— BY —

THOMAS MARTINDALE.

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

A book every woods lover should have. Price \$1.50, postage paid. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

MAINE WOODS, - Phillips, Maine.

A Modest Suggestive Novelty



SEND 60 CENTS (stamps taken) for a beautiful Trout Fly Watch Charm to be sent to your address prepaid. A perfect trout fly enclosed between glass crystals and surrounded by guaranteed gold plated band. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber. MAINE WOODS Phillips, Me.

TIME-TABLES

Sandy River Railroad.

Time-Table in Effect, Oct. 9, 1905.

North	Tr'n 1 A. M.	Tr'n 3 P. M.	Tr'n 5 P. M.
Farmington.....lv	11.00	12.10	4.40
South Strong.....			
Strong.....ar	P. M. 12.05	12.30	5.10
Phillips.....ar	12.30	1.00	5.30

South	Tr'n 2 A. M.	Tr'n 4 A. M.	Tr'n 6 P. M.
Phillips.....lv	7.30	8.30	1.30
Strong.....ar	7.50	9.10	1.50
South Strong.....			
Farmington.....ar	8.20	10.00	2.20

WESTON LEWIS, Pres. F. N. BEAL, Supt.

Franklin & Megantic Railway.

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

Time-Table in Effect, Dec. 18, 1905.

SOUTH.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Bigelow, lv		11 00	2 00	
Carrabassett, ar		11 20	2 25	
		11 40	3 00	
Kingfield, lv	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
	7 00	7 05	12 50	
*N. Freeman, lv	7 0		12 55	
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv		7 35		
Salem, lv	7 20	7 45	1 10	
*Summit, lv	7 33	8 45	1 22	
*W. Freeman, lv	7 35		1 25	
Strong, ar	7 45	9 10	1 35	
NORTH.				
Strong, lv	8 20	10 00	5 12	
*W. Freeman, lv	8 30		5 17	
*Summit, lv	8 40	10 30	5 27	
Salem, ar	8 45	10 35	5 35	
*Mt. Abram Jct., lv	8 50	10 40		
*No. Freeman, lv	8 55		5 43	
	9 05	11 30	5 50	
Kingfield, ar				
	9 20		5 55	
Carrabassett, lv	9 50	12 35		
Bigelow, ar	10 20	1 05		

*Flag stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor. *Mixed trains. Close connection is made at Strong with trains to and from Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston. Stage connection at Bigelow for Stratton and Eustis, at Carrabassett for Flagstaff and Dead River.

GEO. M. VOSE, Superintendent.

Phillips & Rangeley and Eustis Railroads.

SETH M. CARTER, Receiver.

Time-Table, in Effect Oct. 9, 1905.

The only all-rail line to Rangeley. The shortest, quickest and easiest route to all points in the Dead River region.

NORTH.	No. 5. A. M.	No. 6. A. M.	SOUTH.	No. 7. A. M.	No. 8. A. M.
Boston, E. D. lv	9 00		Rangeley, lv	11 00	
W. D. lv	8 30		Dead River, lv	11 15	
			Eustis Junction, lv	11 18	
Portland, lv	12 55		Redington, lv	11 40	
Farmington, lv	4 40				
Phillips, ar	5 30		Sanders, ar	12 03	
Phillips, lv	5 40		Reed's, ar	12 15	
Madrid, ar	5 57		Madrid, ar	12 23	
Reed's, ar	*6 05		Phillips, ar	12 40	
Sanders, ar	*6 17		Phillips, lv	1 30	
Redington, ar	6 45		Farmington, ar	2 25	
Eustis Junction, ar	*7 05		Portland, ar	5 45	
Dead River, ar	*7 08		Boston, ar	9 05	
Rangeley, ar	7 05				

The American Express Company transacts business at all points on line of Phillips & Rangeley railroad.

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor.

The above table shows the time that trains may be expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but is not guaranteed. Subject to change and correction without notice.

F. A. LAWTON, Supt. D. F. FIELD, G. P. & T. A.



Arrangement of Trains.

IN EFFECT MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1905.

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE.

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

TRAINS LEAVE BANGOR.

3.55 a. m.—For and arriving at Millinocket, 6.40 a. m. Houlton, 8.50 a. m. Presque Isle, 10.32 a. m. Fort Fairfield, 10.55 a. m. Caribou, 11.00 a. m. Van Buren 12.40 p. m.

7.00 a. m.—For and arriving at So. Lagrange, 8.10 a. m. Brownville, 9.01 a. m. Katahdin Iron Works 9.50 a. m. Millinocket 10.25 a. m. Patten 11.50 a. m. Ashland 2.11 p. m. Fort Kent 4.15 p. m. Houlton 12.55 p. m. Presque Isle 2.46 p. m. Caribou 3.15 p. m. Van Buren 5.30 p. m. Fort Fairfield 3.05 p. m. Limstone 4.10 p. m. Dover 9.17 a. m. Guilford 9.41 a. m. Monson 10.17 a. m. Greenville 10.55 a. m. Kineo 1.00 p. m.

3.15 p. m.—For and arriving at So. Lagrange 4.12 p. m. Brownville 4.49 p. m. Millinocket 6.93 p. m. Sherman 6.51 p. m. Patten 7.25 p. m. Houlton 8.15 p. m. Mt. Hill and Blaine 9.25 p. m. Presque Isle 9.57 p. m. Caribou 10.25 p. m. Fort Fairfield 10.15 p. m.

4.50 p. m.—For and arriving at Lagrange 6.10 p. m. Milo 6.35 p. m. Brownville 6.45 p. m. Dover and Foxcroft, 7.03 p. m. Guilford 7.25 p. m. Greenville 8.40 p. m. Quebec 1.15 p. m. Montreal 8.55 a. m.

ARRIVALS.

9.25 a. m. Leaving Montreal 7.25 p. m. Quebec 2.45 p. m. Greenville 5.35 a. m. Guilford 6.44 a. m. Dover 7.02 a. m. Brownville 7.20 a. m. Milo 7.30 a. m. So. Lagrange 8.10 a. m.

1.00 p. m. Leave Caribou 6.00 a. m. Presque Isle 6.27 a. m. Fort Fairfield 6.00 a. m. Houlton 8.05 a. m. Ashland 6.50 a. m. Patten 8.50 a. m. Millinocket 10.16 a. m. Brownville 11.25 a. m. Milo 11.34 a. m.

7.25 p. m.—Leaving Kineo 1.20 p. m. Greenville 3.40 p. m. Monson 3.55 p. m. Guilford 4.50 p. m. Dover 6.08 p. m. Limestone 9.50 a. m. Van Buren 9.30 a. m. Caribou 11.45 a. m. Presque Isle 12.15 p. m. Fort Fairfield 11.40 a. m. Houlton 2.00 p. m. Fort Kent 10.45 a. m. Ashland 12.45 p. m. Patten 2.50 p. m. Sherman 3.27 p. m. Millinocket 4.20 p. m. Brownville 5.33 p. m. Milo 5.43 p. m. Lagrange 6.10 p. m.

11.45 p. m. Leaving Van Buren 2.40 p. m. Caribou 4.10 p. m. Fort Fairfield 4.15 p. m. Presque Isle 4.38 p. m. Houlton 6.20 p. m. Millinocket 8.43 p. m.

Trains leave So. Lagrange for Stockton, Searsport and intermediate stations at 8.15 a. m. and 6.20 p. m., arriving at Stockton at 10.15 a. m. and 8.20 p. m. and Searsport at 10.25 a. m. and 8.30 p. m. Returning, leave Searsport at 5.50 a. m. and 1.50 p. m. and Stockton at 6.05 a. m. and 2.05 p. m., arriving at So. Lagrange at 8.05 a. m. and 4.05 p. m.

C. C. BROWN, General Pass. and Ticket Agent. W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent. Bangor, Me., Nov. 25, 1905.

FOX HUNTERS who have been disappointed of late years in not finding their game, should visit Phillips, Maine. There are plenty of foxes in this vicinity and they are not trapped or hunted as much as they formerly were. For full information address, Maine Woods Information Bureau, Phillips, Me.

BEGS TO DIFFER.

CAMP OWNER AND GUIDE GIVES OPINION IN HUNTING LAW.

Thinks It Will Be Sad Mistake to Shorten the Time on Game, For All Concerned.

CARRATUNK, Dec. 26, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS.

In your paper of Dec. 18 I noticed an article from J. W. Shattuck (and I take it he is a Maine man) indorsing a letter from a certain Mr. Locke of Lewisburg, Ohio, that in his opinion it would be better to have the game law so fixed that the open time on large game would be from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1.

Now, I presume this man is conscientious in his opinion and truly believes his idea is the only one. Now, while I am only one in this great state of ours, I beg to differ with Mr. Shattuck. I have lived for the last 30 years in the game section of Maine and have noted the steady increase from year to year. Lately I have been interested in a sporting camp and will say I think I indorse the sentiment of nearly all the 128 or more sporting camps in Maine that it would be not only a great injury to the camp owners but to the sportsmen in general. (I mean the sportsmen from out of the state who pay \$15 license to hunt in Maine).

I know that many of these plan to come the last of open season fishing and stop over a few days hunting in October, while some of our native sportsmen come along in November with a handsled and a few crackers and will kick if you ask more than 75c a day, and employ no guides, while the licensed sportsman pays his \$2 per day, has a guide and says nothing about extra expense.

Now my sympathy is for the man that pays for what he gets and I think when there is a gap made from Sept. 30 to Nov. 1 it is a sad mistake not only for the camp owner but the sportsman and the state. And one thing is certain, the large game in Maine is on the increase and I as a camp owner and a guide am willing to let the commissioners make the laws as in the past, without the advice of any one who don't really know what is best for our state and its people. I would like to hear from other camp owners and you will always find me near the bed rock.

C. A. SPAULDING.

Prop. Pierce Pond Sporting Camp.

Musical Festival at Bonn.

A Schumann festival is to be held next year in Bonn, where the composer was buried, and near which is the asylum in which he ended his days. The festival will last three days, and the "Faust" music, two symphonies, an overture, the piano concerto and a choral composition will be among the works presented. Dr. Joachim, who directed a Schumann festival in 1873, will be one of the conductors.

Two Papers, \$1.50.

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

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.



THE DANGER TO THE CHILD

May be real or the snake may be a harmless one, but there is danger that menaces every child's life if the mother is deficient in womanly health and functional vitality.

Thousands of women have borne their sufferings and kept their troubles to themselves from motives of delicacy and feeble childhood has paid for it.

Dr. Pierce, forty years ago, consulted Nature, and found that she had provided remedies in abundance for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments and weaknesses. He found that non-alcoholic, glyceric extracts of Golden Seal root, Blue Cohosh root, Unicorn root, Black Cohosh root and Lady's Slipper root, combined in just the right proportions, gave such surprising results that this compound soon became a standard favorite of his in the treatment of such cases. In a little time the demand for it became so great that he determined to put it up and provide for its general sale so that the multitudes needing it could readily supply themselves.

This is now known all over the civilized world as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and its unparalleled record of hundreds of thousands of cures, in the last forty years, justifies all that can be said of it.

It is non-alcoholic, non-narcotic. It is safe and reliable for any woman, of any age and in any condition, to use.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—only one or two a day will regulate and cleanse and invigorate a foul, bad Stomach, torpid Liver, or sluggish Bowels.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Over 1000 pages and illustrated. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Agrees Perfectly With Mr. Stone.

BAXTON, VT., Dec. 25, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

Although not a regular subscriber to your valuable paper I have had the pleasure of reading some of its copies. Allow me to refer to an article which came to my notice in the Dec. 15th issue written by Mr. W. B. Stone. I heartily endorse Mr. Stone's idea on trapping foxes.

Any true sportsman who enjoys the chase with a good fox hound knows that their sport is nearly cut off by the trapper who will have a line of fox traps set from one hill to another or a distance of three or even four miles in length.

Allow me to say that Old Vermont would be one of the greatest fox hunting states in the union if it were not for the pot hunter's trap. If the old Pine Tree state will protect foxes from the trapper I am sure Vermont will follow the same as she did in protecting the deer.

Mr. Stone also says that many an innocent dog stumbles into a fox trap. Very true it is that many a valuable dog has been spoiled by being caught in some fox trapper's trap. I recall to mind a hound that was lost for days and when found, its foot was frozen so the poor fellow had to be put out of his misery.

Now the ball has started to roll send it along to the law makers and let's protect the foxes against trappers.

C. W. TENNEY.

NITROGEN MUST BE FREED

Inert Element Breaks Its Chains When Confined in Compounds.

When left alone to its natural functions nitrogen pursues a perfectly peaceful course, but when man succeeds in capturing it and combining it with other elements, it becomes a dire potentiality for evil as is obvious in the recent events of the war in the far east and in the crime in the streets of Moscow.

The love of freedom, so to speak, characteristic of nitrogen, is terribly exemplified in the explosion of the bomb in which it is imprisoned and bound to other elements. On the slightest provocation—a spark, a shock, a fuse—the nitrogen suddenly expands from seemingly nothing, as regards the space it occupies, into infinity. This is in reality what happens when dynamite, lyddite or other unstable nitro-compounds explode when hurried in shells in warfare and in bombs in desperate attacks on human life.

Nitrogen, against its natural disposition, is locked up in an uncongenial space in these compounds, from which it is set free by simple means in an enormously expanded gaseous state with deadly effect, returning, in fact, to its normal peaceful mission once more. It is the analogue of the sword and the plowshare, in the nitro-explosive nitrogen is the modern engine of warfare and crime. In the free state in the atmosphere it ministers directly to the quiet and peaceful needs of plant and human life.

Live Without Drinking.

"I believe men could live without drinking," said John Lover, the zoo keeper. "There are three kinds of gazelles that never drink. Neither do the llamas of Patagonia."

"Rabbits and parrots can do without drinking for months and years."

"I have heard that drinking water is what hardens the arteries and produces old age. I have heard that the thing to do is to eat juicy fruits, like oranges and lemons and limes, quenching the thirst that way, and at the same time destroying in the system the lime that brings senility on."

"I used to think it was impossible for man to live without water. If animals can do it, though, why can't we?"—Chicago Chronicle.

An Odd Occupation.

Collecting wild birds and animals for zoological gardens is certainly a unique occupation for a woman, yet Mrs. C. F. Latham, of Grant, Fla., seems to thoroughly enjoy it. Her home has been in that locality for 20 years, and she has had some exciting as well as interesting experiences. Not long since, after securing the specimens for an order, the number of birds was cut down, and Mrs. Latham had three big blue herons and ten white ibis which refused to leave her doorway when liberated, and for a long time ate with the family cat and hens. Though 65 years old, Mrs. Latham lives mostly out of doors and on the water.—Pilgrim Magazine.

What a Wife Should Be.

In a recent competition as to who could offer the most novel list of qualities desirable in a wife one contestant offered a catalogue of virtues in which only the letter x was found to be lacking. According to these requirements a wife should be amiable, beautiful, chaste, dignified, entrancing, fair, gentle, handsome, intelligent, joyous, kind, loving, musical, nice, obedient, pretty, quiet, rich, sedate, talented, upright, virtuous, witty, young and zealous.

CHICKEN SHOOT CHRISTMAS.

The Rifles Banged and the Scores Rolled Up on That Day.

Christmas day a chicken shoot was held at Mr. J. R. Doyen's at which the following scores were made:

Weston Lufkin,	47	1 chicken
Dr. Holt,	79	2 "
H. True,	60	
J. Doyen,	53	1 "
E. Becdy,	73	1 "
J. Smith,	69	1 "
B. Presby,	35	
H. Meredith,	44	1 "
M. Douglass,	54	
Will Lufkin,	38	
F. Parker,	24	5 times.

Challenge to Shoot.

I hereby challenge Weston Lufkin of Madrid to shoot for the MAINE WOODS badge, at my house on Jan. 1, at 2 o'clock.

J. R. DOYEN.

Phillips, Dec. 28, 1905.

In a private letter received from Mr. E. L. Styles of New Britain, Conn., who was on a hunting trip to Maine this fall he says: "I see that you have given Maurice Preble all the credit for the moose I shot there the 21st of October. Mr. Preble had absolutely nothing to do with it as he was not my guide at all. George C. Jones was my guide and I believe to be one of the best hunters in the state of Maine today."

Chairman Carleton, of the commission of inland fisheries and game, has received a notice of the prosecution by Game Wardens Austin and Cummings, before Trial Justice Burrill of Fort Kent, Wednesday, of one Arthur Pinette of Wallagrass, for having the skin of a cow moose in his possession. Pinette was licensed to handle deer skins, but on a visit to his place the wardens found the skin of a cow moose. Holes had been cut in the skin of the head to give an idea that the skin had been taken from a bull, but the deception did not work and the man was arraigned as stated above. He was found guilty and fined \$500 and costs from which decision an appeal was taken and bonds furnished in the sum of \$500, for appearance at the April term of the superior court for Aroostook county.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

From the view point of the average man housework is very easy. The wife is right at home. She is her own mistress. She can sit down and rest any time. She can even go to bed for a nap if she feels like it. She can order her household affairs just to suit her own convenience. If she doesn't feel equal to doing work to-day, she can do it to-morrow. That's the beautiful theory of the average man.

Just suppose the Egyptian task-masters, when they made the required daily tale of bricks tax the uttermost of human strength, had said to the toiling slaves, "Don't hurry, take a rest every now and then—only don't forget that your tale of bricks must be all right at night or else there'll be trouble."

There's the fact. There are the day's duties to be got through, and the women who can rest may not. The woman, who, when she married, said, "Now, I'll be my own mistress," finds herself a slave to household cares and duties.

And oh! how much that woman needs rest sometimes. She brushes and scrubs, and rolls pastry, her temples throbbing, her back aching, her nerves quivering under the stress of pain. What she would give if she could just creep upstairs and throw herself on the bed in a darkened room and rest.

Rest would temporarily relieve the strain, doubtless, but it would be the same story over again to-morrow. The real need of weak, nervous women is strength, and that need is fully met and satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. It removes the causes of women's weakness, tranquilizes and invigorates the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions and irregularities, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

"I am pleased to add my testimony in behalf of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Miss Earline Agard, Chaplin, Patriotic Daughters of America, of 413 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Lansing, Mich. "I cannot find language to express my gratitude and joy over the fact that I am well once more. Wearing my corsets too tight seemed to have brought on an extra abdominal pressure, weakening the ligaments and pushing the internal organs down. What to do I knew not, as no medicines I took seemed to help me.

"I had heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and determined to try it, as a last resort. Before the first bottle was used I began to feel better, but could hardly believe that this was permanent, but my improvement went steadily on, and within four months I was like a new woman. Now I have no more pains, am well and strong, and am extremely grateful to you."

There is nothing to conceal about the make-up of "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." It is an absolutely pure medicine—

TROUT BROOK CAMPS.

I am located in a new country and only a few yards from Mackamp Station. Cottages made of peeled logs and are clean and comfortable. Good spring water. Trout and salmon fishing commences here about May 10. Good, safe rowboats. Plenty of trails and good paths to the top of the mountain. For further particulars address, Robert Walker, Mackamp, via Askwith, Me.

PRINTING TALK

We are constantly making estimates for printing of various kinds. The result is that we get our share of the big jobs as well as the small, and we have grown to feel that nothing is too large for us to print. We like to get up small business cards. Big catalogues are also in our line, in fact big or little, anything that can be printed by anybody anywhere, can be done right here. There are many reasons why the people who read this should have us do their work.

J. W. BRACKETT CO..

Phillips,

Maine.

The Angler's Secret

By Charles Bradford.

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

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. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Me.

M A P S.

MAINE WOODS has frequent enquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state, etc., and we can furnish the following Maine maps:

Rangeley and Megantic districts,	25c
Rangeley and Megantic districts, very large,	50c
Moosehead and Aroostook districts,	50c
Millinocket and Munsungan lakes,	\$1.00
Maine, Northern, for sportsmen and lumbermen.	25c
Franklin County,	50c
Oxford County,	50c
Somerset County,	50c
Aroostook County,	50c
Piscataquis County,	50c
Washington County,	50c
Outline map of Maine, 30x36 in.	\$1.00
Geological map of Maine,	35c
R. R. map of Maine,	35c
U. S. map, size 18x29,	50c
Androscoggin County,	35c
Cumberland County,	35c
Hancock County,	50c
Kennebec County,	35c
Knox County,	35c
Lincoln and Sagadahoc Counties,	35c
Penobscot County,	50c
Waldo County,	35c
York County,	35c

[LOTTED TIMBERLANDS.

Aroostook County, section plans Nos. 3, 4 and 5, from Grand Lake to Fort Kent,	50c
Hancock County, section plan No. 2,	50c
Penobscot County, section plans Nos. 3 and 4,	\$1.00
Piscataquis County, section plans Nos. 1, 3 and 6,	\$1.25
Somerset County, section plan No. 6, and Franklin Co. map,	\$1.00
Washington County, section plans Nos. 2 and 3,	\$1.00
Oxford County section, see Oxford county map,	50c
Postage paid upon receipt of price.	

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine.

Camp Fires in the Wilderness



The fun and beauties of camping in the wild forest of Maine, graphically told in a book by E. W. Burt of Lynn, Mass., illustrated.

Price \$1.00, postpaid. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

MAINE WOODS, - Phillips, Maine.

Lake and Forest

As I Have Known Them,

By Capt. F. C. Barker.

A book of woodcraft, camp life, logging, river driving, guiding and a general description of life by water and in the woods. This volume is finely illustrated by photographs from life. It contains much quaint humor as well as a vast amount of entertaining information and many good stories.

Price \$1.10 postpaid. Given free for two subscriptions to MAINE WOODS accompanied by \$2.00. One of the above must be a new subscriber.

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips,

Maine.

If you "can't go" we'll bring the wilderness to you—If you can we'll tell you how, when and where.

FIELD AND STREAM.

A lot of good things in the issue now on sale on all news stands. Don't miss Horace Kephart's series of articles on CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT now appearing in this magazine. This is only one of the many invaluable features which have contributed to the success of Field and Stream—America's biggest and best magazine for sportsmen. To all who send \$1.50 for a year's subscription and mention this paper we will send postpaid a copy of Theodore Roosevelt's book, "Hunting the Grizzly and Other Sketches," or if preferred, a pair of our famous duck shooting companion pictures in color, fit to adorn any sportsman's home or den. FIELD AND STREAM, 35 W 21st St., New York

A SUCCESSFUL HUNT.

TWO BUCKS IN ONE DAY—ONE WITH 10 POINTS, THE OTHER SIX.

Big Buck Took Four Bullets Before He Surrendered His Handsome Head to Boston Sportsman.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS., Dec. 22, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

With reference to my last letter the one word came flashing over the wire, "Snowing." I hastened to enjoy the opportunity. By long practice I knew all the necessary requisites and had ready for packing soft hat, gloves, sweater, heavy trousers, high, elastic-side slippers and light weight, four-buckle overshoes—the most comfortable foot gear I have yet found. On reaching camp remove overshoes, feet are always dry and slippers convenient for camp comfort.

It required but a short time to pack and with the old 38-55 in one hand, the grip in the other, the train was soon boarded. Somehow it seemed never to travel so slow. The destination was reached in due time, however, 6 p. m., and a three-mile drive landed me at my brother's.

While preparing breakfast next morning we suddenly became aware, through my brother's instinct, as he locates more game than any person I ever met, of a buck taking his breakfast on a hill adjacent to the house. I lost no time in unlimbering the Winchester. Leaving the house by a rear door I entered a ravine, which I saw he was coming over to, and crossing I quietly waited and he browsed along until he got within good range so that I felt sure of getting him. I raised slowly on one knee, took aim and fired; a clean miss was scored against me. A hasty glance at the rifle and the cause was apparent—sight out of place. Quick estimating the difference, due allowance was made and a second bullet was sent on its mission, which brought the big fellow to his knees and before he could regain his feet a third bullet ended his earthly career.

He had an exceptionally fine head, with six points. With my brother's assistance I had him at the house and dressed within an hour. Our plans for a short trip of four or five miles to a promising location for a record head were detailed while eating breakfast of fried partridge, baked potatoes, corn-bread, etc. Sufficient grub was packed to last until the following afternoon.

When about three miles from home, having crossed many fresh tracks, we struck the trail of a "big fellow." The first tracks in the light falling snow indicated he was only a short distance in advance. The ground being very familiar to us I ran across the valley some 500 rods and circled a small hill and had just got to a point usually traversed by deer, when I saw the big fellow poking along unconscious of living danger. I held low down behind the fore shoulder, not wishing to mar the head and pulled. He turned almost a back somersault, lit on his feet and took the back trail at express speed. I threw in another cartridge and let him have it to help him along. Out of sight he went.

I expected every instant to hear my brother open up and my expectations were soon gratified for two quick reports echoed over the hills, followed by the most excited deer I ever saw tearing back through the woods. I accepted no further chances and shot him in the head. Four bullets had hit him. Weight about 275 pounds, with ten points. Three days away from home with two handsome bucks I considered good luck. My brother showed me a handsome set of antlers in excellent condition picked up on a trail some 75 rods apart.

Now that the hunting season in Maine has closed after a season of much vigor and enthusiasm the reports of "big bags" have seldom been excelled and I fear unless there is a perversion of the sport there can be but one effect, the depopulation of the woods and forests of almost all kinds of game. While I am not advocating any amendments by the legislature of the game laws it is a matter requiring consideration, particularly in reference to moose.

W. W. BLAIR.

Paris Rabbit Hunters.

(Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.)

SOUTH PARIS, Dec. 22, 1905.

Messrs. Elmer Aldrich and G. A. Buck, two well known sportsmen of this town, shot six rabbits in Penley's cedar swamp one day last week. Rabbit hunting is especially good about here this winter and all the hunters report good luck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. W. W. Chase's signature is on each box. No.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Aroostook County.

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

Via Oxbow, Me.
Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. The best of hunting. Good accommodations. Allegash trips a specialty. Address, Arbo & Libby, Oxbow, Me.

Franklin County.

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

CARRABASSETT, ME.
Carrabassett Spring Farm. When your thought turn to fishing next spring remember that there is none better than at Carrabassett Spring Farm. Other advantages are private cabins, daily mail and a "baby train." One minute's walk from station. For further particulars address, H. G. Benson, P. O. Kingfield, Me.

RANGELEY LAKES, ME.



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

Send for 1906 booklet to
L. E. Bowley, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.
Round Mountain Lake Camps. Excellent trout fishing all the year round. Reached by a good road. Log camps, up to date, nice and clean. Rates always reasonable. Telephone connections. We answer correspondence promptly.
Dion O. Blackwell, Mgr., Eustis, Me.
New York Office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

RANGELEY, MAINE.
Oquossoc House. Headquarters for commercial men and sportsmen. Natt Ellis, Rangeley, Me.

RANGELEY LAKES.
Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good hunting and 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 hunting.
E. G. Gay, Route 1, Farmington, Me.

STRATTON, ME.
Hotel Blanchard. Headquarters for sportsmen when fishing or hunting. Clean beds and cuisine unexcelled. Largest and best livery in the Dead River region connected with house. For terms, etc., address,
E. H. Grose, Prop'r., Stratton, Me.

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

PHILLIPS, ME.
Phillips Hotel. Carriage meets all trains. Good hunting.
C. A. Mahoney, Prop'r.,

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

Via FARMINGTON.
Hotel Strong, one of the finest hotels in the state of Maine reopened under the experienced management of Mrs. Lillian Porter. This well-known hostelry contains handsome, well equipped newly furnished commodious apartments, electric light, furnace heat, toilet and bath (open plumbing throughout), in fact every up to date convenience familiar to guests of the best hotels. It is the aim of the management to make its excellent table a special feature of this establishment, where an endless variety of well cooked dishes is ever in evidence. Carriages will meet guests at the depot. The convenience and convenience of the guests is the study of the management.



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

DEAD RIVER REGION.
The New Shaw House, Eustis, Maine, a brand new hotel with hardwood floors, hot and cold water, water closets, bath, etc., almost in the woods. The fishing on the Dead river in the vicinity of this hotel is first-class. The Shaw House table is said to be good; come and visit us. Further particulars by addressing,
A. B. Sargent, Proprietor, Eustis, Me.

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

Via RANGELEY.
York's Camps, Loon Lake. Ten Ponds. Best Deer and Birds shooting in this section. A postal brings illustrated booklet.
J. Lewis York, Proprietor, Rangeley, Maine.

Kennebec County.

BELGRADE LAKES, ME.
The Belgrade. Best sportsman's hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine. Chas. A. Hill & Son, Mgr's.

Oxford County.
Via RUMFORD FALLS.
Upper Dam House. Good hunting. Send for circular. John Chadwick & Co., Upper Dam, Me.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Penobscot County.

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

ONAWA, ME.
Camp Onawa. Do not write us for accommodations during July, August or first half of September, as all are taken. If you wish to come during the last half of the season, write for small map and circular to Young & Huxton Onawa, Me.

Somerset County.

JACKMAN, ME., P. O.
Spencer Lake Camps. Fall hunting at Spencer Lake Camps. No better place in Maine for deer, moose and partridges. Two deer guaranteed to each sportsman. 44 deer taken out last season. My territory extends from Attern Lake to Spencer Lake. Write
Thomas Gerard, Prop'r., Jackman, Me.

Via BINGHAM.
Carry Pond Camps. Do you love the woods? If so spend your vacation at Henry Lane's camps where the best trout fishing and hunting can be found in Maine at its distance from carriage road. Not only good fishing and hunting but a fine place to bring your families through the summer months.
Henry J. Lane, Carry Pond, Me.

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

New Hampshire.

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

Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.
Ouananiche Lodge and Sunset Camps, Washington Co., Maine. For the fisherman. A dead sure place for a satisfactory catch. The vacation is in the center of the Washington county game belt. Second to none in Maine. Open fireplaces, running water, good beds, clean wholesome food. Reasonable service. Steam Launches, Teams, Canoes and Rowboats. Send for 1906 circular. Look us up at Sportsmen's Shows. W. G. Rose, 108 Water St., Boston, Mass.; Grand Lake Stream, Washington County, Me. April to November.

Trade Notes.

Averages Reported.
St. Mary's, Pa., Dec. 4th., Gilbert, 1st general average, 144 out of 150, shooting DuPont. L. J. Squier, 2d general average, 139 out of 150, shooting DuPont.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 6, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 190 out of 200, shooting DuPont.

Bridgeton, N. J., Dec. 7th, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 148 out of 150, shooting DuPont. J. A. R. Elliott, 2d general average, 142 out of 150, shooting New Schultze. H. B. Fisher on Philadelphia, Pa., shooting Infalible, won 1st amateur, and tied with W. H. Heer, shooting DuPont, for 3d general average, 141 out of 150. T. D. Hackett, 2d amateur average, 139 out of 150 shooting DuPont. F. J. Pratt, 3d amateur average, 134 out of 150 shooting DuPont. F. J. Pratt, 3d amateur average, 134 out of 150 shooting Infalible. Fred Gilbert made a run of 144 straight.

Atglen, Dec. 8, W. H. Heer, shooting New Schultze, and Neaf Apgar, shooting DuPont, tied for 1st general average, 131 out of 140. J. A. R. Elliott, 2d general average 130 out of 140, shooting New Schultze. Fred Gilbert and L. J. Squier, tied for 3d general average, 129 out of 140, shooting DuPont.

Sewickley, Pa., Dec. 9th, G. E. Kelsey of Pittsburg, Pa., 1st general and 1st amateur average, 187 out of 200 shooting DuPont. H. C. Watson of Sewickley, Pa., 178 out of 200, shooting DuPont. Wallace Boyer, Sewickley, Pa., 3d amateur average, 177 out of 200 shooting DuPont. L. Z. Lawrence, of Pittsburg, Pa., 2d general average, 185 out of 200, shooting Infalible.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 12 and 13, the three high averages were all won by amateur, shooting DuPont. William Veach, of Falls City, Neb., 1st average, 387 out of 400, Lee R. Barkley of Chicago, Ill., 2d average, 386 out of 400. Geo. W. Maxwell of Holstein, Neb., 3d average, 379 out of 400.

York, Pa., Dec. 13, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 192 out of 200, shooting DuPont. L. J. Squier, 180 out of 200, 2d general average, shooting DuPont. Neaf Apgar, 3d general average, 176 out of 200, shooting DuPont. N. M. McSherry of York, Pa., 2d amateur average, 167 out of 200, shooting DuPont. Andy Somers of Delta, Pa., 3d amateur average, 166 out of 200, shooting DuPont.

Lebanon, Pa., Dec. 14, Fred Gilbert, 1st general average, 132 out of 140, shooting DuPont. E. M. Ludwick, of Honeybrook, Pa., 1st amateur and 2d general average, shooting DuPont. Neaf Apgar, 3d general average, shooting DuPont. Geo. S. Trafford of Lebanon, Pa., tied for 3d amateur average, shooting New Schultze.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pile Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50 cts.

FOX TRAPPER WRITES.

OBJECTS TO THE IDEA ADVANCED IN MR. STONE'S LETTER.

Vermont's Protection to Fox Trappers.

Plenty of Foxes For All In That State.

ARLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 18, 1905.

To the Editor of MAINE WOODS:

I was pleased as well as amused to read W. B. Stone's article in behalf of the fox hunters. He said the fox hunters wanted a law to prohibit the trapping of foxes and then there would be plenty in all New England for the fox hunters for years to come.

Well, I have been a game warden in this state for years and a fox trapper, too, and at present there are foxes enough here for both trappers and fox hunters. Instead of passing a law to prohibit the trapping of foxes we have a law here to protect the trapper. It's \$5 fine to spring a fox trap willfully or take a fox out of a trap with the intent of depriving the owner of his property. And let me say right here that we fox trappers are not so selfish as to want a law passed to prohibit hunting foxes with a dog. The more hunters or trappers the better.

Mr. Stone says if a fox wasn't worth but 50c there would be no fox trappers. We would like to ask how about fox hunters? And as to those poor "harmless" dogs spoken of that are caught by fox trappers now and then, they chase our deer all off and often kill them. Not only that, but they chase and kill the farmers' sheep.

Mr. Stone would have us believe that the fox is a very harmless animal. He overlooks the fact that they kill the farmers' ducks, turkeys, geese and hens and are often seen carrying off young lambs to their dens—and still Mr. Stone wants a law to protect these animals, regardless of the damage they do to farmers and tells us so.

Now, from my point of view, the trapper is the real sportsman and the farmers' friend, as he wages war against the animals that destroy the farmers' flocks and does not dare keep any dogs to chase deer or kill sheep.

In closing I would like to say that we trappers don't wish to deprive hunters or anybody else of any privileges nor ask the public to pass any laws to stop fox hunting.

JESSE BENTLEY.

GOT FOUR BEARS.

Leonard Sumner Makes Oxford County Bears Less Plenty.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]
BETHEL, Dec. 26, 1905.

Mr. Leonard Sumner, it is claimed by his friends, is the champion bear hunter of Oxford county. One day last fall he shot four bears in one day, alone and unaided, and if this does not give him the champion's belt his friends would like to know what does.

The shooting of the bears occurred after the passing of the regular stage from Bethel. It was then that the stage driver saw the bears but as he had left his gun at home and had to run back and get a rifle the quartet skipped for another town. Just about this time Mr. Sumner got wise on the situation and seeing that it was a "bear market" alright got on the trail while it was warm and before night four more honest Ephraims had passed in their checks.

Carry Pond Camps.

[Special correspondence to Maine Woods.]

CARRY POND, ME., Dec. 20, 1905.

The Carry Pond Camps closed Dec. 15 with its best game record in ten years. The last hunters were John Hogge, Boston; Ben Adams, Dan Steward, Bingham.

Mr. Lane has his ice all in and a good supply of wood for next season.

A list of game taken here is as follows:

Geo. J. Fisher, Middletown, Conn.,	2 deer
H. K. Cooley, Springfield,	1 "
O. M. Whipple, Springfield,	2 "
C. G. Doe, Boston,	1 "
John G. Merrifield, Amherst,	1 "
John Towne, Portland,	1 "
Fred Hubbard, East Berlin, Conn.,	1 "
John Burns, Pittsfield,	1 "
R. V. Ham, Moscow,	2 "
W. M. Smith, Broad Brook, Conn.,	1 "
Frank Kirchhop, " "	1 "
R. S. Arnold, " "	1 "
Maurice Preble, Bingham,	2 "
F. W. Briggs, Pittsfield,	2 "
Mrs. F. W. Briggs, " "	1 "
Mrs. Maxey, " "	1 "
Natt Gilman, " "	1 "
Dr. C. A. McDonald, Pittsfield,	2 "
Wm. Matthews, " "	2 "
Miss Mollie Maston, Skowhegan,	1 "
Miss Goodwin, " "	1 "
A. Moebut, New York City,	2 "
A. Moebut, Jr., " "	2 "
M. J. Lane, Lexington,	2 "
Henry Holding, New York City,	2 "
Henry J. Lane, Carry Pond,	2 "
W. J. Shattuck, New York City,	1 "
A. M. Bragdon, York Village, Me.,	2 "
C. W. Goodale, " "	2 "
John Tuttle, " "	2 "
Harvey Givens, Bingham,	2 "

Ben Adams, "	2 "
John Hogge, Boston,	2 "
J. Owens, Bingham,	1 "
Norman Nichols, New Portland,	2 "
David Pooler, Briggs Landing,	1 "
N. N. Hill, Boston,	1 "
Mr. Bailey, Boston,	2 "
Henry Holding, New York City,	1 moose

Weld's Lucky Hunters.

[Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.]

WELD, Dec. 26, 1905.

Following are some of the lucky Weld hunters:

Roll Snowman, Weld,	1
Edgar Witham, " "	1
Will Grover, " "	2
Sam Neal, " "	2
Fred Masterman, " "	1
D. B. Sweet, " "	1
Kneeland's Camp " "	1
Warren Ellis, " "	1
Chas Robbins, Wilton,	1
J. B. Houghton, Weld,	2
Cliff Judkins, " "	1
Chas Sweet, " "	1
Levi Blaisdell, " "	1
T. A. Schofield, " "	1
O. Hildreth, " "	2
David Merchant, " "	1
Weston Sweet, Lewiston,	2
A. Robinson, Weld,	1
C. Hutchinson, Farmington,	1
I. Hutchinson, Weld,	2
Abe Tainter, " "	1
Dexter Berry, Carthage,	1
Frank Kittridge, Weld,	1
Nathan Foster, Rumford,	2
Cola Conant, Weld,	1
Herbert Tobin, " "	2
Val Tobin, " "	1
Alton Winter, Carthage,	1
John Holman, Weld,	1
George Coburn, " "	1
Henry Coburn, " "	1
Bert Brown, " "	2
C. T. Johnson, Nahant, Mass.,	2
Bert Conant, Weld,	1
Winfield Soule, " "	1
Roy Fernald, Wilton,	2
John Whitten, Farmington,	2
T. S. Schofield, Weld,	2
Angie Carlton, " "	1
T. Faulkingham, " "	2
D. E. Stockbridge, " "	1
J. P. Thomas, Mercer, Me.,	2
Eugene Twaddle, Weld,	1
Howard Farrar, " "	1
Verne Hardy, " "	1
Chas Campbell, Wilton,	1
George Hanscomb, Dixfield,	1
Nathan Ramey, Weld,	1
Evanda Judkins, Carthage,	1
Harry Masterman, Weld,	1
George Neal, " "	1
Truman Masterman, " "	1
H. Virgin, Carthage,	1

An Animal Story For Little Folks

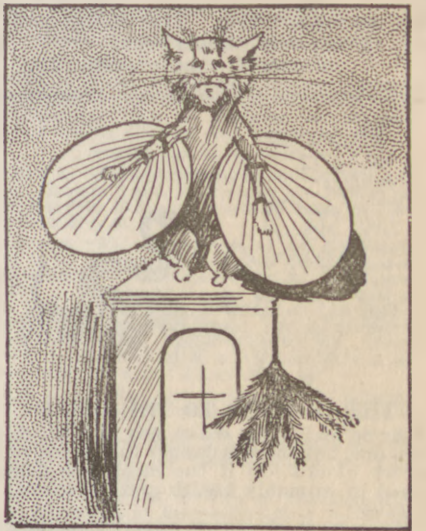
A Catastrophe

A tabby cat looked in the sky
And saw the birds there flying,
Then whined this very sad refrain:
"To fly I'm almost dying."

He climbed upon a fence and thought;
His brain grew tired, and dreaming,
He dreamed of artificial wings
And locomotor scheming.

"My dream is out!" he cried aloud.
"I'll fly just like a blue jay."
He found two palm leaf fans and tied
Them to his front paws straightway.

A feather duster, too, he tied
Upon his tail for steering,
Then climbed he high upon a roof,
Not for an instant fearing.



TIED THEM TO HIS FRONT PAWS.

The cat looked down and cried aloud,
"Look out!" His heart then thumping.
He jumped, sailed but an instant, then
Upon the ground fell bumping.

"Alas, alack, my leg has snapped!
My jaw, I think, is broken.
Run for a doctor; bring him quick!"
These were the cat words spoken.

The doctor came and tied him up.
He says, "I'm feeling splendid,
And mean to fly again some day
As soon as I am mended."
—Henry Lippincott in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Quite a Different Matter.

"I think I may say," he announced with some pride, "that I never made a fool of myself in my life."
"Are you sure of that?" asked his companion incredulously. "You'd better think again."
"Oh, well," was the reply, after a moment of thought, "of course I can recall several instances in which some girl has made a fool of me, but you must certainly concede that that is quite a different matter. No man escapes that."—Chicago Post.